And now, while each fond sighing youth
Repeats his vows of love and truth,
Attend to this advice of mine:
With caution choose a valentine.

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Edward H. Todd, President
TACOMA, WASHINGTON
WE DEDICATE THIS ISSUE OF THE

TRAIL

TO

OUR EFFICIENT ASSOCIATE EDITOR,

WHO SO SPLENDIDLY PREPARED

THIS ISSUE
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St. Valentine and a Suffragette

By E. and M. W. SHACKLEFORD

Our Suffragette came swinging down a London street. She appeared to be looking for something and had the nervous, exultant air of a bad boy just successful in a bit of deviltry. She turned the corner and, with relief, saw the mail box two blocks down the street.

With a nonchalance a bit overdone, she withdrew behind a deserted stall. After diving in her pocket, she produced a vial filled with a viscous substance and tightly covered. She began to fumble nervously at the lid of the bottle, but even after applying a hairpin the top remained steadfast. She stuck the hairpin in the back of her hair again and, with annoyance, looked at her shoes.

"I must get it in before the afternoon collection," she muttered.

Cautiously she advanced from behind the stall with the unopened bottle still in her hand. She peered up and down the street. There was no one in sight except some children looking in the windows of a little candy shop nearly across the street from her hiding place. She looked at the mail box two blocks down and then at the unopened bottle in her hand. Then slowly she lifted her eyes to the candy shop across the street. She bit her lip
and then with a nervous wiggle began to smile.

She crossed the street and opened the candy shop door. The bell above the door jangled to warn the proprietor in the back of the store of a customer. A little white-haired old man hobbled up to the counter.

"I bought this bottle of glue," the Suffragette said, holding the bottle out to him, "and I find I can't get the top off of it."

The old man took the bottle and went to the rear of the shop.

"They do put the tops on so tight," the old man called from the back of the shop. "I know because this is the kind of glue I handle."

"Yes," the Suffragette replied, "I thought perhaps this was the place I bought it; I didn't remember."

"No, you couldn't have bought it here," the old man replied. "We haven't sold any glue for two weeks. I count the bottles every morning."

"I'm not familiar with this end of the city," the girl said. Then, after a pause, she inquired.

"Do you know when the mail is collected at that box, two blocks away?"

Someone had entered the shop from upstairs and the man did not hear her. While she waited, she looked the shop over. Turning about, she looked at the little window. It was filled with valentines. There were plain, red hearts, hearts with white arrows thru them, and lovely creations of tissue paper and celluloid with one, two and three fairies on them. In the very center of the window was a dazzling valentine which surpassed description.

"Why, this is Valentine's Day," thought the Suffragette, and she drifted off into memories not connected with glue.

The shrill voice of a little girl was heard in the back of the shop, talking to the old man.

"Yes," she said proudly in answer to some question of his.

"I'm glad you like it," she said prettily in reply to some compliment. "Now, grandpa, where's the stamp?" The old man directed her to a drawer below the counter.

The Suffragette saw the pretty, little granddaughter immerge from the back. She held in one hand an enormous envelope that by numerous glue marks and irregularities of shape testified to be the little girl's creation. In one corner was a blot of red, an irregular heart cut of red paper.

"Oh, what a lovely envelope," the Suffragette remarked.

"I'm glad you like it," the little girl said shyly. "It's a valentine I made for my cousin Harry. Would you like to see it?"

The Suffragette indicated that she would love to. (I move that we call the Suffragette Letitia from now on. That was her real name, anyhow.)

The little girl carefully pulled the valentine out of its envelope and extended it to Letitia, who raved about it in a perfectly satisfactory fashion, while the child hunted for the stamp. In a second or two she found it and sealed the envelope and stamped it and had started for the mail box.

The old shopkeeper came up from the back of the shop with the opened glue bottle in his hand. Letitia thanked him and offered to pay him, but he refused.

With the return of the glue bottle the chills began to chase themselves up and down her back again. She stepped out on the pavement. Down there two blocks at the mail box she saw the dainty little granddaughter of the shopkeeper reaching on tip toe and letting her fat valen-
tine slide into the box. After the letter had slipped, the little girl tried to get it again, but finally the strain on her toes became too great and she had to abandon looking in the slot. She patted the mail box as she left it just as Letitia had seen her pat her valentine.

"What an awful shame," Letitia said to herself, "to pour glue in that mail box and spoil her pretty valentine. I've a notion not to do it."

"But the cause—" the glue bottle in her hand seemed to say.

"Yes, the cause," Letitia thought, becoming rigid and excited again. "I guess I'd better; but I wish Mrs. Pankhurst hadn't delegated me to do it on Valentine's Day."

"What if there should be a valentine for me in that box!" she thought. When she first thought this she was merely applying the golden rule in order that she might say to herself how glad she would be to sacrifice a valentine of her own for the cause. But a quite different course of reasoning followed. "Yes, John has been known to do such foolish things," she pursued, utterly forgetting the reasoning. "I couldn't pour glue on a valentine John would send me, even if he doesn't believe in suffrage. But he won't send me a valentine. He is a mere acquaintance. However, if he did send a valentine this would be the very mail box he would probably put it in, wouldn't it? It is just two blocks—it certainly would. But I shan't be foolish," she said, quickening her pace.

Suddenly, not a half block before her, darting from a side street, came a man, a nice-looking man, carrying a great pasteboard box under his arm. Letitia stopped as if she had seen a ghost. The man was smiling to himself. He advanced to the mail box and slid the valentine in. Then he turned and walked away, all unconscious of breathless Letitia a half block away.

When Letitia opened the door of her room she realized that she still had the glue bottle open in her hand.

In a typical fashion, having done the deed, she began to think of reasons why she did it. There she had been with explicit orders from headquarters and everything ideal as far as Mrs. Pankhurst would be able to understand, a half block from the mail box which she was instructed to fill with glue, when she had turned around and come home. Because a mere man, who happened to be an acquaintance of hers, had come along and put a pasteboard box in the mail box, or because it was St. Valentine's Day, or because she wanted to be home when the next mail delivery came (tho of course, a package just mailed could not be delivered until the evening delivery)—all these simply wouldn't form themselves into adequate excuses. She thought perhaps she would think up some excuse in her dreams, she often had before, so she went to the window to watch for the mail man.

After quite a long while (maybe a century) she saw the mail man at the other end of her street. She thought he had a box in his bag of about the right size, yet she wasn't sure. He stopped on the curbing before her house and looked thru his letters. She almost thought of throwing up her window and telling him to look thru his packages. She was astonished to see that he did not stop.

She wondered who it was that John had sent that valentine to. She wondered real vehemently and then she said aloud: "But, of course, it doesn't concern me who he sent
it to."

She went to her dresser and got her nail file and commenced filing her finger nails. This action, as it has to many before and since, proved a consolation to her. "Perhaps John has many other lady friends," she thought. "I don't know. I don't know him very well." There—she had filed her thumb nail too short. As she began on her first finger she remembered that it would have been physically impossible for that package to have reached her before the second delivery. This calmed her and she put up the nail file. When she looked out below she saw the mail man again. He had a large pasteboard box in one hand and he was mounting her steps. *

She had brought the box to her room, had clipped the strings, had lifted the lid and then revealed a miracle of tissue-paper loveliness, of red hearts, of white butterflies, of blue angels, of pink cupids and of celluloid arrows. There was a little note tucked in the box. She opened it:

**Dear Letitia:**

I am sending you this little valentine. **Yours truly,**

**JOHN.**

P. S. The company is sending me to California in the United States. I leave next week.

P. P. S. California is a suffrage state.

P. P. P. S. I am changing my opinions to fit my new location. I'm getting to be a suffragist. I could carry a banner or most anything for you. May I call this evening?

**All's Well That Ends Well**

*By EDITH RUMMEL*

**T**om Herrick whistled merrily to himself as he guided the horse and plaw thru the fast mellowing ground in the old south field of the Herrick farm. It was February and already spring was in the air, in the bursting pussy-willow buds, in the blue sky and fleecy clouds, in the first call of the robin. Tom's boots sank deep into the soft earth as he walked behind the plow and he gloried in the feel of it, for he was a lover of the soil and always with the return of spring something in his soul responded and he felt wonderfully in tune with nature and with men.

At the end of the field he stopped a moment, partly to let his horse rest and partly because at that special place a very good view of the Leighton farm might be had, and Tom was very much interested in the Leighton farm. As he stood there a little red figure ran down the milk-house steps two at a time, waved a little hand high in the air to him and disappeared quickly thru the Leighton's back door. Tom's heart fl o p p e d completely over and it required the plowing of two whole rows the length of the field before it began to beat normally again.

This disturber of this usually dependable organ was Betty Dalton, granddaughter of old Farmer Leighton, and she had resided at the Leighton farm-house just long enough to win for herself a secure place in Tom Herrick's heart. She was small and dark, she was—well,
she was just her rosy, saucy, little self and so it was that he always thought of HER.

As Tom walked back and forth across the field, guiding his horse, his mind gradually came back to more earthly things. How early the spring was this year! Only the thirteenth of February. Why, tomorrow would be St. Valentine's Day. Ah! the very thing, he would send Betty a valentine, the prettiest that could be found in the limited stores of Riverton. With this idea in his head, the spring day and the soil lost their charm and a half hour before time for the dinner bell, Tom found himself standing before his mirror, slicking up his thick, black hair, ready to walk the short half mile into Riverton. He swallowed his dinner in a hurry, much to the disgust of his mother, who did not understand the great demand for time of a lad of one and twenty, and was soon on his way.

As he walked briskly along the road, he suddenly heard the clatter of hoofs behind him, a low little laugh, a saucy "Good afternoon, Mr. Herrick," saw the flutter of a red dress on a brown and white pony, a whip handle waved at him from behind, and all disappear with a flourish around a bend in the road.

Tom's heart flopped again. "The little rogue," he muttered under his breath, "I'll show her." He was walking along utterly oblivious that there was a world surrounding him, when a voice close to his side brought him back to earth with a thud.

He turned quickly and beheld the simpering smile, the long nose, false teeth, the green eyes of Miss Mehitabel Jones. Now, Miss Mehitabel Jones was the mail clerk in Riverton's tiny postoffice and she knew more about Riverton's affairs than any other one person in the village. She also had a ready tongue and was not averse to telling all she knew, and some suspected that she told a little more than she knew, to a certain sewing society which she weekly graced with her presence.

She now bent her simpering smile and limpid green eyes upon Tom. "Why, Tom Herrick, I am so delighted to see you! Isn't this just perfectly lovely that I should meet you here and can walk the rest of the way into Riverton with you?"

"Yes, wasn't it lovely!" Tom inwardly cursed the fate that brought Miss Mehitabel along the road at that particular moment. He had a life-size photograph in his mind of Miss Mehitabel and he walking into Riverton together.

"Are you going in town to do some shopping, Tom? It's such a lovely day to go shopping, I should just love to myself, but of course I have to go right back to the post-office."

(No response from Tom.) "Have you seen Betty Dalton lately, Tom? I do declare she is getting prettier every day. I venture to say you have seen her more than once lately, Tom. Am I right?"

Tom was inwardly boiling, but saw no means of escape, so remained silent. "Why don't you say something, Tom? I do believe you're in love with Betty Dalton. Confess now, aren't you?"

By this time they were almost into Riverton and Tom was desperately racking his brain for some way of escape, when he saw it down the road a little way, in the form of Mr. Waters, an old friend of his father's.

"Good afternoon, Miss Jones. I must see Mr. Waters immediately."
And he hurried off at a run, leaving Miss Mehitabel Jones gasping in the road behind him.

Tom waited until he saw Miss Mehitabel betake herself into the little postoffice before he entered the general store across the street. It took him a long time to decide on his valentine, for the nicest was not good enough for Betty, and while he was standing there looking them over temptation arose before him. A certain valentine with a very lean and lanky lady on it with a cabbage head and big green eyes, and a verse below reading:

"Green eyes and a prying nose
Will you be my cabbage rose?"
persisted in flaunting itself before his eyes and he could not resist the temptation to send it to Miss Mehitabel Jones, so he purchased it, together with a beautiful one for Betty, signed his initial in the corner of each, addressed them and dropped them into the box outside the postoffice.

All the way home his thoughts were divided between wondering if Betty would like her valentine and in pleasant anticipation of seeing Miss Mehitabel’s eyes flash, if it might be said that green eyes did flash, when he went after his mail the next day.

On the following morning, an hour or so after seeing Betty riding toward town on her pony, Tom started out hoping to meet her on her way home. Seizing nothing of her, he walked briskly along chuckling to himself at the thought of Miss Mehitabel madder than a wet hen.

He walked gaily up the postoffice steps, his conscience not hurting him a bit, when to his utter astonishment there stood Miss Mehitabel on the top steps waiting for him and in place of the icy countenance which he expected to see was an angelic smile surrounding a pair of false teeth, and a pair of dewy green eyes. Tom stopped short, but Miss Mehitabel’s arm was on his pulling him into the postoffice and she gushed forth still holding his arm:

“My dear Tom, how perfectly sweet of you to send me that beautiful valentine. It’s the first one I ever got in my life, Tom, and to think that you sent it to me."

Here Miss Mehitabel shed a briny tear or two, and carefully wiped them away with her handkerchief, while Tom stood dumb with amazement.

"Do you really like me so well, Tom? And here all the time I thought you were in love with Betty," and Miss Mehitabel’s moist green eyes looked soulfully up into his.

This was too much for Tom. He loosened her arm suddenly and made a bolt for the door, only to run down the steps and into a little red figure passing below. She gave him a cutting glance and with chin tilted high in the air, walked rapidly up the street.

"Betty!" Tom called after her in an injured tone.

No response, only a little higher tilting of the chin and a quickening of the pace of her little black-shod feet.

"Betty!" and Tom followed quickly after her. This time she turned, and with a look of utter contempt, threw a white envelope down at his feet, turned and ran up the street where her pony waited.

For a full minute Tom stood and stared after her, puzzled and bewildered, then remembering the envelope at his feet stooped and picked it up. Slowly he drew the card out and before his horrified
eyes appeared a cabbage head, a pair of green eyes and:
"Green eyes and prying nose
Will you be my cabbage rose?"
"Well, how in the—"
In a flash it all came to him. Stupid thing that he was. He had got the envelopes mixed in addressing them and here was a pretty situation. He would get a horse and ride after Betty and make her listen to him.

When he overtook her, she was riding along, quietly reading her mail, and paid no more attention to him when he rode up and called her name than if he had not been there.

"Betty!" he called again and still no response.

"Betty, you've got to listen to me," and this time he took hold of her bridle, while Betty calmly continued reading her paper.

"I made a mistake, Betty, fool that I was, and got the valentines addressed wrong. I had the sweetest one picked out for you, Betty, and you got Miss Mehitabel's. Look at me, Betty! Won't you forgive me?"

For fully five minutes it seemed to Tom, Betty still sat looking at her paper then swiftly she looked up and with bewitching smile, cried:

"Let's go for a ride, Tom Herrick. We haven't been riding together for a long time," and she was off up the road in a flash, with Tom after her.

MY SWEETHEART

I adore her, there's no use denying
To me she's life's sweetness complete,
Tho I wish it, things could not be different.
My love is so dainty and sweet.

Her eyes they are blue as the topaz,
Her lips, like rich rubies, are red,
I can not think clearly of business
My love must have gone to my head.

So I walk with her late in the evening
And stroll with her early at dawn
And my wife likes this better than I do,
For she simply stifled a yawn.

And says "Thank you" when baby's fretful
I hope you have walked her to sleep,
And I sigh for the baby's my sweetheart
And love for my sweetheart is deep.

You who favor but eight hours for working
Please vote for another law too
Demand we have eight hours for sleeping
I need it, I certainly do.
A MONTH ago Katie Cross did not know that there was a town in Nebraska by the name of Valentine, but just now it was the most important place on the map as far as she was concerned. She was going to teach in Valentine and, furthermore, she was to go to Valentine on Valentine's Day. Katie had pictured to herself a very ideal town, which should fit the name of Valentine. Valentine's Day would be the most celebrated day in the year, she argued, but at all times, Valentine would be shrouded with romance.

And so it was that on February the fourteenth, Katie was waiting eagerly for the conductor to call "Valentine." At last the call came and Katie peered out of the window to see the neat little bungalows she had designed in her mind, for her ideal town. Her face fell. Surely this could not be the place, but consoling herself by the thought that possibly she could not see enough of it to really tell, she hastened to leave the train and search the dingy platform for an educated looking gentleman—the president of the school board—who was to meet her.

However, it was a very rough "Back-woods" looking man who came up to Katie and said gruffly:
"Be you the new school mar'm?"
"Yes, sir," she answered politely, "and I'm looking for Mr. Dodd, the president of the school board."
"Well, and who do you think I be? I 'lowed I didn't want no Katie Cross to teach our young 'uns and here you're a whole lot worse'n I thought you'd be. I suppose whar you live you kin go on your looks, but that only goes agin' you here, and we don't want no new-fangled ideas teached here nuther, but then we kin try yer. Here, jump into this here wagon. The school mar'm always stays with us so's we kin kinder keep tap on what she's a doin'. But it's mighty hard to get one good enough to teach our young 'uns, peers to me. I've already sent five away this year and I reckon I'll be sending another away afore long."

And so in a rumbling, creaking wagon, which must have been an old heir-loom, Katie rode thru the little town on her way to Mr. Dodd's farm. Such a ramshackle, dirty little village it was. Judging by the tumble down fences and general neglect, the town must certainly be inhabited by Rip Van Winkle. Katie smiled bitterly as she contrasted the Valentine of stern reality with that of her dreams. Mr. Dodd was "laying down the law" to her, but she heard only fragments of what he said.
"Yes, and the last one didn't hev no more sense 'n to tell our young 'uns that the yearth was round and we was standing on our heads half the time. Tried to stuff our chillun with sich like nonsense," Mr. Dodd was saying.

Mr. Dodd's wife and family proved no better than he. To live in such a home as that was impossible for a girl like Katie. The long afternoon dragged painfully out. Many times Katie compared this Valentine's Day with former Valentine's Days. She doubted if the people around her had ever heard
of Valentine’s Day, and began to sympathize with the missionaries among their heathen and wondered if “her heathen” were worse than theirs.

Early that evening, Katie stole to her room, heartsick and disappointed. She went to the window and with her head on the sill, wept bitterly. How could she ever retreat from this dreadful place and still not be cowardly? Suddenly Katie heard the low, sweet strains of music. To the accompaniment of a guitar, the words came up to her thru the crisp, cold air:

“Come hither, my love, come hither to me, O, be my Valentine, my Valentine be.”

She knew that voice, but she could not believe her ears. Surely she was dreaming. “John!” she cried and sped out of the house to the spot from which she had heard that music coming. She would see if it was a dream. But there in the garden was John. “Oh!” she cried when she came near enough to speak. “How on earth did you get here?”

“Oh! I found out what sort of a place Valentine was and I knew you’d need some brave knight to rescue you from the giant’s castle, so I followed you.”

“There is one valentine in Valentine, after all, then, isn’t there?” she whispered softly.

THEIR VALENTINES

There were once two youthful maidens,
As pretty as could be,
With curls and smiles and dimples too,
Their hearts and spirits free.

Now to these maidens, young and dear,
(I prithee listen close.)
Came two youthful laddies near,
Whose hearts were far from froze.

But not so fast, lest I forget,
To say these maids were twins,
And just with this plain simple fact,
Our trouble soon begins.

Dan Cupid sent a token fair
From each young lover true;
But of the two which one belonged
To either, no one knew.

Ah, such is Fate, hard, cruel Fate.
Have lovers often sighed,
For everything is oft betwixt
And truths are often lies.

But, readers, do not troubled be,
Within a day’s short time
Were all the troubles cleared, you see
And each lad got his Valentine.
School Spirit

By NEIL WOODY

Much has been said about our school spirit, or rather our lack of spirit, and as the spirit of a school is the reflection and indication of its true character, even more so than the number of its graduates this question of SCHOOL SPIRIT is indeed a pertinent one.

There are more arguments in favor of the proposition than against it, that Tacoma should, in the College of Puget Sound, boast of, if not the largest, one of the best schools in the West, in the attainment of—culture—scholarship—Charity—service, and athletic excellence. But this means co-operation. If this copy of the Trail is not what you think it should be, ask yourself what you have contributed to it toward the making of a bigger and better publication. The editor alone cannot make the paper, nor his small staff of associates. The management of the Trail would have liked at the close of the football season to have devoted considerable space to the football team with a "write-up" and an individual cut of each player. This would not only have added greatly to the spirit of the school, but would have also been a means of attracting prospective students, especially those athletically inclined. This was found to be impossible because of the lack of the necessary spirit. It needs your help.

If, during a basketball rally in chapel, which usually consists of a few maidenly voices, with here and there an ecclesiastical bass, you are soliloquizing upon the lack of enthusiasm or spirit manifested, remember that you yourself are probably silent. This brings us face to face with the fact that we should have a yell king and two yell dukes instead of a single prehistoric yell master, and these should be in evidence not only in chapel, but in all games played. Also when you go to the game, overcome that natural impulse to take your German or Psychology under your arm with the purpose of studying during the contest.

To the student who is entirely absorbed in intellectual pursuits, the support of his school team may seem trivial and unnecessary, but writing from the standpoint of a player, the writer knows that the spirit of the rooters plays an important part in the deciding of close games. The Everett game was an example of this. Some have given as their reason for not attending the games that they did not know where they were to be played. To prevent this from recurring, the basketball schedule will be found in another section of the Trail. Look it up!

TREASURER'S STATEMENT

For the first semester of the school year, 1916-1917:

<table>
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$235.73

Athletics

(Debit Bal.) $85.20 $428.22 $513.42

$150.53 $814.24

Sources of Receipts

$42.44

Balance in treasury June 15, 1916 $415.00

Student Fees $296.05

Athletics: gate receipts and guarantees 47.25

Trail advertising; extra copies 5.50

TOTAL $806.24

ANTON ERP,
Treasurer.
The Puget Sound Trail
Tacoma, Wash.

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LITERARY EDITOR - Alden Warman
SOCIETY and LOCALS - Alice Baker, Gladys Moe, Herbert Feller
STAFF ARTISTS - Vera Sinclair
NEWS REPORTER - Paul Hanawalt
BUSINESS EDITOR - Harry Earle
BUSINESS MANAGER - Harry Earle

Editorial

We affectionately dedicate this issue of the Trail to the fond memories of the martyred Saint Valentine.

The custom of choosing valentines on his day, the fourteenth of February, has been accidently associated with his name. On the eve of Saint Valentine’s day, young people of both sexes used to meet and each of them drew a valentine by lot from a number of names of the opposing sex, which were put in a common receptacle. Each gentleman thus received a lady for his valentine and became the valentine of a lady. The gentlemen remained bound to the service of their valentines for a year.

That a similar custom, with a few variations and deviations, must have been handed down to us of the present day is the editor’s own private opinion. The variations come in where a gentleman draws two valentines, or perhaps three, instead of the one of yore. Whether this variation is due to the over abundance of the fairer sex or the under abundance of the stronger sex, we are not here to say. It is a self-evident fact, however, that a few gentlemen have been known to break the fixed rule of remaining bound to the service of their valentines for a year. It is sad to relate that some members of the stronger sex have been known to cut down the term of bondage to a month, yea and, even at times, to a week.

It is a question in the editor’s mind whether these variations and deviations are bringing about a better system. But time is the only thing that will bring the truth to the front.

The Color Post
As seen by a Freshman

At the last meeting of the Freshman class the matter of a number post was brought before the members. All were in favor of it for the following good reasons: First, it will do away with the unsightly numbers that now adorn the walks and buildings of the College. It will promote class spirit and foster friendly rivalry between the different classes and in time this will become a tradition of which we shall be proud. And, lastly, next year we shall be able to show our authority over the incoming Freshmen.

As seen by a Sophomore

At a recent meeting of the Sophomores, the class decided unanimously in the favor of the color post. The main theory advanced in favor of the post was that it would be inductive to a spirit of unity instead of the intense rivalry that has
heretofore existed. But we feel that if the post is erected that all the classes in College at present and those which will have an equal share in the dedication, should have their numerals upon it as well as the Freshman class, as was at first suggested.

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As seen by a Junior

The color post is a fine idea. Long enough we have had a class scrap every fall because the big colleges in the East had class scraps, and because our Freshmen had learned from the movies and the complete adventures of "Patty at College" just how a college should be run. Because our ancestors, who entered college before they were sixteen and got their diplomas before they could raise a beard, chose to beat their former friends over the head on a specified day, and to notify the world, in variegated colors that they hoped to graduate in a certain year, is no excuse for our doing so. If we must have traditions, let them at least have the virtue of originality. Besides, posts are all the rage this spring.

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As seen by a Senior

It is the traditions of a school that add to the sacredness of our Alma Mater. Faculty and student bodies change, even our buildings will be replaced by new ones, but it is the traditions that hold us together; they are the one thing we have in common.

Such a place will our "Historical Post" fill. The idea of the post is that each Freshman class, on entering, place their numerals and number enrolled together with their colors on the post. The post will also show the number graduating. This, however, is to be placed on for all classes since the foundation of the school, and while this is a class function, each class will hold sacred the ideas that it stands for and it will go down in history as a valuable addition to our now somewhat scarce traditions.

It is a privilege to be among those who found an idea or a tradition that will be esteemed as highly by the coming generation of students as it is by ours. So let the student body of 1917 boost for the "Historical Post."

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Under the skillful direction of Dr. Schofield, the Boys' Glee Club has made creditable advance. We made our debut in a concert at the Swedish Tabernacle on Wednesday, February 1, singing three numbers: "The Winter Song," "Pirate Song" and "Rocking Time." The fact that many of the artists who were to appear on the program did not arrive until late, gave us an opportunity to show how we meet an emergency. With the aid of the quartet we furnished the program until the late-comers arrived. This so won the heart of Capt. Anderson of the Salvation Army that he said at the close: "God Bless Dr. Schofield and his BEAUTIFUL Boys." (How about it, girls?)

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Well, you will hear from us soon, at the banquet and in chapel, and when you do, you will always have to admit that the Boys' Glee Club CAN SING.
College Activities

Y. W. NOTES

March first begins the work of our new officers, who were elected a few weeks ago. Mildred Pollom is the new president. Alice Baker Secretary, Edith Rummel Treasurer.

The new and old cabinet girls met with Miss Hopkins Tuesday, January 30. We had a very pleasant conference, after which we were served delightful refreshments by Miss Junia Todd. Under the capable direction of Miss Todd, as President, the Y.W.C.A. of the past year has done excellent work, and greater interest has developed among the girls.

SENIOR NOTES

Everything pertaining to graduation has been set on foot and is running smoothly toward the events of June. The caps and gowns are ordered, the announcements are being engraved, the speaker for commencement day is chosen, and the class day program committee is appointed.

The subjects upon which theses are being prepared are exceedingly varied. Mr. Warman is writing on Browning’s "Treatment of Love and Law"; Miss Moe on a problem dealing with practice teaching; Miss Temple on "College Students' Expenses"; Miss Bigelow on "The Introduction of Home Economics into Rural Schools"; Miss Cook on "The Divorce Problems in Pierce County."

Miss Olin will make a sociological survey of her home community; Mr. Schaper is analyzing local dairy products and will submit a report; Miss Tennant is investigating "Woman's Relation to the Activities of the Church."

Miss Gartrell's topic is "The Montessori System of Education"; Miss Todd, "The Influence of Descartes on Succeeding Epistemology"; Mr. Miller, "The Church and the Working Man"; Miss Smith, "Dramatic Literature of the Bible"; Miss Town, "The Photo-Drama as a Literary Force"; Miss Marshall, "The Eternal Triangle in the Drama."

JUNIOR NOTES

Exams are over and now we are turning our attention to other things. However, we hope that when all the grades are in the Juniors will hold the highest average.

We are all going to the banquet, with all of the dignity that six months as Juniors has given us. It seems odd to us not to plan a more active part in the program, but we have had our day and are willing to step aside and let others have a chance. Don’t think that this means that we wish to be recognized as "dead." Far from it, we are still as alive as ever, only a little graver, as becomes the heights to which we have attained.

We are sorry that we have not benefited by the enrollment of new students, but are comforted by the thought that we have not lost any of our members.
SOPHOMORE NOTES

At a recent Sophomore meeting the following officers were elected:
President—Marmaduke Dodsworth
Vice President—Jennie Gratz
Treasurer—Frank Young
Secretary—Edith Magnuson
Sargeant—Ralph Huntington

Have you heard who won the Red Cross contest? The dark horse—the Sophomore class, of course. And we sure enjoyed the candy, Mr. Queveli. Here's hoping you offer it again next year.

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

Before the recent influx come two important Freshman notes. Steve Arnett was unanimously elected athletic manager upon the resignation of another member of the Freshman class. In athletics, on the basketball team, Larson also represents us.

Shortly before this issue went to press our number was increased substantially by the mid-year entrances. We fared splendidly. Among the new Freshmen are listed two incipient lawyers (one a member of the honoraly law fraternity of the U. of W.), an all-round athlete, a champion tennis player and sundry others too modest to divulge their accomplishments.

Mr. Cramer, late of Lincoln Park High School, is known to fame as an actor and a debator. He is one of the lawyers in embryo.

Mrs. Chamberlain is making up some Liberal Arts credits with us. She has already completed the most of her law course, and is the member of the honorary law fraternity of the U. of W. referred to above.

Mr. Arthur Carlson is an ex-Stadium High man, a member of the all-school baseball and football team.

Miss Atkinson, a 1915 graduate of Stadium, is a tennis player of note, a runner-up and co-champion with Miss Frasier in the Stadium High tournaments. She is known for her art with the racket outside the school.

Miss Maud Shunk, Miss Helen Stanar and Mr. Clarence Sargeant come to us from the mid-year class of Lincoln Park High School.

It is only our half year more of experience that lets us take even an equal ground with such ability. We wish that the school was much larger, and that the teachers were all ogres, simply that we might show you how well disposed we are by our kindnesses and attentions. But, since we're only a little over a hundred, we'll have to take it out in good wishes, which indeed we extend.

After the effusion of the previous paragraph, I guess we have initiated you into the sacred rights of fellow-classmen.

THE SPECIAL MEETINGS

Dr. Perry, we welcome you to our College; we like your talks and appreciate the messages you are bringing us. We, the students who have attended regularly, realize what a rare treat the ones who stay at home are missing and are confident that your work here has not been in vain, for we know that this College will be infinitely better because you have been with us.
ACADEMY NOTES

You never can tell. Some of us brainy marvels would have sandbagged the man who’d tell us we had acting ability. But you saw it with your own eyes when we presented “College Spirit” in the brain hatchery on January 9. This sensation was excellently directed by Miss McGandy and Mr. Goeghegan.

Since the stunt, the big movie directors have all been attempting to secure our leading ladies as movie stars. However, when interviewed, both Miss Wilson and Miss Nielsen denied this.

Remember the fellow who said “she’s dead” and whose legs shook so? That was Kenney. Now can you see that speck of dust on the horizon? That’s Charlie Chaplin beating it to make room for our Kenney.

But what did you think of our wild cats, the ones that eat ‘em alive. They’d been drinking blood all morning and were feeling, Oh, so ferocious when we turned them into the arena and let them plow up the stage. Fact is, you couldn’t dent our Earle with a hatchet. Sheffer couldn’t see straight any more when Krone said: “Let’s give her a jell.” The cast follows:

Evil Spirits—Miss Mustard, Mr. Lewellyn.
College Spirit—Miss Wilson.
Seniors—Mr. Geoghegan, Mr. Hallen, Miss Nielsen.
Juniors—Messrs. Kenney and James.
Sophs—Miss Bennett, Mr. James, Mr. Feller.
Freshmen—Messrs. Earle, Sheffer and Krone.
Misc. Students—Mr. Nye, Mr. Helgerson.

Everybody seemed to think our new class song and yells, with which we finished our stunt, were alright.

SPECIAL

Registration for the new semester passed the 200 mark and the prophecy of Dr. Todd at the beginning of the year that 200 would be enrolled in 1917 has more than come true.

The science departments are growing rapidly. The capacity of the chemistry laboratory has been increased one-half, and the prospect now is that another professor for the department of physics and chemistry may be added.

New equipment has been installed throughout the building, and the inside is in good shape. The scholastic requirements also are up to a high standard. But the outside appearance of the school injures the effect.

“It is necessary that our buildings be repainted,” says Dr. Todd, “for we expect a representative from the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teachers to visit us in the spring. The Methodist Annual Conference will be here in the fall, which will bring about 800 into the city. The Washington State Education Association will also meet here in the fall, bringing about five thousand prominent educators to the city. The College must look its best then. We need, also, a real good building, as 75 more students would crowd our capacity.”

The crying need, however, of the College is a new gymnasium. Over half of the material has been pledged, but more money and material must be had before work starts. It is hoped that the building will be finished by Commencement.
DEBATE and ORATORY
Marmaduke Dodsworth, Manager

Inter-class Debates
The Inter-class Debate tryouts are all over now, and the respective teams are preparing to meet their opponents in chapel starting Wednesday, February 7. The class teams are as follows:
Seniors—Junia Todd, Edith Tenant.
Juniors—Elizabeth Shackleford, Francis L. Powell.
Sophomores—Edith Ahnquist, Marmaduke Dodsworth.
Freshmen—Harry Sorrenson, Neil Woody.
Academy—Charles James, Lauren Sheffer.

The question for debate is: Resolved, That Tacoma Should Adopt the Dayton Ohio City Manager Plan of Municipal Government. It was thought best to change the wording of the question from that originally proposed in order to make the question more specific. Also, we find that the city council is now considering very seriously the advisability of adopting the City Manager plan. The schedule of debates is as follows:
February 7—Seniors, Affirmative; Juniors, Negative.
February 21—Freshmen, Affirmative; Sophomores, Negative.
February 28—Academy versus loser of Freshman-Sophomore debate.
March 7—Winner of Junior-Senior debate versus winner of Freshman-Sophomore debate.

If the Academy wins in her first debate she may challenge the winner of the Collegiate class final.

These debates will all take place during the student assembly, on the respective dates specified. Each speaker will be allowed eight minutes and one speaker from each team will be given three minutes for rebuttal.

The subject for debate is of vital interest to every student, the class representatives are without exception the best of the class, therefore should not every student boost for his class in these contests?

Intercollegiate Debates
Class spirit and rivalry is very much worth while, but college spirit is even better. The Inter-class Debates are now well organized and on the eve of fulfillment, therefore let us look for wider fields of accomplishment.

Two inter-scholastic debates have been scheduled and definitely arranged. The Freshman class of the University of Washington will debate us in the College chapel Friday evening, March 9. The Merchant Marine question will be the question for debate. We will not send a team to Seattle, but the Washington teams pays their own expenses. Surely we should support this debate. Three new teams will be chosen for this debate. All students of C.P.S. are eligible for the team in this debate, regardless of class. This will give our Academy students an opportunity to participate. The date of the tryout is not definitely set, but will be in the near future.

The culminating effort of the year in the debate line will be the debate with Spokane University, which takes place Friday evening, March 30. Spokane University has been very anxious to meet us in debate this year. Four hundred miles is quite an expensive trip to make, consequently we hesitated
before attempting it. We feel, however, that this trip will advertise our College as no other trip could. The plan is as follows: Two debates will be held on March 30, one at Spokane and one here. A team of two men will go to Spokane and they will send a like number here. This necessitates our organizing two teams. Only men are eligible for the Spokane trip, but both men and women are eligible to debate here. The question for debate is: Resolved, That the United States Government Should Adopt the Suggestion of the Boston Chamber of Commerce for the Establishment of a Loan and Mortgage Fund to Build up the American Merchant Marine. The statement of the question may seem lengthy, but it is necessary to limit the merchant marine question to a working basis.

We are planning to make this debate the most interesting in the history of C.P.S. The band will be present that evening. Save the date of March 30.

We have outlined the program of debate for you. During the first semester many inquiries were made as to our debate program. We believe a snappy, interesting campaign to be more desirable than a dead, long drawn out affair. (Apologies to Joyce Hart.) Will you co-operate? C.P.S. has the material for a winning team. Show your spirit in these coming try-outs.

ANNUAL PROHIBITION ORITORICAL CONTEST

Although a large number is not planning to enter the Prohibition Oratorical Contest, it promises to be good. Thus far Powell, Pool and Sheffer have entered their names on the list. These men are keen thinkers and of good oratorical ability, so we may expect a good contest on March 2.

KAPPA SIGMA THETA

The Kappa Sigma Thetas are at home in their new room in the Administration Building. Last week we elected officers as follows:

President—Florence Cook
Vice President—Frances Town
Secretary—Ruth Goulder
Treasurer—Marjorie Mills
Sargent—Icel Marshall

The following program prepared by our new vice president proves that she expects us to come prepared for the worst:

Theta Song - - Theta Girls
Piano - - Lois Hathaway
Paper—"Does the Average Audience Prefer Popular or Classical Music" - Mildred Vogeler
"The Most Interesting Persons I Have Known" - Extempo.
Piano Solo - - Marian Sisson
Jottings on:
"My Favorite Writer" - Gladys Moe
"My Favorite Singer" - Alice Baker
"My Favorite Poet" - Mae Bixby
Song - - Ruth Goulder
Book Review - - Junia Todd
AMPHICTYON NOTES

Coo, Wha, Wha
Coo, Wha, Wha
Amphicts
Rah, Rah.

✦ ✦ ✦

We extend a hearty Welcome to all the new students to make us a visit and see for themselves that the Amphictyons are live wires.

✦ ✦ ✦

Our programs have been of the very best this month, consisting of a program on "Pep," one on "Harold Bell Wright," and another on "Lincoln." We might explain the success of the basketball team this year by the fact that so many of the members are Amphictyons. However, being of a reticent nature, we refrain.

WITH THE MILLIONARES

Life with the Millionaires has not slackened one bit. With the coming of the second semester a fresh vigor and a new life has been taken on in the way of pranks and stunts. Many wise sayings have been added to the long list of the world's greatest proverbs, while new words covering nearly every field of knowledge have been coined and are now ready for the publisher of some reliable dictionary.

✦ ✦ ✦

The Club can boast of the same full strength and quality of membership that it had last semester, with the addition of another strong one. Mr. McAbee comes to us from Seattle. He is a friend and roommate of the Hon. Revernd Bishop Wm. Henry Bowman, D.D. We are glad that Mr. McAbee al-
lied himself with such an illustrious gentleman. He bids fair to become another such man as his wise friend and counselor. His earmarks, to use the quaint expression, are much the same. They consist mainly of a good voice and the ability to make lots of noise while retiring and then again while arising.

We must not take up too much space here to expound the good qualities of our new member, but find it necessary to deal with one or two other instances of importance. First of all, that which is a wonderful phenomenon and would puzzle the brains of scientists for a long time if they would try to solve it, is the fact that two noted dignitaries so different, such as Judge Sorrenson and Bishop Burk, should have deemed it prudent to pass the remainder of the year as roommates. But the shock of our surprise has passed, tho we cannot help wondering how such a thing is possible. We have decided that it is one of the great mysteries of the universe which the Creator has not intended for poor mortal man to solve without encroaching on the rights and principles of the divine mind and endangering his future. We have noticed one thing, however, and that is that each man has a brush-like something on his upper lip, which in common English is called a mustache, but we doubt if they could undergo scientific analysis and keep that name. The laity, in their crude, unscientific way, have decided that these mustaches, as they are called in common parlance are not really and truly mustaches, but some sort of weapons or means of defense.

Among other things of interest to the Millionaires it might be said that Burk and Erp fix their bicycles occasionally and that the kitchen was cleaned once last month and from all indications probably will be cleaned again soon. Also it may be added that the water pipes froze one night and that Cook’s wrath waxed so warm the next day while trying to get at the pipes that the ice melted without any difficulty.

In our closing lines we would like to call the attention of Helen’s girls to the fact that they haven’t made a very loud noise in previous editions of our College paper and that we would be glad to communicate with them, either thru its columns or by wireless. We know that Helen’s Hall shelters some mighty fine girls and we think it a pity that they are afraid to come out and be seen and heard. If it is necessary, the Millionaires might offer them the services of a secretary to write up their Trail notes, but we are afraid it would be tempered by masculine judgment and lose the spicy effect necessary for a good report from Helen’s Hall.

JOKES

The girl was seated at dinner next to a gentleman whose name she had not caught and the conversation after a while reached this stage:

“Do you ever talk in your sleep?” asked the girl.

“No,” was the reply, “but I often talk in other people’s sleep. I am the Vicar of a London Church, you know.”

“Pa, was Job a doctor?”

“Not that I know of.”

“Then why do people have so much to say about the patients of Job?”
The C.P.S. team this year is a genuine credit to the school. Altho the squad has been beaten, it has shown a good deal of class also. On January 12, the team beat the University of Washington Sophomores by a score of 23-18. The Sophs are the champions of the U. of W. class teams.

On January 24, we also took the First M. E. team into camp, with a final score of 65-23. The First M. E. boys assisted us beautifully in piling up the big score. We were playing our team of second string men when the final whistle blew.

On Friday, January 26, we were beaten by the Everett A. C. 24-23. As may be seen from the score, the game was an excellent one. Both teams went in to win and C.P.S. was ahead at the end of the first half. By a series of shots and fowls the A. C. team overcame the lead and finally won. The squad was sorely crippled by the loss of Hannawalt, who was suffering from an injured foot. Miller and Woody showed up especially well and Huntington and Curtis played their usual stellar game. It was an excellent contest and reflects a great deal of credit on C.P.S. for E.A.C. is one of the best teams in the state.

On Saturday, February 3, the College team and the Tacoma A.C. played in the Y.M. The final score was 28-24 in favor of Tahoma. This game was a surprise to local fans, as they had predicted an overwhelming score for T.A.C. Even tho the Collegians were beaten, they played the best game. That would seem impossible, but it is true none the less. We actually had more science, while the T.A.C had more length of legs. Legs counted more than science in this case.

On Wednesday, February 7, we indulged in a beautiful cross-country run with the "Comets." We chased them all over the "great white way," thru all the constellations and everywhere in general. Our Capt. Hannawalt, who is an astronomy sharp, soon figured out their lines of projection, orbits, etc., and we finally wound up the game with a score of 49-8. How they got the 8 is more than the team can understand. The "Comets" are a team of high school graduates, who shone in former days. There were a great number of fouls during the game, beside those in the spectators' stands. They were positively the class of the coop.
On Tuesday, January 17, Mr. E. A. Orr of the First Congregational Church led Chapel. The students enjoyed his talk and hope he will come again.

On Friday afternoon, January 19, the girls of the Domestic Science Department gave a delightful reception to all the girls of the school and to the Faculty. The Domestic Science rooms were prettily decorated with red carnations and greens. Mrs. Todd and members of the Faculty formed the receiving line. The refreshments consisted of coffee, sandwiches; ice and wafers were served in the original and dainty style of which the Domestic Science girl alone is the mistress. The girls surely are to be congratulated upon the success of their afternoon.

Mrs. R. L. Weatherby entertained in honor of Miss Lois Hathaway on the evening of February 1. The evening was spent in playing “Rook” and other games, which proved to be very entertaining. A dainty collation was served at small tables and consisted of coffee, cakes and ices. All the students who attended voted the evening a delightful change from examinations.

The Seniors enjoyed a delightful banquet on January 22. The Domestic Science rooms were the scene of the affair. The banquet itself was served in picnic style, under the capable supervision of Miss Junia Todd and Francis Town. The purpose of the meeting held at the close of the banquet was to discuss the Class Day and the other events in connection with the graduation of the 1917 class.
STUDENT OPINIONS

In previous years the College of Puget Sound has always rewarded those men who have upheld the honor of the school in all branches of athletics by giving them letters of large size and, in some cases, with sweaters. This year the boys who turned out under Coach Robbins in the cold, wet weather, night after night, were rewarded by a letter of perhaps seven inches in height and three or four inches in width. Do the students of Puget Sound College think this is fair to the boys who, altho they did not make a world's record, did the best they could to have the College of Puget Sound known in the world of sport? No school is complete without this branch of athletics and when the boys work hard for almost three months it seems as though the student association of the College of Puget Sound should show a little more appreciation of their efforts and give them letters of a little larger size, which they will be proud to wear and glad to say came from the College of Puget Sound.

THE BANQUET

Final arrangements are being made to make this year's banquet, to be held in the banqueting hall of the First M. E. Church, the biggest event in the history of the College. John W. Hanchar, of New York City, one of the secretaries of the National Methodist Board of Education, will be the principal speaker. President Henry Suzzalo of the University of Washington, President E. O. Holland of the Washington State College, President George Nash of the Bellingham Normal, Dr. E. Black of the Ellensburg Normal, Dr. Showalter of the Cheney Normal, and Governor Lister are also expected to be present and will take part in the program. The Student Body will have two (2) speakers and a representative from the Women's College League will speak. Each class will have its own stunts, yells and songs to enliven the program.

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"I cannot entertain the idea of marrying you," she replied coldly. "My heart is with our brave boys at the front."

"It's a good thing for the boys," he replied, drawing himself up. "They need all the ice they can get on the Mexican border."

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936 BROADWAY

Scotty Says

Have your next Suit made to order
—By—
TAILORS WHO KNOW

SUIT OR OVERCOAT

$15. & $20.

Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed.
We keep your clothes pressed FREE

SCOTCH TAILORS

Cor. 12th & Pacific Ave.
Knox's
for Ice Cream Candies and Luncheons.
952 Pacific Avenue

HEADQUARTERS

“Where Everybody Eats”

WHY NOT GET A MEAL TICKET AT

AL. KRUZNER'S CAFE
DINNER,
PIPING HOT,
FOR
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Main 2512  116 So. 12th St.

FOSS BOATS
(ALWAYS READY)

NORTH COMMERCIAL DOCK
MAIN 51

THE C. T. MUEHLENBRUCH CO. INC.
Quality Confections, Pure Ice Cream,
Light Lunches
917 Broadway  1111 Tacoma Ave.

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

Willie Knew
Grandma—Yes, Willie, I am your grandmother on your pap's side.
Willie—Well, you won't be around here long before you'll find out you're on the wrong side.

H. W. MANIKE

“The College Florist”
Cut Flowers for all Events
Wear a Flower and You'll Wear a Smile
6th AVE. & "M" ST.  MAIN 419

Fountain Pens
College men, before you buy your Fountain Pen, come in and ask to see our Line of
A. A. WATERMAN PENS
We have them at popular prices
We also carry a complete line of
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BOOK EXCHANGE
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Every Student should buy his Candies and Fruits
— from —
GOODRICH BROTHERS
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We bought out the Jemison Grocery and ask you to give us a chance to supply you with —
GROCERIES

Quality Groceries
AT RIGHT PRICES
J. E. McQUARY
Corner of 6th and Prospect

LUNCHES FOR STUDENTS
Have you tried ours?
Under new management
Open from 7 A. M. to 10 P. M.
SIXTH AVE. DELICATESSEN
Near K Street 1108 6th Ave.

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

Washington Dye Works
Quality - Service
WE CALL AND DELIVER
1110 6th AVE. MAIN 603

Moral Suasion
"Bless me!" said Tommy’s great uncle, "do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?"
"Never!" replied Tommy. "We have moral suasion in our school."
"What’s that?"
"Oh, we get kep’ in and stood up in corners and locked out and locked in, and made to write one
word a thousand times, and jawed at and scowled at and that’s all." — Exchange.

BITNEY & SON
GROCERS
Sprague and So. 8th
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

Thoughtlessness (?)
Geology Teacher—Magill, what is Gneiss?
Magill hesitates and finally answers: "Eunice ore (Orr)."

Bowman—Here is a basket of pairs. I wonder if Adam and Eve is among them?
Kenney—Certainly, the first pair is, of course.

Our Spring Styles
in Women's Shoes have arrived.

Come in and see our assortment of Two-Toned patterns, in lace or button.

HEDBERG BROTHERS SHOE STORE
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

Born at a Lucky Time
"To what do you attribute your remarkable age and your wonderful health?" asked the summer boarder of the aged farmer.
"Wall," answered the bucolic one, "I reckon I got a pretty good start on most people by being born afore germs was discovered, an so I have had less to worry about." —Exchange.
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

Senior — Deep wisdom; swelled head; brain fever; he's dead.
Junior — Fair one; hope fled; heart broken; he's dead.
Soph — Football; nuff said; neck broken; he's dead.
Frosh — Milk famine; not fed; he's dead.—Exchange.

BECAUSE of the nearly 100% increase in cost of materials used in
BURNSIDE HATS we are compelled to raise our price from $2.00 to $2.25.
BUY YOUR DERBY HERE
BURNSIDE HAT SHOP
948 PACIFIC AVE.

Hey, Mike, don't come down on that ladder on the north corner, I took it away.

E. T. Bates & Co.
Exclusive agents for
ADLER ROCHESTER and
SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES
$15., $20. and $25.
11th and Commerce Sts.
Both Corners.

In our Fidelity Bldg. Store
$15 — Every Suit at — $15

S & H Green Stamps
Start Saving Them Today.
Get them here with

Everything AMOUNTING "A-X" to 10c
DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS AT DOWNTOWN PRICES
C. L. Thomas
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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!
2807 Sixth Avenue
Main 2187

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

Fine Stationery
When you write home to Father and Mother, Sister and Brother or “Friend”
YOU NEED
our writing paper and materials. Books make fine Birthday Presents.
We sell Party Favors.
P. K. PIRRET & CO.
916 Broadway Tacoma Theatre Bldg.

Coal and Wood
Remember us when you buy your next load of Wood or ton of Coal.
WE DELIVER
to all parts of city the same day you order. Try a ton of Lady Wellington Coal at $5.50. We handle all kinds of Coal.
PETE RSON BROS.
10th & K STS. MAIN 313

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

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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

For the best Fresh Flowers for all occasions, go to the
California Florists
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The Standard Way
You will find that our way of Laundering is just what you’ve been looking for.
DELIVERED ON TIME
We pride ourselves on being able to deliver all Laundry at the time agreed upon. All latest modern machines used.
STANDARD STEAM LAUNDRY
723 SO. E ST. MAIN 285

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10th & K STS. MAIN 313
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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
Dickson Brothers Co.
Foss Boat Co.
Goodrich Grocery Co.
Hicks Drug Co.
Hedberg Bros. Shoe Co.
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Hinz, A. A.
Ideal Market
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Jonas, F. C. & Son
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Manke, H. W.
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Meadowmoor Ice Cream Co.
Olympic Ice Cream Co.
Pirret, P. K. & Co.
Peterson Studio
Peterson Bros.
Quality Press
Red Cross Drug Co.
Rowell, C. W.
Royal Ice Cream Co.
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Smith & Gregory
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