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# The Puget Sound Trail

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Brudder Bennett

Ruth E. Swanson ’21.

“Brudder Bennett! Brudder Bennett! So long, Brudder Bennett! Hi, there, look around, the debbil’s comin’ after you!”

Little Bobbie Bennett crammed his cap farther over his eyes, stuffed his fists resolutely in his pockets, and hastened away from the mob of diminutive persecutors. There were times when Bobbie had occasion to doubt if the carnal nature were really dead within him—when the little fists itched with the non-orthodox desire to pummel the heads of the little heathen who persecuted him so persistently.

“Brudder Bennett goes to church Along right with his mammy, He’s left de debbil in de lurch, The dear little woolly lammy.”

It was the lusty voice of Mikey Milligan, his arch enemy and the school bully, that reached him now. The words were flung tauntingly at him, to the tune of “Yankee Doodle.”

Mikey Milligan, Irish as his name, was one of those leaders of men in the embryo. It was Mikey who plotted and planned, Mikey who inspected and instructed, Mikey who brought to an exasperating finish all those thousand and one little pranks and practical jokes which made life miserable to the teachers of District Twenty-two. The rest followed like sheep, and did his bidding. Any mutineer was quickly whipped into line. Unfortunately, Mikey possessed that fault too common in growing children—the desire to “pick on” and bully some child less powerful than himself. Many in turn had fallen victim to this desire, but with the forgetfulness of childhood, were always ready to help make life miserable for the next unfortunate. Just now, Bobbie Bennett was the “goat.” His special offense was “bein’ religious.”

Raised in a very religious home, Bobby had learned to read his
Bible long before he ever saw a primer, and was the bright and shining light of the Junior Mennonite Sunday-school, almost since the time his name had been placed on the cradle roll. His parents had been loth to send him to school, fearing contamination from the godless little heathens with whom he would have to associate. Hence it was that, altho nine years old, this was the boy's first year of school.

"The dear little woolly lammy." The tune rang spitefully in his ears all the way home. It still echoed somewhere in the back of his sober little brain as he did his evening chores, and it followed him even as he took down the Bible to read his evening chapter. He didn't tell his mother about his troubles. He used to do that at first, but she would only smooth his hair, and tell him sad tales of patient martyrs, who unresistingly allowed themselves to be harried to death by fierce gladiators in the Roman arena. Some way, Bobbie didn't exactly approve of those martyrs.

He opened his Bible absently, and commenced to read: "But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." Bobbie turned the leaves hastily backwards. He didn't feel quite interested in the New Testament tonight. "I think I'll read some more about that man David," he commented to himself, as he thumbed the pages in the neighborhood of Samuel. "He didn't have no yellow streak, and I'll bet he didn't talk theology with a woman, either."

The story was perfectly familiar to the lad, and filled much the same place in his heart as "Jack the Giant Killer" did for his more worldly associates. Tonight, his cheeks flushed and his eyes burned bright as he read of the young hero who had so gamely accepted the challenge of the mighty Philistine and vanquished him ere he had finished his insolent boast.

"That David was some guy," he observed sagely, as he trudged off to bed a little later. "Maybe he had his enemies, but he didn't let 'em ride him, just the same. And he was a man after God's own heart, too."

Bobbie arose bright and early the next morning in a very elated frame of mind. Indeed, he had been wrestling all night with the Philistines and the Amalekites and all the other ancient enemies of the chosen people, and had come out triumphantly victorious, so that not even commonplace, gray-of-the-morning reality could quite erase the glow. He hurried thru the morning work, and started off for school early. Mother Bennett smiled fondly after her young hopeful as she watched him trudge down the road, valiantly whistling "Onward, Christian Soldiers" as he went. "The dear boy," she thot, "he has such a wonderful experience."

Early as it was, Mikey Milligan and his gang were already on the grounds as Bobbie neared the school.

"Hi, there, Mikey, here comes Brudder Bennett!" yelled one of the offensive little satellites, who was still smarting with the recollection of his own initiation into the gang. "Let's baptise him under the pump this mornin'."

This proposition naturally received Mikey's sanction. "You bet," he responded cheerfully, as
he dashed for the unfortunate Bobbie. "You work the pump handle, and I'll do the preacher stuff."

Bobbie's little body suddenly became emphatically erect, but wavered not an inch as he viewed the approach of his arch-enemy. "Lord," he petitioned bravely, "Lord, help thy servant lick the Philistine." Mikey was rather nonplused at this unexpected stand, for he had confidently expected the customary panicky retreat toward the sheltering school-house. "Say, kid," he inquired curiously, "ye ain't goin' to fight, are ye?"

Bobbie didn't know that a confident feel was half the victory. But the feel was there, nevertheless.

"I'll fight you all right, you Philistine dog," he retorted gravely, "and I'll smite you with my bare fist too, I will."

Mikey swallowed twice, and spat on his hands. He had licked all manner of boys, from Chinks to Swedes, but this scriptural adversary was a new one on him. But he was too much Irish to turn down a promising fight, no matter how disconcerting the circumstances.

"You measly little sissy" (Mikey meant this to be a very ferocious yell), "I'll take that sass out of you quick, you mammy's boy!"

Then there was no more breath to be wasted on mere words. There was a confusion of biffs and bangs, black eyes and bloody noses, torn shirts and scratched faces, as two little forms rolled over and over each other in the dust of the playground, each vainly trying to stay on top. Verily, it was a battle royal. Inwardly, one was fighting to retain a leadership, just as truly as a Saul. The other, to uphold a righteous cause, just as truly as a David. Outwardly, however, they both kicked and scratched, and pummeled each other's heads, much in the manner of any ordinary very mad little boy. Just when the supreme moment came, none of the wide-mouthed little spectators could say, but when the rolling stopped, and the dust cleared a little, they beheld Bobbie sitting astride a kicking, squirming mass that was uttering noises quite irrevelant for a school bully.


Bobbie promptly stopped the blows, but retained his position. He was a generous victor, but believed in driving home the moral. "Are you ever goin' to talk mean to a Christian, or pick on a new guy again?" he demanded sternly.

"Nope," came meekly from a crestfallen little Irishman, who knew when he was licked. "Sure?"

"Double sure. Cross my heart, if you'll get offen it, so's I can."

Bobbie promptly complied, and as Mikey stiffly got to his feet, he grinned as pleasantly as his battered up face would permit. "Say, kid," he broke out, admiringly, "you can fight like H——, if you have got religion."

Later in the day, the teachers of District Twenty-two held a consultation over the unusual case. The principal spoke learnedly of such things as "inherent pugnacity," "superficial virtue," "reverting to type," etc., but at his desk Bobbie was feeling none of the pangs of the traditional backslider. "Lord," he whispered confidingly, "Lord, we sure licked the Philistine."
Isabella Thoburn College
Our Sister College in India

The Isabella Thoburn College was founded by Miss Thoburn as a primary Christian school for girls, April 18, 1879, in a small room in a Lucknow bazaar, with six pupils, a few encouraging visitors, and a boy outside with a stout bamboo stick. Later it was installed in a large house built years before by a rich Mohammedan, and sold to the school for one-fifth of its original cost. In the course of time three other buildings, including a dormitory, were added. Two years ago a disastrous flood caused the collapse of one of these buildings.

The studies required by the Government for the bachelor's degree include the vernacular; literature, which requires careful and critical study of authors such as Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Carlyle, George Eliot and others; philosophy, with its four branches of ethics, metaphysics, psychology, and theism; mathematics, with its algebra, geometry, trigonometry, differential and integral calculus.

Daily Bible classes are held and there are frequent lectures on various subjects. The Young Women's Christian Association, with its missionary and literary departments,—the former bringing the girls into touch with the great world-wide missionary movement, in the Saturday Morning Club,—carries on extensive zenana and city Sunday-school work. Pre-medic scientific courses are given, and for some time laboratory work has been done in Reed Christian College. The two-year Normal Course is outlined by the Government and the University of Allahabad gives the examination. Courses in practical cooking and poultry-raising are also offered.

There is one fact about these girls that is very interesting. A great number are supported by brothers and sisters. Just as soon as the older ones get through college and begin to work they send the younger ones to school. One girl took up mission work on a salary of $12 a month and her board. She kept $3 for herself and paid the rest toward the education of her sister. Another's aunt ate only one meal each day in order to help her niece get an education. Girls are sent to college in India at the cost of real self-denial. There are also many parents who cannot afford to pay even the smallest fee, and for bright, intellectually promising girls and boys scholarships are provided.

All colleges and universities in the United States are being given the privilege of contributing as partners in the support of Christian colleges in foreign fields under the Sister College plan endorsed by the Federation of Mission Boards at its annual meeting, January 12, 1917. Mrs. Davis is College Secretary for Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, and has appointed Alta Miller local representative. At the rally November 3 over $40 was subscribed, with many of the students and faculty to be heard from.

Watch the bulletin board for news from our Sister College.
A Few Things to Remember
Prof. O. E. Reynolds.

There is an expression of the Psalmist—"all that is within me"—which every Christian will do well to remember thru the coming months. When the Psalmist came in to the presence of the Lord he was unwilling that his worship should involve only a fraction of his nature. He was not content that only one or two of his faculties or powers should prostrate themselves before the King of Heaven, but called upon everything within him to bless His Holy Name. Too frequently we endeavor to get on by the use of only a meager part of our equipment. We suppress a portion of our nature, and by this suppression weaken our powers of service. In strenuous and sombre times, we are tempted to look askance upon our love of play, and to become ashamed of our capacity to laugh. It seems hardly right to play when there is so much work to do, and it seems altogether wrong to smile when so many people are crying. But this is a false way of reasoning. The darker the day and the rougher the road, the more necessary it is to use everything which is within us. A sense of humor is an asset at all times, especially in days that are peculiarly sombre. The poet has well said, that humor is the oil of life. If we suppress our sense of humor, we expose ourselves at once to all sorts of demons which are eager to overthrow us. We are never safe when we lose the power to laugh. A man who discovers that he can laugh no more, ought to be alarmed and take himself immediately in hand. The times are indeed dark, but funny things happen every day. We ought to notice them and enjoy them. They are a means of grace. They reduce the tension, which, unless reduced, would finally kill us. The comic is a part of human life. We have no right to censure it out of our daily existence, simply because the nation happens to be at war. The very reason that the world is dark is an argument that somebody should laugh. The world would be unendurable if there were no one in it any longer capable of rising to a sense of humor or laughter. If we wish to live thru this war, we must use everything that is within us.

Y. M. C. A. WAR FUND

The Y. M. C. A. War Fund campaign was a complete success. We wish to thank you for your truly wonderful support. The campaign itself was started off at Seattle on October 23, when representatives from the various colleges and Y. M. C. A.'s met at a conference. There we laid our plans for the work in the different cities. On the return home, Mr. Morton was appointed chairman of the War Fund committee. Under his guidance we did the work. Our portion of the $35,000,000 to be raised was $450. After hearing Mr. Harlan of the Army Y. M. C. A., we got busy and raised our amount and over. When The Trail goes to press all the pledges are not in, but we have $591. We think this is very good, and wish to thank you again for your loyal support.
Proverbs of the Freshmen

Under efficient leadership, Freshmen will undertake almost anything, but their latest seems to be worthy of some added recognition, so we are glad to publish some of the fruits of their latest literary endeavors, namely, that of writing proverbs—in The Trail:

Be sure of your footing—then climb.

He who would experience the violence of war needs only to hint of peace.

He who would swim where others sink
Must leave all his fears at the river’s brink.

Big men are only little ones expanded.

National indifference is more terrible than the Huns.

A swagger stick doesn’t make a soldier.

Success comes in cans.

Lovers remember everything.

No pains, no gains.

Stick to your work and your work will stick to you.

She that is vain showeth no brain.

Don’t spend all your time pulling weeds—plant some flowers.

Better a Ford than no car at all.

When in doubt, ask the chap-eron.

A frowsy head and high French heels
Oft show a girl with low ideals.

Study and get a wrinkle in your brain.

Starvation will not visit the man in the garden.

Talents are God’s birthday presents to man.

The imitator is never imitated.

If you can’t get thru, get over.

Sunshine is as cheap as rain.

All are not stars that twinkle.

An honest mistake is a lesson learned.

One tune is as good as another to a deaf man.

It is an easy matter to find a fool, but it takes a wise man to discover a genius.

Don’t show your sorrows to the world—it has its own.

If you want something done, ask a busy man—the others have no time.

Happiness is the ability of a man to get along with himself.

You can climb higher than you can jump.

Sweep out the dusty corners of your brain often—you may find a lost pearl.

When smitten, turn the other cheek; but be ready to duck when he swings.
News from the Front

We are exceedingly glad to be able to publish in this issue of The Trail a letter from last year’s editor, Ernest Clay:

Camp Lewis, Wash.,
Nov. 12, 1917.

Dear Schoolmates:

It surely is a pleasure to be able to serve—either your school or your country. However, I’m here now and am delighted in the fact. I have no doubt but it all is a part of the Creator’s plan for us all, and hence I am perfectly contented with my present position.

After coming to the camp on October 3rd, I was at once assigned to the Depot Brigade. That is a military organization from which privates are transferred to all other organizations in order to fill up those organizations to full war strength. Many of the Tacoma boys with whom I came to camp have already been transferred to Company I, 361st Infantry. Some have already been sent to Mineola, L. I. I would have undoubtedly been sent to Mineola had I remained in the Depot Brigade.

Shortly after getting settled in the Depot Brigade, I was selected as assistant mess sergeant. It was a fine job and one at which I could find plenty of time to read and write. Then, too, I was caretaker of all the eats and had opportunity to get plenty to eat. I kept this job until I was transferred to the base hospital—just ten days after arriving at camp.

My first work in the hospital was assistant wardmaster in one of the foulest wards. At first I was merely an observer, noticing how things were done and what should be done. Then I was delegated to see that the patients kept the ward clean and in order. Thru it all I had splendid opportunities to learn much that will be of invaluable aid in later medical life.

Two weeks ago I was given a ward of my own—only on trial, however. Being so new in the work, I hardly expected that much. But the chance came, and now I’m doing my best. I was placed in a new ward and must needs at once fix it up. A week of strenuous days ensued for me—days of fourteen and fifteen hours each. Then order came from chaos and all is well. Now I have the only eye, ear, nose, and throat ward in the base hospital. All the cases—or practically all—of the eye, ear, nose, and throat trouble come to my ward. Today we had ten tonsillectomies and one septum operation, one case of iritis or ulcer cornea, besides three or four miscellaneous cases. Last week our ward handled ninety cases, and since we started we have handled over one hundred and seventy-five patients.

Much is said concerning the food and the eats in the army, but as yet I have seen nothing to provoke complaints. I have been greatly blessed by the Lord in my treatment while here. True enough, we don’t have butter three times a day, nor peaches and cream, pie and cake, and quite a lot of other dainties; but we have plenty of the essential foods. On meatless day last week we had meat three times a day—bacon for breakfast, meat stew for dinner, and nice juicy 

(Continued on Page 30.)
Hooligan’s Cruel Fate
Edith Rummel ’20.

Mrs. Jones brought her fist down with a crash on a sharp picket of the fence, which caused her to squeal and likewise to become more furious because she had squealed. “I tell you, Mrs. O’Leary, I’ll not have that cur of yours tearing up all the catnip plants in my yard.”

“Sure, mum, and I won’t be havin’ ye call Hooligan a cur. I wouldn’t be backward about sayin’ as how his pedigree’s longer nor yours.”

“Well, all you’ve got to do is to keep him out of my yard.”

“I tell ye, he wasn’t in yer yard.”

“He was!”

“He wasn’t!”

“He was!”

“He wasn’t!”

“You just come over here, Katie O’Leary, and look at my catnip plants.”

“Well, anyone what’s crazy enough to plant catnip plants orter have ‘em dug up.”

“I’ll go straight into the house and phone the police,” bellowed Mrs. Jones at the top of her voice, “and we’ll see if your precious Hooligan will dig up any more of my catnip plants.”

“Faith, mum, an’ didn’t ye hear me tellin’ ye he didn’t dig up any of yer old catnip plants?”

“He did!”

“He didn’t!”

“He did!”

“He didn’t! And ye might as well save yer breath, mum, fer Hooligan was run over by a automobile three days ago,” and Mrs. O’Leary, with a grin of satisfaction on her face, disappeared into the house.

THANKSGIVING OF 1917
Nellie Smith ’21.

If you are patriotic,
Then mind just what I say,
And have a smaller dinner
On this Thanksgiving Day.

If you have signed the Hoover card,
And pledged yourself to save,
Then be content with plainer food
And watch Old Glory wave.

We’ll send our big fat turkey
To France, across the seas,
And give our soldier boys a feed
Which will be sure to please.

So let us all be willing
And proud to do our share,
To help our country win this war
For freedom everywhere.
THANKSGIVING

People all over the country today are saying, "We have nothing to be thankful for on this Thanksgiving Day of 1917." The world at war is causing so much sorrow, so many unhappy homes and so very many physical hurts and pains that folks are overwhelmed with the enormity of the woes of this old planet—so overwhelmed that their eyes and feelings are closed to the good things all about them. Perhaps we could have more sympathy with those who are immediately in contact with the horrors of war—the men in the trenches, the women who have no homes, and the little children whom necessity has made criminals—and say that they have little to be thankful for. But for our own Nation, for our own homes, we have never had so great an opportunity to show the Lord that we are truly grateful for His blessings. Since our lives have been so peculiarly changed during the last few months we can only express our Thankfulness for a Supreme loving-kindness in a peculiar manner. So let us this Thanksgiving time form the resolution, each in his own heart, that he will not only make this a Thanksgiving time, but also a self-giving time, and then further resolve to make each day, so long as we live to do it, a day of self-giving. Then will we enjoy the best and truest Thanksgiving.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

Students, which shall it be—a Bond or a Banquet? For the benefit of Freshman and other new members of our school, let us explain. For many years it has been the custom for the students, faculty, and friends of the College to enjoy a banquet on the 22nd of February, at which speeches and toasts are made by prominent men and women of the state, and responded to by members of the faculty and representatives of the student body. The Banquet has in this way come to be a means of advertisement for our College and a friend-making affair. But—the question now arises, should the College as a whole not do her "bit" in helping to win the war? The funds set aside from the student appropriation amounts to the price of a Liberty Bond. Shall we forgo our banquet and purchase one? Of course, arrangements could be very easily made whereby we could have a much simpler form of entertainment than a banquet—and still do our bit. Think on these things, students.
"Company, 'tenshun!'" On the evening of the 12th of November, in the Administration Hall, every Soph and every Freshie were recruited into the service of their country, and were more than willing, except a very unruly few, who were immediately seized by the guard and taken to the guardhouse. At the sound of the bugle the troops were called to drill by Major General Greene himself (Harry Earle), and this was the beginning of a very busy and strenuous day for the rookies. After drill came elementary drill—rapid-fire dressing and charging the Germans; and next came field sports—wild horse racing and target practice. The troops were then divided into four groups, each group representing an ally, and each group producing a tragedy, which in some cases proved more tragic than were anticipated. Last on the program, but not least, came the Mess Call, and, after the strenuous events of the day, the rookies all thoroughly enjoyed the eats. Taps sounded at eleven o'clock and every one agreed, before leaving for home, that if drill was as much fun in the army as it was in the Freshman Home Guard there would be no need for the selective draft.

The committees for the affair were: Entertainment, Gladys Moe, Edith Rummel, Vera Sinclair; Refreshments, Hertilla Barlow, Marjorie James, Charline Tuell; Invitation, Mabel Amende, Esther Temple, Fanny Gupit; Decoration, Henry Cramer, Alvin Campbell, Margaret Dorwin.

On Wednesday, November 7, the faculty, unaware that it was their stunt day and inspired by a member of the student body, produced an impromptu program under the leadership of Prof. Robbins, which was greatly enjoyed by the students. Prof. Harvey gave the returns of the recent election in New York, and Dr. Foster brought news from our neighboring city, Seattle. We think the faculty got off too easy? What does the faculty think?

A very pleasant Sunday afternoon was spent by the girls of the College who attended the At Home given by Mrs. Hovious and Miss
Miller at Miss Miller's home, November 11th. Tea was served by the hostesses, and the girls enjoyed an informal good time, especially those who were from out of town and who might otherwise have spent a lonesome Sunday.

The College was especially privileged in hearing Miss Elizabeth Baylor, who was here attending the Educational Institute. She is from Indiana and is one of the foremost educators of that State. She spoke on "The Education of the American Girl," and when she was thru every one was ready to admit, boys included, that it was a mighty important subject.

In conjunction with the War Relief campaign, the students received a very instructive as well as inspiring talk in Chapel on November 8th, by Mr. Harlan, of the Army Y. M. C. A. He discussed all the phases of educational work in the big cantonments and in the trenches. He brought out the fact that the chief work of the Y. M. C. A. was to employ the men profitably in their spare time. This is carried on in the different lines of education, religion, and social intercourse. Mr. Harlan also told of how the first Y. M. secretaries had to be smuggled into France, but now how the authorities are requesting that they be sent into that country. The students liberally responded to the plea for funds following the talk by Mr. Harlan, and all felt glad to contribute to so worthy a cause.

Dr. Martin, of Boise, Idaho, held the attention of the students on the 1st of November at the Chapel hour. Dr. Martin was very enthusiastic about Christian leadership and what it means to the world at this critical time. He emphasized the fact that Kaiserism had not taken possession of the throne of the world, as many suppose, but that Right is still ruler. What is most needed is the efficiently college-trained man and woman to bring out this right and champion its cause.

C. P. S. AT THE FRONT

It is our intention to keep in touch with those boys who are in the service of their country from this school, and devote some space each issue to their interest.

Carl Hallen, a member of the Freshman Class, has left us and joined the hospital corps. He is now at Camp Lewis in the same hospital and ward as Lauren Shecker.

Earle McAbee has been promoted to corporal at Camp Kearney, Linda Vista, California. He now has charge of a whole ward in one of the hospitals there.

Ernest Clay has been given charge of a ward at one of the hospitals at Camp Lewis.

Sewell Snypp is director of the band in the regiment in which he is enlisted.

Leslie Johnson, who was a Junior here during the year of 1913-14, is a member of the Coast Artillery and is at Fort Worden.

The Central Board of the Associated Students has made a good move, and is going to send a copy of The Trail each month to each of our boys. Also they have arranged for a committee to write the boys and keep them posted on our school affairs. The societies and other institutions should follow up this good work.
FOOTBALL

Were we beaten?
Yes! If you take that score alone.

Who did we play?
Cushman Indian School.

Score?
19-6, Cushman's favor.

Why didn't we win?
It was like this: We had 'em on the go. We got tired puncturing their line so much. We tried an end run. Muddy field. Result—poor catch and a fumble. An Indian grabbed the ball and ran. They took heart and held better. Our fellows felt sore, but they were still "game." Cushman battered the men for awhile, but could do nothing. We fumbled again and Cushman made another touchdown. Taken all in all, we had them outclassed.

Can we beat them?
You bet! Come and see us November 24.
Footwear

Footwear that is all that GOOD implies.

—In styles the newest.

—In leathers the best obtainable.

—Workmanship up to standard in every respect. And one of the most complete stocks of fashionable footwear for women to be found hereabouts. Styles for dress, street wear, and formal occasions; all on lasts that are correct in shape and perfect fitting in every respect.

Choice of best leathers in all the wanted colors and finishes.

We pay especial attention to the proper fitting of all footwear, knowing from long experience that unless the shoe is properly fitted, one cannot expect the full measure of wear, comfort, style, and appearance.

Prices are extremely reasonable, considering the present prices of all leathers, and we show

A Particularly Strong Line
Priced from $5 to $8

8 good styles at $5.00.
10 good styles at $5.50.
7 good styles at $6.00.
9 good styles at $7.00.
16 good styles at $8.00.

And many other styles of finest leathers and workmanship, priced up to $15.

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Rhodes Brothers
"In Every Detail Tacoma’s Leading Retail Establishment"
It is with pleasure that the editorial staff has perused the pages of the many exchanges which come thru the mail from week to week. We are always glad to hear from them and glad to get their criticisms, good or otherwise, of The Trail. Our exchanges during the last month included the following:

The Weekly Messenger—Bellingham Normal.
The Pharos—Aurora, Illinois.
The Monmnl—Montana State Normal.
The Gateway—University of Alberta.
The Pleiad—Albion, Michigan.
Tempe Normal Student—Tempe, Arizona.
The Wesleyan—Nebraska.
Penn. Punch Bowl—University of Pennsylvania.
The Martian—Lacey, Washington.
Tahoma—Stadium High School.
Reed College Quest—Reed College, Oregon.

"I am willing," said the candidate, after he had hit the table a terrible blow with his fist, "to trust the people."

Gee! yelled a little man in the audience, "I wish you'd open a grocery."

—Weekly Messenger.

Kaiser Wilhelm sat on a wall, Kaiser Wilhelm had a great fall; Now all the king's horses And all the king's men Could never restore the Kaiser again.

—Penn. Punch Bowl.

The Sophomores saw a patch of green, They thot it was the Freshman class; But when they closer to it drew, They saw it was the looking-glass.

—Tahoma.

GIRLS' SWIMMING CLASS

Forty-six College of Puget Sound girls have entered the swimming class which meets every Monday afternoon in the girls' tank at the Stadium high school. At present writing about thirty-six enter the tank every period. Many of the swimmers are beginners and all of them have learned to float. Most of the girls will be able to swim the length of the tank by Christmas vacation.

After the Christmas vacation, inter-class contests will be held, and most of them will be in the nature of swimming races. Lifesaving contests, diving, and handicap events will be on the spring program.

Some of the swimmers who frequent the deep end of the tank have more than average ability. Many of them in a few weeks will be able to show the boys of the College the art of acting like a duck.
Musical Activities

Music has fulfilled its promise. It is surging ahead untiringly, the strength of its initial impetus carrying it into the middle of the school year with unchanging purpose and unflagging energy. Dr. Schofield and his co-workers in the Conservatory have been well rewarded for their patience and interest, the productions so far being of such a quality that the College of Puget Sound can well be proud of its Musical Activities; we can be sure there is quality behind it.

CHAPEL CHOIR

This promises to be one of the best years of our existence—good for us who are doing the warbling—and we might add, if modesty did not forbid, good for those who hear us. But modesty rules supreme, so we shall mention briefly that we are in number, twenty-six. Add to this our leader, Dr. Schofield, and pianist, Clayton Johnson, and you have one of the livest bunches of "C. P. S.ers" to be found anywhere.

It is needless to tell you that we perform for your entertainment each Thursday at Chapel, for we know (if you don’t) that you count the days, nay, hours, before the event. And then we perform! Ah, me! How great the rapture on your bright and smiling faces.

On October 28th, Dr. Schofield and Prof. D’Alezzio, assisted by the Chapel Choir, gave a musical entertainment at the First Swedish Lutheran Church. Our quartet also made its debut on that evening.

From this first appearance we predict a success for them as great as their predecessors of last year enjoyed. The Choir enjoyed themselves immensely. We hesitate to vouch for the audience.

ORCHESTRA

While we are one of the youngest musical organizations of the College, we have already won our spurs and are now assured a live membership and a lasting success. Under the efficient and enthusiastic direction of Prof. D’Alezzio, we have surged ahead from the very start. You will hear from us soon, we hope. Don’t you?

STRINGED INSTRUMENTS

College of Puget Sound stringed instrument players have organized for the year. About a dozen ukelele strummers, mandolin and guitar artists met in the Y. W. C. A. rooms of the Chapel building on the evening of November 6th, and the following officers were elected: Marion Meyers, president; Keith Goodman, manager; Olive Martin, Trail reporter.

After the election of officers, the players serenaded the Men’s and Women’s dormitories and Dr. Todd’s residence.

Much of the success of the organization of the club has been due to Miss Muriel Hover, who got the players together. Those who belong to the club are: Marion Meyers, Muriel Hover, Olive Martin, Keith Goodman, Carl Curtis, Helen Hart, Everett Buckley, Lois Noble, Dr. Harvey, Mr. Moore, Josephine Moore, Mary Marshall, and Hazel Hooker.
THE QUARTET

We are going full blast again and will soon be ready to fill any engagements that may come our way. We are sorry to say that three of last year’s members were unable to return to school, and miss them very much. Their places, however, are ably filled by Messrs. Holmes, Bain, and Snyder. Schletter is holding down his usual job also. Prof. Schofield is directing us. Let us know when you want any music.

GROWLS FROM THE DEN

We were favored with a concert by the Stringed Instrument Club Friday evening, November 9. Even though it was unexpected, it was very good. A caller in the evening was Dean Marsh, who enjoyed the music very much. We wish to thank the club, and hope they will pay us another visit in the near future.

One member of our humble abode decided to leave us. He enlisted in the good cause. Mr. Schlosser joined the navy, and is now in San Francisco, training.

The surprise which the girls of Helen’s Hall planned to have a good time with at the expense of the Den members failed. The kind ladies were all “dressed” up and were about ready to start on their journey, but alas! they were seen, and when they arrived at the Den, the occupants were also “dressed” up. If you want to know how, ask the girls. The only trouble, according to a Den boy, was that he had to wait in the cold too long. The next time we would like the girls to not let their plans be known ahead of time.

What They Say.

Prof. Davis: I’ll give it back as soon as I go down town to the bank, but I have not change now.

Cook: Well, I want my nickle, anyhow.

Burk: What the world needs is more sleep.

Moore: What will a co-education cost me?

Bill (to Freemont): You have got to wash those dishes.

Freemont (to Bill): I washed them last night. It’s your turn tonight.

Our manager, William Cook, always gets home early—in the morning.

Senator Davis lost his New Testament. Finder please return to him, for he says he has got to have his religion.

William Burrows says: “Whenever my dad kicks me he foots the ‘Bill’.”

The greatest athletic event of the season: Senator Davis ran from the front door of the Den to the Administration building.

We are given free concerts by our musical director, Lloyd Burk, every morning, noon, and night.

A usual happening at night.

Young: Give me that pillow.

Andy: Look out, you will break a window. You threw that at me first.
DEBATE AND ORATORY

This month is going to be a strenuous one in the department of the noble art of debating. This will be the time when the best in each class shall be selected to represent their class in the annual Inter-Class Debates. The tryouts for the various teams will be held the last of the month.

There ought to be a lot of heated competition this year, as there are many able debaters in each class. The Freshmen are especially strong and promise to give the rest of the classes a run for their money. Now, Upper Classmen, get into the harness and set the pace for the Freshmen. Don't let them set the pace for you.

After the Inter-Class Debate is over the tryouts for the College teams will be held. The intercollegiate outlook is bright this year, as we will probably have four college debates. Several dates are being arranged already and will be announced in the near future.

Not only will we have a-plenty of debates this year, but we will also have winning teams. With the material from last year and the new material, a strong team is assured. Every winning team must have a capable coach, and we certainly have one this year who comes up to our highest expectations. Mrs. Hovious, of the Northwestern University, is with us and she is enthusiastic and capable and has had much experience in the debating line. It is up to you students to back her and the department so we can put the College of Puget Sound on the map in the debating world. With your support, Mrs. Hovious at the helm, and little Miss Carol as mascot, we will sweep the Northwest with victory.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

The Y. W. meetings have sure been good and peppy this year, and they're getting better and better right along. Every girl turns out every week to get everything coming her way.

Charline Tuell has been elected to take the place of our resigned secretary, Alice Baker, and cabinet work is still humming along at its usual pace.

November 11 to 17 was designated as the Week of Prayer, and a ten-minute prayer service was held each day directly after Chapel.

Is Y. W. patriotic? Just look at the boosters for the Patriotic League and what they are doing, and you'll know whether we're patriotic or not!

Plans are under way for our annual Thanksgiving party. Students! Keep your eyes open.

---

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

Attention! Right face! Forward march! You are started right, now keep going until you reach the top floor of the Chapel building, go in and take a seat in the Y. M. C. A. room. You will hear something worth while. Look what some of you have missed:

Oct. 12—Prof. Morton.
Oct. 19—Dean Marsh, "Shifting Gears."
Nov. 2—Dr. Marlatt, "Cleaning House."
Nov. 9.—Mr. McAfee, "Prayer."

You cannot afford to miss any of the talks that are given there. They are all vital to our everyday life. Come out and see what is going on. Come out and get busy.
On Monday evening, October 29, the girls of Helen’s Hall entertained at a Hallowe’en party. After gazing at the weird decorations, the guests and hostesses enjoyed the various entertainments. Then appropriate refreshments were served, and at a late hour the party broke up.

On November 6th, three Freshmen girls took the first degree initiation at Philo.

When girls and boys mysteriously disappear, why must the punch disappear also?

Miss Eva Mae Leonard and Miss Lois Noble, both formerly of Chehalis, spent November 3rd and 4th at their respective homes and returned to stacked rooms.

Mrs. Patterson chaperoned some of her girls to Camp Lewis on November 20th.

Miss Ruby Robinson of Chehalis visited her friend Eva Mae Leonard on October 19th and 20th.

During the Teachers’ Institute, Miss Mabel Meiers visited her sister Madeline, and Miss Mougin visited Lois Noble.

The Freshmen girls look forward to swimming every Monday afternoon.

STUDENT VOLUNTEERS

Under the supervision of the Student Volunteers of the College of Puget Sound, a Missionary museum is being started, and any one having curios from any country, which he is willing to donate or lend, kindly communicate with Mrs. Davis. A missionary loan library is being collected and literature is solicited for this.

An Oriental Travel Club will be started soon, in which Africa will be studied first, then Japan and Korea, China and India, South America and European Turkey and Bulgaria, touching the main islands en route. This club will meet at 2 o’clock on Friday afternoons and will be personally conducted by Mrs. Davis. All that is required is a notebook and pencil. Sign up with Alta Miller or Mrs. Davis.

Bill—Have you any engagement for Friday night?
She (coyly)—No, why?
Bill—Oh, I was just trying to find out which one of the bunch I had a date with.

Verdant Frosh—Is Prof. Harvey a married man?
Upper—Sure.
Unknowing One—Who’s his wife?
’nother—Mrs. Harvey.
We Amphictyonics have been showing what we are made of,—have you noticed? If not, it shows that you have not visited us, or noticed the result of the Students’ Friendship War Fund. If you would notice the bulletin board you will see that we are far ahead of any other society or organization, having given an average of $5.44 per member. 'Rah for us!

Also we are proud of the jolly bunch of new members we have taken into our midst. Just notice who they are: Keith Goodman, William and Fremont Burrows, Helen Bradley, Mildred Spear, Hazel Brasslin, Sadie Grey, Bernice Salmon, Elizabeth Pangborn, Evelyn Andrews, Nellie Smith, and Vincent Hart.

Of course, you all enjoyed our Hallowe’en party; you always do when the Ampics give anything.

Our bulletin board grows more interesting every day. Just notice our programs. Also we occasionally have pictures or posters up. It is interesting to watch it. Very soon we are going to have a unique program; watch for it. Also visit us when we give it.
KAPPA SIGMA THETA

The Thetas have been extremely busy lately—busy making Thetas out of some of the new girls. Eleven have passed thru the test of first and second degree initiation and have come out Thetas that the old girls are proud of. This new addition to our number consists of Gladys Bacher, Olive Martin, Maurine Martin, Lois Noble, Irene Doran, Josephine Moore, Winifred Wayne, Ruth Gray, Dorothy Fulmer, Mary Marshall, and Anna Easton. So, you see, Theta has exactly doubled her numbers, her talents, and her enthusiasm. Mrs. Hovious is our critic, so you can judge the literary excellence to which we should attain. An addition has been made to the furnishings of our room, in the shape of a rug and draperies, so now we feel, more than ever before, that we are ready for business.

The first experiment in Frosh physics was to measure a block. The Lab. assistant gave the following instructions: "Now, don't ask a lot of foolish questions; use your heads!!"
H. C. S. NOTES
On the evening of October 23rd
the H. C. S. entertained the Fresh-
men with the following program:
Welcome -------------- Cramer
Piano Solo --------------- Terry
Pep ------------------- Woody
Vocal Solo -------------- Slatter
“What the H. C. S. has Meant
to Me” --------------- Hallen
Afterwards the fellows mixed,
sang, and made merry in general.
The H. C. S. is small this year,
as a result of so few eligible fel-
lows being in school; but those we
have are the best bunch of men
that ever trod the campus. The
new members are: Anderson, As-
key, Buckley, Busselle, Kinch,
Smith, and Snyder. These names
speak for themselves. Tho the
men have not been here long, they
have all proven to be live ones.
Initiations were held November 6th
and the new members were re-
ceived with a rousing welcome.
At the business meeting Novem-
ber 13th the following capable
officers were elected: President,
Cramer; vice president, Anderson;
secretary-treasurer, Buckley; ser-
geant-at-arms, Askey; chaplain,
Dodsworth.
Every first and third Tuesday
nights we give an open literary pro-
gram, and every one is invited to
come and visit us.

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MEDICINE HOUSE IN
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B. & B. Barber Shop
Between K and J on 11th Street.
The shop with the green front.

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Lunches, Light Groceries and
Stationery. SIXTH AND FIFE.
ALUMNI NOTES

"By their fruits ye shall know them," is as true of the college as of other organizations. Our College is to justify its reason for existence solely upon the ground that it is turning out alumni worthy to take their places with the alumni of other colleges of the land. A survey of our alumni will prove beyond a doubt that Puget Sound is making good. She is sending out from her doors men and women who are taking their places in every walk of life.

Her teachers are among the most successful, her men in the service of the church, both in this country and across the water, are making good in every way, and her business men are showing that Christian principles can be carried into the marts of trade.

In this issue we will seek to mention some of the work being done by the prominent of alumni engaged in the educational world. The College has upon her faculty two of her alumni—Miss Grace McGandy and Dean Arthur Marsh. Mr. Gambill, another alumnus, is the traveling secretary of the College of Puget Sound. Mrs. Lois Beil Sandall has won distinction as a teacher of public speaking. She served upon our College faculty for two years.

Mr. Cook, Mr. Beach, Mr. Le Sourd, Dr. Babcock, and Dr. Walton, alumni of Puget Sound, are other names prominent in the educational world.

Advice to Frosh, boys in particular: Always find out where your girl lives before going to see her. She may be too bashful to come out and stop you when you go by.
SENIOR NOTES

Hear ye! hear ye! once more the Class of '18 has added fresh laurels to its fame. With an average of $4.96 per member, we stand head and shoulders above every other class in our subscriptions to the War Relief Fund. Only the faculty, as is most proper, has surpassed us. We are glad to do our bit and will answer every demand upon our time and purses with the same willingness.

Before this appears in print the result of the Freshman-Sophomore scrap will be known, but we would have you Sophomores know, even tho it is late, that we are with you. Here's to you! May you win this contest, proving to the school that you are as alive as you were when you entered as little, green Freshmen.

Tho Commencement is many months away, our minds do turn constantly to that most important period of our school life. Definite plans are already under way for that wonderful occasion.

Some one said we were dead. Not at all. We are merely indulging in a little watchful waiting.

JUNIOR NOTES

We Juniors are busy keeping an eye out for the Freshies. They seem to be holding their own. You should see the Freshman pennant waving aloft on the Chapel building. I guess there's no need for worry on the part of any of us.

The Juniors are doing their part in raising the War Relief Fund allotted to our College. We are second highest among the classes. And we should be, for no one would dare get ahead of the Seniors.

We have given two soldier boys to Uncle Sam. They are: Frank Young, who enlisted in the hospital corps, and Ernest Clay, who is the head nurse of the only eye, ear, nose, and throat ward at Camp Lewis.

Our heads are full of plans that we hope will materialize soon.

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SOPHOMORE NOTES

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

Nov. 12, 1917, we entertained the Freshmen in the main hall of the Administration Building.

A few days before the party, the Freshmen were presented with invitations in the form of little green-capped babies. Did you see the girls cuddle them up in their arms? Even the Freshmen boys carried them around next to their hearts all day.

The program was as follows:
Recruiting.
Call to drill.
Rapid-fire dressing.
Wild horse race.
Charging the Germans.
Target practice.
Passing in review.
Mess call.

Those present were divided into troops representing four different nations—the United States, Italy, England, and France. The United States troops won in most of the conflicts.

Hurrah for the United States!
Down with the Kaiser!

We Sophomores are such busy people that we haven't much time to extol the merits of our individual members.

YOUR FRIENDS

can buy anything you can give them—except your photograph.

FRANK J. LEE, PHOTOGRAPHER

GIVE HIM A TRIAL

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Popular Prices
Newest Styles

McDonald's Shoes for Fall are now on display. You will find there all the very newest models at prices that will be an agreeable surprise.

The new tan lace with tan buck top will certainly please you. It's the hit of the season.

Prices $4 to $10.

McDonald Shoe Co.
943 BROADWAY.

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2507 Sixth Avenue.

LIGHTING

Installing of Electric Heaters and Ranges, Etc.
FRESHMEN NOTES

The final election of the Freshmen class officers resulted in the choice of Vincent Hart as President. The others officers are as follows: Vice President, Mary Marshall; Treasurer, Burdette Buselle; Secretary, Josephine Moore.

Carl Hallen, one of the most active members of the Freshman class and a fellow unusually well-liked through school, has followed the example of many other students from the College of Puget Sound and joined the colors. Carl remained with the class until the impulse to get the Boches became too strong, then he responded, and is now enlisted in the Hospital Corps.

With their impoverished ranks now strengthened by the recent addition of new and extremely promising material in the form of Freshmen, the various literary societies can be expected to forge ahead and really produce some programs of genuine literary merit. As the saying goes, the presence of green in anything denotes growth, and therefore the addition of the Freshmen presages some real advancement for the societies.

Ancient delusions among the Freshmen regarding the arrogance and inanity of Sophomores in general were partially dissipated recently when the Sophs had an "at home," or, more simply, gave a party in honor of the Freshman class. Altho the Freshman class may not be speedy in some respects, it is rapidly beginning to assert itself in college life, and established itself in the grudging admiration of the Sophs that night, when the entire class, with a few exceptions, appeared at the college doors unescorted by their governesses and without their pro-
verbial milk bottles. Their surprise was fully rewarded, however, by the amiable reception by the Sophs and the later service of refreshments, rendering the milk nipples unnecessary.

As the hour draws nigh for the annual contests, competitive, argumentative, combative, et cetera, between our noble class and the bothersome Sophs, our only regret that we wish to express on the eve of the struggle is that we have but one Soph class with which to smear up the campus. Our slogan is: "Grr-rr-rr! Let us at 'em!"

At a recent meeting of the class, the pennant was selected. Special care was taken to give the numerals "21" prominence, in order that when it is raised on the flag-pole following the Soph-Fresh contest, there may be no uncertainty as to the owners.

Plans for the stunt which the class will present at Chapel are now being formulated under the strictest secrecy. When the arrangements have been fully completed, it is expected that the result as presented in Chapel will equal, if not actually surpass, the other classes' attempts.
SCIENCE CLUB

The first monthly meeting of the Science Club was held at the home of Mr. Harader on Thursday evening, October 25, 1917. Following the usual course of procedure, the members were treated to an extraordinary dinner by the host. The program of the evening consisted of three numbers:


Due to the absence of seven of our last year’s members, among them the officers elected last spring, the Club elected Mr. Dunlap, president, and Mr. Harader, secretary.

The next meeting will be with Mr. Young as host, November 29, 1917.

Knew His Business.

Among the many things that were required of the new Chinese servant was the receiving of calling cards. After a thorough explanation of the intricacies of the method employed in the house, he was given the responsibility of ushering an after-dinner caller into the reception hall. Having taken the caller’s card, he perused it diligently for a few minutes, then handed it back with the explanation: “Me velly solly, ladie, but ticket no good.”
News From the Front
Continued from page 9

beefsteaks for supper. And Ta-
coma people were having a meat-
less day.

For bunks, each fellow has a
small iron cot and a straw tick. When issued your tick, it then be-
hooves you to get it filled and on
your bed. Then this, with your
blankets, constitutes your sleeping
place. Many of the fellows have
purchased pillows and sheets and
live real fashionably out here.
However, even with it all, "there's
no place like home."

Well, I must close now and hie
myself to my barracks and hit the
hay. Today has been a tiresome
day, and tomorrow bids fair to be
just as bad. Five tonsillectomies
are already in line.

Greetings to all.

CLAY.

"How is it that you're not at the
front, young man?" the overly pa-
triotic lady remarked sarcastically,
as she stood watching the new
hired man milk.

"I would, madam, but, as far
as I know, there's no milk there."

Campustry.

He—For two cents I'd kiss you.
She—Can you change a nickel?
Save your pennies, girls.

Alti—I've been proposed to by
an awful lot of men.
Tude—They surely must have
been an awful lot!
Knox's

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Blocking the Traffic.
The weary appearing pedestrian tried repeatedly to attract the attention of the nearby policeman. Finally his efforts were rewarded and the policeman asked:
"Something I could do you for!"
"I just wanted to know if you couldn't compel me to move on; I've been waiting here four hours for my wife."

A Novel Pattern.
"Now, Madam, here is something absolutely new," the weary clerk ventured, unrolling the twenty-fourth piece of goods. "This is absolutely the newest pattern; the edge runs right around the border and the center is exactly in the middle."
"Ah, I'm sure that's different from Mrs. Jones's; I'll take six."

In Home Economics: "When I was a little girl, they told me I'd be foolish if I didn't leave coffee alone."
"Well, why didn't you do it?"

French Instructor — What were you supposed to learn for today? Frosh — I was supposed to learn how to decline dinner.

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### TREASURER’S STATEMENT TO NOVEMBER 13, 1917.

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Seedy Looker—I was once a successful physician, but a slip cost me my practice, and here I am as you see me now."

"What was the slip?"

"In filling out a death certificate I absent-mindedly signed my name in the space for the cause of death."

Carl—Say, where do you fellows put all that grub?

"That isn’t much. How do you get along on such a little bit as that?"

Carl (very innocently)—I’m Hooverizing.

Irate Business Man (in the editor’s office)—What do you mean by openly insulting me?

Editor—I wrote exactly what you told me to—that you had resigned your position as city clerk.

"Yes, but you put it under the heading, 'Public Improvements.'"

Early morning greetings at the monastery: "Are those your dishes in the garbage pail?"

There’s a meter to music,
There’s a meter to tone,
But the best way to meter
Is to meter alone.

---

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Prof. — Let's have it a little quieter in here; there's too much noise.

Quantitive Student — We can't work without it.

Prof. — I don't see why.

"How can we work without A Noyes when we're using his manual?"

Ink, a pen and a little paper,
A little time by a smoking taper,
A little thot, a little wit,
And you've helped the editor more than a bit.

Teacher (in French) — Don't say you can't pronounce these French words.

Frosh — But I can't make faces like you can.

**Nice Doggie.**

Coach — You backfield men give the play away every time by pointing in the direction the play is going.

"Regular pointers."

"Yes, and after you point, you set!"

After the party: "How did you happen to break that window? It looks as though you had stuck your foot thru it."

Esther — "Maybe I did."

"It sure is some big hole."

Aggie — I asked her if I could see her home.

"And what did she say?"

"She told me to come around sometime during daylight and take a good look at it."

"I thot you didn't believe in dancing."

"I don't; why do you ask?"

"Because I saw a pigeon walk on your front porch, yesterday."
A Frosh overheard the timeworn expression, "Nothing matters with Cook except Gladys." A few hours later the following conversation was overheard:

"Did you hear what has happened to Cook?"
"No; what was it?"
"Someone tried to tell me that he has the Glanders."

Professor Davis has great faith in C. P. S. boys. He says that after the war is over, either Teddy or a C. P. S. boy will be President of the World.

Where did you come from, Freshie, dear?
Out of high school into here.
Where did you get your eyes of green?
'Tis thru the eyes the soul is seen.
Why do you dodge around the wall?
For fear I meet a Soph'more tall.
—Exchange.

**Freshman Fashions.**
Freckles.
Green ties and ribbons.
Loud squeaky shoes.

NOTICE.—Because of the fact that Prof. Harvey’s name is mentioned so often in connection with our witticisms, we have found it advisable to adopt a shorter title. So, in accordance with cablegraph abbreviation rules, we have adopted "Heavy."

Amphyction has two opposite meanings.
The Amphics say that it means "friend," while the dictionary says "neighbor." The difference is immeasurable.

**Freshman Customs.**
Stick candy and angleworm eating.
Studying.
Whispering.
Giggling.
Note writing.
Co-operating with their superiors, the Seniors.
Worrying over "Miss No-Tail" and "Dunmar Flitch."

Prof. Harvey—Here’s one unbroken graduate.
Soph.—Something rare; I’ve never seen a graduate that wasn’t broke.

In Zoology—Will some one tell me what a caterpillar is?
Junior—Yes, ma’am; it’s an upholstered worm.—Exchange.

Hippity—What’s a crematory.
Hop—It’s the place where they cremate.
Hip—Then a dormitory must be somewhat connected with a door mat.

**JUST TO REMIND YOU THAT WE STILL SELL**

**SHOES**
and are ready at all times to give you the best of values in all kinds of Footwear.

**HEDBERG BROS.**
**1140 BROADWAY.**

**UMBRELLA STORE**
Quality and Style.
Umbrellas Repaired, Recovered and Made to Order.
B. MAUPERTUIS, Prop.
321 So. 11th St. TACOMA
—My, where’s all that gas escaping from?

"Heavy"—That’s plain. Can’t you see and hear the generators?

---

A Flat One.
Mrs. Naybor—I tell you, Mrs. Jones, your Johnny is terribly spoiled.

Mrs. Jones—He’s no worse than your Jim, at that!

Mrs. N.—Oh, but he is, and if you don’t believe it, just come out and see what the steam roller did to him.

---

Mutchie Kister.
The main event of the week at Bingville was the wedding of Mr. Archie Mutchie to Miss Lucy Kister. Nowhere at all.

"Number, please?"
"Main 466, please." "Hello, is this the dining hall?"
"Yes."
"May I speak with Professor Davis?"
"Sorry, but he’s not here today."
"Well, could you tell me how I could get next to him?"

And it was a feminine voice.

---

Carl was discussing the college football team of which he was a member, and said to his companion:

"You know young Askey? Well, he’s going to be our best man before long."

"Oh, Carl!" she cried; "what a clever way to propose to me."—Exchange.

---

My Man’s Garter.
LOST—A gentleman’s garter, by a Freshman. Made of green ribbed, stretch material. Finder please return to E. Buckley.
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Christmas

Just about five weeks or so down the road. Much to be done—no time to lose. Early Christmas buying is to be the rule. This Christmas Store stands ready to help with great stocks of beautiful gifts for every age, every condition in life.

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is our trade name on the grades of Shoes below

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We have, for years, featured them as a companion, both in Men’s and Women’s Shoes.
This season our showing is big in all leathers at

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