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Editors of The Palestra

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BLAMES HOMES FOR CRIME WAVE

POINTS TO WEAK SPOT IN NATION

By Ray Young, A. B. '29

So many of our indignant citizens are complaining of our police system, that it is corrupted, inefficient and that Seattle is a disgrace to itself.

These persons, conscientious without doubt in what they say, persist in driving through our beautiful, though corrupted, city ten miles an hour faster than the prescribed limit, or when a policeman is not watching them they will sneak across a downtown intersection in deliberate defiance of the red traffic signal.

No, it is not the policeman's fault. Yet we (the public-spirited citizens), because the city jail is crowded with crooks, caught by the corner cop, condemn the police department as inadequate to handle the crime "wave." Rather a paradox, is it not? It is like condemning the rat-traps in a certain house as inefficient because of the large number of rats caught in them.

To prevent crime we must first prevent the criminal. There is no use of painting everything pink to hide the dirt. Get the criminal and you have the approximate cause and there will be no more dirt. If we seek the cause of the criminal we will eventually come to the most nearly ultimate cause—the home. Every criminal, even the most beastly, had a father and mother and, therefore, a home. And seventy-five per cent of our criminal population are under twenty-five years of age—recent products of the home.

It is not the police department that needs reorganization. It is that traditional institution, the great American home, which is rapidly being assimilated by the school, the theater and the dance hall. The three above named attractions, and many others, are absorbing the ties and attractions that made either log-cabin or mansion a home and not a boarding house. The reading circle has moved to the school; the games and entertainments are under new management in the theatre; the social events are now held at a dance hall; perhaps baby has a hard time distinguishing its bridge-crazy mother from the attendants at the day nursery; the children are taught at the kindergarten that they must believe teacher and not mother; and the children's hour is now held at the public library. It is in such manner that the home, the basic unit of government, is being destroyed. How can we expect the boys

(Continued on page 2)

MARSHAL FOCH TO AMERICAN CHILDREN

A public school in Detroit, Michigan, was recently named for Marshal Foch. Marshal Foch wrote a letter to the children of that school, and this is what he said:

"My dear Children:

"I have been greatly honored by having my name given to your school, for I shall thus have an influence on the education of hundreds of young Americans.

"All my life I have tried to be a faithful servant to my country and that is what I ask you to be.

"Work ardently without thought of self, learn to be your own master, gain as much knowledge as possible, but keep above all the ideals of honor. With the aid of God you will thus make yourselves useful to your country and to humanity.

(Signed) "F. FOCH."

Courtesy of W. K. Scott.

THANKSGIVING

It has long been the laudable custom for the president of our glorious nation to proclaim a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God for His blessings and mercies to us. This in itself is something to be thankful for.

This year, we are informed, the nation is teeming with abundance, the result of a most fruitful autumn, and prosperity is everywhere in our land.

Proper and just it is then, that enjoying all these favors and gifts, we should turn to their bountiful Giver, and from hearts truly grateful, thank God.

VARSITY INVADES PORTLAND

GIVES SPLENDID EXHIBITION OF PROGRESS

Our Varsity invaded the Rose City for their annual game on Nov. 14 with Columbia University. Though forced to bow in defeat by the score of 18-0, it is no indication of the hard battle fought on Multnomah field.

Columbia with a much heavier team composed of veterans with many years of experience, were favorites by an overwhelming score.

Our boys went to Portland, animated with a new spirit and determination that has been hard to arouse but which has gradually pervaded the whole squad. They went into the game bristling with fight, living up to their name, "Panthers."

Seattle kicked off to Columbia's
(Continued on page 3)

ST. MARTIN'S GAME— THE SEASON'S CLASSIC

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR AT COLLEGE

Fr. Jerome Ricard, S. J., well known for his famous "Sunspot Theory," arrived at Seattle College, Saturday, Nov. 14th, for a visit of a few days on his way to Vancouver. The renowned astronomer is traveling northwards with the intention of buying equipment for his new observatory.

Fr. Ricard has been a Jesuit for the past fifty-five years, forty of which have been spent at his observatory in Santa Clara. The Knights of Columbus will commence in the spring to put into execution their promise to build a new observatory at a cost of \$500,000 in recognition of his life's work.

California, Washington, Oregon and British Columbia are solid for Fr. Ricard, on account of his accurate weather predictions. Farmers throughout California appreciate the good work he has done for them by telling them in advance of rains, thereby allowing them time to gather in their crops. Fr. Ricard's many Seattle friends will be glad to know that the father will pay another visit at the College on his way back from Vancouver, and that he will be anxious to meet a few of the many whom he has been helping by his famous "Sunspot Theory."

THOS. F. MAHER, S. J., ORDAINED

Rev. Thomas F. Maher, S. J., a Seattle College graduate, was ordained to the priesthood by Archbishop Marchetti of Rome on July 26, 1925. Father Maher used the tomb of St. Peter as the altar for his first Mass.

During his studies abroad, Father Maher's good mother passed to her reward consoled by the thought that she had given a daughter to the sisterhood and a son to the Jesuit Order.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER

The request for a great, big, Christmas edition of The Palestra has been made. Very well. Get busy on appropriate articles, columns of advertising, and the next issue shall be as big as YOU make it. The Christmas season is a favorable time for getting people to advertise themselves or their business. Remember the ten per cent reward to the class, and the \$10 to the highest individual.

Panthers Ready to Meet Old Rivals

The big game of the year! That's the opinion among the students and members of the team when talking about Sunday's clash with St. Martin's.

It's going to be tough on Lacey. Little do they realize what is in store for them when the Panthers take the field in readiness for the kickoff. It will be a mighty struggle and if the attitude of the local gridders is any omen the Laceyites are in for a beautiful drubbing.

'Twas away back in the dark ages of 1916 that our eleven last met St. Martin's. The locals won that game 7-6. Men like McAteer Bros., "Mighty Mike" Pecarovich and Fred Riley, are some of the old boys who fought and won a bitter battle on that nearly forgotten but eventful autumn afternoon.

So hard and so fierce was the playing in that game that relations between the two colleges became slightly strained. That is all over now and, we hope, forgotten.

Still, Seattle has the traditions and honor of that famous team behind them. They must glory in it and by all means not disgrace it. Those old-timers had more than the ordinary man's share of courage, grit. We hope this year's team has even more. Remember, fellows, you carry the same colors, are fighting for the same school, against the same team. The time alone has changed. So no matter the score, no matter who may win, let us play clean and hard with all the strength and fight of the Panther.

The season's dope shows two evenly matched elevens. Some sources claim St. Martin's has a slight edge in offensive power. We shall see. If the locals use cool, calculating headwork and are alert enough to make the breaks and take advantage of them, then they can count the game as theirs.

The Blue and White showed last week in their tilt with Columbia that they had fighting Irish hearts and the go-get-'em spirit. Can they rise to even greater heights Sunday? We think they can. We hope they will.

The team can be counted on to do its share. What about the student body? Are they going to back their eleven with unswerving loyalty and steady, much-needed support, or are they going to lie down as quitters and let a handful of staunch hearts battle

(Continued on page 8)

"Secure the shadow ere the substance fade."

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ALUMNI NOTES

The coming game with St. Martin's College will, in reality, be the College home-coming game, and we sincerely hope that it will recall to the mind of our alumni, many exciting experiences of the games with these natural rivals of bygone days. We will expect many "old soldiers" of the College to be in the grandstand, lending their hearty support to the team representing their Alma Mater. As this is the resumption of athletic relations between these two Catholic schools of Western Washington, we will expect to find many of the older alumni in fond retrospection, while the game is progressing. We are sure that we will have the patronage of two of Seattle's foremost lawyers, Chas. Moriarty and Stanley Padden. With these will come a lumber baron, and a staunch supporter of all Seattle College activities, Cyril Fairhurst.

We hope to see "Tony" Klotz, who is well known to most of the present College men, and who is now occupied by Schwabacher Bros., attending and rooting at the big game.

Leo Herkenrath, the famous dramatist, and who is now in the radio business, will broadcast the success of his Alma Mater after the game. Many of our alumni journeyed to California to see the universities of Washington and California play last week.

"Babe" McAteer, Jim Ryan and Harry McMahon drove down, and remained in the "Sunny South" a few days after the game.

Ray Oullette was accompanied by Gene Manca on his trip to the land where the birds fly.

One of our former students has become a Scotchman. Leo Burke, our once versatile athlete, while playing ball in Canada, attended the Caledonian games, and won every contest but the bagpipe feature. When he left to return to Gonzaga, the whole town turned out to bid him adieu.

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SEATTLE COLLEGE MOTHER'S CLUB

The Seattle College Mothers' Club, after months of inactivity, are preparing to launch something worth while.

Last month's card party (Mrs. Logan, chairman) was a grand success. Mrs. Bernard Brady, assisted by the A, B and C's, are sure to produce a record breaker this week.

The Club extends its heartfelt sympathy to the family of our lately deceased member, Mrs. Raymond Egan. May her soul rest in peace!

Blames Home for Crime Wave

(Continued from page 1)

and girls of today, who have little or no respect for their fathers and mothers, to honor and obey the more exacting regulations of a government?

When we adopt the assinine philosophy that children must be free to develop their own glorious self-expressiveness, without guidance or companionship, we must not forget the attire and the vanities; the decadent literature read, the subject of conversation of boys and girls, the hip flask and the automobile, the late hours and the early cynicism and the low regard for human life and other people's property.

The law enforcement of two decades ago when the masked crook and train robber staged their holdups was comparatively easy to the problem confronting America today. Then the criminal population was about one-half of one per cent of the total population of the country. Now it is about twenty-five per cent!

Authority should be established. It is the lesson that law-breaking brings that degree of punishment which is at least sufficient to guarantee that the price paid for wrongdoing will be in excess of the supposed gain or satisfaction in wrongdoing. In other words, make the odds so great that the chance is not worth while. Make the punishment severe enough to cause law-breakers to do some cost accounting in advance. It is not what happens to the crook, it is what happens in the minds of all that have not yet become like him. Let the silly sentimentalists weep at the "terrors of prison." The punishment should be terrible enough to stop the imitators from imitating.

Let us hope that an awakened public opinion will smash down the fabric of legal nonsense, expert testimony of purchased psychologists and alienists, technical loopholes, delays, the bond and bail system and corrupt trial methods. Let the judges be not so loose with their divorce decrees, as by splitting up the home they create embryonic crooks of the children of the alienated parents for the next decade.

Crime continues because the home is losing control of the child, thus forming untractable and law-breaking citizens; and because of the judicial and legal system which holds out promise of their immunity.

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OMAR'S OASIS



As usual Omar's Oasis was the first to secure authentic pictures of the California-Washington game. This startling picture below shows Capt. Elmer Tesreau of the Huskies going through tackle for the winning touchdown. "Wee" Coyle can be seen running interference for the mighty Elmer.



Gorman: "Say, Monohan, I was just talking to Berry and he said you and I were the two most colorful players on the team."

Monahan: "Ah, bologna!"

Gorman: "No fooling; he said you're yellow and I'm green."

Rumor has it that Seattle and Tacoma are engaged in a controversy over the birthplace of Gene Patten. Seattle claims he was born in Tacoma, while Tacoma swears that Seattle is his birthplace.

College Club Chatter

Duffy: "Say, Murph, I think I'll tell the boys that Irish story."

Murph: "Better not. You're liable to shock 'em."

Duffy: "Alright then, I'll tell them the one you told me last night."

Murph (after a moment's thought): "Tell them the Irish story."

There's no truth to the rumor that "Stork" Carroll is going to take the strong man's job in the circus next summer.

Old Grad (to Father Mullen): Didn't I take Latin from you?

Fr. Mullen: No; but you were exposed to it.

English Notes

Soph: Do you know Gorman?

Frosh: Sure, I soaked that bottle-faced, cross-brained, cock-eyed, side-winding wart hog in the lamp the last time I SEEN him.

Soph: What awful language. You should say, "I soaked that bottle-

face, cross-brained, cock-eyed, side-winding wart hog in the lamp the last time I SAW him."

Radigan: You think you are plenty educated, don'tcha?

Stuckey: Sure I do.

Radigan: I betcha can't even say two words in Greek.

Stuckey: I can too.

Radigan: Let's hear you.

Stuckey: "Shine, Mister."

Epitaph

Beneath this sod
A half-back lies;
He hit the line
And closed his eyes.

There's no sense to this one:
Our foemen took an awful fall,
They met the stiff arm of John Paul.
Excelsior!

—By Joe Penozza.

Another Scoop! Lottie Murphy

At the risk of life and limb, our daredevil cameraman took this exclusive view of Miss Lottie Murphy, Ziegfeld's newest beauty, as she looked while playing badminton with Senator Ford on the top of the Woolworth Building. Lottie is Zieg's star Charleston dansewer.

Hot stuff! said Jack Meade as he stuck his thumb in the cocoa.

Mister "Pa" Draper, that is, Tom Duffy, is recuperating from an attack of hydrophobia brought on by a tussle with a vicious hot-dog in the co-op store. The hot-dog was severely punished by being passed on to Tubby Meade.

Well, as the man said when he felt his intellect slipping, "I'll be oc."

He Must Be

"Bah! The old tight-wad!"

"Eh?"

"He wouldn't give three cheers without doing it grudgingly."

Coming Down

At a Maryland camp was a certain Lieutenant Farr, whose chief claim to fame was that his cap stood six feet four inches from the soles of his shoes. One evening, coming into camp late, he was stopped some distance away by a sentry who demanded:

"Halt! Who's there?"

"An officer of the camp."

The sentry peered through the semi-darkness, then ordered:

"Dismount, officer of the camp, and advance to be recognized."

BEAT
ST. MARTIN'S

Basketball Prospects Are Very Bright

Boy! It sure looks like a great year for the boys who run around on the hardwood floor. There is no doubt about it; this team is to be the greatest in many moons and will give the opposition plenty to think about. Captain Tom Duffy is in fine fettle and has fully recovered from his last year's injuries. The whole squad will be heartened by his insurmountable checking and fine shooting ability.

Another bright light on the horizon is the return of Jimmy Logan to school this year. He was sadly missed last season and as no team has yet been able to stop him he is sure to contribute many markers in the games to come. Tom Glenn and Earl Doyle, two of last year's stars, will be absent, but it is possible that Doyle may be back in the lineup before the season is over. O'Connor and McKay, guards of past campaigns will be back in full strength and rarin' to go. Art Duffy, Logan's running mate, is improving every year and there is good reason to expect a stellar performance from him. Haughian and Denny McLaughlin also have a good chance to break into the lineup.

And what is more, we are going to have one of the classiest schedules ever made up for a school of our size. It is one that includes such big games as the University of British Columbia, the U. of W. Frosh, St. Martin's, Columbia, Mt. Angel and Bellingham Normal. But our hard-working manager has gone even farther than this in an endeavor to make a more attractive schedule. He has established communications with Gonzaga University and if the men from across the hump want to play us, a trip will be arranged which will take in such notable teams as Ellensburg Normal, Cheney Normal and Spokane College. This is enough to give any team a chance to show their worth and if it comes up near to expectations it will be worth plenty.

Varsity Invades Portland

(Continued from page 1)

"shock troops," who immediately lined up for a punt. But the Panthers, carrying the fight, charged through and blocked the kick, Young recovering on Columbia's twenty yard line. This was the great opportunity but the backs failed to see the big holes made by the line, and ended by grounding a pass in the end zone.

During the rest of the half, aided by Mattingly's superb punting, Seattle College more than outplayed their big rivals. The defense was airtight, tackling vicious, and the line charged hard and low.

The Panthers received at the beginning of the second half, Duffy catching the kickoff, and with a great sprint dashed through the Columbia men, a touchdown being averted by a great tackle on the part of the Columbia safety. The break came in the middle of the third quarter when a punt was badly handled by one of

our backs, and Columbia was within scoring distance. A long cutback run by Leuty, combined with a split buck by Martin, gave Columbia their first touchdown.

In the fourth quarter, Columbia scored two more touchdowns, due to bad generalship and fumbling on the part of the "Panthers." Leuty, Lamb, Jackson and Martin were the prominent factors in Columbia attack. Seattle got a bad break in the fourth quarter when the referee allowed a touchdown, which was caught outside the end zone.

Seattle College

Duffy	-----L.E.	Hagen
Scheurman	-----L.T.	Pubols
Cummings	-----L.G.	Day
Gorman	-----C.	Gavin
Cosgrove	-----R.G.	Scheulmerich
Young	-----R.T.	McFarland
Mattingly	-----R.E.	Weymer
O'Neill	-----Q.B.	Lamb
Paul (Capt.)	-----F.B.	Martin (Capt.)
O'Hearn	-----L.H.	Jackson
Haughian	-----R.H.	Leuty

Substitutions—Seattle College: McClain for Mattingly, Penozo for Cummings, Monaghan for Scheurman, Bradley for Cosgrove, Mitchell for O'Hearn, J. Meade for O'Neill, T. Meade for Gorman, Pigott for Paul.

Seattle was beaten more from inexperience than any other factor. But it was encouraging to those in charge to see the great improvement in the squad and their showing speaks well for our football future.

Duffy was the bright star. His defense work was of high class order and he showed marked ability carrying the ball. Mattingly also shone at end and kicked like a big leaguer. O'Neill and O'Hearn were in the midst of every play. The same can be said for Scheurman, Cummings, Cosgrove and Young.

It was a fine exhibition. It was a fine team that won, and a great bunch of fighters that bowed to Columbia.

JUNIOR SODALITY

Regular meetings of the Junior Sodality are being held every Tuesday afternoon in the Students' Chapel. From the reverent attention of the Sodalists during the meetings it is evident that all are seriously striving to make themselves worthy sons of Mary. All the new candidates are anxiously looking forward to the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, when they hope to be admitted as members of the Sodality. At present some thirty boys from First and Second High are attending the meetings.

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The Palestra

A Monthly Devoted to the Interests of
Seattle College

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THE RETREAT The retreat of this year is now past history. But is it really past history or are we trying day after day to live the lessons taught in it? The retreat time is a period in which we go back over our past and see and correct our shortcomings and by the examples of others are shown the value of the retreat. Did we go into this retreat with the idea that we had to, or with the thoughts that we were getting away from our studies, or did we enter into it with the idea of bettering our condition and learning how to protect ourselves from our failings of the past? There were good, sound lessons to be derived from the words of the retreat-master and his reference to His Last Retreat ought to set some of our boys to thinking about themselves. In our ordinary school activities we can practice the very lessons taught. The retreat was very well conducted and not a student could have made it but who wouldn't have taken something really good out of it.

COLLEGE NIGHT— We have not heard much ARE WE GOING TO comment lately on the HAVE ONE? nearness of College Night.

Something should be done now if that old traditional event of the school year is going to be preserved. The College Club should be interested in this matter and it is up to them to see that something is started and started right away. Of course this paper realizes that many activities are taking our time and attention at this season of the year. Still we feel the students should know that one of our grand old institutions is being neglected and something should be done. We know that a word to the wise is sufficient, however.

THE ORDEAL The quarterly exams for the IS OVER— various College classes are ARE WE SAFE? over. We can hear a fervent sigh of relief in the top floor corridors. We do not know as yet how many have fallen by the wayside. Still, the test is over, the result is all that remains to be heard. Has not Tammany Hall a choice box of El Ropos that would melt the hearts of the professors? We urge that some active personality make use of our suggestion.

"PALESTRA" POLICY You hold in your hands a self-evident proof of the PALESTRA'S new policy. Seattle College has decided on a new system of selecting the staff; not because the old was found wanting but rather to establish a precedent in staff selection. Under the new organization the editor must come from the Senior class, his associates working up from their positions until they reach the top. In this way every representative gets a thorough training in newspaper work, will be absolutely familiar with the duties of each department and capable in the highest sense to edit the paper. Those who formerly carried the burden of responsibility have cheerfully fallen in line with this plan; they are giving your editor much of their valuable experience and time and are helping in every way to make the present regime a successful and prosperous one. We owe much to the sacrifice of the old staff and are happy in feeling that we have their sincere and priceless cooperation.

HERE'S THE DOPE ON WASH.-CAL. CLASSIC Eugene Manca, the genial president of the College Club, made the trip to "sunny" California last

week to see the Huskies take the honey away from the Golden Bears. Manca is a former Washington student and, like the rest of the Washington adherents that made the southern trip, has nothing but praise for Bagshaw's grid machine and the manner in which they walloped the southern idols. He says: "When Tesreau made that touchdown the much-advertised California sun hid its face behind a startled cloud in shame and even the 'Frisco graybeards lost their accustomed poise and straightway predicted a rainy winter."

The Life That Counts

The life that counts must toil and fight;
Must hate the wrong and love the right;
Must stand for truth, by day, by night—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must hopeful be;
In darkest night make melody;
Must wait the dawn on bended knee—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must aim to rise
Above the earth to sunlit skies;
Must fix its gaze on Paradise—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must hopeful be;
The cares and needs of others see;
Must seek the slaves of sin to free—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts is linked with God,
And turns not from the cross—the rod;
But walks with joy where Jesus trod—
This is the life that counts.

—From "Heart Throbs," Volume II.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON "THE HORSE" The Gazette prints this essay on "The Horse," which it credits to one of the small boys in the fifth grade at the Galena school: "There is four kinds of horses, hobby horses, nite mares, saw horses, and Charley horses. The hobby horse is about the gentlest, because very small children can pull their tails clear off and not get their heads kicked off. Nite mares is about the worst kind of horse. They live on mince pies and fruit cake and green apples and they jump up and down stiffly on your stummick in the nite and make you kick your brother in the ear, and he pounds you before you wake up. The nite mare is just between a saw horse and a hobby horse, because it makes you cut up and it is a hobby of some people. Enuf has been sed about saw horses. A Charley horse ain't a horse at all, but when one football player kicks another one on his shin, then it is a Charley horse. That's all I know about horses. Ned. P. S.—Most horses has 4 laigs, 2 front laigs to separate his neck from his backbone, and 2 other ones to fasten his tail on."—Horton Commercial.

THE EDUCATIONAL CONTROVERSY AND THE JESUIT ORDER A few weeks ago the educational world was jarred from its self-satisfied complacency when Glenn Franks, president of the University of Wisconsin, came forth with the declaration that the present system of education was leaning towards final corruption of higher learning.

Coming from a man of his distinguished position it rocked modern pedagogues to their flimsy foundations, and they had scarcely recovered their breath from the blow when Governor Roland C. Hartley hurled such a thunderbolt into their midst that now they have risen in panic-stricken terror lest the apple of their misguided eye should be taken from them.

For one in the ordinary walks of life, it requires more than the average amount of courage to fly in the face of that which public opinion has accepted as being perfect. When the president of a college lifts his voice against the part he is forced to play in order to retain his position, then we must conclude that there is some cause for investigation. But when the governor of a great state jeopardizes his political career by speaking to his legislature about an evil, then they may be certain that the evil is great and the cause just.

We cannot agree with all that Hartley says, but we may assure ourselves of this: he is out for the truth and has got down to the fundamentals of true education. That being done, he is on the right track.

"The president of a modern university need no longer be a scholar, he must be a business man." "The criteria of a head of a university is not what is he teaching, but rather, how many buildings has he lobbied from the legislature." Hartley's words are the echo of Glenn Franks' and they both point with a warning finger to the handwriting on the wall.

Would they learn how to conduct colleges, that knowledge might prevail? Then let them delve into their history of education and gather the secret of how the Jesuits have become the foremost educators of the world.

About 1542 A. D., St. Ignatius Loyola founded the only system of education that has stood the test of time. We have had pedagogues with brilliant ideas, but if they did not have Loyola's foundations, sooner or later they were found wanting, and such is the case with the modern system of education.

Down through the centuries to our own time, this system has stood out from all the rest and there is no doubt in our minds that it will last as long as education is considered worthy of being attained.

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High School Activities

FIRST HIGH "A"

We seem to be subject to changes in teachers and class officers. Mr. Berry took charge of the English class last week. Our new athletic manager is George Handley.

We have shown our "stuff" in football; now watch us in basketball. Our interest and support is always with the college team, and we're behind them in Sunday's game.

JACK DILLON.

THIRD HI B

Since the beginning of the term, Third Hi B has been demonstrating the meaning of their watchword, PEP. As was shown last month, each letter of this motto stands for one of our specialties, namely, Piety, Eloquence and Prowess.

In the first department, the boys have endeavored to take advantage of all the spiritualities that are afforded them.

In the way of eloquence, the class has placed three men on the S. C. High School Debating team. Besides this, the class has two debates regularly every week, and Mr. Maddigan is training up a fine squad of speakers.

And when the question of prowess comes up, Third B believe they have done their share, placing five men on the Varsity football squad and six more on the Junior squad.

We are trying to do our share to make the scholastic year of 1925-26 a huge success, and our student body officers will ever find us ready to co-operate with them in any undertaking.

JACK MEADE, H. S. '27.

SECOND HIGH

We fellows are noted for being modest and very humble, but still even in due conformity with these virtues we are convinced that Second High is without doubt the best class in the school.

Tubby Meade, our president, modestly and humbly states that if it had a more worthy leader the class of 1928, would be the idol of our grandchildren. But we are afraid after such an assertion that "Tub" doesn't realize the height to which his most able leadership has attained for us.

But there are others whose spirit is also praiseworthy. The writer has a report of a proposed fistic combat between the famous lightweights, "California" John Lynch and Harry Hazel Jr., the battling lawyer from Twin Falls. We had already given heavy odds to the Twin Falls prodigee when Harry informed Promoter Ed O'Connor that he would not be able to fight because he was spending all of his spare time selling tickets for the Seattle College-St. Martin's game.

Although both of these stories are as mythical as Aesop's Fables, the writer has been working his imagination overtime so that everyone interested may be sure to know our sentiments on the "beat St. Martin's" idea.

TALLY CARROLL.

FIRST HI B

Our class extends to Francis MacClellan its profound sympathy in the death of his father, which took place last month. It was decided to have a Mass said for Mr. MacClellan.

In the ticket contest for the Mt. Angel game, our class came second. So far, we are making a good showing in college activities, ranking high in advertising for The Palestra.

The four teams using the gym for basketball are getting much beneficial practice under the careful supervision of Mr. O'Neil, S. J.

JAMES J. GALBRAITH

FOR IMITATION

A prize each month for the cleverest expression. One allowed from each class—selected by the class Palestra reporter.

4th Hi

New Prof.: "How high are you in school now?"

O'Hearn: "I'm so high that it will take sixty digits to let me down honorably."

* * *

3rd Hi

Teacher: "I see your arm is in a sling, and I hear that there is a blot on your reputation. What happened?"

O'Rourke: "I was hit by a Ford."

* * *

1st Hi B

Teacher: "Are you eating your lunch again?"

Walter Scott: "No, sir; it's Corrigan's."

* * *

2nd Hi

"We are proud of the fact that we are not only the largest boys in Second High, but we have also more students than any other class."

Schram: "The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

* * *

3rd Hi A

Teacher: "When is the grave accent used?"

Bob Lord: "When a Greek dies."

* * *

FIRST HIGH A

Teacher: "The third person plural number, pluperfect tense, optative mood, passive voice of voco, is what, Gallagher?"

Gallagher: "Yes, sir."



Beat St. Martin's



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LITERARY GLEANINGS

:-: :-:

STUDENTS:

This is YOUR page. We want you to make it worth while by contributing stories, essays, humorous or otherwise. With your help this can be made the brightest page in the paper. Hand your contributions to the Literary Editor and, whether published or not, they will always be appreciated.

TEACHERS:

Your cooperation will greatly assist us in presenting the cream of the school's literary talent on this page. Students are sometimes backward in offering their work and you will be doing a favor both to them and to us by turning in the best compositions you receive. Due credit will always be given for authorship.

LOOK!

A monthly prize of at least one dollar will be offered for the best contribution to this page made by any Seattle College student. In case of doubt the worthy manuscripts will be submitted to an impartial judge. All manuscripts for the next issue, the Christmas number, must be in the hands of the Literary Editor by December 12. If you MUST write on both sides of the paper, leave room on the reverse side so that the name can be clipped off for judging without losing any of the matter.

"AGES"

By R. J. Marlotte, H. S. '26

Spring runs laughingly down the side of Nature's hills, forming her signet of emerald on every tree of the forest as she passes. The young saplings look up and, putting out their delicate tongues of golden green despitefully at the giants that tower above them, seem to say, "Wait awhile, you old folks up there; we shall reach you someday, and then we shall see." "Many have we seen in our time, saplings and men, and many shall we yet see; so goes the world," is the rustled answer of the older trees looking down on the saplings. So also with this life of ours. In the prime of life we are saplings looking up at those who have gone before us. Probably our mother, father, or some dear old friend of ours to whom the scythe of death is near, are the giants of the world. Youth in its prime looks up and says the same things as the young saplings of the forest.

But Nature pushes forward and then follow days of happiness and bliss, days of sunshine and laughter that bring to the saplings and giants of the forest that untold treasury of sweetness, a joy in spreading green foliage to the picturesque landscape.

And as Nature blends from one season to the other, so with the growth of youth; it is no longer in its prime. It now blooms into manhood, like tender wildflowers that slip up tenderly alongside the flushing spring. It is free from the embrace of a loving mother. The time is come when we

are no longer boys but men entered upon man's estate; we seek the open field of life, the world and all its cares.

But again Mother Nature comes upon the scene, this time with the whisper of autumn on the chilly breeze. The leaves begin to fall and rustle to and fro, while the farmer gathers his crop into his barn to prepare for the coming winter. So with man; he has tasted life's sweetness, now he shoulders its burden. He has a family to provide for; he has all the troubles and cares a teeming world can set before him. He is becoming advanced in years. They are slipping—slipping irretrievably away. And as his children gather around him, memories of the days of his youth and the different stages of life as he has found them are recalled. Like the farmer, he gathers together all he can in order to assure his children of an education when winter comes. Thus they will be enabled to face the world as he did when the cage was opened and its prisoner set free.

Onward still moves the hand of Nature, and now comes winter. The trees are laid bare. They are no longer able to withstand the storms of life, so down they fall. Man, too, is weak and feeble, and falls as the tree. Death, like a wintry blast, strikes suddenly. We know not the exact moment, but if we are true to the right ideals, we will never be caught unprepared.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PIECE OF COAL

By Harry Hazel Jr., H. S. '28

It was a raw, gusty evening in the late fall when Al's father said to him, "Al, go down and fetch a lump of coal for the fireplace." "Aw," replied Al. "Go on," reiterated his father, and emphasized his statement with a gentle cuff on the ear. Al went. "And when you come back, I have something to say to you."

"Aw gosh! Another lecture about prompt obedience or sump'n'." Al thought to himself. But it was not to be. When he returned his father said that he would tell that piece of coal's history and probable future. "I wonder how he knows anything about a chunk of coal, he being a dentist." Al thought, but nevertheless prepared himself to listen.

"A long, long time ago that piece of coal was part of the trunk of a tree which stood in a damp swamp." "All swamps are damp," Al interrupted. "Oh, keep still will you? Who's telling this story, anyway? As I said, it was a part of a tree in a swamp where there were lots of alligators and crawlies, if you get what I mean."

"After a time this tree was covered up by dirt and rocks that subjected it to great pressure. During the course of ages it became bituminous or soft coal. Later as more pressure

was forced on it, it became hard or anthracite coal.

"Thousands of years after it was a tree, a miner picked it up out of a dark mine where he was working." "Where else do miners work?" interrupted Al. "Do you want me to tell you this story, or don't you?" queried his father, and without waiting for a reply, continued. "A miner picked it up, loaded it on a cart and carried it to the daylight where it was nearly blinded. 'It hasn't got any eyes,' Al said. 'Next it was put on a coal car,' his father said, ignoring him, "and shipped to Seattle where it was purchased by our coal dealer."

"Here one thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds of coal were sold to me as a ton and that piece happens to be among those pounds."

"I sent you down to get it and there it is, soon to be converted into ashes and carted away and dumped on the ground where it started."

"That's a bum story and—" "Oh, go to bed, you don't know a good story when you hear one."

Time loosely spent will not again be won, (R. Greene)

What shall I do to be forever known? (Cowley)

But now the wane of life comes darkly on, (Joanna Baillie)

After a thousand mazes overgone; (Keats)

In this brief state of trouble and unrest, (B. Barton)

And never is but always to be blest. (Pope)

Time is the present hour, the past is fled, (Marsden)

O! thou futurity, our hope and dread, (Elliott)

How fading are the joys we dote upon; (Blair)

Oh! while I speak the present moment's gone. (Akenside)

Lo; thou eternal arbiter of things, (Oldham)

How awful is the hour when conscience stings; (J. G. Percival)

Conscience, stern arbiter in every breast— (J. A. Hillhouse)

The fluttering wish on wing that will not rest. (Mallet)

This, above all, to thine own self be true, (Shakespeare)

Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so, too, (Sir J. Denham)

To those that list, the world's gay scenes I leave, (Spenser)

Some ills we wish for when we wish to live. (Young)

—Exchange.

Some time ago an American was traveling in Australia, when he came to a shepherd's deserted shanty. In some old papers in the shanty he found a poem which proved to be a literary curiosity. The poem is composed of 52 lines and each line is from a different author.

Above is the poem and the author from whose work each line was taken:

ONE POEM BY FIFTY-TWO POETS

What strange infatuation rules mankind (Chatterton)

What different spheres to human bliss assigned. (Rogers)

To loftier things your finer pulses burn, (C. Sprague)

If man would but his finer nature learn. (R. H. Dana)

What several ways men to their calling have, (B. Johnson)

And grasp at life through sinking to the grave. (Falconer)

Ask what is human life? The sage replies, (Cowper)

Wealth, pomp and honor are but empty toys; (Ferguson)

We trudge, we travel but from pain to pain, (Quarles)

Weak, timid landmen on life's stormy main. (Burns)

We only toil who are the first of things. (Tennyson)

From labor health, from health contentment springs. (Beattie)

Fame runs before us like the morning star; (Dryden)

How little do we know that which we are! (Byron)

Let none then here his certain knowledge boast, (Pomfret)

Of fleeting joys too certain to be lost (Waller)

For over all things hangs a cloud of fear— (Hood)

All is but change and separation here (Steele)

To smooth life's passage o'er its stormy way, (Dwight)

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day; (Herbert)

Be rich in patience if thou in gudes be poor, (Dunbar)

So many men do stoop to sight unsure. (C. Whitney)

Choose out the man to virtue most inclined, (Rowe)

Throw envy, folly, prejudice behind. (Langhorne)

Defer not till tomorrow to be wise— (Congreve)

Wealth, heaped on wealth, not truth nor safety buys. (Dr. Johnson)

Remembrance worketh with her busy brain, (Goldsmith)

Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again; (Drayton)

On high estates huge heaps of care attend, (Webster)

No joy so great but runneth to an end; (Southwell)

No hand applaud what honor shuns to hear, (Thomson)

Who cast off shame should likewise cast off fear. (Knowles)

Grief haunts us down the precipice of years, (W. S. Landor)

Virtue alone no dissolution fears; (E. Moore)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL
SEASON IS HERE

CAPTAIN DUFFY SPEAKS



"The best team ever to represent Seattle College in the hoop game." These were the words used by Tom Duffy in describing the prospective basketball team of the present year. Long Tom is captain-elect of this team which bids fair to eclipse all previous marks set by Panther quintets.

He is much heartened by the return of the inimitable Jimmy Logan, whose shooting eye is enough to make any rival team in the country wish for a stronger defense. Also the captain pointed out that the enthusiasm evinced by the students over the advent of the season is bound to have an effect in producing pep for the games.

"We feel sure of winning our games with Columbia, St. Martin's and Mount Angel," said Duffy, "and we also intend to turn the tables on the U. of W. Frosh for our 35-18 defeat of last year. We will be ready to give Bellingham Normal a decisive drubbing, and, in fact, expect to go through the season undefeated.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

After several weeks of drilling under Coach Tom Berry, Mr. Kane, S. J., and Mr. Gaffney, S. J., the Juniors were soon able to take on the "Rail Splitters," downing their Frosh team to the tune of 44 to 0.

In this game Mr. Gaffney tried out everybody. Mitchell, O'Hearn and Matson showed up well as half-backs. In spectacular end runs Matson showed his heels to the whole Lincoln team, scoring two touchdowns.

In their next game they rode the "Rough Riders" ragged. The Roosevelt Frosh were trampled in the dust with a score of 13 to 3.

The Broadway Frosh team was their next victim. In this hard-fought contest Mitchell and O'Hearn in the backfield and O'Connor on the line may well be given much credit for the victory.

They next journeyed to Ballard and returned victorious with 24 points to the good.

Then came the big game with St. Leo's. Lacking in weight and experience the preps suffered their first defeat, the score being 28 to 0. Ed English was the star on both defense and offense.

The next game was with St. Alphonsus, the said school being defeated 13 to 6. Matson again starred with his trick end runs. "Stork" Carroll gave the spectators some thrills, as he ran through the St. Alphonsus line for considerable yardage.

The last game of the season was with the K. C. Cubs of Everett, and the Preps downed them 47 to 0.

SPORT SPOTLIGHT

With the St. Martin's game the football season of Seattle College will be closed. It is the end of a wonderful schedule, reflecting with credit on the prowess of our athletic manager, Granville Egan. While the team this season was not a winning one, they must be accorded all praise for the spirit they showed in fighting to the last ditch against stronger teams. With most of the letter men back, next year should see a more experienced squad and a winning team.

* * *

This year's team showed in more ways than one the value of real coaching. Under Coach Tom Berry the spirit of the players and of the student-body alike was at least one hundred per cent better. The boys showed that they had a lot to learn but they also showed that they were willing to be taught, and next year the seed of that spirit will bear fruit.

* * *

Captain John Paul has consistently shown his driving and fighting power during the season. When John hits the line something has to give and makes them give till it hurts.

* * *

Monahan, the left-handed philosopher and official wisecracker of this publication, has been playing a good steady game, yet he has not yet surpassed his work of last year. However, anyone who tried to get past him for yardage found hard stepping and was brought down in his tracks.

* * *

Ed. Cummings breaks through the line like the well-known Alvah Kil-

JUNIORS TROUNCE O'DEA HIGH;
SCORE 20 TO 7

A new opponent has felt the Panther's claws. Last Tuesday afternoon the O'Dea High School eleven strutted out on Broadway Playfield, the old self-confidence fairly oozing from their sweat shirts, and modestly submitted to a sound drubbing. The final score was 20-7. The unrelenting foe who turned the trick was the College Juniors.

The Panther litter, still thinking of their class room tasks, were surprised at the start and let the Cathedral lads shove over an easy touchdown at the start of the game by straight football.

That was all they did, however, for the College youngsters soon showed their stuff and the final outcome was evident.

Clever split-bucks, long end runs and vicious line plunges were too much for O'Dea, as they gaped in bewilderment while the Juniors manufactured three cleverly executed touchdowns.

To begin with, O'Hearn ran an O'Dea kick-off back for a mere sixty yards and then the Junior backs took turns at bucking the line until finally Ed. English rushed the oval across

bourne breaks out of jail. The guards on the other side of the line mean nothing to him, and although he is not the world's fastest human, the rival backs have learned not to come too close to his deadly grip.

* * *

One of the main cogs in the line was "Tubby" Mead. Though it is his first year of varsity football he has worked like a veteran and has appeared favorably in regard to any opposing centers.

* * *

Art Duffy proved to be the Red Grange of the team in the Columbia game, taking the kickoff through the whole team, being brought down by the safety. Had he been running on a dry field he would easily have gotten away for a touchdown.

* * *

Big Brother Tom and his staff of warriors will occupy the stage for the next few months and will make the chill winter air warm with lively tussles in the gym. Duff says he wants a large squad out and it costs you nothing, so be there for the initial turnout on December 1.

* * *

Earl Doyle, who runs like a scared deer, does not expect to be in shape for the first of the basketball season. Doyle sustained a broken ankle in the first Fort Lawton game and will not be able to take part in any athletics for some time. He may be in the lineup during the latter part of the hoop season, and if he does it will be a great asset to the team.

the last chalkmark. Meade converted with a drop-kick and the score was tied.

Later in the game, Matson, a fast and clever back, ran the ends so well and so often that the O'Dea secondary defense became dizzy and weak. They were so busy watching the midget flash that they neglected the center of their line and let English again stroll through for a second score. Meade again converted.

The Juniors then played safe and started defensive tactics. They punted often and kept the opposition in their own territory. Then when one of the O'Dea backs, possessed with the idea that he could make fifteen yards on the fourth down while standing on his own ten yard line, tried to run with the ball, they threw him in his tracks. When this modern Merkle had come too English had made another touchdown. Meade this time failed to convert.

The entire Junior team played together and acted like veterans. To pick out any one individual star would be a hard task indeed. The good work of the backs was made possible by the united work of the forward wall. O'Hearn, Matson, the drives of

HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL

A call was issued for aspirants to the 90-pound and 120-pound teams by Mr. O'Neill last week. With this good turnout and fine coaching they are being rounded into excellent shape. The two quintets will be hard to beat when the hoop season opens.

Interclass Basketball

Several teams have been selected from each high school class, and these will fight for a place in the noon league finals. Each class will have its own day in the gym. Much interest is being shown and the gym is always crowded with spectators.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 12, 1925.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find check for two dollars. Certainly wish I could help a little more to "Berry" St. Martin's.

Fraternally,

W. HICKEY.

Mitchell and the cool headwork of Carroll made the victory a thorough one. The brilliance of Meade and O'Brien showed in the Junior line play.

For O'Dea High, husky Tom Sherman was the scintillating factor; his line bucks being their chief source of yardage.

REFERENCES

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H. S. DEBATING IS ATTRACTING MUCH ATTENTION

Debating in the high school is attracting more attention than ever. Two months ago no one dreamed that the high school possessed such finished talent as displayed itself on several public occasions. The boys are working hard to make the team which represents the entire high school. Competition is keen since so many boys are deeply interested and are practicing earnestly to perfect themselves. The following have the honor and the distinction of possessing the ability to make the debating squad. Jack Meade, Ed. Brandmeier, Ted Parolik, Jack Taylor, Paul Malone, Jos. Schlosser, Fred Stuckey, John Burns, and John Lyons. From this squad the team is picked to stage an outside debate. As soon as any boy in the Senior classes of the H. S. proves his ability to debate he is put on the squad and if he works hard he will soon make the team. Scouts are out looking for talent to perfect the team. If a boy is found who has more ability and who will prepare his debates more seriously than someone already on the team he is immediately given a chance and the other boy has to withdraw until he can demonstrate to the satisfaction of the coach that he is better than someone else on the team. Thus the finest talent is recruited, everybody is given a chance. In the several outside debates Jack Taylor's team has invariably defeated that of Jack Meade. A new question is being prepared now and the two rival Jacks are looking forward to contests that will not be characterized by mildness.

ST. MARTIN'S GAME SEASON'S CLASSIC

(Continued from page 1)

on alone? Sunday we will get the answer.

Come on, students, rouse yourselves. It's up to you and me. Get the true Seattle College spirit. Fill the rooting section that is being reserved for your benefit, and yell. Yell until you're hoarse—and keep on yelling. Show the team you are with them man for man. Nobody can ask for more; nobody will brand you as quitters then.

Look at the situation seriously. Remember the splendid courage of that team of '16, that would not quit until the game was theirs. Realize the satisfaction that will be ours in defeating our ancient rivals. Then do the right thing.

Capt. Paul and his stalwarts are ready. They know their coach wants this game in the win column above all others, and they're out to get it for him. A victory Sunday and a, so far, mediocre season will be turned into a glorious triumph. The squad is not drilling day after day in the mud and rain for nothing.

Every single student in the College is bound by honor to do his part. That is all. The stage is set. Up with the curtain.

"THE 1926 MINSTREL CLASSIC"

On the evenings of December 14th and 15th the follower of Seattle College dramatic productions will be treated to the most sparkling college production that they have yet witnessed. The vehicle that the combined thespians, songsters and musicians have chosen for the pre-Christmas play is "The 1926 Minstrel Classic," and from every indication we cannot but be convinced that this show will furnish an evening of real fun and entertainment for the crowds that pack St. Joseph's auditorium.

The dramatic club, the orchestra and the glee club have all been concentrating their efforts on making this the raciest and still the cleverest show in the history of the College.

The dramatic talent will furnish the jokes, stories, imitations and dark-town comedy in the sedate interlocutor and colored endmen; the glee club will supply the snappy dances and vocal harmony in the chorus, while the orchestra will accompany all with a brilliancy and finish that will be a revelation to even the most optimistic.

Students of the College and High School have been clamoring for just such an entertainment for a long time. The enthusiasm with which the first announcement of the play was received was very noticeable, and we are confident that every student will do his utmost to pack St. Joseph's auditorium to overflowing on December 14th and 15th.

HARD EARNED WAGES

An artist who was employed to renovate and retouch the great oil paintings in an old church in Belgium rendered a bill of \$67.00 for his services. The church wardens, however, required an itemized bill and among the items the following were found:

For correcting the Ten Commandments	\$ 5.12
Renewing Heaven and adjusting the stars	7.40
Touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls	3.06
For brightening up the flames of Hell and putting a new tail on the devil	7.14
Mending the shirt of the Prodigal Son and cleaning his face	8.00
Putting a new tail and comb on St. Peter's rooster	15.12
The bill was paid.	

CHARACTER FORMING

Have you ever noticed how an icicle is formed? If you have, you noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot or more long. If the water was clear, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled almost as brightly as diamonds in the sun; but if the water was slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled.

Just so our characters are forming—one little thought or action at a time. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be deformity and wretchedness.

What sort of a character are you forming for yourself?

BEAT
ST. MARTIN'S

Don't Forget-

THE BIG EVENT—"The 1926 Minstrel Classic."

THE PLACE—St. Joseph's Auditorium, 18th Ave. N. and E. Aloha.

THE TIME—Sunday, Dec. 13th, 2:30 p. m., Matinee for children.
Monday, Dec. 14th, 8:15 p. m.
Tuesday, Dec. 15th, 8:15 p. m.

THE ADMISSION—General admission, 50c; Reserved section, 75c; Matinee for children, 25c.

THE BIG EVENT—"The 1926 Minstrel Classic."
Songs, Dances, Jokes, Stories, Music, Jazz.

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