Bernice E. Newell announces a Great Double Attraction
Two Big Concerts in One

Rudolph Ganz, Pianist
Albert Spalding, Violinist

Tacoma Theatre, Tuesday, March 27th
PRICES: Lower Floor, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00
Balcony, $1.50, $1.00, 75c.
Gallery, 50c.

Spring Time is Kodak Time
Best way to remember your good times in College is to save the Photographs, which recall those functions. Our line of Eastman Kodaks and Kodak Supplies is complete. Select yours today.

RED CROSS DRUG CO.
Sixth Ave and Prospect

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

For a First-class Shave or Haircut go to the
B&B BARBER SHOP
Between K and J on 11th Street
The shop with the green front
BASEBALL SUPPLIES
LET US FIT OUT THE TEAM
OUR LINE OF
TENNIS GOODS
is complete in every detail
Washington Tool & Hardware Company
10th and Pacific Avenue

She Knew
"My dear," called a wife to her husband, who was in the next room, "what are you opening that can with?"
"Why," replied the husband, "with a can opener. What did you suppose?"
"Well," said the wife, "I thot from your remarks that you were about to open it with prayer."

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

ASK ANY MAN ON THE STREET.
It's a safe guess he'll smile and say:
WHY! A BURNSIDE,
OF COURSE
Nothing unusual about this, it's simply the result of giving every man a mighty good
HAT ALWAYS FOR $2.25

BURNSIDE HAT SHOP
948 PACIFIC AVE.

Two Reasons
The Optimist—Don't bet on a sure thing. It isn't fair to the other people.
The Pessimist — Besides which, you are generally apt to lose.

Iron-Clad Hosiery
FOR YOUNG WOMEN
Are you having trouble this season finding Hosiery that stands the Dye test?
FAST BLACK DYE
in this line of Hosiery is absolutely guaranteed by the Iron-Clad people.
ALL SIZES

C. L. Thomas
2505 Sixth Ave. Main 6634
The Puget Sound Trail
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

CONTENTS

The Desert's Cure - - - - - 3
Dr. Todd's New Desk - - - - - 6
Opinions Concerning the Banquet - - 7
At the Banquet - - - - - - - 8
And We Went to Olympia - - - - 8
A Distinct Chapel Service - - - - 9
Cooperative Bookstore - - - - - 11
Treasurer's Statement - - - - - 12
Editorials - - - - - - - - 13
Debate and Oratory - - - - - 14
Christus Fundamentum
  By Carl Curtis, '19 - - - - - 15
Society Notes - - - - - - - - 16
Millionaires' Club - - - - - - - 22
Athletics - - - - - - - - 23
College Song - - - - - - - - 24
Humor - - - - - - - - 25
The Desert's Cure

By STEVE ARNETT

THERE was a time, long ago to be sure, when prevarication was not an art and deceit was not as yet a virtue. There was a time in the West when men spoke their minds and did not mince words; when men backed out of a saloon and kept their gun hands free while they did it. The west was little known then and its wealth was undreamed of. Those were indeed the halcyon days.

The night wind sighed and moaned across the desert. The full moon shone in the sky, throwing into sharp relief the cacti and low bush. From the top of a nearby butte a lone coyote howled to the moon. Loneliness prevailed the desert and reigned supreme. The scrub pines stood like outposts; the cacti like sentinals, silent and grim, black and foreboding.

Two long, distorted shadows appeared as from nowhere. Two men topped the ridge and stood for a moment, silhouetted against the sky, the tall and muscular one, Towne, the short and emaciated one, Jenkins. They were what might be called a singular pair. Towne, years before, had suffered an attack of religion and smallpox simultaneously. The smallpox had left him, but the religion had remained and continued to remain until three hours
after he topped the ridge with his partner, Jenkins. In exactly three hours he lost his religion, as we shall see. There are times when men lose their religion without backsliding. This was the case with Towne. He trusted in Providence and carried no guns, which was very foolish. The trusting in Providence was perfectly correct and legitimate, but the absence of sidearms was dangerous. In Towne’s case it was suicidal. He committed suicide in a rather original way. It was suicide, none the less.

Mr. Jenkins, who was Towne’s partner, trusted in all mankind and carried two guns to prove it. He carried them in long leather holsters, one on each side, and in his shadow as he and Towne plodded thru the sand they each looked a yard long. He was a queer specimen, this Jenkins, with his hollow chest and sunken eyes. He packed his two guns to protect himself from his friends, but paid not attention to his microscopic enemies, who were dissolving away his lungs with tuberculosis. He polluted the pure air with his diseased breath and trusted the desert to cure him. It did not prove unfaithful to the trust. The desert was obliging to Towne and Jenkins. It cured the one of his religion and the other of his tuberculosis.

They plodded on, Towne calm and quiet, Jenkins coughing and swearing. For two hours they continued their plodding and Jenkins discontinued his swearing. His tongue and throat became so swollen that to speak was torture. At the end of two and a half hours Towne was half supporting and half dragging him. Towne still had his religion, as may be seen, and it was to stay by him for another thirty minutes.

Jenkins, in his weakness, was pitiable, yet disgusting. He blubbered and moaned like a baby. He murmured incoherently of clear streams and gravelly lakes. Agonizing coughs shook his tubercular body. After another quarter of an hour he dropped to his knees, then fell full length on his face in the sand. Twenty yards further on Towne came to the water hole.

It lay in a tiny hollow, surrounded on three sides by sparse willows. He wondered at the absence of wolves or other desert animals, but hurried to the edge. He brushed aside the scum and fungus that covered the surface and tasted the water. With a hopeless look in his eyes he rose from the poisonous hole and returned to Jenkins. Jenkins had regained his feet and was coming slowly and wearily toward Towne. As he caught sight of the water, gleaming in the moonlight, new vigor seemed to grasp him. He rushed down the slope and plunged his face into the fungus and scum on the surface of the rotten water. Before he had taken a swallow he was dragged to his feet by Towne. With a quick turn he wrenched himself free and again dropped upon his hands and knees beside the water. He was again dragged from the poisonous hole and as before he wrenched himself free with the strength of madness. With his furry now fully aroused, and driven insane from thirst, he drew a revolver and fired full into the chest of Towne. The report boomed across the silent desert. It echoed and reechoed from the buttes and ridges. To Jenkins the crash was startling and disconcerting, to Towne it was the crash of doom. He staggered up the rise and stood for a moment on the ridge, then he rolled down the declivity on the other side, stone dead. This occurred just fifteen minutes after he discovered the water
hole and three hours after he and Jenkins topped the rise in the moonlight. There is no religion in a dead man’s body.

Jenkins now drank his fill of the poisonous water, and, slightly strengthened, he walked to where Towne lay, very white and still in the moonlight. With a shudder he thanked the Lord whom he had never thanked before that the moon, like a dead man, tells no tales. No man is totally ungrateful, nor was Jenkins.

Within five minutes he was doubled together like a jackknife, floundering and twisting in the low bush. Rigid with spasms he rolled in agony. He gripped his stomach with both hands and swore. He cursed Towne for having let him drink, he cursed himself, the leering moon, the desert. The fearful pain drove him completely insane and after another series of spasmodic twitches he lay calm and still in the desert, with moon shining full in his face. Two wolves watched him from a distance and wondered at his queer antics. When he became still they loped away.

Jenkins came to with moon still shining in his face. He did not know that he had lain for a day in the fierce light of the desert sun. The maddening pain had left and in its stead he felt a burning thirst. He remembered nothing of the night before, save that he had killed Towne, but for what reason he could not recollect. He loosened his revolvers in their holsters, picked up his sombrero and started back in what he considered the right direction. He plodded insanely along and in his mind’s eye he saw the false fronts of the mining camp that he and Towne had left ages before. Only in his mind’s eye, however. His physical eye saw only a stretch of dry sand and level buttes. He looked at his watch. It was only nine o’clock. By nine the next morning he should be in camp. Could he cover thirty miles in twelve hours? To be sure. Now he was alone, without Towne dependent upon him. He could make camp in twelve hours easily. He hurried on, unconscious of the lapse of time. He again looked at his watch, which showed eleven fifteen. He quickened his pace and of a sudden he saw the body of a man lying twenty yards to his left. Two wolves slunk into the bush as he approached. The flesh had been torn from the face and chest of the dead man and Jenkins noticed that the bones of the dead man were crushed, as if he had been struck by a heavy calibred rifle or revolver bullet. The moon shone full into his leering, fleshless face and Jenkins shook from head to foot as he watched him.

Jenkins again hit the trail, congratulating himself that he was nearing camp. How still the night was. The sighing of the night wind was scarcely audible. In an instant Jenkins noticed that he was following a trail. There it was, distinct in the moonlight, leading off toward camp. Some other traveler was out in this desert, alone, hurrying to the mining camp. He would follow the trail. He again looked at his watch. How the time did pass. It was one ten. He had gone but a few yards when he again met up with a dead man. Four wolves slunk into the bush this time. Jenkins noticed that the chest of this man was also crushed. How strange. Nothing remained of him now but a skeleton and his threadbare clothing scattered about over the sand. Jenkins eyed the skeleton with an insane stare. He whirled and looked behind him, startled. Had he heard
some one? Was someone watching him? No, not at a time and in a place like this. To be sure he had killed a man, but not this one. Was not Towne lying far back there in the desert? Only twenty miles to camp now. Jenkins again strode into the desert. He noticed now that two men had been along the trail. He was not alone at any rate. Two hours and fifteen minutes and another dead man, white and gleaming in the moonlight, twenty yards to his left. How strangely similar the dead men were. The chest of each was crushed and each lay in the precise position of the last.

Jenkins turned and approached the skeleton. What a queer sound he heard. A low and not unmusical wail. He leaned closer. Ah! It was the desert wind sighing through the crushed chest of the dead man. This skeleton reminded him of Towne. He pitied poor Towne, lying fifteen miles back there in the silent and lonely desert. He hurried on over the trail, which had now been covered by three men. Jenkins wondered insanely why three men should travel this trail, with the moon for a guide and dead men's bones for mile posts. Two hours and fifteen minutes and another skeleton. Only a few miles now; he did not stop this time. His thirst was returning. He felt the sharp pain in his throat. His thirst was truly consuming him. If he could but reach camp. To think of the water hole was folly. Did it not lie twenty-five miles back in the desert?

Again he plodded on. He dreaded the dead men now. Why must he pass them? Where was the camp? He should have reached it long ago. The desert was lighting now with the first rays of the morning sun. Jenkins again passed the skeleton of Towne. He realized now that it was Towne. Could he not see Towne's mackinaw, torn to shreds by the wolves? How different things looked in the bright sunlight. Now he understood why the trail seemed trod by one man, then two, then three. In despair he drew a revolver and fired into his own chest. He, too, staggered to the top of the ridge, stood for a moment and rolled down the slope. His face splashed into the slime and scum of the waterhole, and he lay still. The bullet crushed his tubercular chest more successfully than it had Towne's. Jenkins microscopic enemies were not a little disgruntled at this interruption in their existence, but they died game. Mr. Jenkins did not suffer from tuberculosis, now, the desert had cured him, as he had hoped, but not in the manner he had expected. In a few hours his skeleton exactly resembled that of Towne's, for the wolves were no respecters of persons, and the wails of the desert wind sighing through the crushed chests of Towne and Jenkins were not unlike in sound.

THAT NEW DESK
FOR DR. TODD

President Todd is all "sot up" with a large mahogany office desk. It was once the property of Dr. W. H. Rees, and by a four cornered trade, which Dr. Foster put thru, became the property of the College. Nothing finer in that line in all this neck of the woods. The Rees' sons and Mr. Gebert each received a fine oak roller top desk out of the proceeds.

The whole thing was a big surprise to Dr. Todd.
Opinions Concerning the Banquet

"O, Wad Some Power the Giftie Gie us to See Ourselves as Ithers see Us."

The College banquet at the First Methodist Episcopal church was served beautifully. The speakers were splendid in word and attitude. The students made a great showing. It was indeed a success. Those who did not attend missed a rare privilege.

—EDWARD H. TODD.

Our annual banquet, with its accompanying class songs, yells, beauty and good cheer, held in the social room of the First church, reached a new high water mark in that the College was publicly recognized in the toasts by the Presidents of the State schools, as an important unit in the educational system of the State. This, with the presence and voice of Dr. Hancher, of our Board of Education, gives us a prominence not before attained.

—PROFESSOR HANAWALT.

I can best express my views of this year's banquet by comparing it with that of last year. And the main respects in which the 1917 function excelled, in my opinion, were: The dinner, including menu, service, seating and the banquet hall; the wide representation of members and friends of the college among the guests; the decorum, in that it evinced greater refinement; the music, in that it was more characteristic and representative of College life; the program of toasts, in that it displayed unusually distinguished talent and combined humor and thought in more wholesome proportion. All in all, the banquet was a success of which we have good reason to be proud.

—PROFESSOR MORTON.

Your annual College banquet was what Mark Twain said of the Pacific Ocean the first time he saw it—"A success." It was in every detail a success: the victuals, the songs, the yells, the speeches, and, above all, the College Spirit. That spirit kept alive will build a college.

—Mr. JOHN A. REA.

The annual banquet of the College of Puget Sound was a surprise to me this year. My wife and I never miss the banquet—it has become a yearly feature and we go regularly to renew our youth. We go early and invariably stay late. We join in the yells, we compose songs and we make all the rooters at our table yell ski-you niah. We feel sorry for the Sophomores and are always delighted when the Senior representative gets thru without breaking down, fainting or forgetting.

The banquet this year gave us all the thrills—but it gave us something more. It showed those of us who are more or less on the outside that the College of Puget Sound is on a good, substantial relationship with the great state educational institutions. That long row of Presidents at the exalted table on the stage meant to us that our College had established itself among like colleges at Bellingham, Cheney, Ellensburg and Pullman, as well as with the great State institution at Seattle.
Governor Lister and those Presidents might have sent the usual telegrams and have spent the evening at home—but they were present and by their presence spoke the compliment to Tacoma's institution of higher learning that we have been hoping for all these long years.

The College of Puget Sound, thru its wonderful executive head, has arrived.

—DR. EDWARD A. RICH, M.D.

AT THE BANQUET

Have you heard of the kind, cheery spinster who lives alone and is unusually happy—a unique fruition of girlhood's fancy? At frequent intervals she dons her daintiest, lays on the table its most perfect accoutrements and has tea from the rarest of China. Then, afterward, she communicates with some lofty soul thru the page of a bound volume.

How much more exquisite is it to sit with a throng of others who breath, and with each breath participate in the feeling that tonight I look my best, am tasting of the best, and am listening to the best. How sad that we should be so seldom released from the dusty, earthly things; but how immensely sweet when we can peer up into the blue blue sky and feel the odoriferous, exhilarating breeze of the altogether pure, high and good.

The student who stayed away that he might cram in a few more atoms of mummified facts—essential as these are in ordinary life—is like the man who becomes so absorbed in looking for agates on the shore that he fails to look upon the glory-painted sunset all above him. Who shall say that our great of today are greater than the great of yesterday? That night we might listen to a part of earth's best!

Then it was that you began to think your best thots. You came to perceive that you are a part of the beginning of bigger, better things. The very mention of observatories, botanical gardens and groves of traditional trees brot to my heart a thrill of noble memories with its accompaniment of sadness. Yet, again, there came the glad hope of a realizable faith that the dream of the best is to be the possession of "Our College" and for that I did profoundly resolve to pledge to her my best whenever the occasion came. Didn't you?

AND WE WENT TO OLYMPIA

Shades of law-makers and Van Camp's! Did it snow? Did we have a good time?

It certainly looked dubious for a successful trip to Olympia Monday morning, February 26, with four inches of snow on the roads and a pessimistic truck driver. Nevertheless, we went and had the time of our lives.

It has been Prof Davis' custom to entertain the students of the College in Olympia during the biennial meeting of the Legislature since he has been a member. And this year 45 C.P.S. rooters filled an auto truck comfortably and made the trip to the state capitol. The roads were good, despite the snow, and Rev. and Mrs. Temple opened the parlors of the Olympia M. E. church to us for lunch upon our arrival. The men's quartet sang in the Senate chamber before the afternoon session, and made us doubly proud of them. Cramer didn't get enough to eat and Harry Earle's arm was mighty sore from carrying that half bushel of apples around all afternoon. Aside from these unpleasant features, the trip was pronounced a success.
A Distinct Chapel Service

The following is a paraphrase prepared and given by Prof. Marsh at one of our regular chapel exercises. It is a paraphrase of the Book of Romans, intended to bring home to every student the direct bearing this book has upon our everyday life. And yet is has no note of sacrilege, but has due respect for the original.

Paraphrase

To all who have been called to be students in the College of Puget Sound, I would address this message. For I am here as the servant of Christ to serve all students, both classicals and scientifcs, both polished and crude, both orthodox and heterodox. I have no apologies to offer for the ideals of Christ. He points a safe way to all, to his professed followers, of course, but also to all others who seek character and success in life. For his ideals challenge all alike to the same spiritual standard of conduct. For God, who is the Father of all men, has implanted in the heart and mind of each of his children a power of discernment between the beautiful and the unlovely, between harmony and discord, between right and wrong. For has not God revealed Himself thru all nature, as well as thru the oracles and scriptures of his prophets?

Furthermore, all alike have sinned and have come short of the perfect manhood or womanhood possible for each to attain. Those who have had the advantage of religious training, the family altar, the Sunday School, the pulpit, the Bible, have sinned in the face of all this light. And those who have grown up without these advantages have departed from their own ideals, so that all alike are errant before God, having failed to reach the goal which the God of all has placed before them. All alike have been guilty of disobedience, lieing, anger, quarreling, selfishness, conceit, envy, boasting, disrespect, insolence, laziness, folly—well aware that these things were contrary to God’s will and unworthy of them.

You have no defence to offer, you self-appointed judge. The very fact that you have condemned others for these things is proof positive of your own guilt; for it is only thru the recognition of guilt in ourselves that we become able to discern guilt in others.

We know, too, that God’s judgment is unerring, and that his justice requires unsparing punishment on all who violate his law. All who, when they sin, are without the advantage of religious culture, will suffer the consequence anyhow; while all who, when they sin, have the advantage of religious training will be condemned in the light of that training. It is not merely those who hear ideals declared who are approved, but those who put those ideals into effect. When those who have had no Christian culture do instinctively what Christian ideals demand, they, tho they have no formal Christian creed, have ideals within themselves. Their Bible is in their own hearts and minds.

But perhaps you, who bear the name of Christian, and are relying on the instruction of the Bible and parents and church, and boast of belonging to God, and, having memorized considerable of the Bible, are skilled in fine points of ethics—perhaps you think yourself a guide to the blind, a light to those in the dark, an instructor of the ignorant, a teacher of the young, because in the Bible you have a revelation of knowledge and truth. Why then, teacher of others, don’t you teach yourself? Why don’t you practice
what you preach? Do you denounce stealing, and yet use a "pony" and "crib" in examinations? Do you deplore selfishness and yet ignore the rights of others in the library and halls? Do you shudder at immorality, and yet entertain evil thoughts in your own mind? Do you shudder at immorality, and yet entertain evil thoughts in your own mind? Do you declare about loving your neighbor as yourself, and yet harbor dislike and grievances against your mates? Do you ask that others be reverent and worshipful, when you yourself whisper in chapel, even during the "gloria" and during prayer? Boasting as you do of your Bible knowledge and religious experience, do you dishonor God by ignoring Christian principles? For, as the Bible says, "The name of God is defamed among unbelievers because of you."

Baptism has its value, if your conduct is consistent with Christian ideals. But, if your conduct is not consistent, your baptism is of no value. On the other hand, if one who has never been baptized observes Christian standards of conduct, altho not baptized, won't God regard him as if he were? As a matter of fact the man who because of his parents' attitude has not been baptized, and yet carefully accords his conduct to Christian ideals, will shame you, who, for all your Bible and baptism, are reprehensible in conduct. For one who is a Christian on the outside only is no Christian at all; and mere immersion in water does not constitute baptism. The real Christian is the one who is a Christian in his soul, and real baptism is an inner cleansing, not literal, but spiritual in its significance. The real Christian seeks the commendation of God, rather than the praise of men.

What then is the advantage of being a church member, and what is the good of baptism and Biblical instruction? Great in every way. For one thing the church member and Bible student can profit from the experience of those who have gone over the road before. Experience may be a good teacher; but it is also a very costly one and a hard one, and demands a long course to graduation, with little time or opportunity left to profit from her instruction. The Bible presents the experience and results of long ages of experimenters in the laboratory of the world in quest of the vital secrets of life. The Bible, then, presents a worn path that the new traveller may leave and wander from if he chooses, which he may possibly straighten and improve here and there, if he will, but which offers him a much quicker and easier and safer route than he could make by blazing new trails. By the mistakes of others we learn the better way for ourselves; but of course that doesn't mean, as some choose to interpret it, that we advise doing evil in order that good may come.

What's the conclusion then? Are we church members in any way superior to others? Not a bit. Our indictment of both church members and non-church members was that all alike were guilty of sin. As the Bible says, "There is no one who is perfect, not one who has complete knowledge, not one who is pressing toward his ideals as he ought. All have strayed; one and all are tainted with sin; no one is an angel—no, not a soul. All men see in their mirror impurity of thought, deception in speech, venomous gossiping, bitter criticism, impetuous recourse to violence, distress and trouble in hot pursuit, unfamiliarity with the path of peace, and forgetfulness of God."
Whether Bible students or not, delinquency stands revealed; for all have sinned and fallen short of God’s splendid ideal. But in his loving kindness to his children we may all repent, and seek the right road again, and with a sense of forgiveness that clouds the mistake and reveals the better road we may press on our way again in happiness and peace.

What room have Christians, then, for boasting? No room at all. What excludes it? A standard of conduct? No; a standard of faith. For, as we have all sinned and come short of God’s ideal for us, so may we all have a faith that aspires to the ideal He has set before us. Is God interested only in church members? Is He not interested in those not in the church, also? Of course He is; for there is only one God, and he will approve both baptized and unbaptized on the basis of their faith, which means their spirit, their purpose, their hope and their courage.

Are we, then, to use this spiritual test to the elimination of the Bible and formal creeds? Not by any means. On the contrary it is on the spirit that formal faith is to be founded.

/Cooperative Bookstore

PRIVATE ownership of the college bookstore has been unsatisfactory to all parties concerned. Students have protested at premium prices and protracted periods of waiting for eleventh or twelfth hour orders. The faculty have deprecated delays and confusion that seriously handicapped their classes for a few days or weeks, and last but not least, the bookstore men have complained of utter lack of cooperation on the part of either students or faculty, or even appreciation of their problems and pains, with but a pitiful pittance for incentive and consolation.

Possibly all parties concerned have contributed negatively to the failure of the present plan, but the experience of the years seems to incriminate the system more than the parties to it. In such case it is obvious that the cure must be sought in a change from private ownership to some plan that will effect a cooperation of the parties involved.

A co-operative plan has been submitted to the Central Board of the Associated Students and with their approval and authorization is submitted to the membership of the Associated Students for consideration and referendum action.

The following are the essential features of the proposed plan:

1. A college co-operative bookstore maintained by universal participation, i.e., by the college administration and by the entire student body.

2. Housing and management, including such clerical service as may be needed, contributed by the college administration.

3. Working capital provided by assessment by the college administration of a bookstore deposit fee of $2.50 on every student, payable at time of matriculation and returnable at time of graduation or official withdrawal from the institution.

4. All books and supplies handled by the bookstore sold at absolute cost.

5. All business of the bookstore on a strictly cash basis.

Some of the advantages of this plan are obvious:

Management by the administration insures competence, stability and credit, indispensable assets to
economical operation, which no plan of student management can guarantee. Experience is as dear a teacher in a bookstore as elsewhere, and the short tenure of any student makes the profit from experience a short-lived benefit.

Management by the administration will effect another advantage in operation. One of the first moves would be the adoption of a term for tenure of text-books, probably a three-year period, which would enable the manager to estimate rather than guess at the demand for books and make it safe to work on the basis of a surplus rather than shortage.

The investment of the student is small and amply protected by the redemption guarantee. It is fair and fitting that the students, who receive the financial profit, furnish the working capital. Furthermore, it makes them participants in responsibility as well as benefits. It makes the bookstore essentially theirs.

Selling all books at absolute cost simplifies book keeping and gives the student immediate dividends on his investment. Selling at wholesale plus freight and cartage ought to effect a saving of at least 20 per cent.

The fifth provision of a strictly cash basis is imperative for a cost selling basis, economy and general equity.

Lastly, the whole plan is contingent on the willingness of the college administration to co-operate in the manner suggested. It is a proposition of, not to, the student body. The importance of the text-book problem from the standpoint of instruction makes it highly presumable that the administration will readily meet the students half way. Will the student body advance the first half?

---

**TREASURER’S STATEMENT TO FEBRUARY 28, 1917**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Funds</th>
<th>Balance</th>
<th>Recd.</th>
<th>Paid</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Trail</td>
<td>$121.05</td>
<td>$143.21</td>
<td>$22.16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glee Club</td>
<td>31.19</td>
<td>104.90</td>
<td>78.71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Banquet</td>
<td>130.52</td>
<td>130.52</td>
<td>.....</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Debate</td>
<td>86.99</td>
<td>86.99</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Choir</td>
<td>.....</td>
<td>8.30</td>
<td>8.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Incidental</td>
<td>41.14</td>
<td>43.14</td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Band</td>
<td>27.92</td>
<td>28.92</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Athletic
(Debit Bal.) $28.05 $119.75 $147.80

TOTAL $409.76 $665.73 $255.97

**SOURCES OF RECEIPTS**

Cr.
Bal. in Treas. Feb. 1. $150.53
Student fees 362.50
Athletic guarantees 11.00
Trail advertising 48.20
Total receipts 421.70
Athletic fund, Jan 31 debit balance 85.20
Choir fund to Glee Club fund 8.30

TOTAL $665.73

ANTON ERP, Treasurer

---

**Y. W. C. A. TREASURER’S REPORT**

On hand March, 1916 $81.10
Receipts for 1916-1917:

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dues</td>
<td>$39.35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Systematic giving</td>
<td>15.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campus Day receipts</td>
<td>18.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calendars</td>
<td>2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Candy sale</td>
<td>1.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Candy sale</td>
<td>2.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pop corn sale</td>
<td>1.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>$81.70</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Expenditures:

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>May Day</td>
<td>$7.13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40% to Nat. Y.W. (back)</td>
<td>22.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conference loan</td>
<td>25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tags and strings</td>
<td>.35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill for bean feed:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mixer</td>
<td>13.87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40% dues</td>
<td>14.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y. W. C. A. party</td>
<td>2.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Candy supplies</td>
<td>1.32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Envelopes for systematic giving</td>
<td>.45</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
KNOCKS ABOUT OUR SCHOOL

Knockers were originally used to let people know that there was someone on the outside of a door who wanted to gain admittance. Now days we find the conditions and circumstances changed and the knocker is often on the inside of the door and is kept in constant motion by some members of the house. (We refer to the knockers around this school, of course.) We have knockers who knock the school, others who knock the faculty, others who knock the college paper, some who knock the literary societies—some who knock at the door of their lady friend's home a little more frequently than seems to be beneficial for their school work. (Don't think that we disapprove of co-education, because we heartily approve of it.)

No doubt all the readers are aware that these knockers exist and need no reminding of it, but we simply take this means of asking every student in school to have the knockers removed from the organization of which they are members. If this is done the noise made by said appliances will not be so disturbing. Don't be a KNOCKER! Be a BOOSTER! Let's all work together to make the College of Puget Sound the one institution of the Northwest.

THAT NEW TRADITION

There are only a few more weeks of school remaining and if we are to have an organized class rivalry for next year, something must be done at once. All eyes have been fixed upon the "baby" class to see what action they were going to take toward Dr. Todd's suggestion concerning a color post. Perhaps they have been silently working and ere long we will find our campus be-decked with the much anticipated color post. Actions speak louder than words. Let us see what you are doing and are going to do, Frosh!

Assuming that the Freshmen will take care of the color post and will have it erected in a few weeks, there is some excellent work yet to be done. Did not Professor Morton leave a message worth while when he spoke of the beautifying of our campus by the removal of those unsightly class numerals? Since the erection of the color post has been delegated to the Freshman class, is not the Sophomore class the logical one to take the initiative in securing the removal of those class numerals and other insignia? In a very short time Campus Day will be upon us and then will be a splendid day to get this work done. What are you going to do about it, classes?
Debate and Oratory

Marmaduke Dodsworth

DEBATE has taken her place in the front rank of student activities during the past month. The Juniors and Seniors opened the interclass debates February seventh. Junia Todd and Edith Tennant put up a splendid argument against Elizabeth Shackleford and Francis Powell, but were unable to prove to the judges' satisfaction that the city manager plan is better than our present system. Junia used more words in sixty seconds than were ever uttered in that time at C.P.S. She afterward maintained that ten minutes is not time enough to talk on that question. Her rebuttal at the last proved the saying that a woman must have the last word. Miss Tennant was also full of her subject, so full in fact that she could not explain all of her points. The negative favored specialization, sticking to a few points with proof. Mr. Powell showed his faith in the yellow journal in his use of yellow sheets for notes. Elizabeth Shackleford, the last speaker for the negative, appealed to the judges many times during her talk.

The Freshmen and Sophomores clashed in debate the day after the banquet. Harry Sorenson opened the debate with a full head of steam, hitting his points with sledge hammer blows. He was followed by Dodsworth, first speaker for the negative. Woody closed the constructive argument for the affirmative, followed by Edith Ahnquist, who calmly rose to the occasion with a clear, logical argument. The Judges were unanimous for the negative.

The Freshman-Academy debate was a fitting climax to the three debates on city manager. Sheffer and James convincingly set forth the claim of the proposed plan, after days of consultation with prominent men of the city, such men as Mayor Fawcett, Dr. Dyer and others. The striking thing about these interviews was that all the prominent men were enthusiastic for the manager plan. Sorenson and Woody won the decision by laying much stress upon the power of the manager. Sorenson made reference to Tacoma's enviable reputation of her city government, which reputation, he says, has spread throughout the land, even to his populous town of Nook-sack. Sheffer ended the rebuttal with these words: "Let us fight." After this blood curdling climax it was thought best to discontinue the discussion on the subject of city manager for fear of turning the next debate into a scrimmage between Freshmen and Academy students. Unboubtedly our warlike orator made a hit with one of the judges—Coach Robbins—for the decision was two to one for the negative.

The fourth and last debate will consider the question of cooperative bookstore. The Juniors and Sophomores will participate in this debate.

The debate with the class of 1920 of U. of W. showed our team off to great advantage. The attitude and spirit of our debaters was characteristic of C.P.S. Altho the decision was lost two to one in favor of our opponents, we feel that the debate was not lost, because of the spirit shown by our team. Our visitors apologized for the great amount of
quibbling shown on the question, consequently, we feel that enough has been said along that line. Messrs. Gustafson, Nyren and Foster all expressed their desire to meet us again in debate. We trust that the relations between our College and the University may be most friendly along all lines.

We feel proud of our team. Mr. Gebert reminded us of a certain bishop not living many miles away from here. Mr. Cramer showed a grasp of his subject, while Miss Shackleford deserves especial mention for her constructive argument, which was delivered without a note.

The total attendance was less than a hundred. We hope to see a crowded house at our next debate.

The Spokane debate is the next great event on the calendar at C.P.S. A question has finally been agreed upon: Resolved, That the United States should substitute for the Ship Purchase Bill (House Bill 15455, Public No. 260) the suggestion of the Boston Chamber of Commerce for the establishment of a loan and mortgage fund to build up the merchant marine. This question limits the debate to the advisability of substituting the present law by the Boston plan. Spokane is sending a team four hundred miles; C.P.S. is doing likewise. Every student should be at this debate, March 30. Save the date.

The Prohibition Oratorical contest has been postponed until the last of April, because the catalogue date conflicted with our debates. Four names have been handed to Harry Sorenson, President of the I.P.A. It is not too late for you to enter. Five dollars is the prize given. As yet no girls have entered the contest. Last year Mabel Meiers won the prize. Don't miss this opportunity, girls. Hand your name to Harry Sorenson at once.

In order to stimulate interest in the department of oratory and debate, a trophy or emblem is to be given to the class which shows the greatest interest in this department. Of course the Academy is included. The class which has the largest percentage of its members at the debates and oratorical contests will receive this trophy, to be kept until some other class has a higher average. The trophy will be something worth while. Here is a challenge to the classes. A word to the wise is sufficient.

**CHRISTUS FUNDAMENTUM**

"Higher, higher still,"
The fire of youth is urging,
"The expectant world before thee lies;
Win fame amidst its surging."

But like the deep base of a hymn,
By the ear unheard but felt within,
Our spirits echo the refrain,
"Christus Fundamentum."

"Deeper, deeper still,"
Sweet wisdom's voice is saying,
"Thru hidden realms, thru paths untrod
Press on; time brooks no staying."

But when our knees to her are bent
She writes across the firmament
"The Alpha and Omega is Christus Fundamentum."

"Nobler, nobler still,"
Our motto and this our goal,
"Thru wisdom's power, thru daily toil,
Perfection of the soul."

A moment and our work doth cease,
Oh, make each life a masterpiece
That all the world may see and know
"Christus Fundamentum."

—CARL CURTIS, '19.
THE BANQUET

The Eighth Annual Banquet of the College is now nothing but a happy memory and a bit of unimportant history in the minds of the students and faculty.

The banquet was held this year in the banquet hall of the First M. E. church on the evening of February 20.

About four hundred students, faculty, alumni and friends of the College were present. The speakers were seated at a table on the platform, which gave them an advantage of any inspiration which they might receive from the students, the alumni and other guests, who were seated at five long tables on the main floor of the hall.

Each class table was unique and beautiful in its decorations, which added not a little to the pleasure of all those present.

The menu looked beautiful, printed on the menu cards, but it tasted better when it was placed on the table by the competent waitresses. Everything was delightfully served and well prepared. Those in charge deserve the most hearty congratulations upon their capability and the thanks of the College for making that part of the banquet the success that it was.

The speakers of the evening were certainly enjoyed, not because they talked with inspiration on the subject given them, but because each spoke with fervor and optimism on a topic which was not his subject and that topic was "The College of Puget Sound." The students received several new views of our College—a very broad view, which made it a factor in national education and a very individualistic view, which showed what the College really meant to each one present.

Were we satisfied with the banquet? Yes, indeed. But our ideals grow as we do and so our ideals for the next banquet have already commenced to enlarge and grow brighter. Let us all begin now to boost for the "Better Banquet Movement," which will cause us to enjoy a banquet in 1918 that will surpass the last one, in both intellectual and social enjoyment. Let us work during the coming year for the betterment of our College that we will have much to rejoice over when the time for another banquet comes around.
On the evening of February tenth Miss Harriett Moe entertained a few of her friends with a St. Valentine's party at her home. The rooms were very beautifully decorated with hearts and other Valentine suggestions.

The evening was spent with games and music. The games were unusually novel and occasioned much laughter, which in some cases led to tears.

The abundant refreshments were daintily served and carried out the color scheme in pink and white. At a late hour the party broke up, after voting Miss Moe a delightful hostess.

Those present were: Misses Marshall, Todd, Harvey, Hathaway, Temple, Baker, Moe and Messrs. Hallen, McConihe, Schlatter, Hanawalt, Arnett and Todd.

STUDENT VOLUNTEERS

We Student Volunteers have been doing things, altho some of the students don't seem to realize it. We have quality rather than quantity. We have had very enthusiastic and instructive meetings. February 14 Mrs. Davis gave a talk on "The Preparation of a Missionary." She said that a missionary must know how to do everything, from building of houses to teaching and nursing. Every missionary should know at least the beginnings of medicine. She said that she went out as a medical missionary, but that she had to mix mortar, build a house and teach mathematics, as well as do the work that she had prepared to do. She emphasized the importance of all who contemplate missionary work in knowing something of many things.

February 28 Mrs. Schofield gave a very interesting talk on "The Things Which a Missionary Gives Up and the the Things that They Gain." One of the chief sacrifices that a missionary makes in going to a foreign land is the modern conveniences of a civilized country. Then, too, one must give up loved ones in this country. But the joys which come to a missionary far over balance the things given up in going to the foreign field. She further said: "I would advise anyone, no matter what the work he is going to do in America, to teach a number of years in a foreign land, simply for the experience and a wider outlook it will give him.

The students are glad to have Rev. Askey, of Bellingham, in Tacoma again. Rev. Askey led the special meetings at the College last year and we all grew to love him very much. He has taken the pastorate of the Epworth Methodist church and the College students feel that he will make a good neighbor.

SENIOR NOTES

The concensus of opinion is this: that the class which, decorated with red carnations, candles and shades, had the nicest table, the prettiest girls, the handsomest men, the best waiters and the most style displayed at the banquet; which is all very true since these different things refer to the Seniors. Though modest generally, we feel called upon to focus your attention, underclassmen, on the example given you by the Senior class at the banquet. What manners! What poise! What gentility!

Seriously, we're proud that we belong to the College of Puget Sound; that we had the opportunity to participate in this banquet, which far surpasses the others in the history of our class. May progress ever shine favorably on our Alma Mater.
JUNIOR JOTTINGS

The Juniors are beginning to feel the dignity of being upper-classmen. Therefore, they were not heard as much at the banquet as they have been in former years. But they were there, with lots of pep. We left it to the Freshmen to keep things lively, and they certainly did it. We were indeed surprised at the Sophomores. Those nipples and bibs that they gave the Freshmen were so cute. We are glad the Sophs are awake and hope that they remain so.

At the banquet our decorations were just splendid. Our class colors, purple and gold, were incorporated in the scheme. There were large baskets of violets—our class flower—tied in individual bouquets. Gold ribbon lead from each clever place-card to one of the bouquets, thus furnishing each guest with an attractive bunch of violets as a souvenir. The novel place-cards, referring to cupids, eats and matrimony, etc., gave us an insight into our future, and, needless to say, furnished many amusing revelations.

Our banquet guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap, Miss Revelle and Mrs. Schlatter.

In debate, we claim the interclass championship and are justly proud of the showing made by our representatives, both in class and in intercollegiate debate. We are also working to obtain that trophy.

SOPHOMORES

Dead? Who said dead? Not those who saw us at the banquet. They all agreed that we came away with flying colors. And didn’t you like it? Even the Juniors thot that they were pretty clever. And you noticed we didn’t run short of them.

We had a big supply. Here’s one the Freshmen like especially well: Um—yah—yah, Um—yah—yah, Sophomores, Sophomores, Um—yah—yah. Ing—ye—ye, Ing—ye—ye, Freshmen, Freshmen, Ing—ye—ye.

It really peeved them; still they made a presentable showing until their bibs and pacifiers arrived. After that they were pretty quiet. You noticed that, too, didn’t you?

Our table decorations were daffodils, pussy willows and tulle, embodying the spirit of Spring. Olives! No, they weren’t part of the decorations and we were mighty glad that they weren’t. It would not have been like a banquet without them.

The Sophomore class came out victorious in the interclass debate with the Freshmen. We are proud of our representatives, Miss Ahnquist and Mr. Dodsworth. They acquitted themselves splendidly and are an honor to any class. Mr. Dodsworth is also on the College team that travels to Spokane in a few days to meet Spokane University in an intercollegiate debate.

GIRLS’ GLEE CLUB NOTES

We all turned out at the banquet with bells—I mean tambourines. “Estudiantina” was our number and I know we enjoyed it. Did you? We plan to sing this piece, together with “’Twas April,” March 16 at the Ensemble Concert in the Chapel.

Say, here’s three cheers for the Boys’ Glee Club. They sure did fine work at the banquet. We all enjoyed their two numbers. We are sorry to hear that they have disbanded.
Chika Ricka
Zona Ticka
Oka Dooka Lee
Hi Hi Ski Hi
Who, Academy
Veevo Vivo,
Hip Ki Yi
A-C-A-D-E-
M-Y
ACADEMY

Dear Archibald: I am sending here-with one of the 10,000 yells, showing the beauty and simplicity of the change by continuous differentiation and integration from a simple homogeniety to a complex heterogeneity of the yells I heard at the banquet. (All right, Mistah, heah'h wah I get off. 'Iss is my cohnah.)

But goodness, Archibald, there was one class that was sending out one song after another while their yells never ceased thundering and echoing around those banquet halls. It was just like the tales we read of Vikings of old and their famous hale-fellow feasts. And towards the end a lady got up and awarded a prize for the best song to a Mr. Geoghegan of that class. Believe, now, they certainly were all there. I guess they don't believe in attending banquets on the installment plan.

I interviewed them and found out it was the Academy class. They had a gorgeous table decorated with beautiful baskets of flowers, with streamers extending to each plate, while overhead hung a monster Academy pennant. Sort of an heirloom.

P. S. On the 7th the Academy debaters, Lauren Sheffer and Chas. James, tackled the Freshmen. They lost by only one point, making the highest score to date for the affirmative on the question, "Should Tacoma Adopt the Dayton, Ohio, City Manager Plan of City Government?" My, how those boys could talk. They just thrive on a diet of big words.

They are excitedly waiting the debut of that treatise Krohn intends to publish on "How to Grow Hair on the Face." (63 iron bound volumes complete.)

The Senior Academy Class enjoyed a delightful banquet on March 6th in the domestic science rooms, under the capable supervision of Miss Wilson, Miss Mustard and Miss Nielsen. The purpose of the banquet was to discuss the class day and other events in connection with the graduation of the 1917 class.

Present were: Miss McGandy, Miss Nielsen, Miss Wilson, Miss Mustard, Mrs. Poole and Messrs. Geoghegan, Poole, Hallen, Earle, Krone, Sheffer and Feller.

FRESHMAN NOTES

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

We marched into the banquet hall from the rear of the church. Our table was exquisite; any un-prejudiced observer will tell you that it surpassed all the other tables. In great baskets at intervals down the center of the table were pink carnations and trailing from one basket to the next was smilax. On each basket was a large pink bow and at intervals in the smilax were other smaller pink bows with kew-
was painted a minuature basket.

We entertained the crowd period-
pies attached. On each place-card
ically with our yells and songs. Mr.
Bowman, as our yell leader, so sig-
ually distinguished himself that the
last addition of "Who's Who" was
recalled from the press to add his
name.

This yell was especially popular
with the Freshmen:

Sophies in the High Chair
All: Sophies in the High Chair.
Boys: Who put 'em there.
Girls: Ma-amm-aa!
The following song shows Miss
Moe at her best. She contributed
the majority of the songs.
"Where are the Sophs
Which we seeky, siky, soaky?
The ones with the nerve
And the cheecky, chicky, choaky?
Who jabber and quack
With their beecky, bick, booky,
But who in the ditch
To go creeky, criky, croooky?"

NOTES FROM HELEN'S HALL

Great joy! Professor Davis has
returned to fill his place at our fam-
ily board.

Mr. Wiesenbach entertained the
Science Club here at a dinner. Af-
after a meeting it took them a half
hour to pry into the mysteries found
in their overcoats and hats.

Ask the General how she likes
to sit in the parlor closet.

A lost baby was added to the
dormitory roll the other day. For
further particulars see either Miss
Blair or Dorthy Darr.

Miss Nellie Helgeson entertained
at a fudge party. It was a decided
success.

It was a good, old-fashioned sere-
enade when the Millionaires, in con-
veitional evening garb, stormed
Helen's Hall. They gave us the
sweetest music ever heard.

Miss Mildred Eaton and her
mother paid us a visit a week ago.

Grieve with us — Mrs. Bessie
Mathews has gone from us. We
miss her very much and especially
from the breakfast table ranks.

AMPHICTYONS

After the excitement of the ban-
quet and the beginning of the new
semester's work, we feel quite nat-
ural again and fell in fine trim for
hard work. Did you hear about
"The Tragedy of a College Educa-
tion?" Of course you surely must
have heard about it. It was origin-
ated by Ralph Remington and was
a credit to him and to the society.
It was carried out very well and the
actors showed great talent.

The cast was as follows:

Tom Kennedy, a college student
Ralph Remington
Ed Schute, his chum - Carl Curtis
Lucy Adelaide, co-ed - Muriel Hover
Bertha, her chum - Elizabeth Webster
Dean Georgeson - Alvin Campbell
Miss Elnor, preceptress - -
Georgina Wilson

We have had some very inter-
esting programs lately, among them
discussions of some of the latest
American authors, as Robert Her-
rick and O. Henry. Our programs
on St. Patrick and Normandy were
delightful, quaint and instructive.
Remember that visitors are always
welcome to our programs.
**THETAS**

Talk about your good times! Well, just leave it to the Theta girls to find or manufacture them. Last month we had one of the grandest parties of the year. Edith Rummel kindly offered us the use of her home and after the difficulty of getting the date was settled, plans progressed rapidly. The entertainment committees had prepared a novel and lively evening and the H. C. S. fellows proved themselves sharks at dressmaking of all kinds. How could we help but enjoy ourselves? Even the chaperons had a good time. The color scheme of the Theta colors was carried out, both in the decorations and in the refreshments. You didn't know that grape sherbet had a "singified" effect, did you? Well, it did and the Theta and H. C. S. songs were sung and then we departed for home.

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

These are the new officers of the Y.W., under whose guidance we expect to accomplish wonders: President, Mildred Pollom; Vice President, Mabel Amende; Secretary, Alice Baker; Treasurer, Edith Rummel; Religious Meetings, Eloy Anderson; Social Service, Ethel Nielson; Social, Lois Hathaway; Conference, Junia Todd; Voluntary Study, Alta Miller; Associate News, Gladys Moe.

+++

The Y.W. has proved a great success in the past year, but we mean to make it an even greater success this coming year. This is one of the plans: Our Y.W. is to entertain the cabinets of the Y. W. Associations of Ellensburg and Bellingham Normals and the U. of W. at an annual conference, beginning April sixth. We know that all who help boost and offer their services will enjoy it and not only this, but we want our guests to know that the girls of C.P.S. are enthusiastic workers for the Y.W. We would be glad if any girl who is willing to help entertain the visiting cabinets will speak to some member of the new cabinet. The following is the plan for the conference:

- **Friday evening, April sixth** — Reception to visiting cabinets. All Y.W. girls are invited and urged to attend.
- **Saturday morning** — Bible classes; technical counsels.
- **Saturday noon** — Luncheon; Seattle conference rally.
- **Saturday afternoon** — Speeches; recreation.
- **Sunday morning** — Go in body to First M. E. Church.
- **Sunday afternoon** — Vesper and closing services.

**H. C. S. NOTES**

On Monday evening, February 28, we were royally entertained by the Theta girls at the home of Miss Edith Rummel. The annual Valentine party is one of our yearly treats.

Monday evening, March 5, we gave the following program:

- Piano solo, Mr. Magill; Coeducation Institutions, Mr. Woody; Brain Food, Mr. Snypp; Athletics, Arnett; Morals vs. College Life, Mr. Schlatter; Piano selection, Mr. Beard.

Mr. Schlatter is quite a song bird. Listen for him in chapel. Mr. Arnett gave us thirty minutes on his speech. Mr. Woody improves with age.

Impromptu speaking at the programs is our chief aim.

We wish to suggest a subject for discussion at the open forum: Resolved that the literary societies of C.P.S. should be cooperative.
The Freeman brothers were visitors at the Club Saturday night, March tenth. Elder Freeman spent the night in restful repose (?) with Mr. Dr. Sutton.

Judge Bowman and his colleague, McAbee, spent the eleventh of March in Seattle. Stanley Freeman occupied the Bishop's pulpit while the Bishop was absent.

We are rejoicing that the legislature has closed, for our much beloved Senator will soon be with us again. There has been considerable conjecture as to whether or not he would be back with us, for some expressed the thought that perhaps he would find his better half while at Olympia this year. But we finally concluded that we would not give him up yet awhile, even though he did accept.

NOTES FROM ALUMNI REPORTER

Mrs. Lois McGandy Divine, '11, and family have returned from Coachella, Calif., to Sumner, where Mr. Divine is assuming a new position.

Rev. H. O. Perry has closed a ten-day series of evangelistic addresses in the College, which were most effective in inspiration and uplift, and were received by faculty and students with unanimous acclaim.

Dr. Thos. J. Gambill, '07, was elected at the February meeting of the Board of Trustees to the office of Corresponding Secretary for the Alma Mater. His work will be largely in the field in a vigorous campaign for funds and students.
ATHLETICS

On Thursday, February 15, in one of the fastest games of the season, our College team went down to defeat at the hands of the Bellingham State Normal basket ball quintet on the Y. M. C. A. floor by a score of 29 to 14. At first it seemed that the College might hold their heavier opponents to an even score, but the Normalites gradually drew away and took the lead, which only luck could overcome. The score at the end of the first half was 22 to 5.

In the second half C.P.S. gathered in nine points, while the Bellingham boys were annexing two ringers and three fouls. Miller starred for the College, netting 10 of the College's 14 points.

The enthusiastic rooting of the College fans was commendable.

Elks vs. C.P.S.
The Elks, long antlered and in fighting mood, came to the Y. the 17th of February, declaring that our boys were in for a good trouncing. The whistle blew, the boys flitted in and out among the ranks of these royal Elks and again the whistle blew and the final score stood: C.P.S., 21; Elks 16. So be it ever.

C. P. S.-First Christians
On the twenty-first we tackled the First Christian quintet. Our boys were a little off feed and so were content with the long end of a 31 to 19 score. Coach Hack warmed up two of his substitutes in the last half of this game, the two being Hallen and McConihe. Both of them did themselves justice in play.

C.P.S.-U. of W. Frosh
But Fate took a hand on 23rd, when the boys went to Seattle to play the Freshmen of the University. A combination of poor lights, unkind referee and foreign surroundings disheartened our boys, so they came back reporting that they had been defeated 20 to 5.

C.P.S.-Mineral
Other things than basket tossing featured the C.P.S.-Mineral game. Mineral is a tiny hamlet on the peak of the Cascades and enroute to that place Miller's auto stopped for breath. The consequences were that Miller, Woody and company took a "health hike" the remaining three miles to Mineral. Woody got the lead over Miller and took part in the last ten minutes of play, but Tiny arrived too late. He was not needed, however, for the substitutes, Hallan and McConihe, played snap- py ball and Mineral was defeated 26 to 20.

Ashford A.C.-C.P.S.
The 3rd of this month we played
the Ashford A.C. They have been undefeated the past two years. This year they defeated the Tahomas by a larger score than the 19 to 15 lead they secured over us. Congratulations, Team.

Cushman-C.P.S.

Just before going to press, we wish to announce that by defeating the Cushman Indians on the afternoon of the 10th by the score of 43 to 15, our boys captured third place in the city league series. A complete summary of the games will be given in our next issue.

The Seconds

Our Seconds are not to be lightly considered. Besides furnishing fast material for the Varsity to work upon, they have taken on several teams themselves. Two of these they defeated by large scores. Athow, Remington, Carlsen, Snyp, Hallen, McConihe, Earle and Harader have been turning out with pleasing regularity. This industrious lot defeated Burton A.C. 28 to 16 and Burton H.S. 26 to 18. They were defeated by Fife, with a score of 42 to 22 and by Orting High School, 18 to 12.

Eyes Tested Right
Glasses Fitted Right
Prices Right

CASWELL OPTICAL CO.
Cor. 9th and St. Helens Ave.

COLLEGE SONG

This song won second prize in the contest and the authoress, Miss Orr, received five dollars as a reward for industry.

I

If ever you wish to choose a school,
That’s surely number one,
Made up of the jolliest boys and girls,
That ever lived under the sun,
Just come to the College of Puget Sound,
And join the school we love.
We’re proud of all her victories,
Her colors float above.

CHORUS:
Rah, for the teachers,
Teachers, tra la, la.
Rah, for the students,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la.

II

We never like to blow about
The stunts we have pulled off,
But take a look around you
And you’ll see it is not a bluff.
So, if you’ll come and join us,
You will surely be in the swim,
For C.P.S. is on the spot,
When there’s anything to win.

CHORUS:
We don’t believe in nightmares,
But our opponents will have one,
When the judges have decided
That our C.P.S. has won.
Knew More About Hens Than History

After reading the famous "The Landing of the Pilgrims' Fathers," to the class, the teacher said: "As a drawing exercise, suppose you each draw according to your imagination, a picture of Plymouth Rock."

All but one little fellow set to work. He paused and finally raised his hand.

"What is it, Edgar?" the teacher asked.

"Please, mam, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"—Exchange.

Our Cakes and Pies
are supreme for topping off dinners. All kinds may be had.

Many other APPETIZING DELICACIES
in large assortment await you here
WE SELL BREAD

KRAEMER'S BAKERY
S0. 12th & K STS. MAIN 1818

Something Dramatic
"I spik so lettle Inglis," said the charming French actress, "zat I hardly know what to recite for ze American audience."

"I usually recite the multiplication table in Russian," responded the other international star. "That always sounds so impressive."—Exchange.

Bits of Philosophy
Of the marriages last year, half the participants were men and half were women.

Most trolley cars have round wheels, except those that go by our house after eleven P. M.—those being sections of oblate spheroids.

If all the storage eggs in the country were smashed at once the whole population would be asphyxiated.

One of the most effective ways of losing a friend is to take her to board.
AVAILABLE FUNDS

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

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

BE "AT HOME" IN THIS BANK

Scandinavian American Bank

"The Bank That Helps" Tacoma

Mrs. Cox (handing to her husband a saucer full of some white powder)—John, taste that and tell me what it tastes like and what you think it is.

Mr. Cox—It tastes like soda.

Mrs. Cox—that's what I told Bridget. She declares it is rat poison.

STATIONERY MAGAZINES

College Confectionery

602 Sprague Street

—ICE CREAM—

CANDIES - FRUITS - BAKERY GOODS - LIGHT GROCERIES

Ten Years in Same Location

C. W. ROWELL GROCER

DEALER IN STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

Auto Delivery

2411 6th Ave. Main 337

At a Loss

"Young Mrs. Wombat doesn't seem to know what to do for her baby."

"Well, you can't wonder; no book of instructions came with him."

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

West Side Grocery Co.
INCORPORATED
GROCERS

Phone Main 702 2802-4 6th Ave.

COLLEGE STUDENTS!
We Solicit Your Patronage

Sheldon's Lunch
Corner of 11th and Commerce
Phone Main 5309
THE CROWN DRUG CO.
1132 PACIFIC AVENUE
Toilet Goods, Photo Supplies, Athletic and
Surgical Appliances
TACOMA'S LEADING "CUT RATE" STORE

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

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

WE AIM TO PLEASE
Try our Old-Fashioned
TOMATO ENGLISH SAUSAGE
IDEAL MARKET
2410 6th AVE. MAIN 3465

Bicycles, tires and other sundries.
Let me repair your wheel.
E. A. THOMAS
2808 Sixth Ave.

Buy Your Meats
FROM A MARKET THAT
PATRONIZES YOUR PAPER
We Deliver direct to your home
RIGHT PRICES
prevail. All we ask is that you give
us a trial.
"We Aim to Please"
LITTLE GEM MARKET
606 So. K Street

DO YOU KNOW
that Tacoma has one of the finest Shoe
Shining parlors in America?

920½ Pacific Ave. 930 Pacific Ave.
Tony's
TWO PLACES
We clean and block Hats. Give us a
chance to shine your Shoes for Sunday.
"WE AIM TO PLEASE"

Hayden-Watson Co.
FLORISTS
BUY DECORATIONS ON
SHORT NOTICE FOR
THE BANQUET
PHONE MAIN 300 928 BROADWAY
WE'VE STILL GOT right
good Shoes at $3.00 and
$3.50, and they run from
these prices up to $7.00 a pair.

Every pair of Shoes in this
house is worth today from 50c
to $1.00 more than we paid for
them, and we're selling them at a
price based on their cost to us
and not on their present worth.

DICKSON BROTHERS COMPANY

1120-1122 Pacific Avenue

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
HEADQUARTERS
for Ice Cream Candies and Luncheons.
952 Pacific Avenue

“Where Everybody Eats”

WHY NOT GET A MEAL TICKET AT

AL. KRUZNER'S CAFE

DINNER,
PIPING HOT,
FOR
20c AND UP

Main 2512 116 So. 12th St.

His Resiliency
Magistrate — If, as you claim, your car was going at a very slow rate—hardly moving, in fact—how was it that this man that you struck was knocked two blocks ahead?
Motorist—The only way that I can explain it, your honor, is that the man is in the rubber business.

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 410

FOSS BOATS
(ALWAYS READY)

NORTH COMMERCIAL DOCK
MAIN 51

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

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

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
BOOKS AND STATIONERY

BOOK EXCHANGE
913 PACIFIC AVE. MAIN 3049
Every Student
should buy his Candies and Fruits
—from—
GOODRICH BROTHERS
(2310 Sixth Avenue)
We bought out the Jemison Grocery
and ask you to give us a chance to
supply you with—
GROCERIES

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
"I am buying all my candy—for my
lady friend and otherwise—this year at

The Meadowmoor
(908 BROADWAY)
Their candies are made in a sanita-
ry, up-to-date factory on Broadway
"VISIT THEIR SODA FOUNTAIN"

HOT LUNCHES FOR STUDENTS

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

Peddler—It softens the skin and
makes the complexion clear and
beautiful—"
Lady—How much is it?

Sorrenson—Burk, do you know
what love is?
Burk—No. What is it?
Sorrenson—It is a tickling sensa-
tion in the heart that can’t be
scratched.

VEAL POT PIES 10c
Make ideal student lunches.
Try one of our individual fruit pies
Price 5c

Sixth Avenue Delicatessen
Near "R" Street 1106 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

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

Shaw-Sold Kodaks
will suit you in price, quality and service.
Shaw Kodak Finishing is all that you can desire—the best to be had.
Shaw Supply Co., Inc.
1015 Pacific Ave.

A Safe Refuge
The mining stock promoter dashed into his office and locked the door.
"Where can I hide," he cried.
"The police are coming!"
"Get into the simplified card index case," said the head clerk. "I defy anyone to find anything there."

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

Precaution
Mamma—What is Willie crying about?
Bridget—Shur, ma'am, he wanted to go across the street to Tommy's.
Mamma—Well, why didn't you let him go?
Bridget—They are having charades, he said, and I wasn't shure as he'd had them yet.
OFFICE DESKS

AND

FURNITURE

AT

WAREHOUSE PRICES

Our New Location
1325-7-9 FIFTH AVENUE
SEATTLE, WASH.

Hansen-Wadenstein Desk Co.

Main 1518
SOCIAL OCCASIONS
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.
PETerson BROS.
10th & K STS. MAIN 313

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

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

For the best Fresh Flowers for all occasions, go to the
California Florists
Main 7732 907 Pacific Ave.

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 265
FOR CALLING CARDS, WEDDING INVITATIONS, PROGRAMS, ETC., SEE

The Quality Press
HIGH-CLASS PRINTERS
907 COMMERCE ST. MAIN 5950
WE PRINT THE TRAIL

For Quality and Service in Quick Shoe Repairing go to

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

ARROW COAT-SHIRTS
FOR COLLEGE MEN
All new styles for Spring now on display—distinctive patterns for fastidious College men.

SPRING NECKWEAR
in a profusion of patterns that appeal to men who are particular. To appreciate the late arrivals you must see them.

GAUDETTE & MATHEWS
250 11th Street Warburton Bldg.

TENNIS SEASON IS HERE
Tennis Shoes
F. C. JONAS & SON HARDWARE
Stoves and Enamelware
Sporting Goods
MAIN 2899 2503 SIXTH AVE.

Our Trail Advertisers

B. & B. Barber Shop
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.
Gaudette & Mathews
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
Knox Candy Co.
Kruznzer, Al
Kachlein Bros.
Littig Gem Market
Manike, H. W.
Muehlenbruch, C. T.
McQuary, J. E.
Meadowmoor Ice Cream Co.
Newell, Bernice E.
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.
Sunrise Bakery
Shaw Supply Co.
Sixth Avenue Delicatessen
Smith & Gregory
Scotch Tailors
Scandinavian American Bank
Sheldon’s Lunch
Standard Laundry Co.
Tony’s Shine Parlors
Thomas, C. L.
Tacoma Taxi & B. T. Co.
Thomas Bicycle Shop
West Side Grocery
Washington Tool & Hardware Co.
Washington Dye Works
Yansen’s Confectionery