To our New Students
we dedicate this issue of the
Trail
CONTENTS

San Cheeka, the Half Breed (Hulda Carlson)  3
Something Original (Junia Todd)  - -  7
Editorals—Revival of Athletics  - -  8
Our Attendance  - -  9
School Life  - - - - - -  -  10
Prize in Mathematics  - - - - - -  13
Athletics  - - - - - - - - - -  15
Societies  - - - - - - - - - -  17
Class Notes  - - - - - - - - - -  19
Millionaires Club  - - - - - - - -  22
Helen's Hall  - - - - - - - -  23
In the Editor's Mail  - - - - - -  24
Evening was coming on. The setting sun cast its dull streaming rays thru the numerous pines and scattered hemlocks. The wind arose and crept stealthily up the sides of the mountain and the tall trees began to sway restlessly. Listening intently one could hear peculiar intermittent sounds that came to break the former stillness of the day. Now and then the frog near the bank of the brook croaked its loudest, and now the weird hoot of the screech owl filled the air. While far in the distance could be heard the crude chanting of the squaws from an Indian camp.

Still, San Cheeka, took no heed of the warnings of the coming darkness, but lingering later than usual, near her favorite spot and cooled her heated face and hands in the rippling stream.

It was a beautiful spot, this haunt of San Cheeka's. The running brook that followed its winding course thru the thick wood and flowed on thru the white man's village below and the rugged wooded hills were pretty. But the grandest of all was the mountain, that rose far above the surrounding hills to the right. The red men had given it no name. San Cheeka called it her mountain.

Here beside the laughing brook she was wont to snatch a few moments of her time from gathering dry twigs for fuel, to worship the only god she knew—the mountain. Thus to sit and gaze upon its massiveness had for years filled her with a vain longing for—she knew not what.

But at the present moment the spell seemed broken, for from afar, sweeping upon the evening
stillness, came the sweet but sad tones of the village church bell. A wave of pity for the white man and shame for her own race came over her and she bowed her head almost reverently till the sweet tones died away in the distance.

Dreamily she stooped to gather up her bundle of twigs, and made her way slowly back to the Indian Camp.

As days passed, her feelings toward the mountain was changed. San Cheeka no longer came to visit the mountain alone, but to listen for the distant tolling bell.

Nothing came to break the monotony of her daily visits, till one day she was startled to find that her temple had been invaded by a white man. He was fairly young, but aged with sorrow it seemed, for his hair was grey and the deep, tired lines were upon his face. Yet his form was straight and his step was steady. He was seated upon a rock near her little brook, his hands folded before him and his head bowed.

San Cheeka watched the bowed figure for a moment and was about to turn away when the man slowly arose, stretched his arms to the mountain and called appealingly, "San Cheeka, my San Cheeka."

And to the man the mountain seemed to echo, "Little San Cheeka, little San Cheeka."

The man covered his face with his hands and his strong frame shook with sobs. The girl, thinking he had called her, crept noiselessly up to his side and half grunted, "You call San Cheega?"

The man appeared dazed, he leaned upon the rock for support and stared at the dusky maid before him. He stretched his hand out and stroked her soft black hair to see if she was really alive.

"Is your name San Cheeka,?" he gasped.

The girl nodded.

"San Cheeka what?" he questioned.

"San Cheeka, that all, me Injun," she explained and waved her hand in the direction of the Indian Camp.

"It must be—there is a resemblance. She does not look like a fullblooded Indian," the man half moaned to himself.

And peering into the round dusky face he murmured, "My little Indian girl, my San Cheeka, that mountain holds a secret—a secret that is yours and mine. When you are grown remember what I have told you; climb to the top of the mountain and near that towering pine, you will find the secret. Tell no one what I have said, if you do the mountain will never tell you its secret."

And before the girl knew it the man was gone.

San Cheeka, the ignorant, could not comprehend his meaning. She could not understand why the white man should love and almost worship the mountain as she did. So each day she came thinking perhaps he might come again. But he never
THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

came, for somewhere among the hurrying crowd of a great city walked the broken hearted man unwilling to confess his pride.

Years passed, the little village grew and the fragments of the Indian tribe became friends to the white man. As San Cheeka grew older she became bolder and frequently visited the little village, and from the good priest learned the truth about God. But farther up the glen babbled the same old brook and loomed the same old mountain guarding its secret.

Each friendly consultation with the French priest made her heart more troubled, because he was always sure to ask her, "Has the love and spirit of God, the Father, yet entered your heart, San Cheeka?"

That question San Cheeka never answered, but took it as a signal for her departure and quickly gathered up her tokens of friendship from her white friends and with a reluctant spirit wandered to her laughing brooklet and her mountain. It was the brook with its murmuring, gurgling, sounds and the lofty mountain with its secret that gave her hope and courage and she could not believe that the unseen God of the white man could do likewise.

Yes, time had only made the mountain dearer to San Cheeka and she waited anxiously when the time would come when it would yield to her its secret.

San Cheeka was now, no longer a child, she had grown into full womanhood. Her face was thoroughly Indian, yet upon those clear cut features something else was written. Her long black hair was a shade too light and soft for an Indian's.

The people of the village had grown to love her visits. Though they knew not of "the secret," nor of the tuggings of her heart strings as the story of the Christ Child was again and again repeated, they were confident that some day the true light would come and make her face brighter.

One morning San Cheeka arose early. She imagined she heard a summons from the mountain, and she believed the day had come when she was to learn the secret.

Black threatening clouds sailed over head. The trees about seemed to be talking in a thousand different tongues as the strong southwest wind swept them their spreading branches, till they fairly shrieked at one another.

But all these heavy clouds and wailing branches could not check her great desire to know at last the mountain's secret. The darkened Heavens only made her the more daring.

Following now an old trail, then the brooklet, she made her way up the mountain side. Half the day she climbed and the nearer she came to the guarding pine, the calmer, yet more life-like grew the moaning and sighing of the pine trees. Sometimes she stopped and listened, for she thought she heard
the cries of a woman as though in pain. San Cheeka shuddered and listened again. No, it was only the sighing of the pines.

Within a few feet of the pine she stopped and looked down into the glen. The sun was shining there and was beginning slowly to creep up the mountain. She fancied she saw the man at the brook beckoning her on. She took courage and stepped nearer the pines. She was now upon it. She looked about. She could see nothing but the boughs beneath her feet. She lifted them away and as she did so a small mound was revealed with a small white stone at its head. She bent quickly to read upon it the words, “San Cheeka, the squaw of the white man, massacred by the friendly Indians.”

The girl trembled. The truth at last dawned upon her. No wonder the pines kept up their moaning; no wonder the man had called to the mountain; and no wonder she, a half breed, should hold that love for the mountain that she could not explain. And was it strange that being a half breed, she should have been so deeply touched by the white man’s teachings?

Slowly and tenderly she replaced the boughs, then searched for a further clue of the mountain’s secret. Yes, the secret was complete when she found, some distance from the little mound, the charred ruins of a log cabin, the former home of the happy mountaineer and his Indian bride.

As San Cheeka retraced her steps down the mountain she resolved never to return to her Indian tribe. A hatred for the race rose within her and she tossed her proud head at the thought of the white man’s blood in her veins.

The sun had already set as she neared the foot of the descent. Never had the mountain appeared more beautiful to her; and San Cheeka was tempted as of old to worship, when again came the sad sweet tones of the village church bell upon the evening stillness. San Cheeka, the half breed bowed her head reverently. Her pride left her and a new light entered her heart. As the sound died away she slowly directed her steps toward the white man’s village.

“For,” said she, “I must go where my kinsmen pray.”
SOMETHING ORIGINAL

Originality, 'tis said,
Died long ago and now is dead.
So how can I, weak and unwise,
Attempt a newness to devise,
Or of originality,
Write with a diversity.
Yet I will try, Yes, sure, I will,
My part in Theta to fulfill.

A bird once lit upon a stove;
It flew away, then there was none.
A man there was with but one eye,
And it was blinded with a stye.
Poor man; ah me, 'tis sad to tell;
But finally the eye got well.

A tree once grew, by the garden wall,
Three feet around and two feet tall.
And tho the statement may make you sigh,
That tree was fatter than it was high.

An apple on a peach tree grew,
As apples are often apt to do.
A man just for this poor rhyme's sake,
After eating the apple had the stomach ache.

A table once, tho with four legs made,
Stood on its top, without any aid.
Perhaps you don't believe that's true;
Well, 'twas told to me as I tell you.

A woman there was who was color blind,
So she never could see her belt behind.
And this same woman, as I've been told,
Was just exactly a hundred years old.

This isn't originality—
But merely foolish as it can be.
You say I'm foolish, perhaps it's true,
But you have read it and so are you.
THE REVIVAL OF ATHLETICS

A miracle has happened within the walls of Alma Mater. The impossible has become possible and from the dead hope of the past rises the living prospect of the future. In the fire which destroyed our Gymnasium, in September, 1913, Athletics, the lifelong friend of Studentbody, received a mortal wound. Prayerfully, watchfully, Studentbody hovered near the sufferer, and eagerly watched the face of Doctor Administration for some sign of hope. But the sign was not given and Athletics passed away.

In due time there appeared in the Trail obituary notice which Studentbody put carefully away along with the clothes of the departed in the garret of Alma Mater, as a last memory of his stalwart friend. Then passed days of gloom, in which Studentbody pined slowly away.

But Dr. Administration, always alert and anxious to be of service was keeping a hand on the slowly weakening pulse and ere long he discovered the cause. Mourning and advertising the death of Athletics, was sapping the blood of Studentbody.

Endowment was the remedy prescribed and under its stimulus the red corpuscles of young manhood once more flowed thru the veins of Studentbody.

"Now," said Dr. Administration, "I must provide for Studentbody a companion." So from Studentbody's virility he drew the surplus and in his laboratory he labored with test-tube, beaker and flame until a new Athletics had been created.

Calling in Studentbody, the doctor presented the infant, and ere long Studentbody had unpacked the clothes in the garret and had the infant clothed.

But Infant Athletics was restless
and Studentbody knew nothing of babes, so in distress to Administration he went imploring for aid.

"Your trouble has been anticipated," said the kind doctor, "and so I have provided for you Coach Robbins, a tender nurse and true who will relieve you of your charge."

When the nurse arrived, however, he was not pleased with the infant's wardrobe and hastily summoned his good friend, Student Fees, who aided him immensely. Thus, good people, was the revival of Athletics.

In the preceding allegorical narrative, the editor has outlined in a general way the Athletic situation. We have the Athletes in our midst, we have the Coach. Are they to receive the backing of every student, or are they to receive only your criticism? Are you, Mr. Class President, as interested in the Athletic Success of your college as you are in your class parties?

What we need as a Student Body and as individuals, is more of the spirit of the booster, less of the caustic attitude of the knocker.

Now, October 28 will be an election for Collegiate Athletics. Register now! On October 28, if you are a booster, meet the team at the Stadium and Boost; if you are a knocker, encourage the team by plunging into the all obliterating waters of Puget Sound.

OUR ATTENDANCE

It is with great satisfaction to the Staff that the first issue of the Trail for this year goes to its readers with the glad tidings of our heavy enrollment. At present there are 170 students enrolled, of which only 18 are in the preparatory department. Never in the history of the institution has there been such a large attendance at any one time, and it is predicted that this number will be added to before the semester is far advanced. Not only is there a large return of our former students, but a great many new ones have seen fit to prefer the College of Puget Sound to other schools.

The significance of this increased enrollment is appreciated not only by the President and Faculty, but the student body as well is gratified to know that a crisis in the life of our beloved C. P. S. has passed and that she is now coming into her own; that the dawn of a new day has come, to continue to grow in beauty and strength.

Those of us who have already learned to love our school wish to welcome the new students into our college life. We wish to assure them that, if they have not already begun to feel the drawing power within its influence daily; that some day they will realize with gratitude that they are no longer new students and they love Old C. P. S. as only a college student can love his Alma Mater.
STUDENT DAYS

(Tune: "Heidelberg")

O Puget Sound, dear Puget Sound,
   We'll sing to thee this song,
And thus we'll prove to thee our love,
   Our Boys both true and strong.
We'll sing thy name, we'll share thy fame,
   As years may come and go.
When far from home, we'll backward roam,
   Because we love thee so.

CHORUS

Here's to the college on the hill,
   Here's to her spirit new,
Here's to her sons, the best on earth,
   Here's to her daughters true;
Here's to the hearts that beat for her,
   True as the stars above,
Here's to the days to us so dear,
   Here's to the home we love.

O Puget Sound, dear Puget Sound,
   Your name we'll ne'er forget.
The golden haze of student days
   Is round about us yet.
Those days of yore, we'll live them o'er,
   All through the coming years,
When thoughts of you, so good and true,
   Will fill our eyes with tears.
YELLS

**Locomotive**

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Pu-get Sound!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Pu-get Sound!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Pu-get Sound!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Pu-get Sound!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Pu-get Sound!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Pu-get Sound!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Pu-get Sound!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Pu-get Sound!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Pu-get Sound!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Pu-get Sound!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Pu-get Sound!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Pu-get Sound!

---

**Sky Rocket**

S s s s s s s s s s
B—O—O—M
A—A—A—H
Coo—Coo
Puget Sound

---

**Wow Yell**

Husky Wow W—O—W
Skinney Wow W—O—W
W—O—W
Puget Sound

---

**THE BEAN FEED**

Beans? O, yes, the beans were ready and so were all the students. We are now speaking of the Bean Feed which was given at noon on September 12th in the Domestic Science rooms, under the capable supervision of the Y. W. C. A. girls. Everyone was there, even Mr. Schaper, our Student Body President. The Freshmen were well represented and what they liked best was sugar on doughnuts. Before, during and after the beans we listened to speeches and toasts given by various dignitaries from both within and without our school. President Todd served as toastmaster. With much spirit the songs and yells of C. P. S. were given, led by Harry Earle. This ended a most enjoyable time—except that the dishes remained to be washed.

---

**Y. W. C. A. PARTY**

On the afternoon of September 13th Miss Junia Todd, President of the Y. W. C. A., opened her home to the girls of the College. Several piano solos by Lois Hathaway and readings by Miss Smith were enjoyed by all. After several interesting games, coffee and wafers were served by Miss Harriet Moe and Miss Alice Baker, assisted by Miss Francis Towne. Little sunbonnet babies were given to each girl as a momento of the pleasant afternoon.

---

**Y. M.—Y. W. MIXER**

Did you mix at the Mixer? If not, you missed a very good time, which was given to the students on Friday evening, September 15th, in the main hall of the Administration Building. In the receiving line were Paul Hanawalt, representing...
the Y. M., Junia Todd, for the Y. W., and the faculty. After all had become acquainted with these people, the Freshmen made themselves known and entered in a body. The Sophomores, believing it to be their duty to welcome them, added themselves to the receiving line and at least made it interesting for the Freshmen. After this there was a speech of welcome by Dean Marsh and a speech concerning football by Coach Robbins. Games were participated in by all, even the Faculty joining the Freshmen when they commenced to play "Farmer in the Dell." Punch, wafers and opera sticks were served in Professor Morton's room, after which everyone enjoyed a rather extended but interesting and lively grand march.

FIRST CHURCH RECEIPTION

On the evening of Wednesday, September 27th, the students of the College were entertained by the Epworth League of the First Methodist Church. The rooms were beautifully decorated with bright colored autumn leaves. All the students who attended this reception had a delightful time because of the uniqueness of the evening's program. The first get-acquainted game (in which Mr. Wiesenbach had considerable trouble with his name) was followed by an interesting program in the Auditorium of the Church. This consisted of an address of welcome by Joyce Hart, President of the League; a response by our Student Body President, Mr. Schaper; a piano solo by Miss Stoddard; a group of readings by Mrs. Talbert, and a duet by Miss McDonald and Mr. Frank Mann. After the program there were refreshments and then more games. The committee in charge was not responsible for some people having only one dish of sherbet.

EPWORTH CHURCH RECEPTION

On Friday evening, September 22nd, the Epworth League of Epworth Church gave their annual reception to the College Students. The first number on the program for the evening was a game which divided the crowd into ten groups. Each group had then to plan a pantomime illustrating a "Mother Goose" rhyme. Almost every rhyme was pictured, from "Three Blind Mice" to "Old King Cole." Perhaps the most interesting one was "Rub-a-dub, three men in a tub," in which the tub was an overturned table and the "baker," Professor Harvey, was wearing a white cap and apron and making bread with all might and main. After several other games, a grand march led past the refreshment tables, where everyone helped himself to the good things thereon. A rousing sing ended this delightful evening.
ASSOCIATED STUDENTS

From the standpoint of Student Body's activities and interests, the omens for the coming year are most auspicious. A fine spirit of enthusiasm and loyalty is being manifested by every student in the school. This is as it should be for in order to accomplish the best results for ourselves and for the school, which we all love, it is absolutely necessary that we work as a unit, every one doing his part, be that part great or small. The success or failure of our school as an institution of broader education will depend, first, upon our attitude toward ourselves; second, upon our attitude toward one another; third, upon our attitude toward our administration; and last, upon our attitude toward the world at large. We are the very best advertisement the college has or can have. We can do more than any one other influence to put our C. P. S. in the front ranks. The year is in its infancy. Potentially it is our banner year. Let us each one put a shoulder to the wheel and "do with our might what our hands find to do," each one faithfully doing what he is called to do, sacrificing his own ideas, likes and dislikes, that the welfare of the college may be furthered, and we will let Tacoma and the State of Washington know that "There is a School on Puget Sound."

THE ENDOowment JUBILEE

October 2nd, 1916. This was the time. The place was C. P. S. campus. And the girls were all present. The occasion was the first Yearly Endowment Jubilee. To begin it, there was an auto parade down town late in the afternoon, when we surely convinced the inhabitants of this city that we are a College which is alive and growing. The bonfire in the evening was built by the Freshmen and, of course, it was a good one. The stunts by the different classes were original and timely. The Juniors had a funeral and cremated the football spirit of Bellingham. The Sophomores had a glee club and a choir all in one, and rendered several songs with much spirit. Funerals seemed to be popular, for the Freshmen then buried the Sophomores. The Sophs were at least glad that they such a splendid funeral and that the Freshmen seemed so sad about it—they wept copiously (?). The Seniors gave a good imitation of a 1900 model of the Edison phonograph. The Academy held a Puget Sound Conference and put the boogyman of the College, Sustenance, to rout. Then followed speeches by Frank Cole on "Historic Campfires," Dr. James on "Our New Gymnasium" and Dr. Todd on "The Need and Chances for a Gymnasium." Then after a grand march around the campfire with everyone singing, "O, C. P. S.," the students enjoyed a regular campfire feast in the Y. W. room. Hurrah for our first Endowment Jubilee!
CHAPEL SPEAKERS

Perhaps C. P. S. has never had so many prominent Chapel Speakers in so short a period as it has had during the last month. One of the most interesting of these was Dr. A. G. Kinet, Secretary of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension of the Methodist Church.

On Friday, September 22d, we had a double treat in hearing Dr. Crowthers, of First Church, Seattle, and Edgar Blake, Secretary of the Methodist Sunday School Board. The latter said, among other vital things, that the success of a college did not depend upon its size or its beautiful surroundings, but upon its Faculty and its Students. He added that sometimes some of the Faculty are wise and some are otherwise. The same is true with students. To prove this latter statement, he told the story of the college man who wrote to the President of De Pauw and asked if he could get a co-education at that institution.

On Tuesday, October 10th, one whom we are always glad to hear, Dr. Todd, gave his annual matriculation address, his subject being: "Mastery."

WILSON CLUB ORGANIZED

Wednesday, October 4th, fifty enthusiastic students met in the Administration building and organized a club whose purpose is to do all in its power to assist in the re-election of Woodrow Wilson.

Miss Georgina Wilson was chosen President of the club; Frank Young, Vice President; Lloyd Burk, Secretary, and Edward Schaper, reporter. It is expected that this club will soon convert the few Hughes' supporters to Mr. Wilson's policies and that on November 7th, C. P. S. will cast a unanimous ballot for the man who stands for peace, prosperity and preparedness, Woodrow Wilson, the Greatest American of modern times.

PRIZE IN MATHEMATICS

The same friend of C. P. S., and believer in mathematics as an essential in attaining the greatest power of mind, offers again this year, $5 in gold, to that student who thru earnest effort shows the most marked improvements in the study of mathematics. The one who receives the highest grade is not necessarily the winner. This prize was won last year by Mr. Herbert Kahler, a Freshman from Stadium High School.
SHORT PUNTS
E. H. Gebert, Athletic Manager

The hour is at hand when all the students of our college should offer themselves in hearty co-operation for all phases of local athletics. There is an athletic map on this Pacific slope, on which are found all the wide-awake student bodies of the various colleges in the Northwest. Look at this map carefully and it is not possible to find C. P. S. Why? many have asked time and again. Here we hear some chronic knocker saying: "They tried, but could not make it go." Let it be known that when we were ready to buck the line hardest, our Gym was burned. Have we failed? No! But we have not tried.

There was a time when this college did try, and as a result on the gridiron it not merely defeated high schools and normal schools, but the famous Pullman squad, that stood high and keen at its own game. Let us try again.

The question often arises in the minds of many of the pious, viz: Ought Christian Colleges allow football? We ask, why not? Our men are Christians on the gridiron as well as in the class room or church. Some of the candidates now plying for a position on the local squad may in the midst of some fierce "Grid" contest get not only his limbs, but his tongue, twisted. This we say because many of the men trying for positions...e strangers to us. However, we don't anticipate such verbal explosions. Let men like The Earle of Vincent, The Ralph of Huntington, The Burke of Regents, and The Grit of Curtis set their noble brows, their massive understanding against the
sons of the mudflats, these we say will reveal the moral fiber of the local web. Some times "Rough-necks" will creep into athletic circles, but let it be known, to every action, there is an opposite and equal reaction. That’s what Monk Cook discovered when he struck the mule. Some day we may find one on the local campus; if we do we will ask Coach Robbins to send a flea after him. Mr. Robbins will do it.

Some one asked the other day: "Have any of our men a yellow streak?" No, they have not shown even their yellow neckties. However, it has come to us that Mr. Helgeson will not eat eggs, for he fears that yellow streak—not all preachers have such a clear vision. Wesley Todd believes that the streak may be found in all, but in some it is wider than in others. If some of our fair candidates ever get bumped a little harder than is desired or can be enjoyed, why, just let them think of the great natural law: "Those Whom the Gods Would Crack, They First Make Nutty." No man can enter athletics without getting scared every once in a while.

Ladies of the college, please lay aside that failing which doth so easily devour us all, and knock no more. If you must knock, hit your own door. If you feel like kicking, please join the team, for we need a good punter very badly.

C. P. S.—DuPont 38-0

After three years of inactivity in intercollegiate football C. P. S. once more mustered eleven faithful warriors to do battle with the DuPont Giants. C. P. S. fought valiantly, tho victory was not its reward.

The game was played on a portion of the South Tacoma prairie. The field was dry and thus the game at times was stale.

The powder mill made the first kick off and from then on both teams played straight football. C. P. S. did not anticipate a victory because the local eleven knew beforehand that their opponents outweighed them twenty pounds to the man plus many years of experience.

Some of our players were not brilliant stars because it was their first game with the pigskin. It is needless to comment on the ability of Arnett, Beardsley, Earle, Huntington, Woody and Miller for these men have faced many an opponent and always have they held their own. Helgeson did well and each game will see a marked improvement in this willing man. Feller, Weisenbach and Curtis were handicapped because they have not been blessed with sufficient avoirdupois.

Thanks to our students for their loyalty. A goodly number were present and our players did appreciate their presence. May our student body continue to boost and ever bear in mind the Titanic struggle, October ’82th in the Stadium.
AMPHICTYON

Three rahs and a tiger! We’re back again, and glad of it. We’re ready for work or play and there is plenty of both. A number of our members returned to school unexpectedly and our programs have been full of “pep,” so we are feeling fine. Everyone has promised to put his shoulder to the wheel and make this year the most successful in our history. That will be going some, but “our hat’s in the ring” for a bigger and better society.

To a stranger in a strange land the sweetest word he can hear is “Welcome.” To you who have come here for the first time we, the Amphictyons, extend you a most hearty welcome, and invite you to visit us. The old students know that they are always welcome and that our doors are always open. If you come you may be sure we will do our part to make you feel at home. We are still meeting in the Y. W. room, but before long we expect to be occupying our new room on the third floor of the administration building. Come pay us a visit.

H. C. S.

The fall term has come with a rush. We are here again to face a new year. May it be better than the last.

All of our men believe in the gospel of hard work, though we have not yet gotten under way. Our men are aggressive. Because some of our members have graduated, the personnel of the H. C. S. has changed. Among those present are Gebert, Hallen, Dodsworth, Tod, Schlatter, Snypp and Young. This constitutes our fellowship. Come, jump on, fellows, it’s a great ship.

Who are the H. C. S.? Why the best looking fellows in school! How can you tell an H. C. S. man from the rest? Find out what he stands for. Our instructors hold before us a high aim. President Wilson, when at the head of the College at Princeton, urged upon the student body high ideals. The H. C. S. men stand for high ideals. We believe in having a good time when our work is done. Laugh, eat and be merry, that is our motto. Our initiatory ceremony is great. Come and visit us, fellows, you are welcome. Don’t travel aimlessly like the boy in the elevator, not getting anywhere. Let us help you to arrive. We stand for good fellowship.
that this year shall be the best in its history.

We extend a hearty invitation to all to come and enjoy a good time with us. Altho you cannot all become members, nevertheless we will cheer you up if you have the blues and will offer you a helping hand if you are in trouble.

PHILOMATHEAN

Philo—zip—boom!
Philo—bing—bang!
Zippity, zippity, zippity, zah!
Lovers of learning! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Yes, we are back, and each one is doing his best to make this school year the best yet. Our first meeting was held on Tuesday, September 19th. The program was fine and everyone enjoyed the "Philo Dictionary." Perhaps the most digestible part of the program was the cake. Mrs. Poole is a fine cake baker. If you don’t believe it, ask Mr. Helgeson, for he had two pieces. He also got the thimble, but then he didn’t deserve it. We see another cake ahead of us, too, for Harry Earle got the ring. Mr. Powell was lucky enough to get the penny.

The future for Philo looks very bright. Our programs have been very interesting. Many of our old members are back and each is working for the good of the society so

KAPPA SIGMA THETA

The Kappa Sigma Thetas have been very quiet so far this year. We have been so busy thinking that we have had little time to talk. From this time on you’ll hear more of us, however, for we have spent so much time thinking in the past that we are now ready for action under the capable leadership of our new president, Miss Icel Marshall.

We gave our first program on October 4th. It was as follows:

Song ...................... Harriett Moe
Vacation Thrills .... Florence Cook
Piano Solo ............... Marion Sisson
Reading .................... Icel Marshall
Something Original ...... Junia Todd  
Piano Solo ................ Lois Hathaway

We have been holding our meetings in the Y. W. room, owing to the fact that our new room, which is located in as lofty a position as possible on the third floor of the administration building, is not quite ready for occupancy. When all our plans develop we will ere many moons be settled in the coziet room in the building.

We always welcome the new girls, as well as the old ones, to our literary programs, which we give every week on Wednesday at 4 o'clock. Our programs, as a rule, follow a special course of study with now and then one which taxes our powers of originality.

ACADEMY

It was the Academy that pleased you at the Endowment Celebration. Something original, eh? Well, it is just like that Academy bunch, they're always pulling off something out of the ordinary. You heard Prexy's endorsement of our stunt. What did he say about yours?

Just keep your eyes on the Academy bunch for a while and you will come to the conclusion that they are mostly a manly bunch.

On Saturday, September 30th, the Academy held its first meeting of the year and elected the following officers: President, Lauren Sheffer; Vice President, Georgina Wilson; Secretary, Ethel Neilson; Treasurer, Charles James.

SENIOR NOTES

The Seniors have chosen for their officers this semester Ruth Temple, President; Marion Bigelow, Vice President; Edith Tennant, Secretary; Harriett Moe, Treasurer; Icel Marshall, Sergeant; Alden Warman, Central Board Representative. All of our oldest members have returned to school, making our number fourteen, the largest Senior class in the history of the College.

We believe with our leaders that the size of the campus, the buildings, the classes, are not the chief considerations, but the quality of our work, the magnitude of our efforts, is the thing that counts most. So we as a class have been quietly giving our entire attention to our studies and join in asking that the underclassmen be as quiet as possible in the library.

There are some functions of college life in which we will help the Sophomores in instructing the newcomers, some precedents which we will assist everyone to observe, and before many weeks we will leave to the institution, "That something," a stamp of our own.
JUNIORS
Let 'er Sizzle,
Let 'er Steam,
1-9-18.

There are eighteen members of the class of '18 back in school. We are just a little bit lonesome, having lost so many of our class with the Sophomore Normals of last year. However we have a number of new students to take their place.

Misses Ward, Arnston, McGeavy, Hertges. Mrs. Dunlap, Messrs. Powell and Miller, are all new to us this year. We welcome them.

The following officers have been elected: President, Paul Hanawalt; Vice President, Eunice Merritt; Secretary, Elizabeth Shackleford; Treasurer, Percy Harader; Reporter, Mildred Pollom; Sergeant, Francis Powell; Representative on the Central Board, Cora Scheibner.

Who said the Juniors liked the Freshmen? We all do. They are a jolly god bunch. They remind us of our own Freshie days.

We have a secret, students, and some day you will know it. We do not say much about ourselves, but actions speak louder than words.

Y. W. C. A.

We are at it this year more strongly and enthusiastic than ever. The Y. W. started out with their annual mixer at which the new students were made acquainted with the upperclassmen, and where they found out that C. P. S. is a very lively place.

Next came the reception to the girls. Say, girls, did you ever have a better time? Almost every girl in school was there and in a very short time the timid Freshmen girls felt just as much at home as the rest of us. Oh, that bean feed! Don't you wish we could have one every week?

The first devotional meeting was led by the president, Miss Todd. At our next meeting Mrs. Scofield gave an interesting talk. The girls both old and new came in and filled the room. Now let us keep this up, girls, and have our Y. W. a one hundred per cent Y. W. C. A.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Are we here? Well, I guess! Just take a look at the Sophomore's chapel section and see. We have lost a few former members, but in their places we have several new ones. Dorothy Darr comes to us from U. of W., Alice and Pearl Hicock come from the Bellingham Normal; Margaret Henly and Mr. Curtis have been with us before and need no introduction. We are glad to welcome them to the class.

At the first meeting of the class the following officers were elected: President, William Cook; Vice President, Ina Bock; Secretary, Hulda Carlson; Treasurer, Ralph Hunington; Sergeant, Alice Baker. They are all efficient and will give weighty consideration to every detail.

Our first big affair of the season was the Sophomore-Freshmen party.
We all agree that we had one big time, and if you don't believe it, ask Wes Todd. But where? oh, where! were all the boys? We could easily have used a dozen or two more. Those who were there were extremely happy too, even if they were slightly overworked.

What did we do? Just listen to this: Candy, canoeing, moonlight, stars and silence. Better ask what we didn't do. Eats? Well, I should think so. Um-m-m. We can taste them yet, and ask the Freshmen if the milk was not good. It all ended happily, but we did wish we had had the band to play Seeing Nellie Home.

We didn't do so bad at the bonfire, either. Our "ukulele" stunt was decidedly original, you'll have to admit. Altho the Fashies cremated us, they forgot one important thing, OUR SPIRIT. They can't down that even if they try all year.

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

They met us at the Bean Feed. It was a fine thing for them—the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors—it broadened their vision! We turned out royally for the Y. W. C. A. party and they did not disappoint us. At the Mixer, they heard from us. Hertilla Barlow, Bessie Shone, Ruth Hallin, Anton Erp and Harry Beardsley put their wits to work. Part of their brilliant ideas were materialized in our green frosh labels, green hair ribbons or neckties, green wrist-bands and shoe ties. We had such a good time practicing our yell at President Wesley's residence, that we had decided to spend the evening, but, since they could not get along without us, we went to the Mixer after a time. On entering, we delivered ourselves of the following:

Brains a-plenty! Pep! I guess! 1920! C. P. S.

Epworth Church entertained us splendidly, along with the other classes, as did the Epworth League of the First M. E. Church, later. The Freshman-Sophomore party was our own event, and formed a fitting climax for our three weeks of introduction. As some of us are strangers in the city, would the Sophs kindly tell us from what dairy they procured the milk? We felt ourselves truly initiated when we were allowed to take part in the solemn celebration of the first "leg" anniversary, and they do say that the Freshman stunt was about all right! Mr. Bowman, incidentally, feels that he has found his life mission. He was our sexton.

The class officers are: Wesley Todd, President, (being President seems to run in the family); Edith Rummel, Vice President; Francina Kennedy, Treasurer; Gladys Moe, Secretary; Harry Beardsley, Sergeant-at-Arms; Mr. Sutton and Mr. Erp, Representatives on the Central Board.

Just a serious word at the end. We appreciate the friendliness with which you have assisted us in adjusting ourselves, and the warm-heartedness with which you have welcomed us.
WITH THE MILLIONAIRES

How the time has flown! It seems as if it were yesterday that Kenney and Davis were offering up burnt sacrifices in the kitchen. But on second thought we realize that it is nearly five months since the club was vacated by the last year's crowd. Thru the long summer the old halls were silent except for the lazy droning of the bees and Mr. Schaper. Occasionally Professor Davis would come in and drop his number 11's on the floor at midnight, or Burk would break the monotony of the stillness by singing "A Perfect Day" in X flat.

The summer brought about several changes. Rooms were painted, furniture was purchased and things made quite habitable. As a result the millionaires club is crowded to the limit this year. Even Anton Erp finds the place so crowded that when he lies down at night to sleep he is obliged to let his feet hang out over the foot of the bed. On account of the crowded condition of the club, many notables were turned away, among them being Hon. Helgeson and Rev. Sheffer.

Mr. Kenney's kind and generous nature was shown, when, realizing his abbreviated condition, he offered to share his bed with a deserving young Freshman for a few nights. It is a pity that our beloved Millionaire is so short, for he finds that he can occupy only the upper half of the bed.

Mr. Schaper survived the strain of the vacation quite well, but not without some discomfort until a house number was put on the building. Before that he had been asked where he lived and he didn't know.

Among other important Millionaires are Judge Sorenson, Bishop Bowman and Dr. Sutton—all men of uprightness and good standing, especially when they find pins in the chairs. They come to us well recommended and took the oath of allegiance and are now enjoying full privileges of the Club.

Even as we write these lines there comes floating down from Room 10 a lively duet of snoring, which is being carried on by the Judge and the Bishop. (A personal liberty which is taken quite
frequently in that corner.) But altho this annoys the Doctor Sutton very much, we realize that the weather is becoming colder and the two illustrious gentlemen will need wood to burn.

The "One Matty" is now preparing a course of lectures on business which he expects to present soon. He contemplates taking Mr. Erp and demonstrating to the public how such a green thing can be worked over into a well seasoned and all-wise Senior. We heartily wish Mr. Mathes much success in his great enterprise, feeling that it will be a source of inspiration and encouragement to the immense amount of green timber which is to be seen on the campus just at present. The club feels greatly honored at having Mr. Lemon in it. Altho he was a little late in arriving on the scene of action and was not able to receive the best of accommodations we have, nevertheless, received him into full membership. He has many talents, among which is that of being a linguist, already having at his command several languages. He deserves the name of Lexicon, and is a valuable Lemon-aid to the struggling language student.

As our space is limited we will refrain from saying more regarding the Millionaires except that Clay can accompany Burk's singing on his clarinet in X flat. Also until Mr. Earle receives his bedding he is obliged to sleep on the rug, with a matress over him. We have enough material to fill volumes, but with a brief outline as this to introduce us to the public we will appear in the future as the author of many and varied pranks which are continually being played.

NOTES FROM HELEN'S HALL

Who we are, What we are, and What we do.

Now listen lest you lose some all important fact. We are Janet Mustard, Beatrice Siler, Mildred Eaton, Bessie Shone, Gertrude Baily, Stella Redfield, Nettie Fried and Mrs. Patterson.

We are the girls who inhabit the girls' dormitory. We are the jolliest good-natured bunch of girls in the world. We certainly make things hum within these dormitory walls. Just ask the boys at the Millionaires' Club if it is not so, at least when they are getting their meals.

What do we do, do you ask? From four-thirty until six-thirty A. M., one can hear at intervals the patter of the alarm, calling those of us who find it necessary to arise and dig into some book, and of course, as industrious girls should, we always obey the call of the alarm. And I fear we are quite ready to call those girls indolent who arise very sleepily at the ring of the six-thirty bell. At seven o'clock we have our morning repast and from then on we are off to classes. Twelve o'clock finds us ready for the delightful luncheon that awaits us. After that there are more classes until late in the after-
noon. The hour before dinner is our general visiting period. After dinner there are miscellaneous things that must be attended to and that occupies our time until ten o'clock. After that—lights out (?).

Don't be alarmed if you hear mournful sounds when near the dormitor as it is in all probability Gertrude blowing the horn.

**IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL**

To the Editor of the Trail:

Why do we not sing these old college songs like "Polly Wolly Doodle," and "Rig-a-gig-gig," and "The Man Who Has Pleenty of Good Peanuts," and so forth? In high school and in grammar school we kept hearing of how the college students sang songs and many of us thought what a god time we would have in college singing songs when there was nothing else to do. Then at times a college glee club would come to town and give an entertainment in the church or in the school or some where else and some of the older people would tell us that that was a sample of singing we would have at college and that every one in college knew and sang those old college songs.

But when we got to college what do we find? Does every one sing the old college songs? Or does any one sing them? No, only two or three local songs and some of them set to rag-time. And they only sing them at a few occasions such as ball games. Really, since I came to college, and I'm not a Fresh, I haven't heard an old fashioned college song except "My Grandfarter had some very fine sheep," and perhaps one or two others. Why is this? Are we so absorbed in studying that we have time for nothing else? I think that the Dean's records will disprove this. Then is it that we do not care for them, or is it just that no one has enough of "pep" to start something and we are degenerating into a girls' Seminary? Or have we been so busy with the endowment and the building up of the school that we have not had time to think about it? I would like to know. For one I like the college songs and I do not think I'm the only one who does.

Then there's serenading; how many of us have not heard of how in college the girls are serenaded and of how beautiful that male quartette with its accompaniment of stringed instruments sounded under the window about Eleven P. M.,etc.

But do you ever hear of such proceedings in C. P. S.? I haven't. This is just a hint but I'm sure the girls would enjoy it, even if it is old-fashioned and not quite up to the spirit of rag-time that seems to characterize the times.

Mr. Editor, can not something be started?
For
ANY WEAR
ANY WHERE

"DUTCHESS" TROUSERS ARE 100 PER CENT EFFICIENT, AND THE PRICES ARE WITHIN YOUR REACH.

$1.50 to $5.00

We Pay 10c for a Button and $1.00 for a Rip.

DICKSON BROS. CO.
1120-22 Pacific Ave.

Special 20 Per Cent Discount off regular list price on all pictures purchased by

COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND STUDENTS

Why not settle that picture question today by visiting

Rhodes Studio
Sixth Floor

NEW FALL FOOTWEAR

All the latest styles
For MEN and WOMEN at Prices that are Right.

C & G SHOE CO.
936 Broadway
THE CROWN DRUG CO.
1132 PACIFIC AVENUE
Toilet Goods, Photo Supplies, Athletic and
Surgical Appliances
TACAMA'S LEADING "CUT RATE" STORE

Say Fellows! If you want a REAL shave or a haircut, see JAMES T. COFFMAN, 2409 Sixth Avenue.

We make famous English Tomato Sausage
IDEAL MARKET
2410 6th Ave. M 3465

Bicycles, tires and other sundries. Let me repair your wheel.

E. A. THOMAS
2808 Sixth Ave.

FIRST CLASS SHINE, BOYS!
Best service in shoe shining and hat cleaning and blocking.

TWO PLACES
Give us a trial and you'll come back.

Tony's
920½—Pacific Ave.—930

MISCELLANEOUS WANT ADS.
Wanted: Good looking, ambitious young man wishes correspondence with a young lady between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four. Object is matrimony. Apply to Neal W. or Woody.

HOT VEAL PIES
Bread, Pies, Cakes, Beans, etc.
STERLING DELICATESSEN AND LUNCH ROOM
1106 Sixth Ave.

Wanted: Will marry for love. Money or looks no object. Slats.

DRUGS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES
HICKS DRUG COMPANY
Phone Main 6 Cor. K & 6th Ave.

Wanted: A cook (Cook). Apply Ina Bock.

Hayden-Watson Co.
Florists
Decorations done on short notice
Also Funeral Designs
Phone Main 300 938 Broadway
If you want your money’s worth in

FOOTBALL SUPPLIES
or ANYTHING for the GYM, COME IN and LET
US SHOW YOU WHAT WE HAVE TO OFFER

Washington Tool & Hareware Company
10th and Pacific Avenue

Mr. Cook—Wat’e the matter, Bessie, don’t you like Mustard?”
Bessie—“Yes, in its place.”
Miss Mustard—“Stop taking my name in vain.”

Let your next Hat be a

BURNSIDE
Get under one of our $2 models.

Burnside Hat Shop
948 Pacific Ave.

Kenny likes the word Whitman. Wonder why?

Dry Goods and Notions
at downtown prices
SAVE CARFARE

C. L. THOMAS
Fourteen years in same locality
2505 Sixth Ave. M 6634
APPETIZING LUNCHES
FOR STUDENTS

Students! There's the place you've been looking for to buy your lunches. The

Royal Ice Cream Co.

have just opened a new lunch room, and it's a dandy. Sandwiches, pie, cake and pastries of all kinds.

Ice Cream for Social Functions
2807 Sixth Ave. M 2187

Does He Look It?

Miss Smith—"Are you Scotch?"
Mr. McConihe—"Yes."
Miss Smith—"Did you just come over?"
Exit Mr. McConihe.

CONKLIN FOUNTAIN PENS

A full line of self-filling non-leakable fountain pens. Just the kind for

COLLEGE STUDENTS
Also a complete assortment of I. P. memo books and student's note books.

P. K. Pirret & Co.
916 Broadway Tacoma Theatre Bldg.

YANSENS CONFECTIONERY

Chocolates
Lunches, Light Groceries and Stationery
SIXTH & FIFE

A Freshman once to Hades went, To see what he could learn,
They sent him back to earth again, He was too green to burn.—Cook

FOR GLASSES SEE
KACHLEIN BROS.
Tacoma's Leading Opticians
906 B'way Tacoma Theatre Blk.
24th Year This Location
10 per cent Discount to C. P. S. Students

Sutton was trying to define the word appetite: Appe means eat, tite means drink. Most people get the tite part alright."

For the best Fresh Flowers for all occasions go to the

California Florists
Main 7732 907 Pacific Ave.
Dewey's

HEADQUARTERS
for Ice Cream Candies and Luncheons.
952 Pacific Avenue

“Where Everybody Eats”

Why not get a Meal Ticket at
AL. KRUZNER’S CAFE
Dinner, piping hot, for
20c and up.

MEN’S FURNISHINGS

All your wants supplied at
GAUDETTE & MATHEWS
Prices right.
256 11th St. Warburton Bldg.

GOOD EATS
at the
SUNRISE BAKERY
The Best and Largest Variety in Town
11th and K Sts.

As Mildred Vogler worked in her father’s grocery store a young man came in one day and asked if she kept dates.
She replied—“No, sir, not with a guy like you.”

H. W. MANIKE
“The College Florist”
Cut Flowers for all Events
Wear a Flower and You’ll Wear a Smile
6th Ave. and M St. M 419

Wanted: A chef. See Marcia Smith.
Let Me Take Your Measure
For Your New
FALL SUIT
I Will Guarantee You
A Perfect
Fit

SUITs TO oRDER
$15.00

B. Comber, Mgr.
SCOTCH TAILORS
Cor. 12th & Pacific Ave.

Try Our Ice Cream
after attending a game or when
you're downtown on business.

THE MEADOWMOOR
(908 Broadway)
cream has won its way into the
hearts of Tacomans. We sell candy.

Hot Lunch—Home Cooking

Dr. Blake—"A man's worth is
not determined by the amount of
beef he carries around."

Ina Bock—"Maybe William Alden
isn't what I have been thinking
him to be

J. W. FIDDES
- - GROCER - -
Main 253 1524 So. 8th St.

Tacoma Taxicab & Baggage Transfer Co.
(Formerly Tacoma "Carriage" & Baggage Transfer Co.)

USE THE BROWN TAXI
Baggage Checked at Your Home

General Office Garage
904 So. A St. So. 6th & St. Helens
Tel. Main 43

Quality and Service Guaranteed
BITNEY & SON
GROCERS
Staple and Fancy Groceries
South 8th and Sprague
Main 735
OLYMPIC ICE CREAM CO.
The Pure Food Cream
FANCY OR PLAIN ICE CREAM FOR BANQUETS,
SOCIALS AND PARTIES

Factory
E. 25th & F Street
M 2820

Retail Store
954 Court C
M 7919

Footwear for Fall
Come in and see our
FALL STYLES
for young men and women
HEDBERG BROTHERS SHOE STORE
1140 Broadway

The wisdom of the Sophmores is having its effect upon the Freshies. Their green paint is already coming off and can be seen along the walks and on the front steps.

Students! Remember!
We can supply your every book or stationery need at the

COLLEGE BOOK STORE

If we haven’t it in stock we’ll send to publishers and procure it for you.

Fountain Pens for Sale

Prof. Harvey—"Absolute zero is the coldest place known. It is a very interesting place."
Erp—"It must be since it is the opposite of Hades."

TRAFTON GROCERY
Give us a chance

Quality Guaranteed
Prompt Delivery

2301 Sixth Ave. Main 9193
AVAILABLE FUNDS

Your money deposited in this strong, conservative bank is absolutely safe and always available when you want it.

Banking to the depositor has been reduced to simplicity in this institution—made so by the personal service rendered every depositor.

BE "AT HOME" IN THIS BANK

Scandinavian American Bank

"The Bank That Helps" Tacoma

STATIONERY MAGAZINES

College Confectionery

602 SPRAGUE STREET

—ICE CREAM—

CANDIES - FRUITS - BAKERY GOODS - LIGHT GROCERIES

Eyes Tested Right
Glasses Fitted Right
Prices Right

CASWELL OPTICAL CO.

742 St. Helens Ave.

Ten Years in Same Location

C. W. ROWELL
GROCER
DEALER IN STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

Auto Delivery

2411 6th Ave. Main 337

Bishop Bowman—"Say, Sorensen, why don’t Cook ver eat his apron?"

Judge Sorensen—"I give it up, why?"

Because it goes against his stomach.

M. E. FORD, G. M. HARVEY,
President Secretary-Treasurer

West Side Grocery Co.
INCORPORATED

GROCERS

Phone Main 702 2802-4 6th Ave.

Prof. Davis—"Cook, I would like to speak with you a minute."

Cook—"No, no can’t talk to you now, as I have more important matters engaging my attention now."

Prof. Davis—"I don’t see why I can’t cook things without burning them."
DELICIOUS HOME-MADE PASTRIES
Nowhere will you find such an assortment of appitizing delicacies
FOR SOCIAL EVENTS
as here. We take pride in putting our products in your home
WE SELL BREAD
Kraemer's Bakery
So 12th and K Sts. Main 1818

ATTENTION!
¶ WE ARE NOW TAKING ORDERS FOR CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS AND FOLDERS FOR DELIVERY ABOUT TWO WEEKS BEFORE CHRISTMAS. COME IN AND SEE OUR BEAUTIFUL LINE OF SAMPLES.

THE QUALITY PRESS

Paint Lead & Oil
F.C. JONAS & SON HARDWARE
Stoves and Enamelware
Sporting Goods
Main 2899 2503 Sixth Ave.

For Quality and Service in Quick Shoe Repairing go to
SMITH & GREGORY
311½ So. 11th St. M 1447

For a First-class Shave or Haircut go to the
B&B BARBER SHOP
Between K and J on 11th Street
The shop with the green front

THE C. T. MUEHLENBRUCH CO. INC.
Quality Confections, Pure Ice Cream, Light Lunches
905 Broadway 1111 Tacoma Ave.
Phone Main 2856 FREE DELIVERY
Red Cross Drug Co.
Cor. 6th Ave. and Prospect St. TACOMA, WASH.
Our Trail Advertisers

B. & B. Barber Shop
Bitney & Sons
Book Exchange
Burnside Hat Shop
Bates Clothing Co.
C. & G. Boot Co.
Caswell Optical Co.
College Confectionery
College Bookstore
Crown Drug Co.
California Florist
Dewey Candy Co.
Dickson Brothers Co.
Fiddes Grocery
Gaudette & Mathews
Hicks Drug Co.
Hedberg Bros. Shoe Co.
Hart, F. C.
Hayden Watson
Ideal Market
Jonas, F. C. & Son
Kruzner, Al
Kachlein Bros.
Manike, H. W.
Muehlenbruch, C. T.
Meadowmoor Ice Cream Co.
Olympic Ice Cream Co.
Pirret, P. K. & Co.
Peterson Studio
Red Cross Drug Co.
Rhodes Studio
Rowell, C. W.
Royal Ice Cream Co.
Sunrise Bakery
Shaw Supply Co.
Smith & Gregory
Scotch Tailors
Scandinavian American Bank
Trafton Grocery
Tony's Shine Parlors
Thomas, C. L.
Tacoma Taxi & B. T. Co.
Thomas Bicycle Shop
West Side Grocery
Washington Tool & Hardware Co.
Yansen's Confectionery
James T. Coffman
Kramer Baking Co.

Printed by THE QUALITY PRESS, Tacoma