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Bikanir in the Great Indian Desert

Mrs. M. E. Davis

WE HAD journeyed from the far South many wearisome days and nights, with frequent and tiresome changes and long waits, often at uninteresting stations. The train moved wearisomely slow over the sandy waste, with not a green thing in sight to repose the eye; not a human being or wild animal or group of village huts to quicken the interest. Suddenly, in the distance—perhaps fifteen miles away—there came into view a noble pile, whose whiteness shimmered in the early morning sun. The immediate thought was "This is a mirage or a miracle."

On coming closer, walls and towers and bastions could be distinguished. It seemed like an enchanted castle—a fairy king's palace set in a sea of gold. A nearer approach revealed it to be really a little oasis in the cruel wilderness; a rose blossoming in the desert.

The leisurely little train sauntered into the station and stopped calmly before the pretty red sandstone building, quite unconcerned at being already an hour and a half late, and still far from its destination on the northern border of this desert province. The sun blazed down on a picturesque group of natives of every class and description, presenting a queer mixtures of colored...
costumes and headgear; the feminine portion clad in voluminous skirts representing yards and yards of gray hued cloth, and their teeth literally covered with gold—a bright smile advertising the wealth of their savings bank.

There was a sudden movement of the huddled group as the train stopped and they tried to enter the compartments already full to overflowing with brown-skinned travellers, some squatting on the floor sucking the hookah (or water pipe), others huddled with feet drawn up on the benches. It was oppressively hot. Here and there brown feet and legs hung out of the windows to cool, or a head was thrust out calling for water, which was brought in a goat skin and allowed to run into cup-shaped brown hands, or (in more fortunate cases) in a little brass bowl, which none but the owner may touch.

Many of the group on the platform who have, perhaps, waited hours for this train, fail to find a seat; but in India time does not count. Another train will come today—or tomorrow. "What does it matter?" they say and squat contentedly on their heels again, and wait immovably, with a patience that never tires. And through this throng and the line of office retainers, come to pay respects to the new "injineer-sahib," we thread our way to a state carriage sent to convey us to the Maharajah's guest house.

The Maharajah's guest house is set back from a road, which crosses the desert like a Cloisonne silver thread on a surface of gold. The house and garden are enclosed by a double gated wall of clay and stones to keep out the hordes of wild pigs (sacredly preserved here) and prevent invasion of the well kept flower garden in front of the red-stuccoed, two-storied building. Immense multicolored zinnias and other hardy blooming plants gave a gorgeous welcome and suggested rest and unexpected beauties in this sea of yellow sand.

The large high-ceilinged rooms provided a cool resting place and the kansamah hot curry and rice, to the refreshing of our bodies worn by days in the small, hard-benched compartments of an Indian railway train; and of the inner man, so long subsisting only on a tiffin basket or a hasty station meal; and fortified by these, we started out on the big undertaking of seeing all the sights of "the stronghold of the kings of the desert."

This fortress was built five centuries ago by the ancestors of the present Maharajah, with countless miles of trackless waste between their enemies and themselves. In the old fort palace twenty Maharajas have reigned since first the Rathors came here from Jodhur, and like the Danites of old, "sought them an inheritance to dwell in." The name means "dwelling of Bika"—Bika having founded the city within the stone walls of the old fort, a wall four and a half miles in circuit, six feet thick and from fifteen to thirty feet high, amply crowned with battlements and surrounded by a ditch fifteen feet deep and twenty feet wide. Here rich Hindu merchants built their homes for safety from the Mohammedan raiders and many tall, richly-carved red sandstone builders make this an unique and exotic city.

The city within the gates (as well as the suburbs without the walls) presents a picturesque jumble of red plastered houses with white lines around doors and windows; of narrow, crooked streets, where donkeys
go laden with a peculiar wooden saddle supporting two large water jars; where camels, with large and varied loads, wend their stately way; where groups of young girls, moulded like perfect bronze statues in voluminous drapery, and bright-hued covering (earthen or brazen water jars poised gracefully on head or shoulder), stop to gossip by the infrequent wells, or gracefully wend their barefoot course to and fro. Veiled women flit silently and unmolested along crooked alleys through crowds of pedestrians clad in robes of varied hue. Coolies, wearing only the rich brown color of their sun-browned bodies and a loin cloth, stagger half bent under heavy burdens on head or sweating back. Dogs, bullocks, goats, donkeys and stray camels wander at will past open shops or temples with ornate carving, marble front and cenotaphs of white marble, or among the numerous wayside shrines where hideous images show daubings of glaring scarlet. Mat-haired fakirs, whose faces and naked bodies are smeared with ashes, crouch in the shadows, their begging-bowls in the hands and their eyes misty with the shade of fanaticism— and opium. Old women squat motionless on the platforms built beside the white framed doors of their squalid dwellings, gazing blankly before them into nothingness; and naked, dirty children swarm in noisy crowds everywhere. The air is full of the "smell of the East"—a mixture of ghee and incense and the musty warmth of half naked humanity. Flies innumerable buzz around the quaint wares of every description which the venders have spread over much of the ground space on either side of the narrow, filthy alleys. When an open space occurs, camels—the color of the brown earth—crouch wearily in the dust, lazily chewing their cud, and dreamily blinking their expressionless eyes, at times relieving the monotony by the gurg-gurg-gurgling of the water-pouch disgustingly protruded from their ugly lop-lipped mouths.

Just without the wall is a more modern fort (in which are grand old palaces) with a rampart, strengthened by a number of bastions about forty feet high, and entirely surrounded by a moat thirty feet wide and twenty feet deep. The palace buildings are the work of successive rulers, each adding something to the structure, and endeavoring to outdo his predecessors. The spacious audience hall is of carved red sandstone, the wood ceiling of which is elaborately carved, and the floor is of marble; while the furnishing is elegant and modern, making a decided contrast with the Oriental fittings of the other parts of the palace. The armory, state jewels and decorations of many rooms are absorbingly interesting and unique—in one room, in particular, where the walls and ceilings are completely covered with willow pattern fishplates, set in the plaster.

The whole building, rising dominating above the town, is like a rambling Eastern Vatican, with a green garden and majestic outlines, which stand out in sharp contrast against the cloudless sky. In one massive block, where the walls are pierced by delicate tracery in lieu of windows, is the zenana, where the ladies of the late ruler's family are so strictly secluded that they maintain purdah even against their own sex and do not admit to their presence any European woman. The mass thrusts its square figure clear of the surrounding huddled houses, with its front ivory white, its red sandstone terraces rose red in the de-
clining sun, challenging the desert’s absorbing, obliterating emptiness.

Passing the old fort and the tank (dry most of the year), on land literally won from the desert, in a grove of young trees and fronted by a green lawn dotted with vari-colored flowers, is the new palace of red sandstone in Indo-Saracenic design, the residence of the tall, soldierly, athletic ruler who speaks English without the hint of an accent and writes it better. This is the luxuriously appointed home of an ideal host, whose guests are many and often of high estate. For delicacy of architecture and perfection of taste this palace is unsurpassed in India.

But the uninhabitable desert stretches for miles on either side—a sea of sand over which only a camel can travel, and it is separated from this gem of architectural beauty by a low mud-and-stone wall. The desert stretching grey and limitless as the sea, with nothing but low barren patches of undulating land floating in it, sparsely relieved by occasional clumps of scanty scrub, is adorned by this new palace, the nobles’ school buildings, and the various halls erected in the club grounds, like roses of red embroidered on cloth of old gold.

Looking from these buildings toward the station, over a mile of khaki waste, one is provided a view of the battlemented walls of the old desert city, standing knee-deep in the vast sea of sand, which seems to lave the very bases of its machicolated fortifications. The fretted windows and the graceful outlines of the old palace can be seen; the white marble domes of the Jain temples; the red walled houses, and the tall chimney of the electric light building from which emanates the power producing the well-lighted court yard, palace and club rooms and the long avenue of arc lights, stretching between the palace and the town.

Beyond the low sunbaked walls of the grounds the desert rolls away into the most complete mirage conceivable, which is heightened by the absence of the usual India crowd. The very existence of a city and palaces here seems an affront to Nature. The fascination of it all grows on one. There is a dignity and a solemnity which characterizes the haunting, almost fearful, charm of this vast, untameable waste. An occasional chinkara bounds across it, or a lean drove of black goats limp their way along among shrivelled, sapless, stunted, thorny, poverty stricken shrubs in clumps of a deathly grey color, which at times seems olive green, at others grey-blue, and lend to the boundless infinity an appearance of faded tapestry spread over the sand-formed hills. Wherever the white sand lies naked on the hills there is the seemingness of a white-capped inland ocean. But in the hot noon-day glare the gaunt, austere features of its old countenance rise with an individual dignity out of the long flanks of quivering heat, and sink into the seeming eternal stillness of the far encircling horizon. At seasons there appear to spring out of nothing a troop of whirlwinds, which rush across the levels like ghosts of giant dancers with their arms uplifted and their draperies whirled about them, as in performance of the Rajput tribal May-pole-like maze, and having run their dizzy course, dissolve into air and emptiness.

At intervals, in and about the city, one sees the patient, humped oxen slowly plodding in pairs up and down long inclines leading out
in four directions from wells three hundred feet deep, out of which they draw, with many squeaks of the clumsy windlass and much splashing of the leaky goatskin bucket, the water to fill the goatskin bags on each side of camels kneeling earth-brown on the brown earth. When the bags are filled, the "ships of the desert," with many grunts and gurgles and noisy expostulations on the part of the drivers, undouble their ungainly legs, and with a soft swish-and-pad make their deliberate way through the sandy stretches to each consumer, who pays a nominal sum for each bag full.

At a near distance to the right from the old fort road is the barrack field and camel-troop quarters for the well-trained mounts of the famous camel corps, which has won distinctions in Africa and elsewhere. A New Year's treat accorded to visiting lords and ladies and officials of rank, included a review of the imperial troops in their splendid uniforms, on the plain in front of the Victoria Memorial Club, where the matchless drilling of the troops and especially of the camel corps won great applause from all, the camels five hundred in number, galloping neck to neck and in perfect step to "Bonnie Dundee" and other lively airs.

Just without the old wall has recently been erected a well-equipped school building for the nearly one thousand boys, who are being afforded opportunities of an education by the generosity and energy of an educated ruler. There is also a school for girls within the city walls.

In this fascinating Eastern stronghold—the citadel of ancient prejudices and orthodoxy, unchanged for five hundred years—all is color and sunshine. The most delightful moment in the Indian desert is the sunset hour when the Indian day is brought to close by a short period of exquisite beauty of sky-coloring and reflected tints. The golden glow of the declining sun falls on the scene changed for the moment into one of entrancing splendor; the light of closing day glances in all-altering beauty on the ornate palace walls, the grand outlines of the old fort, the ramparts of the ancient city wall. The shades upon the clouds—golden, pink and gorgeous jewel tints, infinitely restful after the blinding glare of the tropic sun, tints unknown to any artists' palette save the master painter's—turn to violet, and under them the small trees glow luminously green. The violet hues grow gradually more and more delicate and transform the city to an opal of tenderest colors silhouetted against a vivid opal sky. The hills, with their buildings and temple domes, stand out darkly against the golden sunset, which is painting above it a fairy cloudland. For a moment the enchanted city, with its opalescent colors, stands out in clearness; for a moment more glows with supernatural loveliness, and then suddenly the departing rays leave domes, towers and terraced palaces to rest in soothing darkness, like a purple pall pierced only here and there by the lights leading to, and surmounting, the domed pile of the Saracenic palace in the distance.

But when the moon arises it illuminates (as it only can in the tropics) the old city with a soft radiance and casts wonderful, almost phosphorescent lights and shades on the domes, minarettes and delicate lacy tracery of memorial halls and public offices, flooding the magnificent colonades, the graceful outlines and airy towers of the new buildings, which stand monumental to the Architect Prince. Nor does
she disdain to glorify the red walled villages of the tangled, irregular mud huts where the poorest subjects lie rolled in their scanty clothing, sleeping out in the open, corpse-like in their immobility.

In the near distance are the tombs of the former rulers, carved from red sandstone and surmounted by white marble cenotaphs, some elaborately inlaid, others scarred by the sandstorms of many a hot season, but all silent, sacred witnesses of the long line of ruling lords, and of ladies, willing to sacrifice their lives to custom and its requirements, a dozen and more in several instances having followed their lords to the funeral pyre.

An interesting side trip from Bikanir is the twenty-mile drive to Gujner, where a palace, shooting-box, lime garden and an artificial lake lend to the attraction of Imperial grouse shooting. The drive, relayed at intervals with fresh horses, is more or less monotonous; for the glare of desolate sand stretches on a dead level until it meets the pallid sky quivering with heat. There's little trace of vegetation save the scrub here and there as colorless as the desert itself; there's no break to the endless monotony except an occasional sand mound flecking the dreary expanse under the burning sun; there's little sight or movement save the desert rat skuttling into its hole at the approach of vehicles; on all sides the dreadful, silent, motionless waste lies bare and unashamed, seeming to mock the burning, brazen sun, which glows like a disc of brass in a leaden sky.

Yet, at long intervals and far, far in the distance, as one gazes over the shimmering plain, life and movement may be faintly discerned. Even in this inhospitable domain of nature, the parasite, man may be found. Far away and hardly distinguishable from the sand mounds, almost imperceptible, the camel wends its slow way, while at very long intervals a group of low dwellings and moving figures take form in the midst of the yellow haze. But all assume the color of the desert of which they seem the essence—mere animalcules born of the heat. Here, indeed, is one mightily impressed with the awful solitude where

"Boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch away."

But at Gujner a veritable oasis suddenly meets our eyes long wearied by the uneventful, unchanging ride along the hard macadam road, winding, serpent-like, for miles among occasional sand dunes and over tawny level stretches. A well-appointed palace sets majestically on the border of the refreshing little lake, and is surrounded by a green and productive garden. Numerous buildings, a boat house and launch and many unexpected comforts and luxuries seem to spring mushroom-like from the barren waste about.

"Here, here is rest and refreshing!"

Wonderful, indeed, has been the past of this desert stronghold, but that is another story. More wonderful are the conditions prevailing today and the progress that has been made in the past quarter-century since the boy prince assumed the reins of authority and began the triumphal march to prosperity and the many sided advancements of the 250,000 Rajputs and Jats who own him lord. In the year 1912, a park (a park in the desert!) was completed and opened for the use of the people as a suitable memorial to many who have aided in making Bikanir a desert-jewel, and as a
fitting celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the reign of the present able Maharajah.

Long live the "prince of the desert"; happy and glorious be his reign!

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**WITHOUT**

The dreaming garden lies asleep,
The stars their silent watches keep,
Wrapped in the mantle of the sky.
Long days and years drift slowly by.
I stand with the gate,
And wait.

For gray veiled Pain has barred the way;
I only peer within and pray,
And gaze, with wistful, waiting eyes,
On my forbidden Paradise.
O barren, unlived years!
O years!

Here bright-plummed birds, but not one sings,
And little dreams with folded wings.
Ah, dreams should have their memories,
But none may ever come to these.
Lord, for a dream's sake
Hearts break.

Prayers trail their white robes 'thwart the grass,
Which bows in sadness as they pass—
The winds sigh softly as they stir
Dead hopes of joys which never were,
Which knew no wondrous birth
On earth.

One day, as I my vigil keep,
It may be I shall fall asleep,
And waken, wonderingly, and see
The opening of the gate.
That God and Heaven have meant for me
I wait. —MARTHA SNELL, '08.
RALPH E. Diffendorfer says: "We can no more bring a provincial mind to the world tasks of the Church than we can hope to solve the problems of the new world situation in which Americans now find themselves. We shall need to prepare ourselves for a more constant and normal mingling of Americans with every people of the world. To do this will mean extension of sympathy, breadth of knowledge and mutual understanding beyond that which we have hitherto known.

"As Americans we have been suddenly thrust into close relationships with unbounding opportunities for the establishing of all sorts of contacts with South America, and bring to it only an indifferent attitude, a superficial mind and a desire which almost amounts to exploitation. Mexico and other nearby nations claim our attention and yet we have only a superficial knowledge of the big problems we are to meet and solve."

"Enlarging our tents" means more to the students of America—of our school—than it did in Carey's time. It means, now, the enlargement of human interest, the extension of sympathy and the creation of a world outlook, the characteristics of a citizenship of a new world Kingdom.

Is it, therefore, not imperative upon everyone to acquaint himself with the needs of the 620 millions of our brothers who have not seen or even heard of the Light, to know some of the facts of other young people's condition and to prepare to help bring in His Kingdom among them? Who will go? India, Africa, China &c, with their millions, call you to big opportunities, a marvelous field of service, and glorious returns in souls for the Master. Are you "saved to serve?" The world awaits you!

Do you know
That out of a population of sixty million in South India, only one hundred and twenty-three women are students?
That a Burman girl won the honors from a class of the proudest of young men and attained such high merit as to be made a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons?
That the continent of Africa is bigger than the whole of Europe, India, China, the United States and your little world put together; and has 843 languages and dialects; has only one Methodist hospital, and unoccupied areas three times as large as New England, one eighteen times as large as Ohio and only one worker in the whole for 133,000 souls? Here's big jobs for all of you!
Notes from the Department of Education

IN RESPONSE to the conviction that the departmental work of the College receives too little publicity, the Editor has courteously granted this space for some account of the work in the Department of Education.

Ninety-one students are pursuing work under direction of the Department this semester. Forty-seven of these are working for diplomas in the two-year Normal Training curricula. Seven are students in the College of Liberal Arts who intend to teach in high schools. And thirty-seven are pursuing courses in satisfaction of college entrance requirements.

The College Preparatory work is this year, since the abandonment of the Academy, under the immediate and efficient supervision of Miss Grace McGandy. Some of the classes are taught by Miss McGandy herself, while the remainder are taught by members of the Junior and Senior classes under Miss McGandy’s direction. These Junior and Senior teachers are preparing for high school teaching. This semester the student teachers are: Frances Town, Florence Cook, Junia Todd, Icel Marshall, Marcia Smith and Ruth Temple. The character of the work done by these student teachers has proven the wisdom of the Administration in providing this method of preparatory teaching in place of the Academy.

Several new courses in Education have been introduced within the last two years. They are: Principles of Education; Secondary Education, or Methods of Teaching in High School; Philosophy of Education (in the Summer School); History of Education in the United States; Observation in High School Instruction; Methods of Instruction in Primary Schools, including both lectures and practice in teaching conducted at the Tacoma Settlement House by Miss Dema Shayer; Practice Teaching (for prospective high school teachers); Principles of Psychology (in the Normal Training curricula), and Religious Education.

This year the instruction in Art and in Normal Music was brought under the direction of the Department of Education. Miss Jessie Rummel, whose instruction in Normal Art has proven so satisfactory, devotes a part of her time also to instruction in the Department of Home Economics. The Art room has recently been remodeled and refinished and presents a very attractive appearance. The Normal music courses are in good hands at the Conservatory of Music under the direction of Dr. R. L. Schofield.

Among last year’s graduates, all but two or three secured satisfactory positions in Washington schools. The excellent reports from the work these are doing give us reason for increased faith in our College. By the beginning of the second semester the Committee on Recommendation of Teachers will begin registration of applicants for positions for the coming year.

Aside from the discharge of the heavy duties of the Department within the College, some of the
members of the teaching staff engage in considerable work outside. Miss McGandy this year is pursuing graduate courses in the University of Washington College of Education for the degree of Master of Arts. Professor Morton gave four addresses before the Lewis County Teachers' Institute at Centralia in October and one before the Tacoma Chapter of the American Bankers' Institute in November. He has made several addresses at Sunday services in nearby churches, is scheduled for a lecture before the Whitman Child Study Club of Tacoma, January 19, and is teacher of a Bible Class of forty young men in First Methodist Sun-
day School of Tacoma.

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The fact that the number entering this year for Normal Training courses is not as great as usual is a source of gratification for two reasons: first, that our facilities are hardly equal to caring for a larger number; and, second, that some who had contemplated following a two-year Normal Training curriculum decided to register for four-year College courses instead. And, in view of the fact that the demands for more extensively trained teachers is rapidly growing, we think those who have decided upon more extended College work are wise.

**College Spirit and College Songs**

NOW WE have the songs printed, let us hear the student body sing! Can't we have a song rally? How many can sing "Where, O Where Are the Verdant Freshmen?" Do you know the Washington State Song? How many of the universal college songs can you sing through? Get your class together and write a song for the class. In community of effort there is light work and may be excellent results. Which class will win the five dollars? Show what this school can do in composition. You may write them in English!

**Awake! Students, Awake!**

Mrs. Martelle E. Davis, of the Modern Language Department, has offered a prize of $5 for the best original college song. Get busy at once, students, and let us show to the faculty and to others that we have lots of college spirit and loyalty. Have you handed in your song?

**Rules to be Observed in Judging College Songs**

1. Parodies and ragtime will not be considered.
2. Songs may be hymns to our college; college, class, rooters' or boosters' songs.
3. Songs must be original.
4. Songs may or may not be accompanied by the music. Music should be original if possible. One person may write the words of a song for which another may compose the music. They will then share the prize, if it be awarded to their song.
5. Songs must be submitted to this Committee on or before January 29, 1917, the last day of the semester.

Committee:
MISS McGANDY,
MISS RENEAU,
MRS. SCHOFIELD,
PROF. MORTON.
THE ADVENTURES OF "OLE."

Now Ay tank Ay skall write you some Svkenker poem.

Ole Olson, das hod carrier

I
Ay pack bricks in vun big hod
Up tall stair, Ay don't care.
Oh chure Ay ban have on yob.
Chure Ay have fine yob.

II
Wan day Ay ban working slow,
Why 'twas so, Ay don't know.
Feller howls "Look out below."
Howls "Look out below."

III
Ay stick my head out det doer,
Yust like me, hee, hee, hee.
Down come bricks from 15th floer
Holly yumping yee!

IV
Dey ban slam me on det dome,
Ho-la-la, hum-ta-ta,
In wheelbarrow Ay go home,
La-le-oh la-la.

V
Ay see vun fine fort Yuly
Things get bright, ver' fine sight
Stars mit comets in det skey
Holly yee, good night.

VI
Ay have yoined det French armee,
Dem big brick made me sick,
Ay dodge bombs en Chempenee,
Safety first, by yee.

—OLE OLSON.

DEAD BODIES FOR LABORATORY PURPOSES

By EDITH RUMMEL

Thirty years ago, dead bodies were not provided for the would-be doctor to dissect in the laboratories of the medical schools and he had to get one as best he could by hook or crook, for every student must dissect a body before he can graduate. Such a proposition was before Thomas Thayer in his college days and, as many others had done before him, Thomas stole out one dark night to the cemetery where he had seen the previous day a newly made grave. All went well and he was on his way home with his treasure, when he saw a police-man coming directly toward him. Thomas' hat began to raise off his head, but with quick prescence of mind he stood the body up in a doorway and standing in front of it and holding on to it said: "Now stand up there or I'll hand you over to the policeman. Maybe you think you can go reeling all over the street here, but you can't. Stand up or I'll hand you over." The policeman passed on thinking it was a drunk man and Thomas shouldered his burden and reached home in safety. (Note.—This is a true story which happened when my father was going to Medical College. The man afterward became a professor in Western Reserve University.)

THAT AUTOMOBILE TOUR

Some time ago Mr. Marsh made an announcement in chapel somewhat on the order of this:

"This evening we are going to have an automobile tour and we want you all to be sure to come. We are going to have an enclosed bus, so we should worry if it rains. We will all meet at 7 o'clock."

One of our Freshman boys evidently heard the announcement and read the notice on the bulletin board. One of our football players who is tall and dark-haired and wears glasses waited on the corner from seven o'clock to seven forty-five, but no bus or people came. He became tired so he went up in the building and to his surprise he found it was the people of the prayer meeting having their automobile tour within the building.
College Activities

Y.W.C.A. NOTES
The Christmas meeting was turned into a "Sing," with Miss Marshall presiding. We are happily surprised with the amount of talent made evident by the impromptu quartettes and duets. Elsie Reed sang a beautiful solo.

The Y.W.C.A. ushered in the New year January fifth, with one of the best meetings of this term. Mrs. Staudt, an assistant to the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, left with us the slogan "Follow the Gleam." Girls, those of you who missed Mrs. Staudt's talk on "What Do You See?" missed one of the best talks Y.W. has ever had. This year get the Y.W.C.A. habit; it's a good one. Eunice Orr sang "Eyes That are Weary."

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES
The big event of the month (the big Chapel event of the month, too) was our stunt. The beauty of our leading members was enhanced by irregular applications of charcoal and by bandanas and gingham aprons for the ladies, with regular minstrel attire for the gentlemen. Marse Arnett was the interlocutor, and was adorned, in addition to his regular habiliments, with a mustache. Sis Hallin wielded the piano. They started off with an ensemble "Dirge to the Sophomore Class," written by Miss Gladys Moe. It was a sly dig —and not so sly, either—at our rival's reticence about appearing in public on the stage. The ladies sang two lullabies; a quartet composed of Mr. Bowman, Mr. Sutton, Mr. Beardsley and Mr. Rag Doll favored us with two selections. All through there were good jokes. It is fortunate that minstrel shows don't visit our town often, for some of our members surely were born to the charcoal. For the grand final, all of us marched on the platform and sang "One Little, Two Little, Three Little Freshmen," etc., and ended with our class yell.

Much of the credit of this performance was due to the energetic committee in charge and to Mr. Bowman, whose complexion, the day of the performance, resembled a zebra's coat, because of the destructive work of the rivers of sweat trickling from his noble brow.

We even astounded ourselves—and that is quite a feat—with the revelation of the wealth of native ability in our class. We think even a Sophomore must confess that we have cause to pat ourselves on the back—a little.

With right good will, we wish all who may read this a Happy New Year.

SOPHOMORE NOTES
You may think the Sophomores slow, but we are only biding our time and who can tell what the future may bring forth? We have had several class meetings lately and much weighty business has been transacted. We have been busy the past few weeks selling Red Cross seals and we have made a creditable showing altho the results have not yet been officially announced.
SOCIETY
Christmas time is Home time. At least that is the light in which the students of the College of Puget Sound viewed their coveted vacation. Each enjoyed his own vacation in his own way and each declared he had a better time, a more joyous time than any other. Of course he did! Now, when we are all back again and hard at work, what gives us pleasure is not only recalling the joys of this last Christmas, but looking forward to the next one and all the pleasures that lie in between. May the year 1917 find us better men and women, intellectually, spiritually and socially for having spent it within the College of Puget Sound.

Miss Junia Todd, Dean of Women at Willamette University, spent her Christmas vacation in Tacoma.

Miss Mildred Pollok spent a very happy vacation at Pullman State College. Notice the adornment of her left hand?

Prof. Davis celebrated extensively during the holidays. He evidently believes in the three in one doctrine, for he celebrated Christmas, New Year's and his birthday all at once.

Miss Alta Miller visited her parents at Prosser during the past vacation.

On January 3, in an open Forum, the students found an opportunity to express their thoughts concerning the future Army Post at American Lake. Mr. Burke, Mr. Goeghagan, Miss Tennant and Mr. Warman gave their viewpoints, which were varied and provocative of much thought on both sides of this intensely vital question. Some of the faculty also expressed their ideas on the subject, Dean Marsh, Professor Morton, Miss Smith and Dr. Foster speaking.

After a very successful Eastern trip, President Todd returned to us again on January 2. On Thursday, two days later, he used the Chapel hour to tell us about his trip and to bring us the congratulations of some of our Eastern friends.

Mr. Harry Beardsley visited friends in Toppenish during the Christmas holidays.

Miss Florence Cook spent part of her very happy vacation visiting friends in Seattle.

Mr. William Bowman visited relatives in Seattle at Christmas time.

Miss Ruth Harvey visited her parents at Cashmere, Washington, during the holidays.

Professor Walter S. Davis left Sunday, January 7, for the State Capitol at Olympia to perform his Senatorial duties. During his absence Mrs. Pool, a graduate of the University of California, will have charge of his classes.

Miss Mildred Eaton spent her vacation at her home in Seattle.

Miss Junia Todd, Miss Icel Marshall, Karl Hallin and Vernon Schlatter spent the past week end in Hoballo, Washington, visiting Paul Todd. Miss Marshall and Mr. Schlatter gave a very interesting program on Saturday evening in the Grange, which is the community center for Hoballo and the surrounding country.
JUNIOR NOTES

Like Alexander seeking new fields to conquer, the Juniors have challenged any class, including the Academy, to a basketball game. Of course the boys will do the real work, but the girls don't intend to be left out of the fight altogether. They will be there with bells and horns and other implements of torture and songs and yells enough to keep things lively. We were delighted with the alacrity with which our challenge was accepted by the Freshman. We do not expect an easy victory, for some of those Freshmen are good players and if they do as well in basketball as they do in other things, we may expect a stiff fight. We could not think that the Seniors would take much interest in such a challenge, but we did hope to hear from the Sophs.

We have about decided to light a lantern and go out in search of a live Sophomore tho we fear it would be a hopeless task.

SENIOR NOTES

So the Senior Class is dead is it? Well, it seems to me that we create quite a stir for a corpse. Watch and see if we are not represented on one of the College Debating Teams, for we turned out strong for debate. $f you do not believe it, ask Dodsworth. Who ever said that we were dead just misunderstood our yell and thought it went:

    Yes, dead;
    Never seen,
    C.P.S., '17.

But it really goes (now, Academy, own up; you know it is true):

    Some class,
    Pretty keen,
    C.P.S., '17.

AMPHICTYON

We wish you all a Happy New Year. The greeting is old, but none the less sincere.

+++  

On January 2 we held our mid-year election. Mr. Harader was re-elected president and a strong cabinet elected to assist him. Miss McGandy, who has consented to be our faculty advisor, gave us a very helpful talk. We hope we will get more of the same kind. We made several New Year's resolutions which we intend to do our best to live up to.

+++  

During the Christmas vacation, those who were in town spent a delightful evening at Ethel Neilson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Gardner are the proud parents of a son, Harold Edwin. Heartiest congratulations from your fellow classmates, the Sophomores!
Happy New Year to all! This perhaps is somewhat late, but nevertheless we want this year to be happy and prosperous for each of you. It will be a happy year if you make it such and it will be prosperous for you if you live in harmony with God and do your work whole heartedly.

On Tuesday, January 2, we elected our new officers for the coming semester. The following were elected:

President—Alden Warman
Vice President—Marcia Smith
Secretary—Hulda Carlson
Treasurer—William Bowman
Critic—Edward Shaper

Under the guidance of our faithful officers we have been led thru a semester of hard work and we are sure that the coming one will be as successful as the preceding.

Many of our members were out of town during the holidays, but now they are back, working and striving to make 1917 the best year of their college life.

Special to "The Trail"

A lively open discussion on the Army Post question took place in the Chapel on January 3. Several of the students argued against the post, saying that the economic value of it was being unduly emphasized. Mrs. Davis also spoke against it, saying that it encouraged militarism and was bad morally. Dean Marsh criticized the general attitude taken toward the post, saying that Tacoma people seemed to be figuring from a selfish standpoint. Dr. Foster and Professor Morton spoke enthusiastically for it. The straw vote taken, which resulted in three to one for the bonds, compared favorably with the Pierce County vote.

TREASURER'S STATEMENT

Treasurer's Statement to January 2, 1917:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Funds</th>
<th>Balance</th>
<th>Recd.</th>
<th>Paid</th>
</tr>
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<tr>
<td>Trail</td>
<td>$22.50</td>
<td>$37.50</td>
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<td>Glee Club</td>
<td>50.35</td>
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<tr>
<td>Banquet</td>
<td>72.03</td>
<td>72.03</td>
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<tr>
<td>Debate</td>
<td>47.49</td>
<td>47.49</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chapel Choir</td>
<td>7.75</td>
<td>7.75</td>
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<tr>
<td>Incidental</td>
<td>32.94</td>
<td>32.94</td>
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<tr>
<td>Band</td>
<td>9.41</td>
<td>9.41</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>TOTAL</strong></td>
<td><strong>$242.47</strong></td>
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Athletic
(Debit Bal.) $25.80 $122.32 $148.12

**TOTAL** $216.67 $379.79 $163.12

Sources of Receipts
Balance in treasury Dec. 1... $363.39
Student Fees... 10.00
Athletics, from sale of tickets... 6.40

**TOTAL** $379.79

ANTON ERP,
Treasurer.
KAPPA SIGMA THETA NOTES

Has everyone seen our new room? We are certainly proud of it since the "Wright" man has given it its finishing touches and we are also mighty elated over our location. For since the art room has been remodeled the fourth floor of the Administration building is pronounced the finest on the campus.

Next week we will hold our meeting in our new room and we will be glad to have our friends come to visit us and explore our room and partake of the literary feast which we enjoy every week.

H. V. White and Mr. Morrison, students at the Pacific School of Religion at Berkeley, gave inspiring talks at Chapel January 9 on the subject "The Challenge of the Christian Ministry." Mr. White gave some striking examples of the unique position a minister holds in a community, while Mr. Morrison emphasized the spirit one should take in entering the ministry.

These young men are speaking in all of the colleges of the Northwest, in the interest of Pacific College.

THINGS THAT DON'T HAPPEN WITH THE MILLIONAIRES

Lemon took five girls to church last Sunday.

Burk sang "A Perfect Day" to the enjoyment of all.

Cook stayed in every night last week.

Mathes is married and lives on—oh mush.

Schaper doesn't study, he expects to "flunk" this semester.

We never hear Bowman's laugh at 12 P. M.

Sorrenson cooked a square meal.
"Early to bed" is Kenney's motto.

"Who has the neatest drawing room in the Dormitory?"
"Professor Davis."
"That's right."

Earl's bed is always made.

Clay forgot to play his claironet at 4 A.M. for once.

Sutton is always able to retire unmolested. None of the fellows ever hide under the bed and in the closets until he is asleep. O, no.

Burk never gets into bed without finding it full of potatoes.

The kitchen was cleaned.

**JOKES**

Instructor (to wasteful girl in lab)—Where did all that sealing wax come from?
1920 Bud—Why, it just dropped from the ceiling, I guess.

"Does your wife ever pay you any compliments?" asked Frederick Jimson of his friend Beverly.
"Never," replied Beverly.
"Well, mine does; she flatters me!"
"Often?"
"Oh, yes; frequently—particularly in winter," replied Frederick.
"Why does she flatter you so much in winter?"
"Whenever the coal-fire needs replenishing she points to the fireplace and says: 'Frederick, the grate.'—Exchange.

Mr. Snypp says that he believes his grades will be higher next semester on account of the war.

**BASKETBALL**

C.P.S. has always put good basketball teams in the field and this year is no exception. The turnout has been exceptionally good. From ten to fifteen men don those September Morn togs and cavort around the "Y" floor every night.
(Have you noticed those stunning little "creations" that the team wears?)

Candidates for the varsity are Hanawalt, Curtis, Miller, Larson, Huntington and Earle. Possibly varsity material are Beardsley, Hallen, Harrader, McConihe, Woody.
(Aren't those little trousers just stunning?)

C.P.S. is a member of the City B.B. league and has an excellent chance of winning the cup which is offered.
(Really those dear little jerseys are too cute for anything.)

During January we play Bellingham Normal, U. of W. Sohps, Parkland A.C., Pacific Lutheran Aca-
demy, Tacoma A. C. and Lincoln Park. We have a fine chance to win at least three of those games. Now that we have the army post, we should at least beat Seattle. That may seem a little far fetched, but who knows?

✧ ✧ ✧

C.P.S.-Normal game, January 6. This was another one of those obses-
quious affairs. C.P.S. was beaten 41-17. It seems a shame to gallop away off to Bellingham to get trim-
med. Such is life. Every basket the team made was greeted by thunderous applause from a C.P.S. rooter. The rooter was yell leader, yeller, reporter, time and score keeper, etc.

(Oh, those cute little sleeve ef-
facts.)

We know that the “copy” censor has a weak heart, so we won’t say anything about the Normal gym. It’s below Normal, however. It wouldn’t be so hard to beat Belling-
ham, but we couldn’t beat that gym. Optimism prevades the trenches of C.P.S. Our next game will result in a victory for the College.

(Wouldn’t they make delightful skating costumes?)

ALUMNI NOTES

A baby daughter came to the home of Mrs. Ernest Hawthorne, ’05, on December 8.

✧ ✧ ✧

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Cook, ’07, ’08, spent the holiday vacation at Lemon’s Beach with Mrs. Cook’s parents.

✧ ✧ ✧

Miss Florence Hamilton, ’10, spent the holidays at her home in Tacoma.

✧ ✧ ✧

Two more of our members have joined the ranks of happy benedicts. The wedding of Mr. Arthur Hunger-
ford, ’13, and Miss Fridlund occurred December 20. They are at home at 912 South Sheridan.

✧ ✧ ✧

Paul Granlund, ’16, and Miss Rena Long were married on Christ-
mas Day. They are living in Ort-
ing, where Mr. Granlund has a posi-
tion in the High School.

✧ ✧ ✧

Guy Hudgins, ’15, was a visitor in Tacoma for several days of the holiday season.

✧ ✧ ✧

Alice Goulder, ’16, was at home for the holidays.
Great British Eugenist Compares
Drink and War

The First Year of the War Cost England 80,000 Men Killed by the
Germans and 60,000 Killed by Drink, Says Dr. C. W.
Saleebey, F.R.C.S., F.R.S.

Dr. C. W. Saleebey, F.R.C.S., F.R.S., one of the most emi-
nent physicians of Great Britain, has issued a state-
ment declaring that during every
year of peace, alcohol takes in lives
three-fourths of the toll exacted by
the first year of the great war, that
it makes 45,445 widows and orph-
ans in England and Wales every
year, and that, as a "racial poison," an ally to syphilis, its trail is over
the whole colossal loss of life before
and soon after birth. This, he esti-
mates, is not less than 200,000
annually. He says:
"The first year of the great war
cost us about eighty thousand fine
lives of our soldiers and sailors.
"But during every year of peace,
alcohol takes at least sixty thousand
lives in this country. On the most
moderate reckoning it is responsible
for one-seventh, or about fourteen
per cent., of the whole death rate.
This toll of over a thousand lives a
week, year in and year out, is three-
fourths of the toll exacted by the
greatest war in history.
"Estimating from the average
size of a family and the known
death rate from alcohol, we find
that this destroyer of the people, by
its destruction of husbands and
fathers, makes 45,445 widows and orph-
ans in England and Wales every
year, or over 124 every day. These
figures are an under-statement, for
they do not recognize the fact that
the mortality due to alcohol is really
much higher among men than wom-
en.
"We have in this country an in-
fant mortality of about one hundred
thousand per annum, and a mortali-
ty of infants before birth which is at
least as high. It is estimated that
not less than half of this ante-natal
mortality, namely, fifty thousand
lives per annum, is due to syphilis.
Over the whole of this colossal loss
of life, before and soon after birth,
amounting to not less than 200,000
lives annually, is the trail of alcohol,
either doing its deadly work hand
in hand with syphilis or destroying
life directly on its own account.
"Obviously, therefore, the abol-i-
tion of the mortality directly and
indirectly due to alcohol would
vastly more than compensate for
the unprecedented loss of life due
to the deadliest war in history."
Sam, the Negro Preacher.

Sam Skull, a very sturdy, but ignorant negro, came to the white presiding elder of the Tin Cap District and said:

"Brother Sliden, elder, Ah wants dat little piece ob paper what gibbs men to make dem preach de gospel."

The elder said:

"Did you ever study philosophy?"

"Losopy? No, sah, Ah neber studied losopy."

"Did you ever study theology?"

"No, sah, ah knows nothing about dat, sah. Dat's as bad as 'tother."

"Well, what do you know?"

"Ah knows all about dey Bible, sah."

"Well, do you know anything about any important female character?"

"Any impotant what, sah? Wat is dat?"

"Woman, I mean."

"Yesah, ah knows all about dat Jezebell."

"Tell me all you know about her, quickly."

"Jezebell, sah, was a very wicked woman and de old king said, 'Toss her obah de wall,' and dey frowed her obah de wall. The king said, 'Cause she is so mighty wicked frow her obah again,' and dey frowed her obah again. Yes, dey frowed her obah seventy times seven and dey broke her into five thousand pieces. The dogs came and licked dem soles and de desciples fled, also. Last of all, dat woman died and dey gathered up twelve baskets ob dem fragments which remains and de day of de resurrection, whose wife shall she be ob de seben?"
If you want your money's worth in

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

Washington Tool & Hardware Company
10th and Pacific Avenue

A kiss is a noun.
It is generally used as a conjunc-
tion.
It is never declined.
It is more common than proper.
It is not very often used in the singular, but usually in the plural and agrees with me and you.—Exchange.

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Exclusive agents for
ADLER ROCHESTER
and
SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES
$15., $20. and $25.

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Both Corners.

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$15 — Every Suit at — $15

A Burnside Derby for the Banquet
ALWAYS DRESSY
ONLY $2.00
APPROPRIATE FOR ALL KINDS OF WEATHER
BURNSIDE HAT SHOP
348 PACIFIC AVE.

"People should marry their opposites."
"Most people are convinced that they did."—Exchange.

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Get them here with Everything AMOUNTING "A-N" to 10c
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Next time you need “Fixins” for your Social Functions, don’t forget the Royal Ice Cream Co.’s place on Sixth Avenue. Have you tried our Student Lunches? Why haven’t you? Do it now!
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“Little marks in English,
Little ‘P’s’ in Geom.
Show that basketball boys are Sometimes a little glum.”
—Exchange.

A. A. HINZ
FLORIST AND DECORATOR
Corner of K and 7th Streets
Phone Main 2655

Prof.—What do you mean, Mr. Jones, by speaking of Dick Wagner, Ludie Beethoven, Charlie Gounod and Fred Handel?
Jones—Well, you told me to get familiar with the great composers.

A Fine Resolution
I am determined to read more during the year 1917 than I ever have before.

WHAT DO YOU READ?
We have books in profusion—Historical, Biographical, Fictional and otherwise. SELECT YOUR’S HERE

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

YANSENS CONFECTIONERY
Chocolates
Lunches, Light Groceries and Stationery
SIXTH & FIFE

Mechanically inclined young lady interrupts a tete-a-tete in the library:
“Mr. Cook, have you a nail?”
“No,” was the reply, “but maybe I look as tho I were nailed.”

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

Automobilist—Madam, I am very sorry that I killed your dog. Will you allow me the replace him?
Old Maid—Oh dear! This is so sudden.

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Say Fellows! Come and see me for a REAL Shave or a Haircut.
JAMES T. COFFMAN, 2409 Sixth Avenue.

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BUY YOUR CHRISTMAS TURKEY HERE, AND TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT US
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E. A. THOMAS
2808 Sixth Ave.

GOING CALLING, BOYS?
Fastidious College fellows have their Shoes Shinned, and Hats Cleaned and Blocked here.
TWO PLACES
GIVE US A TRIAL AND YOU'LL COME BACK
Tony's
920½—Pacific Ave.—930

HOT VEAL PIES
Bread, Pies, Cakes, Beans, etc.
STERLING DELICATESSEN AND LUNCH ROOM
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“Good boys love their sisters,
But so good have I grown,
I love other boys' sisters
Better than my own.”
—Exchange.

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BE "AT HOME" IN THIS BANK

Scandinavian American Bank

"The Bank That Helps" Tacoma

Chem. Prof. (to Freshman Class, after explaining in a painstaking way a rather complicated problem in chemistry)—Now, is that all perfectly clear?

"Clear as mud," was heard from the back of the room.

"Well, that covers the ground," said the absent-minded professor.

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DEALER IN STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

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Why does Cook return at 10 o'clock to the Club, singing "Till we Meet?" Perhaps it doesn't matter.

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1917, your
APPETIZING DELICACIES
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Functions from us.
WE SELL BREAD

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Pretty young school teacher to
the principle: “Willie Jones has
eaten some dynamite. I can’t wall-
lop him for fear it will go off.”

For Quality and Service in Quick
Shoe Repairing go to

SMITH & GREGORY
311½ So. 11th St. M 1447

A scientist has recently discover-
ed that thermometers are not the
only things that are graduated and
get degrees without brains.—Ex-
change.

Let us do your Photographical
work during 1917.

We guarantee every piece.

EDITOR OF THE TRAIL

Editor of the Trail,
Dear Sir:
Can you inform me in your next
issue of the Trail if Robbin’s basket-
ball team has wings?

+++ 
“Silently, one by one, in the
grade books of the instructors, blos-
som the little zeros, the forget-me-
nots of the pupils.”—Nor’ easter.

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DINNER,
PIPING HOT,
FOR
20c AND UP

Main 2512 116 So. 12th St.

Friend—What is your baby going to be when he grows up?
Financier — Blackmailer, I’m afraid.
Friend—Impossible! What makes you think so?
Financier—We have to give him something every little while to keep him quiet.

H. W. MANIKE

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Cut Flowers for all Events
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store, and we want YOU to give us a
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I will buy all my Candy—for the girl
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The Meadowmoor
(638 BROADWAY)
Candies are made in our sanitary
factory on Broadway.
VISIT OUR SODA FOUNTAIN
HOT LUNCHES FOR
STUDENTS

 Everybody Doing It
 "It surely does beat all!"
The thin carpenter knew when
the fat plumber made the above ex-
clamation that it invited an inquiry,
so he asked:
 "What beats all?"
 "I went into a theater the other
night and heard a nutty monolog."
 "Yes?"
 "And then I went into another
place and heard a campaign orator
shooting off his gab."
 "Uh huh."
 "And in the next place, which
was a moving picture theater, blam-
ed if I didn’t run up against the
arena scene from 'Quo Vadis.'"
 "I must say I can’t just get the

drift of your talk."
 "Can’t you see? Everywhere I
went I found somebody throwing
the bull."—Youngstown Telegram.
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The Pure Food Cream
FANCY OR PLAIN ICE CREAM FOR BANQUETS, SOCIALS AND PARTIES

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M 2820

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M 7919

Soph.—Have you a minute to spare?
Frosh.—Sure.
Soph.—Tell me all you know.

Father—I hope you will come out ahead, Bobbie. What are you being examined at this time of the school year for?
Bobbie—Adenoids.

GYM SHOES
The Basketball Season is on and Gymnasium Shoes are in demand. Let us supply your wants in this line.

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1140 Broadway

Students! Remember!
We can supply your every Book or Stationery need at the

COLLEGE BOOK STORE
SEE "MATTY"

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

Fountain Pens for Sale

The Physics professor was explaining ventilation to a Freshman:
"The air comes in at one of the holes in the wall, and goes out at another."

Freshman—How does the air know how to hit that little hole?
Exchange.
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Bitney & Sons
Book Exchange
Burnside Hat Shop
Bates Clothing Co.
C & G Boot Shop
Caswell Optical Co.
College Confectionery
College Bookstore
Crown Drug Co.
California Florist
Dewey Candy Co.
Dickson Brothers Co.
Foss Boat Co.
Goodrich Grocery Co.
Hicks Drug Co.
Hedberg Bros. Shoe Co.
Hart, F. C.
Hayden Watson
Hinz, A. A.
Ideal Market
James T. Coffman
Jonas, F. C. & Son
Kruzner, Al
Kachlein Bros.
Manike, H. W.
Muehlenbruch, C. T.
McQuary, J. E.
Meadowmoor Ice Cream Co.
Olympic Ice Cream Co.
Pirret, P. K. & Co.
Petersen Studio
Quality Press
Red Cross Drug Co.
Rowell, C. W.
Royal Ice Cream Co.
Sunrise Bakery
Shaw Supply Co.
Smith & Gregory
Scotch Tailors
Scandinavian American Bank
Sheldon's Lunch.
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

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