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"Going to leave it here over night?" asked Mrs. Newcomb of her husband.

"Of course; why not?"

Mrs. Newcomb paled slightly. "It's quite a bit of money, Harold. We couldn't afford to lose it!"

Mr. Newcomb laughed out in his bluff way. "Well, we aren't going to lose it. There's nothing to be afraid of. The band of robbers haven't been in this town for a long time. Besides the washout extends clean along the line to San Jose. Not a train can get through. At any rate, there's nothing else to do. They have telegraphed me and it is very important that I leave tonight. Everything will be all right, I'm sure. The children and you can spend a happy evening together."

"Harold," said his wife, earnestly, "please take the money as far as Butte City anyway. I have a feeling somehow about not leaving it here in the house tonight. The Webbers have a safe. They'll put it away for you."

"Please do, Uncle," put in Elizabeth Anne.

"Of course you'd show the white feather, Puss; but, Louise," he addressed his wife, "I didn't think you were afraid of anything. Well, I'll take the money over to Webber's, if that will please you,
but I do think it's all nonsense."

"We are so secluded out here," his wife protested in defense.

Elizabeth Anne shivered. Elizabeth Anne, early orphaned and adopted into the home of her uncle, Newcomb, had never lost her fear of her Western surroundings. From the very first, when as a wide-eyed little girl from the far East, she had arrived at Fairmount, a tiny suburb of a tiny city, she had expected something dreadful to happen. It never had. Elizabeth Anne had grown up to be a tall girl—almost a "young lady," as her aunt was fond of saying, but the dreadful something had never taken place. But wasn't it imminent at this very moment? Elizabeth Anne shivered again.

"Think you have been taking lessons in timidity from Elizabeth Anne," Mr. Newcomb said to his wife, good naturedly. "First thing after supper I must harness up old Bess and leave immediately. I'll take the money with me and leave it with the Webbers, and then your mind will be eased."

"Thanks, Harold," said Mrs. Newcomb.

When later that evening the sound of old Bess' hoofs was heard on the way from the barn to the house, the sound of a second horse's hoofs was heard also. "Who can it be?" said Mrs. Newcomb, peering out into the dimness. "We so seldom have a visitor after dark."

"Just look at Elizabeth Anne!" cried Raynold Newcomb to his brother Malvery. "Elizabeth Anne thinks the burglars have arrived."

"Burglars always come about supper time, Elizabeth!" cried Mal, "and they invariably drive noisily into the premises of the place they intend to rob."

"Louise! Louise!" came Mr. Newcomb's voice from without, and at the call Elizabeth Anne shrieked aloud. When Mrs. Newcomb had gone hurriedly out Ray and Mal doubled up in mirthful laughter. Elizabeth Anne had ever been the object of much good-natured chaffing from her braver cousins. "Dad wants mother to help him rout the burglar!" shouted Ray. "That would just be dad's way of settling a little affair like that. Oh, Elizabeth Anne!"

Mrs. Newcomb reappeared as hurriedly as she had disappeared. "Please come upstairs and help me, dear," she said to Elizabeth Anne. "Mr. Paget has come to beg me to come to his wife for a few hours. She is very sick and they are taking her to the hospital, and he thinks my presence would make the woman more able to bear it. So I'm going along to Butte City when father goes. I hate to leave you three youngsters in the house alone, but we will take the money and I hope everything will be all right. I feel that I must go."

From that moment until the rattle of wheels died away there was great excitement in the Newcomb home. The three who were left behind stood and looked blankly at each other as if not knowing what to do with themselves.

Ray thought he detected a look of fear in his cousin's eyes. "We'll just have a bully time until mother and father come home," he declared. "Did you see the new book that dad brought home today,
Elizabeth Anne? I took a peep into it and it looked exciting. Oh, Elizabeth Anne! Won't you read to us?"

"Oh, come one!" cried Mal, the younger boy. "It's a rattling good story, by the looks of it. Let's get it and go to the upstairs sitting room. Come on!" This was no sooner said than done, and in the twinkling of an eye the three were cosily settled before the cheerful open fire which a cool spring night necessitated.

Elizabeth Anne read well. Her voice was sympathetic and she read with a certain dramatic power strangely at variance with her shy personality. The two boys listened entranced to the "rattling good story" as set forth by Elizabeth Anne. The excitement became more and more intense, the mystery more and more mysterious, but presently the young girl's voice showed signs of weariness. She had been reading more than an hour.

"You are tired," said Ray who, though younger than Elizabeth Anne, always acted as though he was some years older. "You rest, now. I'll read awhile."

"Oh, I say!" blurted out Mal with some frankness, "let's stop for a bit until Elizabeth Anne is rested. She does read so well, you know, Ray."

"All right," agreed Ray, cheerfully, while Elizabeth Anne blushed at this tribute to her powers. As a matter of fact, though the two Newcombs loved their cousin dearly they had as yet found little in her to admire. As Ray put it, "Elizabeth Anne is afraid of everything—she's the scariest girl in town."

The young girl arose from her chair and walked across the room. On a chair was dropped a skirt of Mrs. Newcomb's, left there in the haste of departure, and Elizabeth Anne picked it up with the intention of hanging it in a closet. As she passed a tall mirror the girl held the skirt up to her figure. "Put it on, Elizabeth Anne!" called Mal. "I bet you're almost as tall as mother."

Always obliging, Elizabeth Anne adjusted her Aunt Newcomb's skirt to her tall young figure and stood looking at herself in the mirror. "I'll be plainer than ever when I'm grown up," she said resignedly.

"'Handsome is as handsome does,'" cried Ray, who privately thought his cousin quite good looking. "I say, Elizabeth Anne, you look forty."

Once again the young girl blushed, this time with vexation, for despite her humble attitude toward the world at large she desired greatly to appear admirable in her boy cousins' eyes. "I suppose I do look old," she said wistfully. Then Elizabeth Anne went the whole length: "And I look old-fashioned, too. I look exactly like my Grandmother Webster does in that picture I have of her." With a quick movement the girl unfastened the coils of golden hair wound about her head until loose curls fell upon her shoulders. "That's how her hair looks in the picture. Now I do look exactly like my own grandmother."

Ray laughed aloud—not rudely, but in enjoyment of the girl's intensity.

But Mal Newcomb was not laughing. Mal's eyes were glistening at the name of Webster. Elizabeth Anne's grandfather had fought in the Civil War, and Mal
was very proud of being connected with him. The boy sat dreaming of the old hero, when involuntarily his eyes wandered to a large calendar across the room.

"Why, Elizabeth Anne!" he cried, "what ever made you think of your grandmother tonight? Why, just look at the date—it's Memorial Day night!"

"Memorial Day!" echoed Elizabeth Anne, solemnly. "Just think of it!" She could never accustom herself to the Western indifference to this great day.

"Elizabeth Anne," begged Mai, entirely forgetting that his cousin was resting her voice, "please tell me again about the Memorial days you had long ago."

Elizabeth Anne needed no urging. Her eyes shone happily as she took a chair by the fire and sketched a scene of her childhood in the East: "I was a small girl, but I remember it very well. I loved to see the soldiers, young men and old, march in to decorate their dead comrades' graves. They always decorated grandfather's first because he was the greatest soldier of them all."

Ray sighed, "I'd like to be a soldier just like your grandfather."

At a sudden thought the girl twisted in her chair so that once again she caught a vision of herself. "It's simply wonderful—the resemblance between me and Grandmother Webster!" she exclaimed. "What a difference a long skirt makes—only she wore glasses."

Mal made a dash over to a large desk nearby, where he tore open a drawer and commenced to rummage. "That's easily remedied," he cried, bringing forth a pair of spectacles. "Now, Elizabeth Anne, you can look just like her." Triumphantly Mal held the spectacles high, but Elizabeth Anne and Ray were not looking at them. The two had their eyes on a small package that had been pulled out of the desk drawer by Mal in his haste. In amazement the eyes of the younger boy fell on the same package. It was a roll of bills of large denomination.

"The money!" gasped Elizabeth Anne, jumping to her feet. "The money's here!"

"She's going to faint!" cried Mal. "Oh, Elizabeth Anne!"

Elizabeth Anne did not faint, but she turned a deathly white and trembled like a leaf. She had never been so afraid in her whole life. "Sit down, Elizabeth," said Ray, in his grown-up manner. "It's all right. Nothing can happen. Here are Mal and myself to take care of your and the Thurston's house isn't so very far away, you know. In the excitement of mother's going dad evidently forgot to take the money with him. Just like dad, isn't it, Elizabeth? But no one knows of its being here. Who could know?"

Elizabeth Anne shook her head despairingly. It seemed to her that every desperado in the state must know. "If it should be stolen?" she quivered. "If someone should come in here tonight and steal it?"

"Elizabeth Anne, have a little sense," cried Ray, all his feeling of sympathy gone now that the color was returning to the girl's face. "No one's going to steal it. And if anyone should try—well, I guess Mal and myself could defend it."
We're almost men, you know." Ray replaced the money in the desk drawer.

Elizabeth Anne's voice was now a dread whisper: "Your mother had a premonition of danger about that money.

Elizabeth Anne, sitting there, the image of her Grandcomther Webster, once again turned white. She swayed heavily and this time it seemed as if she surely would faint.

"Think of your grandfather, who fought on the battlefield," cried Mal hurriedly. "Try to be brave, Elizabeth Anne."

And Ray said: "I say this is all nonsense. Let's read again. Dad and mother will be home at midnight anyway. We'll sit up and watch, if that will please you. We'll just about finish that 'bully' book about that time. Go on, will you, Elizabeth, and read to us?"

Thus appealed to, Elizabeth Anne picked up the book and commenced to read, and presently the three were once again engrossed in the story, as if no precious roll of money was close at hand. Even Elizabeth Anne in the delight of reading forgot her fears utterly. They were a the most exciting part—the part where you did not know quite what wonderful thing was going to happen, when there was a dead pause in the reading and Elizabeth Anne looked up—why, she did not know. In the silence an unmistakable sound was heard—creeping footsteps coming up the stairs.

The Newcomb boys were almost men, Ray had said, but at these dread sounds they were, it seemed, frozen with horror. Their mother's premonition, the value of the precious roll of money, their own helplessness in the face of danger—all this filled them with a great and overwhelming fear. But Elizabeth Anne! Did she tremble or turn faint in that dread moment? She did not. She acted, mind and body. The money must be hidden. Where? In a place where none would think of looking for it. But where could that be? Elizabeth Anne's quick eyes spied one of the thick rolls of hair hanging over her shoulders and, quickly, her idea was formed. Like a flash of lightning Elizabeth Anne reached backward and pulled out the little desk drawer which contained the precious roll. Elizabeth Anne had a knack of doing her hair. With a deft touch or two she could arrange it in any fashion she desired. Now, without a second's hesitation, she hid the roll of money in the meshes of her golden curls, fastened her hair up high and a moment later there was no money to be seen, while Elizabeth Anne, gold crowned and bespectacled and really looking forty, as Ray had jokingly said, sat quietly reading. She stopped a second to whisper "Courage! courage!" to the trembling lads, and commenced to read again. When Elizabeth Anne looked up the next time she faced the muzzle of a revolver.

"We're hear for your money, lady," said the hard-faced individual who stood over them. "Go on and look, Steve," he admonished his companion. "And I wouldn't advise you or these boys to make any noise," said the man, continuing his conversation with Elizabeth Anne, "or it might go hard with you. We're des-
perate men and we want your money.”

“Well,” said Elizabeth Anne, calmly, and speaking exactly as she did when reading, “these boys are liable to go into spasms and arouse the neighborhood. It might be just as well for you to lower that gun and—” Elizabeth Anne spoke with an expansive gesture of her arms. “Since you persist in thinking there is money here, why just look around.”

“You’re a cool one,” said the burglar, lowering his revolver. “Most of ‘em screams and hollers.”

Ray felt quick admiration flooding his heart. His timid young cousin, sitting there with a roll of money hidden in her hair, was not in the least afraid of these grim desperadoes.

“There isn’t any money here,” continued the girl politely, “but if you want to look around, please do.”

“There’s money here all right enough,” snarled the man. “Plagued if I don’t think you’re trying to put me off the scent—you, with all your airs.”

Elizabeth Anne allowed this impertinence to pass as if it was beneath her notice. She picked up Mrs. Newcom’s sewing from a table nearby and bent her attention on the work. If her heart were trembling with utter fear no one could have told. Her dignity was such that when she looked up and said, earnestly, “It is true we did have some money in the house today, but Mr. Newcomb was advised to place it in a friend’s safe for the night.” The man to whom she spoke actually believed the money was gone. “Course we did see a man and lady leave the house early, Bill,” he growled to his companion, whereupon Bill remarked gloomily: “And to think the money was on the man, and us glad to get him out of the house. We could have landed it dead easy.”

“Well, th’ ain’t nothin’ here,” said Steve. “I’ve looked in every nook and corner.” He gazed doubtfully at Elizabeth Anne, and the young girl gazed back at him so steadfastly, and in such a queenly manner that he was completely nonplussed. Ray, who was ever somewhat of a wit, was saying to himself: “They’ll be begging Elizabeth Anne’s pardon, presently, for the intrusion, and bowing themselves out. Whew! but she’s splendid! Think of it! And that money all the time hidden in her hair!”

In silence the two desperadoes again searched the desk, and then Bill said: “It’s no use, pard; what the lady says is true. ‘Course, she wouldn’t be sitting there so calm and easy with all that money in the house. We’ve lost out, that’s all.”

And the other said straight to Elizabeth Anne: “Well, we’re going now, ma’am. I’ll say for you that you’re as unafeared a lady as I’ve ever seen. Most of ’em makes an awful touse when Bill and I appear. You’ve got good nerve, and no mistake. But I want to tell you, ma’am, we’ve got a pal outside and he’ll stand and watch this house with a gun in his hand until we are safely off, so I wouldn’t want you, lady, or any of these here boys, to start out to give an alarm; ‘cause that fellow outside is a fine shot, and one of you might come to grief.”

“Very well,” said Elizabeth Anne,
calmly. For the moment she felt her nerve give way a trifle. Would they go, or would some other idea occur to them to detain them? Perhaps she had not pinned her hair securely enough; perhaps it would fall and the precious roll be disclosed.

It was in a dream that the two men disappeared with more words of warning as to any alarm being given and presently the stealthy footfalls could be heard going down the stairs. Elizabeth Anne almost gave up then, for safety seemed so near, but she didn’t quite. She threw a warning look at the boys to signify they must say nothing, and then went on sewing. This dread silence lasted some 15 minutes by the clock, when Mal broke out in a hoarse whisper: “Jiminy! I say, Elizabeth Anne, you’re a brick! Again the young girl threw that warning look and once more silence reigned—a silence almost harder to stand than had been the interview with the two burglars. In the hearts of the three was a great and overpowering fear that the two men might return. It was toward midnight that the welcome sound of horses’ hoofs was heard in the dooryard and presently footsteps sounded on the stairway of the quiet Newcomb house; not this time stealthy, fearful footsteps, but loud, confident ones. “It’s dad!” cried Mal, his eyes filling with tears. “Dad could match eight burglars all at once!”

Mrs. Newcomb entered first, her eyes wide with anxiety. She beheld Elizabeth Anne, long-skirted, spectacled, golden-crowned, still sitting at the table. The two boys dashed almost hysterically toward their mother. “Oh!” cried Mrs. Newcomb, “Oh! Children, has anything happened? Father forgot to take the money after all—and—”

“Sh—mother!” cried Mal. “Sh!—” “What is it?” Mr. Newcomb’s voice was anxious. He seemed to sense a crisis.

Elizabeth Anne said nothing; she sat pale and motionless by the table. “Dad,” whispered Ray, fearfully, “we’ve had two burglars here.”

Mrs. Newcomb turned pale; her husband gasped. The roll of money which meant so much to them, was gone. “But they didn’t get the money.” Ray’s whisper was tense, firm and admiring. “Elizabeth Anne heard them coming and she hid the money in her hair.”

“It’s there now!” cried poor Elizabeth Anne, tears rolling down her pale cheeks. “Oh, Aunt Louise! it’s there now!”

“Oh! Elizabeth Anne, were you afraid?” This Mal and Ray cried: “Are you afraid, Elizabeth Anne. Elizabeth Anne smiled wanly. “I was and I am dreadfully afraid,” she said.

“Well, I declare!” cried Ray, while Mal commenced eagerly to pour out the story of their adventure to the mother and father, “no one would have known it!”

Mr. Newcomb looked in honest admiration at his young niece. “Elizabeth Anne,” he said, warmly, “you’ve saved our fortune for us by your coolness and courage, and I’m very proud of you. But we always have thought you so timid, and here you are the bravest of the brave.”

“How did you ever dare to do it,
THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

dear?” cried Aunt Louise, hugging the girl closely.

Elizabeth Anne pointed one shaking finger at the calendar. “It’s Memorial Day,” she said, in a trembling voice. “The boys and I had been talking about it, and when I looked at that calendar when the burglars were here, I remembered that Grandfather Webster’s grave would be decorated by the soldiers and how it would look in that little cemetery; and I remembered, Mal said so, too, earlier in the evening, that the granddaughter of a soldier must be a soldier, too, so,” finished the young girl, with

“My dear child!” cried Mr. Newcomb, “you did your best. I’m going to stand guard the night through,” he said; “but I doubt if ever so fully armed, I’d be any better match for burglars than you have been, Elizabeth Anne.”

Mal slipped his hand in his cousin’s and said, thoughtfully: “She’s timid, you see, except at a time of real danger, and that’s the best kind of courage after all,” while Ray said with admiring eyes, “She’s the best ever—Elizabeth Emergency Anne!”

Choosing Our Next President

P By Senator Walter S. Davis

Politically no scene more sublime is ever witnessed on our planet than the choosing of a President of the United States, an event now absorbing the chief attention of the American people. In many countries the ruler is selected by heredity, or the choice is made by the legislative bodies. In our land of democracy the American people choose one of their own number to be crowned with the highest laurels of the Republic. The story of this choice is of surpassing interest.

The first step in the choosing of a President is taken by the National Committee of each party, made up of one representative from each state. This first step is that of meeting at Washington, D. C., about Christmas time for the purpose of fixing the place and the exact date in the following June for the meeting of the party convention to choose a party candidate for President. At these meetings a call is issued to each Congressional district throughout the country by the committee’s requesting it to send two delegates from each Congressional district and four from the state at large to attend the nominating convention.

These delegates are already being selected. In about a dozen states they are elected by the people at Presidential preference primaries and are instructed for whom to vote by the voters. Thus the Republican delegates from Michigan were instructed on April 5 to vote for Senator Hiram Johnson of California. In the majority of states the delegates are selected
either at district or state conventions.

In our state the process is as follows: A caucus of each party is held in each voting precinct at which delegates are chosen to a county convention, which chooses delegates to the state convention; at the state convention the delegates from each of the five Congressional districts meet separately and choose two delegates and two alternatives to represent that district. There the delegates from all the districts come together and choose the four delegates at large. A state platform is also adopted. This year the Republican state convention is to meet in Bellingham and the Democratic convention in Spokane.

Sometimes these state conventions instruct the delegation to vote as a unit, which means that the entire vote of the state is cast according to the wishes of the majority of the delegates from that state.

In the meanwhile the national chairman of each party is busy visiting various portions of the Union to keep up the morale of his party and prepare it for the coming great battle of ballots. Likewise the presidential candidates are not idle, but traverse the Union speaking in many states.

In the early days of the nominating conventions, Baltimore was the favorite meeting place, later Philadelphia came to be. later Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis were favorite cities. No Republican convention has ever been held west of the Missouri river. The Democrats, however, in 1908 selected William Jennings Bryan at Denver. This year the Democratic convention meets in San Francisco.

About a week before the meeting of the convention the members of the National Committee come together to settle all contests for delegates and to complete arrangements for the great assembly.

A few days prior to the convention, the delegates, interested members of the party, visitors, newspapermen and thousands of onlookers begin to swarm to the convention city. At high noon of the opening day the Chairman of the National Committee calls the convention to order. The proceedings are opened with prayer, after which the secretary reads the roll-call issued by the National Committee. Then in behalf of the committee the National Chairman proposes to the convention the name of some eminent orator and statesman for temporary chairman. Usually the convention gives its approval and listens to a well prepared speech of an hour in length by the temporary chairman. The roll of states is then called and the chairman of each state delegation names a member of each of these four committees: Credentials, Rules, Permanent Organization and Platform, after which the convention takes a recess till 10 a. m. of the next day in order to give these committees an opportunity to meet.

The next morning into the great convention hall stream the myriads of delegates and visitors. At 10 a. m. the temporary chairman calls the meeting to order. The committee reports are called for and are made by the chairmen of each committee. The permanent chair-
man of the convention is then elected. 

On the second day, or perhaps the third day, the welcome announcement is made that the roll of states will be called for the presentation of the names of candidates for the presidency. Usually the candidate will be presented by some orator of his home state, though not always.

The presentation of each name is followed by some demonstration of enthusiasm. After the presentation of names the roll of states is called to ballot for President. The states are called alphabetically and when a state's name is called the state chairman arises and announces the vote of the state delegation. In the Republican convention a majority of all votes cast is sufficient to nominate, while in the Democratic convention two-thirds is necessary. A single roll-call may be sufficient. President Garfield, however, was chosen on the 36th ballot and President Wilson on the 58th.

Not enough care is given to the selection of the candidate for vice-presidency, that honor often going to some friend of the defeated candidate. Unfortunately the selection is sometimes made on the basis of the candidate's ability to contribute to the campaign fund.

Before adjourning a National convention one member from each state is chosen to have charge of the party's interests during the campaign and for the coming four years. Two committees are also chosen, the other to perform a like service to the vice-presidential nominee.

Then on the second Tuesday after the first Monday in November comes the election of the presidential electors, 531 in number, equal to the number of Senators plus representatives in Congress. On the second Monday in January the electors from each state convene at the state capital and cast the vote for their party nominee.

The second Wednesday in February, in the presence of both houses of Congress, the sealed ballots are opened by the Vice-President and counted. March 4th the national capital is thronged with visitors come to visit the crowning act in the great drama.

Although not gifted with the eagle eye of prophecy, yet dipping into the future as far as you or I can see, one can not go far amiss in hazarding the prediction that the chances for the Republican nomination at present favor aspirants in the order named: Herbert Hoover, General Wood, Senator Johnson and Governor Lowden. The Democratic order would be: Secretary McAdoo, William Jennings Bryan, Attorney General Palmer, Secretary Meredith and Senator Owen of Oklahoma.

The prediction is here ventured that former Secretary McAdoo will receive the Democratic nomination. In closing the further prediction is made that on March 4, 1921, Herbert Hoover will be inaugurated President of the United States, and that either Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts, Governor Allen of Kansas or Senator Beveridge of Indiana will be elected Vice-President.

April 10, 1920.
Naughty, Naughty Rough Necks

It appears that our basketball team did not make a good name for itself in its journeys to the neighboring cities. An echo of this unfavorable impression comes to us thru the columns of an Olympia newspaper after the second game we played with the Olympia high school. The article referred to reads as follows:

SLAUGHTER HOUSE
BASKETBALL PUTS
JINX ON OLYMPIA

If that Puget Sound College basketball bunch that played here last night are studying for the ministry they must be taking a Billy Sunday course. Their record of 15 fouls and their captain put out of the game for personal fouling is the official demonstration of how rough they were. It was the worst fuzzy-neck exhibition the Olympia high school team has ever had anything to do with and it put a jinx on them to the extent of losing the game by a score of 22-19. Reynolds was so amazed at the longshoremen tactics of the visitors that he only scored one field basket, which is a ghastly complication for the high school any time it sets in.

Koenig, however, tore into the bone crushers like they were ice cream and played the best game he has put up yet. He broke up their rail-fence plays every time he got to them and made one beautiful shot from the field.

Against the odds of a heavier team, the Olympia boys went to the first tie score of the season, 17-17, and had to play an extra five minutes. The Tacoma sandbaggers got two field goals in that time and a foul to Olympia’s single goal. The visitors led 12-10 at the end of the first half, but Stentz particularly went to work on them and the high school leveled up the score for the regular finish. The next time they play that team the locals are going to take along their trench tools.

We must admit we should apologize to that team for the rough manner in which our basketball thugs treated them. It really is a shame that our big “Billy-Sunday Preachers-to-be” played rough with our little friends. If this is the way our naughty basketball players act when they are away from home the student body should see that they are properly punished and taught not to ruffle up “little Percy’s” white shirts.

We are truly sorry that anything like the aforementioned could have happened. We are truly humbled by the pen of the flowing adjective artist who painted the word picture in the article quoted. Words cannot express our feelings about this small town stuff. The article is a great boost for Olympia and a wonderful example of the stunted spirit of its high
school. The writer of the article can feel sure that he has earned for himself a place in the Hall of Fame of Soreheads.

It is beyond the writer of this article to criticise the prolific word painter, but please notice how fairly and squarely he puts the matter before you. Read the article and note how he not only tells of the fouls committed by C. P. S. players, but also dwells on those committed by the Olympia players. This flowering bit of literature is truly a good example of an unbiased newspaper article. It is wonderful to note how fully it praises the star player on the college side.

One thing in this article we cannot accept is that part that refers to our team as students of the ministry, for it is beyond the realm of reason to imagine our basketball team of today as filling Methodist pulpits two years hence. Maybe the Olympia writer could imagine Reverend Brady attending the Ladies' Aid Society of his church or Reverend Pollen conducting revivals but then his flow of picture adjectives proves conclusively that he possesses an imagination beyond those found in the average asylum. So let us forget—Amen.
"Roll your packs, heavy marching order, rifles cased, get your three days' rations at the cook-house, fall out with assembly call in 90 minutes."

That was all. He turned and disappeared in the darkness. To us it meant only one thing—we were going—we were going.

That was the beginning, in the first days of October of 1914, so heavy with disaster. You know what happened. Horrible nightmares on the Russian frontier under Von Hindenberg. Today a victory—tomorrow a defeat, and the next day another victory, and the day following another defeat. What misery, and what was it bringing us? There were times when I wondered, as did my companions, if perhaps we were not indeed serving blindly. Was this for the good of the common people? I was not the only soldier longing for death's freeing touch! Death was preferable to this hopeless, futureless, painful mire. And then it came. I thanked the good God for the shell that carried away my left arm. That was in the battle of Donkolyo.

All this, to prepare you for the little story of old Colonel Teufeltod. After leaving the hospital I was put on reserve as aid to the old colonel, who was confined to his bed. Do you see those three closed windows up there on that balcony? That's where he lived. And can you guess why he should select that outlook, right near the Arch of Victory? To witness the triumphant re-entry of our Imperial German troops. Poor man! He was old, covered with glory and thoroughly patriotic. Poor man! The news of Chateau-Thierry got him at a bad time. He had at one time witnessed a review of the cadets of West Point and had respect for America's military machine. He knew it was coming, but nevertheless the news was too much for the old man. I found him stretched out on the carpet, his face bloody and inert as if some one had given him a heavy blow. His granddaughter in tears, knelt by him. Her father on the general staff was away on duty. For several days the old colonel lay there without regaining consciousness. In the meantime different news of Chateau-Thierry arrived in Coblenz. We were overjoyed at the grand victory of German arms. Five hundred thousand Americans killed, captured or wounded, thus at one stroke putting the new American forces permanently out of the running. The dispatch added that our submarines were holding their own, sinking the American troop ships as fast as they dared leave the United States. The great Pershing was himself a prisoner. That was the sort of news they fed us, and we believed it. The French had been bled white, and as for the British, well, only their grim determination helped them to hold on, awaiting the ex-
pected ncoming tide of American soldiers, something unrealized so far and now a forlorn hope.

I don't know by what miracle the great news reached him, but when I again found him his eyes were open; he smiled and murmured:

"Vic—to—ory!"

"Yes, colonel, grand victory for us."

And I gave him the details of the beautiful success of the picked divisions on the Marne. He straightened out. eH was all enthusiasm and excitedly explained to me the sterling qualities of our troops on the aMrne, not only our troops but also those of the enemy. He knew everything regarding the strength of the American divisions there, the 1st, 2d, 3d, 26ht, 42d and 77th.

When I went out, the young girl awaited me, pale and sad, crying her little eyes out. She could hardly gather the courage to speak to me.

"We have just been notified that the news was false, the truth is—the truth is—it isn't the Americans that have lost 500,000 men, but we, we ourselves; our army is crushed—fleeing."

We looked at each other silently. She was desolate thinking of the effect the terrible news would have on her dear grandfather. I trembled at the thought. What were we to do—leave him his joy, his illusions which had brought him to life, as it seemed, or should we tell him the truth knowing that it might cost him his life?

"I will lie for him," she said at last.

"We must keep up the deception."

It was truly pityful to see the poor little girl studying over her map of France, pinning little flags here and there, to denote the fictitious victories and advances of our armies. The old colonel was ever anxious for the latest news. The little girl was making up a wonderful campaign.

I had to help her with all this; to give her information, tell of various cities in France to capture, and rivers to cross, but the old man himself helped us most of all with his wonderful store of military information. He knew France like a book. He had fought in the Franco-Prussian war. Yes, he had conquered France so often around the fireside and over his beer steins that he knew all about her; knew all the little tricks and strategies.

"Now here is where they will go next. General X—ought to come right around this right wing and cut into that communication road," etc., etc. And his expectations were always realized. We took villages, won battles, crossed rivers, but even so we could never go quite fast enough to satisfy him. He was insatiable! Each day I would burst in with tidings of a newly manufactured victory of arms. At other times the little girl would run to meet me.

"Karl, we have taken X-ville," she would cry. "Everything is going lovely, and in eight days we will enter Paris." All this within earshot of the old man. And at that very moment the horrible battle of the Argonne was raging, the Americans were breaking through; our armies were bending, bending, breaking, retreating. We should really reverse our armies
a bit, but the old colonel was in a very precarious position and we dared not. He was living on victories alone. We had to lead him on. Can I convey to you our anguish as we heard day after day of the damnable retreat of our armies with those terrible American soldiers at the very heels of our warriors, chasing our men across half of Europe, through the rain and th' mud?

For the old man, however, the siege progressed on Paris. He would eat his meals almost victoriously as becomes the conqueror, with the help of the little girl, quite pale with her privations. The room was warm. Outside was bitter cold. The snow beat against the window. Misery and lost hope were without. He, however, seemed happy. He told of his victories, of Sedan, for the hundredth time; told how in former campaigns they had to eat hard biscuits and horsemeat.

“Do you understand, my little girl?” he would say, “all we had to eat was horsemeat!”

I know that she understood very well, because now for two months that was all she could get to eat. Our task now became more difficult. He would hear a cannon roar, would train his ears. “What’s that?” and we would invent a celebration of the victory for him.

Then one day the little girl ran out to meet me. “Tomorrow, tomorrow, they are coming,” she whispered. We did not know what to do.

* * *

An old soldier of the Franco-Prussian war, a colonel, got up from his sick bed. Martial music called him. He was to see the triumphant return of the victorious German armies. He donned his old uniform, his helmet, his saber. He staggered out on the balcony. The closed windows, barred doors, deserted streets puzzled him; then he saw a thin black line winding its way under the Arch of Victory. The helicopters shone, the drums rolled and with rhythmic step there came the triumphant army of Black Jack Pershing.

A cry rang out on the cool air: “To arms! To arms! The enemy!” But the closed windows and the barred doors opposite answered him not.

The four leading advance patrols looking up saw an old man throw out his arms as if to steady himself, then crumple up in a heap. The valiant old Colonel Teufeldt was dead.

**The Summer Session**

This year as in years past, the College of Puget Sound will hold a summer school. The purpose of the Summer Session at the College of Puget Sound is primarily to prepare teachers and prospective candidates for the teaching force to meet the State requirements and examinations. Courses will be offered in Normal Training, in General Reviews for the State Examinations of August, and, in addition, Collegiate Courses for college and entrance credits in the College of Puget Sound.

The summer session will be for nine
weeks, June 15 to August 15, excepting the Review Courses, which will close in time for the State Examinations on August. Courses will be arranged so that full semester college or normal credits will be received.

The summer session is maintained:

(1) For teachers who desire advanced certification or special training to broaden their sphere of influence and activity;

(2) For those who desire to teach, preparing them to meet the State requirements and examinations;

(3) For college students who desire to shorten the time of their college course or to make up back work;

(4) For high school students needing to remove deficiencies for entrance credit or to make up back work;

(5) And for all other persons who have the time and desire to pursue utilitarian and recreative studies during the summer.

The faculty of the summer session will be composed of the members of the regular faculty of the College of Puget Sound, together with other selected instructors in special fields. The standards of the regular academic year will be maintained.

Special efforts will be made this year to offer to teachers collegiate instruction in branches of study which will prepare them for wider activities in the administrative fields of education and in the general welfare movements of their respective communities. Throughout the country experience has proven that the teachers in the schools are the leading principals in community organization. To be pioneers of community organization and service is the most challenging opportunity for teachers at the present time.

Some of the courses of this type already arranged for are:

1. School Organization and Administration.
2. Social Psychology.
3. Community Surveys and Organization.
4. Americanization and Civics.

Complete Review Courses will be given for all the State Examinations of August.

The general curriculum of the summer session will include courses in the following branches:

- Agriculture
- Botany
- Chemistry
- Economics
- Education
- English
- Geology
- History
- Home Economics
- Mathematics
- Modern Languages
- Music
- Normal Art
- Physics
- Psychology
- Sociology
- Measurements

Courses will be arranged in other subjects if there is sufficient demand for them.

Fees are nominal and possible for every one.

For all information relative to the summer session write to

PROF. CHESTER L. RICH,
Director of the Summer School.
The evening’s entertainment was topped off with a magical show by Clarence Slyter followed by circus refreshments, such as hot dogs, pink lemonade, etc.

The Sophomores are willing to admit that the party holds first place among the things that have happened this semester.

One can scarcely refrain from speculation on the present state of engagements. It appears that the Philos have a monopoly on Cupid this spring.

The engagement of Miss Dorothy Day and Professor T. Dunlap was announced several weeks ago.

The engagement of Mabel Amende, president of the Student Body, and Ernest Clay, president of the Philomathean Literary Society, was announced at the Philo house party at Fox Island.

The society editor has been informed by a certain Miss, that Tom Swayze has been very entertaining of late. (We wonder how late?)

The visit made by about eighty C. P. S. students to the State Legislature on March 22 proved a success in every re-
spect. The weather was perfect, the trip pleasant, and the store of knowledge gained was tremendous.

Twenty-five Philos, chaperoned by Mrs. Bennet of the Y. W. C. A., and Professor Slater, spent four days of the spring vacation at the Y. W. C. A. Lodge on Fox Island. Professor Slater can tell you about the pan-cakes and the bedroom prowlers. Rosa can tell you about—well most anything; Russell about the sweet smelling yellow swamp flower; Merle will elucidate on the subject of early morning strolls; and Mabel could talk, but she only smiles.

If two red lips were upturned to your own,
With none to gossip about it,
Would you pray for endurance to let
them alone?
Maybe you would—but I doubt it.

A magazine editor returned a tailor’s bill marked—“Declined, handwriting illegible.”

Never confide in a young person—new pails leak. Never tell your secrets to an old person—old doors seldom shut closely.

A sociable man is one who, when he has any minutes to spare, goes and bothers somebody who hasn’t.

Woman was once defined by a married man as “An essay on goodness and grace in one volume, elegantly bound. Al-
The Puget Sound Trail
Tacoma, Washington

Published Monthly by
ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF
COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND

Vol. IX April No. 7

Entered as second class matter October 1, 1919, at the postoffice at Tacoma, Wash., under the act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

EDITORIAL STAFF
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Harold Hong --------------Associate Editor
Marion Myers --------------Society
Tom Swayze --------------School Notes
Florence Todd --------------Staff Artist
Herbert Feller --------------Staff Artist

BUSINESS STAFF
Russell Clay --------------Business Manager
Leander Anderson --------------Assistant Manager
Harry A. Wilson --------------Assistant Manager
Francis Powell --------------Circulation Manager

THE SWAN SONG

It is a strange thing how short the span of human existence is, and in how short a time a man journeys from the cradle to the grave. It seems only a short month or two since the beginning of the school year and now the year is almost over. In only a short time many college chums and friends will be leaving for all parts of the world, and leaving perhaps never to be seen again. During the next decade death will have taken its toll of the young C. P. S. students who are now so carefree and gay; some will be sick and destitute and unknown, while others more fortunate will be successful, admired and envied by the world.

In our hours of idleness all of us have our day dreams, where we build our castles in the air and make our successful careers in the world of business, art, or the ministry. We are all struggling for an education in order to reach this world of our ideals the more effectively. The sad part of the whole story, however, is that statistics prove that the great majority of us will be disappointed in our aspirations.

The strangest thing in the world is the way that men struggle to gain some honor and distinction in the world when history
and experience shows that 999 out of 1,000 are doomed to disappointment. Think of the men whom we know who attended college twenty years ago and are now nothing more than cogs in some great industrial machine. You and I are not trying any harder to reach an ideal than these men did before us, and what hope have we to succeed better than they? We haven't—but the strange thing is that we are willing to try, anyhow.

Let's hope for the best in spite of Fate. The traditional college graduate is a hopeful optimistic sort of a chap, and it may happen that during the next fifty years he will be able to keep time from disillusioning him. Disillusionment is one of the greatest evils that can befall a young man, and the man who still has an implicit trust in his fellow man is truly fortunate. Disillusionment will come soon enough anyway, so let's live in a fool's paradise as long as we may. Life's largely a matter of pretense, and the man who learns the truth will always live to rue the day he discovered it.

With this issue The Trail for the year 1919-20 dies a natural death. It has lived its natural span, has served its masters well, and deserves a fitting encomium. At the beginning of the school year we had the highest aspirations for our publication. Needless to say, we never achieved our ideal. But what of that? It is the lot of us humans to aim high and fall far below our aim. In spite of all our troubles, difficulties and critics, we who have edited The Trail during the past year have enjoyed our work. It has been a pleasure, and the work has been its own reward.

We are very grateful to those members of the student body who have helped us with their labor and counsel during the past year, and we hope that they may find an opportunity to help The Trail next year under a new management. We wish particularly to thank those who have from time to time contributed stories, articles and editorials to our paper, and we only wish that we could have had an opportunity to print more of them.

The last issue of a paper is always a little sad. When a paper dies, a personality dies. It dies, but there is this recompense: We know that the paper will be revived next year, will be improved and made a better paper than ever before. We are firmly convinced that the College is destined for greater things, and we are also certain that the time is not so far distant when the College of Puget Sound will have a semi-weekly paper! Even though we are wrong, what of it? As we said before, it is the fate of man to be disappointed.

When school ends this spring a great many of us will leave C. P. S. never to return again. On our journey through life however, let us keep an especially cozy corner in our heart for dear old C. P. S. A knocker or an indifferent man never led an epoch-making movement, or did a great work for the world. Let's all be boosters and not knockers.

DO YOU FOLLOW THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE?

Anyone who makes even a superficial
survey of our educational system of today must be struck by the large degree of freedom which is permitted, even to pupils, in our high schools in the selection of their courses of study. Indeed, the principal aim of many of our high school principals seems to be only to keep the pupil interested and entertained. Whether the pupil learns anything seems to be a small matter.

In speaking of this tendency, Hugo Munsterberg, late professor of psychology at Harvard University, said: "We eulogize the educational principle of following the path of true interest, and mean too often by that the path of least resistance." The result of this, he says, is that the energy to concentrate on what is not interesting by its own appeal remains undeveloped.

If there is any one thing which young men and women should learn while at school it is to do their duty and do it accurately, even though it be extremely distasteful. A review of conditions in our high schools which allow a great many electives shows that the great majority of high school students are forsaking the so-called solid studies such as Latin, Greek, geometry, in order to browse among the relatively easy subjects of political science, general science, Spanish, shop work, penmanship, typewriting, etc.

The present tendency to allow pupils to pick out only the interesting and easy subjects on the curriculum will develop a race of people dominated by hasty judgments, superficial emotions and sensational excitements. Some of the old classics may not rank high in the Spencerian "bread and butter" view of education, but they do rank high when their influence on character development and accuracy in the use of our own language is considered.

BORAH IS VINDICATED

We all hate to use the old phrase, "I told you so," but at times it is necessary to call attention to important predictions which have later become actualities. We all remember the extravagant claims which were made for the League of Nations, and we remember as well damaging accusations made against the pact. One charge made against the league was that it would never work until the leading nations of the world gave up their old territorial ambitions and decided to run the world on the basis of justice instead of force.

Recently, over the protests of the United States and Great Britain, France occupied certain German cities on the Rhine, apparently to punish Germany for sending troops into the Ruhr valley to suppress an uprising of Sparticists. Sending German troops into the Ruhr valley was a violation of the terms of the peace treaty, however, before the Germans sent the troops into the district they asked permission of the allies for the move. Permission for the move was given by our government and by that of Great Britain, for they recognized that something must be done to put an end to the Red menace in Germany. To punish Germany for something which she had received permission to do, France has apparently violated the treaty of peace.

This is not the only instance where
something like this has happened. With these happenings staring us in the face it seems rather presumptuous of the advocates of the League of Nations to publish before the world the fact that the nations are behind the league and at present members of it, are actuated by the highest principles of justice and right, and desire nothing more than to make the world safe for democracy.

The worst part of the whole matter is that France and England are members of the League of Nations at the present time. The strange thing is that the first time any serious crisis has come in European affairs one of the members of the League has taken things into its own hands. If we had become members of the recent alliance with France and England, without a doubt we would be expected to go over and back up these European nations in acts which they do against our own counsel and wishes.

Observing the state of the world after the statesmen at Versailles have had an opportunity to remodel it, it is extremely fortunate for us that we had farseeing statesmen, such as Lodge, Johnson, and Borah, who foresaw just such an eventuality as this and provided against it by defeating the misfit called the League of Nations.

The faults of the League were largely a matter of philosophical conjecture six months ago but at the present time we have innumerable instances of the failure of the League to act, facts which show more and more clearly that the League of Nations would mean nothing but trouble, expense and disappointment to the United States.

THINK THIS OVER
Did you ever try to convince anyone that a certain line of conduct ought to be followed, and in the middle of your discourse have him come back at you with the question, "Well, if what you say is so good and I ought to follow what you say, why don't you practice what you preach?" This question is usually a poser to most young moralists and they soon begin to reform themselves before they attempt to start on the rest of the world.

Although you may judge a man a great deal by his actions, when he gives you personal advice, and rightly so, you ought not to judge a man's impersonal in a newspaper editorial in the same way. Every paper has a certain editorial policy, and every man, whatever his private opinions may be, must conform to the editorial policy of his paper when writing for it. Since it is the policy of the paper which governs his editorial expressions, it would be unjust to the newspaper and unjust to the writer to interpret what he writes in terms of his private actions and opinions.

The same thing which holds good for our newspapers, holds good for The Trail. If a bit of good advice should appear in the editorial columns of the paper, it would not make this advice one whit less effective, if the person who gave it did not himself follow it out. If a man made an eloquent speech for temperance, and convinced you that the liquor traffic was a sore in our national life, would you
not be a fool if you changed your opinion because you saw the man who gave the eloquent speech intoxicated afterwards? If we are to get anywhere in this world, we must hold to the principle that if a thing is true it is true true no matter who says it.

DON'T UNDERTAKE TOO MUCH

To do everything within your power is a praiseworthy rule of conduct which might with profit be followed by every student at C. P. S. As worthy of a following, however, is this rule: "Do only, what you can do well." The time has come in the affairs of the College of Puget Sound where this last rule should be considered and respected.

It seems to be the mania at the present time for everybody to suggest some new student body activity which will take the already overburdened C. P. S. student away from his lessons. The first thing to distract the students from his studies is athletics. Altho C. P. S. does not take part in as many sports as she might, still considering the small student body there are too many sports for the school.

Sports are only a small matter compared to the many other activities which take up the time of the C. P. S. student. Central board is insistent that a goodly number serve her. Each of the various societies claims its quota. The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. demand attention and time. Debate has its devotees. School receptions, house parties, spreads, parties, church affairs, departmental luncheons, college publications, dramatics, pageants, and a hundred and one other distractions draw even the most conscientious student away from his work.

Student activities are necessary, but following out the law of diminishing utility, student activities can become so numerous and take up so much time that they become positively harmful. The worst of it all is that the students who take part in one activity are always the ones who are called upon to take part in every other. If this gradual multiplication of outside interest is not stopped in the near future, some students will have to follow Mrs. Davis's advice and drop their studies in order to get good grades in their outside diversions.

The question of study is a serious one, and it is time to put an end to the perpetual agitation for new diversions and spectacles. Instead of increasing the work of the students we should now retrench, examine conditions, and eliminate all nonessentials.

By all means the students should have their activities; however, when the activities master the students, instead of being mastered by them, it is time to call a halt. The proper way to stop this wave of nonessential affairs is for every student to refuse absolutely to take up any activity which he feels will in any way keep him from doing justice to his regular school work. To do this is undoubtedly difficult and may at first cause some inconvenience, but it is necessary.
The first test of debating strength between our college and the Willamette University was held Saturday evening, March 27th. Our negative debaters, Mr. Harold Hong and Mr. Harry Earle, journeyed to Salem and won from the Willamette debaters in their home town, while our affirmative debaters, Mr. Henry Cramer and Mr. Herbert Magnuson, lost by a decision of two to one. It was a snappy debate through and our debaters are to be congratulated upon their good work.

On Saturday, April 17th, our girl debaters met the girl debate teams of Willamette University on the question, "Resolved, That the principle cause for the present wave of anarchy in this country is due to unjust labor conditions." Miss Florence Maddock and Miss Helen Brace, our negative debaters, went to Salem, and Miss Olive Martin and Miss Helen Monroe upheld the affirmative side here at home.

Thursday evening, April 14th, was the occasion of the annual oratorical contest. The following students competed for the Florence Todd prize of $10.00: Miss Carrie Lofgren, Miss Billie Ross, Miss Rosa Perkins, Miss Grace McAbee, Victor Ciscar and Bob Ellsworth.

On April 30th our Freshman boys will debate the University of Washington Freshman team over the question, "Resolved, That the Plumb plan for administration of railroads should be adopted in this country." Mr. Tom Swayze, Bob Ellsworth and Sam Levinson will represent the Freshman class, having the negative side of the question. The debate will be held in the College Chapel, and the Freshmen should see that the entire school turns out to support their men.

WITH APOLOGIES TO HENRY WADSWORTH

Seated one day in my study
I was weary and ill at ease;
And my fingers wandered idly,
Over the typewriter keys.
I knew not what I was writing,
For my minds was far away;
And my thoughts were running wildly,
From the work that before me lay.
Now the air was like the summer,
And the flowers were blooming, too;
And the grass was green as an emerald,
And wet with the morning's dew.
The sun was low in the east yet,
But the birds were busy as bees;
Taking the worms from the garden
To hungry mouths in the trees.
Here everything was happiness,
Quiet, peaceful, serene;
But my mind would linger no longer,
So is jumped to another scene.

I passed quickly from summer to winter,
But moved not an inch in my place;
For what cared my muscles and body,
How much my mind should race.

But the rough wintry blasts of December,
No matter how cold or how strong;
Did not seem to be able,
To attract my attention for long.

I forgot the summer and winter,
They were into oblivion hurled;
And my mind took larger dimensions,
And traveled to other worlds.

Visions of Spain and of Russia,
Were next brought into my view;
And then I journeyed to Holland,
And to Scandinavia, too.

Now I saw scenes in England,
And picturesque streets in France;
Now I had jumped down to Turkey,
As if guided by fate or chance.

Then my mind stopped short in its wandering,
And back to its work it flew;
But I seemed to have traveled as far as,
The ancient wandering Jew.

I picked up my work where I left it,
And back to my writing I went;
But not forgetting the places I visited,
Nor regretting the time I had spent.

It's a wonderful thing to be able,
To leave troubles and cares behind;
And go off on these private excursions,
To see what there is to find.
Amphictyon Notes

The Amphictyons decided to celebrate St. Patrick's Day right, so March 16 they gave a most interesting Irish program. Miss Brown gave us an original allegory, which proved quite a scream, as did also Ed. Longstreth's extempo, "Irish Jokes." Dorothy Michner, who has visited Ireland in person, told us some mighty interesting and witty things about our Emerald Isle, and Mr. Bain sang the Irish favorite, "Mother Machree."

Our trial was held on Tuesday evening, March 23, with the Honorable Judge Erp presiding. The defendants arraigned for the trial were, Dorothy Michner, on a larceny charge; Mary McKee, for manslaughter; Esther Graham, for using the mails to defraud; Lorraine Wingard, for obtaining money under false pretenses; Mildred Brown, for running over a chicken on Broadway; Nellie Smith, for alienation of Professor Rich's affections; and Professor Rich, for evading the draft.

All pleaded "not guilty" to their charge, and by a miscarriage of justice some escaped, but the rest were punished to the full extent of the law.

Our joint program with the Theta girls was on the much talked of "H. C. of L." The program was a success from every angle. We enjoyed your company very much, Thetas. Come again soon.

The Amphic picnic at the Point was a huge success. There was so much to eat that the last quart of Van Camp's was left to be consumed by one lone brave man. The picnic started at eleven a.m. and lasted until a—a—rather late, but only one person as usual was late for "European."

FRESHMAN NOTES

This the last time that anyone will hear of the class of '23 as Frosh but—wait till we are Sophs, then you will hear a great deal about us.

The party we gave the Sophs seems to have been a good success from the better babies booth, managed by Esther Graham, with its gallery of cute professor babies, to the "Aladdin" magic show by Clarence Slyter.

We are looking at the Annual Glee trophy and have hopes of getting it.

We will say good-bye to our Freshman year but we will always look back to it with stirring memories.

SACAJAWEA NOTES

The Maidens of the Sacajawea Tribe accept the challenge to a culinary contest made by the Millioners' Club. We hum-
bly submit to the qualifications insisted upon as to expenditure, excellency and satisfaction. Said contest will occur on date to be agreed upon by houses.

Notice: Gossip Society. Regular meetings in Ruth’s room. Bobby, please take notice.

All but four of our Tribe participated in the trip to Olympia.

The girls planned a great deal for the Easter vacation. Everyone reported a wonderful time. Alta Jeffers, Billy Jones, Thelma Hastings, and Maud Shunk capped the week with the Philo house party. Mamie Phillips spent the week in Port Angeles. Ruth Woods at Cle Elum, Billy Ross at Chehalis, Laura and Betty Neville at Walville, Helen Smith and Mildred at Auburn, Ethel Lewis at Raymond, Esther Johnson at Mount Vernon, and Dorothy Day at Parkland. Dorothy Daniels spent part of the week with friends in Tacoma. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds celebrated the glorious occasion of having a quiet house by going to Pt. Defiance for one day.

Our dear Rube is very ill. At the present time he is at the hospital and we don’t know when he will return. We hope for his speedy recovery and return to his beloved home.

We were so relieved to have “It” announced.

The apostles have done well this year. They were heard from three different times this month.

“Cutey” still holds his place at the table. We don’t know why. Perhaps it is because his hair curls to beautifully.

The long suffering piano is lame. One
of its knees seems to be out of joint. We
don't know whether to get a doctor or an
undertaker.

Scenario: Betty in great pain. Makes
much noise. Bill Jones rushes in, spoon
in one hand, bottle in other. Masterful
expression on countenance. Holds up
spoon. Betty swallows contents. (Con-
ten ts: pineapple juice). Pleads for more.
Billy fills spoon from bottle. (Contents:
caster oil). Betty swallows contents.
Only imagination may describe resulting
scene.

Faculty members make ideal dish wash-
ers.

Mrs. Reynolds had a birthday but we
could not find out which one. The Tribe
gathered in her rooms in the evening and
celebrated. Many happy returns!

Dorothy Daniels, Mamie Phillips, Mil-
dred Brown also celebrated this month.

SENIOR NOTES

As you all know, the class of Nin-
teen Twenty has won the Annual Glee
Pennant for two successive times and tho
of course we do not like to praise our-
selves, we are in hopes of winning it this
year for the third time. Miss Gladys
Moe, our honorable president, has written
the words and music for our annual glee
song this year and it is a dandy, full of
college pep and ginger and ought to stand
a fine show in the contest. There are not
many of us, to be sure, but we make a
lot of noise when we get together and you
can expect to hear from us next Wednes-
day night.

On the evening of April 8 Miss Moe
entertained the Senior Class at her home

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Are invited to the
Chocolate Shop
908 Broadway
Lately remodeled—new service in-
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11 a.m. to 3 p.m. except Sunday
Regular Lunch same hours
We Expect You Today
The Candy of the West
That’s Ours

HOYT
THE DOUGHNUT KING
HOME MADE
CAKES, COOKIES AND
DOUGHNUTS
Decorated Birthday and Wedding
Cakes Our Specialty
Hot Doughnuts After 7:30
Main 53 2412 Sixth Ave.
on North Oakes street, and the Glee Song was also practiced. We have to have some excuse to get together without a social date and to be sure we needed the practice.

Cap and Gown Day is near and then you will see the Seniors blossom out in all their glory. Although it is beyond any of us to want to act important, Cap and Gown Day is a long standing tradition of the college and we intend to carry it out in all its dignity and grandeur.

Although we are all glad to graduate, yet these are sad days for us as we are to leave dear C. P. S. never to return as students and there is a little tinge of regret in our hearts. We have, however, the satisfying memory of four glorious and wonderful years in the old school and we hope and trust that in the future we shall prove ourselves worthy of our Alma Mater.

To the Juniors we leave the traditional hatchet, to the Sophomores we leave our best wishes, to the Freshmen we leave the hope that they will enforce the Green Caps next year and to next fall’s entering class we leave our side of the color post which we installed when Freshmen.

---

McDonald’s Shoe Co.’s

Spring Footwear are novel modes that sparkle with exclusiveness. See us for your spring footwear.

**McDonald Shoe Company**

Two Stores—943 Broadway; 1301 Pacific Avenue

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Spring sunshine soon brings a big demand for good, wholesome Ice Cream

**OLYMPIC ICE CREAM**

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Insist on It
HETA has enjoyed two joint meetings since the last issue of The Trail, one with H. C. S. and the other with the Amphictyons. Both programs were appreciated by us and we hope by our co-partners.

We were glad to become better acquainted with our neighbors across the hall and we also discovered new talent in the men of H. C. S. "Least-wise" Mr. Earle as a composer is new and Mr. Hong's ability to talk is novel.

Thetas individually or collectively enjoyed a splendid and restful vacation, and of course we are delighted to be back at work again. Florence Todd reports that she has been engaged in philanthropic work which has proved interesting if not altogether neat and sanitary.

Helen Jolliffe had company during vacation. Margaret was made glad by a surprise just after vacation. Bessie has been having excitement at her house during the past week, we wonder who will be next. Bessie says she caught part of the bouquet, anyway.

Always a good show for everybody at

**Everybody's Theatre**
6th Avenue at Fife Street
Rest your feet under a

**Liberty**
Seat, 9th and Broadway

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Phone Main 702 28024 8th Ave.
H. C. S. NOTES

H. C. S. is proud of its debaters. All four of the Intercollegiate debaters who debated against Willamette were H. C. S. men and, even though we say it, they were a credit to the college and to H. C. S. Magnuson and Cramer were the debaters who met the Willamette team in Tacoma, and Earle and Hong were on the team which journeyed to Willamette. Hong and Earle won their debate in Salem, and Cramer and Magnuson lost in Tacoma, but this is nothing to their discredit for every time this question has been debated recently the negative has won.

Reviewing this year’s work of the society we feel satisfied with our accomplishments. It is true that we have not accomplished everything that we set out to do, but we have not failed utterly either. We have been very fortunate this year in getting new members. Everyone of our new men is a live wire and may be banked on to do everything in his power to help H. C. S. realize its ideals.

A number of our men are going to leave us this spring, but we will have a small band of faithfuls to start the work again next fall. There may be strength in numbers, but we have always held that even a small number could do a lot of they had the will to accomplish what they set out to do.

Our students have been active in student body affairs. We have had representation in practically every activity. Our men showed up well in football and basketball and we have a number of men turning out for baseball. As we have said before, our men have turned out faithfully for debate, and our team was fortunate enough to win the inter-society debate trophy. In the recent essay contest H. C. S. men won the first two cash prizes. All in all we have done what we could, and hope to be able to keep up our present record and improve it next year.
DRAMATICS

The Associated Students of the college will put on three one-act plays at the Tacoma Theatre the last of May. The plays that have been chosen are:

"Helen's Husband," a clever burlesque on Helen of Troy.

"In the Hospital," a very interesting and intense little play.

"The Neighbors," a play of every day folks.

The casts for the plays will be announced in a short time and intensive work will begin at once. With your help, with that of Mrs. Hovious, who has kindly consented to coach the plays, with Harry Earle as business manager, and with the help of various committees, the plays are going to be a S-u-c-c-e-s-s.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

The new cabinet officers of the Y. W. C. A. for the coming year are:
President ———— Maude Shunk
Vice President ———— Myrtle Warren
Secretary ———— Eva Bock
Treasurer ———— Grace McAbee
Missionary Chairman —— Florence Maddock
Social Chairman —— Margaret Ohlson
Devotional Chairman —— Enid Smith
Publicity Chairman —— Ethel Graham

The old cabinet has just finished a very successful year and it is the ambition of the new cabinet to carry on the work, started in such an able manner.

Both cabinets were delightfully entertained at a luncheon given by the Women's Advisory Board of the Y. W. C. A. last Wednesday noon. A few short speeches were given by members of the board.
A polite man is one who listens to things he knows all about when they are told by a person who knows nothing about them.

He who courts and goes away, May live to court another day; But he who weds and courts girls still, May get in court against his will.

Narrow minded people are like narrow necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

A person will never change his mind if he has no mind to change.

Darkness is a blind Ethiopian in a dark cellar at midnight looking for a black cat in the coal bin.

They cannot be complete in aught Who are not humorously prone; A man without a merry thought Can hardly have a funny bone.

A coquette is a rose from which every lover picks a petal—the thorns are left for her husband.
We have a wonderful showing of young men's clothing. Belted, single and double front models. Strictly new and very classy.

A world of shirts came in this week, percales, madras, cloths, wood fibre and tub silks, all beautiful goods.

"No Name" Hats came in this week too, in all colors and all shapes. That's why we say, We've got your clothes.

DICKSON BROTHERS CO.
1120-22 Pacific Avenue

A new yeast has been invented that makes bread so light that a pound loaf weighs only twelve ounces.

He had smallpox and died from it. Which time did he die?

There are two classes of students in this school. One that goes ahead and does things, and another that sits back and asks why you don't do things differently.

Professor Harvey—What is light? Rector—A box of cork is light.

I see that the girls of an Eastern college declare that kissing is both safe and sane. Perhaps there is something in this higher education of women after all.—Life.

Choose a wife as you choose a knife; look to her temper.

See what "BOMIKO" will do to your shoes

Mike Sita
Manufacturer of the "BOMIKO" line of Shoe Polish
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Hedberg Shoe Co.
Hirshfield, Haberdashery
Harmon, F. S.
Hinz, A. A.
Heitman, Mrs. F.
Hoyt, Doughnut
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Anything You Want
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Lynn Co.
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Muehlenbruch
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McCormack Bros.
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McCormick, Mr.
Modern Dairy
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Oriole Candy Co.
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Pheasant
Puget Sound Bank
Puget Sound Electric
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Pacific Building & Loan
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Rhodes Brothers
Rogers Company, The
Reick, William
Rowell, C. W.
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Stone-Fisher Co.
Scandinavian American aBnk
Shull Day Co.
Shaner-Wolff
State Building & Loan Assn.
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Sunday, May 9th
Say it with flowers. Let us say it for you

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Mother's Day is Mother's own
Why not flowers for her?
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Made to your order in our own shop

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**Totals**  $564.41  $357.73  $258.97  $ 52.29

**To balance**  206.68

April 1, 1920  
HAROLD D. YOUNG, Treasurer.

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We are showing a splendid line of SCHOOL MEMORY BOOKS in many attractive bindings. A very acceptable Commencement gift.

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Give us a Trial
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Be a Booster and Patronize The Advertiser
The College of Puget Sound, Tacoma, has held a summer session for the last twenty-six years, and has thus been able to offer to teachers and students the best opportunities for summer study.

Courses will be offered in Normal Training, in General Reviews for the State Examinations of August, and, in addition, Collegiate Courses for college and entrance credits in the College of Puget Sound.

The summer session will be for nine weeks, June 15 to August 15, excepting the Review Courses, which will close in time for the State Examinations in August. Courses will be arranged so that full semester college or normal credits will be received.

The summer session is maintained:

1. For teachers who desire advanced certification or special training to broaden their sphere of influence and activity;
2. For those who desire to teach, preparing them to meet the State requirements and examinations;
3. For college students who desire to shorten the time of their college course or to make up back work;
4. For high school students needing to remove deficiencies for entrance credit or to make up back work;
5. And for all other persons who have the time and desire to pursue utilitarian and recreative studies during the summer.

The faculty of the summer session will be composed of the members of the regular faculty of the College of Puget Sound, together with other selected instructors in special fields. The standards of the regular academic year will be maintained.

Complete Review Courses will be given for all the State Examinations of August.

Fees are nominal and possible for every one.

For all information relative to the summer session write to

PROF. CHESTER L. RICH,
Director of the Summer School.

EDWARD H. TODD, President,
College of Puget Sound,
Tacoma, Washington.
A FABLE—BURLESQUE

Tom A. Swayne

Once upon a time in a college called C. P. S. there was a professor who outshone all the other professors. A halo, as it were, enveloped his noble brow. This same noble brow, which once was o'ercast with a profusion of ebony-hued hair, was now as free of that some source of feminine vanity as is the Sahara Desert, of the American variety of bling pigs. The rays of the sun streaming in at the windows lighted upon the head of this noble professor and only increased the brightness. At times the reflection was so intense that students sitting before him in their classes were compelled to wear sun shades and dark glasses. Of a truth he did shine; in fact he had always shone in one way or another, for even when he was a tiny lad he was so bright that his mother called him Son. As the days went by this beloved professor shone more and more. He was the living example of one who kept in full measure that precept in holy writ which says: "Let your light so shine before men—" Nothing was even found that was able to dull the shiny brightness of this professor. Every known remedy had been used. Gallons and gallons of that famous compound so prominently mentioned in the "going, going, GONE" advertisements were used to no avail. The noble professor shone on undimmed; each succeeding day saw his brightness increase as a light that could not be hid. Thus it was that he world was made brighter because of his shining; thus it was that the students returning to their homes could say to their parents: "We have seen the great light." Oh, yes, this noble professor outshone all of his fellows. All the world about him saw his beacon light, but he, himself, wist not that his head did shine.

Moral—"All that glitters is not gold."

STUDENT BODY
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Vice President Charline Tuell
Secretary Maude Shunk
Treasurer Harold Young
Yell Leader Harry Earle

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Music Ernest Clay
Athletic Steve Arnett
Dramatics Marion Myers
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President Olin Graham
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President Harold Hong
Philomatheans
President Ernest Clay
Thetas
President Alice Baker

CLASSES
Senior
President Gladys Moe
Jr.
President Maude Shunk
Sophomore
President Ed. Longstreth
Freshmen
President Frank Brooks
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It is Said there is no End

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Fabrics as shur and diaphanous as gossamer for dainty, fluffy, ruffly, billowy frocks that envelop a young woman as with a nimbus of glory, and sturdy rugged weaves for the outdoor pleasure of the vacation season.

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Mercerized finish, 36 to 45 inches wide, yard .59 to 2.50

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FOR YOUNG WOMEN

Smartly tailored skirts, sweaters of colorful hue and suits that are eminently practical for outing wear. Pretty blouses, many with abbreviated sleeves, and hats and footwear in perfect keeping with other apparel.

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Cool looking summer suits, new shirts and neckwear, full bright summer colorings and apparel suitable for any kind of outdoor sport.

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