A STORE WHERE YOU WILL LIKE TO TRADE

Everything that Men and Young Men wear at popular prices.
Come to this store for your wearing apparel.

Corner Pacific Ave. at Eleventh. W. C. Bell & Sons Co.

SANTA WRITES A LETTER

Your Christmas Store,
McCORMACK BROS.
Broadway at 13th

Dear Friend:

You say, "Christmas is for the children," but doesn't that include all the big boys and girls who were wise enough, not to let themselves grow up? Did you grow up? Did you grow up when you weren't looking?
Let us see.
When Little Boy Blue blows his horn, do you start?
When the Wooly Woof-Woof barks, do you jump?
Do you laugh at the little Charley Chaplins with the great big feet, and the Raggedy Annas with the crooked smiles?
Do you like to watch the winking lights on the Christmas Tree and smell the candle-warmed fir? If you do, then you haven't grown up and you would enjoy a sit to

YOUR CHRISTMAS STORE,
McCORMACK BROS.

Yours for a smile
To last all the while,
"SANTA"
INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

Bell, W. C. & Sons ................................................................. Inside Front Cover
Bonds & Wright ................................................................. 23
Brown & Haley ................................................................. 21
Buchanan & Co. ................................................................. 24
California Florists ............................................................. 20
Caswell Company .............................................................. 24
Chocolate Shop .................................................................. Fillers
Cummings & Twining .......................................................... 22
Dickson Bros. ....................................................................... 23
General Electric Co. ............................................................. 2
Hamilton Studio .................................................................... Inside Back Cover
Hart, Frank C. & Sons .......................................................... 23
Hayden & Watson Florist ..................................................... 21
Hilton & Hotchkiss ............................................................... 21
Hinz Florist ........................................................................... 23
Hoyt Doughnut Lunch ............................................................ 24
Independent Market ............................................................. 20
James & Merriman ............................................................... 18
Jonas & Son, Hardware .......................................................... 20
Kimball Gun Store .............................................................. 24
Klever Klothes Co. ............................................................... 22
Lilly & Lundquist ................................................................... 21
Little Gem Market ............................................................... 21
Lynn, C. O. Co. ................................................................. 23
Mahncke & Co. ...................................................................... 15
Manke, Florist ......................................................................... 13
Martin, M. R. & Co. ............................................................. 23
McCormick Bros. .................................................................. Inside Front Cover
Modern Cleaners & Dyers ...................................................... 21
Olympic Ice Cream Co. .......................................................... 15
Pioneer Bindery & Printing Co. .............................................. 20
Pirrett, P. K. & Co. ............................................................... Inside Back Cover
Pettit-Mills Shoe Co. .............................................................. 24
Pyramid Flour ........................................................................ 21
Puget Sound Bank & Trust Co. .................................................. 1
Rhodes Bros. ......................................................................... Outside Back Cover
Rowell, C. W. ......................................................................... 24
Shaw Supply Co. ................................................................. 22
Silver Moon ............................................................................. 14
Sixth Ave. Barber Shop .......................................................... 21
Sixth Ave. Quick Shoe Repair Shop ....................................... 20
Smith & Gregory ................................................................. 25
Stone-Fisher Co. ..................................................................... Inside Back Cover
Tacoma Trunk Co. .................................................................. 14
Thorsen, C. .............................................................................. 16
Tollefson, Dr. Homer C. .......................................................... 21
Turnell Bros. Shoe Store .......................................................... 21
Vaeh & Son, Jewelers ............................................................. Inside Back Cover
Washington Tool & Hardware .................................................. 21
Yansen Confectionery ........................................................... 21

December, 1921

Puget Sound Bank & Trust Company
1115-17-19 Pacific Avenue
Tacoma, Wash.

COMPLETE and DEPENDABLE
The services we offer customers and friends embrace every department of modern banking.
Make your wants known. We appreciate your business.

Look
Into Trail Advertisements.
A good student should recognize progressive business through our advertisements.
Patronize the advertisers.

Florence Marsden, '23, Editor
Edward Amende, '25, Associate Editor
Harold Fretz, '24, Business Manager

PAGE EDITORS
Literary ................................................................. Helen Monroe, '22
Post's Corner ................................................................. Roma Schmid, '24
School Notes ................................................................. Esther Graham, '23
Athletics ................................................................. Matthew Thompson, '25
Humor ................................................................. Spencer Smith, '24
Society ................................................................. Mildred Forsberg, '24
Exchange ................................................................. Ruth Wheeler, '24
Staff Artist ................................................................. Nelson Pierce, '25
Irwin Blanchard

STENOGRAPHERS
Katherine Fisher

CIRCULATION
Arthur Harris
Myrtle Warren
Hilda Scheyer

TABLE OF CONTENTS

“Christmas at Our House” .......................................................... 3
“Quietness” ................................................................. 3
“Sketches From a Diary” ......................................................... 4
“Tolstoy's Reassertion of Christianity” ........................................... 5
“Christmas” ................................................................. 5
“The Meddlesome Mistletoe” ....................................................... 6
“Stranded in Paradise” .............................................................. 6
“The Little Ones” ................................................................. 7
“He Great Desire” ................................................................. 8
“Letters of a Fresh” ............................................................... 8
“The Path of Death” .............................................................. 9
Athletics ................................................................. 10
Society Notes ................................................................. 14
Society ................................................................. 15
Exchange ................................................................. 16
School Notes ................................................................. 16
“Dormitory Life” ............................................................... 17
Juniors Notes ................................................................. 17
Alumni ................................................................. 18
Jokes ................................................................. 19

Entered as second-class matter October 20, 1920, at the Post Office at Tacoma, Washington, under the Act of March 3, 1879.
How Were X-Rays Discovered?

Sir James Mackenzie Davidson visited Professor Roentgen to find out how he discovered the X-rays.

Roentgen had covered a vacuum tube, called a Hittorf or Crookes tube, with black paper so as to cut off all its light. About four yards away was a piece of cardboard coated with a fluorescent compound. He turned on the current in the tube. The cardboard glowed brightly.

Sir James asked him: “What did you think?”

“I didn’t think, I investigated,” said Roentgen. He wanted to know what made the cardboard glow. Only planned experiments could give the answer. We all know the practical result. Thousands of lives are saved by surgeons who use the X-rays.

Later on, one of the scientists in the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company became interested in a certain phenomenon sometimes observed in incandescent lamps. Others had observed it, but he, like Roentgen, investigated. The result was the discovery of new laws governing electrical conduction in high vacuum.

Another scientist in the same laboratory saw that on the basis of those new laws he could build a new tube for producing X-rays more effectively. This was the Coolidge X-ray tube which marked the greatest advance in the X-ray art since the original discovery by Roentgen.

Thus, scientific investigation of a strange phenomenon led to the discovery of a new art, and scientific investigation of another strange phenomenon led to the greatest improvement in that art.

It is for such reasons that the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are continually investigating, continually exploring the unknown. It is new knowledge that is sought. But practical results follow in an endless stream, and in many unexpected ways.
CHRISTMAS AT OUR HOUSE

There's somethin' wrong at our house,
It ain't the same no more.
Cause brother's been so dreadful good
He never slams the door,
Nor teases me, nor make me cry,
He doesn't even whine
When Father says, "Get in the wood
And split the kindling fine."

And sister sits around the house;
She's surely got it bad!
She's always hangin' round the shops
An' watching every "ad."
My, but she's good to Father!
She smooths away his frowns
And then she whispers in his ear
That furs are coming down!

The baby's used up stacks of stamps
'N envelopes and things,
Awritin' notes to Santa Claus
To tell him what to bring.
She's already hung her stocking
For fear she might forget,
But I can trust the good old Saint,
He ain't forgot me yet!

And Mother, she's the worst of all,
She sends me out to play
And then she makes the goodest things
And puts them all away.
We dassn't look in the cellar
Nor in the dresser drawer,
Oh, gosh! it makes a feller wild
To take a peek or more.

But Father's getting pale 'n' thin,
His face is long and drawn,
He scarcely even smiles no more,
Nor tells his favorite yarn.
He just looks at his bank book
And heaves a great big sigh,
"This Christmas comes but once a year,
But aren't the prices high?"

---

Quietness

Dean Cunningham

CHRISTMAS may be thought about from many angles.
It may serve to illustrate the power of one person to
stamp himself on human affairs; to point out that here,
and there among our holidays are a few that have
come about from other than military or political causes;
or it may mean giving gifts, or entertaining, or come down
merely to the pleasure of eating.

It has been the custom for years to use the Christmas
season as a basis for hopes of world peace, for the cessation
of military conflict between human groups. And this ideal
may in time be a reality. But here we want to speak, not of
the peace of nations, but of individual personality.

The recent war stirred us most profoundly. Emotional
depths were plumbed; strange affective disturbances racked
the organism; surprises upset, fears harassed, hopes lured us.
Small wonder we came through such experiences more or less
shattered.

But when the war excitement ceased, our violently active
emotions were suddenly left without a further cause: like a
stream from a hose continuing in the air when the water is
suddenly shut off at the hydrant.

Instead of recoiling upon ourselves, we invented substi­
tutes. We took up fads, entertained lavishly, expressed exag­
gerated opinions, enlisted in a great number of "causes" de­
signed for various uplifts some of them of doubtful value.
We looked for thrills to take the place of those so suddenly shut
off; we demanded excitement of strong flavor. And in a
sense this stage is still with us.

This Christmas season of "peace" should be for us a call
to a more normal life of quietness; a call to arrest hectic
movement and let the deeps of our inner natures speak in
their still small voices. For the healthy life should live from
inner springs, and not be dependent on excitants from without.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let out ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.
O-DAY has been an exceptionally fine one; the sun shone brightly this afternoon, and the air was full of the sunlight. The trip back and forth was almost enjoyable as the boat ran along smoothly and everyone on board was as cheerful as the weather.

Monday, October 10th.

The weather has surely changed since the last time I wrote, for four days it has never let up raining. It is dark and dismal all the time. I don't blame that dear little creature, the Tired Lady, for saying she hates the rain; it does make the trips so much harder. They are too hard for her anyway; she's so little and frail, and her cheeks are so white. With me it's different, I'm used to the routine and anyway mother and I couldn't possibly get along if I gave up. The Tired Lady is so different though; she's not the kind to stand it long; I'm worried about her.

Friday, October 14th.

How sweet is love's young dream but how terrible its consequences. The deck-hand Pete and Sarah Bings, who had a fine job in one of the restaurants in town, have just been two of many to find that out. Poor Pete has only been working on the boat a month, and he has been trying his best to make a good impression on the other fellows. But Sarah is one of those girls who plays havoc with good impressions and men's ambitions. In general, it was last night while Pete was cooking supper, in the galley, and the pleasant smell of onions was being wafted out into the passenger cabin. There's a ventilation pipe leading from the second deck to the galley and Sarah knowing where and at what her sweet heart was occupied, went over to the pipe to look down and get a peek at him. Pete, not content with the satisfying odors arising from his meal, walked to the stove with a kerosene lamp in his hand to see how all was progressing. But some cruel trick of fate made him take a glance up the ventilation pipe, and seeing Sarah's bewitching face peeping down at him, he dropped the lamp, breaking it into a thousand pieces, spoiling the supper with kerosene and glass and almost starting a serious fire. After the excitement was over and we folks in the cabin found out what had happened we all had a good laugh over it. Pete has lost all his dignity now; however, I'm surprised he didn't lose his job.

Thursday, October 20th.

What a help a good-natured person is in this world! Nothing seems half so bad when there is one around to look at it the right way. I have never seen any one who was half as cheerful as the Jolly Man. He even laughed and told jokes on the way in this morning when it was so dark and unpleasant. The heat wasn't on in the cabin and the fog was terribly dense. The whistle blew so often that it was trouble, the Tired Lady was as pale as usual; she sat so stiff in her seat that she worried me. She was huddled in her coat, her mother I'm worried about her. She can't seem to get a comfort out of anything. There is no such day coming; there are only the blues anyway. What makes us have them?

The lady in the first seat up there insists on telling all her confidences to the friend with her, in a voice that every one in the cabin can hear. In spite of my efforts I can't seem to be particularly interested in the fact that she has only fifteen hens now and is getting as many as twelve eggs a day, and that those Johnson's up on the hill whose eldest son ran off with the Justice of the Peace's daughter have a fine new Jersey cow. I'm not the interested type, I guess.

Friday, November 18th.

A queer thing happened on board today; I was visiting with the Little Tired Lady, and just for fun I asked her what she thought of the Jolly Man.

I was overcome with surprise to see her blush quite visibly and answer: "What makes you ask me that, anyway?"

"I was just wondering," I said.

"Well, if he thought half as much of me as he does of you, I might tell you," she said almost sadly.

"Of me?" I said, almost falling off the anything but softly cushioned seat.

"Yes, you," she answered.

"Why, my dear girl," I said much amused. "He doesn't know I'm on earth. You don't know what you're talking about.

"I do, too," she said. "I know he is in love with you. I know it!" And would you believe it, the Tired Lady had tears in her eyes, when I looked at her again?

(Continued on page 22)
Tolstoy's Re-assertion of Christianity

Professor Chislett

In 1907 or 8 the members of Mr. Robert Herrick's course in the Novel at the University of Chicago read Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," and that, I think, was my formal introduction to the great Russian. Before that time, though, I had been reading the beautiful, artistic stories of his great contemporary, Turgenieff.

The course, and after, was well under way when I went one day to a Los Angeles High school to hear Tolstoy's son lecture on his father. "Everyone in Russia," said he, "is reading War and Peace." So I followed out. I found it the most amazing work of fiction of the modern age, in size, richness, vividness. It paints the Russian aristocracy for all time; it baroques Napoleon, condemns war, declares for Christianity and ridicules so-called History.

When the War closed and I found myself, if not in Moscow, at least in Moscow, Idaho. Tither again came Tolstoy's son, this time, even more democratically, on the Chatanqua platform. After saying in a most Christian manner to several little boys on the front row, "Children, won't you be quiet, please, and let me finish my lecture?" he discussed conditions in Russia and reiterated Tolstoy's principles of love and peace for his own country and the world. "The Bolsheviki cannot endure," he said, "because they use Force."

After he was through, some of us lingered about, for he came forward and welcomed talk. He was an aristocrat; his manners were sincere and simple. But then he is a Christian aristocrat. He said something, I forget what, about colleges and universities, so that gave me an opening. Presently we were on our way down town to the hotel and I found myself saying, "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

"Face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, that he had left his wife and come to Christ. Turgenieff arrived, and Tolstoy said: "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"
A girl—extra nice—was in one of the rooms, Such a terrible racket was going on there. So, to simplify matters, the girl moved away,— Now this sounds exciting, but we all make mistakes And over them both hung the mistletoe. Came the sound of revelry—never a mouse— Her eyes like twin stars, her cheeks apple blooms. ‘Twas the night after Christmas, and all thru the house— Their heritage was the plains, their homes were the solitudes and their joys were few. As I gaze into the roaring fire-place tonight, I can see the fires built of cracking cotton wood, built by the night riders as they kept their nightly vigil over the silent herd. Here it was that I heard many a story of the days when the West was young; while the stars shone big as saucers and the coyotes cried to roll a cigarette it seemed minutes before he continued again. For the cad kissed her twice—and she hadn’t objected! It couldn’t be!—mustn’t!—but oh, it was true! This fact at last soaks Bob’s cranium thru; His heart is crushed—broken. The joy of life ceases, And he leaves without stopping to pick up the pieces. This and but true tale shows the tragic fate Of an also-ran who comes ’round too late. Ask Bob what was wrong, and I’ll bet you a nickel He’ll tell you the trouble was, Mary was fickle. But I tell you the very best reason I can— The monstrous, unlimited ego man. Which has always existed, I firmly believe, Since first Adam tried to blame it on Eve— Causing beat-feud plans agley to go Of mice and men—and mistletoe. —Carol Vinson.

Stranded in Paradise

William Brown

Arizona! What memories that name recalls! I have but to shut my eyes and again I can see the low, rolling plains, the distant mountains, and the sages growing purple as the sun goes down. Again I seem to see the stern eyed, silent men, with whom I once cast my lot. Their heritage was the plains, their homes were the solitudes and their joys were few.

As I gaze into the roaring fire-place tonight, I can see the fires built of cracking cotton wood, built by the night riders as they kept their nightly vigil over the silent herd. Here it was that I heard many a story of the days when the West was young; while the stars shone big as saucers and the coyotes cried to roll a cigarette it seemed minutes before he continued again.

Men called the town Paradise because it was on the edge of the desert. After crossing the latter any place looked like Heaven. It was composed of about thirty sun baked and blistered shacks built of rough boards and around it nothing but cactus, sun and sand.

There were many reasons why it was ill named. When the cow men cantered dustily thru its single street on remov- ing the alkali dust from their throats, they gazed disgustingly at its appearance and compared its resemblance with the Infernal Regions. Not only was it warped with disease, with sickness, heat and out of the course of traffic, but it lacked the inspiring and moral presence of a single woman. Since no community can hope to exist without the gentle sex, Paradise was doomed from its very birth.

Into such a grave had John Foster buried himself. His history was short and a common one in those days of Western migration. When still a boy, his father had died bravely carrying the standard of the South up the bloody slope of Cemetery Ridge, carrying it to its very crest where he thrust the handle of his flag in the mouth of one of the Northern cannon.

His son had inherited this dogged persistence and courage and so he bore the brunt without a murmur. He took charge of the old Alabama plantation and looked after an invalid mother and younger brother.

When his brother Fred reached the age of twenty, he turned out to be the only black sheep the Foster family had ever sheltered. Quick-tempered and over-daring, the little southern hamlet with its staid customs and old traditions were too peaceful a back ground for his adventurous spirit. He got into some trouble and was forced to leave to avoid the disgrace of going to prison. Once in a great while John and his mother heard from him; sometimes Texas, sometimes New Mexico or southern Arizona.

Not much later his mother died and John promised her that he would go West and find his brother.

At Paradise he kept his troubles to himself. Occasionally he took a long ride alone, sometimes taking a week; but he always returned empty handed but since he was a Foster he never admitted defeat and his eyes still shone determinedly.

To ask Foster his reasons for his searches never even occurred to his friends. That was against their code of ethics. They never asked a man his right name or his business but still his actions were a common topic when he was absent. Only at Christmas did the region entirely throw off its reserve and entirely relax. Once in a while work was suspended to chase a few daring bandits who promptly lost their pursuers across the borders in Mexico or in the mountains back of the town according to their degree of initiative at the time they were pursued.

(Continued on page 23)
Mr. Carver was exhausted, for besides the care of this precious son of his there was a heavy upon him his duties, as a member of so all important a board, his need of handling an opposing force in the form of labor, that was rapidly growing too strong for his control. Gradually his head dropped forward and the burning eyes closed, for the first time in six days and nights. When he awoke the boy's woe was gone and the restless eyes looked somehow peaceful and, yes, the little pinched lips were smiling.

Perhaps because peace and that almost ethereal something which mere humans seldom know transmits itself from one to another, possibly because a little sleep clears many cob webs which waking can never clear, and just remotely possibly because of something else, Mr. Richard Carver went to a meeting of the Board the next day with a plan which, because of its willingness to start with the home nation in the coming of peace founded on the love of brothers, the same Mr. Carver astounded the delegates from the Labor Conference by making concessions which would ultimately mean the highest good, not only for Richard Carver and the hundreds who toiled and were dependent upon him, but also for their brothers throughout the nation.

When Mr. Carver reached his son's room that night he found him still with that bit of a heavenly smile on his little face, and though sometimes in the days that followed the eyes reflected some of the pain that racked the boy's body, never once did he lose that bit of heaven from his lips.

And when, at the end of a week Mr. Richard Carver hurried home to find him slipped away entirely with his beautiful child soul free from the torturing body, he did not grieve as he would have done had it not been for that night a week before when he dropped asleep a moment to find the boy smiling and that something else had happened which he slept.

The littlest angel was very tired, for the little boy had not been the only one of his charges, and when he crept up to the council meeting to wait to speak to the wisest one, he fell asleep so that he did not hear them say that, without their solving, the problems of the last meeting, had almost disappeared and in their place in preparation for the time of the advent of the Christ Child, love was beginning to rule in the world where strife had been master. "How," they asked each other, "has this thing come about," for they were supposed to have entire charge of these big problems of the world of men.

Perhaps had the lightest angel been awake he could have told them and then again perhaps not.

---

His Great Desire

Eileen Yost

Gentle reader, have you ever experienced that agonizing feeling of longing intensely for something and not knowing what that something is? If so, you will understand this story and for that reason perhaps it will appeal to you.

The room was illuminated only by the firelight which cast strange shadows over the wall and played fitfully on the carved legs of the mahogany piano stool. A man sat in front of the grate upon a little hassock. It was Oswald Oysterbuilt. He wore a loose-fitting suit of gray and lavender tweeds and about his shoulders was thrown a yellow and green striped mackinaw. His feet were carelessly thrust off at frequent intervals causing him to stoop over and replace them. The fifth time the left one dropped off he fooled it by not replacing it. Instead he sighed and murmured wearily, "What does it matter? What is anything worth while to me except that which I want but cannot remember what it is? What is it? Ah—if one only knew!"

He stood up regretfully and threw out his arms.

"Tell me!" he shouted to the empty room, "What is it that I seek? It is certainly something! He strode over to the doorway and picking up the little cornbell that hung from the chandelier he rang for his valet, Jasper. Almost at once Jasper came skipping merrily into the room and stood before his master.

"Did you ring, sir?" he demanded.

Oswald sighed again and stroked his forehead with a jewelled forefinger. It was a long time before he could bring himself to speak. When he did his voice was low and musical, but with a note of sadness in it.

"Yes," he answered, "I did."

The valet stood on tiptoe and putting both hands on Oswald's shoulders he looked deep into his eyes.

"I believe you," he murmured.

Oswald threw himself frantically into the nearest chair and broke the silence.
DEAR OS:

It's been some time since I write but in the meantime I've been chipper as a deaf piano tuner. Things is o. k. as far as I see here, how's they there.

Since I communicated with you last (note the word) We has played four more football games of which we won two; honest. The first one we didn't won but it was played up at Bellingham with our old school boy. We didn't have no chance at all for four of our men got stuck in the mud in the first quarter and didn't get hooled out until after the game. We got beat all for four of our men got stuck in the mud in the first quarter and anyway we would have tied the score in the last minute of the play. The game was getting started, Jesse Janus, the head linesman called an offside and penalized our squad 5 yards, which took the heart out of the boys and they weren't able to score points in those last two minutes. This was the bank for none of our team was ever offside in their life. We beat Ellensburg which kept us from being tared and feathered when we arrived back here.

When we plays Pacific our forensic attack was the peppered doughnuts which don't help us any in football so we was socked 21-14. I won't offer any alibis for this w. k. contest or you will think I am writing this letter out of the joke book which with the Normal school boys. We didn't have no chance at and didn't get hooled out until after the game. We got beat all for four of our men got stuck in the mud in the first quarter and anyway we would have tied the score in the last minute of the play. The game was getting started, Jesse Janus, the head linesman called an offside and penalized our squad 5 yards, which took the heart out of the boys and they weren't able to score points in those last two minutes. This was the bank for none of our team was ever offside in their life. We beat Ellensburg which kept us from being tared and feathered when we arrived back here.

Well anyway, football is over now and I have began to start up classes which is pretty good for y. t. These profs is the bank around this place. They try to spoil the darn school by making you go to classes. I think something like 35-10 but we can excuse this c. k. for some of our players was out with hangnails and dandruff and anyway we would have tied the score in the last minute of the play if we was getting started. Jesse Janus, the head linesman called an offside and penalized our squad 5 yards, which took the heart out of the boys and they weren't able to score points in those last two minutes. This was the bank for none of our team was ever offside in their life. We beat Ellensburg which kept us from being tared and feathered when we arrived back here.

When we plays Pacific our forensic attack was the peppered doughnuts which don't help us any in football so we was socked 21-14. I won't offer any alibis for this w. k. contest or you will think I am writing this letter out of the joke book which with the Normal school boys. We didn't have no chance at and didn't get hooled out until after the game. We got beat all for four of our men got stuck in the mud in the first quarter and anyway we would have tied the score in the last minute of the play. The game was getting started, Jesse Janus, the head linesman called an offside and penalized our squad 5 yards, which took the heart out of the boys and they weren't able to score points in those last two minutes. This was the bank for none of our team was ever offside in their life. We beat Ellensburg which kept us from being tared and feathered when we arrived back here.

Well anyway, football is over now and I have began to start up classes which is pretty good for y. t. These profs is the bank around this place. They try to spoil the darn school by making you go to classes. I think something like 35-10 but we can excuse this c. k. for some of our players was out with hangnails and dandruff and anyway we would have tied the score in the last minute of the play if we was getting started. Jesse Janus, the head linesman called an offside and penalized our squad 5 yards, which took the heart out of the boys and they weren't able to score points in those last two minutes. This was the bank for none of our team was ever offside in their life. We beat Ellensburg which kept us from being tared and feathered when we arrived back here.

Letters of a Frosh

Every morning at ten thirty he wrapped himself in a Turkish carpet and silently rolled around the back yard but every morning failed to inspire him and at a quarter of eleven he invariably came in tired and discouraged and still without a solution.

He grew nervous and irritable. The strain was terrific. He would sit for hours at a time staring into the fire and rousing himself only to throw a piece of coal at the cat or a brick from the fireplace at his faithful valet.

He wore a weird, hunted, puzzled expression and two pairs of bone-rimmed colored spectacles.

He lost seven pounds and was still unenlightened.

But it was the will of Fate that Oswald should not live the rest of his life in such misery. It was one Thursday afternoon that he found what it was that he longed for.

He was curled up dejectedly in front of the victrola. Hasper was playing "The Sextet from Lucia" on his trombone. Well he Oswald was died and sat up staring into space. Slowly but surely in his eyes dawned the Idea. He uttered a shriek of joy.

"Hasper!" he cried, "I have found it!"

Hasper excitedly swallowed the trombone in his delight.

"Allah be praised!" he ejaculated, "What is it?"

Oswald turned a summervault and gurgled with happiness. Then he stood up, straight and tall, and said, "It is a dill pickle sandwich. You are very stupid. Why did you not think of it long ago?"

Hasper kicked himself sharply for his stupidity.

"I cannot imagine," he answered.

"Never mind," said Oswald generously, "Hurry and bring it to me."

Hasper returned promptly, bearing the long sought sandwich on a silver salver. Oswald ate it and rejoiced.

His question was answered. He had found it at last. His soul was satisfied.

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL  
December, 1921

Every morning at ten thirty he wrapped himself in a Turkish carpet and silently rolled around the back yard but every morning failed to inspire him and at a quarter of eleven he invariably came in tired and discouraged and still without a solution.

He grew nervous and irritable. The strain was terrific. He would sit for hours at a time staring into the fire and rousing himself only to throw a piece of coal at the cat or a brick from the fireplace at his faithful valet.

He wore a weird, hunted, puzzled expression and two pairs of bone-rimmed colored spectacles.

He lost seven pounds and was still unenlightened.

But it was the will of Fate that Oswald should not live the rest of his life in such misery. It was one Thursday afternoon that he found what it was that he longed for.

He was curled up dejectedly in front of the victrola. Hasper was playing "The Sextet from Lucia" on his trombone. Well he Oswald was died and sat up staring into space. Slowly but surely in his eyes dawned the Idea. He uttered a shriek of joy.

"Hasper!" he cried, "I have found it!"

Hasper excitedly swallowed the trombone in his delight.

"Allah be praised!" he ejaculated, "What is it?"

Oswald turned a summervault and gurgled with happiness. Then he stood up, straight and tall, and said, "It is a dill pickle sandwich. You are very stupid. Why did you not think of it long ago?"

Hasper kicked himself sharply for his stupidity.

"I cannot imagine," he answered.

"Never mind," said Oswald generously, "Hurry and bring it to me."

Hasper returned promptly, bearing the long sought sandwich on a silver salver. Oswald ate it and rejoiced.

His question was answered. He had found it at last. His soul was satisfied.

Letters of a Frosh

Every morning at ten thirty he wrapped himself in a Turkish carpet and silently rolled around the back yard but every morning failed to inspire him and at a quarter of eleven he invariably came in tired and discouraged and still without a solution.

He grew nervous and irritable. The strain was terrific. He would sit for hours at a time staring into the fire and rousing himself only to throw a piece of coal at the cat or a brick from the fireplace at his faithful valet.

He wore a weird, hunted, puzzled expression and two pairs of bone-rimmed colored spectacles.

He lost seven pounds and was still unenlightened.

But it was the will of Fate that Oswald should not live the rest of his life in such misery. It was one Thursday afternoon that he found what it was that he longed for.

He was curled up dejectedly in front of the victrola. Hasper was playing "The Sextet from Lucia" on his trombone. Well he Oswald was died and sat up staring into space. Slowly but surely in his eyes dawned the Idea. He uttered a shriek of joy.

"Hasper!" he cried, "I have found it!"

Hasper excitedly swallowed the trombone in his delight.

"Allah be praised!" he ejaculated, "What is it?"

Oswald turned a summervault and gurgled with happiness. Then he stood up, straight and tall, and said, "It is a dill pickle sandwich. You are very stupid. Why did you not think of it long ago?"

Hasper kicked himself sharply for his stupidity.

"I cannot imagine," he answered.

"Never mind," said Oswald generously, "Hurry and bring it to me."

Hasper returned promptly, bearing the long sought sandwich on a silver salver. Oswald ate it and rejoiced.

His question was answered. He had found it at last. His soul was satisfied.
The Path of Death

Gus Partridge

December, 1921

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

This stage was set for the grande finale in the great drama of life in which Philip O'Hare was the hero. With his boots on like a man and an American, with his barefooted captors, O'Hare had been a prisoner in the city for the last two weeks. He had lived in the city for the last two weeks. He had lived in the city and devoted himself to the care of his wounded men. He had spent over an hour on this question and had come as close to the answer as he could.

At any time, generally when he is ordering a meal, he has a box of cigarettes. From his hip pocket he drew a full pack of cigarettes. He lit one and offered it to his captors. They took it and lit one for themselves.

O'Hare called to mind the last night he had spent at his home. He had wandered out in the garden and while sitting on a bench beneath the waving guava trees, Phil O'Hare was almost losing himself. In fact, he would have if it hadn't been that he was to leave on the morrow for the interior of the nation on a very hazardous expedition from which he had slight chance of returning. He was now fumbling with a tiny gold locket that she had given him that night. She had given him that night because he was in love with her. Phil O'Hare, battle-scarred and woman-proof, asked himself these things. Was it the thought of his coming death that caused him to have these thoughts?
Editorials

The Spirit of Christmas

The story is told of a man who, while walking along the street of an eastern city, saw some men at work erecting a new building. He paused and addressed the first man, saying: "My man, what are you working for?" And the man replied: "I am working so that I may draw my wages, which are ten dollars a week." The man went on and met a second workman, to whom he said: "Well, what are you doing here?" "I am working to help finish this building." A few moments later the man met a third workman and spoke to him, asking him to explain what he was doing. "Me?" asked the third workman. "Oh, I am building this cathedral."

Which all goes to show that it is all in your point of view. You can make of your work what you will. Are you doing your work with the idea that it is simply a task that must be accomplished, or have you come to the place where you can look at your work and realize that what you are doing now will have its effect upon all future generations. Such a view is not only a sure cure for discouragement, but it also tends to make college that ideal place which we all dream about.

The point of view just outlined can be adopted at no better time than at the Christmas season. Christmas Day may be degenerated into just a day to exchange presents and attempt to get something for nothing; it may mean the day of the birth of Christ; but it may have the maximum meaning for us, i.e., a day for the people of the universe to make new consecrations and have spiritual rebirths, so that the world may come to be the world that Christ means it should be. Then there will come to the peoples of the earth the true spirit of Christmas.

Thank You!!!

During this year the Trail Staff has published three copies of the paper. These copies have been made more enjoyable because certain people have taken the time to contribute articles, stories, cuts, etc. To the students who have contributed so generously we extend our thanks; those Professors who have taken the time to write for us, we also thank; and last, but far from the least, we wish to thank those Professors who have given us so much of their time, in offering suggestions whereby we might make this paper more nearly the ideal that we wish it to be.

In the last issue of The Trail we published a story called "Oswald’s Overshoes." This story was written by a girl who attended Summer School, and who is now at the University of Oklahoma. Because we felt that these stories would add greatly to the attractiveness of our paper she allowed us to publish them and at this time we wish to especially thank Miss Eileen Yost for her splendid spirit of co-operation. There are two more stories of the series which will be published in the following issues of this magazine.

Greetings, have you ordered an out-size Christmas stocking yet?

Thank You!!!!!
FRIDAY, Nov. 4, the Varsity journeyed to Ellensburg to play the State Normal School. A fine show of school spirit was displayed at the Union Station. The team was to leave at 7 A.M. There were fully forty students there, to see them off, cheering and singing as the train pulled out. Evidently this display did not do any harm, because Puget Sound was the victor in the afternoon’s game by a score of 6 to 0.

The weather was perfect—cool and clear. The field was ideal, being covered with a short growth of dry grass in direct contrast to Bellingham’s slippery, muddy field. The Epworth League of the local Methodist Church entertained the team at lunch and the game was called for 2 P.M. The contest was hard fought and excellent sportsmanship was manifested on both sides. The regular backfield of the college were more or less cripples, and substitutes were freely used.

THE GAME

Rumbaugh kicked off for C. P. S. Immediately the game settled into a punting duel, neither side being able to make yardage, nor was either side able to make any material gain by punting. At the end of the first quarter C. P. S. made first down three times in succession when the period ended. The second quarter opened with Dorsey making fifteen yards around. Right end to Ellensburg’s ten yard line. Here Reveille was sent in Rumbaugh’s place, but Ellensburg received the ball on down on their one yard line and immediately punted out of danger. The game again resolved into a punting duel, C. P. S. having a slight advantage. As the half ended Puget Sound attempted a drop kick which failed. Ellensburg kicked off at the beginning of the second half. A see-saw game started each side making first down once or twice and the punting. The third quarter ended with the ball on Ellensburg’s fifteen yard line and in their possession.

Fourth quarter. Ellensburg punted out of danger and the College woke up to the fact that it was time to win the game. By a series of line smashes, crossback and end runs netting first down twice and a long pass from “Rip” to Blanton netting twenty yards the ball was placed on Ellensburg’s nine yard line. At this time Turley was sent in to relieve Henry. Three line smashes by Revelle, Dorsey and Morrow and the ball was still three yards from the line.

Jess Mathis—Guard—This was Jess’ first year at C. P. S. He made a fine showing and promises to be a four year letter man.

Ed. Amende—Guard—Another Frosh letter man. Ed. is a coming whiz at football, has the weight and build and is aggressive.
Claude Turley — Fullback — "Give it to Turley." That's what was said when it was absolutely necessary to have a few yards. Turley played in rather hard luck this season, being knocked out several times but he had usually scored enough points to make the game safe.

Roy Morrow — Quarter — It was Morrow that piloted the Varsity this year and he did it nobly. Morrow has three years more at C. P. S. and is sure to be a mainstay on the team.

On the fourth down Turley despite his injured ankle and crippled shoulder took the ball. There being no hole in the line he dived up and over the top, crossing the goal line by two feet. The goal was not kicked. This ended the game as far as scoring was concerned. C. P. S. again kicked off and Ellensburg opened up with a large assortment of passes advancing the ball to the C. P. S. eight yard line, only to be held for downs. C. P. S. punted out of danger and once more by passes and end runs Ellensburg carried the ball down to the five yard line when the final whistle blew and the game was over.

C. P. S.— 6. ELLensburg— 0

One of the odd features of the game was that brothers opposed each other. "Jack" Dorsey playing Left Half for the College and "Bob" Dorsey playing Center for the Normal.

BASKETBALL

Basketball season is again with us. Monday, November 28, the Frosh A team defeated the Junior team, on which were three members of last years varsity. The game was bitter and some football tactics were indulged in it being the first game of the year. In the first half the Frosh had a big advantage, as is shown by the score at the end of the first half. Frosh 15, Juniors 9. During the second half the scoring was close, the Juniors overcoming the Frosh lead and being ahead themselves by one point. The Frosh settled down to business however, and won the game. Frosh 24, Juniors 20. Laakso played a star game for the winners and Scott and Stone were the leaders of the losers.

SUBSTITUTIONS


AT THE BALL

Maternal Parent: "Our daughter is very popular tonight. Do you see her over there surrounded by admirers?"

Paternal Parent: "Is that Dorothy? I can't see her face from this distance."

Maternal Parent: "Neither can I. I recognize her knees though."
November 1, Armistice day the College met defeat at the hands of Pacific University of Forest Grove, Oregon. It was a battle from start to finish. Three times in the first quarter C. P. S. had the ball within striking distance of the goal only to lose it on downs or a fumble. In the second quarter Pacific opened up with passes and put over two touchdowns before the half closed. In the third quarter again Pacific made a strong stand which however finished the scoring for Pacific. A short time later Schrader, C. P. S. end, recovered a fumble and dodging past the Pacific safety ran forty yards for a touchdown. Captain Kinch kicked goal. Soon after Captain Kinch intercepted a pass and broke thru the line to Pacific's eight yard line from the backs smashed it across for the second touchdown.

In the last quarter C. P. S. repeatedly threatened to score but were unable to push the ball across.

Substitutions—Henry for Turley, Rumbaugh for Morrow.

The spectators were tense. There was a roar of applause. The Juniors had made a point.

In a desperate game the Frosh girls overcame their friends 34 to 1. In a late game the Frosh girls overcame their friends 34 to 1. The entire Frosh team displayed excellent teamwork and individual playing. The Juniors were rather weak or having practiced as a team. The thrilling climax of the game came in the last five minutes of the second half. Coach Peck blew his whistle and one of the Frosh girls had taken two steps with the ball. Gravely Coach Peck took the ball and placed it in the hands of Miss Ohlson. The spectators were tense. There was a roar of applause. The Juniors had made a point.

Frank Henry was severely injured in football practice on the afternoon of November 17. He jumped to catch a pass but when he came down his foot was turned in such manner that several bones in his ankle were fractured. He was confined at the hospital for a few days and then taken to his home. He will be back in school in a few weeks. H. W. MANIKE.

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

December, 1921

C. P. S.—PACIFIC U. GAME—21-14

C. P. S.—WILLAMETTE U.—18-7

SLAUGHTER

Fresh girls, 34—Junior girls, 1

Spread Christmas Cheer with Plants and Flowers, gifts that beautify the home and bring cheer.

H. W. MANIKE

"The College Florist"

6th Ave. and M St.

Phone Main 419
ly to ride the goat. The "Baby Program" which is given annually by the new pledges, was unusually clever this year and if our "Philoettes" continue to prove their worth to such a marked degree we will indeed consider ourselves fortunate.

We miss very much our two members who are out on account of illness; Anne Davies underwent an operation for appendicitis but we are glad to hear that she is doing along very well indeed; Frank Henry is enjoying a memento of football season in the form of a broken ankle. We are sorry that he will be obliged to be out of school a month yet but we wish him the best of luck.

Philo is eagerly anticipating a cake from Lucilla Peterman and Lyle Andrews, who announced their engagement recently. We extend to them our heartiest congratulations and know that they will be very happy.

**AMPHICTYON NOTES**

The Delta Alpha Gamma society which was organized some time ago, has now perfected its organization and affairs are running smoothly. Mrs. C. A. Robbins, who is sponsor for the new society has given freely of her time and advice and the girls owe much of their success to her. The officers are: Ardus Fox, President; Agnes Scott, Vice President; Helen Small, Recording Secretary; Norman Lawrence, Corresponding Secretary; Willabelle Hoage, Treasurer; Helen Miller, Sergeant-at-Arms; Katherine Chester, Artist; Edith Morris, Secretary; Program Committee.

**DELTA ALPHA GAMMA SOCIETY**

THE Delta Alpha Gamma society has given a program which has been particularly interesting and favorable comment. Each subject dealt with in a new form of America's wonders and carried out the idea of seeing America first. The paper on "Our National Parks" given by Evelyn Longstreh was especially interesting and deserves much credit.

Our Thanksgiving program was a decided success.

**ARE YOU ONE OF THE CHOSEN FEW?**

An important business meeting was held by the Squawking Ducks Saturday, November 6th. New members were initiated during the course of the proceedings. A new organization is formed in our midst in the form of the Safety Pin Club. At present we do not know what is those bright and shiny safety clasps mean but we guess "Safety First".

Happy Jack five cent La Champ Candy Bar, Chocolate pudding center.

"He profits most, who serves best" Tacomas Trunk Co. serves you with an exclusive stock of Luggage and Novelties for Christmas Gifts.

Ladies' Fine Purses, Hand Bags, Party Boxes.

**THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL**

December, 1921

**PHILOMATHEAN NOTES**


These people have all taken first degree and are now waiting anxious anticipation, Kappa Sigma Theta is looking forward to the inter-society debate during the latter part of December. On that night the debaters will meet the Philomathian team on the question, "Resolved that the Panama Canal should be open to all vessels of all nations on terms of entire equality." Theta upholds the affirmative and Philo, the negative. We are mighty proud of our veteran debater, Florence Maddock, who always puts the thing across. And we are expecting just as much of our new member, Roma Schmid, who has already showed a great deal of talent in oratory. Every Theta is backing her worthy debaters.

Considerable talent has been shown by our new members during the past month along both musical and literary lines. Freshmen Flashes, a program cleverly given, preceded our Thanksgiving program, which was as follows:

**THE THANKSGIVING PROGRAM**

The First Thanksgiving Margaree Moore
The Modern Thanksgiving Dorothy Mendenhall
Duet Lucille Allsup, Anita Greenlaw
Value of Thanksgiving Geraldine Stinson
A Thanksgiving Story Juliette Palmez
The Turkey's Thanksgiving Hilda Scheyer
Mother Turkey Mabel Swanson
Sally Turkey Marjorie Guptil
Bobby Turkey Roma Schmid
Society

Mildred Forsberg and Ruth Wheeler, Editors

“W” E’LL Wallop Willamette” was the last echo heard by the unfortunate fleeing student making the last train for the old home town Thanksgiving Eve. Unfortu-nate, say we, in that he missed all the fun of “getting his feet wet” and that wonderful thrill of seeing the TEAM put it across. But, no doubt, it was a “grand ‘n’ glorious feeling” to be back home again with all the “folks”. For every one came back with sweet and “plentiful” memories of Turkey Day. Those who enjoyed the holidays out of the city were the following: Misses Hilda Scheyer, Lois and Helen Brace of Puyallup, Wilma Sediger from Granger, Marjorie Anderson of Bellingham, Geraldine Stinson of Gig Harbor, Marjorie Guptil of Sumner, and Miss Averill Icenhart.

YE FROLICSONE FROSH CARNIVAL

O RIGINALLY! Thats what characterized the party the freshmen gave for the sophomores on the tenth of November. We aren’t thru laughing yet at the Hayseed band, the Girl and Her Fella, and the colored “ladies”. And all day suckers! We ate so many we were ashamed of our band, the Girl and Her Fella, and the colored “ladies”. And activities.

MRS. Lynette Hovious entertained at an enjoyable dinner party Thanksgiving Day for a number of her friends of the faculty. Later in the evening the party attended the Rialto Theatre to see “Way Down East”. The guests were Miss Crapser, Senator Davis, Miss Balke, Mr. Winslow, Mr. Chislet, Miss Carol Fay Hovious and the hostess.

Even if everything happens that the pessimists predict, it will still be fun to live. Christmas is coming!

FRENCH CLUB

A FRENCHE Club is being organized in C. P. S. this year. The meeting for organization will be held on Dec. 8. All students who are interested in French, whether you are taking it now or not, are cordially invited to this meeting. Everyone who comes is asked to have a name to present for consideration for the name of the club. We want to put on some very good programs this year, so come out and help us organize. Remember the date! Dec. 8, at 4 p. m. Watch the bulletin boards for further announcements of our activities.

COLLEGE TEA

A CHARMING tea was given by the women of the Y. W. C. A. Advisory Board for the college women the Thurs-day before Thanksgiving. The attractive home of Mrs. Muffley on Prospect Hill was thrown open for the occasion. Miss Alice Brown, the North Western Field Secretary, talked in an interesting manner on the Value of Friendship among the Women of all Nations. After friendly visits and renewing of old acquaintances, tea was served from a daintily appointed table. The guests were received between the hours of three and six by Mrs. Edgar H. Dodd, Mrs. Edward H. Todd, and Mrs. Muffley.

On Thanksgiving night the Delta Alpha Gammas were hostesses at a delightful party in honor of the Willamette football team. The home economics rooms were the scene of a merry assemblage of college students and faculty. Decorations in school pennants and colors lend spirit to the Thanksgiving merriment. A program of peppy games and pleasing music made the time enjoyable for all.

A novel dinner party was enjoyed by the Scienticians at Hoyts Donut Shop during the past month. The clever setting of greenery against a black and white background and the wailing strains of “Marjorie” were indeed different from the usual. An interesting program was given in the living rooms of the Sacajawea Club at a latter hour. Thanksgiving week-end, the time of all times in the year for a good time, was celebrated by some of the college folk at a house party given by Charles Brady at his home in National. The guests were the Misses Winnifred Williams, Wilia Makay, Ruth Wheeler and Margaret Olson, and Messrs. Frank Brooks, Matthew Thompson, and Nevell Stone. The two days were filled to the brim with fun in the form of hikes, eats and “rook”.

The Delta Alpha Gamma Sorority was entertained at an enjoyable theatre party during the holidays. After the matinée, the balcony of the Pheasant, exquisitely decorated in the sorority colors, afforded a pleasant spot for tea.

Oh! Yes! It rained but what could spoil a rip roaring peppy house-party. So they all said—I mean those who enjoyed the Thanksgiving week-end at the Warburton country home at Stillicoon Lake. With the wind whistling and the rain whipping around the chimney tops, the merry warm blazes of the huge open fireplace furnished all the cheer that could be asked. But nevertheless the sprained ankles and painful limps told tales of one LONG wild hunt to say the least. Those who enjoyed the pleasing hospitality of Stanton Warburton were the Misses Francis Ghoering, Dorothy Mendenhall, Lois Bruce, Geraldine Stinson, Florence Maddock and Greta Miller; Messrs. Tom Swayne, Everett Silles, Spencer Smith, Ray Fisher and Elmer Anderson. Miss Crapser proved SOME CHAP, we hope to shout!

The many friends of Miss Helen Monroe are delighted to hear that she is speedily recovering from a recent illness. Miss Monroe is now at home on North Eighth Street and receiving friends in her usual pleasant manner.

We are glad to report that Miss Anne Davis, one of the most popular members of the freshmen girls, is recovering exceedingly well from a recent operation. We hope that she may be with us again soon.

We’re all so sorry to hear of the misfortune which befell on the all-star football player, Frank Murry, and we hope that his recovery may be as speedy as possible.

Established 1883

COMPARE OUR PRICES

25 to 50% Discount

Mahncke & Co.

Pioneer Jewelers

914 Pacific Ave.

Special Ice Cream for Christmas

Phone Main 7919 or call at your closest Branch Store.

Olympic Ice Cream Co.
School Notes

ESTHER GRAHAM, Editor

DEBATE NOTES

On the evening of Nov. 16, the debate program for the year was launched. An informal dinner at the Woodstock apartments was the occasion, the largest crowd in the history of local forensics being present. Several sponsors of debate and oratory in the College of Puget Sound were present to give their encouragement to the aspiring orators. The year's work was outlined and everything points to a most successful season with steady progress over last year's program. It was announced that an effort will be made to affiliate with one of the national debating fraternities this year.

First interest centers around the Inter-Society Debates to be held this month, with the handsome Newbogin Cup as a prize. On Dec. 12 the Kappa Sigma Theta Sorority meets the Philomathean Literary Society, the question being Panama Canal tolls. Florence Maddock and Roma Schmid debate for Theta, while Russel Clay and Alfred Matthews take the opposite side.

On Dec. 16, the H. C. S. fraternity meets the Amphictyon Society with a question new to this section as a basis of debate for Theta, while Russel Clay and Alfred Matthews uphold the Philo side of the argument.

The attention of the student body is also being called to the plays and we are expecting great things from them. Let's turn out to the games and root for them!

THE RAINBOW

The regular monthly meeting of the Science Club was held at the Ladies' Dormitory, November 23rd. Mr. Newell Stone was host. After a bounteous repast the business was taken up.

The following reports were given:
The relation of Soil Fertility to Vitamine Product in Grain, Mr. Anton Erp.
The manufacture of Artificial Silk, Mr. Clyde Kineh.
Radioactivity, Mr. Elmer Carlson.

The next meeting of the Science Club will be held on the 14th of December.

SCIENTICIANS

On November 16, the Scienticians met at Hoyt's for a Dutch Treat. After dinner, we all went up to the Girl's Dormitory to hold our regular meeting. Miss Ohlson reported on "Efficiency Aids for the Queen of the House," Miss Warren, on "Defects found in Drafted Men," and Miss King on "Chemical Research as applied to Industries."

We are delighted to announce that Miss Balke is our new Faculty sponsor and we are sure that we shall enjoy the year with her very much.
DORMITORY LIFE

"Dormitory Life" at least in the boy’s Dormitory, is the life ideal, the "Modern Utopia." It far exerts the dreams of the wildest Communist. It typifies brotherly affection, self sacrifice and altruism in its highest form of Development.

In order to present to you vividly a picture of dormitory life I will now take you on an imaginary journey thru the Dormitory. As one steps from the boulevard upon the cinder path winding up to the marble portals of the dormitory, an imposing structure of granite and marble, he is deeply impressed with the ideal surroundings. Off to the right rises the lofty spire of our Gothic Chapel and further in the distance amid the ancient oaks can be seen the massive outlines of the Administration Building. Occasionally one catches a strain of harmony arising from the Conservatory of Music, as some budding prima donna develops the voice that will some day enthral the nation. But returning to the dormitory. As we mount the granite steps and pass thru the massive bronze portals we are struck with the profound quietude that prevades the entire structure. We first read a notice, posted in the vestibule, admonishing the inmates to refrain from undue disturbance after seven in the evening. Of course this is but a piece of rare humor for in the dormitory there always prevails that atmosphere which is conducive to study.

We will visit a few of the rooms in order to more fully appreciate these ideal conditions. The first room we enter is that of Mr. Paul Snyder and Elmer Carlson. These two personages are beheld reclining upon leather upholstered davenport, diligently pursuing their studies. The most striking feature of this and indeed all of the rooms, is the high degree of order maintained therein.

As we step from the domicile of these people and are again in the hall we come upon our friend, Ed Amende, at the telephone, conversing with another student. The conversation must be very interesting for he does not even become aware of our presence.

I will now conduct you to our culinary department, which is a marvel of modern cleanliness and sanitation. This department is supervised by Chef Penning who is famous for his wonderful pastery. I regret it is not meal time for to witness a meal at the Boy’s Dormitory is equivalent to reading several volumes on etiquette.

There is one other room we must visit before leaving. This is the room belonging to Mr. Clyde Kinch, the model room in the dormitory. As we enter we are overwhelmed by the studious atmosphere which envelops the place at all times. Thru this haze of intellectual atmosphere we perceive Mr. Kinch and his room mate Noble Chowning, sitting at the mahogany table deeply engrossed in the preparation of their lessons for fully two weeks hence. Indeed so thorough is their concentration that they are entirely oblivious to our presence. As we stand and behold this diligent meditation we receive an inspiration, as if from on high, and quickly we take our departure to pour over our neglected lessons.

To some, experience is a headlight; to others, it is merely a sternlight, illuminating only the waters of the past.

JUNIOR NOTES

The Juniors haven’t won any laurels in basket-ball yet for you see it’s just this way. The other day Professor Chislet said in chapel that we should use our dictionaries more. We followed his advice and as a consequence lost the ball game. Just listen to this:

In promulgating your eristic cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentiments and amicable philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibility, a consistency and a concatenated coquency. Escalate all conglomerations of fluent gabble, jejune babblement, and asinine affections. Let your extemporaneous decantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomantadre or thraconial bombast. Sedulously avoid all pompous profundity, meretricious proximity pittaceous vacuity, ventrilouial verbosity, and vanilquent vapidity. Shun double-intendres pruriens jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent.

In other words talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from slang, don’t put on airs, say what you mean, mean what you say. And don’t use big words.

At a recent Junior meeting Miss Phoebe Nicholson was elected as Editor of the “Tamanawas” and Roy Craver as Business Manager. The Junior Class is behind them to a man.

Men’s High Grade Suits & Overcoats

at Low Upstairs Prices

New Fall Suits and Overcoats, featuring latest ideas in fashionable apparel for Young Men. We keep you in mind constantly, and your color and model may now be had at:

- $25.00
- Others at $30.00 $35.00 $40.00

LUNQUIST-LILLY

Clothes for Men and Boys

New Rust Bldg. 11th and Pacific
SACAJAWEA NOTES

By "Gosh"

T

imes are dull. Thrilling times have ceased to was. Ye humble scriebe most frantically knashes her hands and wrings her teeth, for she fears her "nose for news" has lost its sense of smell. Ah! woe is me!

Aha! We have it! We will impart to the unsuspecting public, divers family secrets, which have long since burned a hole in our pockets; i. e., viz., to-wit, as follows:

The time is after dinner, the place is the kitchen, the girl is Margaret Ohlson:

A slight scratching noise is heard in the wall. Paprika: "I guess it's mice."

Mrs. Simpson: "It's probably rats chasing mice."

Ma (in amazed surprise): "Oh! Do rats eat their mice?"

The other day Marj locked herself out of her room and Anton Peter was doing second story work preparatory to opening her door via the window route. He was having difficulties when Dorothy Wallace yelled:

"Why, Marj, why don't you go and open the window for him?"

A deep discussion is going on in the back hall. Ethel Mae speaks:

"Well, I'm going to take a bath in the meantime."

Jolly Junior: "I'd suggest a bath tub."

Yours truly: "Marj, tell me a joke."

Tuck: "Nip and I are being sensible this week."

Anton and three other girls enjoyed Thanksgiving vacation at the Dorm.

We are glad to welcome Genevieve Wilson to the Bosom of our well regulated family.

Alumni

PAUL SNYDER, Editor

This year as we look out over the world we find that our Alma Mater is represented in every country and in many states. Our graduates are working in many lines of endeavor and have made good.

Wm. Pfiaum is the head of the Iquique English College at Iquique, Chile, and is reported to be doing very successful work there.

Mark Freeman is a missionary in the far East and is building up a wonderful reputation for himself.

Paul Todd is Supt. of Schools at Napavine, Wash.

Henry Cramer is studying law at Columbia.

Hack Goodman is coach and teacher at the Arlington High School.

Paul Hanawalt is principal of a school in Payutllap.

Carl Curtis and Muriel Hoover Curtis are at Leavenworth where Carl is principal of the high School.

Samuel Dupertis is in France doing reconstruction work and was recently decorated by the French government.

Mr. and Mrs. (Jimmie) James recently sailed for China as missionaries.

Garland Smith has been doing post graduate work in Edinburgh.

Marmaduke Dodsworth is a missionary in India.

Harold Hong is teaching in the Kent High School.

Harry Gardner has returned from the east and is teaching at Morton.

Leon Bain is attending school at Seminary Hill, Texas.

Mary Cochran is teaching in Alaska.

Gladys Moe is teaching in the Fife High School. Charline Tuell is enjoying her work at the Seattle General Hospital.

Arthur L. Marsh, formerly Dean of this College, is publishing the magazine put out by the Washington Educational Association.

Raymond E. Cook is Supt. of schools at Chehalis.

They say little Tommy Tucker sang for his supper. All we have to say is that if he did as well as Averill Isenhart, he deserved his supper.

Gladys Trew hasn't said anything this month that is fit for publication.

The days of romance have not yet ceased to be. It is reported that Ethel Mae Storie and Roy Morrow took the fatal plunge last week at Dr. Todd's home and they say that he performed the ceremony: We wish them luck, but we greatly fear that Ethel Mae Storey to Morrow.

Our freak songs are a thing of the past. Cayenne and Paprika are bent on acquiring a freak vocabulary. Their one ambition is to go to Boston and show them how much they know.

The Gift Your Friends Can't Buy

JAMES & MERRIHEW

Leading Portrait Photographers

Main 1157

TACOMA HOTEL

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

The most important affair of the past month was the beautiful tea given by the Advisory Board for all the girls of the college. Mrs. James I. Muffley opened her home on North Prospect Street for the occasion. About thirty-five young women attended and had a very enjoyable time.

On Dec. 5 two very interesting little playlets were given by the girls of the organization.

"Ted" Dunlap is a professor in the University of Ames, Iowa.

Cora Schiebner is teaching in Anacortes.

Helen Bradley is attending the Washington State College.

Three weddings took place this summer: Erma Tuell was married to Mr. Eldin Tuell and is now living in Seattle; Hertha Barlow married Sherman Day and is now living at the Lakeside Country Club; Josephine Moore married Mark Stewart and is living on Sixth Avenue, Tacoma.

Miss Jessie Rummel, after a tour thru Europe studying art, is now a member of the faculty of an exclusive art school in New York.

James Milligan is Pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Tacoma, and is very successful in his work.

Grace McGandy, formerly a professor at C. P. S., is connected with the St. Helen's Clinic.

Rev. Gambill is preaching at Wilkeson.

Vinnie Pease is in the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C.

We wish our Alumni the best of Christmas Wishes and hope that they will continue the great work they are doing.

The fact that, with the exception of the defeat by Oregon, Pacific has a clean slate in football this season takes some of the old timers back to the years of 1892 when Pacific first started to play the game. She was one of the first colleges in the northwest to start playing it according to Philip E. Bauer, 200-pound Congregational pastor of Seattle, who was a member of the first team that played and still has the enthusiasm for the old game.

—The Weekly Index.

Special Candies at special prices, every day at Chocolate Shop, 998 Broadway.
IT CAN'T BE DONE

He came from where he started
And he started from where he went.
Not even had a cent.
He never even muttered once
Till he began to talk.
And when he left the kitchen door
He took the garden walk.
Then I asked him where he came from
This was just before we parted.
And he muttered indistinctly,
"Oh, I came from where I started."

What's the difference between a hair dresser and a sculptor?
I dunno, what?
Well, a hair dresser curls up and dyes while a sculptor makes faces and busts.

— The Eh Kah Nam.

THIS IS ONE ON THE BISHOP

A small boy met a Bishop on the street and inquired for the time. He was told that it was 3:30.
The boy answered the Bishop and said, "At five o'clock you go to hell."
This made the Bishop very mad and he started to chase the boy. The boy turned a corner and the Bishop in turning ran into another Bishop.
"What's your hurry, Brother?" inquired the run down Bishop.
"I was just told to go to hell at five o'clock."
"We you needn't be in such a hurry about it, you have an hour and a half yet."

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

"There is not a boy in this town who is as clever as our Bill Clay."
"How is that?"
"Look at those two chairs. Bill Clay made them out of his own head, and he has enough wood left to make a table."

Rector: My brother takes up Spanish, French, Hebrew, German and Scotch.
Tom: Where does he study all that?
Rector: Study? He don't study. He runs an elevator.

Lyle: "Do you want to see the place where I was vaccinated?"
Helen: "Why, sure."
Lyle: "Just wait a minute and I'll drive around that way."

Fresh green paint on the garden seat had ruined the new cream-colored trousers that Uncle Moses coveted. Never the less Mose tried his best to remove the stain. "Ah done tried everything, boss," said the darkey. "Soap, gas line, hot iron—"
"Did you try ammonia?"
"No, boss, no," he answered brightly. "Ah ain't tried 'em on-me, but Ah knows dey'll fit."

A RICH VOICE

He—Ed. clothes his words well.
She—How is that?
He—His tongue always has a coat and his breath comes in pants.

One day as St. Peter was walking down to the pearly gates of Heaven, he thought of a new idea of how to classify the new comers.
One nice looking fellow came in and St. Peter asked him what kind of a car he had on earth.
"Oh, I had a Packard," was the reply.
"You go over there and stand with the Methodists."
And the next person he asked:
"And what kind of a car did you have?"
"I had a Paige."
"You go over and stand by with the Presbyterians." And to the next he asked the same question and got this reply: "I had a Studebaker."
"Well, then you go and stand with the Congregationalists."
Finally a neek little man came in and the Saint asked him what kind of a car he had on earth.
"I had a Ford," came the answer.
"You didn't have a car, you just think you did. You go and stand by the Christian Scientists."

CASE PROVED

Ted: "And why do you think that I am a poor judge of human nature?"
Helen: "Because you have such a good opinion of yourself."

Poor Orphan: "Say, waiter, is this an incubator chicken? It taste like it."
Waiter: "I don't know, sir."
Poor Orphan: "It must be. Any chicken that has had a mother could never get as tough as this one is."

CONNIE CO-ED

This bluffing is a funny thing,
Most everyone can do it,
Just say, "I know but can't express."
And that's all there is to it!
When you think of California you think of flowers; When you think of flowers think of the California Florists

Main 7732 907 Pacific Ave.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

"Professor," asked the young lady visitor, "what is the strange odor in this room? Is this the chemical laboratory?"

"No, my dear young lady. This is the Latin class room."

"Of course! How stupid of me! I always knew that Latin was a dead language!"

Jes—What's the matter, Andy. Andy—Oh, Jess, I was eating my dinner and swallowed the spoon—and now I can't stir.

TO PROVE A TON OF COAL EQUAL TO A COLORED MAN

A ton of coal is a wait.
A wait is a pause.
A pause is a short stop.
A short stop is a baseball player.
A baseball player is a foul-grabber.
A foul-grabber is a colored man.

If a man had a nose twelve inches long, would it be a foot?

M. T.: "Heard the story of the peacock?"
K. T.: "Not, what is it?"
M. T.: "It's a beautiful tale!"

Christmas Gifts Easy to Mail

Such as Fountain Pens, Eversharp Pencils, Diaries, Loose Leaf Memos, Recipe Files, Stationery, Photo Albums, Christmas Cards, Gift Dressings, etc.

Select these things early.

Pioneer Bindery & Printing Co.
947 Broadway

"New, Thomas," said the foreman of the construction gang to a green hand who had just been put on the job, "keep your eyes open. When you see a train coming, throw down your tools and jump off the track. Run like blazes."

"You lithering idiot," said the foreman, "didn't I tell you to get out of the road? Didn't I tell you to take care and get out of the way? Why didn't you run up the side of the hill?"

"Up the side of the hill, is it, sort?" said Thomas, as he cautiously surveyed the man in the next seat. Finally, twisting his mouth to an alarming degree and shielding it with his hand, muttered:

"Cut it out, kid, cut it out! My wife's with me."

DON'T throw away that pair of shoes.
"We can fix them"

Sixth Ave. Quick Shoe Repair Shop
1108 Sixth, near K St.

UNFORTUNATELY

Mrs. Blank could find only two aisle seats, one behind the other. Wishing to have her sister beside her, she turned cautiously surveyed the man in the next seat. Finally she leaned over and addressed him;

"I beg pardon, sir, but are you alone?"

The man, without turning his head in the slightest but twisting his mouth to an alarming degree and shielding it with his hand, muttered:

"Cut it out, kid, cut it out! My wife's with me."

TO PROVE A TON OF COAL EQUAL TO A COLORED MAN

A baseball player is a foul-grabber.
A short stop is a baseball player.
A pause is a short stop.
A ton of coal is a wait.

Select these things early.

Pioneer Bindery & Printing Co.
947 Broadway

"New, Thomas," said the foreman of the construction gang to a green hand who had just been put on the job, "keep your eyes open. When you see a train coming, throw down your tools and jump off the track. Run like blazes."

"You lithering idiot," said the foreman, "didn't I tell you to get out of the road? Didn't I tell you to take care and get out of the way? Why didn't you run up the side of the hill?"

"Up the side of the hill, is it, sort?" said Thomas, as he cautiously surveyed the man in the next seat. Finally, twisting his mouth to an alarming degree and shielding it with his hand, muttered:

"Cut it out, kid, cut it out! My wife's with me."

DON'T throw away that pair of shoes.
"We can fix them"

Sixth Ave. Quick Shoe Repair Shop
1108 Sixth, near K St.

UNFORTUNATELY

Mrs. Blank could find only two aisle seats, one behind the other. Wishing to have her sister beside her, she turned cautiously surveyed the man in the next seat. Finally she leaned over and addressed him;

"I beg pardon, sir, but are you alone?"

The man, without turning his head in the slightest but twisting his mouth to an alarming degree and shielding it with his hand, muttered:

"Cut it out, kid, cut it out! My wife's with me."

NEW SPOR TING GOODS

F. C. JONAS & SON

BUILDERS' HARDWARE, OILS, PAINTS and SPORTING GOODS

Phone Main 2899 2503 Sixth Ave.
WE WISH YOU—C. P. S.—

A

VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

Washington Tool and Hardware Co.

Home of

"SPALDING ATHLETIC GOODS"

10th and Pacific Ave.

Every man has two great ambitions—first, to own his own home; second, to own a car to get away from his home.

NOT WORTH MENTIONING

Frosh (to teacher): "I am indebted to you for all that I know."
Teacher: "Don't mention it; it's a mere trifle."

TURRELL BROS. INC.

QUALITY SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

922 Pacific Ave.  Main 7701

CRASH!

He had married a widow and all went well for a week and they had their first quarrel. The next day he came down to breakfast with a mourning band on his arm.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said his wife. "What is it for?"
"For your first husband," he replied. "I'm sorry that he died."

The Little Gem Market

carries the finest line of meats in the city.

Full line of poultry for the Holiday.

Phone us your order.

606 So. K St.  Main 495

A FLEE-TING THOT

"There's millions in it," said the inventor, as he scratched his head.

Professional Directory

DR. HOMER C. TOLLEFSON

Dentist

Tel. Main 1686  703 Fidelity Bldg.

Tacoma, Wash.
Go straight to
Klever Klouthes Kompny
1201 PACIFIC AVE.
PACIFIC AVE. AT 123 ST.
for your suit and overcoat, when you want we are offering suits and overcoats that are good garments of the latest style. At $24.50 the best values in Tacoma.

TUXEDOS
Up-to-the-minute models, well made, $34.50

Snappy Shoes for Students always found at
CUMMINS & TWINING
4th Floor California Bldg.

SNATCHES FROM A DIARY
(Continued from page 4)
Monday, November 21st.
Old maid, or no old maid, that I am, the Tired Lady was right. That same Jolly Man, I've been telling you about, proposed to me on the boat tonight. He asked me to sit outside with him that he had something to ask me. I had no idea it was anything so important as that. I didn't accept though, although I like him fine. Somehow I couldn't say yes because he wanted to go away and, of course, I can't leave mother. He said he was tired of being alone, he wanted to live in the city and have a home and someone to look after things for him. I'll bet you don't know what I said to him. I told him it was the Tired Lady he loved that he had made a mistake. I don't know why I told him that. At any rate, he didn't deny it, so maybe—

Tuesday, November 22nd.
The Jolly Man spoke to me this morning as if last night had never occurred. He ran away as jolly as ever in fact. The Tired Lady looked at me today than I have ever seen her before. She won't stand these trips much longer, the hours are so long.

Saturday, November 26th.
Pete and Sarah have settled their brilliant careers. They ran away and got married without giving anyone the least hint of it. Pete is going to continue his work on the boat, he says a fellow can't find a good job every day in the week. Sarah is going to work in the restaurant, too; she says they'll need so many things for their little home. They're very happy, those two. Do you suppose the Jolly Man and I—

They were married today, the Jolly Man and the Tired Lady. I went with them to the minister's. They came down to the boat with me afterward. They're going to have a nice little home in town, the Jolly Man wants some one to look after it for him. When I kissed her, the Tired Lady whispered something in my ear. I couldn't hear first what it was, but it was something about my being right and that she was mistaken about him. She won't have to make any more trips back and forth now; she'll get all over being tired when she lives with the Jolly Man and his jokes awhile. Why her cheeks were pink and her eyes brighter even today and she hasn't started to rest yet. I waved my hand to them standing together on the dock; they looked extremely happy. I went back into the cabin then feeling very glad that I wouldn't have the little white faced lady to worry me any more; I was thinking I wouldn't have the Jolly Man's jokes to laugh at either. I picked up my book and began to read; books are such a comfort!

THE PATH OF DEATH
(Continued from page 9)
shutter O'Hare could detect cigarette smoke that told him that this last act was to be witnessed by all of the villagers. Slowly he marched down the street, stopping here and there to admire this garden and that view of the mountains that raised their bare peaks to the sky away over in the west. At one of the gardens he picked a flower. From all outward appearance O'Hare was perfectly calm but inside he was slowly wearing down to cowardice. Why didn't these damn spicks shoot and get it over with? A few more minutes and he would go to pieces, the strain on his nerves was too much. House after house he passed and nothing happened. Evidently the Honduras were taking their time. He quickened his pace. He was now anxious to get it over with. He had given up all hopes of escape days ago. At first, he had thought there would be some flaw in the guard watch kept over him but in this he had been mistaken. The Honduras had kept an ever watchful eye open and one move would have spoiled any chances that he ever had.

At last O'Hare rounded a curve in the street and beheld the gates of the city not three hundred yards away. He slowed up his pace again and gazed about him. A parrakeet spied him from the uppermost branch of a coconut palm and sent a long rigamaroll of chatter after him. "Pardon, Mr. Parrakeet. I didn't mean to spoil your slumber," he apologized.

Poof—O'Hare felt a slight sting in the back of his neck. He grabbed for the spot and when he brought his hand down it held a long thorn about four inches in length, the point of which was sticky with a reddish colored paste.

How well did he know what that meant. The poisonous thorn had been chosen to put him to death. Already the poison was in his blood. He could feel a clutching at his throat and lungs. He walked or rather staggered for a few steps and then suddenly turned and faced toward the north. Somewhere up there were friends and home. Then slowly drawing himself up like a soldier at attention he fell straight backwards. Try as he might, he could not help but twist his body now and then as he lay there on the ground with the awful pains shooting through him. Suddenly he stiffened out and then relaxed. He raised himself up on one arm and looked toward the gate. The sight that he saw caused him to give a gasp; then he fell back to the ground and lay there. Phillip O'Hare, furious thorn of fortune and savior of the poor had passed to his last reward.

At the gate just outside the town stood a girl in riding togs beside a horse panting and covered with froth. Her face held a look of horror. She clung to the saddle as if for support but as O'Hare fell for the last time she sprang away from her horse and ran towards him. The first two hundred and fifty yards she ran as fast as she could but as she neared the body she seemed to stagger. The latter part of the distance was covered and as she reached O'Hare's body she fell forward in a dead faint across it.

The street thronged with people who gazed silently at the tragedy that was being enacted before their eyes. Two men came forward and picked up the body of the girl and carried her away, while four men picked up the body of O'Hare and carried it out back of the village to its last resting place. Mercedes Lisbonde had been too late to save her lover.

That the younger set might have a more complete gift stock to choose from in our store we have added a complete line of

ORIOLE CANDY
the one really appropriate gift for the young man to give.

Also complete stocks of

KODAKS
FOUNTAIN PENS
EVERSCHARPS
PHOTO ALBUMS

SHAW SUPPLY CO., Inc.
1015 Pacific Avenue

That the younger set might have a more complete gift stock to choose from in our store we have added a complete line of ORIOLE CANDY the one really appropriate gift for the young man to give.

Also complete stocks of

KODAKS
FOUNTAIN PENS
EVERSCHARPS
PHOTO ALBUMS

SHAW SUPPLY CO., Inc.
1015 Pacific Avenue
PRETTY PERSONAL

A street car collided with a milk cart on Broadway and sent can after can of milk splashing into the street. Soon a large crowd gathered. A very short man coming up had stood on his tiptoes to see past a stout woman in front of him.

“Goodness,” he exclaimed, “what an awful waste!”

The stout woman turned around and glared at the little man and said, “Mind your own business!”

“Name two large joints,” quoth the bone teacher.

“Dinty Moore’s and Hoyt’s.”

“Dogs will never go mad,” says a scientist, “if they always have plenty to drink.” Under those circumstances, who would.

FISH

There was once a fellow named Fisher

Who fished at the edge of a fissure,

Pulled poor Fisher in,

Now they’re fishing the fissure for Fisher.

COMPETITION

“Are you trying to make a fool out of me?” he cried.

“I never try to interfere with nature,” replied the girl

with the painted cheeks and penciled eyebrows.

INCIDENTAL

She: “I can’t marry you!”

He: “Why not?”

She: “I was married last week.”

(breathing a sigh of relief): “Is that the only reason? I was afraid you didn’t love me.”

STRANDED IN PARADISE

(Continued from page 6)

But Christmas was their Roman holiday. Even old Judge Cameron, the patriarch and most temperate man in the community always celebrated Christmas by getting gloriously drunk. Since his state of saturation only came once a year it was eagerly looked forward to by his younger and more vociferous comrades.

On such a Christmas Eve, Foster sat gazing at a picture of his brother and wondering where he could find him. The picture itself could offer no clue and yet when alone he often gazed at it. The bold, handsome face was quite dear to him and he was determined as he gazed at it to give his brother a fresh start in life when he found him.

In the direction towards town he heard the rapid firing of revolvers. Not being satisfied with only having fireworks on the Fourth of July, your cow puncher deems it also necessary to waste lead in the general direction of the stars at Christmas. Thru his window he could see them building a large bonfire in front of the sheriff’s home. A feeling of loneliness came over him and he decided to join in their fun. Before he went he decided also to fire a few shots with his heavy 45-70. If he could only see his old home town where they always had fireworks and a barbecue on Christmas, much to the delight of the negro element. Shoving a handful of shells into the magazine, he approached the door; pumping a load into the chamber. Instead of firing towards the sky he chose the desert because it’s spell was hateful to him and he was sure no one would be on its sandy surface. The shots came in quick succession in terrific volume. After finishing his random salvo, he started away to join his friends.

They had heard his shooting and one of them said with a grin as he bit off a generous portion of tobacco, “If a shot from that old siege gun of Foster’s ever hit a man, his remains wouldn’t be much of a comfort to his friends.”

That same afternoon a man might have been seen riding across the desert waste and in the direction of Paradise. He was young and handsome in a picturesque way, with his broad brimmed black Stetson hat and flowing silken scarf. His feet were thrust in high heeled riding boots; from the heels of which, the spurs gleamed in the purple of the gathering dusk.

A man more acquainted with the characters of the time would have noticed the heavy black revolver and the Winchester rifle which lay in its scabbard between his leg and the horse. The holster of his revolver was partially cut away to promote ease and swiftness in drawing. Despite the gentle caressing pat which he occasionally gave his horse, no one would be foolish enough to his ability and would rather have him for a friend than an enemy.

Every once in a while he gazed anxiously at the sun which was threatening to set. He well knew the dangers of getting lost on the desert and the speed at which he held his horse

December, 1921  _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _TH E  PUGET SOUND TRAIL 23

F. M. BONDS  T. L. WRIGHT

“Service and Quality”  BONDS & WRIGHT

GROCERS  Phone Main 735

Corner So. 8th and Sprague

CHRISTMAS GIFTS THAT PLEASE

An artistic floral arrangement or plant from the

House of Quality

HINZ FLORIST

Corner of K and So. 7th Sts.  Main 2655

FOR QUALITY and SERVICE QUICK SHOE REPAIRING, go to

SMITH & GREGORY

311½ So. 11th St.  Main 1447

C. O. LYNN CO.

Funeral Directors—Licensed Embalmers

717-719 Tacoma Ave.  Phone Main 7745

We have put a flat price of

$9.00

on 97 Boys’ Suits that have been selling at $12.50 and $15.00.

This is a concession to our patrons and a loss to us.

Dickson Bros. Co.

1120-22 Pacific Avenue
meant that he was taking no chances. However, darkness over­
took him and he was about to stop and camp for the night
when his keen eyes noticed the lights at Paradise. As he ap­
proached he heard the shots of the inhabitants and understood
the cause. Circling the town he had heard that Foster was on
the horse going at a dead run. The man wished to avoid being
seen and reach the shelter of the foot hills beyond. He never
got there for at that same minute Foster opened the door
and fired aimlessly into the night.

The first shot went screeching over the rider's head. With
the swiftness of long practice, the rider made a down and up
sweep of his right hand, the steel glistening as it was caught by
the moon's rays. He was about to press the trigger when again
Foster fired.

Ballistic experts say that a man never hears the shot that
kills him. This one did. He saw the orange jet and felt the
lead shattering its way through his breast. He fell slowly and
without a sound to the ground. The horse turned and came
back to his master. The man had witnessed death before but
then his superior swiftness had saved him.

Unlike more cowardly men in the same condition he did
not repent nor try to convert himself in his last minute. In­
stead his only regret was that he had not shot his way into
his unsteady fingers. After a bit of coughing he lay back and
gazed at the stars through fast closing eyes.

Early the next morning the sheriff still lingered on his front
porch, gazing at the smoldering remains of the night's bon­fire.
He was trying to play "Annie Laurie" on a dilapidated guitar.
Rather, I should say, he was endeavoring to try and
play it, for it sounded much unlike the piece. Blissfully
ignorant of the forcefully spoken appreciation he was receiv­
ing, the sheriff continued until his attention was attracted to
a horse leisurely cropping grass a few score yards away.
Buckling on his heavy cartridge belt, he approached the horse,
who raised his head and came to meet him.

"Let me see," murmured the sheriff, addressing the horse.
"You came from Texas, judging from that saddle and your
master left you hastily or he would have thrown that bridle
over your head. I guess the best thing to do is to follow your
back trail."

To say that the sheriff was astonished when he discovered
the dead man only several hundred feet from Foster's cabin
would be putting it mildly. "Shot thru the lungs. Looks bad
for Foster," was all he said but he acted immediately. All the
evidence was against him. The probed bullet proved to be from his rifle the only one of its kind in town. Also the empty shells were found on his porch and his face
was still fouled with powder. As soon as Foster saw the man
he kept quiet but pleaded not guilty.

Border justice under Judge Cameron was swift but fair.
Foster was found, by a jury of his peers, to be guilty of mur­
derer in the second degree. And yet the verdict reached in the
case of "The People versus John Foster" was never carried
out, drastic as it was. That very afternoon that the jury
reached their decision, a stranger arrived in town and wit­
nessed the close of the trial. From his uniform he proved
to be a Texas Ranger, a member of the world's greatest
troopers.

When the trial had ended and before anyone had started
to move he arose and addressed the judge.

"Your honor, this morning I trailed an outlaw into this
town and I find that the man that has rid the Southwest of
one of the worst characters is convicted of murder. For the
capture or killing of a bandit, known as Steve McDonald, there
is a reward offered of five thousand dollars. Mr. Foster, let
me congratulate you." So saying the officer handed Foster a
check.

His attentive audience was flabbergasted for a minute and
then their relief knew no bounds. But their joy was turned
to dismay as Foster slowly tore up the check and threw it in
the stove.

If they could have seen him gazing at the picture of his
brother that evening, they would have understood his strange
treatment of the reward money. For the face of the dead outlaw was the same as that which gazed up at Foster from the
picture.

When the foreman had finished his story, none of us spoke.
It may be that we were too tired and sleepy to question him
and then again it might have been something in the speaker's
voice had already told that he was the man of whom he spoke.
THE GIFT SHOP
A Veritable Treasure House

—Of useful, unusual and beautiful gifts appropriate for man or woman—
A mecca for worried and belated gift buyers, all amidst beautiful surroundings and under the spell of the “Christmas Spirit.”

Odd Furniture Pieces    Furnishings For Men
Gold Encrusted China     Fine Leather Goods
Exclusive Stationery     Steuben Art Glass
Exquisite Toiletries     Libbey Cut Glass
Unique Pottery           Decorated China
Dainty Under Silks       Fancy Baskets
                        Novelties of Many Kinds

And We Wish Everyone A Very Merry Christmas

R. Vaeth & Son
956 Pacific Ave.

Diamonds
Watches
Jewelry
and
Fine Stationery

C. P. S. STUDENTS
For Holiday Photographs of quality go to the

Hamilton Studio
915 Pacific Ave.

The busy ground floor studio in the
Provident Bldg.
Main 2937

GOOD BOOK SHOP
P. K. PIRRET & CO.’s
910 Broadway
FOR GIFT INSPIRATIONS FULL OF
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS, VISIT

THE GIFT SHOP

For those who wish to choose gifts that have an air of distinction, who wish their selection to be lifted out of the common place, our Gift Shop has direct appeal.

A section of the store we set apart for the display of merchandise that is different from that found in the everyday departments.

Hundreds of articles for home decoration and personal use that have the air of distinction and character that you would like to surround your gift.

Hundreds of things that have been gathered from every corner of the earth each with its bit of history or romance that lends sentiment to the gift.

A place where one can indulge their taste for the unusual and beautiful no matter how limited the purse. For in the Gift Shop you’ll find suggestions worth while, priced all the way from 25c to $500.00.

—4th Floor.

Rhodes Brothers
BROADWAY - ELEVENTH - MARKET

ALLSTRUM PRINTING COMPANY, TACOMA