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VIVIAN LARSON stood before the dean of Deerbourne College, an awkward, prespiring lump of a boy, waiting to complete the final act in the agony of registration. He had spent the entire day going the rounds between tired and irate officials, bearing such confusing awe-inspiring titles as Bursar, Advisor, Registrar, and the like, some of whom had extracted all his stock of courage, and others all his surplus cash.

Vivian had been raised and educated up to date in a one-horse town, and the red tape connected with starting in at the big college had for him all the intricacies of a Cretian Labyrinth. Now he stood before the aforesaid dignitary, uneasily shifting his weight from one foot to the other, and trying to make that augmented portion of his anatomy appear from a more favorable angle.

The dean was a man of wide experience and broad sympathy. He looked kindly at the painfully embarrassed young man, and proceeded to give him a fatherly talk. Among other things, he advised the lad to accept every social invitation which he might receive. "You'll like our crowd," he suggested pleasantly. "They're a friendly lot after you break the ice and get acquainted. But remember, you have to meet them half way."

Vivian thought a good deal about that advice during the succeeding days, as he steered his painful course thru the crowded halls of gay young students. He felt about as much at home in this new environment as the traditional bear in the china closet and when anybody in his vicinity chanced to laugh, he felt convicted in his soul that they were laughing at him.
"I don't see nothing so all fired friendly about them," he complained bitterly to himself.

The students evidently weren't in a hurry to go their half of the way first and Vivian was powerless to take the initiative. At the end of the first week, however, he received a pressing invitation to attend a "get acquainted" party, given by the Y. W. C. A. for that purpose. The first part of the social was to be in the nature of a masquerade, and prizes were to be given for the best costumes and acting.

Vivian wasn't quite clear in his own mind as to what sort of an institution the Y. W. C. A. might be but he shot of the dean's advice, and decided to take the social plunge. Besides, he was well pleased that the affair was to be a masquerade, for he shared certain ideas in common with the ostrich regarding sundry advantages to be derived from having one's head covered. So he set to work at once to plan a costume. "Guess I'll show these city guys what a genuine hay-seed looks like," he decided. "I know which things belongs where in that kind of a rig, anyway."

The night of the social found all manner of characters assembled together. Clowns with their bells and patches; dainty brides and gallant bridegrooms, Brownie Sprites and fairy queens, all having a holiday together. But no one in all that mottled crowd cut such a figure as old farmer Corntassel, who lumbered cheerfully thru the company, with his hands in the pockets of his patched jeans, stepping on the bride's train, tripping up the bridesmaids with his hoe, and committing all manner of ridiculous social blunders.

"I never saw such perfect acting," whispered the bride to her partner. "Just look at the way she handles her feet! We've got to get hold of her for the dramatic club right away."

"Looks to me like she'd be good material for our basket ball team," suggested the other. "She sure has the size and muscular build."

In the meantime Vivian was having the time of his young life. Dressed in the familiar garb of the farm, and conversing by means of pantomime, he felt quite in his element. The affair was wonderfully informal, too, and all sorts of romping games were played. Blind man's buff, three deep, going to Jerusalem—and Vivian even survived the shock of sitting down in the bride's lap in the latter game, when, contrary to the law of physics, they attempted to make two bodies occupy the same space, in the shape of the sole remaining chair.

But the lad's greatest triumph came during the game of "stump the leader," when he stood on his head for five consecutive minutes, to the huge edification of his audience. The bridegroom attempted to duplicate the stunt, but wasn't up on the fine points of inverted equilibrium, and tumbled over in disgrace. Vivian formed his own opinion concerning college athletes. "They're nothing but a bunch of undersizlings," he decided. "There's not a full-sized man in the lot. I'll bet I could lick the whole shebang, with one hand tied behind me."

Meanwhile, over in the corner, the chaperons were beginning to feel uneasy. "We'd better de-
liver the prizes, and have them un-
mask," suggested one of them, "or
that farmer Corntassel will be
starting a riot. I never saw such
an active girl. She's worse than
a circus of monkeys let loose.

"It's been a real success tho,"
her companion answered, as they
went to look for the judges. "It
can't take the girls long to get ac-
quainted, after rubbing elbows as
informally as that. It does them
good to let loose and act natural
occasionally. It's a good cure for
prudishness."

The judges were unanimous in
declaring Farmer Corntassel's cos-
tume and acting were the most
ture to type and that worthy gent-
leman was formally rewarded with
an immense all-day sucker. Then
came the exciting moment of un-
masking.

We have all, perhaps, attempted
to vaguely imagine the feelings of
a weak-kneed missionary, who sud-
denly finds himself the center of
attraction at a cannibal court, or
the pangs of an uninspired Daniel,
making his debut in the lion's den.
But such extravagances grow pale
by contrast, compared to the ter-
or of an overgrown country boy,
who suddenly and unaccountably
found himself the sole male in a
roomful of Amazons. There was
a speechless, agonizing moment,
during which his tongue clove to
the roof of his mouth, and cold
shivers ran relay races up and down
his spine. Then an indignant
chorus of female voices broke forth,
and a flurry of protesting chaper-
ons, all demanding to know how,
why and wherefore a mere man
had dared to intrude his unbidden
presence upon an exclusive, self-
respecting young ladies' social func-
tion! Poor Vivian had completely
lost the use of his tongue at the
first onslaught, and was vainly
longing for the rocks of the moun-
tain to fall upon him, and hide him
from the faces of the accusing
dames. What the outcome might
have been is hard to surmise, had
not the Y. W. secretary suddenly
received a divine inspiration. She
had been looking keenly at the
boy, and there was no mistaking
the genuineness of his discomfort.
"You girls had better give
the poor fellow a hearing before
you execute him," she advised.
"He doesn't look to me like a
professional lady-killer. What made
you want to come to our party,
and why?" This last challenge was
addressed to Vivian, and it un-
loosed his tongue.

"I came 'cause I got an invite
to come," he retorted sullenly,
"and I got the goods here to prove
it, too. It don't say nothing about
bein' a girl's party neither." And
he brot forth from the depths of
his jeans a neatly written invita-
tion to "Vivian Larson, Deer-
bourn College."

The credentials were not to be
denied, and the girls' indignation
turned into convulsive laughter, as
the real situation dawned upon
them. Even Vivian lapsed into a
sickly grin, as he thot of the eve-
nings program.

"I wrote that invitation myself,"
cried the little secretary, when
she could be heard above the din.
"But it never entered my head
that such a pretty name could be
wasted on a boy. I move he be
given a dose of ice cream, and
granted an honorable dismissal for
the rest of the evening." The mo-
tion was unanimously carried, and
tho Vivian weakly protested that

Continued on Page 29.)
The Story of the Outposts

Helen Bradley.

Now, tho this story may sound like a freshman's wild imaginings, it is really a true story, told me by one of the participants. The victim was newly drafted into the army; the culprits were the officers of the depot brigade company, into which he had been unfortunate enough to be placed.

It was a most disagreeable night. A cold wind was blowing a colder rain across the open prairie. In fact, it was just the kind of night on which you are sure to be put on guard duty. It was dry and warm, up here in the barracks, however, and poor, shivering Mac ventured bravely up to the stove near where a group of "non-coms" were talking.

"Gosh, this is some weather."

That was Davis, Mac's corporal.

"Yeh, ain't it great. Gee, I feel for them poor guys that are on that fatigue tonight." The speaker's face was hidden, but his voice attracted Mac's attention.

"What's up now?" asked Davis.

"Why, didn't you hear? Mac, here, and a bunch of others got orders to go out to dig holes for the outposts, so we can string those skirmish lines tomorrow."

Now this was news to Mac, and so startled was he that he failed to notice the sly grin that passed around the little circle. He at once demanded an explanation, but the only satisfaction he could get was the rather discouraging information that the top sergeant might be able to help him. So off went Mac to find the top sergeant.

"Don't see that I can help you, Mac. Orders is orders, you know. But I'll tell you, you go see Matthews, he may be able to do something."

Matthews was the second lieutenant and Mac was badly stricken with stage fright when he reached the office. However, he commanded himself admirably, and stated his errand with only a little stuttering.

"Hmm," said Lieut. Matthews, when he had heard the story of the outposts. Matthews had the "rep" of being a "good sport."

"Well, I don't know. Phillips, what do you think?" and he turned gravely to the senior lieutenant who had just come in.

"Well, as far as I can see, the captain is the only one who can do anything this late in the day," said Phillips. "He's over in his office, now. You might try him."

With a long sigh of weariness, poor Mac turned to go. His feet dragged, but he was out of ear-shot before the two young officers gave vent to their long-contained laughter.

"Wonder who started this one?" grinned Matthews as he watched Mac trudging doggedly across the path to the captain's office to learn his fate at the court of last resort.

The captain glanced up rather wonderingly when the new man entered the little room, but his wonder deepened to astonishment when he heard the big private's story. After the first faint gasp, however, he listened gravely and after a moment's thought, returned the verdict.

"I'll tell you," said he, "those (Continued on Page 21.)"
Easter in the Trenches

Marvin M. Walter,
(C. P. S. Alumnus of 1914.)

The chief events of Easter, as far as we are concerned with its history, are the facts of the dense clouds which settled over the earth on "Good Friday" and hang heavily on men until they are lifted on Easter Sunday morning. Easter has both the thots of life and death in it for us. The brightness of the resurrection is but the broken darkness of the crucifixion. Easter is but the sunrise on the dark and angry night of Calvary.

We can't help seeing the mighty contrast of life and death; and as we look but a stone's cast into the future (and I surmise that we are not allowed to see farther than a stone's cast into this night or this social eclipse of ours) we see the two ugly colors mixing again. The red mixing with the green. As the soldier boy lies bleeding to death on the battle fields of France this Easter, as he sees his drops of red life blood mingling with the green spears of living, laughing grass which have lately crept up from their winters bed—what a contrast! These are not twin colors. They do not each seek the other's bosom of companionship; do they? They do not flow naturally together like green and gold; yet these two—the green and the red must mingle as best they can. Easter has always been a time of the green and the red.

Will these green and red spots on the fields of France relate themselves in any way to that green and red spot on Calvary's hill? Some say: No! no! Yet, I believe they will go into the same story. It is the old, old story of one life for another. It is the story of somebody dying that somebody else may live. Will it not be a pity if a soldier sees his red life blood spattering down on the green blades of grass, and he not realize that he is "filling up the sufferings of Christ?" May we not suppose that this soldier may hear Jesus saying to him: "My child, your sacrifice is made up of the same kind of stuff as mine."

The green and the red do make quite agreeable colors after all. This is the one combination in which all the color scheme of society is harmonized. Do you know of any other cure for man's troubles? It is ever the red of death and the green of life at a game of "hide and seek." Death always comes leading life in one hand. "He saved others, himself he could not save!"—A scorn upon the head of Jesus. It will be said of our dead boys this Easter on the fields in France after the great spring "drive."

But when the grass begins to grow on those torn acres of France this springtime, I think I can see the drops of blood soaking its roots. I see more. I see a green sword growing upon the strength of the nutriment of that precious blood that will green the red into arms of velvet. Always the story of the red and the green—but see the green has hid the gory red from our view. Surely this is a (Continued on Page 24.)
The Fellowship Hour

Commencing during the month of December, the College of Puget Sound has acquired a new institution or custom, or rather, the rejuvination and reorganization of an old custom.

The old-time college prayer meeting held on Wednesday evening has given way to a new order, the Fellowship Hour, meeting on Tuesday evening just previous to the meetings of the various societies.

The Fellowship Hour is controlled by the department of religion of the college, headed by Dr. Morton, who seems endowed with the power of a happy, everyday religion, which appeals mightily to the busy college student. Whereas, formerly the attendance at prayer meeting was spasmodic and scant, the attendance at the Fellowship Hour is regular and large. Perhaps one reason for this is the fact that interesting announcements are made in chapel on the day of these meetings, urging attendance because of the special topic to be discussed.

The subjects for discussion are indeed original and interesting, but aside from these characteristics they also possess the one of having a mighty fine relation to the life of the student, for has he not learned during the past meetings his relation to God, to his fellow student and to the professors? And we venture to say a student has not more vital relationships in his college life.

Some of the subjects which have been discussed are "The Value of Courtesy," "The Efficiency Test," "Loyalty."

How Ireland Came to be Peopled

J. H. Geoghegan.

The gods who live in Mount Olympus were all out of sorts. There were several reasons for this. In the first place Venus, whom they all admired and loved to admire for her beauty, had become so stuck up about it all that there was hardly any living with her. Bacchus, who was usually the life of the crowd because of his wit and good humor, had carried the thing so far that the immortals had become disgusted with him on account of his excesses. Now in any company, be it of mortals or immortals, where there is neither unspoiled beauty nor clean good humored wit, discontent is bound to reign; so Jupiter sent messengers around the earth to call in all the mortals. These he would inspect. The woman he found who should be as beautiful as Venus and yet unspoiled, and the man who should be as good humored and witty as Bacchus without his excesses he would place together in the most beautiful spot in his whole domain and it should be their land forever.

Such a pair was finally found and fulfilling his promise he gave them the land of Erin and their descendents are known today as the Irish.

This is how it all comes about that the gods love the Irish.
When the War Is Over

(Tune: The Wearing of the Green.)

Vincent Hart ’21.

When the war is over, just take a tip from me,
There’ll be no German submarine a divin’ in the sea,
For the Vaterland is Kaiser Bill, the guy we’re going to lick,
We’ll have a brand new Kaiser, and the same will be a Mick,
We’ll change the song, “Der Wacht am Rhine” into an Irish reel,
An’ make the Dutchman dance it if it’s so inclined we feel,
For the police in Berlin will be Micks from County Clare,
When we put an Irish Kaiser in the palace over there.

Sure in every German parkway you will find a sweet colleen,
And the fields of wavin’ sauerkraut we’ll plant with Shamrock green;
No liverwurst or sausages when the Dutchman drinks his suds;
He’ll get boiled beef and cabbage and good old Irish spuds.
The heathen guns and gas bombs, we’ll throw them all away,
And make them use shillalahs and bricks of Irish clay.
They’ll wear no iron crosses, sure it’s shamrocks they will wear,
When we put an Irish Kaiser in the palace over there.

Domestic Science Luncheons

A series of luncheons have been planned and served by the serving class of the college under the direction of Miss Miller. The class has been divided into Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday groups, each group serving on their day.

The Tuesday girls, Miss Hertilla Barlow, Miss Lena Rader, Miss Marjorie James and Miss Charline Tuell, have served two luncheons. One of these was to the board of trustees and faculty, and the other to the mothers of the girls.

The Wednesday class has served a luncheon to the Theta girls and one to the Philos. The members of the Wednesday group are Miss Mabel Amende, Miss Ginera Whitman, Miss Ruth Hallin, Miss Bessie Pleasants and Miss Hazel Howe.

The Friday girls, Miss Gladys Sadd, Miss Vera Sinclair, Miss Louise Siler, Miss Jessie Clay and Miss Mary Cochran, have served two luncheons. The Junior class and the Y. W. C. A. cabinets were their guests.

The Wednesday girls have served only informal class luncheons so far, but are planning on serving the Normal girls soon. These girls are Miss Eva Mae Leonard, Miss Olive Hickok, Miss Lillian Thedens and Miss Dorothy Hotelling.

The aim of this course is to give the girls practice in large quantity cooking, and to plan and manage the details, and give practical problems in the expenditure of household accounts. The theoretical side of household management is being taught in the class work, each member writing weekly papers on the household as a social unit.
C. P. S. at the Front

Vincent Hart expects to leave in about two weeks for Washington, D. C., where he will join the 29th topographical engineers. The corps is being made up of old United States survey men, and Vince having worked with one of these men has the opportunity to go with them.

Alfred Tish, a former student and old football star of C. P. S., is now in France with the cavalry.

Roe Shaub is a second lieutenant in the infantry at Camp Lewis. He was a student here several years ago and later graduated from the University of California.

Harry Janney is a sailor at Bremerton. He is an old C. P. S. student.

Paul Todd has received his discharge from the navy, and is now waiting for further orders from Washington, D. C. He was to have gone with Mr. Robbins to Copenhagen, but could not get released from the navy in time.

De Loss Hart has received his first advancement. He is now pharmacist mate of third class in the hospital at Great Lakes, Ill.

George Helgerson, an academy student of 1916, whom we lost track of for a while, is now with the infantry in New Mexico.

Fremont Burrows was notified that his eyes would not allow him to become an aviator as he had hoped, and as was published in the last issue of The Trail.

Floyd Bohnankamp, who was formerly a roommate with Lloyd Burke at the Dorm, was on the Tuscania when it was destroyed. His name was not with the lost, so we suppose he is safe either in England or France at this time.

Glenn Miller, academy graduate of 1912, belongs to the 361st infantry, Company A, at Camp Lewis.

The following former students are also in the service: William Blauvelt with the infantry at Camp Lewis; Dr. Utterback with the hospital corps at Camp Lewis; Otto Schultz at Vancouver, and John Grieve at Fort Flagler.

Our Service Flag

In a patriotic program with several novel features, our Service Flag of 70 stars was dedicated in the chapel on February 22. The service flag was presented by the girls of the Patriotic League in a speech by Miss Muriel Hover, the roll of honor being read as the flag was raised. Corporal Wesley Todd, now stationed at Camp Lewis, gave the response. Harry Gardner paid tribute to the two C. P. S. boys who fell recently in action, Corporal Walter Roberts and Sergeant Chester Warman. A handsome silk American flag was presented by the Student Body of the College by Percy Harader, president of the Associated Students. Prof. Davis presented a wonderful collection of
the flags of the Allied nations, the gift of the faculty, giving the history of each flag. Among the nations now represented by flags in our chapel are England, France, Italy, Belgium, Costa Rica, Brazil, Servia, Australia, China, Russia, Siam and Portugal. Then Major S. S. Sulliger gave an enthusiastic patriotic talk.

The color post erected last June by the class of 1920 was formally presented to the college by the class president, Miss Gladys Moe. A small C. P. S. pennant, and a small American flag were also given by the Senior class to fly from the flag staff of the color post.

A feature of the musical program given under the direction of Dr. Schofield was the singing of a war song, "Volunteer," written by Dr. Schofield for the college quartet. The quartet also sang "'Raus Mit der Kaiser" and "What George Did."


Dr. Todd was chairman of the program. The program was followed by a reception in the Administration building.

The evening was planned as a substitute for the annual banquet and all agree that the substitution was a worthy one and will be long remembered by college folk.

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The Oxford Club

On the morning of February 22nd the men of the college who are planning to enter the Christian ministry, met in Prof. Morton's room for the purpose of affecting organization. The constitution was drawn up and ratified and at a meeting held one week later officers for the year were elected. The new organization will be known as The Oxford club.

The following officers were elected to serve out the rest of this college year: President, H. Gardner; vice president, L. Burke; secretary, J. H. Geoghegan; treasurer, W. Poole.

The following program has been scheduled:

March 20th — Devotions, W. Poole.

April 3rd — Examination institute.

April 17th — Devotions, Russel Clay.

May 1st — Devotions, J. McGlaughlin.
Subject, "Delivery of a Sermon," M. Dodsworth.

May 15th — Devotions, Dr. T. J. Gambil.
Subject, "The Children's Part in the Service," L. Burke.

Election of officers.
June 5 — Devotions, Prof. Morton.
Subject, "Holding the Congregation in the Summer Months," A. Stearns.
Debate and Oratory

Inter-society debates have progressed rapidly, creating a great deal of keen interest. We are to be congratulated over the enthusiasm shown at C. P. S. over debating. If any other activity has created more excitement, we would like to hear of it.

AMPHIC-THETA DEBATE.

On February 20 the first intersociety debate of the season was held before the student assembly. The Amphics were represented by Miss Dorwin and Miss Bradley and the Thetas by Miss Bixby and Miss Olive Martin. The debate proved to be a lively affair, each side doing itself justice. We were overwhelmed by the brilliant oratory of the Thetas and the "law and order" logic of the Amphics, which swayed two of the judges their way. The judges were Prof. Davis, Prof. Morton and Prof. Reynolds. The Amphics won the decision, supporting the affirmative side of the compulsory arbitration question.

PHILO-H. C. S. DEBATE.

The Philos, supporting the affirmative, were ably represented by Mr. Geoghegan and Mr. Clay. The two H. C. S. men were Dodsworth and Cramer. The debate developed into a very heated battle in which Clay backed up his famous name admirably. The judges, who were Judge Card, Judge Magil and Mr. King, gave two decisions to the affirmative.

AMPHIC-PHILO CLASH.

As a result of the first two debates the Philos and Amphics met in wordy battle on the evening of March 13 in the chapel. The teams were again represented by Geoghegan and Clay for the Philos and Miss Bradley and Miss Dorwin for the Amphics. Tho the Philos had a strong team, they were overwhelmed by the unusual debating ability displayed by the Amphic girls. The old saying that woman will have the last word held true and with each team putting up a splendid fight, the judges decided unanimously in favor of the ladies. The judges were Attorney Leo, Mrs. Kennedy and Attorney Burmeister.

So for the third time the team supporting the affirmative side of the question won out. Law and order seems to have preference with the judges.

CHAMPIONSHIP DEBATE.

The final inner-society debate to decide the championship of the school will be held in chapel on the evening of April the 9th. The two teams participating will be the Amphics and the Macedonians. The winners will have their names engraved upon the Newbegin trophy. Isn't the trophy a dream? Mr. Neubegin will be up here himself to present it at the final debate. We intend to make it a big affair and want everybody out. Remember the date, April 9.

COLLEGE TEAM.

Six people tried out before the faculty March 12 and Miss Shackelford and Mr. Geoghegan were selected to represent the College of Puget Sound against Willamette (Continued on Page 27.)
Cheer up, Freshmen, spring is almost here!

KNOW THY COLLEGE.

The old saying, "Know thyself," can well be changed in these days to read "Know thy college." When it comes right down to "brass tacks" do you, Student or Faculty member, know your college? Do you know when it was founded and by whom? Could you give a reasonably long list of prominent alumni? Do you know the resources of the college?

Coming down to present matters. Mistakes have been made very recently because some folks did not know present, everyday rules. Do you know what the social calendar is and what it is for? Do you ever visit central board to find out how it is conducted? Do you know how each member of the central board is elected and the qualifications for each individual? Have you ever read the constitution of the student body? Do you know who are the officers of the various organizations in your college? Do you know that we have a debating team? Who are the members of it? Do you know we have a splendid basketball team? Who are the players and what position does each play?

In conclusion, do you know what you ought to know about your college? No.? Then get busy and—keep up to date in your knowledge. Then you will understand and appreciate the College of Puget Sound as you never have before.

Only two more Trails after this one! Have you done your "bit" or your "best" toward making the previous issues what they should have been? If not, contribute to the remaining few and experience the good feeling of "bein' useful."

The College of Puget Sound is glad to welcome Dr. R. H. Shuett to Tacoma. The college has always felt a particular interest in First church because it is the home church of many of her students. For the same reason First church pastors have been good friends to us, and we know, from his recent chapel talk, that Dr. Shuett will live up to this appellation of "friend."
Spring must be here for we heard a robin singing in the tree over by the chapel. But our music department outdoes the robin for it has been making music for us all winter. And now that the warm weather, flowers, birds, and spring fever seem eminent, what could befit the season better than more music? Therefore prepare, all ye musicians. Prepare your ears, all ye others.

For the climax just preceding the grand finale has arrived in the form of the Ensemble Concert. The echoes are whispering soft answers to the jubilant choruses that burst forth in the ensemble. We will hear from each one of the nine musical organizations of our college. (Did you realize we had nine organizations, or that they have a total membership of eighty-eight?) And instruments and voices will all blend in one grand harmony.

Besides these sweet echoes and jubilant choruses there are softer but more heart-stirring notes coming from somewhere. Ah! it is from the souls of those who are composing their college songs for the annual glee. Disturb them not, ye irreverent ones, for when these songs have blossomed sufficiently to appear in public they will reveal musical talent where you never suspected it. So all ye poeters and musicers, assemble. You have nothing to lose but your bets. And you have a pennant to win.

Chapel Choir.

Our choir is undoubtedly following the dictates of old Mother Nature. We hear no sounds of solemn liturgy, but blithe breezy songs of spring and hope are floating from our chapel walls.

Has any little bird told a secret? Perhaps not yet. But the choir has been singing "The Bridal Chorus" from the "Rose Maiden." Evidently Dan Cupid's warning on the Dean's bulletin board did not prove sufficient.

On Friday evening, March 22, the choir will sing two excellent numbers in the Ensemble Concert. They are "Inflammatus," from "Stabat Mater," and the "Anvil Chorus," from "'Il Trovatore." The beautiful soprano solo in "Inflammatus" will be sung by Mrs. Norden.

String Instruments.

We're a jolly, jolly crowd, we are, but we'll admit we haven't performed for quite a while. At the society annual, however, in conjunction with some other ukuleles, we rendered some tender selections such as "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad," and college favorites.

At the Ensemble Concert we shall blaze out in pomp and splendor and give you some very original productions.

Mr. Sachs has joined us. So we have a mandolin quartet. You will hear from us soon.
Normal Music Class

If some fine morning you take a stroll
About our campus fair
And hear a strain of sweetest song
Filling the balmy air;
You may look in vain for a angel throng
In the clouds above as you pass
But come down to earth, fair Stude, if you please,
'Tis the Normal Music Class.

If some fine morning you take a stroll
About our campus fair,
And a lusty shout of "Dough fa sale"
Startles the trembling air,
Why, don't be excited and don't be misled
'Tis not a bakery ad,
But the syllables for the newest song
That the Normal Class has had.

Oh, we're learning lots, you know?
Soon wondrous wise we'll be.
You ought to hear us in chorus say,
Our "Ta-faza tay-faysay toe-foe tea."
Oh, yes, Prof. Schofield is proud of us,
For we sing like the birds in May.
And he predicts that each one will be
A howling success some day.

—A Normal Musicer, Ruth Hallin.

Orchestra.

We played for you again in chapel Tuesday, March 19. The selection, entitled, "College Yell," met with such great applause that we also played the "Breakers." Not that we are surprised that you applauded. We know that you appreciate our music, and that pleases us very much, for we work hard to make it please.

Our part in the ensemble concert will be two numbers, very pretty ones, we think. We hope you will think so, too. They are a "Pizzicato Gavotte" and "Under the Banner of Liberty."

We wish to express our delight in our new member, Mr. Sachs. He is an enthusiastic and faithful worker, and his welcome was hearty. Our only objection is that he can't play the drum and the violin at the same time.

We have sad news. The ensemble concert will be our farewell performance. It takes not only work but money to keep us going. So we are making our last will and testament. And to you, dear students, we leave the affection of "We Nine."

(Continued on Page 36.)
Athletics

Our basketball team has had five victories and not one defeat since the last issue of The Trail. They have played some of the strongest teams in the state and we are proud of the showing made.

Smelter Game.

This was the first game in which all the first team men were able to play since the beginning of the season. The Smelter boys entered the game with perfect confidence of victory. The game started off with a rush, and for several minutes no score was made until Capt. Askey shot the first basket. This was followed by two more before the Smelter got one. However, the Smelter took a spurt and at one time in the first half led our team, 14 to 13. But they soon lost their lead and the score at the end of the first half was 21-14, in favor of C. P. S.

In the second half the fast teamwork of our boys lost the Smelter completely. The final score was 45-23. The lineups:

C. P. S. | Position | Smelter
---|---|---
9 Anderson | F. | 9 Kennett (C.)
10 Smith | F. | Miller
8 Askey (C.) | Gordon (C.) | 10 Hughes
2 Curtis | E. Ketchell | 2 Fry
0 Hanawalt | Miller | 0 Davis

Referee, William Duggan.

Bellingham Game.

Revenge is sweet. This is the first time for four years that C. P. S. has been able to defeat Bellingham. The game was fast and hard fought all the way thru. The C. P. S. guards did good work, and the Bellingham boys did not have a single free short shot at the basket. They were forced to take the long shots which seldom pay. Curtis deserves great praise for holding his man, Kennett, the fast Bellingham forward. The first half ended in our favor, 12-7.

Those present at the game will not forget that exciting second half. Bellingham crept to within one point of us, and a basket for either side meant victory. How we wanted that whistle to blow while we were still ahead. But in the last minute Askey made a basket and cinched the game for C. P. S.

The score: C. P. S., 22; Normal, 17.

The lineups:

C. P. S. | Position | Normal
---|---|---
9 Anderson | F. | 9 Kennett (C.)
0 Smith | Miller |
11 Askey (C.) | Hughes | 0
2 Curtis | Fry | 0
0 Hanawalt | Davis | 0


Referee: William Duggan.

364th Ambulance Game.

After winning the Bellingham game the team felt pretty good. They displayed their high spirits by swamping the Camp Lewis boys.
TWENTY SMART MODELS
FOR YOUNG MEN IN

The New Spring Suits

A broader selection in styles for young men and men of youthful ideas in dress than ever before. Models that are correct in every detail of line and finish, designed by men who best know the tastes of young men, and selected by us for their superior style and quality.

Every good model that is favored for this season is here, in a wide assortment of fabrics, weaves, and patterns.

For the approval of young men of particular tastes we have

Ten Different Models in Single-Breasted Suits

Three Different Models in Double-Breasted Suits

Four Different Models in Blue Serge Suits

Three Conservative Models With Very Smartly Defined Lines

Many of these models feature the narrow shoulders and form-fitted lines, with bell bottom skirt in the coats that lead in favor. And the selection of patterns and colorings is so broad as to give full exercise of every individual taste. Whether you prefer Worsted, Cassimeres, Homespuns, Tweeds, or Serges, we have them in every good color and pattern.

You are invited to make an early inspection of these new spring styles.

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"In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment"
The game started out very close, each team getting every other basket for four baskets. But this lasted only a few minutes for our team developed a fast teamwork which worked effectively. The passing was fine and signals worked with good result. The final score was 55 to 15, the soldier boys only made one point the second half.

The score: C. P. S., 55; 364th A. C., 15.

The lineups:
C. P. S. Pos. 364th A. C.
21 Anderson .......... Smith 11 F.
10 Smith .......... Downs 0 F.
20 Askey .......... Welton 2 C.
0 Curtis .......... Waldron 2 G.
4 Hanawalt ....... Norton 0 G.

Referee: Leo Gallagher.

---

Cushman Game.

The Cushman Indians were the next in line to take the medicine from our team. The teamwork was not so good as in some of the other games, but we easily came out the victors. Cushman started the game by making the first basket, but soon lost out. "Hook and Ladder" Askey was the high point man, but in the latter part of the game was disqualified for four personal fouls, Schurle took Askey's place.

The score: C. P. S., 35; Cushman, 19.

The lineups:
C. P. S. Position. Cushman. Anderson ............... Paul F.

Smith ............... Samuel (C.) F.
Askey (C.) ............ O. Wright C.
Hanawalt ............. Johnson G.
Curtis ............... Barriclo G.

Referee: Percy F. Colbert.

---

Y. M. C. A. Game.

This game comes next to the Bellingham game for being hard fought. The Y. M. C. A. has a good team, and have beaten St. Leo's quintet, which is at the head of the league. The game was quite well along before either side made a basket. C. P. S. got the first three points, all of them on fouls. The score at the end of the first half was 11 to 6 in favor of C. P. S.

The second half was a plain repetition of the first half, that of checking very closely. The college guards did good work, allowing only three baskets for the Y. M. C. A. the entire game.

The score: C. P. S., 19; Y. M. C. A., 9.

The lineups:
C. P. S. Pos. Y. M. C. A.
7 Anderson .......... Naef 2 F.
0 Smith .......... Nickerson 2 F.
4 Askey (C.) .......... Wright (C.) 4 C.
4 Curtis ............... Woody 0 G.
4 Hanawalt ....... Vigfusson 1 G.

Referee: Tony Bell.

(Continued on Page 39.)
THE DRAMATIC ART CLUB.

o—o—o—O—O—Oh!
Spring is coming!
"Every clod feels a stir of might
An instinct within it, that reaches
and towers,
And groping blindly above it for
light
Climbs to a soul in grass and
flowers."

Perhaps if you look at the dram-
atic people you will see them
staring upward into the sunshine
where they can work with all the
vigor and enthusiasm that spring
brings to them.

Work has begun on the play en-
titled "The Box of Monkeys," as
the cast has already been chosen.
"The Newly Married Couple," by B. Jornson, is also being
worked on.
The annual play has not been
selected.
"The Rising of the Moon" was
rendered in chapel session of
March 13, 1918. It was enjoyed
by all.
Any one interested in dramatic
work is welcome to join our club.

Your many writers are to be con-
gratulated for their able ability.

The Reed College Quest, Reed
College.—Another lively weekly
with four pages overflowing with
good things. We are always glad
to secure your publication every
week.

The Pleiad, Albion College.—
We were certainly impressed with
your March 6 number, wherein
you show the high standard of
scholarship you keep at Albion.
This is a remarkable record and
well worth striving for.

THE STORY OF THE
OUTPOSTS.

(Continued from Page 8.)
skirmish lines haven't come yet, so
I guess we can wait a day or so
before you dig those holes. The
outposts might not be just the right
size, anyhow, so never mind."

And Mac, vastly relieved, left
the office. The captain had re-
leased him from a disagreeable
duty, and he was ha- py.
SCIENCE CLUB.

The Science club met at the home of Mr. Dunlap, South Tacoma, February 28. After relieving the dining room table of its load of organic matter, the members adjourned to the usual program and business meeting. The program consisted of Ferro-Cerium and other Pyrophoric alloys, Mr. Young; A e r o p l a n e "Dope," Mr. Schurle; The Electron Theory, Mr. Harader; Chemical Microscopy, Mr. Dunlap. A parting greeting set to music concluded the evening.

SACAJAWEA.

We wish to report the newest organization of C. P. S. as enjoying a peaceful, happy babyhood. We have successfully passed thru our first test, the first of the month with its intrusions from the exterior world in the form of "please remits," and we believe ourselves now safely launched and fated to succeed.

The "neophotes," Mable Amende and Laura Neville, were admitted into the Sacajawea tribe after a baptism of molasses, lemon juice and water on the evening of March 4th. We can’t of course give you all of the tribal ceremonies as they are too sacred to publish so suffice it to say that the new members passed thru the ordeals with great fortitude and proved themselves worthy of full membership.

Miss Jessie Clay has asked for honorary membership in the club for the remainder of the semester.

An alarm clock serenade was staged recently between the hours of 2:30 and 4 a.m. Owing to a confusion of cues, signals and tickings the alarmers became the alarmees and the performance ended with a prolonged tat-o-o-o.

We had a wedding in the Sacajawea lodge Sunday evening, March 10. At least we had the decorations, the witnesses, the minister and all the anticipation and only lacked the bride and groom. The aforesaid bridegroom must have been the spectral one of fiction for he had a voice which was heard distinctly (over the telephone) but he failed to materialize and claim his bride, who must also have been of the phantom world. We performed our part, however, and will submit our fee in the near future.

Favorite Musical Selections.

Katie: "Little Gray Home in the West."
Lois: "Just a Wearing for You."
Mr. and Mrs. Pool: Duet, "The Fight Is On" (?)
Gladys: "It’s Nice to Get Up in the Morning."
Madalyn: "The Storm(s)."
Helen: "Please Go ‘Way and Let Me Sleep."
Irene, Jennie and Eva Mae: Trio arrangement, "The Gang’s All Here."
Mable: "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning."
Laura: "Oh, Where Is My Little Dog Gone."
Ginera: "No-Na-Ne-Ni-Nu."
Clara: "Forgotten."
The Amphictyons are all very proud and happy for they are intersociety champions in debate. Our victories were by no means easy ones. Our team worked hard and we were right behind them every minute. Now we are hoping, oh, so hard, that they will also be victorious when they meet the Barbs. We certainly think it would be fine if their names should appear on that cup. But we aren’t over confident for “there’s many a slip ’twixt the cup and the lip.”

Two more of our men have joined the colors. Vincent Hart leaves soon to join the engineers and L. V. Kenney is stationed at Vancouver barracks with the aero-construction branch of the army. Both men enjoy their work very much.

One of our members recently surprised her friends by being quietly married. Mrs. Coates, formerly Miss Georgina Wilson, will remain in the city with her husband until his business affairs have been arranged. We are waiting for a cake, Georgina.
To honor our auld St. Patrick,
Is Theta’s desire, too;
We’re glad we’re givin’ a program,
And extend an “invite” to you;
So join us in our rivils,
We’ll make merry while we may;
We’ll chase away blue divils,
And drive dull care away.

We Thetas air awf’ly proud o’ thim there Shpakers o’ ours, Mae Bixby and Olive Martin—indeed, and we air!

Say, Pat, we did have the best toime iver at thet lunchen th’ other day! And a bither toime’s a’ comin’! So be good and thankful fir auld St. Patrick’s Day!

EASTER IN THE TRENCHES.
(Continued from Page 9.)
glorious Easter on those green hills of France. The picture that God is painting there will be prettier because the red is playing with the beautiful green. So is life a partner with death: But death is swallowed up in the victory of life.
As I take my pen in hand to write of the doings of H. C. S. in the past month, my thots keep turning to the Theta party two days off. Everything fades into insignificance as this grand occasion approaches.

We have not been dead this past month as any of you who have visited our meetings will agree. We had one especially good program on student activities last month. School government at C. P. S. was also discussed and many of the fellows took this opportunity to express their views and grievances. As Dean Marsh was present we had a very beneficial discussion and found out many things we did not know before.

It is true we lost the Philo debate, but we are good losers and enjoyed the excitement while it lasted.

Yes, on the whole we have had many beneficial and exciting times this month and intend to put March on the map with green paint at the gay affair that is fast approaching.

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H. N. TINKER, President.
The annual luncheon of the Philomatheans was one of the most successful events of the season. The hall was beautiful in greenery and red, white and blue streamers, and the "star and crescent" was carried out in the appointments. Dr. Gambill was toastmaster, and the following program of toasts were given: "Our College — Its Achievements," Lloyd Burke; response, Miss Gladys Trew; "Our Seniors," Miss Dunlap; "Our Alumni," Miss Ruth Vigus; response, Dean Marsh and Miss McGandy; "A Dream," Miss Ginera Whitman.

The guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Gambill, Miss Adelle Reed, Miss Gladys Sadd, Miss Madeline Meyers, Miss Arletta Carter, Miss Mabel Amende, Miss Thelma Hastings, Miss Gladys Trew, Mr. and Mrs. William Poole, Miss Ermine Warren, Miss Mildred Eklund, Miss Helen Stansar, Miss Edna Peterson, Mrs. Harriet Dunlap, Miss Lois Buckingham, Miss A. A. HINZ
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SIXTH AND FIFE.
Marian Meyers, Miss Ruth Hallin, Miss Lena Rader, Miss Katie Burton, Miss Anne Peterson, Miss Dorothy Hotelling, Miss Maude Shunk, Miss Vera Sinclair, Miss Eva Mae Leonard, Miss Jennie Robertson, Miss Ruth Vigus, Miss McGandy, J. H. Geoghegan, Russell Clay, Lloyd Burke, Harold Young, Ted Dunlap and Otto Schurle.

Two other events which have played an important part in Philo life this past month were the two debates, an account of which is given under the debate department of The Trail. The Philo representatives, Mr. Geoghegan and Mr. Clay, were a delight to the society, and their fiery arguments created fear in the hearts of their opponents. The society was also proud that a Philomathean, Mr. Geoghegan, was one of the two debaters chosen to represent C. P. S. in the intercollegiate debate to be held at Willamette college.

DEBATE AND ORATORY.

(Continued from Page 14.)
on March 29 at Salem, Oregon. The faculty certainly made a splendid choice and even tho we have the negative side of the question, we certainly should produce a winning team. Everybody get back and push.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Freshmen and Sophomors, attention! Hand in your names for the contest to be held the last of April. Remember the $10 prize.

Another case of inefficiency on the railroads: Someone asked Carl a question the other day and interrupted his train of tho't.
Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The past year has probably been the most successful year of the Y. W. C. A. The Patriotic League, which is a branch of the Y. W., has helped to make it a success. Missionary classes have been organized and the girls have responded wonderfully, for many are now enrolled. We have also been busy in the social line for we have had seven parties. Does that not sound good?

The old and new officers are as follows:

President—Old, Pollom; new, Amende.
Vice president—Old, Amende; new, Rummel.
Secretary—Old, Tuell; new, Shunk.
Treasurer—Old, Rummel; new, King.
Devotional—Old, Hallin; new, Tuell.
Social—Old, Guptil; new, Martin.
Social service—Old, Hover; new, Pleasants.
Voluntary study—Old, Miller; new, Goulder.
News committee—Old, Moe; new, Gray.

The treasurer's report for the year ending March 1, 1918:

Amount brought forward from last year .................... $11.95
Conference fund .............. 42.06
Total .................. $54.01

Receipts for year—
Dues .................. $ 71.25
Systematic giving ........... 1.65
Christmas book ............ 36.29
Miscellaneous ............. 39.90
Total .................. $149.09
Disbursements—
Rent on Amphic piano $ 12.50
War relief 15.00
40% dues Northwest Field Commission 24.70
Social 59.99
Christmas book 20.46
Committees 7.29

Total $139.89
Balance on hand $ 63.21
Conference fund 42.06
Paid to sister college 39.05
Paid to war fund 180.75
Paid to Armenian relief .75

A SOCIAL PLUNGE.
(Continued from Page 7.)

he didn’t eat ice cream, he devoured two heaping dishes rather than contest the point under pressure.

It was mutually agreed that the affair be kept a secret, but Vivian had ample occasion to learn, during the next few days, that keeping secrets isn’t one of the strong points of human nature, even in a Methodist college. However, the escapade brot him a certain degree of prestige among the boys, who unanimously voted him to be the bravest boy in the institution, and solemnly presented him with a Carnegie medal. On thinking it over, Vivian was forced to admit that his first social plunge had abundantly fulfilled its mission of “breaking the ice.”

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FINE LINE OF JEWELRY AND WATCHES JUST RECEIVED.
319 South 11th St.
I have not raised prices since the war.
SENIOR NOTES.

The Seniors are busy, but in a different way this time. Our president has been industriously appointing committees to pilot us safely thru the remainder of the year. Miss Shakelford, Miss Scheibner, and Mr. Harader have been appointed to prepare a program for Cap and Gown Day. Miss Pollom, Miss Easton and Mr. Goodman will see that the numerals ’18 appear on the Glee trophy. Yes, indeed! We take this commencement proposition very seriously.

Always eager to express their patriotism and loyalty the Seniors recently presented to the college an American flag and college pennant which are floating from the flag staff of the color post.

On Friday evening, March 15, the Seniors made their debut into society at an informal dinner at the home of Eunice Merritt. The class colors were used in the centerpiece and tiny caped and gowned figures were used for place cards. They spent a delightful evening for it was the first time in many months that the Seniors had gotten together for a social time.

JUNIOR NOTES.

The Junior luncheon was held Friday noon, March 8, in the dining room of the home economics department.

We were all there (except Ruth Vigus, for she was attending a wedding) and enjoyed the repast immensely.

The same class officers were elected to continue duties for the rest of the year.

When asked what was our present occupation or what we expected

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to do we answered in this manner:
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A. Baker, L. Buckingham: B. L. E.'s
J. D. Holmes: Detective sherlock.
J. Clay: Nurse.
C. Curtis: Electrical engineer.
L. Baine: Chicken inspector.
M. Myers: Waitress. Dodsworth: "What will you do while you wait?" Myers: "Teach."
W. A. Cook: To be a question mark (?)
G. Matters: Assistant?
H. Hart: Medical missionary.
R. Gaulder: Bacteriologist.
R. E. Gardner: "Fight the monkey theory."
R. Vigus: "No preacher's wife for me."

SOPHOMORE NOTES.
The Sophomore class, as usual, has started the term aright,
By electing our new officers, each one a shining light.
First, Campbell is our president, and surely all agree,
That lively boosters for C. P. S., the Sophs with him will be;
Miss Guptil follows next in line, and altho we have no voice—
We surely have in her, a vice president of good advice;
Our secretary, Miss Lougheed, will prove what accuracy means,

Easter Neckwear
AND
Easter Shirts
REMEMBER THAT EASTER IS MARCH 31
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By keeping all our records straight, as a good recorder seems;
Our money, too, as will be seen, is put in excellent hands,
For Mr. Schurle will treasure it for future class demands.
Now after these there comes a list to complete the official line:
Miss Reed has charge of everything that means a Soph good time;
Miss Hover leads the Sophs with pep in song and yell;
And then Miss Moe the story in the monthly Trail doth tell.
So here you see our new list of officers-elect,
Now don't you think with these, the Sophs will be select?

FRESHMAN NOTES.

Following the departure of Vincent Hart, the resigned president of the Freshmen class, who will probably see service in France soon as map maker with the engineers, a class meeting was called to fill the vacant office. After a heated race between several candidates, Elmer Anderson was chosen to succeed Hart as president. "Andy" already has several brilliant plans for the class outlined, which he intends to launch in the near future.

As the result of the prompt work of the committee chosen to make arrangements for the presentation of a class stunt at the Stadium high school, a suitable skit representing college life has been written and the selection of the cast is under way. The title of the playlet is "The Girl," and despite the suggestion of effeminacy, the committee assures us that it has a strong virile plot. Altho the definite date

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Change of Program Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday.

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for its presentation has not yet been decided, it is probable that it will be given in the near future. According to the committee, it will be repeated at the Lincoln Park high school if it proves a success.

The approaching arrival of "gedtle sprig" has had a varying effect upon various class members. Frinstance, notice the colorful effect of Busselles blasphemous ties. Alas! Poor Yorick!

"Sinful" Smith has threatened to appear at school with a resplendent, wide brimmed Panama if the sunny weather continues. We have been consulting the weather predictions with anxiety.

Buckley has been seen on several occasions to sigh languorously, and has evinced a particular liking for love stories recently.

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES.
(Continued from Page 17.)

Glee Club.

Verily, she that joins our glee joins a bunch that sings things, does things, does them up brown, and has a mighty good time doing them. If you have your doubts about it, it is because you have cut chapel, do not read your Trail, and are such a dig that you had no ears for the many exclamations the morning after the good time we had at Puyallup, March 2. We sang three times, each time being heartily encored. One of the girls said that she and her friends "Were just crazy" to come to C. P. S. Just see what we did. We not only made ourselves known in Puyallup, but we also made ourselves heard and known on the
way home. If you doubt this, ask our chaperon, Mrs. Schofield.

We have been practicing hard for the Ensemble Concert and are planning to give you some of the most pleasing numbers on the program. We will sing "The Romanian Love Song," "The Spring Song" and "Estudiantina." Come and help us do our best.

?????

We have a brand new musical organization, absolutely non-existent prior to the present time. It is composed of four people, and those four are girls. That's it, a Girls' quartet. We won't speak definitely yet, but we have a pretty good idea we shall be a success. We have a beautiful arrangement of the "Rosary," which we shall sing in the Ensemble Concert.

We have been invited by Mr. McLaughlin to go to Yelm for a series of programs the week-end of March 23 and 24. Other members of the party will be Miss Merritt, who will read, and Dr. Gambill, who will preach. We know we will have a grand time in addition to boosting for C. P. S., and you can trust us to do that.

No Exit.

A drunken man threw his arms around a telegraph pole, and then began to feel the pole with his hands. Round and round he went. Finally he gave it up and muttered, "No use. Walled in."

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HUMOR

A Few Definitions.

Athlete—A dignified bundle of muscles unable to split wood or sift ashes.


Bugle—An instrument of torture. See Young for particulars.

Dad—A relative used for purposes of finance.

Date—Fruit from a tree that grows in the desert. An oasis in a humdrum life.

Equation—A tie score.

Grade—A series of numbers varying from 0 to 100.

Leap Year—Open season on bachelors.

Mouth—The gaseous orifice of the face, much used in smiling and eating.

Some were undoubtedly disappointed in not getting to see the Rising of the Moon, after the debate the other night. The reason was that the moon rose so high in Chapel that the caste could not get it down again, and anyway who would expect the moon to rise twice in a day.

O. U. Hoover.

My Tuesdays are meatless,
My Wednesdays are wheatless,
I'm getting more eatless each day;
My home it is heatless,
My bed it is sheetless,
They're all sent to the Y. M. C. A.
The barroom is treatless,
My coffee is sweetless,
Each day I get poorer and wiser,
My stockings are feetless,
My trousers are seatless,
Oh, Gee! but I do hate the Kaiser.

Physics.

I am (p) 'ere to study volts, but the connections are so poor that I can hardly offer resistance to the inclination to go 'ohm.
The jolly balance gives a congenial air to the Lab.

Contentment is always perched on the round of the ladder just above you.

At Glee club practice: "Open your mouth, and sing as if your heart were in it."

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

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THE SONG OF THE SWEATER.
The song of the sweater, which follows, was written by a Smith College girl. It may be sung to the tune of "The Rosary."

The hours I spent in sweater art
Are as a string of purls, I sigh,
To count them every one apart
My rows awry, my rows awry.
Each hour I purl, each purl take care,
To drop no stitch, lest I be stung,
I count, yea, count unto the end, and there—
A sleeve is hung, a sleeve is hung.

Ah! Memories that bless and burn,
Of ravelling out at bitter loss,
I drop a purl yet strive at last to learn
To knit across—sweet art,
To knit across.

The Tale of a Cork.
A little cork fell in the path of a whale,
Who lashed it down with his angry tale.
But in spite of his blows,
The little cork rose,
And floated serenely under his nose.

Said the cork, "You may flap and splutter and rap,
But you'll never keep me down,
I'm made of the stuff
That's buoyant enough
To float instead of drown."

Jack (gallantly): "Mary, dear, anything that you say goes."
Mary (quickly): "Jack."

Lloyd: "Do you think Curtis has an open face?"
Wac: "Yes, when he sings."

ATHLETICS
(Continued from Page 20.)

These victories are not the only good things that have happened. The team has had three fine treats. Goodman told the team if they won the Smelter game he would set the bunch up to ice cream. And so he had all the fellows up one fine night and served ice cream and cake. The boys say thank you, "Hack."

Miss Brazelin told the fellows if they won the 364th Ambulance game she would give them a box of candy. Of course they won it and you ask them if they didn't enjoy the candy.

The above event was repeated after the Y. M. C. A. game. The fellows say the candy was even better this time than before, if that is possible. The fellows all agree on "nine rahs for Miss Brazelin, and thanks, awful much."

We have two more games to play. The students have been turning out good. Keep it up and we will end the season in fine shape, "dishing out the niftiest brand of baseball in the city," as The Tacoma News puts it.

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No Cure
No Pay

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