THE TRAIL

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

PUBLISHED BY ASSOCIATE STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE OF RIGET SOUND
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President Edward H. Todd.
The logs in the old-fashioned fireplace fell heavily apart. The cat stretched leisurely and then snuggled down again to his snug after dinner content. The drummer drowsing over his report, gave vent to a gusty yawn and leaned back in his chair for a much-needed rest. The worn teacher, trying to get her money's worth out of the scenery, strained her eyes to the far side of the fast-darkening canyon. The college girl sighed, nibbled a creamy chocolate and fell to dreaming of a rescuer who would even dare the perils of a night ascent to Eagle Nest Inn, to save her from this tedium. But her grandmother smiled peacefully and was lulled to sleep by the dull roar of the deep, distant mountain river. The shifting firelight wavered and faded away. Long shadows crept across the floor. The last flame died; the last glowing coal grew black.

"Open the door! Open the door!" called a hoarse voice from the night.

"Robbers!" cried the teacher. Everyone sprang to their feet; ran into each other; groped in the dark; stumbled over the furniture. Chairs crashed to the floor. Wild warnings and directions were yelled, and above the din—

"Open the door! Open the door! Help!"

Silence. The grating sound of a match; the sudden brightness of the lamp. And then the drummer opened the door.

The forest ranger staggered into the room. In his arms was the limp form of a young girl. "A fire! Hot water! Brandy!" he ordered.

"O, she's dead! She's dead! No—she moves. See! She moves. She's only fainted. She——"

"Hush! Lucile," admonished the grandmother. "I'll get a mustard pl——"

"Mustard plasters go to the dickens!" exclaimed the salesman. "Just lower her head, throw on some cold water and raise her feet. Then give her one of Pollam's Powders." (Drawing a box from his pocket.) "Guaranteed to cure headache, tonsillitis, neuralgia, pleurisy, indigestion——"
"Upstairs I have a book—'First Aid to the Injured,'" exclaimed the teacher, as she hurried to the stairs.

"What can we do! What can we do! I wonder——"

"All this is nonsense. Two or three doses of 'Pollam's Powders' will straighten her out in fine shape. Only fifteen cents per box or one dollar per——"

"Shut up! and help me move this sofa nearer the fire," interrupted the forester.

In the rosy firelight the mountain girl could be plainly seen. Her dark hair, framing a colorless face, lay loosely on the scarlet blanket. The graceful lines of her slender body were noticeable even in the ill-fitting dull blue dress which Lucile considered "hopelessly impossible." Slowly she opened her eyes—large, dark and half shy. Uneasily they swept over the group until they rested on the stalwart forest ranger. "Robbie, boy, I can't understand. These strange faces, the firelight, the pain in my head."

"Never mind, dear," he consoled, as he gently rubbed her head. "You remember that the horse slipped and——"

"Oh! that voice," cried Lucile. "It's Robert! Robert! Robert Northrup! Where have you been? The girls said that you had gone away to die of a broken heart." She laughed, drew nearer to him and gazed mockingly into his eyes. "How could you leave me so long?"

"Leave you? Leave you? I was not conscious that you were the cause of my departure," he said coldly. Then he looked at the mountain girl. How gentle were her eyes! And as he continued his voice softened. "We were college friends, but as far as any affection is concerned—the cause of my leaving was—well, allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Robert Northup."
WHO CARES?
E. M. GIESEY

Continued from April Issue.

II. I WONDER SHOULD I?

Who cares how the other fellow fares?
I wonder should I?

Again we meet, old friend of mine;
The years have rolled away.
How things do change! How I decline!
Since tears are my meat each day.

Since sorrow to me has come,—
And I am left alone,
A man in grief without a home,
With naught that can alone.
I have moaned, I have sighed,
I have groaned, I have cried,—
But naught can avail for me,
And my sorrow shall endless be.

You bring me a message from him I curse,—
And what did he have to say?
Did he seek with his words to reimburse
My deeds of a by-gone day?

You say that he only spoke of her
Whom heaven has taken away?
Well, out with it, and tell me, sir,
What did he have to say?
“IF I had had her helping love
As he has had these years,
I might be in his place today
Without my dreadful fears.”
You say those were his dying words,
The words you should tell me?
Well, does he covet what I gained?—
Why should he thus haunt me?
We three came West so long ago,
And I have struck it rich;
For I have climbed, but he, you know
Remained within the ditch.
I won the hand of the girl we loved
And from that day I climbed!
Yet from the time she went away
I’ve constantly declined.
I see things differently, my friend:—
A power that’s higher than I
Rules here on earth and shapes my end
Until the day I die.
His laws He made to help us live
According to His plan,
So all should be made formative
Unto the life of man.
But when we have failed to keep His laws
And go our wilful ways,
Our lives are full of faults and flaws
And so will we end our days.
Comfort me, friend, in my hour of need.
I never knew before
That I could be so frail a reed
And thus for help implore.
My riches great are worthless now,
No help to me they give
Since I have failed,—and am brought low,—
Since I have failed to live.
If I could right the wrong I’ve done,
I could lay me down and die,—
Content to take what death might bring
And pay without a sigh.
There is hope for me,—for me,—you say?—
If I could see God’s larger plan
And follow His Son through all of Life’s way
By being a brother to every man,—
By being a brother to man.
Who cares how the other fellow fares?
I wonder should I?

III. I DO TO BE SURE!
Who cares how the other fellow fares?
I do to be sure!
This fellow is my Brother-Man!
The fellow I have cursed!
And now I see it is God’s plan
That my wealth should be disbursed.
I will do what I can to set aright
The wrong that I have done.
I would stand forgiven in His sight,
For I mean to harm no one.
And if aught I've gained unlawfully
I restore it many fold,
That some deeds on earth done lawfully
May undo my wrongs untold.
Others have toiled for the bread I eat,
And even the clothes I wear;
Others have sweat that I might have meat,
And even their lives they dare;
Others have borne the burdens and heat,—
No wonder for them I should care!
I too should work if I would live
And have the best of life;
So from this time my all I give
To calm a world of strife.
Who cares how the other fellow fares?
I do to be sure!
EDITORIAL

A FOUR-BAGGER

But a few days remain of the present college year. When school opens again next fall, unless a very unusual situation obtains, a number of students who are here now, will fail to return. Of course, we will expect the Seniors to find other feeding grounds, but without doubt the ranks of the present Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors as well, will be thinned. Some, it is true, may be compelled by circumstances to leave college, in spite of every earnest desire to remain, but others will invent some seemingly legitimate excuse to cover up a feeling of dissatisfaction or discouragement. Perhaps some Freshmen will become faint-hearted at the thought of three additional years of the present routine. A few Sophomores, perhaps, will console themselves with the thought that they have already assimilated the essentials of an education and that two years of further endeavor would be a waste of time. Perhaps the thought of a Senior thesis may drive some poor Juniors back to the plow-shares.

Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors alike, before you leave the campus this June, by all means, make a definite decision that you will be back at the job next September in spite of any turn of fate that may intervene during the summer months to change your plans. Do not content yourself with any plan to remain away a year, perhaps, and then return to finish college, for, in all probability, after a year’s absence it will be inconvenient for you to return. Stay with the job now until you can clip the wool off a sheepskin all your own.

On the topmost crest of the great mountain at our doors there is a little iron box buried among the rocks on the crater’s rim. From the Camp of the Clouds to this topmost crest there are four distinct stages in the climb. The Freshman journeys to Camp Muir; the Sophomore
continues the climb from Camp Muir to the great Gibraltar rock; the Junior scales this perilous rock and rests for a while at Camp Misery on its top; the Senior, breathing hard, staggers over the hummocks to Columbia Crest, the summit of grand old Tahoma, and receives his sheepskin by signing his name in the little iron box hidden among the rocks. Students, don't drop out at any point on the trail to the top. Stay with the job until you get your name in the little iron box at the summit. The energy you put forth will be repaid by the satisfaction you will enjoy.

A STUDY IN HEADS

A person's intellectual capabilities are in direct proportion to the size of the ears and head, according to Dr. Muteh, the alienist, who addressed the students a short time ago. The doctor did not mention any especial need of the "cauliflower variety" of "receiver" in this vicinity, but inferences may be made. If you are possessed of a large-sized cranium and small ears you may as well hang out your "rooms to let" from a second story window. On the other hand, if your head is small and your "oreilles" lap and overlap, there is great danger that the amperage of your receiving power will be too strong for the inside coils and there will be a short circuit sooner or later. If you are blessed with another possible combination, namely, big ears and a big head, you are, indeed, fortunate among the many and you are especially well fitted for a street car conductor in a small town. A last combination, small ears and a small head, crowns the other three. If you wake up some morning with both of these it is a sure sign that you are fast traveling the road back to the "tree species" and it is high time that you practice tying your necktie with your toes.

THE ENDOWMENT CAMPAIGN

The campaign for raising Tacoma's share of the endowment fund is now on in earnest, and Dr. Todd has expressed himself as more than pleased with the outlook. The citizens of our city are giving their loyal support and co-operation and the committees are now hard at work. Rev. Frank Dyer, pastor of the First Congregational church, is chairman of the central committee, composed of about 40 citizens. This central committee has been divided into three sub-committees, the business men's committee, headed by J. H. Davis, the women's committee, led by Mrs. Anna E. McCormick, and the professional men's committee, under the leadership of Dr. E. A. Rich. With these people actively engaged in the campaign and with the daily press loyal in its support, there can be little doubt as to the outcome. Students, what would be a greater surprise at commencement time than an announcement that the endowment has been raised? Dr. Todd will probably call on us to assist him when the time comes. Let's be ready and willing when we are called upon.
With this issue the Trail makes its last appearance for this school year. The editor and his staff have managed to usher the paper through another year. The task has been fraught with some difficulties but on the whole the work has been a pleasant experience. The editor wishes to express his appreciation for the faithful work of each member of the staff. Mr. Business Manager, the editor has realized the circumstances which have made your task a great deal more difficult this year than in the past, and he appreciates the work you have done. And Mr. Advertiser, you who may chance to scan this column, we especially wish to thank you for the support you have given us. And now, Mr. Editor of 1916-17, the pen is yours. We wish you good luck and more of it.

**BEWARE**

The hour is approaching;
It must come to one and all,
When the dread final questions
Shall be written on the wall.
We remember all the qualings
When the dreaded hour drew nigh,
And we wished we were not living,
For to live was but to die.
How when we saw the questions,
We thought with all our might,
But our brains were merely vacuums
And the questions just a fright.
How we gazed at one another,
For our lips, they must be dumb
And our faces showed our terror
For we knew our doom had come.
How we were set to thinking
When the awful hour was o'er
Of the precious hours wasted,
Wishing we had studied more.
Soon our marks will be recorded
Let us have no vain regret—
Students! give yourselves to study
The hour is coming; don't forget.

Helen Taylor, '18.
OUR RIPE APPLES
The Seniors of the College of Liberal Arts.

MISS ALCE WARREN

Was born in Minnesota, and came to the Evergreen State in 1903. Here she attended the Monroe High School two years and the U. P. S. Academy two years, from which she graduated in 1911. Her four years of college life have been passed in the College of Puget Sound.

College course, Classical.
Major subject, Latin.
Senior thesis, "Mental Pathology of the Caesars."
Member and president of the Philomatheans.
President of the Senior class. Member of the Y. W. cabinet and Y. W. secretary.
Occupation, teacher.
Politics, "In favor of Wilson."
She "hath a daily beauty in (her) life."

ROLLA CLARK

Was born in Missouri, which may explain his love of inquiry and investigation. Came to Washington in 1908. Graduate of the Morrilton Academy, Missouri. Entered the C. P. S. in September, 1911, College course, classical.
Major subject, Sociology.
Thesis: "The Minister and the Boy Gang."
Member of Philomathean Society, of which he has been president. Member of the debating team which won the home debate in 1914 with Pacific University. Vocation, minister. He has preached during two years of his college course. Will study in Boston University next year. Religion, Methodist. Politics: "I am a Wilson Prohibitionist." Member of the Phi Alpha Tau, a national public speaking fraternity, of which the late lamented Prof. Lambert was the national president.
"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart."
"He thought as a sage but he felt as a man."

MISS PANSY LAWRENCE

Was born in "The City of Destiny," and graduated from the Stadium High School. Her freshman college year was spent at the University of Washington, her sophomore and junior years at Whitworth College, and her senior year at the College of Puget Sound, by no means the least of a number of good fortunes falling to our college by Whitworth's removal to Spokane.
In all these schools her chief work has been Home Economics.
Senior thesis, "Food Requirements."
In the U. of W. Miss Lawrence was a member of the Kappa Sigma National Fraternity, in Whitworth of the Kappa Gamma Sorority, and in the C. P. S. of the Kappa Sigma Theta Society. At Whitworth, she was a member of the Y. W. cabinet.
Occupation, teacher of Home Economics.
Religion, Presbyterian.
Politics, Progressive.
"What she wills to do or say seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."
MISS ANN FRY

"A perfect woman, nobly planned, To warn, to comfort, and command."

HOMER MOORE

First saw the light of day in Ohio, a state noted for great men. Here he attended the common schools. Three years of his life were passed in the regular army of the U. S., a fact which will partly explain his independence of character and self-reliance. His academic education was obtained in the academy department of Baker University, Kansas, and the College of Puget Sound, which latter he entered in the autumn of 1910, graduating in 1911. His four years of college life have been spent at the College of Puget Sound. It was at Baker that he laid the foundation for his familiar sobriquet of "Bessie." Like his friend Cottrell, during his five years at the C. P. S. he has resided at the men's hall, being its best known student resident. Here he occupies the elegant pink apartment, where he dispenses genuine hospitality to his numerous callers. He is known for his methodical habits and regularity and punctuality. He also has been pastor of a church each year. College course, Classical. Major subject, Greek. Senior thesis, "The Doctrine of the Resurrection." Vocation, Methodist minister. Will spend the next three years in Boston University, Politics, Prohibitionist. "He hath walked with (the Faculty) and hath not lost the common touch. He hath mingled with the crowd, but hath received no vulgar taints."

TERRELL NEWBY

Is a Hoosier by birth, a Montanan by adoption, and a Washingtonian by education. He attended High School at Chinook, Montana, and then entered the College of Puget Sound. In 1909, after three years there, he was married to Miss Anna Haering, and began teaching in Montana. Later he returned to Tacoma and entered the ministry. Last autumn he again entered the C. P. S. as a member of the senior class, and is also pastor of the M. E. Church at Gig Harbor. College course, Latin—Historical. Major subject, Religion. Thesis, "The Problems of the Rural Church." Member of the Philomathean Society. Occupation, minister. "His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him That nature might stand up and say to all the world, "This was a man.""
MISS MARY MANNY
Is a native Washingtonian. Went two years to the Stadium High School, and completed her high school work in Kalamazoo, College, Michigan. Her college education has been obtained at Kalamazoo College, the University of Illinois, Rush Medical College, Lewis Institute, and the College of Puget Sound, the time spent here being three semesters.
College course, Latin Scientific.
Major subject, Physiology.
Member and vice president of the Kappa Sigma Theta Society.
Amusements, tennis, fishing, and horseback riding.
Occupation, temporary teacher; permanent, physician.
Politics, Socialism.
Has a friendly feeling for Germany. "Deutschland uber alles."
"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

GUY HUDGINS
Was born in Ontario, Canada. Came to Washington in 1906. Graduate of the Napanee Collegiate Institute, Ontario.
Besides attending the C. P. S. he has done work in the Bellingham Normal and Bellingham Business College.
College course, Classical.
Major, Sociology.
Member and president of the Amphictyon Society.
Occupation, minister. Will probably attend Boston University next year to prepare for the foreign missionary field. Mr. Hudgins also has unusual business ability.
In politics, admirer of President Wilson.
"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

MISS BESSIE BROWN
Is a native Tacomian, and daughter of Dr. E. M. Brown, the well-known physician. Graduate of the University of Puget Sound Academy. Her college life has been divided between the College of Puget Sound and the University of Washington, the freshman and junior years in the latter, the sophomore and senior in the former. Her course and major subject has been Home Economics. Senior thesis subject: "The History and Place of Home Economics in American Colleges."
In U. of W. was a member of the Chi Omega Society. In the C. P. S., a Sigma Theta. Vocation, teacher of Home Economics. Politics, Progressive Republican. Religion, Presbyterian. Is now president of the Sigma Theta Society.
"Those graceful acts, thousand decencies, that daily flow from all her words and actions."
H. C. S. Society

Warren Rees, Speaker
Wesley Todd, Clerk
Victor Hedberg, Treasurer

Clyde Benadom
Verne Schlatter
Sidney Carlson

Paul Todd
Carl Hallen
PHILOMATHIAN SOCIETY
PHILOMATHEAN NOTES

Our literary work is over for this school year and we are proud of our accomplishments and the grade of work done. We are proud of our debaters; proud that Granlund and Anderson won at C. P. S. over Pacific U.'s best team, and proud that Newby lost in what really should have been our victory at Forest Grove.

The recent Pan-American programs and the last issue of "The Star and Crescent" were highly successful.

We do not need to sing the praise of our annual open program. The large and enthusiastic audience has done that. The first part of the program, consisting of musical numbers and readings showed real talent. The audience was convulsed by Terrill Newby's rendition of "The Songs of the Night." We doubt if anyone, in his waking moments, can out-snore Mr. Newby.

The second part of the program, consisting of the play "The Violin Maker of Cremona," was exceptionally well handled. The time for its preparation was short, but the players, with true Philo spirit, worked hard and conscientiously. Under the capable direction of Miss Beil they accomplished what seemed well-nigh impossible, and the splendid result reflects credit both on the players and on the director.

Although without previous experience as an actor, Lauren Sheffer starred as Filippo, the cripple and hunchback. Richard Decker, as Taddeo Ferrari, the master violin maker, handled his part with the ease of a born actor. Marcia Smith, as his daughter Giannina, proved herself a charming young lady well worthy of the prize. George Pflaum as Sandro, her suitor, and the rival of Filippo, did exceptionally well. That the play was so successful was due largely to the generosity of our friends who so willingly loaned us the various properties used in staging it. We especially wish to thank Mr. J. A. Coates, the violin maker, for the violins and shop equipment furnished. Also Mr. Manike, the florist, for the use of the palms, and Mr. Frank C. Hart for the chain and medal. The business men who so materially assisted us are certainly deserving of the support and patronage of the student body.

The officers for the first semester of next year have been elected, and were installed on May 18. They are:

- President, Paul Granlund.
- Vice President, Mabel Meiers.
- Treasurer, Lauren Sheffer.
- Critic, Edward Schaper.

At that meeting we were honored by the presence of Arthur Smith and our newest Philo, his wife.

We certainly enjoyed those two fine cakes they brought. May more Philos follow Art's example!

Among the Seniors who receive their degrees this year are three of our most valued members. Those thus honored are:

- Rolla Clark, Alice Warren and Terril Newby. They will receive their diplomas from Philo in a few days.
AMPHICTYON SOCIETY
AMPHICTYON

The Amphictyon Literary Society is just closing one of its best years and prospects for continued success are brighter than ever. Much credit is due to our critic, Miss Reneau, for her friendly criticisms and suggestions, which have been of great value to us all.

Although several of our most loyal members have been forced to drop out during the semesters, we close the year with forty members in school; one a post-graduate student, twenty-one of college standing, and four of the remaining eighteen will graduate from the Academy at Commencement. Harry Gardner graduates from the Academy as valedictorian and Guy Hudgins enters the ranks of the Alumni next month.

Our annual program, given on May 14th, was the "best ever," and was enjoyed by a house filled to overflowing. The piano duet by Misses Metz and Reise, and the vocal trio by Misses Wotton, Thompson and Brewer, evidenced the fact that our society has some exceptionally fine musical talent, and the readings given by Henry LaForge and Paul Hanawalt showed both ability and training. Miss Wilson, robed in white and waving Old Glory, was significant of "Peace."

Our play, "The Littlest Rebel," a Southern drama on the Civil War, given under the efficient and untiring direction of Miss Lois Beil, has been the subject of much favorable comment. Miss Aletha LaMonde took the part of Virginia Cary, the little rebel; Earle M. Giesey played the role of Herbert Cary, the Southern Scout, and Percy Harader played the part of Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, an officer in the Federal army. Leon Bain, as the Irish Corporal, injected just enough of the vernacular from the "Emerald Isle" to relieve the play somewhat of the pathos of war.

The magnanimity of soul expressed by Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison toward Herbert Cary upon learning that the Southern Scout was breaking through the Federal lines to bring a morsel of food to his half-starved and poorly-clad daughter, "Virgie," was worthy of emulation. In like manner, we Amphictyons aim to have that generosity of heart toward those who in the drama of life would break through the hard lines of opposition in an effort to gain literary training, and thus enable them in turn to go out and scatter garlands of good cheer along another's path-way.

To be a friend to one and all—
While with you day by day,
Is the aim of each Amphictyon
In passing on his way.
For in our midst, there joy is found;
And friendship, tried and true,
Good fellowship in store abounds;
A welcome's there for you.
YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Under the leadership of Ann Fry the Y. W. C. A. has done good work the past year.

Each girl in school has been urged to join the association, but whether a girl became a member or not, the same help has been extended to her. The girls have striven to make friends with all the women students and to influence them to become real live Christians.

Our meetings have been exceptionally good, some of the leaders being Miss McGandy, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Bodkin, Mrs. Colburn, Miss Meany and Miss Fox.

During the year Bible and mission study classes have been organized which have accomplished much under efficient leaders; $25 has been sent to the support of our Y. W. missionary, Miss Matthews.

Social events have been held frequently including a reception to the new girls, a mixer held with the Y. M. C. A., a mission study spread, a conference picnic and various others.

The new cabinet was elected in March, and is making large plans for the coming year.

The cabinet members are:
President, Hazel M. Bock.
Vice President, Bertha Wotten.
Devotional chairman, Mildred Pollom.
Social Service, Junia Todd.
Mission and Bible Study, Florence Boston.
Association News Chairman, Aileen Guptil.
Conference Chairman, Ann Fry.
Secretary, Ruth Temple.
Treasurer, Mabel Meiers.

To all the women of the college we again wish to say, "Welcome to our Association."

Y. W. C. A. CABINET
Y. M. C. A. CABINET

Leon M. Bain, President
Lauren Sheffer, Vice President
Ralph Remington, Chairman Employment Bureau
Percy Harader, Chairman of Bible Study
Clark Cottrell, Chairman of Devotions
Archie La Forge, Chairman of Membership
Fred Herzog, Chairman of Mission Study
Wesley Todd, Treasurer
Paul Hanawalt, Chairman of Finance
Carl Curtis, Secretary
George Pflaum, Chairman of Social Bureau
Academy Class 1915
College of Puget Sound
Clark Cottrell is not at all superstitious, nor does he believe in omens, so that he made no effort himself; still he had a "feeling" he would win this year. Five years ago he went into his first local contest. He was then a student in the Academy, but he had the nerve to go up against those college fellows. He won fourth place. The next year he won third place. But still a third time he worked on an oration that would adequately express his convictions, knowing that if that could be done, he would win. He won second place. The next year he found himself and delivered a brilliant oration. He went up against some good orators, but won first place, and made a strong run for the state. This year he took a new subject, but had the key to a true oration, and so won first place in both local and state. Clark Cottrell had one of the most intellectual, reasonable, logical, and fiery orations given in the state of Washington on the subject of prohibition by a student. Every one feels quite sure that Clark will win the Interstate at San Francisco. At any rate we are all hoping that he does. So here is three cheers for Cottrell and national prohibition in 1920. May they both win.
SENIOR NOTES

On the first day of May (bright and fair) the proud and 'authy Seniors made their first appearance in borrowed and rented caps and gowns. Alas and alack! as things look to their feverish brains—'twas better far to have curbed their economical tendencies and have parted with cold hard cash securing the formidable robes for permanent fixtures. The saying goes, "You are a Senior but once." How hollow those cruel words. If it could be proved true! At least, there is always compensation. For the Seniors have enjoyed being entertained, dined, luncheoned and carpeted each in turn providing them with subject matter for inspiring sermons, heated discussions, intellectual indulgences and mournful prayers. The Seniors are not yet prepared to bid their fond adieux to the college (puzzle)—but trust to the self-preservative instinct of the Faculty to make that a possibility June 16. However, they do appreciate the thoroughly enjoyable affairs tended them by Professor and Mrs. Marsh, Dr. and Mrs. Todd and the Junior class. Beloved students, they do solemnly and devotedly advise you one and all to line up your theses at least the Tuesday before due and if possible during your Freshman year. This advice is the kindest service possible to be extended you which in this written form should constitute a priceless heritage. By all means never cease to laud the musical talent of the Seniors and their enormously developed argumentative faculties.

JUNIOR NOTES

We're the class that can't be beat,
Our boys are nice and our girls are sweet;
I guess you wish you were a Junior,
too,
For we're the class that pushes things through.
Yes, we pushed it through and, oh, what a commotion. Our band leaders led us. If we never before made ourselves heard, we did then. We kept the pace set, as we always do. We never lag or loiter on the way. Some misunderstood, but those who believe the motive behind the act is greater than the act, understand. The letter read was as suitable to the occasion as was the reading of the Seniors' "great day." And who shall say our music did not rival that of the other occasion which we fondly hoped to approach?
The class of seventeen proved themselves worthy of so tender a token as was entrusted to their care, an animal which fittingly expresses our relationship. We trust they will keep their eyes open on the goal and, to aid them in this effort, they have the motto given them by our worthy president:
"Durch diese hole gasse mussen sie kommen.
Es furt kein andert weg nach Tipperary."
We could have done more—there are many talents in our class. But should we dare to have a longer
program than the class before us? No, we always bow to those higher and so, while we were too respectful to surpass them, we yet wish to publicly express our regret at their limitations which reacted on us.

In other Trails our record has been kept. There is no need of further now. We shall rest for a season and be heard from next year.

FRESHMEN NOTES

The farewell message of the Freshmen, 1918 to Freshmen, 1919, and others:

Our Freshmen name we must give to the ones that come next year to bear the name of Freshmen and be the Sophomore's tool. We hope the coming Freshmen will be sure to learn the rules of the college and the regulations of the social bureau so they will not make mistakes and have a "class meeting" without a date.

Moral—Sophomores of the future teach the Freshmen what experience has taught you.

It was requested that the Freshmen extend a "thank you" to Mr. Hudgins, our departing Senior, for the brilliant remarks which he read from his paper at the annual Amphic' program:

To the Freshmen of 1919 we bequeath—our hard chapel seats with the hopes that our new ones will be provided with cushions of downy feathers; a row of three hundred sixty-five prosperous days to hoe—and—unless this row is fruitful and weedless they will be lost and not return; our Faculty advisers who have been faithful in reminding us of our chapel absences or cuts, and that we should get our excuse blanks signed by our adviser before submitting them to the teacher in charge of the class from which we were absent; the protection and co-operation of the Junior class (1917) who will gain (few) stars in their crown for their kind assistance—and last but not least a hearty welcome to our campus and any building you so desire to betake yourself to—but above all observe that all Freshmen of (1919) should not speak above a whisper in the library while others are trying to study. Amen.

A few don'ts for the Freshmen (1919):

Don't cut class unless you are sure Dean Marsh has a class.

Don't talk in the "ad" hall when classes are in session.

Don't stand on the shelf or sit in the window seat of the first landing and talk so loud that you disturb Prof. Sellinger's recitation.

Don't let anyone ask you if this is a summer resort or a slaughter house.

Don't go to the movie the first month you are in school, but study hard and make a good impression, for the "lit." societies are going to be on the lookout for members.
DINNER TO FACULTY AND SENIORS

On our college campus there is at least one latch string that always hangs out to everyone. And just beyond the door opened by this latch string, there is a friendly hand, or rather many hands, that await with a warm welcome to greet each comer. By this description I know you are thinking,—that home is the abode of our genial President and his wife and their family.

We have all crossed this threshold many times to enjoy the hospitality of the home, but it was the special privilege and good fortune of the Seniors and the Faculty on the evening of May tenth.

A goodly company of some thirty sat down to dinner. A happy arrangement of place cards resulted in the best of fellowship throughout the evening.

Every detail of the dinner and its service was done a la Todd. The color scheme, yellow and white, was carried out in the flowers and the favors.

All things by prearrangement and premeditation seemed to conspire together to make this occasion in the lives of the Seniors, who are leaving us so soon and the others who were there, an event in life not to be forgotten.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club has become one of the best organizations in the department of music. Under the skilful direction of Prof. Robert L. Scofield the members have done excellent work and have had opportunity to appear at various public and college recitals where their singing has pleased greatly.

At present the club has twenty members and these are to be congratulated upon their splendid work and co-operation with the music department.

This year the club has not given concerts in other cities on account of the limited time, but much is planned for next year's work by the following capable officers:

President, M. Bertha Wotton.
Manager, Ieel Marshall.
Sec.-Treas., Lanta Brewer.

DEBATE

Our debate manager, Paul Todd, is now at work on a debate schedule for next year. Arrangements have been made with Pacific University for another dual debate next year and the contract has been signed up. This contract is similar to this year's debate agreement with Pacific. Two changes, however, have been suggested, one that the students on the teams be certified by the college office and the other that a 10 minute affirmative rebuttal be allowed instead of 5.

January 16, 1916, has been suggested as the date for next year's debate with Pacific. The debate council at Pacific is very much pleased with our debate relations this year.
**ELECTION RETURNS**

On Thursday, May 13 occurred the annual election of the student body officers. If one may judge by the small number of mismarked ballots, the students of C. P. S. are very capable of exercising their rights of franchise. The election was close and interesting. Owing to the fact that a majority vote is now required for all offices the editor-in-chief and associate editors were not elected the first day. There was no majority for the bureau of publications, but the withdrawal of Mr. Curtis left Mr. Cook as third member. The constitution should be changed so that a plurality vote will elect members of bureaus and associate editors.

The following day those candidates who failed to receive a majority were voted on again. The result was decisive and all of the offices were filled. The officers-elect of the Associated Students of the College of Puget Sound are as follows:

- President, Victor J. Hedberg.
- Vice President, Icel Marshall.
- Editor-in-Chief, Warren Rees.
- Secretary-Treasurer, Anton Erp.
- Associate Editors, Carl Curtis, Mabel Meiers.
- Managing Editor, Harry Gardner.
- Athletic Manager, Wilbur Hart.

**ACADEMY BUREAUS**

- Public Speaking, Lauren Sheffer.
- Athletics, Edward Gebert, Wesley Todd.
- Social Activities, Olive Bradburn, Anton Erp.
- Student Publications, Mary Boston, Ethel Neilson.

**ACADEMY DINNER PARTY**

The graduating Academy class of the College of Puget Sound was entertained at a sumptuous banquet, held in the dining room of the girls' dormitory, May 18, 7:30 p. m.

The hostesses were Mrs. Goulder, preceptress of the girls' hall and Miss Grace L. McGandy, assistant principal of the Academy.

The table was beautifully decorated with pink roses, lavender and purple, the class flower and colors.

Ex-Principal W. S. Davis, present principal, Earl M. Giesey and Miss Ruth Goulder, who will join the class next year, were guests besides the regular class consisting of Wm. Cook, president; Ivy Jones, vice president; Flo Boston, secretary-treasurer; Bessie Shone, Harry Gardner, J. Alvin Johnson, Ulrich Sellers, Loyd Burk and Geo. R. R. Pilbaum.

The faculty members spoke on the success of the class, its past and future relation to the school, and the future of those going out into life's school. Mr. Cook responded for the class expressing the gratitude of the
class for the faculty’s many kind-nesses and what the school has meant to the class. The remainder of the evening was spent with songs, Miss Alice Goulder at the piano, and other jollifications.

JOKEs

“‘You claim that you love me,’” said Gladys.

“‘And so I do,’” responded Clarence fervently.

“‘Do you love me enough to die for me?’” she continued.

“‘Well, hardly that,’” said Clarence, “‘because mine, you see, is undying love.’”

Bessie—“Well, Hat, did you occupy your pulpit with credit, yes-terday?”

Hat—“I certainly did; there never was any cash connected with it.”

Freshman—“Do you believe in infant damnation, professor?”

Married Prof.—“Only at night.”
—Punch Bowl.

He—“And so you have been married seven times. Some excitement?”

She (of the spotlight)—“Not especially. My act is in a lion’s cage, you know.”

M. M.—My, but it’s cold in the house. The fire is out.

Henry (absently)—Good! We’ll be alone.

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Redd—"Does the doctor charge for consultations?"
Greene—"Oh, yes. I asked him how much he was paying for gasoline now, and he sent me a bill for two dollars."

Father—It's deeds, young man, not words, that count.
Son—Did you ever send a cablegram?

Jack—I wish this fellow wouldn't send you so many chocolates.
Helen—Why? you aren't jealous, Jack?
Jack—No; but I prefer to eat marshmallows.

Bill—Didn't you feel pretty cheap sitting there with a young and innocent girl at such a shocking play?

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Henry—I did. She had to explain a good many of the innuendoes be-

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fore I was able to get them.

Cora—Have you seen M—'s engagement ring?

Bessie—Of course! Did you have an idea that she was making an effort to hide it?

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"Look here!" exclaimed the angry subscriber, as he shook the paper in the editor's face. "I'd like to know what this means! You may stop my paper today! I'll never let your disgusting sheet in my house again!"

"If you will tell me what your trouble is," the editor calmly replied, "perhaps I can explain it."

"You can't explain it! Here's an account of my daughter's marriage yesterday afternoon, and look at the head lines! 'Bargain Counter Riot. Disgraceful Scenes in Which Women Take Leading Part.' How are you going to explain a thing like that?"

"My dear sir, I'm mighty sorry it happened; but there's one thing you may be sure of. Everybody who gets hold of this morning's paper will read about your daughter's wedding."

Stude—Give me a copy of "Anthony and Cleopatra."

Salesman—Dollar and a half, please.

Stude—I have only seventy-five cents; just give me "Cleopatra."

Wesley—Yes, Miss Wilson, I'm trying to raise a moustache, and I'm wondering what color it will be when it comes out.

Miss W.—Gray, I should say, at the rate it appears to be growing.

"What is your son doing?"

"Playing the piano in a moving picture show."

"I shouldn't think you would want him doing that."

"I don't; but when a chap has a musical education, he's got to do something with, hasn't he?"

"She must dress in all the latest styles."

"What makes you think so?"

"I just overheard her telling a friend that she hasn't a thing fit to wear."

Freshman—"What's a cabaret?"

Junior—"A cabaret is a place that takes the rest out of restaurant and puts the din in dinner."—Princeton Tiger.

"What have you there in your hand?"

"Fly paper."

"Quit your kidding! I know they can't read."

"Young man, is there any insanity in your family?"

"Why—er—yes. I'm crazy about your daughter."
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