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COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND
Rena Sands sighed wearily as she laid aside her pen and viewed the freshly-written epistle with a critical eye.

"The right hand margin isn't exactly straight," she commented ruefully, "but that's more than a decently reasonable person can expect. Yet who ever heard of a school board being decently reasonable?"

Rena wasn't usually a harsh critic of her fellow creatures, but she had special grievances against the aforesaid gentlemen. She was just passing through that stage of trying experience most prospective teachers undergo, who step forth from school equipped with a world of self-confidence and a perfectly good Normal diploma, and find, contrary to general pedagogical precepts, that the world isn't exactly impatiently awaiting their services. Up to date she had used up an endless amount of patience and postage stamps, writing artistic letters to unappreciative school boards, who invariably returned curt letters to the effect that only experienced teachers were desired.

Now she sighed wearily as she folded the application she had written to William Brown, clerk of Redbank District. "No, your margin isn't very good," she confided again to the folded bit of paper, "but I don't expect you to land me anything, anyhow. I'm just writing you for a pious pastime. Besides, you're the thirteenth revised version, and that's a good place to stop." Rena was one of those loquacious individuals who derived a peculiar pleasure from the sound of her own voice.

"Guess I'll rest my mind by writing to Billie," she rattled on. Billie was her pal and safety valve—always referred to on strenuous occasions. "He's refreshingly hu-
A half-hour later, a very prim looking envelope, addressed to William Brown, clerk, and a frivolous pink one, with a stamp upside down in the corner, for Billie Black, student, were hurried off to the post together.

Some days later the busy clerk of Redbank District sat in his office patiently reading over some half-dozen applications for the school under his supervision. He paused before opening the last and sighed a trifle wearily. "They're all alike," he mused. "Recommendations by the yard, references by the dozen, plenty of brag and considerable good penmanship— but not an original statement in the lot. Shucks! It takes more than brag and penmanship to teach a live bunch of kids. H-m, it's dollars to doughnuts this one's like all the rest," he speculated, as he tore open the last prim envelope. He unfolded the paper and commenced to read. "Billie, Dear," it started out, confidingly, "do you know you're as refreshing as the April sunshine after winter frosts?" William Brown dropped his spectacles and gasped. "Er—guess this one's kinda different," he grinned. "Do you know, Billie," it ran on, "I've been frost-bitten so many times by cold-blooded, narrow-minded, bigoted school clerks that haven't any imagination or any milk of human kindness, either? I've wasted reams of paper and almost worn out the family dictionary writing inspiring applications, or I might say supplications to their Royal Lordships, and all they ever condescend to write back is that they hire only mature and experienced teachers in their districts. I suppose the unreasonable creatures expect us to get our experience in Heaven, and regulate our ages to order, or else they'll have a famine in the school teaching business when some of the old veterans die off. And just between you and me, Billie, I'll bet I could handle the job just as well, and maybe a wee bit better, than a lot of the 'mature and experienced' old-timers that have a corner on the market now. Maybe I don't know my geography backwards, but I'm not systematized enough to extract all the interest out of the daily curriculum and not experienced enough to extract all the originality of the youngsters, anyway. There's always some advantage in being a greenhorn, if folks only knew it. Just now I'm applying for the Redbank school, and like the bloomin' Hoptomist, I'm fondly hoping that this particular school board will prove itself the glorious exception to the general run of the ungracious species. It's a last glimmering hope, Billie, so pray for me if you can't do any better. Good-bye; it's a blessed relief to be able to unburden one's self to a kindred spirit. Yours in dire suspense, "Rena Sands."

Mr. Black settled back in his chair to think it over. "Sounds mighty disrespectful," he commented, as he tried to wipe off a grin, "and comes next door to bein' irreligious. But it's got more pep and ginger than all the rest put together. I wonder—" He heard his wife's shrill voice in the next room and hastily thrust the pink envelope in his pocket. Not that the Hon. Wm. Black meant to be guilty of the art of deception. He had faithfully walked the straight and narrow way like a model hus-
band for some thirty-odd years. But his better-half was very orthodox as to religion and very stand-pat as to politics, and he felt intuitively that she would have small sympathy for the "kindred spirit." A moment later the afore-said better-half appeared in the doorway, wearing the kind of expression she always assumed when the preacher called.

"There's a lady in the front parlor who wishes to see you," she announced. "She's interested in the Redbank school."

Through the open door Mr. Brown caught a glimpse of a straight-backed, angular figure in stiff black silk, which someway fairly radiated discipline and thirty years' experience. He preferred not to argue the question with that back, and made a quick decision.

"Tell the lady we regret to say the Redbank teacher is already chosen," he answered pleasantly, and tried not to look guilty as he closed the office door.

Some day later the postman brought Rena letter marked Atkins College, and another from Redbank. She inspected the latter closely and laid it down unopened. "It's a little bulkier than the usual," she commented hopefully. "At worst he's used two sheets of paper explaining why he turned me down. Guess I'll read Billie's first, while I'm still in a hopeful frame of mind. Billie's such an encouraging dear. He always—Great Cesar's ghost!"

She had unfolded a neat, carefully written application to the clerk of Redbank school!

Rena divined what had happened even before she read Billie's hastily scrawled note. "Sorry, Rena," it began, consolingly, "I'd give you all the schools in the county if I could, but as the good Lord didn't see fit to appoint me clerk of Redbank, or any other, I'm afraid we're out of luck. I'm hoping for the best for your sake, but I'd give a pickle to know what kind of a letter the worthy gentleman received. Tough luck, old pal. "Your affectionate

"Billie."

Poor Rena threw herself on the couch, the most miserable, badly squenched little would-be teacher on the map. "There goes my last ghost of a chance," she wailed tearfully. "And I'd copied it thirteen times and sweat over the margin and then called him Billie Dear on pink stationery! No wonder that letter's so fat. He's used a whole tablet telling me how I've disgraced the high calling," and she shed copious tears as she tore open the bulky envelope.

It was well that Rena had a strong constitution, else she might have suffered from acute heart failure as she pulled out a long, legal looking document which, on further inspection, proved to be a signed teacher's contract, and read the accompanying formal letter, which stated that "Miss Sand's application had been accepted," and requested that she sign it at once and send it on to the superintendent.

After pinching herself in the traditional manner to be sure it wasn't a day dream, Rena signed the contract and addressed it to the superintendent post-haste, lest anything happen to the precious document.

"Verily the ways of providence are past understanding," she soliloquized as she reached for the pink stationery to write to Billie.
Editor's Note: Not long past, in Freshman English, Prof. Reneau asked her aspiring students how the blind hen, No Tail, got her name. The following is one of the most surprisingly interesting answers:

J. Herbert Geoghegan.

This is the story of the blind hen, No Tail, whose blindness, as her name signifies, with the admirable simplicity of an Indian name, was not her only misfortune.

Let me say, however, that while the blindness was congenital, her tail-less-ness was purely an accident, although the two misfortunes were more or less inter-dependent. That is to say, if she had not been blind she would not have been tail-less, and from the law of averages it is safe to conclude that if she had been possessed of that somewhat sorry feathery appendage with which nature has adorned the nether portions of the members of the hen family, she would in all probability not have been blind; but it is upon that, that MY tale hangs.

The misfortune came upon her while in the performance of her henly duty, namely, the laying of her usual morning egg.

Many minor misfortunes had attended this function, before the great misfortune happened. For instance, not being able to see how near she was to the edge of the hot spring which was at the rear of the big chief's teepee, when she arose to announce to the world at large that a might event had again transpired, the newly laid egg rolled into the pool, and before it could be rescued, the chief's morning dainty had become hard-boiled.

On another occasion, scratching around on the outskirts of the camp for bugs for her hungry brood, she innocently dug the claw of her great toe into the eye of No-Ki-Kee, the medicine man, who lay upon the ground, his head in a slight depression, sleeping.

It was this latter accident that really brought about the final mishap. No-Ki-Kee vowed vengeance and swore that before another moon appeared the blind hen would find her way into the innermost recesses of his ecclesiastical digestive system.

In vain did No-Ki-Kee practice all the arts and wiles known to the members of his profession from time immemorial for the capturing of Biddies; our little No Tail always managed to elude him. He tried to coax her with corn, but she would not see it; he tried to steal upon her from behind, but she always heard him; once he threw a rock at her, and if he hadn't been a medicine man he would have found himself in trouble, for the rock struck the chief's fattest squaw, square in the ribs. As it was, he lost his regular Sunday dinner that day, for the injured squaw neglected to give him the customary invitation.

Then the fateful day arrived. No-Ki-Kee, hunting around the Factor's store for what he could find, came across a great steal bear-trap, and he licked his chops and rubbed gently with his hands that part of the human anatomy where boiled hen is usually thought to repose, in anticipation. Joyfully he carried it back to the camp, and before the sun was up the trap was set.

(Continued on Page 34.)
A Thot for the New Year

Thomas J. Gambill

This New Year's Trail may, perchance, come to some future writer of many books. In a very real sense each one to whom it comes is writing—a record of his or her own life.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Whether or not we make our lives sublime depends, not so much on footprints. Whatever they be, we are leaving them; we are making a record. About this record and its making there are some interesting and vital facts which we may well consider in these opening days of the New Year.

Each one writes his own record. Neither friend nor foe can make or mar our record, or we theirs. The good or ill one thinks or says of another becomes part of his own record, not of theirs.

The record we may not change. "What I have written, I have written." Unlike obstinate Pilate, who could have changed his writing, but would not, we may not change our record if we would. Once written, it passes from our hand and is securely locked in the archives of eternity, and only He who holds the key to eternity can change it.

The record is true; no deception or camouflage here. The acid test of reality reveals the true nature of all; the false and the true, the weak and the strong.

Each one is estimated (judged) by his own record finally in the courts of last appeal by his own conscience and by his God.

In view of these facts and many others which may occur to the reader let us, during the New Year, write each day's record with greater care, kindness and consideration.

The Patriotic League

The Patriotic League of C. P. S. has appeared in public! We entertained for the soldiers of Camp Lewis on December 15. The party was held in the parlors of the City Y. W. C. A. and the rooms were crowded with happy soldiers and our girls and their friends. Over a hundred soldiers were present and almost as many girls. The Patriotic League itself, consisting of sixty-five students, turned out in a body. The evening, entitled "Good Times' College," was spent in mock registration, class recitation and assembly. During the assembly a program was given, consisting of farces, selection by the Girls' Glee Club, stringed instrument quartette and readings. During the bean feed the refreshments were served, followed by class plays. If the soldiers enjoyed it as much as we did we feel well repaid for our effort. We wish to thank the Women's League of the College for their assistance in the refreshments. Those in charge were: Helen Bradley, Mabel Wilbert and Pansy Hendricks.
Library Donation
Prof. Ira A. Morton.

No small gift to the College seems of quite so much worth as that of books to the Library. Therefore, we are grateful to record the donation within the month of two hundred and fifty volumes by the Rev. M. H. Marvin, D. D., Associate Editor of the Pacific Christian Advocate, of Portland, Oregon. These are from Dr. Marvin’s personal library. And, contrary to many gifts culled from private libraries, the dead wood among them is almost a negligible quantity. Indeed, for the most part, they are remarkably fresh and useable.

The books belong to several fields of knowledge: of literature, a numberous set of classic English and American poems; a handsome-ly bound set on Modern Eloquence, and a miscellany of fiction from such authors as Harold Bell Wright and Ralph Connor; in the field of History, a set of Larned’s History for Ready Reference, and a numerous set of “The World’s Best Hist-
tories”; in the field of Religion, a set of the Preacher’s Homiletic Commentary, Edersheim’s Life and Times of Jesus, Strong’s Exhaustive Concordance of the Bible, Hurst’s History of the Christian Church, several volumes of The Expositor’s Bible, Harmon’s Introduction to the Bible, and miscellaneous works of a philosophical nature; and the fields of Sociology and Religion are both represented by half a dozen live books on social Christianity by Rauschenbusch and by Shailer Mathews.

Such acquisitions as this to our Library give us new courage, a courage that only those who have attempted to work without tools can understand. And it is with sincere gratitude to Dr. Marvin that we record this recognition of his valuable gift. Let us hope, also, that many more friends of the College will, with equally wise discrimination, follow Dr. Marvin’s example with cullings from their libraries.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

The Student Volunteers have not been saying much, because—

“Words are like leaves,
And where they most abound
Good sense
Is rarely ever found.”

We have been doing things, and some day soon you will hear of our work in Chapel. On January 1st we sent fifteen dollars to the Isabella Thoburn College, India. Some Sunday in the near future we are to enjoy a sunrise breakfast together, and then attend church. We would be very glad to welcome any new members at any time, who are interested in Foreign Missionary work.

Years ago, in Physics class: Prof.: “Cook, name the different kinds of matter.”
And Cook responded: “Solid, liquid, and Gladys.”

Prof. Davis: “What do you know about this, Miss Noble?”
Miss Noble: (Blank look).
Prof. Davis: “Let’s see; light’s out at eleven now, aren’t they?”
Dramatic Art Club

Owing to getting the notes in too late, the activities of the Dramatic Art Club were not depicted in the December Trail.

This organization held its first meeting of the year November 21, 1917.

The following officers were elected:

Eunice Merritt, president.
Harold Young, vice-president.
Miss Smith, treasurer.
Katie Burton, secretary.
Mr. Schlatter, business manager.

Great are our plans and aspirations for the year. We feel they will be well carried out, under the capable leadership of Mrs. Lynette Hovius, the Public Speaking Professor.

The committee composed of Mr. Anderson, Miss Olive Martin, Mr. Schlatter, Miss Wilson, and Mr. Snyder is busy working, selecting a large play, which will be put on in the spring.

Wednesday evening, January 10, 1918, was the date of our last meeting. The following plays were read:

"The Rising of the Moon," by Lady Gregory.

CAST
The Tattered Man... Mr. Schlatter
The Sergeant ..... Mr. Anderson
Two Policemen ............ Mr. Young and Mr. Kinch

"Rosalind," by Barrie.

CAST
Rosalind ........ Miss Merritt
The Dame ........ Miss Hart
Charles ........ Mr. Snyder

Later, "The Rising of the Moon" will be put on out at the American Lake Camp, and probably in Chapel.

On January 17, 1918, the program will be as follows:
Play, "The Land of the Heart's Desire."

CAST
Mauerteen Bruin, a peasant...
Shawn Bruin, his son ........
Father Hart, a priest .......
Father Hart, a priest ........
Bridget Bruin, Mauerteen's wife.

PANTOMIME
Miss Smith.
Miss Gray.
Miss Salmon.
Mr. Kinch.

Shakespeare says: "The whole world is a stage and we the actors in it."
Live the part, but be yourself!
Have pep!
Be enthusiastic!

Watts the Juice?

"What makes that wet spot around the light socket?"
"That's where the juice has been leaking out."
"I thot that that bulb on the end of the wire was to catch the juice that leaks out."
"H'm; mebbe so."

Willy: "Yes, I think I have an ideal wife; she never tells a lie."
Nilly: "You're lucky; my wife can tell a lie the minute I get it out of my mouth."
The past month has brought about a large number of changes among our Soldier Boys. We have also learned of several more entering the service and of several who had entered whom we had not heard of before.

Francis Powell and Sidney Freeman of Troop B are now safely landed in France.

Elmer Marlatt is also in France. He is with the 161st U. S. infantry, formerly the 2nd Washington National Guard.

Harry Earle has received another promotion and is now a sergeant in the quartermaster department of the hospital.

Wesley Todd, who was a corporal at Fort Flagler, is now at Camp Lewis attending the Officers' Training School.

Paul Todd has resigned his position as principal of schools at Hoballa and has joined the aviation department of the navy.

Howard McCormack, at Camp Lewis, has been promoted to a corporal.

Norman Dews, a member of the Class of 1920, is at Bremerton with the navy boys.

William Bowman, another member of the Class of 1920, has enlisted in the quartermaster department, and is now at Camp Joseph Johnston, Florida.

Stanley Freeman, Class of 1920, is now in the quartermaster corps.

Gordon Gay, formerly a member of the Class of 1918, is at Camp Lewis with the 344th Company of Bakers.

Fulton Magill, who recently received a commission of 2nd lieutenant in the infantry of the U. S. regulars, has now been transferred to the cavalry, holding the same rank.

Ulrich Sellers, a former student of C. P. S., is in the navy.

Henry LaForge, also a former student, is in the navy.

Fred Crane, a student here during 1913 and 1914, is in France.

Ralph Weaver, a student of 1911 and 1912, is master signal electrician at Camp Lewis.

Charlie Brown, here during 1912 and 1913, is a member of the Coast Artillery.

Please keep in mind that the Trail staff depends on you for this information, so don't forget to let us know what you learn concerning our contingent at the front.

During the siege of Antwerp the Belgians held to the motto which, when translated, reads: "They shall not pass!"

This motto, however, is not new to C. P. S., as any Freshman will affirm.

Looks Are Often Deceiving.

By way of variation, Ted Dunlap accompanied Geoghegan to the grocery store the other day. As Geoghegan was struggling with a number of large parcels, the clerk remarked: "Why don't you let your son carry some of those packages?"

The harpist at the special meetings reminded Professor Davis of David when he played his harp before Saul.

Because she played before us all.
The Puget Sound Trail
Tacoma, Wash.

Published Monthly by
ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF
COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND

Vol. VII. JANUARY No. 4


THE STAFF
Alice Baker ---------- Editor-in-Chief
Harry Gardner------ Business Manager
Paul Hanawalt-------- Associate Editor
Edith Rummel-------- Society Editor
Vera Sinclair---------- Literary Editor
Harold Young ------------ Jokes
Henry Cramer--------- Business Editor
Burdette Busselle -------- Cartoonist

THE BLACK BOX
That little black box tacked up on the bulletin board—do you know what is its significance? No? Well, we will tell you. That small box is designed for the special purpose of receiving your monthly contributions to The Trail. "Oh, yes," you say, "I knew that." Perhaps you did; but did you know this: that small box is alive or dead, just as much as you are alive or dead, for that box is composed of School Spirit. Just as you work for the maintenance of a good, live spirit in the other activities of our College, contribute to the welfare of the spirit of your College paper—and put your contributions in The Trail box.

THE NEW YEAR.
Every New Year we hear someone say that the next year will be the most critical one in our lives. The speaker always has some good reason for thus giving vent to a mighty reservoir of thought, and such is the case with the present one.

This year of 1918 will probably be the most critical one in our lives. The war's changes, which are varied and numerous, bring transformations to our homes and the institutions with which we are connected—transformation which seem so unbearable that we wonder if worse misfortune could befall us. Besides that, the Germans are getting stronger. Hoover has said we cannot have candy, or icing on our cake. In addition to that, we have had so much rain that we all feel water-soaked. And the worst of it is that several of us have the measles and the others cannot call on us. And so on—ad infinitum. Never mind—

"What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while;
Pack all your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile."

The Trail wishes you a Happy New Year—every day this year. The date on the calendar does not matter, for each day begins a New Year. It is easier to keep resolutions for a day than for a year. Resolve on each new morn to be optimistic about who will win the war, to radiate the spirit of goodwill in whatever environment you find yourself, and—to smile all the while.

Then at the end of 1918 you will find that our New Year's wish has come true.
**Debate and Oratory**

At last the schedule for the Inter-Society debates has been finally settled upon. The question is: Resolved, That the United States should adopt the essential features of the New Zealand system of compulsory arbitration for labor disputes.

The series shall be composed of four debates, as follows:

- Amphics vs. Thetas......Feb. 20
- Philos vs. H. C. S......Feb. 27
- Winners vs. Winners .... Mar. 12
- Specials vs. Winners......Apr. 9

There is plenty of time between the last three debates so that the teams will have time necessary to work up a new side, if such needs to be the case.

The first two debates will be given at Wednesday student assemblies, and each speaker shall have a six-minute speech and a two-minute rebutal.

The third debate shall be held at Camp Lewis and each speaker shall have a ten-minute main speech and a three-minute rebutal.

The fourth and championship debate shall be held at 8 o’clock after prayer meeting, in Chapel, at the regular society time. All the societies have agreed to attend this debate in a body. Each speaker will have the same amount of time as in the previous debate.

The team winning the championship will possess the debating trophy, to be presented for one year, or until the said organization is defeated.

All the societies are taking great interest in the debates, and at the present time it seems as if they will be a great success.

Two societies have already chosen their teams. The Amphics will be represented by Miss Bradley and Mr. Wilder. The H. C. S. will be represented by Mr. Gebert and Mr. Cramer. The other societies have not had their tryouts yet.

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**ALUMNI NOTES**

Our College has specialized in Liberal Arts, and has graduated many men and women who are proficient in the educational world. A few of the people who have achieved success in this particular line have been mentioned in previous issues. In this issue we will mention a few more:

Mr. William O. Pflaum, of the class of 1909, is director of English in the College of Iquique, Chile. His wife is also a teacher in the same school.

Mr. Charles Blanpied, of the class of 1910, has also won distinction in the educational world. While in this city in attendance at our college, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., he started the work of teaching English to foreigners. Later he went to San Francisco to engage in the work among foreigners on a larger scale. In 1915, feeling that he must have more efficient training for his work, he went to Columbia University for a course in higher education. A few months ago, he was called by the Home and Foreign Mission Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to a secretarship in New York.
Who would not liked to have been a little mouse and watched the faculty at play? The scene of their frolic was 3005 North 8th street. (Sh! This is where the Dean lives, it is said), and the time New Year's Eve. At eight of the clock they gathered, and rumors are abroad that various and sundry New Year’s resolutions were made by members of said faculty. Hopes for world peace are rising in the hearts of C. P. S.’ers since it is also reported that upon that memorable night certain members shot the crown off Kaiser Bill’s head, and even went so far as to shoot Bill himself. At a late hour (for you will remember that it was New Year’s Eve), Hoover refreshments were served, which were none the less delicious for having been recommended by that good man—chicken sandwiches (dark bread, too), cider and pop-corn.

Bad weather and floods could not keep our out-of-town students from spending their Christmas vacation at home.

Georgina Wilson, Elmer Anderson and Harold Young went across the mountains to the Yakima country and because of wash-outs had a longer vacation than most of us. Beatrice and Louise Siler, Eva Mae Leonard, and Thelma Hastings went to Lewis county, Geneva Whitman to Sumas and Hazel Hooker to Snohomish.

Mr. Brooks is back in College again. His home is near Hood River, Ore., and this is the tenth winter that he has taken up work in C. P. S. We are glad to have him with us.

The College was especially privileged during the week of January 7th-12th in having as guests three excellent speakers, and each with a vitally interesting message. Mr. Blampied, who claims C. P. S. as his Alma Mater and who has since made a name for himself in social service work, is in Tacoma as a member of a committee who, in the interests of the Methodist church, are making a survey of the United States to find out just what are the needs of the

(Continued on Page 18.)
MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

We "musicy" folks had a joyously Merry Christmas and a glorious vacation. We hope you did, too. And now we are back, ready to start our good work all over again. We know you will be as delighted as we are with the prospect that our work will continue with increased ardor (and also excellence) throughout the year.

Remember the Annual Glee. It is the climax, and must represent your best effort. Are you preparing?

On Christmas morning a number of the students of the College sang carols for your benefit. If you were overlooked in the serenading, we hereby beg your pardon. We sang for (and woke up) the members of the faculty, the dorms, and others within distances. Then we went to the hospitals, where the patients received a small portion of our Christmas joy to lighten their sorrows. There were two packed machine-loads of us, and even if it was early, and cold, we enjoyed it immensely.

CHAPEL CHOIR

The Christmas Oratorio, which was so beautifully rendered by the Chapel Choir, in joint concert with the Swedish Lutheran choir, on December 20th, is to be repeated in the College Chapel, for the benefit of those who could not attend the former concert. The date has not yet been decided upon, but students will do well to watch the bulletin for further announcement.

One of the most famous, and certainly one of the most difficult of our anthems, was given in Chapel December 24. The "Hallelujah Chorus," from "The Messiah," by Handel, by your reception we know was appreciated.

Some very excellent and difficult anthems are being prepared. Two of these, the "Gloria," from the "Twelfth Mass," by Mozart, and "Inflamatus," by Rossini, are to be sung in Latin.

Students and members of the Faculty will be interested to know that a series of student assembly concerts are to be given in the Chapel each Friday, beginning on January 24, and lasting until the final ensemble concert in the spring.

CONFESSION OF A CHOIR-ITE

My idol has been shattered. Ah! It was such a lovely idol, too! It was an idol that I had cherished for years and years and years and —well, never mind; suffice it to say that Dr. Schofield's College Choir shattered it.

Until a few weeks ago I had always believed that those who made up the personnel of the average musical organization were an intensely spiritual, idealistic folk. I admired them for what I believed to be their other-worldliness. I verily thought that their minds were directed far away from the common things of earth. Because of this idea I held aloof from them. Asked to join, I replied: "Nay. Haven't time," etc., etc., etc., but the real reason was that I considered myself too sordid, too earthy, too materialistic to ever hope to be content among such an angelic host.

In a weak moment I consented to become one of them, and, ah me! (Yes, I know I have said that before already), my idol has been shattered, literally smashed to pieces.

They are as earthy as I am;
they are just as materialistic; every bit as sordid.

For instance: the first day I met with them (foregoing my lunch so to do), I heard that giant profoundo basso, Prof. Robbins, corrupting the idea of the "Fining Pot," of which we were singing, into the notion of a "Dinner Pot." I instinctively recoiled from such a grossly materialistic conception, but finally excused him on the grounds that possibly such a big man did get hungry very easily. If that had been the last and only case of such sordidness, my idol would have been with me still, but, alas! it has gone forever.

The other day, resting awhile from my labored efforts to squeak tenor, I overheard Burke, the skinny Burke, growling, "Bonae, Bony, Bony; a bone, a bone, a bone packs my tummy most;" Burke really ought to be more careful of his Latin pronunciation. Yes, my idol is gone!

---

**ORCHESTRA**

We Orchestrites fear that you do not know enough about us, so we are going to tell you. Since the beginning of November we have regularly manufactured celestial music for our own delight. And you would be delighted, too, if you should be present on Thursday from 4:30 to 6:00. At present we have nine faithful members, constituting an orchestra of four violins, a cornet, key trombone, snare drum, bass drum and piano. Prof. d'Alessio is our director and receives our hearty support for his enthusiasm, and his patience is our discord. Our names are: Misses Shackelford, Rummeil, Wayne, Crag, Hover, and Mr. Cook, Mr. Hickok, Mr. Anderson. Prof. d'Alessio's son will join us on the clarinet, and Miss Reneau has promised to be one of us as soon as her work permits, so you see we are not only a living organization, but a live organization.

---

**STRINGED INSTRUMENTS**

The sweet music of the strings is weekly growing sweeter. We proved this to you on the Saturday before vacation. We were sorry we could not all be there, but if you will multiply our quartet by four (and multiply also the sweetness of the music), your mathematical calculation will give you some idea of the kind of noise we make.

The evening of December 21st, a number of the faithful members braved the raging tempest and helped with the program given at the Italian Mission. Besides concert pieces, Mr. Goodman rendered some solos, which were received with great applause.

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**GIRLS’ GLEE CLUB**

The girls are launched on their great career! We sang for the Patriotic League Party, and they liked our renditions so well that we are urged to give a concert at the Camp. We are practicing on music for this program, and it certainly is going to be a fine one. We are sorry you can't be there, but we will sing for you, too, very soon.

---

**THE QUARTET**

Stop! Look! Listen! Don't you hear that Quartet practicing when you pass the Studio? Some singers! Well, we will give you a song in Chapel before long. Don't fail to hear us. Doesn't cost anything, and the best is the cheapest.

We Four.
BASKET-BALL.

Basket-ball season has started in earnest. The outlook at the beginning of the season was not very bright, for there was no good place to play, and the fellows did not turn out. But the gloomy outlook has brightened. Two full teams turn out every practice night now, and we have been sharing the Stadium High School gymnasium with the high school boys.

First and second teams have been formed, for the present at least. The first team is made up of: Askey, center; Smith and Anderson, forwards; Curtis and Hanawalt, guards. The second team is composed of: Buckley, center; Clay and Young, forwards; Kinch and Burke, guards.

Askey comes to us from Bellingham. We know from experience that any basket-ball material from there must be good, and Askey more than proves it. If you don't believe it, come out and see him shoot baskets. Smith played on the high school team at Barnston, and he proved to us that he is an old hand at the game. Anderson is from Selah, Washington. If Andy is a sample of the Selah team, they must have had a good basket-ball five, for he is doing good work for C. P. S. Curtis is a member of last year's team, and is showing up better than ever this year. To confirm this, ask some of the fellows he guarded, and find out how few baskets they have made. Hanawalt is another member of last year's team.

The teams have played several practice games. Most of these games were with the Stadium High School. At first the scores in these games were quite close, but later C. P. S. came out on the long end every time. A game with Lincoln High School resulted in another victory for C. P. S. The practice tilt with the Y. M. C. A. was another victory so far as the first team was concerned, and the Cushman game showed the same result. We lost the game with the Smelter, but only two of the regulars were there.

The second team showed their pep when they held the fast Cushman second team to a 6-4 score. Altho only a practice game, it was very interesting. The second team is the making of the first team, and these fellows are to be commended for their loyalty. Stick to it, fellows.

The first real game of the season was the game with the University of Washington, January 14. This is the first time ever known in history that the U. of W. asked for a game with C. P. S. Our boys accepted the offer, of course, and C. P. S. is proud of the showing they made.

In the first half, Washington took the C. P. S. boys off their feet at the very start, and scored seven points before C. P. S. got one. The score at the end of the first half was 17-7, Washington's favor. In the second half, Washington got the first two baskets, and it looked as tho the second half would be a repetition of the first; but this was not the case. The C. P. S. fellows came back and played rings around the Washington fellows. They outplayed them, were quicker, the forwards did fine
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shooting and got several baskets, and the guards did not let Washington get another field basket. The score of the second half was 13-5, in favor of C. P. S. But the great lead of the first half gave Washington the game, 25-20.

Coach Hunt of Washington complimented Goodman and said: "You have a fine team." "Tony" Savage, the U. of W.'s former basket-ball star, and present coach of Lincoln High in Seattle, saw the game and said to "Hack": "You have a wonderful team." Washington will come over to Tacoma for a return game soon, and if the Student Body will be loyal and back the team, we have a good chance to beat the mighty University of Washington.

Following is the line-up:
C. P. S.: Smith and Anderson, forwards; Askey, center; Curtis and Hanawalt, guards.
Washington: Gilluly and Charles, forwards; Jamieson, center; Slack and Ide, guards.

SOCIETY NOTES
(Continued from Page 13.)

church in every city. His talk was on his work and he gave a splendid idea of this new scheme that is being carried on by the Methodist church.

Mr. Helm, also a member of the same committee spoke on Wednesday and told of a new church in Boston with which he is connected and which is a church of all nations. He also told in a very interesting and instructive way of the wonderful work being carried on by a Methodist mission in Boston. His plea, as was also Mr. Blampied's, was for trained workers in this social service enterprise.

On Friday of the same week Dr. McNaughton, a very distinguished and brilliant man, who for years has been a missionary of the American Board in Turkey, spoke in the interest of the Armenian Relief Work. Dr. McNaughton was in the country himself at the time of the terrible Armenian massacre and was taken a prisoner by the Turks, so that his knowledge of awful conditions now existing among the Armenians is first hand, and he gave to the students a vivid picture of the Armenians as a people, what they have suffered and the urgent need of immediate help.

The "Home Planning" Class in the Department of Home Economics took a tour of Schoenfield's downtown recently, under the direction of Miss Sylvia Miller. They took a lesson in "Oriental and Domestic Rugs" from Schonfeld's advertising man, and then were given liberty to view the furniture of all periods. They report a fine morning's trip. Those in the party were: Miss Sylvia Miller, Eva Mae Leonard, Lillian Thedens, Jessie Clay, Vera Sinclair and Olive Hickok.

Georgina W. (in Zoology Lab.): "Miss Golder, do you think this will be all right? I've drawn two arms and what's between them."

Soph (in Physics): "I can't suck water up into this tube!"

Assistant: "You've been blowing so hard since you got to be a Soph, that you've forgotten how to suck."
News From Our Armenian Friend

Many C. P. S. students will remember our Armenian friend, Mooshek Vorperian, who was in Tacoma last spring and spoke at the College several times. Mooshek has already gained prominence in the East as he did so readily on his arrival in the West.

He is now attending Princeton, his father’s Alma Mater, and staying with an uncle who “is treating” with him “just like a father,” and he no longer feels himself alone as he did once in the plains of Siberia. Mooshek is taking a commercial course and finds his work interesting and his professors helpful.

When school is over he works for his uncle in a garage and the Armenian lad finds this very different from addressing huge audiences or posing for a bust, as he did while in Tacoma.

On Sundays he travels to different parts of the state, speaking in behalf of his stricken people. In one week he spoke to thirty-five thousand students in New York City. Many of the classes in the High Schools there adopted a large number of Armenian children, promising to send money to buy food and clothing for them.

Mooshek had a sad story to tell Tacoma on his arrival here, but it has changed into a happy one, for he has learned from the American Consul that his mother and little eleven-year-old sister, Jessamine, are safe in Harpoot. They are living in their old home under the care and protection of the Americans.

Not long ago Mooshek sent Christmas greetings to the College of Puget Sound and the High Schools of the city, but the letter arrived too late for publication in our December issue. He ends this letter with the words, “I will remember you always because you showed me first the kindly interest and sympathy that American students have for foreigners.”

On Saturday, January 12th, Prof. Davis discussed the Armenian Relief work and suggested a plan whereby C. P. S. students could have an active part in saving lives in Armenia. Monthly subscriptions will be received by a joint committee of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. In this way the College will help in the wonderful relief work now taking place in Armenia.

---

Horrors!

Maude Shunk ’20.

His hair is on end, his eyes are wide open, and yet they seem to see nothing. His limbs seem to be paralyzed; he cannot move. His eyes are slowly gaining consciousness and he tries to speak, but his voice is hoarse and no intelligible sound is uttered. But finally his senses are recovered sufficiently to enable him to jump up, leap across the room and subdue the alarm clock.
EXCHANGE
Our High School Friends.

Among our many exchanges we take special interest in the papers from the High Schools. On the whole they are very good; in fact, some are as good as college publications, which goes to show that we are not superior mortals, but only a notch higher up in the educational system.

The Hesperian, Hoquiam High School, Hoquiam, Wash.—A very neat little paper, well put up and organized. You have able writers and always have something in your columns worth while. By your paper one can see that you are a live school, full of school spirit. Our only suggestion is that a few cartoons and cuts would help out wonderfully.

The Tahoma, Stadium High School, Tacoma, Wash.—The Tahoma is one of our best exchanges. It is with pleasure that we look through its pages every month. We wish to congratulate you on the high standard which your publication continually upholds. We would suggest, how-

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ever, that you would have even a better paper if you co-operate with all the students and not allow your paper to be published by a few. This would make a wider horizon for both your school and its paper.

The Lincolnian, Lincoln Park High School, Tacoma, Wash.—Though this is the first year for your publication, we have eagerly perused each issue. It is with interest that we have noticed a distinct improvement in each succeeding one. Your paper shows what school spirit and work can accomplish in a short time. Keep the good work up. We would suggest that you put a little more pep in your advertising manager, as the "ads" are what make any paper a success.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

The leaders of the Y. W. C. A. meetings for the past month were certainly excellent. Owing to the Christmas vacation, we could have only three meetings during the month, but what we lost in quantity we gained in quality.

Mrs. Robbins led our Christmas meeting and told us, in a most interesting manner, of Christmas in South America.

Our first meeting after vacation was led by Mrs. Harry Gardner, and the meeting proved an excellent starter for the New Year.

The last meeting was a joint one with the Y. M. C. A. Although it was the first one of its kind of the school year, it was so successful and interesting that we are assured of many more of the same variety.
Y. M. C. A. NOTES

We had some very fine speakers at our meetings during the last few weeks and they have brought us some very fine messages. Though it will be hard to get anyone any better than those that we have had, we believe that we have some on the string that are just as good. Look who they are: On January 18th, Attorney U. E. Harmon; January 25th, Rev. Parks. And we have some big business men that we are looking for in the near future. We need every one of you there to help out with the meetings. It will do you good to come in and hear some real live talks by some real live men. We want to thank you for giving us the support that you have. We hope to see you all out from now on.

SENIOR NOTES

We are all head-over-heels in work, for thesis subjects have been selected. But they say that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and the same must be true of Jill. Now the Jacks and Jills in the Senior Class have no desire to become dull, so now and then we stop a moment to do something besides work. For instance, we all stopped long enough to renew our Red Cross subscriptions, with the result that we came out with 100 per cent Red Cross membership in our class. By the time this appears in print we will have shown you the result of our cogitations on the subject of class stunts. We certainly have enjoyed the stunts put on by the other classes, and hope ours will afford a few moments of amusement.
JUNIOR NOTES
As Junior Stunt Day fell on the last Wednesday before Christmas, we thought the other classes and the Faculty would enjoy a token of remembrance, especially the Freshmen.

After a song, "Jolly Juniors," which was written by Miss Baker for the special occasion, and dramatically sung as a duet by Miss Goulder and Mr. Holmes, Miss Baker told the Freshmen a very appropriate little story and gave their president an ample bag of candy.

The Juniors, feeling sorry for the Sophomores because they have so few men, had Mr. Cook present them with a brand-new man, seven inches in height and weighing one-quarter of a pound.

The Seniors were then given a gentle reprimand by Mr. Gardner for having carelessly allowed the College's sacred hatchet to fall into the hands of a sacrilegious Sophomore. The hatchet was then presented to them and they were admonished to do their whole duty—that of preserving the hatchet until it is passed on to the Juniors.

The Dean, in behalf of the Faculty and Trustees of C. P. S., received a large, handsome picture of Thomas Jefferson, which was presented by Mr. Curtis, our president, having been won in last year's Red Cross contest by the Junior Class.

SOPHOMORE NOTES
Was the Sophomore Chapel stunt good- Others said so.
Miss Hertilla Barlow, one dull evening in 1968, in a reminiscent mood, looked thru her memory book. It held all the events that
had taken place during her four years of college. Of course, the memory of these was very dear to her; but the one thing that engaged her attention the most in the Freshman year was the founding of the Color Post by the Class of 1920, to which all the succeeding classes have sworn allegiance.

The commanding Sophomore escapade was the Sophomore-Freshman scrap over banners. In the Junior year midnight oil was the fashion. You may know that the big event of the Senior year was the receiving of the diplomas and leaving the halls of dear old C. P. S. for a life of service.

By a clever device the stage was partitioned into four sections and curtained off with paper. As each succeeding year passed in review, the leaves of the year-book were turned and cut. The other members of the class pantomimed the event. As no 1920 stunt could be complete without our yell, the chorus rose in another triumphal:

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

A large number of the Sophomores will turn out for debate, and surely they will help to make some lively teams.

Hertilla Barlow was elected athletic manager of the Sophomore class.

We are so glad there will be inter-class contests in swimming, because it looks as if we might stand a big chance of being on the winning side. Those of us who dare to inhabit the deep end of the tank are: Charline Tuell, Edith Rummel, Marjorie James, May Bixby, and Hertilla Barlow. As to their ability to swim, you just listen to their spl-a-sh!
FRESHMEN NOTES

The bulk of the basket-ball squad this year is Freshmen material. Five of the seven men who made the trip to Seattle in the game against the U. of W. were Freshmen. Smith, Anderson, and Askey were used in the game. Clay and Kinch served as utility men.

The Freshmen stunt has caused the expression of much admiration and praise in school circles. Unique and graphic, the stunt was "sure good," and established a standard that will be hard for future classes to equal.

Veiled apprehension and a careless bravado are daily noticeable in the mien of the Freshmen as the exams approach. An instance of nervous excitement has been given by the denizens of the boys' dorm, who stoutly aver that Smith, after a hard night's work at math, spent a restless night, finally awakening near dawn with the shriek that an earthquake had occurred. It was merely the bed ticking, say the fellows.

I wish I was a little rock,
A-settin' on a hill;
A-doin' nothin' all day long,
But just a-settin' still.

I wouldn't eat; I wouldn't sleep,
I wouldn't even wash;
But set, and set a thousand years
And rest myself, b'gosh.

---

The Morning After.

Miss Reneau (calling the roll): "Miss Thedans?"
Miss Thedans: "All in!"

An unusual noise in French class,—Andy dropped a weighty remark.
AMPHICTYON NOTES

One of the things we did before our Christmas vacation was to write a "Round Robin" to each of the Amphic boys who are in the service of our country.

We are enthusiastic about the debate, and our team, Helen Bradley and Hoyt Wilder, are already at work upon their side of the question.

When we returned to school in 1918 we went at our work with our usual vigor.

The Amphictyons deeply sympathize with Mildred Spear in the loss of her father and regret that she will not be with us the rest of the year.

In English. "What have you read for today?"

Thelma: "Why—ah—I’ve red hair."

He: "Were the British troops happy when they started for France?"

She: "Happy! They were in transports!"

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Not to have seen the Hawaiian maids,
As they danced upon the beach;
Not to have heard their plaintive songs,
As they sang them, each to each:

Not to have watched the bonny Scotch lass
As she tripped out in her plaid,
With sturdy tales of ancestry
That proud she was to have had:

Not to have seen the Indian maid,
As she stepped forth from her hut
And set her face towards the Rising Sun,
To meet her lover, Kai Mut:

Not to have heard the fairy lore
Of the lands in which they dwell;
Of costumes queer, and manners strange,
Is sad, indeed, to tell.

To have miss’d these is sad indeed,
But other features loom
In future programs, just as fine;
So come to the Theta Room!
H. C. S. NOTES

Every fellow was back after the holidays with the usual cheery H. C. S. smile, bigger than ever, if possible. We all enjoyed ourselves very much, thank you, but, of course, were anxious to get back to our studies again.

We had a New Year's closed house Tuesday evening, January 8th. Probation Officer Healey was the speaker of the occasion, and we all spent a profitable and enjoyable hour.

Our basketball team is itching to get after some of the other society teams. We hope the delay will not be indefinite. It is not for us to blow, but we have four fellows on the first team.

We are looking forward to the Inter-Society program to be held on February 19th and intend to do all in our power to make it a success. This program ought to bring out the good will existing between all the societies.

It is hardly necessary to add that you will hear considerable from us in the coming debates, as Gebert and Cramer will uphold our honors.
PHILO NOTES

The meetings of Philo this last month stand out in our memories for their interest, inspiration and spirit. The carefully-prepared programs were enthusiastically entered into by both old and new Philos.

A clever farce, uniting in marriage two of Philo's popular members, Katie Burton and Russel Clay, proved to be no farce for at its conclusion two large, "the-kind-that-mother-makes" cakes were served by the members of the cast, which included also Gladys Trew, Otto Schurle, Harold Young and Jessie Clay. It was a "spread" worthy of the adjective "Philo!" On the same program Lloyd Burke, Raymond Holmes, Thelma Hastings, Mrs. Poole and Eva Mae Leonard gave talks on "The Value of Debate." Musical numbers were given by Lois Buckingham, Vera Sinclair and Mildred Pollom.

When the Inter-Society debate
question arose, the following Philos volunteered to enlist in the try-outs: J. H. Geoghegan, Madeleine Meiers, Russel Clay, Thelma Hastings, Ermine Warren and Raymond Holmes.

We are glad that our member, Ruth Hallin, was not so unpatriotic as to be "downed" by German measles. We welcome her back again.

Our secretary, Harold Young, has put in his application for entrance into the aviation corps. Although he is a valued member and has a great part in every line of the work, yet we know he would also be of great value to Uncle Sam. Philo is proud of her boys "with the Colors."

“We went out to grandfather’s for Christmas dinner, and you should have seen the eats. When we sat down to dinner the table was just simply groaning with food."

“And after dinner you were groaning with it.”

“I wish you would shut this door so as to keep that abominable odor from filling the halls upstairs.”

“I beg your pardon, but Theodor isn’t down here now; he’s up in Sociology class.”

If a Co-ed were to marry one of our none too numerous men, would she be dis-Missed?

No, but she would be Miss-taken.

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HELEN’S HALL NOTES.

Pet sayings of our dear ones:
Irene: “You’re the meanest thing.”
Eva Mae: “Excuse me for living.”
Helen: “Girls, why don’t you wake me earlier?”
Clara: “Oh, you little sinner!”
Jerrie: “Any mail for me?”
Madaline: “Down with the cat!”
Jessie: “I just got to wash my face.”
Jennie: “I’d get up if I thought we’d have eggs for breakfast.”
Gladys: “Girls, what time is it?”
Lois: “For cat’s sake!”
Katie: “Honest, I didn’t do it.”
Mrs. Patterson: “Everything is Al Wright with me.”
Mrs. Hovius: “He’s too young.”

Carol Fay: “I beg to differ.”

The girls of Helen’s Hall who entertained out-of-town guests at various times during the month are:
- Miss Noble—Captain Shorty.
- Miss Trew—Lieut. Miles.
- Miss Burton—Capt. Sumner.
- Miss Robertson—Lieut. Nobody.
- Miss Meiers—Capt. Johns.
- Miss Doran—Lieut. Skinner.
- Miss Leonard—Capt. Bashful.
- Miss King—General Fickie.
- Mrs. Hovius—Capt. Prize.
- Mrs. Patterson—Maj. Al Wright.

Foul Murder at Helen’s Hall.

Youngest Member of Helen’s Hall Victim of Brutal Assault.

(Note.—The youngest member was the cat.)

The definite time of the foul deed has not been discovered, but

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it occurred between 5 and 8 o'clock Saturday evening, January 13. Kaiser Bill was not missed until early Sunday morning, which led to his discovery under the washbowl. A bottle of chloroform was found nearby, which solves the mystery as to how he met his death. The guilty party has not been found yet.

My joy runs riot,
I can't keep me quiet;
For a miracle happened today.
A student—(deep sigh)—
Who thinks The Trail dry,
Put a joke in the Trail box—what say?

There are some good spellers in the Freshman class; at last they spell 'sickly' with ease (e's).

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My wife has knititus. Each day she spears a few miles of gray yarn by loops and hitches into a garment she calls a sweater for our soldier boys. Her abode is at the Red Cross headquarters. Her duties at home—well, I haven't had a square meal since she bot her knitting needles. And the poor dog! We have to sweep the house to find him! The baby lost the cat between the pages of a book. Johnnie was sent home from school for gnawing the desk. Then today I caught him eating an illustration out of a Farm Journal. Why! The children have begun to chase the chickens about the house with a carving knife.

My daughter—well, Hilda is a good girl and she teaches cooking at the College, you know. But her meals have been an awful strain on me! I did not mind the violet perfume she put in the custard so much; but it's hard, after a heavy day's work, to weigh out the ingredients for my supper on a candy scales. That's far too scientific. Now even Hilda's got knititus. Johnnie, bring in the wood! And now, Professor, let us have "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

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 AVENUE.
HOW NO TAIL GOT HER NAME

(Continued from Page 6.)

There it lay, with its great steel jaws wide open, right where the poor little blind hen had laid her last half-dozen eggs, just in front of the forefoot of Mis-Ti-Tum, the cayuse.

Back in the corner of the corral, hidden by the hay, crouched the cruel medicine man, awaiting his victim. Patiently he waited, and at last she came. Poor little blind hen; alas, that you should be destined to suffer as a martyr to duty and a primitive preacher’s appetite. But, no, there’s a divinity that shapes our ends, little blind hen, and she’s going to shape your end, too. Nearer and nearer she approaches to the cruel fate that awaits her, never suspecting, only bent upon making her daily contribution to the chief’s contribution, when “O-O-O-OCH&&&&&&&che,” No-Ki-Kee sneezed, the blind hen jumped, hit the trap, SNAP, and the poor little blind hen became No Tail.

Another life marred, for

A man without a woman
Is a ship without a sail,
And a boat without a rudder
Is a Hen without a Tail.

A remark on the Freshman class, Whose stunt in chapel we’ll pass; With,—The dear li’l Freshie baby, Will sometime be a Sophomore,— Maybe?

—Questionable.

Dener No. One: “You haven’t got anything on me.”
Dener No. Two: “Yes, I have; that’s my necktie.”

PICTURES OF HOME FOLKS

carry warmth and comfort to the heart of a soldier.

MAKE AN APPOINTMENT TODAY.

Peterson’s Studio
903 TACOMA AVENUE.

H. D. BAKER & CO.
TACOMA, WASH.


PHONE MAIN 962. 1007 A STREET
HUMOR

Prof Davis: "What is the Roman god of time?"
Student: "The 'Ingersol watch'!"

"Burke, what kind of an appointment did you get at Conference?"
"Don't mention it; it was a disappointment."

In Burke's Diary: "Dec. 8—Feed in dorm kitchen. Drank three glasses of cider. Considerable kick in it.
"Dec. 9—Preached on 'Temperance.'"

Announcement: Hereafter the North section of the chapel will be reserved for the faculty and other late-comers.

"You say he had his chest crushed?"
"Yes, a two-ton block of stone fell on him."
"Ah, poor boy; I told him he'd have to be careful with that weak chest of his."

Too True.
The more you think of a girl, the more you think of her.

---

Treasurer's Statement of Associated Student Funds to Jan. 1, 1918.

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<th>Receipts</th>
<th>Disbursements</th>
<th>Balances</th>
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<tr>
<td>Trail</td>
<td>$180.86</td>
<td>$135.22</td>
<td>$45.64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athletics</td>
<td>49.93</td>
<td>12.98</td>
<td>36.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Music</td>
<td>24.00</td>
<td></td>
<td>24.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Banquet</td>
<td>51.44</td>
<td>3.00</td>
<td>48.44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Debate and Oratory</td>
<td>49.34</td>
<td>24.05</td>
<td>25.29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Incidental</td>
<td>23.54</td>
<td>23.50</td>
<td>.04</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Totals        | $379.11  | $198.75       | $180.36  |

The disbursement of $3 in the Banquet fund is the Associated Student loan to students for subscriptions to the Red Cross.
The disbursement of $24.05 in the Debate and Oratory fund is the Associated Student loan to the Sophomore Class to pay for the Color Post; $15.05 of this has been paid back.

---

BRIGHT, SNAPPY STYLES OF MEN'S AND WOMEN'S FOOTWEAR FOR WINTER WEAR.
Prices: Men's, $3.50 to $9; Women's, $3 to $10.

McDonald Shoe Co.
943 BROADWAY 1301 PACIFIC AVE.
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Nothing Too Good for the Feet

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— The woman and young woman who takes a pride in having her feet smartly, comfortably, and durably shod will find much of interest in our Shoe Department.

— Every Shoe that comes into this store must measure up to the Stone-Fisher standard in materials, workmanship, and perfect fit.

A Good Outdoor Shoe, $8.00.

— Made of heavy tan calf, with perforated wing tips, illustrated, low heels, heavy weight soles; an excellent shoe for school and street wear. Pair, $8.00.

WOMEN’S ARMY SHOES

— Genuine Munson last, army style, wide toes, with soft boxing, and easy flexible welt soles; fine for school wear; pair, $8.00.

WING TIP SHOES

— Made of finest kid stock, in dark gray, champagne, and white, with imitation perforated wing tips, light weight welt soles, Louis XV heels; pair, $12.

— English Walking Shoes of dark brown calf, with Neolin Soles, pair, $5.

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YEAR IN AND YEAR OUT.

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