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# The Puget Sound Trail

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The Call of the Race

Vera J. Sinclair '20.

Wilfred Dunbar was the rule, rather than the exception, of the old simile "straight as an Indian"—in every sense. He had been the pet of the Tulalip Indian School from the time of his entrance as a chubby, sturdy, little fellow, until the year of his graduation from the ninth grade—a tall, athletic Indian boy.

The American teachers found him an apt student and urged him to finish his high school course at Grayville, as they taught no higher than the ninth grade at Tulalip. But Wilfred looked forward with no joy in entering a white school, as the only white people he had associated with were the teachers whom he looked upon as superiors. No, he would not attend high school.

Or, so he thought until the Treaty Day Potlatch held in September on the reservation. Into that brilliant Potlatch scene made more striking by the flaming clothes of the squaws and braves, with their sparkling hair ornaments, earrings, belts, and beaded moccasins, a crowd of rollicking high school boys and girls entered. Wilfred stood up and watched the group as they stood looking at the weird dances of the Indians. They seemed to him to be such a gay and irresponsible lot. But he also noted the rapt expression on the face of a tall, stately girl who seemed to be wholly wrapt up in the scene before her. He moved closer to the group, seeming to be drawn toward them as only youth can draw youth. Altho seemingly preoccupied in the festivities, his keen ear caught snatches of the conversation of the group. One item of information seemed to lodge in his brain—he had found out from his intentional eavesdropping that the
tall girl was entering as a Sophomore in the September session. And the plans that were flashing back and forth! High school must be a heavenly place after all to hold so much youth and such plans, he thought. And then, slowly there dawned over him, "Why did not he go?" He, too, could enter the September session.

With Wilfred, to think was to act. And the opening day of the September session found him seated in the assembly hall of the high school, his straight, sturdy back seeming to disclaim any ill-at-ease feeling he might have had. A few of the boys after looking at his well-knit frame annexed him at once as possible material for the football team. Aside from their attention his whole time was spent on his studies, for he felt he had much to learn before mixing with the student body. The only girl who seemed even to know he attended school was Agnes Clarke, the tall, stately girl he remembered seeing at the Potlatch. She had been very kind in helping him find his class rooms on the first day, and she always spoke to him. Altho the first year in Grayville as a Sophomore passed uneventfully, yet Wilfred began to feel at home in the school.

After a summer spent with his father on their tract of land on the reservation, Wilfred eagerly entered his Junior year at Grayville. His usual stolid expression seemed to change as football season approached for he was in good training and had, naturally, great powers of endurance. So he thoroughly enjoyed the football season as a member of the team. Lessons became of second importance to him, altho he managed to keep up well with the class. He had an irresistible desire to "shine" in the class where he was with Agnes Clarke, for he felt that the approval of her clear, blue eyes would be very sweet. She seemed to him like a far-away star, continually drawing his gaze, yet almost blinding him with its light.

After football, came basketball. Here Wilfred took his true place—for he was at the same time strong and quick. It was now that the students really took notice of him, and he thought one of the sweetest sounds that ever greeted his ears was at a basketball game after a particularly brilliant shot, when he heard the school crying in one voice:

"What's the matter with Bill?"
"He's all right!"
"He is,"
"He is all right!"

It seemed to him that the repetition was to assure him that he was really "one of them."

He now began staying for the little parties held after the games. His first feeling of uneasiness was immediately dispelled by the hearty, informal nature of the affair. And at the first party, Agnes spoke some reassuring words which made him feel at home. So, at each succeeding party, he managed to be by her long enough to feel the compelling spell she seemed to have over him. And, strangely enough, she seemed not unwilling to be by him.

Spring again came, and Wilfred began to hear about the annual school picnic and class launch frolic, things he had turned a deaf ear to the year before. Now, he too, attended class meetings and got the "spring fever." It seemed
good to him just to be alive and young. He raced thru his lessons in order to talk to the boys about the trips, or consult Agnes about some feature of the excursion. It seemed incredible the excuses he could summon to his aid in consulting Agnes.

One evening, the Juniors held a long class meeting in the assembly hall, and during the pow-wow which always attended such an event, Wilfred and Agnes worked out a knotty math problem which had been assigned to Agnes for the next day. Now, every one knows that when two people have wrestled together over a math problem of an ex-degree of hardness, they are on a friendlier footing than years of common school acquaintance. So, when the meeting was over, Wilfred lived nearly enough in the direction of Agnes' home to make it seem perfectly natural for him to walk along with her. And then, too, they had the problem to discuss.

All this, of course, was duly noticed by the other Juniors. The following morning the scandalized girls felt it their duty to tell Agnes how shocked and disappointed they were to find she would lower herself to go with an Indian. Oh, yes! They knew he was extraordinary and they liked him, but nevertheless, he was an Indian. The boys, having a more democratic attitude toward Wilfred, said nothing, altho they did feel surprised that Agnes should go with him.

The day of the school picnic approached. Wilfred lay awake nights wondering if he could dare really to ask Agnes to go with him. Surely, he—an Indian—had no right to ask the loveliest white girl in school for her company. No, he was crazy even to entertain the thought. He would merely hurt them both because he knew she would dislike to hurt his feelings by refusing. Besides, he felt that he had no right to take advantage of his walking home with her the other night. No, that was too beautiful a walk to have it marred in her eyes.

He felt like a martyr as he entered the corridor of the hall the next morning following his decision. The first sight that met his eyes was Agnes. She noticed his sad, weary expression and gave him an unusually cheery greeting. At that, all Wilfred's fears fled, and in his new courage, he asked her about the picnic. To his amazement, she smilingly nodded her head and disappeared thru the assembly door. As in a daze, Wilfred watched the pupils march out for the first classes and finally he came near enough to earth to grab his English book and start to math. All thru the period, he kept thinking: "She can't mean it! She can't mean it!"

Further conversation, however, assured him. The few days before the picnic flew on wings, and the days of the picnic dawned bright and clear. It was to be held on the banks of the Quil Ceda—a small stream near the school. It seemed like a dream to Wilfred to be with Agnes a whole day. He forgot his old associations and was one of the merriest in the crowd. Agnes, too, was in the blithest spirits. There seemed no cloud to darken the sunshine of the day.

The final event of the year was the class launch party. Again Wilfred, wonderingly, heard Agnes' promise to go with him on the (Continued on Page 31)
The Man That's Next to You

William Bowman '20.
Now with Aux. Remount Depot, Camp Travis, Texas.

Of course, you think a heap about the folks you left behind
And every fellow's got a girl at home to call to mind;
But, after all, for sympathy, when you are feeling blue,
There ain't no one can give it like the man that's next to you.

We're stepping out in line today, we're struggling with the drill,
This soldier life is great, but, Gosh! they put us thru the mill;
And when you head is turning and the ground is just like glue,
Say! it's great to rub your elbows with the man that's next to you.

There's Reveille at morning, and it makes you jump around
If you would hustle out in time to hear the "Roll Call" sound;
And where the dickens are your clothes, you wish you only knew—
Don't wait, but grab the breeches of the man that's next to you.

And when the bunch is hungry, then they let 'em go to mess,
The way the food is gobbled is a shame, you must confess.
It makes no difference if it's Beans, or Rice, or Hash, or Stew,
You'll gladly swipe the dinner from the man that's next to you.

And when they send your over to the kitchen for the day,
Then the things that you are thinking of are things I cannot say;
And when at last they let you go, all covered up with "goo,"
It's great to vent your feelings on the man that's next to you.

Somehow I think that when the time shall come to take our place
In France, that we shall always want to see our Comrade's face,
And in the hour of danger, when the foeman's aim is true,
Oh! you'd give your life right gladly for the man that's next to you.
Before---During---After
President Edward H. Todd.

Every man and every group of men are asking, "what will be after the war?" Of necessity educators are asking the same question. Will the boys now going to war come back and enter college? This will depend upon several conditions.

The one most apparent, as well as the most indefinite, is that of the length of time they will be away. If they are away from home several years the difference of age will be almost a deciding factor. But there is something more than age to be considered.

When speaking to soldiers it is improper to address them as "boys." Their officers always address them as "men." They are given to understand that they are men from the moment they are enrolled as soldiers. They bear the responsibility of men. Not only will their ages be changed but their attitude.

Another element which will enter into this answer is the fact that these men are going to live in an atmosphere of expectancy. The changes will be rapid and the events of the severest testing quality.

The colleges have something to do to meet these conditions. The reformation of curricula, the attitude towards life in the college body and the atmosphere must all be kept in the very best of-to-date condition. Much depends upon the college students. Do they look upon the life in school as a real part of life or rather a little shut in corner of the world? "Life is real, life is earnest" in college as it is on the outside.

The tasks of the day are much a preparation for the exigencies to come as the training of the camp. The men are not expecting to meet the enemy untrained. Neither should any student have any other attitude. We are men and women here. When college is entered we have begun the intensive training for life's trenches. Any other attitude and atmosphere will not bring the results needed, nor will it prepare an attractive place for the men as they return.

In loyalty to ourselves, in loyalty to our country, in loyalty to God we must take the conditions as they are and meet them. These days cannot be compared with the days passed. No days past existed like these. May every student look at the present in the light of what we may be called upon to do tomorrow. If things are not like what they were they can be permeated with the spirit and life which will make men and women for tomorrow who will know no defeat.
Abraham Lincoln

J. W. Reynolds.

The immortal fame of Abraham Lincoln may be ascribed not altogether to the epoch age in which he lived, or to the circumstances that brought him prominence, but rather to the character of the man himself. Like Lloyd George of England, and some of our ancestors of America, Lincoln was a self-made man. The quality of his character came from within just as much as it was shaped from without. The Kingdom of God was within him. He had it in him to make good in life, no matter what profession he followed. Perhaps this was due to his noble ancestry, which may be traced to five generations in the village of Hingham, England. He came of an ancient stock which gave us Alfred, Cromwell, Milton, and Pitt.

Some of the secrets of Lincoln's greatness lie in the vision, conviction, and self-discipline he possessed. His vision came partly from the great themes found in Shakespeare and the Bible, and partly from his point of contact with all ranks of life. Lincoln was a great student. His chief text was the Bible. He never failed to read a chapter or two on rising every morning. "Abraham Lincoln was a concentrated example of diligence. While cutting wood he had a book with him, and his resting moments were spent in study. One day he was sitting on the ground with a law book on his knees and reading. A man passing by called out: "Hello, Abe, what! Studying law? Do you expect to be president some day?" "Don't know," said Lincoln, "but I am going to get ready for anything God may have for me to do." Lincoln was also a man of conviction, a man of faith. "What in faith he was, that in experience he tended to be." He never lost sight of God. He was convinced of a call to a great and mighty task. This conviction was born of his deep sympathy for the ill-treated slave. It was born, too, of his jealous regard for his country. He must save the Union. The Union could only be maintained on the basic principles of justice and righteousness. One overmastering purpose loomed up in his life as Bethel's guiding star came to the shepherds. He obeyed the voice of the inward monitor. Obedience made him master of counsel and peoples. His courage, born of that conviction, rose with the storm, yet he stooped to serve. It was the spirit of obedience that gave him self-discipline and self-mastery. "Perfect obedience to a perfect law makes perfect liberty." "May I be damned in time and eternity if I ever break faith with friend or foe!" he cried, when asked to repudiate his allegiance to his convictions. Abraham Lincoln gave to our country the compass of destiny. Old Glory follows it now as then to the battle smoke. So may we all, as students, discover the aim and purpose of our life.
C. P. S. at the Front

Dr. Frank A. La Violette, who has been pastor of the Queen Anne Methodist church, Seattle, will soon leave on special service in France. He is the only alumnus who holds three degrees from this school, and is one of the three men who managed and financed the buying of the present site of our College, in 1904. His true spirit is seen from what he told us in Chapel one morning: "I would rather be a private on the firing line in France than to hold any other position. And altho I cannot enlist in active service here, yet if I can possibly be transferred after I get 'over there,' there will be one deserter to my special mission in going. There is no hatred in my heart for any one. There is only a great love there for the country which has done so much for me. Everything I have I owe to the Flag, and the nearer I can get to it, the better I will feel."

Dr. A. G. Nace has received a lieutenant's commission in the aviation section of the signal corps. He formerly attended our school before going East for his medical education.

Ed. B. Gibson, a graduate from this institution in 1913, was on the transport Tuscania. His name was not among those missing.

Corporal Roberts, who attended our school here about 1912, was one of the first of the U. S. force to fall on the Western front.

Ralph Huntington has received his first promotion from private to corporal. Huntington played on our basket-ball team for two years, and is now playing on his company team at Camp Lewis. They are making a good showing.

In a letter received from William Bowman, we find that he has been transferred from Jacksonville, Florida, to Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas. This new camp to which he has been transferred is a large draft camp of about forty thousand infantrymen. The camp has every appearance of war preparation. The men are in good shape, trenches have been dug, they have bayonet practice, target practice, and everything looks like business. Bowman says he thinks he is a Jonah, for wherever he goes they have the coldest weather in their history. He expressed his thanks for the copies of The Trail sent him by the Associated Students.

William Burton, brother of Katie Burton, is a member of the navy. He attended school here about 1915.

Arthur Carlson, of last year's Freshman class, has joined the navy and is now at Bremerton.

E. V. Sheafe, who graduated in 1907 from this institution, is a first lieutenant in the medical corps. He is at Fort Riley, Kansas.

John Berry, an academy student in 1915, is at Camp Lewis with the infantry.

Howard Rogers, son of Assistant Principal Rogers of Lincoln High, is in the machine gun corps. He attended our school about 1912.

A letter was received during the past month from DeLoss Hart. He is a sailor and likes his job exceedingly well. He says he would by far rather be a sailor than be in any other branch of the service. He started his training at Goat Island, California, and was transferred to Great Lakes, Illinois, where he is now stationed. His work is in a surgical ward, and is
very interesting. The navy takes excellent care of the men, and the doctors are of a high class and possessed of great skill. DeLoss also expressed his appreciation for the copies of The Trail sent him.

Leroy Rogers is in the coast artillery. He was here about 1912.

Edward Rounds, who was at school here about 1913, is now teaching machine work at Boston Tech. for the Government. In a few weeks he will receive a commission in the aviation corps and be a flyer.

Fremont Burrows passed the physical examination for a flyer in the aviation corps. He will soon leave for California to attend school for two months. If he passes the examinations after his course, he will receive a second lieutenant's commission.

Other C. P. S. students who are now serving their country are: John Price, a sub-academy student during 1911; Thomas Llewellyn, an academy student of last year; Ted Van Mavern, a football man of 1910; Levi Eustis, a student here during 1908-9; Edward Goldsmith, a son of Dr. Goldsmith of Tacoma, and a student here about 1907-8.

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A Letter From the Front

Camp Lewis, Washington,
February 7, 1918.

Dear "Everystudent":

As I write this letter, seated at my desk in the quartermaster department of the base hospital, I see, or I fancy, I see, all you C. P. S. students—or nearly all—cramming for the "exams" on the morrow. To say the least, I envy you! Not that I am exactly fond of examinations, or that I am a "shark" at "specials"—ask any last year professor, he'll tell you the truth—but I want you to know that I would much rather be in college wrestling with textbooks, than be in the army "dishing" out clothing to soldiers. However, this is one of the times in the life of an individual when he must needs give up doing only those things that please, and do those things that make for a better civilization. And so I'm glad, extremely glad, to be found in the service of my country, doing my bit to keep the world safe for democracy.

When I arrived at Camp Lewis on September 19th of last year, I was immediately assigned, along with the other Tacoma boys, to Company I of the 361st infantry. Captain Eble was our commanding officer and soon won our respect and admiration for his soldierly leadership and tactful ability to handle men. Shortly after my arrival, thanks to the military training, I received last spring at C. P. S.,—I was placed in the non-commissioned officers school for further training. I was enrolled in this class until I transferred to the base hospital on October 15, 1917.

I well remember that first morning spent at the hospital in the sergeant major's office. I had no idea what work would be assigned to me. I knew absolutely nothing about nursing, while my education as far as typewriting was concerned, had been sadly neglected.
I'll admit I was a trifle nervous—wouldn't you have been? After I had waited breathless for some time, the chief ward sergeant suggested that I be assigned as a nurse in ward —. My heart was in my mouth—however, I managed to swallow it before it fell to the floor—and I thought my time had come. Then a long silence followed. It was like the calm before the storm. Finally, the sergeant major picked up a book from his desk, gave me one piercing look with his keen gray eyes and said in his short, gruff way, "You come with me!" I quickly obeyed and followed double quick. He marched me to some tents, which were filled to the overflowing with all kinds of medicinal appliances, thrown in every which way; handed me the book, which proved to be a medical manual; pointed out the detail of five men who were to assist me, and told me to get busy and check up the articles found in the tents.

Now if you think, for a minute, that I didn't sweat for the next two days, you're mistaken. I have yet to see a more conglomerate mess. I didn't realize that a book on medicine could possibly contain such a diversified number of drug sundries. The only thing in the world that saved me was the fact that I had checked drugs at Rhodes in Tacoma. At length I finished my work and reported to the sergeant in charge. He hied himself away to the tents, carefully checked in the aggregate, my totals, and returned to the office, saying to me as he entered, "I've decided to let you look after the clothing for the base hospital personnel." My! I was happy. It was the very job I wanted. This is the story of how I landed my present position—I've tried to make a long story short.

At the present time there are four hundred and thirty-one (431) men in our personnel—nearly two complete companies—250 to a company. These men must be completely outfitted with clothing. Sometimes it is extremely difficult to correctly equip the men, but I like my job just fine. Scarcely a day passes but what some new complication arises to be tackled. Inventories must be taken regularly and turned into the proper officers; war department as well as division department orders regarding clothing must be handled with neatness and dispatch; while each soldier must have his clothing account checked by the clothing sergeant before he is admitted to or discharged from the base hospital.

Well! Tomorrow is issue day. Bright and early in the morning the boys will line up in front of the clothing room for articles of apparel. In order to wait on them quickly and correctly, I must be up and doing every minute. This means that I must hit the hay—I mean straw—and get rested up for the rush.

Greeting to "Every student."

Sergeant Harry G. Earl.
Debate and Oratory

Inter-Society Debates
The Inter-Society Debates are quickly approaching. All the teams are very enthusiastic over the coming debates. The Thetas are loyally supporting their team, and are preparing some good yells. They have two very able debaters in the persons of Olive Martin and May Bixby. The Amphics are also pushing things.

After the Amphic-Theta debate comes the H. C. S. -Philo clash. This promises to be a lively affair, as both sides are represented by able men.

The Trophy.
Mr. James Newbegin of this city is going to present a loving cup to the College of Puget Sound as an Inter-Society Debate trophy. He is very enthusiastic over intersociety debating here; in fact, all the business men of Tacoma are taking a keener interest in C. P. S. now than in the past. The winning society will possess the cup until they are defeated in the future. The members of the winning team will also have their names engraved on the cup.

Inter-Collegiate Debate
The College debating team will be chosen after the society debates. The first debate is with Willamette on March 30, on their floor. The subject will be the New Zealand question. We are in hopes that more debates may be scheduled so that we may have some debates at home. But debating is very slack this year, as many of the schools have not even put out teams.

Spokane, our main opponent last year, has no team at all.

Oratorical Contest
Sometime in May an Oratorical Contest will be held. The speeches will consist of a twenty-minute interpretation of some famous poem or oration. Juniors and Seniors will not be eligible for this contest. Mrs. Todd offers a prize of ten dollars to the winner. She especially wishes to induce those to enter the contest who have not taken much part in this work. The preliminary contest will be held in April and five will be selected to deliver their selections some evening in May and contest for the prize. Be sure to enter this contest and get the experience, even if you don't win the prize.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB
The Dramatic Club is growing—growing. It will soon be strong enough to don its party clothes and come before the public.

The members of the club expect to appear in chapel and at the American Lake camp soon. They also intend to work for the Original Play prize Mrs. Hovious has offered.

February 27 is the date set for their next meeting. At that time they will put on a play and a pantomime, besides holding their business meeting.

There are fourteen of them, and more coming in. They make quite a stock company and some day they may surprise you.

Then stop! Look! and Listen!
The new semester has started with a vengeance. A few changes have taken place in our personnel, but otherwise the College of Puget Sound is the same. No, we should not say that, for the College seems to have gained a new spirit of thought and reflection on weighty matters. We are more prone to stop and consider what the war means to us as a College and as individuals. What can we do about it when we have reached our decision? Only this: keep busy. Do best what you have to do this day—this hour, and then you will be better prepared to meet a test when it comes.

Every one acquainted with Prof. Robbins, who has been the Bursar of the College for the past two years, and athletic coach for part of that time, will be sorry to hear of his departure to foreign soil. Mr. Robbins has been selected by the United States Government to join the American legation in Copenhagen, Denmark. Our feeling of regret at his leave-taking is only exceeded by our feeling of pride in his ability to attain to such a position and our good wishes for his safety and success in his new field of activity.

DO YOU HOG KNIT?

Three months ago, more than 800 girls were knitting for the Red Cross in one of our Western universities. Each one of the girls knitted a sweater for the soldiers, a noble thing to do. But here is where they fell down. They started "hog knitting," as it was called in this particular university. "Hog knitting" is the name given to knitting that is for personal use. The "hog knitters" thought so much of their work that they started the fad of knitting sweaters for their own personal use. The fad lasted two months; everybody got a pink or a purple sweater made and then the fad was forgotten. So was the legitimate knitting. In the meantime, thousands of soldiers shiver in the cold. Let's not "hog knit." Let's get down to business. Knit.

It has been suggested that the Freshmen get busy and shine up the brass on the Color Post. What say?
One day last month the Spirit of Society, tripping gaily thru the halls of C. P. S. as was its wont, beheld with a look of terror a strange new Spirit entering those beloved portals. Fierce was this spirit and not lovely to look upon, and slowly but resolutely did it enter. With a shriek, Spirit Society ran to hide, nobody knows where, for this strange Spirit, my friends, was the Spirit Cram, and Spirit Society could not live in its presence.

For some time it stayed, throwing about it an atmosphere which made the boys and girls look tired, hopeless, desperate. Then one day it disappeared, suddenly as it had come, and Spirit Society, with a shout of joy, came tripping out again, happier than ever.

Society first met a group of Y. W. girls, and on Thursday, February 14, from 4 to 5 o'clock, they gave a little Valentine party for all the girls in school. It was held on the top floor of the Ad. building, and red hearts and bows and arrows were the order of the day. Many of the girls made very clever Valentines to be sent to "Some Lonesome Soldier Lad." Rosy red apples and red candy hearts were served from a table artistically decorated with hearts and flowers. Fanny Guptil, as social chairman of the Y. W. C. A., had charge of the affair, assisted by Sadie Grey.

An affair of great interest to her many C. P. S. friends was the marriage of Miss May Niles to Sergeant Morris Ford on the evening of February 9 at the Niles' home on South 8th and Ainsworth. Sergeant Ford is with the coast artillery at Fort Flagler, and Mrs. Ford will continue her teaching while he is away.

Another former C. P. S. girl whose wedding took place last month was Miss Gladys Maddock, who was married to Lieutenant Van Voris, of Camp Lewis, on January 20. Many of the bride's C. P. S. friends assisted at the wedding, which was a very pretty home affair. Lieutenant and Mrs. Van Voris are at home in their cottage at Steilacoom.
Y. W. C. A. NOTES

During the month of February, the Y. W. had three meetings, Mrs. Gambill and Mrs. Hovious being the first two leaders, and the Freshman class, represented by Olive Martin, having charge of the last meeting. During examination week no meeting was held, as regular chapel exercises took its place.

At our meeting held February 1 the officers for the new year were elected. They are as follows: President, Mable Amende; vice-president, Edith Rummel; secretary, Maude Shunk, and treasurer, Frances King.

Did you go to our Y. W. Valentine's Day party? Talk about fun! Oh, girls! if the heart prophecy holds true, won't some of the boys be surprised? We wonder what the soldier boys thought of our exquisite valentines. Of course, there's only one thing they could think!

---

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

Looking back over the first semester, we find that we have had some of the biggest men in the city to speak to us. Among them were business men, professional men, and others from various positions. If we have had good men in the past, we can have just as good men in the future, but we want the support of every man of the College. It is hard and unjust to ask a big man to give us half an hour of his busy time to come up here, and then have no one to speak to. If you want the men, come out to hear them when they come.

Friday, February 15, there was a change in officers. The vice-president's place was left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Hart, who is going into the service. After a stormy discussion, Mr. Burke was elected to fill that position. Under this new management we are sure that things will hum and that the meetings of the future will be of the greatest benefit possible.

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ALUMNI NOTES

The coming of Paul Rader to our Chapel on February 14 brought vividly to the mind of the writer that the College of Puget Sound can claim as her Alumni a number of men who are making good in the ministry in a special way. Paul Rader, the manly athlete who led the College football squad in 1910, is preaching to more people in Chicago than any other preacher of the city. He is leader of the Moody Tabernacle of that city. He is known in many of the largest cities of our country, where he has carried on special evangelistic services.

Mr. Rader is now touring the Northwestern States, speaking in behalf of the Salvation Army War Work.

Just a few weeks ago we were favored by a visit from another one of our men who is being heard from in missionary circles of our country because of his active work in Malaysia.

Two more of our men—Dr. Frank A. LaViolette and Mr. Dupertius—are enlisted in special war work. Mr. Dupertius is already in France, and Dr. LaViolette will leave in the near future. Both of these men are leaving important pastorates for this war work. When we see what our men are doing, we feel that our College is really filling a place in our country.
Plain, ordinary hard luck seems to have been bombarding our basket-ball team so far this season. During most of the time since the last issue of The Trail all of the regular players of the first team have suffered from measles or the grippe.

The first contest was a practice battle with the Smelter Athletic Club, which the Metal Workers won easily. Only two first team men played. Second team players filled up the vacancies.

A week later the first team journeyed to Puyallup to play the town team there. Our coach was asked to referee the game. The Puyallup coach, who played center against Askey, began to realize as the contest progressed that "Hook-and-Ladder" Askey was too much for him. He got peeved at the end of the first half, and refused to play unless a former Puyallup coach refereed. The second half had an old-time Southern battle royal beaten down to a pink tea. The official was impartial, but he was also blind. C. P. S. won by several points.

St. Leo's proved to be too much for us in an early season practice game. The score was something like 38 to 17. The whole first team was in the fray, but the peculiarities of the St. Leo's floor were too much for the Maroon and White.

The first battle of the City League race was with the Smelter Athletic Club. The Athletics easily won over our crippled team. Not a first team man even saw the game. Smith, Hanawalt, and Curtis were in quarantine with the measles, while Askey and Anderson were in bed with the grippe. The second team men, Schurle, Harader, Young, Clay, Kinch, Buckley, and Burke, did some good work. Our coach, who has seen but one game and one-half of a game from the side lines this year, was called upon to referee the contest.

In the next City League battle, St. Leo's handed us a defeat on the St. Leo's floor. This time there were but two first team men in the lineup on our side. Even at that, we did much better than we did in the practice affair earlier in the season.

The third battle of the City League race was a defeat that was hardly excusable. The contest was with Cushman at Cushman. The Indians won, 27 to 24. Had our team been able to convert only a small percentage of fouls into baskets, we would have won easily. This was the first time since the Washington battle that all of the first team men were able to play.

Altho the College of Puget Sound team has lost most of its games so far, the players have earned the reputation of being game sports. They have not done any crabbing or stalling.

In our second out-of-town game we lost to Bellingham Normal by an overwhelming score. Hanawalt and Curtis failed to show up for the affair. Hanawalt was delayed by a train and did not pull into Bellingham until 1:20 the morning after. Curtis was sick in Seattle. The coach himself had to play. Perhaps the assumed name he played under was too much for

(Continued on Page 20)
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Musical Activities

Chapel Choir

The Chapel Choir is rapidly making a name for itself in the city of Tacoma. It has recently received and accepted invitations to render musical programs at some of the churches of the city, and at Camp Lewis.

On the evening of February 15 a delightful concert was given at St. Paul's Methodist church, South 43rd and L streets. The choir was assisted in rendering selections from the Oratorio, by some of the younger soloists. Aside from the choruses, the College Male Quartet gave several interesting selections, together with piano numbers by our accompanists, Miss McQueen and Mr. Clayton Johnson; a soprano solo by Miss Eunice Orr, and a much appreciated violin number by Prof. D'Alessio.

The choir, under the direction of Dr. Schofield, is doing admirable work in furthering the musical activities of the College.

The concert given in the chapel on Monday evening, February 18, was well attended by the College students and was pronounced the greatest event of a classical musical nature ever held at the College.

Special Entertainments.

On Wednesday, January 30, the College musical organizations treated the students to an all-musical program. The Choir sang two songs, "Unfold Ye Portals" and "Gloria in Excelsis," the latter in Latin. Mr. Bain sang a negro dialect song. The Girls' Glee Club sang two numbers, which were well appreciated—especially the encore. The "Masterstrock," by the orchestra, was not only a novelty, but a splendidly performed number. The program closed with a trio by Miss Orr, Mr. Schlatter, and Mr. Snyder. This was merely a taste of the big Ensemble Concert to be held in April, Students. We know it will surpass the Wednesday program in quality as well as in quantity. So you will all be there, won't you?

Some of our College students "put over" one of the best programs of the year on the evening of January 25, at Pacific City. Every number was called back for at least one encore, and several soloists were called back three times. When the club members started to go home, the audience fairly raised the roof in getting the players to play "one more piece."

Miss Noble came with the players, prepared to give but one reading. The writer stopped counting the encores after she gave her sixth. Miss Muriel Hover brought down the house with her steel guitar solo. Carl Curtis got away well with "The Bubble" on the mandolin.

After playing for an hour and a half and appearing for encore after encore, the players departed for home, altho part of the audience attempted to make the musicians stay two more hours.

Those who made the trip were: Misses Hover, Myers, Noble, and Messrs. Burke, Nye, Curtis, and Goodman.

The concert was given in the high school auditorium. About 250 persons were present.
Orchestra.
We were quite the hit of the Student Program, Wednesday, January 30. We knew you'd like us when you heard us. But, Students, we would be just a hundred per cent. better (can you imagine it?) if some of you would join us. We need violins especially, in our attempt to make it a twelve-piece orchestra—some advertisement for C. P. S. Will you help?

String Instruments.
It will not be long until there is an eighth wonder in the world. And you need not be surprised when we tell you the latest wonder is the String Instrument Club of C. P. S.

We have two engagements already for this semester, and are expecting more. If you wish to get into a lively bunch and have part of the coming glories, give your name to Marian Myers. We are an unselfish crowd and are willing to share the joys of the Club with you.

Girls' Glee Club.
We know you all think our debut was a splendid success!—and wasn't that last encore a scream? Would we had such wise men in Tacoma!

And then we sang "Hope," by Rossini, and "The Stars Were Brightly Shining." We certainly walked off the "stage" with a large share of the laurels. The boys are envious because they have no glee club to compete with us. Please excuse us for seeming to brag, but then it is excusable when you have something to be proud of.

We are going to reorganize and set a different time for practice to suit the schedules of the new girls who will come in. We expect at least thirty in our membership for this semester. Wouldn't you like to join?

Saturday, February 23, we are going to sing at the Italian church in Tacoma, and the following Saturday we are to sing in Puyallup. Who says we are not coming up in the world?

---

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ATHLETIC NOTES
(Continued from Page 16)

him. His opponents scored 14 baskets.

One thing that has marred our game has been the fact that C. P. S. rooters have been scarce as toenails on a shark. The team needs the support of every student in College. Teams improve their playing 25 per cent. if rooters are behind them. Do not blame the team for losing if you were not at the game. The players sacrifice 12 hours or more every week and all of 35 cents in car fare. You ought to be able to sacrifice two hours a week and an occasional 15 cents. The fewer games you attend, the more your student body treasury loses.

The first semester of gym work for the girls has just ended. Because of the lack of a suitable floor, basket-ball and all other sports have been out of the question. Some good work has been done in swimming. Charline Tuell, Marjorie James, and Helen Hart tied for high mark among those who got one hour’s credit in gym.

It is possible that the school board will allow C. P. S. girls to use the Stadium gym and tank this semester. If that is the case, swimming, basket-ball, indoor baseball, volley-ball and other sports will be on the athletic program.

Recent Sayings

Maude Shunk says: "C. P. S. is sadly depleted in the ranks of gentlemanosity; therefore we should not have a banquet."

Cook: "Girls should keep their spirits up; the men should keep theirs down."
H. C. S. NOTES.

Rah! rah! rah! The exams are over and we again have time to replenish the midnight oil spent in cramming.

We have started the new semester with a bang, as all our fellows are back again. Therefore we expect to do great things again this spring.

If you want to enjoy a lively, snappy evening, come and indulge in one of our open programs. They are a sure cure for the blues and will make you grow young again. Come and hear our songbirds, Snyder and Slats, warble so sweetly. See Bud sketch the oddities of civilization on canvas. Or you might like to hear Buckley's wanderings in the ozone, Askey's evolution theories, Kinch's agricultural themes, Andy's race problems, or Hickok's arguments for the Republican party. And to hear Smith give his love lyrics would give you serene peace of mind for days to come. We have other wonders that will speak for themselves if you will pay us a visit.

The fellows are also having a good time in our closed meetings. Some interesting speaker is always provided, and afterwards a general mixing takes place.

The H. C. S.-Philo debate is nearly upon us and good, lively scrap is anticipated. Boost, fellows, and help your team win.

THETA NOTES

"Company, attention!"

Two weeks ago, Camp Theta was honored by a visit from General Humor, who called for a Grand Review of Troops. To her credit be it said that every Theta passed muster smiling.

Last week, Major Music passed

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thru the camp on an inspection tour. Every Theta had her musical guns furished up for the occasion and the Major was well pleased with the conditions he found, reporting the camp to headquarters as entirely satisfactory and showing remarkable prowess.

At a Council of Officers last month, the two sharp-shooters who are detailed to go on special duty February 20 were chosen, namely: Mae Bixby and Olive Martin. These applicants were recommended and selected on the strength of very marked ability shown in the past. They have the honor of occupying the "first line trench" in the first skirmish of the season—that with the Amphictyons. Whether they succeed in "going over the top" or not, remains to be seen—but whatever happens, we know they will acquit themselves with honor and every "rear-line trench" of Camp Theta is backing them up.

Marjorie Mills received honorable dismissal from Camp Theta last week. However, she is to remain in the service of her country and expects to join the ranks of Camp Pullman. Best wishes for success in her new field of action attend her from her fellow-recruits.

Mildred Eaton has just returned from a prolonged leave of absence and the Camp extends her a hearty welcome.

A Council of Officers is called for February 19, the purpose of which Council is the open discussion of "War." This meeting, as announced on the bulletin board, is open not only to every recruit of Camp Theta, but to any interested citizen of C. P. S.

The Call to Mess will sound loud and clear for every Theta at noon on February 21, and army rations on that day will surpass the fittest of "home dishes."

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AMPHICTYON NOTES

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Quite recently we decided to go on a trip. Being patriotic, we decided to "see America first." Since we must all "Hooverize," we thought we would not go outside our own room. Our first program on the "Tour of the United States" more than fulfilled our expectations. It was instructive as well as entertaining, and there was enough of the personal to make us feel that we must have taken the trip in reality.

We wish you could all enjoy these trips with us, and extend a hearty invitation to you to join us any time you may have the time or the inclination.

PHILOMATHEAN NOTES

Every Philomathean is looking forward to a successful semester, as the newly elected officers are a guarantee. The officers are: President, Ted Dunlap; vice-president, Ruth Vigus; treasurer, Russell Clay. The appointed officers are: Pianist, Ruth Hallin; chaplain, W. F. Poole; historian, Lloyd Burke; reporter, Vera Sinclair. The committees follow: Literary, Mildred Polom, Raymond Holmes, and Mabel Amende, artist; fines and penalties, J. H. Geoghegan and Ginera Whitman; auditing, Otto Schurle and Gladys Sadd. Plans are being made by the pro-

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ADAM'S "New Map of Europe."
McCLURE'S "Obstacles to Peace."
EMPEY'S "Over the Top."
BARBUSSE'S "Under Fire."
HANKEY'S "Student in Arms."
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gram committee to have some especially novel and original features.

Another Philo cake has been received. The giver of this cake was Mrs. Genevieve Woodruff, known to old Philos as Genevieve Thomas. Both Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff were present and presided at the occasion.

At the same meeting, Miss Grace Lawson, another prominent Philo, who is now teaching at the Logan school, gave a talk on "The Old Philo Spirit." Old members are gladly welcomed by the new.

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SENIOR NOTES

We have entered upon the last half of the last lap of our race—a race well run and, we hope, well won. Of course, we all passed our finals with a great deal of credit to ourselves and to our class.

And, now that exams are over, we will talk of something more cheerful. We Seniors claim this semester as our own. There will be dozens of other things going on, but our name will appear very often on the school calendar. This is our last term in school and we intend to do our best to make it a notable one.

Plans for Commencement, beginning with Cap and Gown Day, are already begun, and we hope before long to be able to announce something definite.

In the next few months we will weld fast the chain of friendship which was first forged when, as Freshmen, we entered C. P. S. four years ago.

---

Heard in Math. Class.

"Now, I'll explain this proposition; watch the board closely while I run thru it."
JUNIOR NOTES

Now, as you all know, if the Juniors have one virtue it is modesty—we never brag. We don't say things, we do them!

For instance, if it wasn't for the fact that we didn't want to hurt anybody's feelings, we'd show the Choir up by giving "The Mikado." But we want to give them a chance. Sh-h-h! Don't tell them that—spare their feelings.

On the 12th we all "got religion" up in the Biology Room.Tho small in number, we sang so lustily that someone said he was sure he heard St. Cecelia in the distance.

Harry Gardner gave us all something to remember, and by the way he spoke, we predict that he will succeed Paul Rader.

In looking over the lists we find that every C. P. S. graduate who has "made good" was once a Junior. Think of it!

Lloyd Burke gave a concert in his church at Algona recently. It was a howling success.

Returns from examinations predict that all of the Juniors passed. One precinct, that of Sherlock, has not been heard from, and as that is a doubtful precinct, we cannot predict positively.

After the sewing classes get thru supplying biscuits for ammunition to the Allies, we are going to sample their wares. We may have "oeufs et pain a la C. P. S."—in fact, we are sure of the pain. But we won't mind that at all, you know, because

"Juniors one, Juniors all, Jolly is our name; Tho troubles may to us befall, We're jolly, just the same!"
SOPHOMORE NOTES

Of course, during exam time, you haven’t heard much of the Sophs, but that just proves that, even in exams, they’re always “on the job” and there for all that’s coming.

The Sophomore class, as a whole, has loyally supported the raising of the Color Post fund, and it has meant hard work and sacrifice. But this is our bit toward C. P. S., and we’ve done it gladly. However, this new semester will not be over without some good, rousing Sophomore times.

At the patriotic service held February 22, in place of our annual banquet, a representative of the Sophomore class presented an American flag and a school pennant, both given by the Senior class, and a memoriam pennant, given by the Student Body. These pennants will render their services on the Historical Post.

In Frosh Chem.: “You can usually tell where an element was discovered by its name; for instance, Gallium was found in Gaul, Germanium was found in Germany, helium was found in—well, you see how you can tell.”

“What made General Niblock sick?”
“Oh, things in general.”—Exchange.

“Yes, Leander, if you do not want your feet to go to sleep, you should never let your toes turn in.”

A Remark.

“I never did believe in girls taking Geometry; it’s a case of mixing the angels up with angles.”
SACAJAWEA.

Many changes have occurred within our walls since last we gave a written report of our doings to the world.

A naughty man has stolen away the heart of our beloved Mrs. Patterson and as a direct result she departed from our midst on February eleventh. On the following day Mrs. Patterson was lost to us forever for she became Mrs. J. D. Wright. Altho we gave our consent to her departure reluctantly we join in wishing her much joy in her new life.

We were not left orphans, however, for Mr. and Mrs. Pool at once adopted us. We are believing more strongly than ever in the old saying "there is no loss without some gain," for in addition to a competent house mother we now have a male guarding our portals. In fact, we like our new family very much.

We are not all Socialists but we do believe in co-operation and so have incorporated and are going to test out some of the principles of government ownership as they may be applied to our own happy home. We are no longer dormite inhabitants of Helen's Hall but are members of a brand new house club which we have chosen to call The Sacajawea. This as you will doubtless recall is the name of the young Indian maiden who guided Lewis and Clarke on their first exploring trip thru the northwest. We have chosen this name for the inspiration to leadership, faithfulness and courage which it carries with it. It is hard to put aside the old name of Helen's Hall for we know how dear it is to those who have gone before us but progress and change are the orders of
the day and it was thought best to give the new name to the new organization. The affairs of the club are in the hands of the following newly elected officers: President, Katie Burton; vice president, Madalyn Myers; secretary, Lois Noble; treasurer, Gladys Trew; sergeant at arms, Irene Doran; reporter, Ginera Whitman.

On February ninth occurred the last social function given by the girls of Helen's Hall. It was in the nature of a post exam jubilee and a farewell for Mrs. Patterson. A mock wedding and the contents of an ice cream freezer were the chief features of the evening's entertainment.

We are glad to welcome to The Sacajawea Miss Mable Amende and Miss Laura Neville, who have recently come into our midst. The initiation rites are being looked forward to with trepidation by the newcomers but are being anticipated with fiendish glee by the old member of the tribe.

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GROWLS FROM THE DEN

Fremont Burrows has joined the Aviation Corps and will leave shortly for Berkeley, Cal., where he will spend several months training.

Carl Curtis likewise has joined the Aviation Corps. While in Seattle taking the examination he caught the measles, so he says, and was compelled to remain there for two weeks. Poor excuse, Carl. What was her name, and are there any more like her over there?

William Burrows, who has been suffering from an injury received in football last fall, is improving rapidly and expects to be with us again in three or four weeks.

Harold Young and Leander Anderson have enlisted in the Signal Corps and expect to go to Texas very soon.

Harold Smith has returned from a “measly” visit at home.

William Allen Cook has returned from a visit “over home.” Immediately upon returning, he swept the front room, an annual task. We think he must have received an inspiration. If so, we believe that Burke ought to go over with him some time.

We welcome Mr. Laughlin to our midst and assure him that he is going to enjoy the high intellectual atmosphere of his new abode.

Bill Nye was seen to emerge from his room the other night; it’s funny what unexpected things do happen.

L. V. Kenney, a former inmate of the Den, visited us last Friday on his way to the recruiting office.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

Burke singing “I Don’t Want to Get Well.”
Cook going over home.
Young getting up at nine o’clock.
Keintz singing.
F. Burrows going out at night.
Clay finding a jewel.
The Senator reading a newspaper.
Andy late for Math. class.
Nye staying in his room.
Young playing a bugle.
Leander making a date.
Smith fixing a tire.
Curtis “Hooverizing.”

FAVORITE SAYINGS
Burke: “Got to have some money for oil.”
Cook: “Gladys Matters would make the best cook in school.”
Senator: “Two strips of bacon, some nice mashed potatoes and brown gravy.”
Young: “Don’t get funny with me.”
Andy: “Going to basket-ball practice.”
Clay: “Oh, she’s a jewel.”
Keintz: “You want more cookies.”
Leander: “Well, by gosh!”
Curtis: “Here, you boys, you’re evil minded.”
Nye: “Don’t say it; just think it.”
Burrows: “Shorty is some kid.”

Treasurer's Report to February 1, 1918, of the Associated Students.

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The Athletic fund has been overdrawn $5.73, and the Incidental Fund $4.60, making a total of $10.33, which leaves a balance on hand February 1 of $175.04.

PAUL B. HANAWALT, Treasurer.
THE CALL OF THE RACE
(Continued from Page 5)

launch to Camani Island. The weather was perfect for games on the beach, and in the evening, all sat around a huge camp fire and toasted wienies and marshmallows.

This time Wilfred and Agnes sat for the most part silently, looking at the merry group. They could hear the regular splash of the surf against the logs on the beach.

"What I can't understand is how you really can care for me," Wilfred was saying. "It can't seem possible. Of course—I couldn't help loving you—who are so wonderful. But me—I'm only an Indian!"

Then it was Agnes' turn to whisper: "Will, that is why I have always been drawn toward you. No one knows it around here—but I, too, have Indian blood in my veins! Boy, it is the call of the race."

Then, as a beautiful, illuminating smile swept over Wilfred's face, he echoed: "Yes,—it is the call of the race!"

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Phone Main 6768 729 Commerce Street, Tacoma

Start the New Semester with a WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN.
A Complete Line of School Supplies.

COLE-MARTIN CO.

926 PACIFIC AVENUE PHONE MAIN 811

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

FRANK J. LEE, PHOTOGRAPHER

Your Patronage Solicited.

1535 Commerce Street Main 2289
Merely a Suggestion.
Soldier: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder——"
She: "Oh, I don't know; every present?"

The Philosophy class now meets at seven,
Of which you all must have read:
It's nice to get up in the morning,
But it's nicer to lie in your bed.

"Here's an item saying that the king of Sweden raises prize dogs."
"And he uses them to drive his Stockholm, I suppose." — Punch Bowl.

Cook isn't afraid of the draft; he's gone to the front already.
Burke sleeps with his windows shut to keep out of the draft.

A recent Chapel speaker said that when the wind wasn't blowing it was in Chicago. We-uns claim that when the rain isn't falling it's in Tacoma; or, speaking more specifically, it's in our football field or Epworth gym.

Aviator's Poison: One drop and you're dead.

"Smith, why were you late to Math. this morning?"
Smith: "Well, you see, my clock is bigger than yours, and so it takes the hands longer to go around."

"I've noticed something funny about you lately, Florence."
"Goodness! What is it?"
"I don't know; but it combs its hair pompadour, and wears glasses."

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.

STANLEY BELL PRINTING COMPANY
1138 COMMERCE ST., TACOMA, WASH.
Avaunt Philology, Physics, Philosophy!
Hail to the New and Beautiful

Wash Fabrics For Spring

—The wonderful cotton weaves of a new season.
—What a relief from the dry tedium of classroom and languages quick and
dead—how refreshing—what charming visions of dainty spring frocks—
what inspiration in the planning of spring apparel for flapper, sub-deb,
and budding senior.
—Never before has Tacoma seen such a display of lovely weaves and
fashions. Now is the time to see it at its best and to select for future
needs.

INCLUDED ARE—

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PRICES, YARD, 25c to $95c.

—First Floor Balcony.

Today--February 15th

Our first big shipment of Spring Clothing came in from "Kirschbaum," and it sure looks good. Grays in all shades and brown and green mixtures will be very popular this spring. We're glad to show you any time.

Dickson Bros. Co.
1120-1122 PACIFIC AVENUE.
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