THIS ISSUE OF THE TRAIL DEDICATED TO OUR
ESTEEMED PRESIDENT
DR. E. H. TODD
We were almost done with this particular wheat field, and had limited the refuge of the jack-rabbits to quite a small area. We had only about five more swaths to cut when Jack, a half mongrel hound, suddenly scared up a large gray fellow. It was an exciting race. All work was stopped to give attention to the chase. The dog was clearly the swifter, but the rabbit was the quicker. When the dog almost had him in his fatal jaws—then—a quick turn by the rabbit and the inertia of the dog’s weight almost threw him off his feet. Away, away in the distance they sped, leaving a trail of dust behind them, then suddenly they began coming back. In a minute the rabbit again took refuge in the wheat where for short moments it eluded the dog, as he leaped high above the wheat to keep sight of his victim. The rabbit, becoming at length exhausted, began running amongst the horses and under the machine, and the whole crew with monkey wrenches, clods, pitchforks, and odd pieces of iron were attempting to hit or injure the rabbit. The little animal, however, seemed to be charmed from all their aims. A monkey wrench would always miss its head by an inch or so; the pitchfork would invariably bury itself in the ground where the rabbit had
been; not where it really was. Round and round he raced, in and out, from header to header-box, and then amongst the horses again; which he soon discovered to be the safest refuge. More and more excited became the men until one of them accidentally hit a horse's leg with an alligator wrench. This made trouble. The horse, with a loud snort, raised on his haunches, and got his leg over a line. Another horse gave the header-punch a fearful kick, laying him prostrate, and the horses now started away with the header. All thought of the rabbit was now forgotten in the effort to stop the header team. They were, however, absolutely uncontrollable and became more and more frightened at the awful din of the header which made a noise equal to forty-nine Fourth of July celebrations. They began to gallop, whirling around in ever diminishing circles. A sprocket chain broke and became mixed in a couple of cog-wheels, breaking up the machinery and making a crashing noise. The horses on the outside of the circle became swifter and swifter until the inside horses could no longer get away, and when the pushbeam crowded the horse next to it, he fell. This caused an indescribable tangle of horses, harness and machinery. When straightened out, one horse was killed, two were injured, and the header was badly damaged.

At the farther end of the wheat field, under the friendly protection of a grease-wood bush, crouched a rabbit, his body trembling with mortal fear.

Methods of Warfare, Past and Present

Introduction

By Gladys Maddock

Four score, and then some, ages ago, our fathers brought forth upon this terrestrial globe, innumerable weapons of warfare; conceived in malice and hate, and dedicated to the proposition that the highest aim of man is to kill the greatest number of men in the shortest possible time.

Now we are engaged in an international warfare, testing whether those things, or anything, so conceived and so dedicated, can last forever. We are writing in the midst of this war. We are writing to discuss these ideas and to speak of those who gave their lives that this idea might be carried out. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we can say nothing of them. The misinformed men living and dead, who supported it have argued more forcefully than we can ever hope to. The world will little note nor long remember
what we say about it, but it can never forget what they did. It is for us the living, rather, to be here decided to set our faces against this disgraceful work which they who believed in it have thus far so diabolically advanced. It is for us to be now dedicated to the great task staring us in the face; that from those unfortunate dead, we derive increased hatred toward that cause for which they gave their last full measure of support. That we here highly resolve that this world, under God, shall have a new birth of brotherhood; and that a government of love, by love, and for love, shall appear upon the earth.

Faculty Vacations

Several members of our faculty have very kindly taken time, in their busy lives, to write for us short descriptions of their summer vacations. It is with pleasure that we publish them, and we regret that we could not obtain contributions from all.

F. W. Hanawalt

Another college year has passed into history and twelve weeks of vacation are before me. How shall I spend them? Six weeks of summer school were already planned. This term, my sixth in the summer normal of Puget Sound, passed very rapidly, the work was surely very pleasant, but being so much like the ordinary college year I will omit any account of it here. Then to the mountains somewhere, I must go. About the middle of August I accepted an invitation of Professor Boothroyd of the department of astronomy, of the U. of W., a friend of former years, to spend a week at the beautiful new Mountaineers' Lodge, located in the Cascades on a ridge by the Snoqualmie pass. It is here where the Milwaukee railway threads its way through the scenic range. From this point I had several vigorous hikes to snow lake, to lake Keechelus, and to the top of the Matterhorn (named by the mountaineers), some sixty-one hundred feet above sea level. The lodge is located thirty-two hundred feet above, but several times it was nee-
necessary to drop down many hundred feet so that in all we climbed nearly six thousand feet and tramped nearly twenty miles exploring our way up and still another way back, difficult enough with precipices to go around for none of our party of three knew of a trail. From the peak a wonderful sight was in view; some two score small lakes were to be seen nestling among the multitudes of peaks, snow in the upper valleys, and glaciers to the eastward. The supper was superb that evening on our return, and the blazing fireplace a great comfort, for I was tired out. My companions were both veterans in mountain work, and for once I was content to follow. This outing for a week was over all too soon. But once again in the opening days of September I had five days of camping in Paradise Park, Mount Tacoma. Likewise the time here was spent in exploring; the mountain side as far as McClure’s rock and between Nisqually and Paradise glaciers was visited again and many memories of two years before were recalled when we made the ascent to Register Rock on the rim of the crater. One new trip was undertaken, a tramp to Indian Henry’s Hunting Ground from Longmires over the Rampart Ridge. The spectacle from the Wigwam of the old double peak, as it appears from here, was inspiring. Much interest to me was meeting here Mr. Van Trump and hearing him explain the first ascent of the mountain in 1870 by himself and Gen. Stevens, and his later trips. Just back of this peak the ascent of Mt. Ararat gave a fine view of the surrounding foothill mountains. Old “‘Tahoma” had much less snow on its cleavens and “fields” than I have seen before, but it was none the less interesting. Its scenery gives one an opportunity to forget all routine work, and lift the thoughts to the grand and sublime. How helpful to men that God made the mountains. A few short trips of a day each, with visitors and a day and two nights at conference, and the vacation was over and another school year with its joyous work at hand.

MY VACATION
Hugo P. J. Selinger

A change of occupation being deemed the wisest way to recuperate, the powers that be arranged that the weeks between teaching activity should not lack in variety.

Immediately after commencement my good wife and I began removing our chattels, and the purchase of the things appertaining to a home. The lady who goes to church on Sunday with me, being superintendent, and myself, maid of all work, we filled happy days and weeks with “getting settled.”

A trip to Chelan, where at the Epworth Institute it was my privilege to renew old acquaintances and to form many new ones, was a delightful opportunity to serve the church by teaching “social service.” A similar trip to Redondo was still more agreeable, in that I was per-

(Continued on page 13)
The Puget Sound Trail
Tacoma, Wash.

Published Monthly by
ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF
COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND

Vol. IV OCTOBER, 1914 No. 1

Entered as second class matter Oct. 19, 1914, at the postoffice at Tacoma, Wash., under the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

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EDITORIAL

Another school year is now well started on its way. For some of us it is the last year in college, and we think of it with mingled joy and regret. For some it is only the beginning of four years which are to be success or failure, according as we make them such. Let us strive to our utmost to make them success, for surely not one of us would willingly court failure. To us who are old students, this year is just a continuation of former struggles and pleasures; to the new students it is to be an unfolding of life before us, as we are to live it.

But, laying aside these differences, we all are students together in our college. We can, and we must, work together in and for our school. We must boost and boost with all our might for the College of Puget Sound.

"Come every good fellow and give us a song;
Boost for the C. P. S.
We've found a good thing, and now help it along,
Boost for the C. P. S."

Our school has changed its name since last year, and consequently our songs and yells are out of date. Surely there are some among us who can produce some good songs and yells if they will. It is imperative that we have some good ones before February 22, for our annual banquet would be a very slow affair without any school spirit bursting forth on every hand. Students in other schools keep their Alma Maters supplied with good rousing yells and songs. We are just as capable as they, so let us get busy and surprise our faculty with some real live songs.

Our president is out in the field, giving of his very life for us. What a joy it would be to him, upon his return, to find a student body brimming over with school spirit. Enthusiasm is contagious. If we are bubbling over with it here in the school, before long the whole state will catch the spirit and the future of our college will no longer be hanging in the balance. Our president is boosting with all his strength and he is accomplishing great
things. What can he not accomplish with all of us backing him up?

So let us all pull together and boost with all our might. Bring out our new songs and yells and learn them.

For

There's nothing whatever that we cannot do;

Boost for the C. P. S.

If we once get a notion, we'll carry it through;

Boost for the C. P. S.

Boost the societies, boost for your class,
Boost for the faculty, boost for athletics,
Boost for the "Trail," boost to the last;
Boost, boost, boost! But don't knock.

The proper place for a knocker is on the door of a very ancient house in England. Let it stay there.

Have we any athletes in the College of Puget Sound? At the present writing it is very doubtful. What does it need to create a little enthusiasm along this line? It needs some one who is willing to coach a team and who is willing to help the boys learn the game. We have the athletes, and we have the money—all we need is a little enthusiasm and "we're off."

The football situation is not as bad as it might be, with Benadom, our old star man, back in school; Beck of last year's team, with fame of former years; Curtis, who promises to be a star-quarter, a new man in school, but with several high
school years’ experience. Then with Burton, Hart, Herzog, Hanawalt, Schlatter and Terry to form the battering ram of the team, together with several other huskies, the situation is not at all dark.

At present we have no manager to push things along, but will have to rely upon the enthusiasm of Coach Zoller to stir things up. This is the situation in a nut shell, if we don’t play this year, the students will not give the money next year, and perhaps that will be the time we will want it. So in order to keep our appropriation from the student body fee, we must play football! Come, boys, let’s get out and boot the pigskin and bring renown to our alma mater.

The basketball situation is going to be bright. We have about 8 star players to begin with and if we have any chance at all for the championship we have it this year.

Students: I have a new invention here which is valuable not only to business men and housewives, but also to students. This invention is almost magic. It is really understood by no one—not even myself. There seems to be something almost divine about it. It is an instrument of my own invention. I stumbled on to it by accident.

At this day and age people are very busy, indeed. The longer novels, Ivanhoe, Les Miserables, etc., are read less and less. Why? Because people haven’t the time to sit down and read them. For this reason the short story is very popular. Yet business men and students, too, do not have the time to read many of them. A still shorter method has long been desired. This remarkable machine has solved the problem.

Now, friends, you may think I’m crazy in presenting such a machine as this. But, had Thomas A. Edison appeared before you twenty-five years ago advertising a machine that would talk, sing and play; if Marconi had come before you saying he had an instrument by which he could send a message flying miles over sea or land without a wire, or had some one offered you a heavier-than-air machine by which you could fly from place to place through the air, you undoubtedly would have pronounced them crazy. Why? Because you were not at all familiar with those things at that time. They were new and people knew very little about them, and further they seemed impossible. That is exactly the case with this little machine which I am presenting to you now. But as time goes on it will prove to be, as did the graphaphone, the wireless and the flying machine, a staple article and a necessity.
This is the way it works: Take the book, large or small, which you care to read, and attach the instrument to the edge of it. Start the machine going and then go lie down, go out for a walk, about your duties, to the banquet, take a trip down town or whatever you choose to do. The time required for the performance of this feat depends upon the volume of the book. Now, when sufficient time has elapsed, about six hours for a book the size of Ivanhoe, you detach the machine from the book and secure the knowledge contained in the book. You do not get merely a hazy idea but a knowledge more concise than if you had read it with your own eyes, because this machine catches the finest threads of the reading matter. With this book finished, hitch it to another book, and the same result will follow.

Try it on your text books. Set it going on your history book while you take in the party or society program. There is no need for not having your lessons if you possess one of these machines. It is adjustable and will also fit newspapers, dictionaries, magazines, etc. You can't afford to be without one.

Here’s my proposition. It is the most reasonable offer ever presented. How much would you pay for a machine like this? $5.00? $2.00? Surely you would pay fifty cents for one? Well, it will not cost you $5.00, nor $2.00, no, not fifty cents, even. I am selling these wonderful machines for only 35 cents. This is not a money-making scheme. It costs me 28 cents for each one that I put out. So you see I do not make much on a sale. Surely you will buy one of them for 35 cents when it is really worth $10.00 or $12.00.

PHILOMATHEANS

Tuesday evening, September 22, the Philomathean Literary Society convened for the first regular meeting of the school year, with Rollo Clark, our newly elected president, in the chair. We listened to a program replete with vacation reminiscences, carried out by members whose tanned faces and generally healthful appearance testified to the fact that for the past three months they had been enjoying the beneficent effects of plenty of sunshine and good, hard physical exercise.

When the roll was called, due to the fact that many of our old members did not return this year, only about half of the old guard responded, but prospects are bright for a good strong society and already a goodly number of new members have united with us.

We are full of vim and energy and are determined to make our society work for the coming year the very best in the history of Philo.

AMPHICTYON

The Amphictyons have made large plans for this coming year. The society will endeavor to make the literary productions of the high-
est order, and to have as much original work done as possible. One achievement will be sought—the making of the Amphictyon a real literary society; a literary society in the highest sense of the word. Literary means pertaining to literature, and literature, according to Long's is the "Expression of life in words of truth and beauty." It is a broad field, too often neglected, so that knowledge gained in this field from labors and time spent in it will be invaluable to the students. The Amphictyons intend to earnestly cultivate and develop this side of school work, which is needed by every student, but which many do not meet with anywhere else in their college activity. This original work will give the members an opportunity to put into literary form their own thoughts and ideas. It will also give each member an opportunity to hear the work of others, and benefit from it. Debating with its invaluable training will occupy a more prominent place than heretofore. The goal has been set high. The race is started, the pace set, and the prize will be won.

The Amphictyon spirit could not be better. Last June ended a glorious year, and the spirit of the society did not fall or abate in the least after school closed, as can be testified by all who heard the many circular letters read at a recent program. During the summer the members scattered to various parts of the country, and from their new quarters sent their greetings to one another. Some were in Mississippi, some in Canada, some in Washington and elsewhere; but distance was not a blanket to Amphictyon spirit.

The personnel of the society consists of some able, earnest and patriotic students of both college and academy. Our officers for this year are: President, Guy Hudgins; vice president, Harry Gardner; secretary and pianist, Mildred Metz; treasurer, Ethel Beaver; chaplain, Roy Owen; historian, Marion Biglow; reporter, Ulric Sellers; sergeant-at-arms, Percy Harader; critic, to be supplied; assistant critic, Prof. Giesey. Twenty-two of last year's members have returned, all of whom are working hard with new determination. We have already taken in six new members who give promise of being loyal Amphictyons. They are: Miss Reisey (academy), Miss Hedger (college), Miss Hill (special academy), Mr. Matthews (graduate student), Mr. Hughes (academy), Mr. Pike (academy).

Of our last year's members, Miss Zeller is attending the University of Mississippi; Robert Cowan has registered at Pullman, Otto Schultz is now a student in Reed College in Portland, Leslie Johnson has returned to Kansas, Clarence Keen is in Seattle, Lelia Hazeltine and Bessie Shone are in high school at Hoquiam, Guy Dunning is principal of the Elma high school.

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Y. M. AND Y. W. JOINT RECEPTION

The opening social event of the school was in the form of a "mixer" given by the Christian Associations to students and faculty of the college. The main hall of the administration building was appropriately decorated in evergreens and flowers. Punch and wafers were served in Professor Holland's classroom. During the course of the evening a short program was rendered consisting of a brief address by the president of the two associations, an address by Dean Marsh, and several violin selections by Miss Bradshaw, instructor in violin. About a hundred students were present besides a majority of the faculty.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Wednesday afternoon, September 16, the girls of the association gave a pleasant affair at the president's residence to all the girls of the school. A unique feature of the entertainment was an impromptu vaudeville. Tea and sandwiches were served to fifty-five.

The first devotional meeting of the association was held Wednesday noon, September 23, in the rest room. Mrs. Colburn, a prominent member of the First M. E. church of this city, addressed the assembly. A good attendance was reported, and it is hoped that the interest of the young women of the institution in this association will increase. Some splendid meetings are being planned for the future. Are you a member? If not, a most cordial invitation is extended to you to join the Young Women's Christian Association of the College of Puget Sound.

The regular meeting, Wednesday, September 30, was held in joint session with the Young Men's Christian Association, on which occasion Dr. Selinger delivered a masterful address on "The Sanctity of Principle."

FOOT BALL, BASKET BALL, SOCCER

We carry a complete line of Jerseys for basketball teams, in both plain and striped.

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GLEE CLUB

We are glad to learn that Dr. Schofield is planning to organize the Glee Club very much earlier this year than last. We wonder that he is able to consider training a club this season at all, after the long and faithful hours that he spent last winter in order to train us into presentable condition.

We are glad to see many of last year's Glee Club with us again, and we are sure that after having seen what Dr. Schofield can do with an aggregation of voices that are wholly untrained, none of the boys will hesitate to put themselves under this training at once if the opportunity is offered.

It is worth $30 to see Dr. Schofield’s inspiring smile, and it’s worth that much, at least, just to have the feeling that you are one of the fellows.

After the club went on the road last year, the boys sang with increasing success until the end of the season. The last concert was such a treat that the people enthusiastically called for a repetition of it at another date.

Come on, boys. This is your opportunity for some fine instruction and a delightful season of music.

(Continued from page six)

mitted not only to stand on my own feet, but also to fill the voluminous shoes of my dear friend, our president.

My Sundays were given up to the preaching of the Gospel and ministering to the saints, in St. John’s church, Snohomish, and during the month of August in Trinity church, Tacoma.

I managed, in preparation for the new school year to read about one hundred and one books, superintend and assist in the last three weeks of vacation the removing of the college library to the former rooms of the commercial department, carried on a somewhat extended correspondence, and served as motive power to various implements in the department of domestic science. The rest of the time I loafed.

P. S.—I split four cords of wood, piled them and have them ready for use.

(Continued on page 19)
THE H. C. S. FRATERNITY

With the beginning of the year, the H. C. S. men were back for another year in full force. Fred Crane, who has gone to Arkansas, and Jack Murbach, who graduated, were the only members that did not come back this year. Not only did last year’s members return, but also several members of two years ago. Victor Hedberg and Clyde Benadom who attended U. of W. last year, and Warren Rees, who was out of school, are the members returning. This gives the H. C. S. a fine start for the year.

The H. C. S. is the smallest society in school, but good things come in small packages. With hardly an exception its members participate in athletics and their prowess is well known. Four members of the chapel choir are H. C. S. men. Victor Hedberg, the newly elected editor of the Trail, is an H. C. S. man. The president and treasurer of the Junior class and the president of the sophomore class are H. C. S. men.

THETA

In honor of their pledges the Kappa Sigma Theta Literary Society gave an interesting program Tuesday afternoon, September 29.

Theta Song
Eugene Field.. Poems of Childhood
Ann Fry
Our Suffragette Poetess

.................. Ella Wheeler Wilcox
.................. Bess Brown
Vocal Solo ......... Alice Goulder
Reading ............. Icel Marshall
Paul Lawrence Dunbar
..................... The Plantation Poet
Harriet Moe
Piano Solo ........ Marion Maxham
Motto: Read America First.
An unusually good course has been planned for this year, which will be of great value to the members.

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CHAPEL SPEAKERS

On Friday, September 18, Dean Birney of Drew Theological Seminary, spoke to the student body. His short and excellent talk was enjoyed by the students.

Saturday, September 19, was favored with a splendid talk by Dr. McMillan, who occupied the chair of homeletics in Drew Theological Seminary.

Peace Day was observed by the college on Friday, October 2nd. Dr. Lane, late pastor of the First M. E. church, spoke on the war. He deplored the great suffering and the civilization that would allow such a war.

The next day the student body was entertained by two prominent speakers. They were Dr. Bushnell, president of Pacific University, and Prof. Raymond, extension lecturer in sociology for the University of Chicago.

Dr. Bushnell's speech on "The Wonderful Advance of American Civilization," was well given and everyone listened intensely from beginning to end.

He touched on the great inventions, the great fortunes of men like Morgan, the liquor question, the social problem and the rise in the standards of laboring men.

The speech was well received by the students. This approval was lessened somewhat after chapel when it was rumored that he had given the same speech at Whitworth the year before.

Prof. Raymond spoke on the present war and its causes. He gave a rather unique theory for the cause of the war. The chief weak point seemed to be that he did not give any good facts to back it up. The whole was given in a humorous way that was criticized by some of the students as "trying to be too funny." Mr. Raymond advocated an ideal socialism as the only condition that can bring about international peace.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

Yes, the best class in the College of Puget Sound is registered and ready to take up its duties for the coming year. At our first class meeting the following officers were elected for the coming semester: President, De Los Hart; vice president and secretary, Ruth Temple; treasurer, Charles Miller; sergeant-at-arms, Miss Driskell. With these we intend to have a most stirring and profitable semester. Though a great many of the freshman class of last year are not here this fall, there are a good many new students in the sophomore class. Miss Temple comes from Olympia, Mr. Powell from Cashmere, Miss Cook from Whitworth and Mr. Wilbur Hart from U. of W. The freshmen appear verdant, but don't worry, freshmen, next year you'll be sophomores.
JUNIOR NOTES

On Thursday noon, October 1st, the Junior Class awoke from its summer sleep and at the call of the "Baker" came to class meeting eleven strong. Although all bakers may use "magic yeast," it wasn't used in this case. The thing which did the work was an announcement from chapel. Having passed through two years of training we went right to business and elected the following class officers: President, Victor Hedberg; vice president, Trina Baker; secretary, Maud Hedger; treasurer, Hazel Bock; sergeant-at-arms, Paul Granlund. A committee was appointed to arrange for a party to be given at an early date.

In order that you may know who compose our class a little of the summer history will be given for the benefit of our friends. Paul Granlund had an easy time this summer, he was sick most of the season, but the doctor fixed him up to return to school all right. Victor Hedberg sold shoes until his own feet began to lead him astray, then he went up to the summit of "Our Mountain." He said it was some job, but that he would like to go again. Alice Goulder turned socialist and worked for the state at Olympia. Clyde Benadom worked hard at everything he could find in order that his voice would be in shape to pay constant visits to Prof. Schofield's little bungalow. Hazel Bock sat around and watched folks pick berries during the warm days. Mabel Meiers kept Sumas from going to sleep at least for three months. She was elected fourth vice president of the Bellingham district Epworth League. From all accounts Guy Hudgins did not have to steal for a living, while Warren Rees managed to wax eloquent at the right time in Everett. The rest of the class, Nola Langford, Trina Baker, Maud Hedger, and Marian Maxham were ladies of leisure, and studied practical home economics. We are all glad to be back at C. P. S., and are loyal boosters for everything that she ought to have.

SHOES THAT ARE RIGHT

*Young Ladies*—We have the shoe you want for Fall Wear
Here it is—Gunmetal calf, medium weight upper, button shoe, short vamp, low heel, rather heavy, welt-sewed sole.
This is a specially made, neat and substantial shoe for fall.

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SENIORS

Three years ago our college fathers brought forth upon this campus a new problem called "Freshmen." In those days we were strong, green, conceited, awkward, fierce. So fierce were we, in fact, that on the occasion of our first and only great class fight, we put a superior number of Sophs. into the hole in just seven minutes. From that day to this members of that distinguished number have played no small part in shaping the policy of the student body. Our slogan has always been, "Instant," and with a determination to succeed in every undertaking, we have hurled that slogan against every problem and difficulty with such force as to get results. We have, under that banner, invaded successfully every phase of student activity.

In debate, drama, athletics, and social activities our members have played their full part. Perhaps it may be said to our shame that we led in the successful campaign to crush the tame and dull student recreation called "student governed class fighting." Many dreams on the part of some of our revered upper classmen, were shattered, as well as many window lights, because we refused to attempt to mix law and chaos by shedding our precious blood at the order of an upper classman. But our friends have now fully recovered, and that soft method, we hope, is dead forever.

But we wish to let past glories be forgotten. Someone has said, "Nothing is so changeless as change"; and so the changes of the past three years have made their inroads upon our number. We have grown weaker and wiser, until at the end of last year, we found that there was left the four or former years, without the cipher.

But, thanks to the wisdom of American youth, we have the class tree re-enforced with the choicest fruit of Whitworth College and the University of Chicago, until we are able to start the year with eight members. So with cheerful minds we

"Back once more to brave the waves of life,
To battle on amid the unceasing spray;
To sink, perhaps, with the stormy strife,
Then rise to strife again."

In a class meeting October 8, the following officers were elected: President, Alee Warren; vice pres-
dent, Rolla Clark; secretary, Bess Brown; treasurer, Pansie Lawrence; historian, Terrel Newby; sergeant-at-arms, Ann Fry; class physician, Mary Manny; chaplain, Homer Moore. If any new members come into our class during the year we will try to supply them with offices, so that no one may feel slighted.

FRESHMEN

"Be a sophomore and the world laughs with you, be a freshman and the world laughs at you."

The experiences of the last few days have been impressing this sad, but true fact upon the minds of the members of the new freshman class. Soft remarks such as, "Did you ever notice how becoming green is to the young," or "How the evergreen thrives in the Puget Sound (country?)" accompanied by sly smiles and lifted eyebrows, are heard quite frequently.

But the members of those classes "gone to seed" had better remember that this young and verdant body excels in both quantity and quality, the girls being the majority, the boys the minority. Although in the East is is considered unstylish to be a follower of Emmeline, yet at Puget Sound it still is popular and in the future battles with the sophomores it is the Amazons who will uphold the honor of the class.

All are watching the progress of this advancing host under such leaders as Mr. Harader and Miss Tuell in religion, Miss Pollem in science and Mr. Curtis in arts, not excepting Mr. Hanawalt, our honored president, whose natural bent is toward astronomy (especially the evening observations.)

Our last words are a quotation from the favorite poet of the class, Ovid:

"Seniors hold their heads so high
And at a freshman never look,
But we'll be sophomores by and by
And then we'll give them all the hook."

CITY RESTAURANT

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MY SUMMER'S VACATION, 1914

An appropriate beginning for an article on "my summer's vacation" would be: "I Didn't Have Any."

As a member of the Summer School faculty I began teaching on Monday, June 22nd, following the commencement exercises on Wednesday, the 17th. My subjects were American history, European history, geography and school law.

The chief object of the Summer School being to prepare recent high school graduates and others to pass the August state teachers' examinations, the method of teaching is entirely different from the regular school year. A year's work must be covered in six weeks, consequently all must put on their seven leagued boots. To the teacher's relief there are no examinations, no papers to be graded. About one-half of the summer's students were from the city of Tacoma, chiefly from the Stadium High and the remaining half from the state of Washington, including a few from other states.

Part of my semi-official duties were to pilot excursion parties to scenes of interest near Tacoma.

The two days following the close of the Summer School I spent at the Epworth Institute at Redondo and was impressed with the strong spirit of consecration on the part of the young people of Methodism.

Part of the summer was spent in inspecting state institutions preparatory to the meeting of the legislature and of rural schools on the banks of the Cowlitz river.

I also enjoyed a pleasant visit with relatives in Portland, and was impressed with the growth and beauty of that city.

A few progressive campaign speeches in behalf of the "Seven Sisters" and of social and industrial justice were also inflicted on the public. Some time was also spent as administrator of the estate of Johnie Campbell and Thurman Billmeyer.

Thus ran the summer away.

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We, the Academy of the College of Puget Sound, are planning great things for the coming year. With this aim in view we have promptly organized according to the following:

CONSTITUTION

Article 1—Name
This organization shall be known as the Academy of the College of Puget Sound.

Article 2—Object
The object of this organization shall be to promote the general welfare of its members, to establish mutual help; to foster debating and to advance athletics and competitive games both among the different classes of the Academy and with other schools of the same grade, and also to take an active part in all contests of the school which the academy is eligible to enter.

Article 3—Membership
All commercial students, junior academy and regular students will be considered as members of this organization.

Article 4—Officers
The officers of this organization shall be a president, vice president, secretary, treasurer and yell leader.

The president must be classified as a fourth year student. The vice president must be classified as a third year student. The secretary must be classified as a second year student. The treasurer must be classified as a first year student. The yell leader may be elected from any class in the academy.

Article 5
In case of conflict Robert’s Rules of Order shall be the authority.

Article 6
There shall be regular dues not to exceed fifty cents per year.

It is the aim of this academy to do their best in every way and to be a credit to the school, and we feel that we will be able to do this with the help of our new principal, Professor Giesey, who has already won the esteem of all the students.

The first academy meeting of the year was held Tuesday, October 6th, at which the following officers were elected:

President, George Pflaum.
Vice president, Anton Erp.
Secretary, Georgina Wilson.
Treasurer, Herbert Brix.
Yell leader, William Cook.
ECHOES FROM THE FOURTH YEARS

Yes! we are the Fourth Years! Although we just have two girls, we have plenty of boys. We have now organized and are ready for the race. With Mr. Cook, the mathematician, as our president, and Iva Jones to assist him as vice president. Lastly, Florence Boston as secretary and treasurer. Our class colors are royal purple and lavender. Our class motto is: "To the Stars through Difficulty."

This we expect to keep before us all year.

THE MEN'S DORMITORY

One of the former bachelors of the men's hall paid us a visit not long since. Upon entering the front door he exclaimed, "What place is this?" He received the answer, "Oh! we've been making a few improvements, that's all. The halls and ten of the sixteen rooms have been renovated and repainted." Upon looking around for himself he observed that the paint gave a freshness and newness to the "dorm." which it lacked in his day and even up to the present time. He found in the various rooms a variety of colors unrivaled by Joseph's coat, Aunt Jane's quilt, or nature's rainbow.

It was good to see some of the charter members of these monastic halls occupying their same cells, but
even more than the seeing of old friends he was glad to find the new life of the college manifested in the occupancy this year of every room. In his day it was almost necessary to hire men to live here or compel them to come in and abide under our friendly roof between dingy walls, while now men have been turned away. To Prof. Scofield is due the credit of this improvement and the change of the tide. To him we give the praise. To him the college gives its thanks.

Before many issues of "The Trail" have come above the horizon of our college world you will hear of our "open house" at the "dorm." when you may come and see how the other half lives—how bachelors without a course in home economics do nevertheless manage to keep house.

NOTES FROM HELEN'S HALL

Life at the dormitory started September 14th with a warm reception given by the fire at the Stacey apartments. This excitement succeeded in making the girls forget to be homesick.

The girls staying at the dormitory this year are, Icel Marshall of Centralia, Ann Fry of Sumas, Ruth Woods of Sutton, Mabel Meiers of Sumas, Ruth Temple of Olympia, Ruth Griffin of Chehalis, Margaret Clements of Ketchikan, Ruth Auld of Granger, Cora Scheibner of Wilburn, Ruth and Alice Goulder, and Esther James of Renton.

The pleasant custom of having special dinner guests on Friday evening has been adopted. On September 25th, President and Mrs. Todd were guests at dinner. On October 2nd, the guests were Prof. and Mrs. Hanawalt.

Those wishing flowers, please visit Room 1 just before every reception. Mrs. Boyce and Miss Este are visitors at the dormitory this week.

The house has a very deserted appearance every week end, for most of the girls are away. Last week Margaret Clements and Ruth Auld went to Seattle; Icel Marshall to Centralia; Esther James to Renton;

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Cupid has also claimed two others of our number, Mr. Guy Kennard, '10, and Miss Ada Holker, '07, who visited relatives in the city.

On October 2nd a meeting was called for the purpose of electing officers and planning a party. Icel Marshell was elected president, Ruth Auld treasurer, and Esther James reporter. It was decided to have a Hallowe’en party October 31st. The committees are already at work and the young men are advised to be especially courteous to the invitation committee.

Wanted—To know who has a lease on the porch seat around the corner?

The girls would like to know which of the girls last year used the door bell so much after 10:30 that it is now impossible to pass within three feet of the bell without hearing it ring.

**ALUMNI NOTES**

Many former students of our college, though not graduates, look upon it as their “home” school, cherish its traditions and the memory of their school days here, and would like to have a closer and more vital touch with it. The Alumni Association is trying to meet that need, and has decided to admit such students to associate membership. Details of the plan will be given in the near future.

The present officers of the association are, president, Dean Marsh; vice president, Mr. Dunning; secretary, Miss Grace McGandy; treasurer, Mr. Arthur Hungerford.

Miss Vinnie A. Pease, '07, has been awarded a teachers’ fellowship in the University of Washington, and is continuing work for her M. A. degree in the science department there, as well as teaching.

Ralph Simpson, '13, we hear, has lately embarked on the matrimonial sea. His bride, nee Miss Myra Ford, is a graduate of the normal department of our school, class '13. We extend our heartiest congratulations.

Cupid has also claimed two others of our number, Mr. Guy Kennard, '10, and Miss Ada Holker, '07, who

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are now making their home at Burton, Wash.

George Tolbert Crockett, '11, is back from a year's work at Harvard, and is now principal of the school at Spanaway.

Four of our Alumni are teaching in Tacoma this year: Dean Marsh, '08, in the college of Puget Sound; Miss Lyle Ford, '12, in the English department of Lincoln High; Miss Bertha Day, '11, at the Irving school; Miss Grace McGandy, '07, in the college academy.

Arnold Warren, '13, is in the government school service in San Fernands, Philippine Islands. He writes that there was no little excitement when he made some in the physics laboratory, as it was the first his students had ever seen.

Mr. R. E. Cook, '07, and wife, nee Leola Barrett, '08, are at Chehalis this year, where Mr. Cook is superintendent of the city schools.

Miss Berna Miller, '12, is teaching in Chehalis this year.

We assume that our readers are all informed in regard to the conference appointments for the ensuing year, and so know the whereabouts of all our number who belong to that body.

The next meeting of the association will be held at the home of Miss Lyle Ford on Friday evening of Thanksgiving week. Every member is urged to be present.

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Negro Jim was acting as a witness and was being cross-examined as to the arrangement of doors, windows, etc., of the house in which the crime had been committed.

"Which way did the stairs run?" asked the lawyer. "Yes, the stairs, how did they run in this house?" "Well, sah," said Jim, "when I was upstairs, they run down, and when I was downstairs, they run up."

Pat was rowing a trunk across a river in the bow of a rowboat. When asked why he did not put it...
in the rear of the boat, he said: "Why, man alive, if I put it in the rear I would have to row up hill, but now I can row down hill."

Miss McGandy, to fourth year class: "Class, I want you to bear in mind that you have fifteen hundred pages of outside reading to do for this class. I shall give you a list to choose from." Mr. Harader, "what if you have read these books?" Miss McGandy, meekly, "I shall try to find something for you." Bright class, addressing teacher, "You know, Miss McGandy, Mr. Harader is a freshman, and has read about everything worth reading."

Prof. Davis: "What was it, class, that man first captured?" Mr. Hudgins, very knowingly, "Why-ah, man first captured the eyes of his lady love."

Mabel Meiers: "Professor, will you have a cup of coffee?"

Prof. Davis: "No, thank you. We Bull Moose do not drink coffee."

Prof. Schofield: "What is the trouble, isn’t it strong enough for you?"

In English. "Mr. Burk, what are some of the characteristics of Spencer’s poetry?" Mr. Burk: "Spencer’s poetry is musical." "How musical," came the query. "Why," rubbing his eyes very sleepily and trying to stretch his imagination, "his poetry would put you to sleep."

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Give us a Call
Arvid Beck, the captain of last year's football team, has returned to school. He is taking post graduate work, taxidermy and physiology.

Clyde Benadom, football and basketball star of two years ago, has also returned.

Prof. Holland, the new professor in psychology, is well liked by all the students.

Under the excellent leadership of Earl Giesey, the academy is getting away to an excellent start for the year.

Prof. Zoller has started the first geology class in the history of the school. It promises to be one of the most interesting subjects given this year.

The library shows marked improvement since it has been reorganized.

The Bookstore has moved to new quarters under the management of Clark Cottrell. He has it looking fine.

Victor Hedberg, who went to U. of W. last year, has come back here this year. He says that he could not stay away from C. P. S.

The outlook for basketball is good with Beck, Benadon and Granlund back.

Under the able leadership of Dr. Schofield, we feel assured that the school of music will have a very successful year.

Max Waldron, '13, was seen about the halls and campus a few days ago.

In a recent special election called to fill vacancies the following officers were elected: Editor-in-chief, Victor Hedberg; assistant editor, Harry Gardner; managing editor, Loyd Burk; vice president, Rolla Clark; athletic manager, Clyde Benadom.

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