THE TRAIL

RESOLUTIONS NUMBER

JANUARY, 1922
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CIRCULATION

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Special Candies at special prices, every day at Chocolate Shop, 908 Broadway.
HE Northern Lights swept in bars across the Arctic skies. Never changing colors they spread from distant pines; the green, red and yellow of their combination, slowly fading, only to again burst forth deep into rich shades. The moon, breaking through the stamping feet, cast a path across a moon drenched open space, paused and turning his nose toward the heavens, broke the stillness of the night with a challenge.

There was a mystery in the frozen night that could be sensed but was far too abstract to be expressed. However, the miners sensed it in the camp of Utopia never noticed it. Perhaps their lives were so full of mystery that they were unaware of others. Otherwise why should they waste away the primitive interior of the great Yukon country? Only men who evade the law or have memories but after a while they had found they could not go. The North weaves a spell around those that wish to conquer her.

In the early days, because they knew nothing about steam heating, the miners were forced into idleness during the long winter months. If they could have known the present day methods of winter mining they would probably have enjoyed more money and their stay would have been shorter, but as it was they made in the summer was thrown away in the winter camps.

Utopia was a typical camp of the time. It lay within sight of the Stewart, that great river which flowed on until it struck the Yukon and beyond that—civilization. However, it now lay sleeping beneath four feet of solid ice. In the spring and summer, Utopia was practically deserted, except for a few Indians who came to barter valuable furs for whiskey, but in the winter its log cabins and saloons were full of people, some good and some bad, who spent the long nights in wasting their wealth.

Sitting on the porch of the locality's most populated saloon, Bradshaw watched the Aurora Borealis. Physically he was a man among men, possessed with great endurance, vitality and muscles that moved swiftly and smoothly into action. On many a long winter stamina to some distant creek, he had been the first to arrive and drive his corner stakes because of his ability to get more work out of a dog team than any man on the river.

He had not always been thus. Charlie McDonald, the barkeeper at the Midnight Sun, still told the story of Bradshaw's first appearance in Utopia. It seemed that he had entered the room just before closing time one morning and had fainted dead away on the floor before anyone had recognized his condition. His face bore a pallor that reminded one of oozes, walls and including parks, mud kilks and all, he had scarcely weighed a hundred pounds.

Back of him he could hear the music and laughter and the clinking of glasses, his thoughts were concentrated elsewhere. Beside him, lay the leader of his dog team, a huge, shaggy malamute, whose head was outstretched contentedly across his master's knees.

"Pretty sight, eh Jack?" Bradshaw spoke softly to his dog, as he rubbed him behind his small wolflike ears with a mitten hand. The North always wins in the end. Remember that, you mangy trail musher. Yea, sir. You and I think we got her bluffed, but when the last card is laid upon the table, who is it that rakes in the chips? Tell me that. Why, it's the North of course. She is pretty as a woman, pretty, but dangerous, and you can't trust her. She might hand you an air hole in the ice, and give me a frosted lung or the scurvy. But we will feel her, Jack. We'll clean the dog had often heard this monologue and so he paid little attention, but yawned widely and sniffed daintily at the frozen air.

It was New Year's Eve, and the patrons of the Midnight Sun were determined to escort the old year to the gate in fitting style. Bradshaw heard the music stop with a crash and wiped the dust from his boots. He entered and stripped off his heavy fur parka. Then he jumped up on the bar, raised a glass of whiskey and gazed around at the crowd.

"Boys, here's to the man on the trail tonight. May his matches nor his grub never fail to hold out."

His friends drank his toast with a cheer, following up with several others, in which Bradshaw took no part. He entered a game of stud poker instead. Once when he had drunk a little too much, he had disclosed a few incoherent sentences about a woman he had loved and a man who was his enemy. He had never explained himself and from then on had continued to conduct himself in a sober condition.

At poker, however, he was at his best. After everybody had returned to the floor and things became more quiet, the players settled down to a battle of wits. There was Ferguson, a sergeant in the Mounted Police whose stay in the camp had been short and whose business there wasn't known, tho everybody suspected that he intended to wait until the spring came, enabling him to go down the river with his man. Henderson sat across from him. A silent grim man with a heavy beard and eyes with a burned-out expression. It was plain to see that he had been too long exposed to such a life. He was fairly rich and spent all his time in trying to lose his money playing poker.

The fourth man was Doubleday, an Englishman with a winning smile, a man who had a cunning nature behind a mask.

After an hour passed it was plain by glancing at their faces to see who was winning. Ferguson and Henderson became sphy, and the latter swore with characteristic impressiveness every time he had to buy more chips. Doubleday laughed and joked like a youngster, pretending that his success was simply good fortune. Bradshaw alone sat composed and indifferent. A master hand, he never lost, so easily could he read a man's thoughts that he knew just when to raise or withdraw.

The Sergeant paused a moment at the close of a hand, to light a cigarette and gazing keenly across the table at Bradshaw, said, "You remind me of a fellow I used to know at Regina."

He watched him closely so as to see if his words had any effect and then asked, "Have you ever been there, say in seven or eight years?" Henderson and Doubleday gazed meaningly at each other and then slowly turned towards Bradshaw.

"No, I've never been there," Bradshaw told him, and added in an indifferent way. "Why do you ask?"

"You play just like him and you resemble him a good deal, too, only you're a whole lot huskier and healthier."

They were about to resume the game, when they heard a dog team pull up outside. The driver berated his dogs in an angry voice as he strove to unharness them.
January, 1922

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

...he became. There was something wrong about the whole affair. Besides he had another question to settle with the Alaskan. As he whiped the huskies on to greater speed, he cursed himself for postponing it so long.

C—P—S

McDonald and Doubleday were having a quiet game of checkers all by themselves in front of a roaring fire when suddenly the door blew open and Ferguson staggered in.

"What's wrong now, somebody killed?" Doubleday asked.

"No, but there is going to be, maybe, where's Bradshaw?"

"He pulled out towards the river about half an hour after you left," McDonald put on a coffee pot and started supper.

As Ferguson volunteered no explanation, none was asked but the two sat silently watching him eat a large meal.

Next evening they discovered that Ferguson had left and questioned each one as to the meaning of the soldier's strange actions.

"I tell you there's something between those two men that's going to be settled when they meet out there," and McDonald gazed thoughtfully out of the window and shook his head.

"There sure is," his friend agreed. "What beats me is how they never had any words while they was here."

Days passed by but neither Bradshaw nor Ferguson showed up. At last the last of the miners came straggling in, angry and vengeful. They told of how they reached the creek they found a sign standing upright in the snow. It bore one single solitary sentence which as they read, opened their eyes to the trick that had been played on them. It said:

"Barnum was right; there is one born every minute."

No snow had fallen to cover up Ferguson's trail and so at Doubleday's suggestion a small party of them started out, curious to find out how the pursuit had ended. It led straight north for a whole day along the river bank and the men were about to turn back when suddenly the double trail of sled runners turned east across the river.

The little party was half way across when suddenly Doubleday, who was far in advance of his comrades, turned his sled over by a quick thrust of the geepole and emitted a cry of danger. The others, comprehending his movements, stopped their teams and advanced cautiously on foot to where the Englishman stood, gazing in a horrified way ahead of him. He merely pointed a gloved hand at the ice directly in front of his lead dog.

It was a tremendous hole in the ice. The sled runners of both Bradshaw's and Fergusons' teams led up to it and disappeared. McDonald advanced as far as he dared and swore softly. "How in the devil could there be a pocket here when the ice is four feet thick?"

Doubleday gazed around and noticed that the river was quite narrow in this place, cramped in by gigantic cliffs on either side.

"Rapids," he answered laconically. "The ice was worn so thin by the water in this place that the weight of Bradshaw and his team easily smashed thru the thin surface. To Ferguson a couple of hours later, it appeared as solid as anywhere else." He cracked his long whip and with alacrity the leader swiftly swung the team around.

As Doubleday ran his team back to the safety of the river bank, his mind kept turning back to the words that he had heard Bradshaw say many times. A premonition of his own fate came over him. He could not shake the feeling off. The pines, praks and even the snow seemed to shout at him as he passed, "The North always wins in the end!"

C—P—S

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

"I want to soar above the world, To mingle with the fleecy clouds,
And hear the angels' song.

"I want to live above the world, To hear this realm of sin,
Far from the sores of wicked men, Much farther than I've been!

"This earth is weary, troubled, and,
Seek a higher plane of life,
I'll soar above this world of strife,
Of sin, intrigue and shame!

"May this my resolution be—
To live above the world;
So he stepped into his aeroplane
And upward, upward, whirled.

—E. M. K.
The Ethics of Tennyson

By Ralph Cory

ACTIONS are the truest indicators of character; action expressed in poetry is the truest expression of the character of the poet.

The character of Tennyson, so ably expressed in his own poetry, is so inspiring that too much cannot be said of its worth. His was a finely attained nature, sensitive and impressionable, firm in conviction, but gentle in manner and bearing. It was characteristic of him that he first experienced deeply before giving to the world his poetry. From the wealth of material only a few aspects of the ethical element in his poetry can be considered here.

Faith was the keynote of Tennyson's life. Faith sometimes attained through intense spiritual struggles, but none the less certain.

A friend, walking with the poet in his garden at Farringford, asked him what Christ meant to him. Picking a flower, Tennyson held it up and replied: "What the sun is to the life of this flower, Christ is to me." His poetry is replete with biblical references and allusions; and expressions of faith in God.

"Cast all your cares on God; That anchor holds." —Enoch Arden.

"Strong Son of God, immortal love, Whom we that have not seen thy face By faith and faith alone embrace, Believing where we cannot prove." —In Memoriam.

What finer expression of faith than this can be found?

Tennyson was deeply concerned about the moral problems and struggles of the individual, and a great many of his poems deal with these inner stirrings of righteousness with evil. The "Idylls of the King," taken collectively, form a story of the insidious workings of a sinful influence in an atmosphere of purity. King Arthur's Court is founded on the highest ideals of Christian Service, ideals which have much of import today.

"I made them lay their hands in mine and swear To reverence the king as if he were Their conscience, and their conscience as their king, To break the heathen and uphold the Christ, To ride abroad redressing human wrongs, To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it, To honor his own word as if his Gods, To lead sweet lives in purest chastity, To love one maiden only, cleave to her And worship her by years of noble deeds." —Guinevere.

and also:
"The King will follow Christ, And we the King." —The Coming of Arthur.

Evil influences come into the court, the Queen and Lancelot guiltily are in love, Vivien craftily ensnares Merlin, Tristan and Isolt yield to their passion, and there are only a few knights left unstained by the corruption. The Pure Galahad, Percivale and his sister behold the Holy Grail. Out of the final downfall of Arthur's Court lives the lesson that only those whose lives are pure and Christlike can withstand the temptations of the world. Arthur's last words convey a message for all:
"Pray for my soul, more things are wrought by prayer, Than this world dreams of." —Passing of Arthur.

It was only after an intense inner struggle of several years duration that Tennyson became thoroughly convinced of the soul's immortality. His deep grief at the loss of Arthur Hallam caused him to question much that he had previously believed, but he was finally certain that with the soul all is well.

"Whereof the man that with me trod This planet, was a noble type, Appearing ere the times were ripe, That friend of mine who lives in God." —In Memoriam.

Over twenty of his poems deal with the problems arising from marriage relations. His ideal is aptly summed up in the previous quotation from Guinevere and the following from "The Princess."

"—either sex alone is half itself And in true marriage lies, nor equal nor unequal, Each fulfills defect in each, and always thought in thought, Purpose in purpose, will in will they grow."

Tennyson's poetry covers a large range of subjects and deals with a large number of questions. Other of his better known poems, which are especially worth while include: "Locksley Hall," "The Vision of Sin," "The Lotus Eaters," "The Grandmother," and the historic play, "Becket." But throughout it all there is the element of faith and love, expressed in the last stanza of "Crossing the Bar."

"For tho from out our bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far, I hope to see my pilot face to face, When I have crossed the bar."

No truer estimate of his character has been given than that given by his Rector at the moment of his death: "Truly, Lord Tennyson, God has taken you, who has made you a prince of men."

Take My Advice

By Ruth Elizabeth Kennedy

"DAMN women anyway!" growled Wade Dewright, as he lounged in one of the luxurious chairs of his smoke-filled club.

"Damn 'em!" he repeated vehemently.

"Why so down on women all of a sudden, old man?" asked his pal, Arthur Schmidt, known about the club as "Terrible Schmidt" because of the "rep" he had.

Terrible got his "rep" as most people do in a gossipy club. Even men will gossip. They said that he was a "whiz with the women." He gave them all the same line, but nevertheless many a young debutante's heart fluttered when Terrible asked her for a second dance on her program.

Terrible took out his silver monogramed cigarette case, offered one to Wade and lighting one himself continued, "Has Peg gone back on you again, old top? Well, smoke it off and take my advice—don't fall so hard for them. You've never seen me get down on my knees to some blue-eyed baby doll, have you? Single blessedness for me!"

Denn, as he was called, threw his partly-smoked cigarette into the fireplace and said, rather brokenly and somewhat pitifully, "Say, old pal, don't talk that way. This is no joking matter with me. You know I care for Peg. I've always cared. She seemed to care for me too—that is, up until the time she met that fellow from the West. In a way you can't blame her. He's different, you know. I suppose
January, 1922

You Never Can Tell
By Mrs. O'Flyng and G. R. Monty

"ELL, as I was saying, Bill, you never can tell what's going to happen after she lands her man," and so saying, my hostess pulls out her package of cigarettes and, moistening her thumb and index finger, tears one off. "Let a man once succumb to the cooing drathsong of the female and he'll wear his smoking jacket every night, and say yes and no till death do them part," she continued as she pulled the sack from the pocket of her khaki shirt, and Rusting just the right amount of shredded hemp into the cuffed paper, closed the bag with a deft pull of her teeth. In one flop she had twisted the makin's into a perfect cylinder, while lighting a match with the thumbnail of the other, but the two into the fragrant punk as she settled herself into the depths of an old-fashioned plush covered rocking chair and crossed her knees. I had an opportunity to visualize my hostess as her eyes pursued the little smoke rings drifting ceilingward, wondering if he was all there. However, he said nothing and Denny ate and ate until there wasn't a sign of a mushroom-room or a morsel of steak or crab left. He joked and told stories to her and when they stayed long after Peg and her escort had gone.

The next day at the club he seemed to be his old self again. He talked and joked with the men in the evening and bragged it to the theatre and Denny was the life of the party just as he had been weeks ago.

"Three weeks of carefree living passed for Denny and one day Terrible told him that he was leaving the next day for Vermont on business. He didn't know just how long he would be gone—probably two weeks."

"Two weeks passed and Terrible hadn't returned. In another week Terrible called up Terrible's housekeeper to inquire after him. His housekeeper didn't know just where in Vermont Mr. Schmidt was but that he was expected home a week ago. In another week Terrible returned. He looked bad,chap. He was rather thin and pale, but perhaps he had worked too hard."

Denny asked him how business was and Terrible said it was "rotten."

He didn't frequent the club as much as usual and one day Denny asked him why. "Business was picking up and he had to work nights," was the only answer Denny got.

Denny went to the club as usual one day, Ben Stark, a man about town, asked him if he had heard about Terrible and why he hadn't been at the club.

"Well," said Denny, "Terrible seemed awkwardly worn out when he came back from his business trip and I guess his business keeps him pretty busy now. Awfully sorry it keeps him away from the club tho—I hardly ever see him any more."

"Business nothing! Did business ever keep Terrible away from the club? It's that girl from Vermont!" belloved Ben.

"Girl? What girl, Ben? You don't mean that Terrible actually fell for a girl?"

"That's exactly what I mean, Denny. Why—didn't he tell you about that Vermont girl? She was visiting here and Terrible went with her quite a bit. You know Terrible—night after night—flowers—the theatre—and all that sort of thing. Anyways something happened as she went home; Terrible followed her but he came home alone, and has been grudgery ever since."

"I don't say swallowed but didn't say a word. The next day he took Terrible out to play golf. The time it was Terrible who couldn't play golf and it was Denny who won the game. They had dinner at the club and Terrible was quiet—so unlike the old Terrible who was always bright and optimistic. He didn't seem hungry either—even after eighteen holes of golf."

The conversation lagged and finally Denny said, rather sarcastically, "Well, Terrible, how did you enjoy your business trip?"

"I suppose," said Terrible, "that you know all about my so-called business trip but don't rub it in. She doesn't care for me and of course I've got to forget her but hang it all, I can't."

Denny smiled and then his face became a mask as he said, "Well, Terrible, take my advice, and don't fall so hard for them!"

Terrible stared at Denny and then he smiled and ordered another chop.

Funny, isn't it, how nothing can quench a man's love of food—not even a girl?"

(Continued on Page 18)
AIN'T IT FUNNY?

A man can fall in love one day,
So deep in love his mind's astray,
But, in a week he can forget;
Can love another—better yet.
Ain't it funny?

And what is just as often true
A woman does the same thing, too.
Ain't it funny?

If a man's afraid, they call him yellow
If he shows he's brave, he's a forward fellow,
If a girl but smiles, she's called a flirt
Though surely a smile could never hurt.
Ain't it funny?

The things you have not are the things you want,
While the things you have are of no account.
Ain't it funny?

We laugh with glee at all the jokes
That people play on other folks
But when the joke is turned our way,
It seems like the funny side goes away.
Ain't it funny?

The world is a sphere and goes around,
Yet it's easy to keep our feet on ground.
Ain't it funny?

The idle rich claim to envy the poor,
But gold to the pauper is heaven, sure.
Youth claims that life's way is paved with gold.
Age points out its rough spots a hundred fold.
Ain't it funny?

The world's made of sadness, badness, and strife
Yet most of us get some pleasure in life.
Ain't it funny?

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Yet it's easy to keep our feet on ground.
Ain't it funny?

If you will honestly question yourself you will probably bring to light at least one pet superstition. I believe my pet superstition is to tap on wood after undue boasting, also if I take some butter when I have some, or if my nose becomes itchy, I do look forward to company. The company signs are the commonest and welcomest of all superstitions. The scissors, the needle, the fork, the dishcloth, the Saturday sneezes all incite all hospitably and reward it by an unexpected visitor. If a needle falls and stands slantly in a crack of the floor it foretells a gentleman. If a dishcloth is dropped it foretells company, but if a scissors is dropped soon after it is a sign of disagreeable company. The common saying is: "Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger, on Tuesday, kiss a stranger, on Wednesday, get a letter, on Thursday, something better, on Friday, sneeze to your sorrow, on Saturday, company."

The different superstitions are mostly acquired during childhood and because they appeal strongly to the emotional in man, they persist thru life, subconsciously, if not consciously. Most everyone during childhood has heard that if you sing before breakfast, you will cry before night. The psychological explanation is, that if you happen to sing before breakfast, you will have shown that you were in a state of emotional exultation which would end, if given quiet reign to exhaust your nervous energy and be followed by a state of irritability and emotional depression.

Superstitions
By Marion Harding
Many superstitions particularly among those relative to the cure of disease, tended to come true thru the fact that they developed in the believer a state of mind favorable to the right curing formula. Several are:

- Rub a bean on the wart and then throw the bean in the well; grease the wart with stolen bacon, and hide the bacon; count out secretly as many stones as you have warts, tie the stones in a bag and throw them where they cannot be found; rub the warts with a penny. The cure is said not to be the particular charm but the faith it inspires.

- Several superstitions which most mothers probably know Never start a garment on Friday, for it will never be finished; never pay a visit on Friday, for it will incur bad results. If you hold a pin between your teeth while peeling onions it will prevent you from crying. Of all the distracted hostesses when they find they have thirteen at the table at the last moment.

Did you ever try planting cucumbers on the twenty-first of June, which is the longest day of the year, so as to get real long cucumbers? Who does not shudder when a black cat crosses his path, or when he breaks a mirror, and always goes out of his way, so that he won't have to go under a ladder?

If you receive misfortune when you confidently expect good fortune it has a particularly crushing force. The boasting superstitions are serviceable as enforcing on the mind the dangers of over confidence. Others concerning luck teach valuable lessons. Pick up a pin and all the day you will have good luck, and if you don't wish you hadn't passed it by, pick it up sideways, you are promised a ride.

Do not dream of picking fruit out of season and you'll quarrel without reason. Some people become worried till they're sick over dreams. They believe that dreams are a mirror in which you see your true selves. If they dreamed of a wedding in their family, it was a sure sign of death.

The way of finding water in the land of superstition is to find a witch-hazel crock and wind the end of one branch of the witch-hazel crock around your right hand and the other end about your left hand, then grasp these ends very firmly. The crock stands up vertically in the air. Walk around in such places that seem at all likely, and when over water the crock will tip away from you downward. The water harder it pulls downward, the more water. Not everybody can do this if they haven't the electricity or something in them.

A baby should be carried upstairs before it is carried downstairs, even if it has to be taken into the garret. To carry it downstairs first would make it low-minded, and it would never rise in this world. This must be the reason for all the low-minded people of this world.

A group of superstitions on weather are: When the wind dies down at sunset it will blow again the next day. If a fog comes in and puts its head under the mat it is certain that there is going to be a cold snap. Between twelve and two at night, you can tell what the next day will be. It may cloud up or clear up later in the night, but the day will be like it was between twelve and two.

Boys, don't ever cut a twig to string your fish on until you catch your first fish, for if you do you won't catch any. Here is a sure cure for disease. The next time Easter comes around, get up before sunrise and fill a bottle with black taffeta ribbon. If you become sick drink a little, for it will cure anything.

The winter is coming on, so bear this in mind, that when you're out driving and your feet become cold, take off your hat, and your feet will get warm even though they were ice cold.

O

SWALD Oysterbuilt sat on the marble floor of the Carnegie Public Library. He was reading the "Life of George Washington"—with foot notes and six appendices, including the right to translate the book into Yiddish, Old English, or Esperanto. Oswald's was a fine sensitive nature and as he read of the noble words and deeds of the great man his cheeks flushed the color of lobsters and ripe tomatoes, his eyes sparkled and his hair stood up on end and waved back and forth as if a gentle breeze were fanning it. He finished the book and scrambled to his feet. He rushed across the room and stood in front of a mirror hanging on the wall. His Great Moment had come. It was the hour in which he knew his Mission. He looked at his face in the glass and was not afraid. "I will be like him," he whispered, "The Father of Our Country is going to be like him," he whispered, "The Father of Our Country"

"That," said Oswald, signalling violently for Hasper, his valet, "that is my aim in life."

"Hasper," said Oswald impressively, "I have received a great inspiration. I am going to be like George Washington, the essence of veracity, the soul of truthfulness. From now on I shall not be9rivative to anyone or tell a lie or be guilty of the slightest deception."

"Yes, sir," said Hasper.

"Hasper," said Oswald, "I have a rule that there is going to be a cold snap. Between twelve and two.

"Yes," said Oswald, looking at his platinum wrist watch, "you are right. Come, we will go."

As they started out the door a bell sounded sharply and the librarian's voice rang across the room: "Kindly come to the desk."

Oswald went up to her gently, Hasper following. "Are you taking one of our books away from the Library without permission?" demanded the librarian, with fire flashing in her eyes. Oswald looked at the "Life of Washington" still clasped in his arms. He had forgotten to return it to its shelf.

"Why, yes," he beamed, "I am."

"Give me that book," snapped the librarian, snatching it from him and knocking him down the steps. "And don't ever try to get away with any of our books again."

It was five minutes past two when Oswald and Hasper arrived at the great department store where Oswald was a clerk in the ribbon department. Oswald took his place behind the counter while Hasper rang up his time card and hung up his hat.

Before long, the Duchess of Bugginshire approached the stall and coursed low to Oswald.

"Good afternoon," she said. "Will you show me some black taffeta ribbon?"

Oswald remembered that only the day before he had sold the last of the black taffeta ribbon and that there was no more in stock.

"No," he answered truthfully, "I will not."

"Indeed!" gasped the Duchess. "I shall report you."

She hurried away to the complaint department as a tall man came up. It was the Earl of Chusstata and a friend of our hero.

"Hello, old thing," he remarked. "Don't you want to give me a light?"

"No," said Oswald frankly, "I don't."

The Earl stiffened and bit his mustache.

"Very well," he said haughtily, "I shall scratch your name off my list."

A very beautiful maiden came next. She smiled sweetly at Oswald and inquired: "Would you advise me whether to get satin ribbon or silk poplin for an opera bag?"

"Certainly," replied Oswald, honestly. "Don't get either. They are much too expensive just now and are going to drop in price the month after this. And anyway, opera bags are a great nuisance."

The girl looked at him for a few moments with her great wistful eyes. She also looked at the floor walker who had strolled up and overheard the conversation.

"Really," she said at last, "how unusual." She hurried...
off, and the floor walker pounced savagely on Oswald and tied three knots in his new silk necktie.

"You fool," he hissed. "Don't you know that we lose trade when you advise customers not to buy our goods?"

"Yes," said Oswald, patiently unfastening his necktie, "I do know it."

"Don't try any more tricks like that or you will lose your position," snarled the floorwalker, and hid behind the magazine stand to see whether Oswald obeyed him or not.

In a little while a tall woman in a red coat came to the counter.

"Have you any canary colored ribbon?" she asked.

Oswald showed her a bolt of it.

"Do you think it would look well on my hat?" she giggled.

"No," said Oswald veraciously.

She stopped giggling and straightened up.

"What do you think would look well on my hat, then?" she asked.

"Well," said the candid clerk, "I don't think anything would look well on your hat. I don't like your hat."

The woman raised her umbrella and beat him with it for quite a long time. Then the floorwalker hurried up and tapped him furiously on the shoulder.

"Go!" he cried, choking with rage. "You are fired."

"Know ye the truth and the truth shall make ye free," sighed Oswald, as Hasper approached with his overcoat and walking stick.

As they walked slowly down to the Waldorf-Astoria a little boy with mischievous eyes approached them.

"Hey, mister," he said, "will you do me a favor?"

"I beg pardon," said Hasper, "but I think he is playing a joke on us, sir. Perhaps it would be well not to answer him, sir."

AVIS TAKES THE AIR

Aviating Avis was neither merle nor mavis,
But a very modern maiden who was chuck full of pep.
When she felt the need of motion—
And she often took the notion—
She'd jump into her Nieuport, and on it she would step.

Thru the clouds she'd go a-jazzing,
And she'd give the world a razzing,
While she thanked her precious airplane
For relief from earthly bores,
Cranky profs, and tiresome labors,
And the pestilential speedcops were no more to her eyesores.

As she gained acceleration, she felt the exaltation
Brot about by conscious freedom from the danger of arrest.
In her flower days 'twas not thus;
She was always in some hot fuss,
But now the right of way is hers, north, south, and east,
And west.

An hour of reckless speeding, all prior rates exceeding,
And our mile-a-minute heroine heads for the earth again.
While a nose-dive executing,
She admits there's no disputing
As a cure-all there is nothing like a joyride in her plane.

—C. J. V.

In Return

By Gus Partridge

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jim, an ex-soldier who has returned to France to claim the hand of his sweetheart, Marcelle. Jim is a typical American, medium tall, not handsome, but good looking, uses the common slang of this country and has the bearing of a regular American he-man.

Marcelle, a French girl of unusual character, petite, good-looking, with an atmosphere that is entirely French hanging about her. Marcelle is eccentric, as all French people are.

SETTING

A garden behind Marcelle's home. The garden is decorated with beds of delicate flowers, beautifully arranged. The back shows the house and rear door. The house is of white plaster and has a thatched roof. The door is of heavy oak and has hinges of brass.

To the left is a wall, in which there is a door, to the right, underneath a tree, is a bench, upon which Marcelle is sitting when the curtain is raised.

A COMEDY-DRAMA, IN ONE ACT AND ONE SCENE

The curtain raises and we find Marcelle seated in her garden. The garden gate opens and a tall man steps into the garden on his tip toes.

Jim (whisper): "Marcelle."
January, 1922

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

Marcelle turns at the sound of her name, and upon beholding Jim stands transfixed for a second. Then

Marcelle (excitedly): "Jeem, Jeem, Ooooh, mon Jeem!"

Jim: "Marcelle, my own, my own."

Marcelle flies to his arms. They kiss several times.

Marcelle: "Ooooh, Ooooh, My wonderful, great big wonderful Jeem. Ooooh, (more kisses) how I think of you, how I wish, how I distrust, and then you come to me. Oh, poor me, poor me."

Jim: "Why, dear, I promised you that I'd return, didn't I?"

Marcelle: "Ah, yes, I believe at first, but you did not come and did not come, and after a time I thought you were just like other Americans who came to France and loved and then went back to your America and forgot. Oh, I was so unhappy."

Jim: "I'd like to know why not. Come now, don't be afraid. I'm not like the rest of the gang. I won't take you back home and then forget you like they did. Dry your eyes now, dear, and give me one of those pretty smiles like you used to."

Marcelle: "But, Jeem, I can't."

Jim: "Oh, that's all right, cherie, you needn't worry about anything. I got a good job back home and a little girlie, it's all over now."

Marcelle: "You are so good myself, so don't let that worry you, and if that is what you are trying to tell me, why, just forget it, because I don't care what you have been. What I am interested in is what you are now and what you will be from now on."

Jim: "Oh, no, no, no. It is not that. No, never."

Jim: "Well, what is it, then. Go ahead and tell me."

Marcelle: "I will tell you, Jeem, but first promise me that you will not once interrupt me while I am talking. Will you?"

Jim: "Yes, I promise. Go ahead."

Marcelle: "When you sailed away for your America I was very sorry, but you said that you would come back, and I believed you. One year passed, and then another, and I did not hear from you in all that time. I began to distrust. Please forgive me, Jeem. You know that so many of your countrymen said that they would come back, and our women waited for them, only to find in the end that they had been betrayed, and that their lovers were never coming back to them. Ah, Jeem, your Americans have caused much grief in this war stricken land of ours. It seemed that they didn't understand or that they forgot very quickly maybe."

"There was a man, his name was Gene, and he and I have been friends ever since I can remember. He made love to me, but I refused him at first. He would not take no for an answer, though, and just a little while ago I told him that I would become his wife. That's all, I guess. We were married yesterday." (Marcelle buries her head in her arms and sobs.)

Jim (slowly): "Marcelle, I'm sorry, downright sorry, if I have made you unhappy. It's me that should be miserable not you."

Marcelle: "No, no, no, it is me. I should have known. Forgive me, Jeem. Tell me that you will forgive me."

Jim: "Why, of course, I do. Are you happy, dear? That's all I care for."

Marcelle: "I was until you came, but now—Ooooh." (Sobs.)

Jim: "Marcelle, listen. My greatest desire is that you be happy. I had always intended to return, but I was too late, and I have lost. I'm going to take my loss like a man, and I want you to forget me and make Gene the happiest man in the world. Just like I would have been if I had got you instead of him."

Marcelle: "You are so kind, Jeem. If you want me to be happy, why, I will try as hard as I can."

Jim: "That's the way, girlie. I am going to say goodbye now, because I know you will want to be alone. (He takes her hand and kisses it.) Goodbye, little girl. Remember I want you to be happy always."

Marcelle: "Goodbye, Jeem. Ah, goodbye, mon Jeem."

Jim lets her hand go and walks slowly to the gate and passes outside. Marcelle throws herself down on the bench and sobs.

Curtain

THIS NEW YEAR

I will not shirk
But do my work
And be glad each day that goes by
That I can live and work and play
And do something worth while.

I will not knock
But show some pluck
When things don't come my way
And do my best whate'er the test
Avoiding too much haste.

But I will seek
Some loads to lift
My moments I'll not waste
But take some time for those sublime
And live, and love, and sing.

—G. S.
Resolutions

Regularly as each New Year is ushered in, we make resolutions, and each year we systematically break those same resolutions, just as soon as the glamor and excitement of the New Year has worn away. But the significant thing about this ceremony is the fact that we still have the faith to believe that those resolutions, even though they be broken almost immediately, have some value to us.

Frank Crane says: "Once a year the old clock of the Universe strikes, at twelve o'clock on December 31st, and as its strokes thunder around the world they say to men and women everywhere: 'Now you have a chance to try again! Begin Again, Begin Again!' Twelve words."

And so the clock of the Universe has called to us once again. Have you made resolutions and broken them? Begin Again! Worse yet, have you failed to make any resolutions? Start now!

There is an unseen power that is constantly urging the people of this world on, but that power will be helpless unless we make up our minds that nothing will keep us from making this year a bigger, brighter and happier one than the year 1921.
ATHLETICS

THE men's and women's inter-class basket-ball series were finished shortly before Christmas vacation, the Senior-Faculty team winning the former and the Frosh A girls the latter.

In the men's contests there were several strong teams, notably the Frosh B and the Seniors, neither of which had been beaten until the last game of the series when they met and the Senior-Faculty were victors in a desperate game.

There were two outstanding teams among the women, the Frosh A and the Sophomores, the Frosh A finally winning the championship after a close game.

The men's teams were composed of the following players:

Senior-Faculty: Clay F & G, Anderson F & C, Robbins C, Kinch G, Peck G & F, Snyder G.

Nov. 29—Sophs 18, Senior-Faculty 32.
Dec. 5—Frosh B 24, Juniors 23.
Dec. 7—Frosh A 24, Senior-Faculty 26.
Dec. 8—Juniors 22, Sophs 14.
Dec. 8—Frosh A 19, Frosh B 28.
Dec. 12 Frosh B 27, Sophs 16.
Dec. 13—Frosh B 12 Senior-Faculty 18.

Standings

<table>
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<th>Won</th>
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<th>Percent</th>
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<td>3</td>
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<tr>
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<td>5</td>
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<td>2</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Sophomores</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
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Much promising material for the varsity team was discovered in the class games, and some interesting notes gleaned from computing the statistics. It will be seen that Stone, tho only playing in three games shot far more field baskets than any other player. Stone shot twenty-two field baskets or an average of more than seven field baskets per game. E. Anderson shot sixteen baskets in three games while Revelle shot sixteen in four games. Clay ties Revelle in shooting, having shot twelve baskets in three games. Ellis and Laakso made twelve field goals each in four games and Chowning eleven. Roy Morrow proved to be the most effective guard. Rarely did he let his man get free to shoot. Kinch however, also showed very strongly as a guard, tho he did not play more than two and one-half games. Newell made a record by converting twenty-three fouls in four games.

The varsity will be unusually strong this year and if the men turn out there will be plenty of substitutes and opposition. The Varsity team has not been named yet and many of the positions are still very much in doubt. The lineup will probably contain Stone, E. Anderson, Morrow, Brooks, Amende, Mathis and Turkey. However, these men will have to be on their toes as there is much competition for the positions.

The first varsity game is scheduled for Friday, Jan. 13, with the Bellingham Normal School at Bellingham. Later on in the season a tour will be made thru the Southern and Eastern parts of the state. “Bill”, basketball manager, is at work perfecting the schedule.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

The following players composed the women's teams:


The Games:
Nov. 29—Frosh A 34, Juniors 1.
Dec. 5—Frosh B 4, Juniors 10.
Dec. 7—Frosh B 5, Sophomores 16.
Dec. 8—Frosh A 9, Sophomores 2.
Dec. 12—Sophomores 10, Juniors 0.

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<td>Frosh B</td>
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Dorothy Floberg led by a wide margin in the scoring, making 31 points in two games. Bernice Olson and Esther Graham are tied for second place. Miss Olson made 16 points in two games and Miss Graham made 8 points in one. Mildred Forsberg’s average was 6 points per game and Carol Vinson averaged slightly less. Wilma Zediker, Helen Brix, Mildred Eaton and Nan Tuel made very fine showings at guarding.

For the first time in its history the College of Puget Sound is going to have a Women's Varsity Basketball Sextet. Already the girls are training industriously and Wilma Zediker, the manager, is arranging the schedule, which it is hoped will include Bellingham, Ellensburg and others. There is plenty of fine material and the girls are enthusiastic. Coach Peck has high hopes of forming a first rate team. There are two complete teams on the floor every night and the girls are scrapping hard for varsity positions. So far no one has a place cinched and probably will not have until shortly before the first game.

Basket Ball Equipment

Reach, Rawlings and Goldsmith official balls, suits, pads or shoes. Any designs or monograms in felt made to order.

Athletic Sweaters in all colors and combinations

Wholesale — KIMBALL'S

1107 Broadway
THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL
January, 1922

AMPHICTYON NOTES

ONE usually has to work for "degrees," at least so the Prof.s say, but eighteen students, studious and otherwise, received their second "degree" without the usual intellectual struggle, tho we won't say as to the physical — of some. However, all survived. The home of Katherine Kerr was the scene of action. She says, "Never again." Those receiving said degrees and whom we are proud to recognize as full-aded Amphictyons are: Claude Turley, Noble Chowring, Ernest Ross, Paul Rule, Bert Lesperance, R. R. Martin, William Hoyer, James Hoyer, Helen Temby, Margaret Parkin, Marjorie Anderson, Lucile Zietsmann, Ellena Hart, Elizabeth Crockett, Eleanor Konrak, Laura Brevitt, Eleanor West and Vera Brown.

The programs of the last month have been especially interesting and worth while. The Christmas program proved without a doubt, that talent along all lines, was to be had among the Amphi members. Santa visited us and filled our stockings with — a little bit of everything. Really the whole evening could not have been beaten.

One of the most enjoyable vacation events, was a "cake party" at Peggy Dorwin's home, at which the Amphictyons were the guests of Muriel and Carl Curtis. Those who were not there surely missed a wonderful time. And as for the cake — well, it was the best ever. Query: Who's the next one coming from?

Thursday, January 5, the Amphics put on a mixed program at assembly period. More talent was displayed and from the response the students evidently considered it, at least, not "half bad." Harry Lauder, alias Nelson Pierce, though "rather cool about the knees" thawed out sufficiently least, not "half bad." Harry Lauder, alias Nelson Pierce, though "rather cool about the knees" thawed out sufficiently.
January, 1922

The Misses Wineferd Wayne and Dorothy Townsend, former C. P. S. students who are now teaching in Kent, entertained Miss Helen Bruce and Miss Agnes Scott, at a delightful week-end party at their cottage.

During the Christmas holidays Miss Agnes Scott entertained at a delightful tea at her home on North I St. for a group of University and College friends. Three University girls, Miss Olive Swain, Miss Esther Dufall and Miss Ruth Hart, former C. P. S. students, were especially honored.

Miss Crapper was one of the Mountaineers' party that spent the New Year week-end at Paradise Inn. Miss Balcke who had intended to accompany her, was unable to go on account of illness.

Miss Helen Small entertained a few of her College friends at her home during the holidays. The evening was spent in games and music. The guests were, Katharine Chester, Agnes Scott, Edith Thomas, Esther Dufall, Harold Rector, Wallace Scott, Salem Nourse, Steve Arnett and August Partridge. Late in the evening a delightful buffet supper was served by the hostess.

Sacajawea Notes

By "GOSH"  
After a profusion of excited parting messages the Sacajawea girls left Wednesday, Dec. 21, for their respective homes and if we can believe the reports, every one had a glorious vacation.

"Ma" and "Evertt" alone of our entire family remained to hold down the Old Home Nest and we think we know the reason for the rug weaving and College cooking. Three University girls, Miss Olive Swain, Miss Esther Dufall and Miss Ruth Hart, former C. P. S. students, were especially honored.

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EXCHANGE

Laugh, and the teacher laughs with you.
Laugh, and you laugh alone.
The first, when the joke's the teacher's,
The last, when the joke's your own.

"The Tahoma"

G—P—S

With due respects to R. K.
If you can do your work when all about you
Are raising Cain and wanting you to join;
If you can see them go to shows without you,
And know they're going on your borrowed coin;
If you can cut or take a short vacation,
If you can flunk and still make A's your aim;
If you can meet with honor and probation
And treat those two impostors just the same;
Or walk with Profs. nor lose the common touch;
If you can bear to see the themes you've fashioned
Twisted about and made a sight to see,
Then take them up and write with pen impassioned
With sixty seconds worth of Knowledge won—
Yours in the school and everything that's in it,
And what's more, you'll graduate, my son!!

—Juniata Echo.

Tell It to Her with CANDY
from The Pheasant
913 Broadway
Ice Cream, Candies, Confections and Fountain Lunch

S U I T S  C L E A N E D  A N D  P R E S S E D  F O R  $ 1 . 5 0
Modern Cleaners & Dyers
2307 Sixth Ave. Phone Main 3292

G R E E T I N G  C A R D S  G I F T  S T A T I O N E R Y
H I L T O N  &  H O T C H K I S S  C O .
109 So. 10th St. Main 7666

I DON'T
My parents told me not to smoke;
I don't.
Nor even listen to a naughty joke;
I don't.
They made it clear that I must not wink
At pretty girls, nor even think
About intoxicating drink;
I don't.
To dance or flirt is very wrong;
I don't.
Or mingle with the glittering throng;
I don't.
I kiss no girls—not even one;
I really don't know how it's done;
You wouldn't think I have much fun—
I DON'T.

Anonymous.

EVERSHERP and a FOUNTAIN PEN
from our store

SHAW SUPPLY CO., Inc.
1015 Pacific Ave. Main-303
Kobe, Japan, October 5, 1921.

We thought it would be of interest to you to know something of our trip thus far and of Japan.

We left Seattle September 16th, at 10:00 A.M., and you will remember it was a perfect day. The water was unusually calm and the crowd of friends at the dock, about 75 in number, gave us a rousing send-off. We reached Victoria that afternoon about 5:00 and left an hour later. Next morning at 8:00 o'clock we sighted our last land. We were on the old Pacific. The weather from then until three days before reaching Japan was quite splendid but it was not really rough. On Thursday, September 22nd, we came in sight of the Aulatia Islands. They are possessions of the United States and the only land we saw until we reached Japan on the night of Sept. 29th. We also saw a whale and several large fish while crossing. These are grand sights to people who gaze on days of water alone.

There were four groups of missionaries in our quarters of the boat and each group contained four in number. Among the groups was Bishop Juji Nakada of Japan. He was an early Methodist convert and later became one of the founders of the Oriental Missionary Society. He is a very great man and is called by some the Moody of Japan. We made several friends on the boat and had lots of fun playing quoits, deck golf and various other games. They were mostly Japanese games.

We arrived in Yokohama about 11:30 P.M., Sept. 30th, but did not get off the boat until the next morning. There however, many that did leave the boat that night. And many friends and relatives met the boat. When we landed it was raining quite hard and the dock was dark save for the lanterns the crowd carried. They had their names on the lanterns so people could see who they were and were being shielded from the rain by bamboo parasols. It is needless to say there was great excitement and such a confusion that reminded one of the dilemma at the tower of Babel.

Of course the inspection of all the foreigners on the boat was very interesting but very brief. We waited over an hour for the Doctor to come and inspect us and when he did come all he did was to look us over by one glance and it was all over.

The next morning we got off the boat and took our first ride in the nickshaws. You would hardly believe we were guilty of hiring a man to pull us around over town would you? Yokohama is a city of 420,000 inhabitants but you don’t want to look for an improved city. In most places there are no sidewalks, the streets which very seldom are paved reach to the doors of the business houses. The business houses are mostly all one and two story wooden structures although there has been a large number of modern business structures gone up the past few years. The streets are from ten feet to twice as wide as ours. We got into a place this morning that was only half as wide as an alley and with foodshops at nearly every door. The odor was unbearable and we had to leave. They say we will get used to the odors after while, it seems rather doubtful now tho’. American slums cannot compare with the filth we find here in some of the quarters. It surely makes us appreciate our blessings at home, and helps us to see what Christianity can really lift one out of.

About one out of five men have adopted western clothing but it is very seldom that we see a woman in western clothes. The missionaries always come out dressed in their silks with enough powder and paint on to satisfy a clown and behold they are barefooted save for a little wooden sandal held up on an Mokhe mud by two little boards set under it edges. They have three kinds of foot ware. The one just mentioned, another similar to it is made of matted fiber instead of wood and lies flat on the ground, having no cross pieces underneath it to hold it up out of the mud. These are generally worn in the house. Then they have a cloth shoe with a fiber sole with the large toe fitting into a place to itself like the finger on a glove.

Their means of transportation are, street cars, nickshaws, and a few autos. These are for passenger service within the city, most of the hauling is done by men themselves. The streets are lined with men pulling carts of wood, coal, vegetables and everything to be hauled. They have then quite a few horses and oxen. They are worked singly and are led, not driven.

We left Yokohama the same day and went to the capital city, Tokyo. It is somewhat larger than Seattle, having about 2,000,000 population. This brings it near the size of Chicago. We visited Hebya Park there and found it to be the finest artificial park we ever saw. We were also shown about the outer grounds of the royal palace. This was a grand sight to behold. The great gate we went through was hundreds years old and looked like it would stand several years more. There is a great moat with steep banks or rocky walls surrounding the grounds and it to get across it one must cross it three times. We were only allowed to cross once.

That night, October 1st, we took a train for Kobe, arriving there at 9:20 the next morning. We found an American hotel and were still here awaiting our boat which sailed for Tientsin on October 9th. Kobe is a village of over 600,000 and is like the other places in general description, excepting you cannot describe the smells.

The Japanese are very fond of art and some of the finest art I have ever seen is to be found here. Their art however is not to be seen everywhere for most of the scenery is very sad to look upon. The mountains are very pretty and they have very beautiful shrubbery.

October 18, 1921. At present we are located in our quarters at No. 10 Peking, China. We left Kobe, Japan, October 9th and arrived at Tientsin five days later. We stopped a few hours at Moji, Japan, and got coal for the ship. It was put on the ship all by hand and we were there a few hours. There were about 100 men and women required to load about 175 tons of coal in about three hours. Men and women alike smoked cigarette and such a sight of drudgery and poverty we have never before seen, but they seemed real happy and congenial with each other.

We find the port cities of Japan to be taking on a great deal of western civilization. China on the contrary does not seem to be interested in it. It is seldom we see a Chinese in European dress. We like the appearance of the Chinese better than that of the Japanese and are every glad we are in China instead of Japan. And really the odors don’t seem nearly as bad.

The people in China are poorer than the Japanese and wages much less. For example a cook gets $10 a month and boards himself. Their dollars are only worth about eighty cents so in reality he gets only eight dollars a month and boards himself, but of course that is figuring in our own money.

There are eight of us located in one Chinese compound. It has a wall about it, composed partly of the different apartments and a court in the center. Our apartment has three rooms and a stone floor, but we have mats on the floor and it is very comfortable. We like our house very much. It is home sweet home to us.

We can tell you more about the missionary work later, we haven’t had time to get an insight into it as yet.

A street scene is very interesting here. Everybody calls out their wares and there is no system to it, it sounds like a lot of kinds turned loose. They carry two baskets hanging from a pole that rests on their shoulder and all sorts of things are contained therein. Fruits, vegetables, nuts, and I couldn’t begin to name the many numerous things they have. The porter goes along calling out his trade and if you would want a shave he would sit you down in the street and proceed to go at it.

The men are very fond of carrying birds in birdcages with them. And they have all sorts of birds, but in the wild state we find only mag-pies and crows.

The pigs are very funny looking animals, they look as tho’ they never had a square meal. They are pointed at both ends and big around the middle. I’m sure some of you farmers would want to buy them to fatten them up, but even some of the people look that way too.

Must close this now. If you were here you could see many funny things that is impossible to described.

Your sincere friends,

MR. AND MRS. C. C. JAMES.
TRAGEDY TOPICS

Paying $5 a pint for "cold tea"—and getting it. 

Mickie in the gutter with a "to be called for" tag. 

Believing your clock is a half an hour fast in the morning—and discovering it is twenty minutes slow. 

Taking a trolley car at midnight with a $20 bill the smallest you have. 

The best restaurant in town with the only girl in the world and your money in your other pants. 

No stopper in the wash basin and somebody stopping the water when the soap is smarting in your eyes. 

"Are you engaged?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Why yes, I suppose so." 

"Yes, I suppose so," repeated the mother, "But what funny questions for a little girl to ask." 

"Mother," after another pause, "this is a very hard world for us women, isn't it?"

Believe not a girl when she says she can love but you. 

She hasn't met anybody better as yet, that is all.

ENCOURAGING

Harold Hong, a college graduate, was walking down the street one evening with a friend of Irish descent, and, pausing to look at the starry sky, remarked with enthusiasm: 

"How bright Orion is tonight!"

"So that is O'Ryan, is it?" replied Pat. "Well, thank the Lord, there is one Irishman in heaven anyway." 

A HARD WORLD

"Mother," said Helen, "when I grow up, will I have a husband like Harold?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," answered the mother.

"Mother," said Helen, after a pause, "when I grow up, if I don't marry, will I be an old maid like my school teacher is?"

"Yes, I suppose so," repeated the mother, "But what funny questions for a little girl to ask."

"Mother," after another pause, "this is a very hard world for us women, isn't it?"

Milk Famine—not fed.

Starvation—he's dead! 

A Freshman.

Self Importance—swelled head.

Boxed a Freshman—he's dead! 

A Sophomore.

Studies failed him—hopes fled.

Heart's broken—he's dead! 

A Junior.

Deep wisdom—lofty tread.

Brain fever—he's dead! 

A Senior.

Early to bed, early to rise

Does very well for sick folks and guys,

But it makes a man miss

And join the stifls that are gone to the skies.

Go to bed when you please,

And lie at your ease,

You'll die just the same of some Latin disease.

A negro employed at a cinema studio was chosen to take part in a comedy scene with a Lion.

"You get into bed," ordered the producer, "and we will bring the lion in and put him to bed with you."

"Put a lion in bed with me?" yelled the darky. "No, sah! Not at all. I quits right heah and now."

"But," protested the producer, "this lion wouldn't hurt you. It was brought up on milk."

"So was I brung up on milk," wailed the darky, "but Ah eats meat now."

Mr. Slater: "Name two pests."

Freshie: "Mosquitoes and Sophomores."

Rector: "The barber told me a very interesting story as he shaved me."

Rip: "How do you figure?"

Rector: "Very emphatic; he illustrated it with cuts."

Gene: "Did Dorothy say anything dove-like about me?"

Ev.: "Sure, she said that you were pigeon-toed."

SUMMER TRAGEDY

He had hovered about her all the evening, notwithstanding her efforts to repulse him. At length, stung to madness by her evident desire to rid herself of his presence, he was about to leave. Then the flutter of her fan disarranged the lace at her throat, leaving her white neck bare and gleaming in the moonlight. With a wild cry of passionate longing, utterly oblivious of the consequences of his rash act, he flung himself upon her. The next instant he lay crushed at her feet. Alas! Poor little mosquito!

A RARE ONE

I once knew—

A Girl named Jerry—

Who was so modest

That she wouldn't

Even do—

Improper fractions.

Mr. S.: "Name two pests."

Mr. S: "Moses and Sophomores."

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HIGH LIFE

She (as they dance): "Where have I met you before? There is something very familiar in the way you put your arm about my waist."

He: "Why don't you know me? I was your very first husband."

Roy: "Won't you listen—"

Ethel S: "No."

Roy: "But suppose I offer you a diamond—"

Ethel: "Oh, I'm not stone deaf."

Dick: "What is the most nervous thing in the world, next to a girl?"

Ross: "Me, next to a girl."

SNAPSHOTS

A Senior.

A Sophomore.

A Junior.

A Freshman.

SUMMER TRAGEDY

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FACTS WORTH KNOWING

A cross-eyed girl may be virtuous, but she doesn't look straight.
Umbrellas often sink if they fall overboard. Ask Spencer, he knows!
Fat men fall hard.
No college man is as good as he tries to make his professor believe he is, nor as bad as he tells his girl he is.
He who squeezes the dollar too hard is liable to make the eagle scream.

It wouldn't have taken much of a hand to beat Noah at poker. He only held two of a kind.

Where there is a will, chaperones don't count.

"Say it with flowers"— one case where talk isn't.

Puppy life is the beginning of a dog's life.

From the "ground up", a common expression might often be applied to the sequence of masculine inspection of feminine beauty.

Harvey: "Now when two bodies in motion come together is heat generated?"
Minch: "No, sir, I hit a guy yesterday and he knocked me cold."

Did this ever happen when you were the guest of a C. P. S. faculty member?
When one of the professors of the college was entertaining some visitors the children of the home were sent upstairs and told to be quiet.
During the lull in conversation their youngest appeared at the doorway of the dining room. "Mama," he said, "there's nothing but clean towels in the bath room, shall I start one?"

Prof. (after a long lecture): "And now you are free to ask questions."
"25: "Where did Prof. Robbins get that mustache?"

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

When you think of California you think of flowers; When you think of flowers think of the

California Florists
Main 7732 907 Pacific Ave.

Professional Directory

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Dentist
Tel. Main 1686 703 Fidelity Bldg.
Tacoma, Wash.

Never speak flatteringly to anyone except to the one to whom you are talking.
We eat to acquire nourishment to become strong to enable us to work to earn money to buy food to furnish meat to eat—Wise men change their minds—fools never get that far. Always see that your clothes are not nicer than other people's. If they are, someone is surely to call you a high brow.

Gossip is a deadly gas that is often fatal to friendship.
When someone borrows note book paper, give it cheerfully and try to look as if you expected to be repaid.
Ambition must mean something more than wishing if it is going to get you anywhere.

If those Louis XV, heels are too high for you—try a lower pair—say about Louis X.
Cats often spoil a pleasant evening.

C. O. LYNN CO.
Funeral Directors—Licensed Embalmers
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A nice hair cut and shave is what puts the polish to your appearance.

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Fresh and Cured Meats Butter Eggs
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Watch the News-Tribune for specials every Friday.
Free Delivery 2303-5 6th Ave. Phone Main 383
Don't forget the NEW TERM begins

January 30, 1922

You will want some New Books and New Supplies

Get them at

The College Book Store

P. K. PIRRET & CO.

910 Broadway

PIONEER BINDERY & PRINTING CO.

947 Broadway

WHO WANTS TO KNOW?

This was found in the hall on a piece of paper. If the young lady or gentleman who lost it and wants the original copy, call at the TRAIL office:

"Please answer one of these questions:
1. Does this coolness mean the end of our friendship?
2. Is this just a misunderstanding which can be straightened out with the consent of both parties concerned?

C — F — S

Ed Amende looks out through the window a telescope and whistles at girls passing.

Doc Harvey: "What are you doing there?"

Ed Amende: "Ah, I'm just looking at some girls."

D. Harvey: "Give me that telescope and take your seat."

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

(Continued from Page 5)

The Little Gem Market

carrys the finest line of meats in the city.

Phone us your order.

606 So. K. St.
Main 495

HOYT DRUG CO.

911 Broadway

Phone Main 112


did that break it up."

"I guess so, the chairman took the floor."

Prof. (after a long lecture): "And now you are free to ask questions."

"25: "What time is it?"

We wish you a Happy and Prosperous Year

We also want to thank you for your patronage of the past and would be glad to solicit your business for the future

House of Quality

HINZ FLORIST

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

First Philo: "Any excitement at the meeting last night?"

Second Ditto: "Well, Brooks made a speech and brol down the house."

"Did that break it up."

"I guess so, the chairman took the floor."

You know, Bill, them creatures that call themselves society women down there in Two Horns, don't know when they're well off, just like a maverick steer. He's got the best patch of grass on the whole range and be feedin' contentedly, till he sees some little pink calf eatin', half hid by the sawgrass, and up goes his head and down goes his tail and he's off to the new browsin' ground. Fardon my executin' of the lingo, Bill, but she sure do make my blood boil to see how these here little pink calves go cavortin' about after some new steer."

And she puffed furiously on the rag. I had dropped in for a little neighborly call on my way to town, and had by chance, caught my hostess in one of those conversationalist moods into which all of us great minds sometimes inadvertently fall. I sunk myself deeper into the flat depths of the sofa and prepared myself to hear something well worth listening to. It never failed. When Mrs. O'Flyning got wound up this way, you might as well let her play, and harrin' changin' needles occasionally, you could be sure to hear something good. I had all the time in the world so I let her scratch on.

"You know, Bill, as I was saying, after she lands her man, you never can tell what's going to happen. I remember just before that last drought, eleven years, come now, in August, down there in the thriving metropolis of Two Horns, Wash.—as the back of the pitcher postcards say in the rack in the hotel depot. Madeline, she spelled it M - A - D - A - L - I - N - E then, was as sweet a young flapper of nineteen that you could ever expect to find in any cow town. Her dad owned three-fourths of the saloons and there were only three and was rakin' in the shekels faster than a con man at a Western picnic. Well, 'bout the time that prohibition had come in, he'd scraped together a few cart wheels and opened up a high class Cafe, as he calls it, and Madeline return from college at Seattle 'bout this time. She'd changed the "i" to "y" by now tho, and of all the foolish trumpery them colleges do instill in an innocent little girl. Ma Sweet had to serve all the meals in French and the old man had to eat them all with his fork. He often told me that he never could learn to balance beans with a fork nohow. Well, Sweet's Cafe was pretty prosperous from the start, what with bootleg boozte and the like, and all Two Horns eccl society eatin' there on Sunday evenings—to find out the latest gossip. I used to eat there myself the seventh night just to satisfy my own curiosity as to what Mrs. Justynne Town was wearin' or if it was true that Sadie was still keepin' company with Hi Cohen. Being out here on the ranch all week, I don't get a chance to keep up with the Joneses, and I don't make a friendly meal with the good looking hypocrites once in a while myself either."

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January, 1922

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

I tried to get in a sustaining word of encouragement here but my friend didn't need any assistance and continued right on as if nothing had occurred.

"Well, to get back to Madalyn Sweet, her family vowed that there wasn't anything in town that was suitable to hitch her to, and accordingly they didn't give her much rope. Fact is, that was the worst thing that they could've done. The minute that you try to restrain any of them young bloods after they have been to college, well, it just can't be done, that's all. First thing you know, off runs little Miss Sweet with Lem Small. You remember Lem, his dad ran the blacksmith shop and when Lem got married, he gave him a little chunk of money and started up a garage. Them things were just coming into Vogue about that time as a repository for the spare cash of the community. Well, that was an awful jolt that she gave to Mr. and Ma Sweet. They couldn't get over it for quite a time. They had had such hopes and with their name and position, well, it would've had to be a count or a duke or—somebody just like Lem. And he wasn't the sort of a fellow made to grace a ball-room floor. More of the husky he-man type, just like you, Bill, with a good vocabulary of honest-to-gosh American cuss words and a likin' for a horse ropin' contest once in a while and other manly sports, rather than pink teas and gossip festa. Madalyn had always been one of those fetchin', fluffy ruffy little girls and with a big grin like Lem for a handle, it was evident who was boss of the coral. And that's why I said that you never can tell, after she's hooked her man it was going to happen.

"They were living just as happy as two doves in a cigar box. The garage was paying better and better, and naturally Miz Small keeps gettin' better and better in her own estimation. And the parent Sweets begun to think that maybe their joy and pride hadn't done so bad after all. Madalynne was breakin' into society and you know that society in Two Horns is a pretty hard critter to break. Well, she was a member of the younger set, and they of course thought that it was up to them to show the way to the older circle. As for Lem, the old grizzly just couldn't seem to get himself adjusted to the saddle of society and his better half only kept on the road going straight by applying the spurs.

"I remember going to a tea at Mrs. Brewer's for the benefit of the heathen Mongolians. 'Long dropped in Mr. and Mrs. Small, I knew that it was going to be good, so I stayed later than I expected to just to see how Lem would guzzle the tea. It was a screamer. When they passed around the little chinese cups full o' the steaming amber fluid, Lem didn't see the handle projectin' out the back of the cup, but just surrounded it with his paw. The sensation must've been hot and he mad a shift to the other hand. He didn't complete his part of the, for he got his little finger entwined in the handle. There he sat, balancin' the cup with the little finger of his right hand and the first of his other. The cup made a sudden lurch to the left and Lem right after it, with a few drops on the Rainbow veil o' Mrs. Douglas. Mrs. Douglas side-stepped to meet the coming onslaught and in so doing knocked poor Lem out of balance and down he went the cup underneath and the most knowingly surprised look that man ever wore, on his face. When the mess had been cleaned off of Miz Brewers Oriental and Miz Douglas had given Lem free range of the sofa, Mr. Lem refused the second cup on a scathing look from Madalynne. She was smilingly conversin' with Justynne over the advantages of married life, saying that she never took tea, and he had forgotten to bring his flask with him. I didn't stay to see any more, as I figured it was enough punishment for Lem with a bunch of bravin' females gazzin' on.'

The cigarette of my hostess had gone out, and as she gave it a practiced flip out the window she continued.

"The next contact that I had with his outfit was at the Masonic fete in the old High Horse saloon. Miz Small, as member of the Eastern Star and chairman of the Decoration Committee, had enlisted me and Sadie and a few other of the idle notables to help. I rode in from the ranch and tied Caesar to the hitching post, and stomped in just in time to see the committee debating over whether the picture of the floor was a suitable picture for the fete. It was a picture labeled Fresh Springtime or something like that, and you certainly wouldn't of thought that the husky was fresh to have his picture painted in a garb like that. Mrs. Small was strong for it, tho', as she said it was advanced art, and even if the older set probably wouldn't approve of it, we ought to keep it just to show our independence of that. So there it stayed, till Lem came in 'long towards evening as we were about thru and spied it. 'By gad, now you're talkin',' he said, as he gazed rapturously at the spring. 'Gaw, Mad, let's go up to the folks' house and get the old bar we got
STUDENTS!
You can SAVE MONEY at
PETTIT-MILLS SHOE CO.
ON SHOES, RUBBERS and SHOE REPAIR
2517 6th Ave. Main 1316

C. W. ROWELL
GROCER
Fresh Fruits — Fancy and Staple Groceries
2411 Sixth Ave. Main 337

EYES EXAMINED RIGHT
CASWELL COMPANY
Dr. J. A. Caswell Dr. C. A. Green Dr. B. L. Wood
OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS
706 St. Helens Avenue Cor. 8th and Broadway

Hoyt’s Doughnut Lunch
Especially prepared Lunches for C. P. S. students and friends
Home of the Doughnut that made “Hoyt” famous.
Main 70 2412 Sixth Ave.

BUCKLEY-KING COMPANY
Morticians
Telephone Main 412
730-32 St. Helens Ave.

January Sale of Trunks
BAGS AND SUIT CASES
AT
COOK TRUNK CO.
1203 Pacific Ave.

He was seated in the parlor, and he said unto the light, “Either you or I, old fellow, will be turned down tonight.”

Lest you forget—
ST. VALENTINE’S DAY
Remember her with flowers
HAYDEN WATSON FLORIST
911 Pacific Ave. Main 300

Candy by the ton or candy by the dime’s worth. Chocolate Shop, 908 Broadway.

P. S. Telephone Main 412
BUCKLEY-KING COMPANY
Morticians
Telephone Main 1316
1203 Pacific Ave.

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL
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911 Pacific Ave. Main 300

The best place in town to Lunch is the Chocolate Shop, 908 Broadway.

vulgar and common. It’s a wonder you wouldn’t have a
thot for your wife occasionally,” she riddles out. ‘Lem Small
You just take that picture down immediately, you hear me?
Move.’

“At that Lem Small weekly answered, ‘Yes, my love,’
and proceeded to do it.

“Such is life. Married a year and a half and takin’
orders from the little fluffy Madalynne. Lem had always
been a hard-boiled guy, and it almost made me wish to
think what she was makin’ out of him. I’m strong for
this independence of the household stuff, Bill, and if I ever
got hooked up again, which I won’t, the lesser half is going
to have free range of the corral.

“It was at the Masonic fest that evening that the sky-
turks popped. It not only popped, Bill, but fairly popped. The
Lem had got there early, as he was to take part in one of
the tableaux that the Commercial Club and Chamber of Com-
merce were going to put on as their part of the municipal
festivities. He was to be the sole Two Horns inhabitant in
1492, dressed up as a cave man, sitting in front of his cave,

Circumstance had conspired against poor Lem but if Lem
had not had the matrimonial latitude that I enjoy, with my
first love dead these seventeen years, it might have been a
different story, eh Bill,” and with that she jumped up and
yelled to Lung to bring in the tea.

C - P - S
Attention Debs and Sub-Debs!

MERE MALES PLEASE LOOK ELSEWHERE

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