Every year since anybody could remember Dalton and Hollywood Colleges had played on Thanksgiving day. At first Dalton had made all the scores and year after year went home with pennants flying and honors and cowbells vieing with each other to make the most noise, but late years, Hollywood had been victorious and had rent the crisp autumn air well into the night with their shouts of joyous celebration.

Men had come and men had gone, all players of more or less repute and year after year these old alumni of the gridiron waited anxiously for the report of the game, particularly the Daltonians, hoping with each succeeding Thanksgiving that this time the old school would win back its laurels.

Ten or twelve old Dalts were taking post-graduate work at one of the large colleges in the east, and according to time honored custom met on this particular Thanksgiving evening to celebrate the season with a banquet and likewise to be all together when the telegram from Dalton came announcing the winning team and the score.

Excitement ran high, for several new men were on the team this year and great hopes were roused. Not a Freshman on the campus nor even the captain of the Dalton team was any more anxious over this game than the dozen old time players gathered around the table so many hundreds of miles from the old school.

But in spite of the festive array on the table, the old anecdotes and stories, still a chill hung over two of the company. One of the boys had brought as a guest, Tom Bryant, captain of the ’04 team, whom he had found passing through town on his way to Boston. As the guest of the evening Tom was seated at the right of Jack Clark, the president and leader of the Dalton crowd, and Tom and Jack, through a misunderstanding and quarrel, had not spoken since their Sophomore year, five years ago. In vain had their mutual friends tried to bring about a reconciliation, and here through somebody’s carelessness they found themselves together at the banquet.

A strained quiet had fallen as soon as they were seated and instead of wearing off continued to get worse as the general nervous expectation grew (Continued on Page Ten)

The meetings of the faculty are deemed confidentially sacred, and therefore these observations, taken at the last meeting, should be treated as such. At 3:30 the regular time for beginning, no one (as usual) is present, so Prof. Davis, the secretary, is obliged to interview personally each professor, imploring him to appear promptly. Within the next half hour, various members of the faculty are seen entering; some quite gay, partaking of choice bits of gossip, while others, as the ancient language and mathematic professors, hurry silently to their doom, wearing the burdens of the world upon their brow.

Mr. Pritchard accepts the chair in Dr. Zeller’s absence very reluctantly, for in this dignified position he is forced to part with his favorite white chewing gum after placing the same behind his left ear, he awaits the roll call. This is in vain, for the secretary himself has not yet arrived. Old business is then taken up and reports made by chairmen of the various committees. Most of the reports are discussed with great warmth, resulting in several resigning from their committee. The tension is finally relieved by Dr. Selinger passing around apples and cookies, which reinstates peace once more. Prof. Wright then comes ambling in, having scented the eats. He is no longer allowed the privilege of holding hands with a lady member of the faculty because of her recent marriage, so he must content himself with making faces at the dignified head of the English department. The professor also spends considerable time in devouring a miraculous number of apples and sweets, although he majors in amusing the feminines. These—the so-called knitting ladies’ as depicted in Dicken’s “Tale of Two Cities,” instead of counting the number beheaded, record the number of flies on the head of a certain member of the faculty, which head is but slightly coated with natural fuzz. These recorders are heard to whisper and giggle softly throughout the service.

The meeting is finally open to excuses. It is pitiful the amount of sickness in this University! Mamie begs to be excused from class because of a severe attack of the croup, yet in the evening she is seen by a professor in a “slipping picture show.” A great discussion ensues as to whether or not (Continued on Page Ten)
The prospect for athletics is unusually good for the winter term. The men especially are taking a great interest in basket-ball and have been turning out for practice as though they meant business. From present indications we shall have a winning team this year, and we are confident of a victory over Whitworth.

The girls have been able to secure their share of games also, but unless they turn out for practice more enthusiastically in the future than they have in the past, we cannot hope for many victories from that source.

An indoor baseball nine is being organized to join the city league.

The first game of the season was a Y. W. C. A. benefit. Being leap year, the girls acted as escorts, put up the price, and played the game—the College vs the Academy. Needless to say, the Academy won, 4 to 2, on foul throws, not a field throw being made. The heaviest part of the game was played at the Academy end by the College guards. The game revealed the fact that we have plenty of good material from which to work out a splendid first team, but, girls, we cannot hope to hold up our share of the honors of U. P. S. unless we have effective teamwork, gained only by hours of faithful practice.

But who says the girls are slow? Just ask Dr. Selinger or Prof. Davis—and they that that flash light was to take their picture. Of one thing we are certain, the girls had a big crowd. One girl, who was too bashful (?) to ask a boy, chaperoned some eight or nine couples, who, by the way, did not put in an appearance until the end of the first half; but the girls say they started collecting their crowd at half past six—and they are Y. W. girls, too. Perhaps we'd better ask Percy to look into the matter. We hope that everyone met Mr. Frank Jones' charming lady (?) friend from Spokane. Come again, Miss Murray, visitors are always welcome at U. P. S. The girls felt rather slighted at the absence of Prof. Wright, but it was rather consoling to know that he presented the Y. W. with a fifty-cent check. (It doesn't pay to turn down a Y. W. girl.)

**THETA POEM**

*Ethel Scheyer*

Between the dark and the daylight
When the sun is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's recitations
Which is known as the Theta hour.

I can hear in the chamber above me
The clatter of high-heeled shoes,
The sound of a door that is opened
And a jumble of college news.

From my table I see thru the doorway
Ascending the broad hall stair;
Grave Marguerite and laughing Myra
And Francis with golden hair.

They whisper and laugh and chatter
And I know by their very mein
That they're as loyal Thetas
As can anywhere be seen.

They paused for a while on the stairway,
And look down across the hall
If by chance they see a Theta
To her they'll surely call.

They talk a short time with the others,
Then Marguerite takes the chair,
And calls to order the members
Who are scattered everywhere.

Then Ruth reads a verse of scripture,
For she is their chaplain, you know,
And next is a number by Mary
To the piano she must go.
Ida tells an original story,  
And a reading is given by June,  
Lyle follows next on the program  
With a discourse on the moon.

Mae tells us the current events,  
And Lillian reads a theme,  
A few of the girls with Joe and Nell  
In an original farce are seen.

Miss Abel, who listens intently  
To all that's been said and done,  
Points out to each one her error  
After that is the time for fun.

I'll remember the Theta hour  
When we are far apart,  
And keep for each of you members  
A corner of my heart.

Then I will keep you always  
And in a far distant day  
I'll remember each of the Thetas  
Tho I am far away.

---

Personals

So many times when a former student is mentioned, we are asked, "Well, what has become of him, anyway?" or, "Surely I knew her, but I've lost track of her entirely," that the staff of this issue has asked that this be a column of "Who's Who—Why and Where?"

Almost without exception, the names of our former classmates fall under one—or, in some cases, two of the following heads. Preacher, teacher, postgrad, or married. Just note the proportion:

Preachers:
Willard Anderson, at East Sound.

Jimmy Milligan, at Bethany M. E., Tacoma.

Bill Pilaum, at McKinley Park, Tacoma

Will Green, at Gig Harbor.

Teachers:
Ethel Cotter, in the Puyallup High School.

Harry Allen, in Inquique English College, (S. A.)

Edith Marlatt Allen, in Inquique English College, (S. A.)

Elsie Grumbling, at Dupont.

Alta Hathaway, at Burlington High School.

Ada Hooten, at Waitsburg High School.

Florence Hamilton, Castle Rock High School.

Tolbert Crockett, Astoria, Ore.

Bertha Day, Burnett.

Adin Marlatt, Black Lake.

Lois McGandy, Sumner.

Arthur Irle, La Paz, Bolivia.

Orpha Cook Irle, La Baz, Bolivia.

Mark Freeman, under Chinese government, Java.

Eliza "Jane" Strand, Clarkenton, Idaho.

Clare Friedley, Puyallup.

Frances Frame, Kalama.

Lillian Clulow, Hoquiam.

Stella Burwell, Puyallup.

Paul Hitchcock—that's right—he's teaching!

Mary Hitchcock, near Olympia.

Mary Nicholson, Cosmos.

Rouble Holman, Auburn.

Bertha Beaman, Machias.

Beth Grieve, Burnett.

Eula Hart and Helena Willetts, Pe Ell.

And others.

Post-grads and in other schools:
"Gil" Le Sourd, Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

Vera Richards, senior, U. of W.

Bessie Erickson, Fannie Paddock Training School.

Marjorie Avis, Fannie Paddock Training School.

Olea Sands, senior, W. S. C., at Pullman.

Charles Wiese, Garrett Biblical School, Evanston, Ill.

Myrtle Gray, Seattle General Hospital Training School.

Elsie Perry at W. S. C., Pullman.

Noal Caywood, U. of W.

Waldo Burford, U. of W.

Married now:
Hazel Allen—Mrs. Dan'l Dupertuis.

Etta Saar—Mrs. Chas. Wiese.

Ina Landen—Mrs. Wright.

Georgia Slater—Mrs. Earl Russell.

Mary Ferris—Mrs. R. Hockaday.

Maud Morgan—Mrs. Earl Moore.

Leola Barrett—Mrs. R. Cook.

Bessie Marsh—Mrs. Will Green.

Maggie Moore—Mrs. James Moore.

And others whose names (new ones) are unknown.

The "To-Be" List

During the last two weeks we have had a number of unusually interesting chapel services, several visitors addressing the students. Miss Elizabeth Fox, the Northwestern Student Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., on Tuesday, January 16; Mr. Joe Cohn, "the Wandering Jew," on Tuesday, January 23; Mr. Eugene Chafin, Wednesday, January 24; and Mr. Alarm Clock (initials unknown) on Thursday, January 18. It might be added that the last mentioned has become an annual visitor.

Miss Grace Anderson visited in Seattle Monday. Mr. Glen Hogue has been ill for several days—
The Thetas dedicate this issue of the Trail to their patroness, Miss Abel.

As a member of the Associated Students but not a Philomathean I would say that the score on which the Bureau of Student Publications hit in the last number of the Trail was well taken. The criticism as mentioned, namely, that the Trail is a Philo paper, is not a general one. Only a few of the would-be knockers are singing that little song. I sincerely believe, yes know, that there are students in the University of Puget Sound who are not Philos and are not knockers, but who, on the other hand, are giving their hearty support to the Trail in every way possible, and who are only too glad to acknowledge the benefit and enjoyment they derive from the same.

There is perhaps no greater problem in any college than the college paper. Just how can we satisfy the students? Not only that but how can we get the best possible for the least money? According to the figures in the last Trail one-tenth of Amphyctons, three-tenths of H. S. C., three-fifths of Thetas and four-fifths of Philos, take our college paper. Students, this is deplorable! Away with our Narrow Society spirit and on with some Genuine College spirit and subscribe for the Trail. Is it consistent for us to support a paper in this style and then stand around and knock?

It is true that our staff is composed of Philos. They do not run our paper as Philos, however, but as members of the Associated Students. Society spirit has no place in general student enterprises and when it does enter in here it is stepping over the bounds. The Thetas take this means of showing their appreciation for the work done by the staff and stand ready to help and boost in any way.

Y. W. C. A.

The girls who attended the Y. W. C. A. meeting on Tuesday last were very much interested in the short talk Miss Fox, the Y. W. C. A. secretary, gave them on "Our Duty Toward God, Our Fellow Creatures and Ourselves," and her description of her visit to the slums in New York.

After the meeting many of the girls stayed to meet Miss Fox and express their appreciation for her visits to us.

The nominations for the Y. W. C. A. officers for the following year are as follows:

- President—Mrs. Thompson, Ruth Rees.
- Vice president—Anne Fry, Mamie Conmey.
- Treasurer—Alice Warren, Myra Ford.
- Secretary—Lillian Lister, Winnifred Schumacher.

Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Harry Booth, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., spoke to the men at the noon meeting January 23 on "College Programs." Mr. Booth brought out some excellent thoughts on "System," as a means of developing a "four-square" man. He laid stress on the physical, educational, religious and social sides of life, as being equally necessary to the development of character for service in the world. He placed special emphasis on the practical religion that is a part of one's every day life. There was a good attendance at the meeting, but you men who were not there missed something good, and if you had been there, you would have been convinced that in the well ordered life there is room for Y. M. C. A. even when the inner man is demanding attention at lunch time.

H. C. S.

The program given by the H. C. S. at its last meeting was decidedly a man's program and as such particularly fitting for a fraternity. The "Presidential Outlook for 1912" was ably handled by Mr. Rogers for the republicans, and by Mr. Wright for the democrats. Each gave a brief character sketch of each of his candidates, pointing out his peculiar fitness for the office. Mr. Ewert gave a paper on "J. J. Hill and His Railroad Systems," followed by a clever sketch by Mr. Max on the comparative merits of an oyster and a human lobster. By a deft manipulation of his subject the speaker directed his remarks at that much abused person, the chairman of the program committee.

"The Political Status" of three of our western
states was clearly set forth by Mr. Jones in a brief talk.

Music interspersed throughout the program added a lighter touch and at the close a ten minute parliamentary drill gave a humorous turn and proved of such practical benefit that it might well be adopted by all the societies.

PHILOMATHEAN

The Philos as usual had a splendid program January 16. The scope extended from animals’ chatter up to colleges and corporations. Probably the most novel was an original story by Miss Warren, in which a horrible reptile was predominant. Suspense was held to the end, where at the most critical moment we discovered the tale to be only a dream, or rather a nightmare. Undoubtedly the number most instructive and worthy of comment was the debate: “Resolved, that the control of corporations should be vested in the federal government.” Each side gave splendid and convincing arguments. Debating is always excellent practice and should be encouraged by literary societies.

One general criticism might be made, however, that to an outsider the trite introduction of each speaker “Philos and Friends” might become a little wearisome. This expression probably has been adopted by the society, but would be more likely to arouse interest if the speakers were not obliged to abide by any set form as above mentioned.

AMPHICTYON LITERARY SOCIETY

The Thetas regret that they are unable to give a report for the Amphictyon society. Our intentions were good, however. The committee went to Amphictyon but because they were enjoying their monthly jollification we were unable to ascertain anything as to their literary ability.

M. S. A. OF U. P. S.

Societies have become the fad of the moment among students, and perhaps the most interesting, as well as the one most worth while, is the Ministerial Sons’ Alliance, organized in 1912, with the following officers: Pope, Benadom; Archbishop, Flesher; Papal Scribe, Rees; Papal Emmissary of Exchequer, Hanawalt; Turnkey of Gates to “H—,” Warren; Chief Dispenser of Gab, Beck. Their motto is, “Get thee in front of me, Satan;” their patron saint, His Nibs, Beelzebub; the emblem, the Hook; colors, Black and White; the watchword, “Save One;” time of meeting, when things get too good. The society was organized for mutual benefit and general deviltry. Only preachers’ sons are eligible. Praise services are held when the need is felt, and a series of open meetings is being planned for the general edification of the student body.

At the last regular meeting several topics of vital interest to the college were discussed. Brother Rees ably presented the matter of bringing the “Theology” of the institution up to date, because of the fact that we are being taught that there are “Mashers” in Eden, which is contrary to the latest theology. Later in his speech Mr. Rees grew eloquent over the possibilities of an “Amen Corner” to inspire the faculty during chapel services. Archbishop Flesher elaborated upon this idea and further suggested that the faculty corner be used for this purpose because it was “most desirably located and the faculty could be seated most anywhere.” The society immediately took action to appoint Brother Hanawalt to confer with Dr. Zeller upon the matter. Amidst the fervent “Amens” of the brethren,
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Mr. Beck spoke for the non-segregation of sexes in chapel, the chief reason cited being, that were the men allowed to sit with the girls during chapel, the effect would be conducive of better chapel order, to say the least; and would certainly develop the social life of the school.

The Alliance has already accomplished several things of great benefit to the institution. The most notable of which was the securing of a most inspiring alarm clock accompaniment to the hymns sung in chapel, Thursday, January 17. They are also developing orators in our midst. Men, you are to be commended for breaking the awful monotony of school life. Your cause is a just and noble one. See to it that no one swerves you from your purpose.

AN INVENTIVE

It has come to be one of the confirmed doctrines of the eastern people of the United States, that we, the westerners, are grasping barbarians, wholly beneath the exalted level of their enlightenment. They have a preconceived notion that we have, as a people, sacrificed our ideals, our accomplishments, and our civilization, in our haste "to get rich quick."

I would vigorously denounce such an opinion as being unjust, and wholly beneath the dignity of any free-thinking people. They say we are money-grabbers. What right have they to pass judgment without first having studied the situation? Because some men who have come west are amassing wealth, they immediately conclude that it is ill-gotten gain; because we are a prosperous people they have condemned us as an avaricious people. They have not considered the vast resources of this country, nor the fact that there are more opportunities than there are men; neither do they know anything of the ease with which it is possible for business men of ability to earn money in this country.

No, they know nothing of the real condition of affairs; and furthermore, they do not care to investigate. They are so wrapped up in their own self-righteous refinements, their own conceited culture, and their own superior attainments, that they cannot see that beneath the surface of wealth and prosperity of this land are to be found the enthusiasm and industry which characterize all progressive and virtuous, as well as a prosperous people.

To put the whole thing in a nutshell, they are jealous. Yes, jealous. Jealous of our resources and our spirit of industry. The jealousy that murdered Caesar, that killed Desdemona, and crucified the Christ, is today, so blinding the common sense of the eastern people that they have pictured us westerners as unprincipled, grafting, money-grabbing, heathens.
CLEVER THINGS BY CLEVER PEOPLE
THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

Who Are We?
1. He maybe toothless for aught we have seen.
2. Oh, you goo-goo eyes and flowing draperies.
3. Old pile driver!
4. Nowhere so busy a man as he there was, And yet he seemed busier than he was.
5. That bragging sophomore brick-top!
6. He thinks he's just the cutest boy!
7. That scheming, unprincipled grafter!
8. The would-be critic and teacher of Freshman Rhetoric.
9. "Ah wants to play foot-ball fer mah tuition."
10. The situation now is very critical; but let me call your attention to the fact that the reputation of the institution will not be endangered if we handle the matter with careful consideration and pryingful investigation, and mitigate the conser-vation of the same.
11. I love my fat-bones, but oh you breezy slats!
12. "Now—ah on the other hand-a, plants—oh are different from—a animals."
13. My but the air must be thin up where you are!
14. He is sure to be a bishop.
   * * *
   M. Munro—"Now if the 'Amphies' won't let me take you to the party, you must see me home."
   M. Hogue—"Oh, no—no—er, well—no."
   And this is leap year! Every fellow who turns a girl down when she proposes, has to buy her a silk dress. Go rather easy, boys.

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An organization has been formed, when and how, no one knows, called the I. M. A. Mutton Tribe. They are a very lively bunch that seem to live up to their motto, and obtain their objects. They believe in war, now and forever. “Out with the dead ones,” is the war cry. A bunch that believes in making chapel interesting. No connection with the M. S. A. Their officers are as follows: Hi Lofti Much-a-Much and Chief Fire Builder (with keys to “H——”), Max; witness, scribe and D. O. F. L., Ewert; His Highness Dispuc and Chief Tillacum, Whealdon; Chief Musican and Featheredq Clatawa, Jones.

THE RESULT OF THE GAME
(Continued from Page One)

greater. Neither spoke, but at the other end of the table men were conjecturing, hopes rose and fell. “I tell you Dalton’s got to win!” “She will, too, we’ll see old Hollywood’s colors trail in the dust yet!” “That telegram’s late, ought to have been here an hour ago,” etc.

The last course was cleared away, the college song was sung and a period of anxious waiting ensued. Minutes passed and no one spoke. Someone proposed a yell, they gave it and relapsed into nervous quiet. A door slammed, steps approached, the looked-for yellow envelope was laid at Jack Clarke’s plate, his hands trembled as he opened it, the men leaned forward eagerly.

“Dalton victorious, score 17 to 5.” A cheer rent the air that fairly removed the shingles, cheers without words, a wild outburst of pent-up feelings. When comparative quiet reigned again, Tom Bryant was slapping Jack on the shoulder and shouting: “I knew she’d win this year!” Jack’s eyes rested for an instant on Tom’s earnest face and without another word the two enemies shook hands over the glorious telegram.

FACULTY MEETING
(Continued from Page One)

preceding excuses of this kind have been accepted. Prof. Davis, though as a rule exceedingly busy taking down the minutes, now arises, and eloquently defends the poor student, making a tragic picture of the trials and tribulations with which every student must contend. The city chemist settles matters by declaring the pictures were exceptionally fine, and worthy of the attention of any student, whether suffering from the croup or not. After this has been
accepted, a highly pitched voice is heard from the knitting vicinity, begging to be informed as to the question she just voted upon, for she had forgotten to listen.

One of the masculines at this time makes a motion to the effect that smoking should not be prohibited as long as knitting is allowed. This, however, is overruled by Miss Randall imploring to be advised as to enrolling pupils who do not show up. Prof. Cummins, with all the gestures of a true choir leader, calls for order. Then the question of student petitions is considered. Prof. Hanawalt annuls all on the grounds of the students being back in their mathematical requirements. It finally results in the professor making a trip to the office to consult prehistoric records, which affirms his statements that so-and-so lacks one-tenth of a credit in algebra or solid geometry. To keep peace in the family, a truce is at length drawn up, resulting in no action whatever being taken. In case all agree to the petition Miss Abel, to avoid monotony, casts her vote on the contrary side, which is accompanied by a most charming smile. She sits most of the time with an expression of utter astonishment, yet occasionally she speaks and asks for lighter work at the University, in order that she may spend more time with private students in search for higher learning. This demand is increasing at an enormous rate. It is said that one even came from Oxford, for the sole purpose of studying under her.

Miss Newman is likewise very subdued in her feminine dignity, aided by Miss McKee in gracious smiles and nods.

Prof. Marsh, though seemingly inattentive, is aware of all proceedings. Time after time he is forced to straighten affairs by patiently explaining the system of grading and the advantages of the new chapel marking.

Mrs. Marsh is intensely interested in everything. What hubby does not clarify, she does. At the most critical moment she saves the day by a “happy idea for solution of the problem;”—she is certainly the true Henry Clay of the faculty.

Finally one of the ladies is offended by some personal thrust, and sweeps out of the room with all the queenly dignity she can muster.

Dr. Selinger, discouraged by such unparliamentary proceedings, appeals profusely to the chair. Not waiting for the answer, he makes motion after motion in his choicest vocabulary.

Finally, long after the dinner bell has rung and everyone but Prof. Wright is out of sorts, he, the hero that he is, suggests adjournment, and a removal to the English department where he insists Miss Abel will serve tea. All disband joyfully with the prospects of being soothed, not by Mrs. Winslow’s soothing syrup, but by Miss Abel’s refreshing tea.
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