Commencement Number

The Trail

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COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND

May, 1917
To Dr. and Mrs. Todd

In behalf of the Student Body, we herewith extend to you our heartfelt appreciation for what you and your school has done for us.
The Puget Sound Trail
Tacoma, Washington

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Miss Reneau

whose hearty and sincere cooperation
in this publication we appreciate,
we dedicate this commencement
issue of The Trail
A Modern Romeo

By Ruth Hallin

THE last silvery peals of the vesper bells at the St. Agnes Academy were just dying away as Frank Bassinger, a tall, energetic boy of about twenty years, came whistling down the quiet suburban street.

Frank was in particularly high spirits that evening. His boss had just given him a raise and he was expressing his pleasure by whistling his old favorite "Tipperary." The cold gray walls of the Academy fairly rang with the shrill, clear echoes of the melody, as he passed.

Suddenly in the midst of one of his most artistic cadences Frank stopped short. With a terrific force something had struck him on the shoulder. He glanced down and saw to his surprise, not a bullet, but a bright red apple. With one hand rubbing the injured shoulder he stooped and picked it up. Then in bewilderment he looked around to see where it could have come from.

He did not need to look long, however, for from away off somewhere he heard an anxious voice saying: "O, excuse me! I hope it didn't hurt you."

Directing his eyes to where the voice came from Frank saw a fair, girlish face looking down at him from one of the third story windows. A broad smile overspread his face. "O, not at all," he called back, planting his teeth in the apple.

"I never thought I could aim straight enough to hit you," the girl continued, "though I've often wanted to try it. But tonight I just couldn't withstand the temptation. Sister Agatha and all the girls are at chapel, you see."

"Well, you're some marksman, Miss Juliet. I feel honored to be the target."

"Oh, are you going to call me Juliet? Then I'll call you Romeo," volunteered the girl. "Won't that be fun!"

Frank was devouring the apple as if he had not seen food for a week.
"It'll be bully!" he managed to say. "Say, this apple is great. By the way, tomorrow evening —" But he got no further, for with a loudly whispered "She's coming," the girl slammed down the window.

With many backward glances toward the vacant window, Frank slowly made his way home. He forgot to whistle and he even forgot to tell the home folks of his raise. At dinner he absently put salt and pepper in his coffee (for which, of course, he was soundly teased) and later he astonished his little brother by telling him in answer to a question that Juliet was England's greatest queen.

The next day passed slowly at the office. As closing time drew near Frank watched the clock incessantly and as soon as it struck the hour he grabbed his hat and coat and made straight for St. Agnes' Academy.

Juliet was at the window, waiting. Frank was about to call up to her when he noticed that she had laid her finger across her lips and was shaking her head.

In another moment she had taken something from her pocket and had dropped it to the ground. Looking down he saw that it was a spool of thread, but one end of the thread was still in Juliet's hand. He picked up the spool and discovered, to his surprise, that there was a note attached.

Clumsily, he unfolded it and read: "Sister Agatha is in the next room, reading, so we mustn't make any noise. She nearly caught me last night and if she had, I don't know what she would have done. If you want to write a note, I can pull it up. Juliet."

Frank smilingly put the paper in his vest pocket, pulled out a little note book and a pencil and in a minute a letter was on its way up the line.

With eager impatience, he waited for the answer. Finally it came: "Dear Romeo," he read, "I'm awfully sorry I can't go with you to the park. I can't even invite you to come in. Sister Agatha is so strict. She doesn't allow us to go out at all, unless we are with one of the Sisters, and we might just as well be nuns for all the rules governing gentleman callers. It was awfully nice of you to ask me, tho. I was afraid you would think me bold for hitting you with that apple yesterday. I was surprised at myself to think I'd done it. But, oh, you have no idea what a dull old place this is. I get almost desperate sometimes for a little excitement."

Frank was frowning furiously as he read. All his knightly valor was stirred. Visions of chivalric knights and beautiful ladies in cruel castles flocked through his mind and he already classed himself among those heroes of old.

When he had finished the letter he wrote another very eloquent one, closing with Romeo's classic promise: "I will omit no opportunity that may convey my greetings, love, to thee." And he didn't.

Over a week passed, however, and still the young knight had been unable to see Juliet closer than from the third story window and then only in the dim light of twilight.

Sunday finally came around. As soon as dinner was over Frank took his hat and betook himself toward the St. Agnes Academy. For nearly an hour up and down the streets in the vicinity of the school he walked, loudly whistling "Tipperary" every time he passed the building. But no Juliet appeared.

Finally he gave up in despair and made his way to a nearby ice cream parlor, there to seek solace in an ice cream soda.

He was just entering the store when his eyes fell upon a pretty young girl with brown curly hair and
smiling eyes. "Could this be Juliet?" he wondered. "No. Juliet didn't have such rosy cheeks. And yet there was a striking resemblance." He decided that he would speak to her and find out.

A tall, black-robed Sister was coming towards the girl and he knew that he must hurry. "What's in a name?" he quoted hurriedly. "That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

The girl laughed as she recognized Frank. "Oh, Romeo," she began. Then she suddenly noticed the nun coming towards her. "Here comes Sister Agatha," she cried. "Hurry! You mustn't be seen by her."

The warning was too late, for the nun had already seen the two together. "Oh, what shall we do?" cried the girl.

Then, with a sudden inspiration, she ran forward. "Oh, Sister Agatha," she cried, "I want you to meet a friend of mine, Mr.—" She hesitated for a moment; she did not even know his real name. It was only for a moment, however. Then she went on "—Mr. Harry Clinton."

Sister Agatha acknowledged the introduction with a cold little nod. Pretending not to notice the coldness of his reception, Frank beamed on the little woman and in his most hearty way started out: "Miss—er, al—Juliet, as I used to call her, used to be a playmate of mine. Those were the good old times, weren't they, Julie?" He winked slyly at the girl. "It surely seems good to meet again. But come, let us go in and have some ice cream. Then we can talk over old times."

Sister Agatha could not very well refuse. When comfortably established at one of the little side tables, with a dish of her favorite nut sundae in front of her, the little black-robed lady thanked and thawed perceptibly in her manner towards the boy, who, with the help of the girl, was doing his best to entertain her with pleasant stories of "old times."

Frank watched his progress carefully. He saw that he was making a good impression and he was just at the point of asking to be allowed to call on the girl when something happened which shattered all his hopes.

There was a heavy slap on his shoulder and a hearty masculine voice exclaimed: "Frank Bassinger, old chap, glad to see you!"

Frank colored to the roots of his hair. It was impossible to pretend that he did not recognize the speaker. The other boy, noting Frank's embarrassment but not guessing the reason, did not stop to talk, but promised to call up later.

The mischief, however, had already been done. When Frank turned again toward his companions he noticed that Sister Agatha's face was tense and pale. Juliet had turned her face away. Frank hung his head in a shame-faced way.

"Frank Bassinger!" repeated the woman slowly. "Is that your real name?"

Frank determined to make a clean breast of the whole affair. "Yes," he answered, "it is. I must confess, Miss Agatha, that I am ashamed to have acted in this deceitful manner. Be assured, however, that Miss Juliet is not to blame. It was my fault, entirely."

"Oh, no it wasn't," broke in the girl. "It was more my fault than his. I started it. I threw the apple, you know."

Then, bit by bit, in answer to Sister Agatha's searching questions, the whole story came out. The boy and girl were a most sad and dejected looking pair. When their confession was over they sat silently looking downwards, waiting to hear their
doom.

Finally Miss Agatha spoke. "You are aware," she said, "that you have acted in a very deceitful way, and it is my duty to take stringent measures to prevent the recurrence of such things. And, Edith, you know that it is against the rules of the school to have any intercourse with young men to whose character and social standing we—"

"But, Sister Agatha," broke in Edith, "Romeo—I mean Frank, is—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the woman, "I was just about to say that I could vouch for the respectability of his family. Your father was Frank Bassinger, of — Auburn, Vermont, wasn’t it?"

Frank looked up in surprise. "Do you know my father, Miss Agatha?" he asked.

"We used to go to school together," she answered. "But I haven’t seen him since he was married." A wistful look came into her eyes, but it was unnoticeable by the two young folks. Then she went on hurriedly: "I didn’t know that you lived here in Boston."

"We have lived here since I was a baby," answered Frank. "Did you know my mother, too?"

"I was her bridesmaid," she replied, simply.

"Oh," cried Frank, "you are Miss Agatha Wintergate. I’ve often heard mother and father speak of you."

"It was certainly a pleasant surprise to me to hear they are in town. They must come over to the Academy soon and call and—"

"And—" repeated Frank encouragingly.

"And," added Miss Agatha, smiling, "we shall be glad to have you come, too."

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HURRAH FOR OLD C. P. S.

I

There is a school on Puget Sound, Puget Sound,
That’s known by all the schools around, schools around,
As a place where all the marvels may be found
And she’s the pride of Puget Sound.

Chorus:
She’s the best school in the West;
She’s far better than the rest,
And her athletes all excel in games of ball.
Hurrah! Hurrah! for C. P. S., C. P. S.,
The best of all schools in the west, in the west.
We’ll be true to her as long as life shall last,
And shout for dear old C. P. S.

II

We hear of big schools in the East, in the East,
But we are not by far the least, not the least.
In a few years more we’ll be heard from shore to shore,
And shout for dear old C. P. S.
The No Night Place

Alice Baker

He was so lonely, huddled there on the low box, which was placed just behind a corner of a tall building, on one of the busiest streets of New York.

He was lonely because the sky was dark and becoming darker. He was lonely because the building, rising above him, was so tall. And he was lonely because there were so very many people so very near — lonely because of their multiplicity and because of their nearness. How distressing is the feeling when you are lonely. Your heart rises to a hard lump in your throat and your shoulders droop so that you have to keep them from tumbling into a heap by propping your head up with your hands.

Yes, Jimmy was lonesome, lonesome for the "Light Place" and Mother. Here everything was so dark: the day, the passing faces, the overhanging buildings and his own little life.

He had been reviewing his few but eventful years, and finding them peculiarly dull and uninteresting — yes, and sad. He was really feeling very sorry for himself and that was unusual for Jimmy.

In the first place, Mother had died so long ago that Jimmy could just remember the important facts connected with her last outgoing. Jimmy’s Mother had really made a home for her one boy, a house which was like heaven compared to the other homes in that great tenement and the others in the same district, for she kept the one room clean as a spring day, even tho she ended her life by doing it and making a living for herself and Jimmy. She did this by sewing on buttons.

At first Jimmy had sort of liked those buttons — the ones for the pretty dresses made interesting play-things and the big ones, for those fur-lined overcoats, were nice for a change.

But bye and bye even Jimmy got tired of buttons and Mother — well, Mother was getting thin and pale over them. She used to tell Jimmy that at night she would see rows and rows of buttons passing by, each one grinning and pointing at her and shouting: "I'll see you in the morning."

So when Mother died Jimmy used to say, with a sorrowful shake of his little curly head: "Mother's gone to heaven. She died o’ buttons. But up there she won't have to sew on buttons 'cause they used flowers there 'stead o' buttons."

Those last days had been sad ones indeed for little Jimmy. He sat by Mother’s bed and got her the drinks of water for which she called so often. Alas, he opened the door for the pretty lady who wore the funny little cap and who did so many nice things for Mother.

He remembered little of what happened, except that the pretty lady came and went regularly and left good things to eat. The most important time, tho, was when she read in a little book which she carried in her pocket about the "no night place." Mother didn’t seem very particular about going to heaven, but when she heard about it being a no night place, she seemed perfectly willing and, oh, so happy.
Jimmy remembered, as he sat there in the cold, behind the tall building, all the details of that last evening. It was just at the time when they got the only sunlight which reached them all the day thru in their little room. The pretty lady sat by Mother's cot and those beams of sunlight fell on her face, making it shine as tho it belonged to one of those celestial beings of whom Jimmy was just learning.

Then and there Jimmy made up his mind that when he got big he would marry the pretty lady and live with her in a house which would have sunlight in every single room of it. As he sat wondering how under the sun such a thing could be, he heard the pretty lady read:

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. "And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, for there shall be no night there."

"Ah!" Mother had said, "no night there. Oh, what a beautiful place it must be. You know, it's the nights I dread here; they are so unrestful and dark. Oh, I'm so tired."

And after that Jimmy remembered little, for he was kept at Mrs. O'Flairity's rooms. And when he asked for Mother they told him he wasn't to mind, he could stay with Mrs. O'Flairity as long as he wanted to, just so he would carry up the wood and water and when he got old enough, sell papers to help put bread in the mouths of the many young O'Flairitys.

Now, while Jimmy was reflecting, he came to the realization that he had carried wood and water and sold papers just about long enough for Mrs. O'Flairity. Why couldn't a fellow do something for himself once in a while? Other kids did. Other kids who weren't as smart as he was. Why, he could sell twice as many papers as any fellow on the street and not cheat either!

But, gee! he wasn't going to sell papers all his life! One day while business had been dull, he had read in one of his sheets the story of Andrews, the wholesale drygoods man who had started life as a bootblack.

"Huh!" Jimmy had thought, "if he was a bootblack, guess I'll be a President, when I get big. Huh! a bootblack!"

But the one rising force in Andrews's life seemed to have been that he had gone to school, an education, they called it. So Jimmy had begun to save and by the time of his great loneliness he had garnered enough, he thot, to start to school with.

The next day was to be the eventful one and strange it was that on this day of his old life, he should feel this way. Why it was, he didn't endeavor to fathom. He only knew that he felt "bum" and that his throat "hurt."

It was getting dark and high time he was at his papers. He had already missed some of his "regulars," he thot.

He jumped up and hastened to the corner. Seizing one of the papers he hastily glanced thru it and then began lustily to call:

"Great French drive! Germans caught in a trap! Great slaughter! Read all about the great French drive"—and so on, endlessly, only stopping to make change and exchange greetings with the "regulars."

"What's the matter, Jimmy? Where's the smile?" asked one.

"Aw, quit your kiddin! My smile's not out tonight. So long."

And again: "Say, kid, brighten..."
Campus Day Scenes
up! Your face looks as long as 5th Avenue."

"Haven't time. Behind on the cash! Poiper, sir?"

But later in the evening the old gladness overcame the new feeling of dread and Jimmy was his same old cheery self. He called out the same clever turns on the evening's news items and smiled his same cheery smile to his many friends, who reciprocated in kind and often in cash, for many of them knew of Jimmy's "fund."

Toward midnight he sold out and started down the street to say goodbye to Red and give him some final instructions about his corner. For Red was the proud possessor of Jimmy's place in the game of paper-selling. Hereafter Jimmy was to be a mere assistant when time permitted.

He passed a mission and, stepping close to the open door, he heard the young chaplain reading in a clear, strong voice:

"And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, for there shall be no night there."

When had he heard that before? Ah, yes, the pretty lady had read those words long ago. How very long ago it seemed to Jimmy as he slowly went on down the street.

Red was overjoyed to see him and the final settlement was reached and the final payment made with all the solemnity of a bank exchange.

Then Jimmy turned and left the street—forever, he felt. How the lights seemed to beckon him back, to wink in glee over the many exciting good times a small boy might have along the great white thoroughfare which could not exist in such splendor without them.

Jimmy got into bed with two of the O'Flairitys that night with the same lump in his throat which had bothered him earlier in the evening. Jimmy thought it felt like a button.

On waking in the morning, he vaguely wondered why he felt so queer and then suddenly realized that on that day he was going to school. So, instead of jumping up immediately, he lay and pondered the fact for a time. The hope of his life was to be fulfilled.

Then he arose and brot up the usual wood and water and did the other things to which he had grown so accustomed.

Then he started off. Yes, it was early, but the school was a long way off and anyway he wanted to get an early start. He was hurrying along, his mind full of the glory of his future, how hard he would work so he wouldn't have to stay in the "baby class" long, and how diligently he would work outside of school so as not to waste any of the school months.

Then something happened. Traffic was just commencing and, as usual when there seems to be a little leeway, the delivery drivers were reckless and speedy. No one knew how it happened that Jimmy, famed for eluding trucks and cars of all kinds was lying white and limp on the crossing, with not even an apologetic driver there to tell the story of the accident.

Kind hands lifted him and carried him into a small room which was part of the beautiful Trinity Church. Here he was made comfortable until the doctors came and issued the verdict of "Only a few hours."

All day he lay talking incoherently of "school" and "buttons" and poipers."

Late in the afternoon, however, he insisted that the nurse with him "open the gates and turn on the lights 'cause it wasn't dark there—Mother said so."
Soon the sound of singing came faintly to Jimmy's ears. He lay quiet and listened and then sighed and closed his eyes in contentment.

"And the city—had no need, no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine—in it, to shine: for the glory of God, the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb—the Lamb is the light thereof.

"And the gates, the gates of it shall not, shall not be shut—at all—by day, for there shall be, there shall be no night, no night there."

To the nurse the voices were of an earthly choir, but for Jimmy they were of a heavenly one.

The gates to earthly joys had been closed to him, but the gates to greater joys were opened to Jimmy as he entered into the "No Night Land."

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**Interested in Spite of Himself**

By Gladys Sadd

"POINT set, Fred," sang out the server, as he sent a ball skimming over the net and out of the court, leaving only a spurt of dust at Fred's feet.

"You certainly have that serve of yours down pat, Bill."

"I think that's a pretty good serve myself, if I could only get it in oftener. Let's hit for that tree over there or there will be nothing left of me but a grease spot."

"Why don't you tie your handkerchief around your forehead when you play in this weather. You've no idea how it helps."

"That reminds me, Bill. I've got to clean up and hike to the depot. My sister is coming from college on the four-thirty train."

"Huh! I'd forgotten you had a sister."

"That's right, you have never seen her. Say, come on down and meet her."

"Not on your life."

Fred looked at Bill with a puzzled smile and shook his head.

"You are the queerest fellow I've ever met. What have you got against girls, anyway? Don't you know that you will be a confirmed old woman hater before you know it?"

"Shucks! If I don't want to be hanging around girls all the time like the rest of you fellows, it shouldn't make any difference to you."

"Well, suit yourself, but I know you would like my sister. So long," and Fred was off.

A few mornings later Bill went down to the club courts to re-mark them and fix one of the nets which was giving them a good deal of trouble. He had been there but a short time when Fred appeared.

"Whew, but you are energetic this morning. Do you feel like playing a set or two?"

"As soon as I finish marking this court. You might tighten that net there."

"All right. Say, Bill, how would you like to go on that Moose excursion to the ocean next Saturday? Our club is going to play ball down there. I told them I was sure you would go."

"Sure, I'll go. What time do we start?"

"Oh, you can just come over and go down with us. We are going to take the auto to the train."
“Why bother with the auto?”
“There’s so much stuff the girls always want to take, you know.”
“Girl! What have they got to do with it?”
“Ah, didn’t I tell you? The boys decided to take them along.”
“Well, there will be plenty without me, then.”
“You are the most important of the whole bunch. There isn’t a one of us that can pitch a decent game of ball except you. You must come.”
“Leave the girls at home and I’ll come.”
“It’s too late to do that now and it isn’t fair to the club to make us loose that ball game just because you have some crazy notion about girls.”
“Girls! I don’t know a girl that would go if I asked her.”
“That’s your own fault. You haven’t spoken civil to a girl in this town.”
Silence from Bill, as he hits his ball viciously against the wall.
“I’ll tell you, Bill. My sister is crazy to go and insists on my taking her because she doesn’t know any boys here. I’d rather take Bertha Murry a whole lot. Sis has heard a lot about you and I know you would like her if you would only be civil and natural.”
Still no answer from Bill, but not quite such vigorous practice against the wall.
“I tell you Betty is a fine girl. She’s good looking, too, and has good, common sense. She’s—she’s all wool a yard wide.”
Bill stopped his practice. “Well, I will do it this time because I want our club to win that game. But you’ll have to promise to stick together in a bunch.”
“Oh, anything you like. Come on now, let’s have that set.”
The following Saturday, sharp at a quarter to seven, Bill made his appearance at Fred Harding’s home. Two or three couples were already there and Bill began to wonder how he could have been fool enough to promise to go.
“Hello, Bill, come help me pack this junk in the auto.”
Bill, glad to leave the fellows with their girls, hurried down to help Fred load up the car. When he got there he found that someone else was loading up the auto on the other side.
Fred saw Bill stop short. “Come out, Betty, and show yourself.” This is my best chum, Bill Bucks, and, Bill, this is my sister, Betty. Considering who’s who, we will dispense with Mr. and Miss.”
Betty nodded brightly to Bill and asked him if he would mind helping her instead of Fred.
Bill, looking rather sour, that that his day of martyrdom had begun. At last they were off. Everyone laughed and talked with the rest. Bill was surprised to see that Betty seemed to be having the time of her life without bothering him to death, as he supposed she surely would do. After three hours of riding they could catch glimpses of the ocean between the tall fir trees and in another five minutes it stretched out blue and glittering before them.
Lunch was eaten on the beach and Betty, Fred and Bill cleared up the things. Bill thought to himself that at least he had had a dandy dinner. He turned and looked at the water.
“Peach of a day to swim, muttered to Fred.
“The very thing,” said Betty. “We’ll have time to go in swimming before the game.”
Bill looked at Fred in disgust. “Now, I suppose we will have to teach those girls how to swim,” that he. “Why didn’t I keep my mouth shut.”
Fred, seeing the miserable expression on Bill's face, burst into a peal of laughter. "You poor fellow. The ocean will hold us all and it is big enough so you won't need to stick around the girls any more than you want to."

Bill grunted his reply. You bet he wouldn't stick around the girls—not if he knew it.

In swimming they went. Just as Bill thought, some of those girls could only splash and dog-swim a little. All of a sudden he noticed a bright face with a pair of brown eyes looking at him out of the water.

"Would you like to race me out to that red pile?" she asked.

"Sure," said Bill. Like a fish Betty started for the pile. Bill moved slowly and easily. It would not do to swim hard. The girl evidently thought she could swim. To his amazement, he saw her fairly shooting through the water.

"By jove, she can swim!" thought he, and Bill started to work lest she beat him. She had gotten a good start and Bill had to swim his hardest to overtake her. Both reached the pile at the same time.

"Why didn't you swim? Fred said you were a dandy swimmer."

"I did swim my hardest when I found that you could swim. Where did you learn?"

"Oh, at school. I've been in swimming in the lakes in the East, too. I love it."

"So do I. Let's race to that bunch of piles down there."

And so the afternoon went on. Baseball was played and then they all came back to watch the surf-riding. By now the group had begun to couple off, more or less, and Bill found himself responsible for Betty. As he stood there, watching the surf-riding, he glanced from the riders to Betty, who was standing not far away. She couldn't be having a very good time with such a stick as himself.

"I guess I had better exert myself a little bit," thought he.

"Isn't it beautiful, Bill? Just watch that little fellow in that boat out there."

Bill glanced at the little fellow, but found that the girl beside him was quite as interesting. "She is good looking," thought he. "As far as girls go, she is a pretty good sort. She looks pretty good in that white outfit, too, but no doubt she knows it."

His thoughts were disturbed by Betty's asking: "Did you ever surf-ride? Just look at the sun on those breakers. Did you ever see such a sight?"

Bill acknowledged that he never had. They talked for a little while. Betty was different from most girls. She never said what you expected. He was just beginning to feel comfortable when they were startled by someone's trilling.

"It's time to go, I guess. We had better start for the train."

"Alright. Oh, Bill!" grabbing his arm. "Run! That little fellow's—Run!!"

Bill ran, throwing his coat behind. The little fellow had tipped over.

When Bill returned, dragging the youngster after him, he found Betty at his side. The water running up over her feet each time a breaker came in. Her eyes were as big as saucers and in her hands she clutched his coat.

"Where is the crowd, Betty? I'll bet the train is gone."

"Gone, no, no! It can't be!" cried Betty, running along at his side. "Yes, it must be. Oh, dear, what ever will we do!"

"Say, mister," said the youngster, "there's another train that leaves Le Conn at eight o'clock."

"How far away is that?"
"Le Conn? Oh, about ten miles."

Bill sighed and looked at Betty. How could she walk it in those wet shoes. She had had a strenuous day already and girls weren’t any good at walking.

"I can walk as well as you can, Bill Bucks," said Betty, reading his thots.

"Do you think you could?"

"I’m sure of it. Why, I’ve walked ten miles, and more, lots of times, just for fun."

"Yes, but not after a strenuous day like this."

"This day hasn’t been very strenuous. Come on, let’s start out. We musn’t miss that train."

And so they began that long walk. Water oozed out of their shoes at first and then mud collected upon the shoes until Betty remarked: "My feet weigh more than all the rest of me put together."

At last they boarded the train.

"Oh," she murmured, as she dropped into the seat. "I never knew these seats were so soft."

Ten minutes later, when Bill looked at her, he found her eyes closed and from the way she breathed, Bill guessed that she must be asleep.

"She’s a mighty good sport. She is certainly all wool, a yard wide, as Fred said. How was I to know she was different from other girls," and he too dozed off.

Bill was awakened by the train stopping. He found Betty smiling, her hair re-combed, and looking as bright as tho they were just starting the day instead of finishing it.

That evening, as they reached her home, Bill found himself saying: "How about a game of tennis tomorrow?"

"Alright," answered Betty, enthusiastically. "Let’s play early, before it gets so scorching hot. At seven o’clock in the morning."

"At seven," said he to himself. She certainly is different. Why, that even beats some of the boys!

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**SUMMARY OF SCHOLARSHIP STANDINGS FOR THE FIRST SEMESTER, 1916-1917**

**Leading Averages**

The Seniors lead the lower classes by a safe margin. In the general average the women have an easy lead over the men. The premier student is Miss Elizabeth Shackleford of the Junior Class, whose average is 96. The leaders of the other classes are: Seniors, Mr. Edward Schaper, 95; Sophomores, Miss Ruth Goulder, 93; Freshmen, Miss Gladys Moe, 95.5; Academy, Mr. Charles James, 92. The complete list of honor students (average above 90) is as follows:

**Seniors** — Mr. Edward Schaper, Miss Laura Gartrell, Miss Frances Town, Miss Junia Todd, Miss Erma Olin.

**Juniors** — Miss Elizabeth Shackleford.

**Sophomores** — Miss Ruth Vigus, Mr. Carl Curtis, Mr. Marmaduke Dodsworth, Mr. Ernest Clay, Mrs. Bessie Matthews.

**Freshmen** — Miss Gladys Moe, Miss Martha Shackleford, Miss Ethel Aldrich, Miss Hildur Cronquist, Miss Ruth Hallin, Miss Esther Temple, Miss Muriel Hover, Mr. Fulton Magill, Miss Mabel Amende, Miss Edith Rummel, Miss Alma Byrd, Miss Helen Lougheed.

**Academy** — Mr. Charles James,
Miss Ethel Neilson, Mr. John Geoghegan.

Tabular Summary

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Men</th>
<th>Women</th>
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(In computing the above averages the following scale of equivalents was employed: 1+ = 98%; 1 = 95%; 1— = 92%; 2+ = 88%; 2 = 85%; 2— = 82%; 3+ = 78%; 3 = 75%; 3— = 72%; 4+ (Condition) = 68%; 4 (Failure) = 65%).

ARTHUR L. MARSH,
Registrar.

LOOK OVER THE "ADS"—
BUT DON'T OVERLOOK 'EM

Business Mathematics

By Professor F. W. Hanawalt

An important feature of modern college work is the Curriculum in Commerce, leading to the A.B. degree. The routine of mathematical courses of other days has been changed to meet the needs of young men and women preparing for business life. Among the courses adopted for such purposes is the Mathematical Theory of Investment. During the present college year, our College has made a beginning in this study, using the same text book for a three-hour semester course as has recently been introduced at the University of Washington and also at the University of Oregon. The underlying principles of compound interest, the amortization of debts, bonds, sinking funds, loan associations, inheritance taxes, old-age pensions and life insurance, etc., are studied. These are truly advanced arithmetic subjects and do not require a knowledge of analytic geometry or calculus or other higher mathematics. Even the needed progressions and logarithms are pursued in the same text book. But higher arithmetic is worthy of a place in a college course. Common arithmetic, usually dropped in passing from the eighth grade, makes it impossible for a pupil to be as well grounded in its principles as formerly when arithmetic was studied in high school. But such a course not only strengthens and develops all business application of numbers, but, with the added power of algebra, enables the student to understand the makeup of his tables in compound interest, present values, annuities, mortality, etc., also to be intelligent in making investments in all stocks, bonds and insurance.

The University of Michigan and other eastern universities have, for several years, been giving special courses in insurance to meet the needs of its students.

Therefore, we are glad to be able to announce that, along with our sister institutions, we have a similar line of work, valuable not only for the student who specializes in Commerce but for anyone who desires to understand and perhaps to use business investments.
Campus Day Scenes
The 1917 Legislature

By Senator Walter S. Davis

"There is so much good in the worst of us
And so much bad in the best of us
That is does not behoove any of us
To say anything ill of the rest of us"

In the 1917 legislature the good far outweighed the bad. The panegyrist might speak in unrestricted eulogy of the recent session. The critic might speak in unrestrained condemnation. The discriminating historian must say that, as in all human institutions, there was a mingling of the good and the bad, with the better influences predominating.

Good Qualities

Among the many good qualities of the session now passed into history may be mentioned three:

The patriotism of the members was shown in the passage of a joint resolution pledging the support of the state in men and resources to President Wilson and the Nation in this time of crisis.

It was further shown in the passage of the Pierce County Army Post bill, and in the reception given to the 2nd Washington regiment upon its return from Calexico.

A second commendable quality of the 1917 session was its non-partisanship. Altho Republican, the Democratic fellow members were invited to take part in the selection of the officers and suffered very little discrimination. This does not mean that there was no dissenting minority to this course from among the majority party, for there was; but they were outnumbered.

This quality was further shown in the avoidance of conflict and friction with the Democratic chief executive, Governor Lister.

A third quality was that is was a hard-working body of men. Committees often worked beyond the midnight hour. In the closing week the House several times was seen toiling till far beyond midnight, passing Senate bills. Some members of the legislature showed their devotion to duty by rarely, if ever, missing a roll call.

There was also a high tone of personal conduct. Probably no legislature in the state's history was so free from drink. Perhaps never was the influence of outside money so small. This does not mean that there were no outside influences controlling legislative action. No doubt some long arms now and then reached in and either killed some measure introduced for the benefit of the general public or, on the other hand, secured passage of some measure which should not have been passed. But three former corrupting influences are now noticeably absent, namely, the liquor interests, the election of United States Senators, and the giving of railroad passes and other railroad control.

Also, the power of machine rule and boss control continues to decline, but is not yet dead. Former members say the Senate of 1911 compares more favorably on this point than that of 1917.

This legislature was more friendly
than previous legislatures to temperance and moral measures.

The best example of this was the Bone Dry bill, which, after June 7th, does away with the permit system. Perhaps in no previous legislature could such a bill have been passed. The votes of the people in 1914 and 1916 have clarified the moral and political conditions thoroughly. Moral measures demanded by the W. C. T. U. received better treatment than ever before, but a treatment far below what they should have been given.

**Good Measures Passed**

There were introduced into the House 395 bills and in the Senate 325, a total of 720, besides resolutions and memorials. Among those passed may be specially mentioned:

1. The Bone Dry bill.
2. The Prohibition resolution, asking Congress to submit to the people a National Prohibition Amendment.
3. The resolution asking Congress to submit to the States for ratification the Susan B. Anthony woman suffrage amendment.
4. The resolution calling a constitutional convention.
5. The University of Washington and State College legislation.
7. The first aid to the injured law.
8. The banking, mining, probate, water and military codes.
14. The midwife bill.
15. The new armory bills.
16. The kindergarten bill.
17. The bank guaranty law.
18. The Mt. Tacoma memorial.
19. The single gold standard of morals.
20. The farm marketing bill.
22. The teachers' pension bill and the gift to Mrs. Olson, wife of the Industrial Insurance Commissioner.

**Good Bills Failing to Become Laws**

In this list may be included:

1. The omnibus educational bill.
2. The non-partisan election bill.
3. The Home teachers' bill for immigrant mothers.
4. The pistol bill.
5. The state civil service bill.
6. Civil rights for the negro.
7. White slave act.
8. Act asked for by the Secretary of the Treasury, relating to farm loan investments.
9. The home nursery bill.
10. Among the undesirable bills vetoed by Governor Lister were those relating to the jitneys and bill-boards and the I. W. W.

**Criticisms of the 1917 Session**

The legislature was not rightly organized. For example, the Senate had a progressive majority but an all-powerful old line Republican Rules Committee.

The legislature still has a touch of old machine rule, with party rewards and punishments. Like Cizarism, Hohenzollern and autocracy, machine rule belongs to the past. The progressive movement will not have achieved a complete victory until this system is eradicated from our legislative bodies.

The Senate and House should elect their own Committees.

One or two days per week the members should make up their own calendars.

Both House and Senate have about double the number of needed employees.

The legislature is still too unfriendly to moral legislation.

There is a vast preponderance of
business over educational and moral measures.

Committees are still too powerful.
Individual members of committees are still too powerful, sometimes even keeping a committee from considering a measure.

More members of the 1917 legislature keenly felt the justice of the foregoing criticisms than ever before.

Among the good laws the 1919 legislature should enact are:
1. Presidential primary law.
2. Non-partisan county officers' law.
3. Civil rights of negro.
4. Pistol bill.
5. Laboremploymentbureaubill.
6. Teachers' employment bill.
7. White slave act.
8. State civil service act.

MAY FESTIVAL

Summery, dainty - clad, prettily-dancing girls circled the gay May pole on the campus for the Annual May Day Festival. Butterfly and Bo-Peep girls, with flowing wings and ribbons, fluttered across the lawn. The dancers entered the field in a procession, headed by the May pole girls, with heralds, dukes, crown-bearer, maids, queen, butterfly and Bo-Peep girls. Speeches, music and dances were interpolated.

The May queen, Harriet Moe, was attended by her maids, Ruth Temple and Marcia Smith, while the duke was Paul Hanawalt. Marjorie Howard and little Betty Robbins were the crown-bearers, and Steven Arnett and Vernon Schlatter were the heralds. Cecilia McReavy and Dorothy Darr danced the Gavotte in costume. William Bowman gave a vocal solo, and the Girls' Glee Club gave a number. Speeches were given by both the queen and duke. Miss Lois Hathaway and Miss Ruth Harvey were the accompanists.

The May pole girls were Junia Todd, Icel Marshall, Adelle Reed, Lena Rader, Hertilla Barlow, Francena Kennedy, Alma Byrd, Gladys Moe, Fannie Guptil, Katie Burton, Gladys Sadd, Vera Sinclair, Arletta Carter, Ethel Nielson, Florence Cronnader, Marjorie James, Elsie Reed, Ruth Hallin, Esther Temple and Charline Tuell.

The butterfly dancers were Florence Cook, Hazel Hooker, Alice Brown, Mildred Pollom, Ethel Aldrich, Ruth Harvey, Ruth Johnson, Norma Bowen, Alta Miller, Helen Leif, Alice Baker and Edith Magnuson.

Eunice Orr directed the butterfly dance, and Junia Todd the May pole dance.

C. P. S. was honored this month by a visit from Mooshek Vuisperian, a 17-year-old Armenian boy. In chapel he told of his perilous journey to America from Armenia, by way of Russia. Later, he spoke in the First M. E. Church on the Armenian Massacre. He spoke in such a sincere, quaint manner that he drew both professors and students to him.

He will probably enter Princeton College in the fall. His father, a victim of the late Armenian Massacre, was a graduate of Princeton.

There is a great demand for Commencement speakers among our faculty this year. Prof. Morton addressed the Burton High School pupils on Thursday, May 17, and gave the Enumclaw graduates' Baccalaureate sermon Sunday, May 20. Prof. Davis will give the Commencement address at the Waterville High School. Dr. Todd also has had numerous invitations.
College of Puget Sound Roll of Honor

By Prof. Walter S. Davis

The following students and former students of the College have already enlisted for service in the War of Democracy:

1. Paul Hayward, Academy, 1916-17, with a Canadian regiment.
2. Lloyd Burk, class of 1919.
3. Lucien McConihe, class of 1920.
4. Francis Powell, class of 1918.
5. Frank Riley, A. B.
7. Wesley Todd, Coast Artillery.
8. Ulrich Sellers, first-class gunner at Fortress Monroe.

In addition to the above, the boys here have shown their patriotism by drilling five times a week under the direction of Lieut. Fred Shaw of the Coast Artillery.

Soon after the declaration of war against Germany, President Todd, anxious to meet the situation that had suddenly arisen and to do the best thing possible for the boys, arranged a chapel address by Lieut. Shaw. In this address Lieut. Shaw said, among other noble utterances:

"I love my country more than my life."

At the conclusion of his address, Lieut. Shaw offered his services in the organization of the College of Puget Sound boys and the company was formed the next day and has since been drilling at the 12:30 hour.

Professor Robbins was appointed first Sergeant, and after the first examination the following appointments as corporals were announced: McAbee, Bowman, Dunlap, Harold Young and Carl Curtis.

At the present rate of progress the College of Puget Sound boys will soon be ready for the trenches "somewhere in France."

The C. P. S. girls have also shown a commendable patriotism and two large classes have been organized in First Aid work, meeting on Tuesday and Friday, under the direction of Drs. Rich and Janes. There is also a large Home Nursing class.

So our College has shown its willingness to do her bit in the Great War. In the future this will be one of the most honorable pages of its history.

Mr. Edward Gebert has enlisted as a farmer and has been granted leave of absence by the faculty.

By a vote of the faculty, any student may receive credit in four hours of regular work and substitute therefore Military Drill, Red Cross or First Aid work.

Also, by vote of the faculty, any student called to active service in the field will receive credit for all his work.

It was felt by President Todd and the faculty that a happy solution of the problem of student military service for the present had been found in the daily drill and in the Home Nursing and First Aid work.
Where are They?--Former Faculty Members

"My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?"
—Cowper.

1. Professor Sammuel Dupertius, Department of French, is pastor of a church in Lowell, Mass.
2. Miss Marie Druse is head of the Art Department in the Bellingham Normal.
3. President J. C. Zeller is residing on a large cotton plantation in Mississippi, on account of the health of his children. He is raising cotton on a large scale, has a general store and over 100 men in his employ. He is often called upon for religious and educational addresses.
4. Ex-President L. H. Benbow resides on his farm near Sumner and is the Western Washington representative of Governor Hay's Lincoln Trust Company.
5. Ex-President Williams now resides at Hartford City, Indiana.
6. Ex-President E. M. Randall is pastor of Gilman Park M. E. Church, Seattle.
7. Miss Edith Wilson of the Home Economics Department is now Mrs. McCoy and is residing at Colfax. Her husband is a civil engineer.
8. Miss Pansie Lawrence of the Home Economics Department is now Mrs. Archie Smith and is residing at White Horse, Yukon Territory. Her husband is a ship architect.
9. Miss Annie Hassebrock of the Home Economics Department, 1912-14, has enlisted in the war as a dietitian, with headquarters at Chicago.
10. Miss Lucy Newcum, head of the Home Economics Department, 1910-12, is now Mrs. Professor A. B. Wright. Mr. Wright is now professor of Political Economy in the University of Pennsylvania.
11. Dr. Hugo P. Selinger has the Chair of Sociology in Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.
12. Professor Thomas Scott is a lawyer in Modesta, Cal.
13. Professor R. A. Cummins is a member of the Ohio Normal at Bowling Green, Ohio.
14. Professor Prichard, head of the Commercial Department from 1907-12, after many years teaching, is spending the year fishing and resting in Florida.
15. Professor George Blackburn, successor to Prof. Prichard, is practicing law in Texas.
16. Professor Norfield, former head of the History Department, is now professor of history in Denver University.
17. Professor Earl M. Giesey, Principal of the Academy, 1914-16, is teaching English in the Ashland (Wisconsin) High School.
18. Miss Junia Todd, a former teacher in the Academy, is now Dean of Women at Willamette University.
19. Miss Eva Torr, head of the Modern Language Department, 1907-09, is now teaching in California.
20. Professor Rupert Eicholzer, head of the Department of German, 1909-11, has a like position in the Ballard High School, Seattle.
21. Rev. James W. Walker, formerly Field Secretary and teacher of the English Bible, is now pastor of the M. E. Church in Tumwater.
22. Miss Nellie Rinehart, Secretary to the President, 1910-16, is now Secretary to Dr. Blake of the
The Faculty
M. E. Sunday School Board, with offices in Chicago.

23. Miss Elizabeth Satterthwaite, Secretary to the President, 1907-10, is now librarian of the Puyallup City Library.

24. Professor Eugene Knox, formerly head of the Department of Public Speaking, now holds a similar position at Whittier, Cal.

25. Lois Beil Sandall, head of the Department of Public Speaking, 1914-16, now resides in Seattle, where Mr. Sandall is practicing law.

26. Professor R. T. Holland, head of the Department of Education, 1914-15, spent the following year in graduate work in Cornell University.

27. Professor Glazier, head of the Department of Philosophy, 1907-09, is now pastor of the Universalist Church in Ohio.

28. Miss Mabel Buland, the popular professor of English, 1909-10, is now Mrs. George Campbell and resides at Kalama, on the Columbia River. Mr. Campbell is a banker. Mrs. Campbell takes great interest in questions of civil improvement.

29. Professor Barton of the Department of Biology, 1906-07, is now a member of the Lincoln High School faculty, Seattle.

30. Professor Pease, Department of English, 1906-08, is now head of the Department of English in the University of Wyoming.

31. Miss Crowe of the Public Speaking Department, 1910-11, is married and resides in Baltimore, Maryland.

32. Miss Jessie Lyons, head of the English Department, 1911-12, accepted places in California on leaving this institution.

33. Professor George L. Pitchford of the Department of Chemistry 1912-13 is now a Commercial Chemist in Tacoma.

34. Professor Harper Zoller, head of the Department of Chemistry and Physics, 1913-15, is now professor of chemistry in the Kansas State Agricultural School at Manhattan.

35. Professor C. Warren Jones of the Commercial Department is now a minister in the Church of the Nazarene.

36. Jason Moore, Department of Music, 1909-10, is now residing in Detroit, Michigan.

37. Miss McConihe, head of the Art Department, 1914-16, now resides in Tacoma.
A. Ruth Temple
“A heart ever new—
To all always open,
To all always true.”
Home Economics; Class Secretary (2); Class Treasurer (3); Secretary Y. W. C. A. (3); Secretary Student Body (4); President Senior Class (4); Vice President Y. W. C. A. (4).

Junia Todd
“Some one like you makes the heart seem lighter,
Some one like you makes the sunshine brighter,
Some one like you makes a sigh half a smile.”
Latin Historical; Major Philosophy; Vice President of Class (1); Vice President of Theta (2); Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (1) (2) (3) (4); President of Girls’ Student Body (2) (3); Student Banquet Speaker (3); President Y. W. C. A. (4); Dramatic Art Club (4); Caste: “Cupid at Vassar” (4); President of Dramatic Art Club (3); Thesis: “Empiricism and Rationalism in Epistemology.”

Alden Warman
“Honor acquiring Valor inspiring.”
Graduate Normal; President of Philo (4); Chairman Social Committee (4); Representative to Central Board (4); Philo Critic (4); Biology Assistant (4); Vice President of Philo (3); Senior Normal Play (2).

Icel Marshall
“Sweet girl tho only once we met,
That meeting I shall ne’er forget.”
Latin Historical; Major English; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (2) (3) (4); Manager of Girls’ Glee Club (2); Treasurer of Theta (2); President of Class (3); Vice President of Student Body (3); Secretary of Dramatic Art Club (3); President of Theta (4); President of Dramatic Art Club (3) (4); Graduate of School of Expression (2); Caste “The Dawn of a Tomorrow” (1), “The Altar of Riches” (1), “The Mallet’s Masterpiece” (2), “The Prince Chap” (3), “Cupid at Vassar” (4); Thesis: “The Eternal Triangle in the Drama.”

Marian Bigelow
“The future I may face, now I have proved the past.”
Amphictyon Society; Student Volunteer (1) (2) (3) (4); Volunteer Secretary (3); Class Vice President (4); Glee Club (3); Chapel Choir (4); Y. W. C. A.; Home Economics.
Marcia D. Smith

"I live for those that love me,
For those that know me true,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

Modern Language; Major English; Vice President of Philo (4); member of Y. W. C. A.; Caste: "Violin of Cremona" (2), "Everystudent" (3), "Cupid at Vassar" (4); Dramatic Art Club (3) (4); Maid of Honor May Day (4); Thesis: "Dramatic Literature of the Bible."

Laura Gartrell

"Her face toward the sunshine,
The shadows fall behind."

Modern Language; Major Sociology; Vice President Class (3); Y. W. C. A. (1) (2) (3); Thesis: "Dr. Montessori and Her Aid to Society."

Charles Miller

"So take and use they work
Amend what flaws may lurk."

Classical; Treasurer of Class (1) (2); Vice President of Philo (4); Chairman of Social Bureau (4); Senior Representative to Central Board (4).

Florence Cook

"But her deep blue eyes smile constantly
As if they in discreetness,
Kept the secret of a happy dream she did not care to tell."

Modern Language! Major Sociology; entered from Whitworth (2); Y. W. C. A. (3) (4); Maid of Honor May Day (3); Treasurer Kappa Sigma Theta (3); President of Theta (4); Thesis: "The Divorce Problem in Pierce County."

Edith Tenant

"The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude
She took as she found them, and did them all good."

Religion; Thesis: "Work of Women in Church of Tacoma"; graduate of Seattle Bible Training school; entered Alma College on Scholarship; entered C. P. S. (3); Member of Chapel Choir (4); Secretary of Class (4).
Harriett Moe

"Woman! experience might have taught me,
That all must love thee who behold thee."
Home Economics; Associate Editor of Trail (4); Vice President Class (2); Treasurer Class (4); Secretary of Theta (3); Chapel Choir (1) (2) (3) (4); Castes: "Mallet's Masterpiece" (2), "Prince Chap" (3), "Altar of Riches" (1); May Queen (4); Member Y. W. C. A.; Dramatic Art Club (3); President of Hikers' Club (2).

Erma Olin

"Her bearing modest was and fair."
Latin Scientific; Major Science; Amphictyon Society; Secretary Class (4); Y. W. C. A. (1) (2) (4); Y. W. Mission Committee.

Edward Schaper

"Armed and ready for his task,
He stands—a man of honesty and trust."
Scientific; Major Chemistry; Philo Critic (3) (4); Philo President (4); Student Body President (4); Thesis: "The Chemical Analysis of Tacoma's Ice Creams."

Francis Town

"And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershrine
Like meek prayers before a shrine."
Latin Historical; Major English; Thesis: "Photo Drama as a Literary Force"; entered from Washington State College (3); Vice President of Theta (4); Class Treasurer (3).

Program of the Fourteenth Commencement
June 1st to 6th, 1917

Friday, June 1st:
8:00 P. M.—Conservatory of Music Commencement, in the Chapel.

Saturday, June 2nd:
8:00 P. M.—Academy Commencement, at First M. E. Church; address William Wallace Youngson, D. D., District Superintendent Portland District, Portland, Ore.

Sunday, June 3rd:
10:30 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon, at First M. E. Church; President Edward H. Todd.

Monday, June 4th:
10:45 A. M.—Final Chapel Exercises in College Chapel; Conference of Awards by President E. H. Todd.
4:00 P. M.—Dedication of Color Post, on Campus; Class of 1920.

Tuesday, June 5th:
8:00 P. M.—President’s Reception, at President’s Residence.

Wednesday, June 6th:
10:30 A. M.—Commencement Exercises, at First M. E. Church; address, James E. Crowther, D. D., pastor First M. E. Church, Seattle.
6:00 P. M.—Alumni Initiation of Class 1917 and Annual Banquet, at First M. E. Church.

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**Senior Class History**

Some are teaching,
Some are married,
But of this class
None have been buried
You see we’re not dead ones!

Listen, you of this good College
To the facts which I shall tell you,
Of the deeds so full of valour
Of the learning held in keeping
By this class of seventeeners.

For the past four years we’ve been here
Most of those you see before you,
Studied in these halls of learning
Fought and vanquished other classes.
First as Freshmen we assembled.
Green, e’en as the Frosh before me.
Mouth agape with awe and wonder
Fifty-four in number of us.
Now the Sophomores laid in waiting
To initiate the Freshmen.
Crude their tricks were, and the Freshmen
Saw thru them and foiled the Sophomores.

But the Class Day scrape was bitter,
Feet of Freshmen, feet of Sophomores.
Intermingled in the melee
Sure, the Freshmen were victorious.
Then to celebrate our triumph
Hastened we to Point Defiance,
To a steak roast, so they called it
And to get ourselves acquainted.

In our second year we added

---

Some new students to our numbers,
Tho we lost some valued classmates
And we numbered only thirty.
Great the painting on the sidewalks.
Great defeat the Freshmen suffered.
To this day they can’t forget it.
Still we hold their flags in keeping
To pass down to generations.
Who will laud the Seventeeners.

In our Junior year the Normals
Who had stayed thus far as students
Took up rural teaching duties.
Seventeen our class then numbered.
O, how well we entertained them.
Those grave Seniors soon to leave us.
So that future Junior classes
Would know how to treat the Seniors.

Now as Seniors stand we waiting
Quaking lest the teachers flunk us
On the Thesis we have written.
Stand we ready, yes and eager,
For the tasks which lie before us
Yet we can’t but know we’ll miss her,
C. P. S. our Alma Mater.
As thruout our College sojourn
We have tried to take a part in
All that makes an education.
So we hope the fields we enter
May thus hold our every interest.
That we ever will be worthy
Of the title Seventeeners.

Some Class! Pretty Keen!
C. P. S. ’17.
Juniors Class of '18

President, Paul Hanawalt; Secretary, Elizabeth Shackleford; Vice President, Eunice Merritt; Treasurer, Percy Harader.

For the last time the class of '18 appears under the heading "Juniors." The year has been a long and busy one and we are not sorry to see it drawing to a close. We organized in September with eighteen members. We have lost some and gained others, so our year closes with a roll of sixteen. Another year we may miss some of the familiar faces that entered the class with us three years ago, but we won't forget them, nor the good times we have had together.

The Class of '18 has not failed to live up to its reputation for "making things hum." Assembly day stunts, the Banquet, Debate and various other things bear witness to our prowess. We wish once more to let you know that we are champions in debate, and we are right proud of our debaters who have won honors for the class. We won the trophy offered by the Department of Debate and Oratory and we hope soon to see it.

Quite recently we broke into society, entertaining in honor of the Seniors. It made us realize more than ever how soon we are to lose these erstwhile enemies but now dear friends. To them we say "Good bye, good luck and may we meet again."

The Class of '18 will do its best to assume the duties and responsibilities just resigned by the Class of '17, tho we can never hope to completely fill its place. No wearer of the Purple and Gold ever said "Die," but always "Up and be doing."

So its "Good by and a happy vacation to you all from

THE CLASS OF '18.
Sophomore Notes

As a class, the Sophomores are about to leave. When we again appear in these columns it will be with a changed countenance, so to speak, for part of us will be teaching, part will be serving their country in a more serious manner and there is no telling but perhaps some of us will be enjoying wedded bliss—at least indications point that way.

Our record this year has been a fair one. At the beginning of the year we showed the Freshmen of what stuff we were made by painting our numerals on top of theirs and by raising our colors to the top of the flagpole. At the banquet we were noticeable in a novel way—but not obstreperous. On campus day we showed our genius by the rapidity and good spirits with which we did the work allotted us.

In the coming years we will regard our Sophomore year at C. P. S. as one of the most enjoyable and most profitable that we have ever spent. So—

Here's to the Sophomores
Of Puget Sound
We love our Alma Mater
We love each other
Like sister and brother
We all stick together
In spite of weather
In class we shine.
We never decline
To boost for our Alma Mater
So here's to the Sophomores—
That's who we're for—
Class of 1919.
The Class of '20 goes bravely on, but the Freshman class is soon to be no more. Scarcely were we organized when our good work commenced. Some of us were the backbone of the football team; others helped with basketball; individual members have been prominent in all the student activities—debating, oratory, music, dramatics and all the rest. We have had representatives in the heads of the departments of all student activities. There are Freshman corporals and soon there will be Freshman nurses.

But the glory of the class lies more perhaps in what we did as a class than in what we did as individuals. There is not space to enumerate our achievements, but the crowning glory of them all is the erection of the historic post.

The Freshman launch ride will not have occurred when this issue goes to press, but, with the Committee as prophets, we shall issue an account anyhow. The Committee is composed of Edith Rummel (chairman), Muriel Hoover, Henry Cramer and Wesley Todd. Conscription was recommended so that every girl might be escorted, but the class favored the volunteer system. We are going to charter a boat and go to the Todd camp, near Burton on Vashon Island. The Committee promises that nobody will starve. The "eats" are going to include "wienie," buns and clams. Clams are the main article of diet, for the affair is really a clam bake. "The evening was lovely and a good time was had by all."
ACADEMY’S FAREWELL

Until we meet again!

Fellow Students: The Academy wishes to make its farewell address.

It is with an honest reluctance that we take our pen and try to express in mere words the feelings that possess us.

In a larger sense we could not in any way do that, for how could anyone understand or any class, for that matter, speak for those who have come within the far-reaching influence of the Academy as an institution?

However, we that remain as members of the Academy feel that we must speak in behalf of this department of our growing College.

We do not face the passing of the Academy from the institution with regrets, for the Academy has had a glorious history. It has served in its
capacity and served will. For many years the Academy was "the thing" of the institution. In those days the high schools were few and inferior, were nothing in comparison to the modern high school. The Academy enjoyed great prosperity in those days. But when the high school developed and nearly every city had one, then the usefulness of the Academy was at an end.

It is to the growth of the high school then that the falling off of attendance in the Academy is attributed.

Another essential appeal of the Academy was that it offered preparatory college training for those who were above the usual high school age. In this capacity it has done greater work than any other department of the institution.

Students who have made the best records since graduation from the College are those who also received diplomas from the Academy.

While the Academy as a department of the College will be no more with the graduation of this year's class, the work will be carried on and those desiring such training will be accommodated.

The following table shows the enrollment and graduates of the College and Academy for the period 1903-1917:

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1903-4</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>112</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1904-5</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>98</td>
<td>13</td>
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<tr>
<td>1905-6</td>
<td>42</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1906-7</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>112</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1907-8</td>
<td>42</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>154</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1908-9</td>
<td>52</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>176</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1909-10</td>
<td>77</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>152</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1910-11</td>
<td>102</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>140</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1911-12</td>
<td>92</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>102</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1912-13</td>
<td>108</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>87</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1913-14</td>
<td>106</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1914-15</td>
<td>102</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>66</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1915-16</td>
<td>144</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>42</td>
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</table>

During the period 93 graduated from the College. Of this number 31 also were Academy graduates, showing that one-third of the College graduates were also Academy graduates and that a large percentage of the Academy students were those who went on completing their College work here.

As the statistics show, the College has increased and the Academy has decreased. It is for this reason that the institution is doing away with the Academy.

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One of the things that the Academy students have always been commented on is their team work. It is a real treat to attend an Academy meeting of any kind, to see the splendid, cheerful cooperation and it is this as much as anything else that has given us an impetus to do the best we know how.

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Our Class Day exercises will be held June 2 and our program will be as follows, unless some more of our boys leave for the Service and make changes necessary:

1. Cornet solo . . . . Sewell Snypp
2. Salutory—Class President . . . . . . Ethel Nielsen
3. History of the Academy and Class of '17 . Lauren Sheffer
4. Class Prophecy . Herbert Feller
5. Vocal Solo . . . Mr. Geohegan
6. Class Will . . . . Carl Hallen
7. Class Mementos . Georgina Wilson
8. Class Poem . . . to be selected
9. The Real Commencement . . . . . . Harry G. Earle
10. Class Song . . . Academy

LOOK OVER THE "ADS"—BUT DON'T OVERLOOK 'EM
Academy Class Tree Exercises

Why did everybody flock to the triangle in front of the College about eleven o'clock Campus Day? They wanted to see the 1917 class of the Academy plant their class tree, the noble Hawthorne. And a beautiful ceremony it was.

A receptacle containing various documents of importance, such as the class president's speech, Academy writeups, pictures, roll of members and officers and copies of Academy songs and yells, was securely deposited under one of the protecting roots.

Mr. Geoghegan read the curse on the vandal hand that, with intent malicious, disturbs the tree. Mr. Sheffer followed with a brief history of the Academy and told of the two-fold object of the tree planting. Cute little babe Marsh then turned in the first shovelful of soil.

When we mortals start on our life journey, or when a ship is ready for launching on its life journey, a ceremony of christening is observed. Surely it was very right that this tree be christened. With a sprig of heather, dipped in a vase of early morning dew, Miss Nielsen appropriately christened our tree "Grace L., '17," in honor of our beloved Academy Principal. The curse and the blessing follow:

Cursed he shall be thru every walk of life
In daily toil, in choosing him a wife.
When he goes forth some lassie fair to woo
Each one shall turn him down, unless it be some shrew
Who will abuse him so as soon as wed
That ever after that he'll wish that he were dead.
He'll never more the lays of feathered songsters hear.
No more will he the scent of flowers know
Nor taste of food nor hue the flowers show.
The bed he lies on, full of thorns shall be
A thorn for every one upon this tree.

Emblem of hope,
Today we plant thee deep.
May thy staunch roots
The breasts of Mother Earth grip fast.
From Her draw thee thy nourishment
Grow strong
And in thy rightful season
Break forth and bud
Perfume the air around
With the fragrance of thy blossoms
Shelter for the birds provide
Guard well their young
With thy sharp spears.
Be thou a staff to those who courage need.
Live on for aye
And to the world of men
Declare thy message, sent of God
Hope, Eternal Hope.

Let no man ever dare
Lay vandal hand upon this tree
For he who does shall ever cursed be.
ASSOCIATED STUDENT BODY ELECTION

In the annual election held this month, Percy Harader was chosen President of the Associated Student Body. According to the student body constitution, the President must have received first grades in at least two-thirds of his subjects. Because of this scholastic requirement there is naturally keen rivalry for the office. In the first election, Harader received the most votes for the office, but because of a slight misunderstanding as to the closing of the polls, Harader generously requested another election. The second election was very close, Harader receiving 67 votes and Hanawalt, the other candidate, receiving 60.

Harader is a prominent Junior and a member of the Amphictyon Literary Society, of which he has thrice been presiding officer.

Other student body officers elected were: M. Dodsworth, Vice President; Norma Bowen, Secretary; Anton Erp, Treasurer; Carl Curtis, Athletic Manager; Alice Baker, Editor of the Trail; Harry Earle, reelected Business Manager the Trail; William Bowman for the newly created office of Musical Manager.
Debate has taken its place among student activities this year as one of the foremost forms of student life. Undoubtedly more interest was shown in this department than has been evidenced for some time. The most successful feature of the program was the class debates on the City Manager question. These interclass debates, held in chapel on Wednesdays aroused interest for the greater contests which followed. Two intercollegiate debates were scheduled during the second semester. The first with the class of 1920, University of Washington, though a victory was scored by our opponents, was well attended and our team did splendid work. The dual debate with Spokane University was well attended, both here and at Spokane. Both of these forensic battles were lost, after hard fighting. It is better to try and lose than not to try at all.

The Prohibition Oratorical contest was a fitting climax to the work of oratory and debate. Mr. Sheffer was the winner of this contest.

The interest shown this year has been excellent, but let us not weary in well doing. In order to stimulate this interest a trophy is offered to the class evidencing the most interest in debate by attendance at the debate and oratorical contests and participation. This year the Juniors of '18 won the trophy, but they will only keep it as long as they retain the championship.

LOOK OVER THE "ADS"—BUT DON'T OVERLOOK 'EM
Miller, forward
Curtis, forward
Huntington, center
Hanawalt, captain, guard

Woody, guard
Hallen, substitute
McConihe, substitute
BASKETBALL NOTES

The basketball season was by no means a failure, and, taking into consideration all conditions, of having no gymnasium and having to go to the Y. M. C. A. to practice, it was a success. There were 16 games in all played, and out of these C. P. S. won nine. The fellows had a little hard luck in starting the season by two bad defeats, but this only spurred them on.

C. P. S. won third in the City League and the team winning first, Tahoma A. C., found it a hard battle to beat our fellows, even at the close score of 29-22. Everett A. C., considered one of the strong teams of the State, beat us by one point, 24-23.

The team enjoyed several fine trips, even if part of them did get lost in a snow drift for a while on one of them.

The turnout this year was at times very good, but was not regular enough for constant practice. But in another year, with our new gymnasium, and a fine turnout of all the fellows, and with our new captain, Glen Miller, we will expect great things.

Some of the scores follow:
C. P. S. 20 vs. Bellingham 40.
C. P. S. 23 vs. Parkland A. C. 41.
C. P. S. 23 vs. U. of W. Sophs 18.
C. P. S. 57 vs. 1st M. E. 28.
C. P. S. 22 vs. Tahoma A. C. 28.
C. P. S. 14 vs. Bellingham 29.
C. P. S. 22 vs. Elks 18.
C. P. S. 31 vs. 1st Christians 19.
C. P. S. 6 vs. U. of W. Frosh 20.
C. P. S. 15 vs. Ashford A. C. 15.
C. P. S. 43 vs. Cushman Indians 15
Total scores for C. P. S., 393.
Total scores for opponents, 324.

BASEBALL

In a rather loosely played game, characterized by erratic fielding on both sides, the upperclassmen romped home with the long end of a 11 to 4 score on Campus Day. The Freshmen seemed unable to connect with the pill, while the upperclassmen hit McConihe, the Freshman twirler, almost at will. The Freshman errors were costly, some of them resulting in tallies. The game went five innings. Serg. Robbins officiated. Batteries: McConihe and James; Larsen and Clay.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Report of the Treasurer for the month ending April 30, 1917:

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<thead>
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<th>Reets. &amp; Dis.</th>
<th>Balances</th>
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<td>Cr.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Trail</td>
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<td>23.20</td>
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<tr>
<td>Glee Club</td>
<td>31.19</td>
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<tr>
<td>Banquet</td>
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<tr>
<td>Debate</td>
<td>45.74</td>
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<tr>
<td>Incidental</td>
<td>52.81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Band</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Total Debits $295.76
Total Credits $84.84
Balance $195.66
Balance $140.63

SOURCES OF RECEIPTS

Bal. in treasury, April 2 $140.63
Athletics $23.20
Debate 6.00
H. C. Mathes .65
Trail Advertising 70.25
Total Receipts 100.10
Athletic fund, debit balance
March 31 52.55
Banquet fund, debit balance
March 2.48
Total Debits $295.76

LOOK OVER THE "ADS"—
BUT DON'T OVERLOOK 'EM
The College celebrated its Annual Campus Day on Friday, April 20, after several weeks of postponement, caused by the unsettled condition of the weather. We were well rewarded for our patient (or rather impatient) waiting, however, for the morning dawned clear and remained bright and sunny until a late hour in the afternoon, when the work and festivities were over.

The work was divided among the classes by a faculty committee appointed for the purpose. Here we may pay tribute to the members of the faculty who so joyously worked and accomplished so much on Campus Day.

The Seniors worked (or were supposed to) around the Conservatory and the Ladies' Dormitory. The Juniors made a splendid job of trimming the walks and flower beds in the front of the Administration Building. The Sophomores—well, they had several jobs on hand. The tennis court is quite presentable because of their efforts and the disfiguring class numerals on buildings, walks and chimney were erased by much hard labor and a few "words." The Freshman—it really would require too much time and space to tell all they did. But, anyway, they are to be congratulated on the good condition of the ball field.

The lunch at eleven-thirty was served by the Y. W. C. A. girls and was certainly enjoyed by all the hard laborers. Pickles, weiners, sandwiches, macaroni and cheese, coffee and banana ice cream was the menu.

After lunch there was drill for the men and First Aid Classes for the girls. Then followed a baseball game between the Freshmen and an all-school team. It was quite exciting, but the Freshmen must have had too much Campus Day, because they lost the game by a score of 11 to 1.

The day was enjoyed by all and the Campus bears a more beautiful appearance for the labor spent upon it. Of course it will show up better when the buildings are resplendent in their fresh paint.

A fitting close to the day was the place in the chapel in the evening. The program was varied and exceedingly original and was enjoyed by a large audience of students and friends of the College.

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JUNIORS ENTERTAIN SENIORS ABOARD SHIP "HERE'S TO YOU"

"Ship Ahoy!" "Aye! Aye! Cap!" The gangplank was lifted and the ship left shore with a crew of eleven Juniors, the Senior class and three of the faculty as passengers. Our first meal on shipboard was thoroughly enjoyed by all, everyone's appetites being sharpened by the delicious salt water breeze. This breakfast consisted of sea anemones, albatross nests, scuttled ships, solidified sea-foam, life preservers and black sea. After breakfast our harbor master, Professor Morton, called for toasts from Captain Hanawalt on Fellowship; Admiral Davis, Scholarship; Right Hon. Miss Temple, Worship-heroes, and Pilot Reneau, Friendship.

Our trip on the good ship "Here's to You" was ended all too soon and we were sorry to learn that land was in sight. Goodbyes were said and "we parted on the shore — r — r — r."
CAP AND GOWN DAY
The Annual Cap and Gown Day of the Senior College Class occurred April 26, at the regular chapel hour. It was a very impressive ceremony and one which the Seniors themselves or the classes which they leave behind will not soon forget.

The Seniors marched in wearing their caps and gowns, while the Ensemble Class played for their entrance.

After taking their places on the platform, Mr. Warman led in the responsive reading. The class history was then given by Miss Junia H. Todd.

Miss Ruth Temple, President of the Senior Class, presented the memorial hatchet to the Junior Class. Mr. Paul Hanawalt, President of the Junior Class, accepted it and expressed the thought that the hatchet was received with pleasure and would be well taken care of while in the possession of the Junior Class.

Miss Harriet Moe and Miss Marion Bigelow sang a duet, accompanied by Miss Marcia Smith.

One of the most enjoyed numbers on the program was the reading "My Ships" by Icel Marshell.

After prayer, led by Mr. Miller, a postlude was played, while the Seniors left the chapel, followed by the classes in order.

MUSIC
Among the various activities of the campus the Conservatory of Music is one of the most bustling. Here the little reception room is continually a-buzz with students, faculty and welcome visitors, for the musicians are a hospitable sort of folk and they are always ready to assist their friends to while away a few minutes midst the noise of the music-factory. Occasionally, when the weather is fine, they enjoy a picnic or a party just "in the family," and life goes on in song and play.

However, it is not ALL "song and play." The board of instructors consists of three who teach piano only; two who teach piano and organ; two who teach voice-culture and a violin teacher, and this faculty have handled a class of sixty voice pupils and as many piano pupils, a large class in science of music and normal music, as well as violin and organ. Thru the efforts of the music faculty the public, as well as the students, have enjoyed three general student concerts; eight graduation recitals; two faculty concerts, and ensemble concert and a complete oratorio performance, besides furnishing music upon all occasions at the College and in and about Tacoma.

The music faculty's work is not alone confined to the College and the Conservatory, for Dr. Schofield has been acting as accompanist for the Orpheus Club; Mr. Kloepper has charge of the music at the First Methodist Church, and he and Dr. Schofield and Mr. Waldman are well known thruout the Northwest for their concert work and musicianship. Mr. Johnson is organist of the First Swedish Lutheran Church, while the Misses Tee, Bartholomew and McQueen are coming to the front as pianists of more than ordinary ability.

The departments of the Conservatory which are more closely associated with the College are the Chapel Choir, the Men's Glee Club and the College Quartette, all led by Dr. Schofield, and the Ladies' Glee Club, led by Mrs. Schofield.

The Conservatory of Music is supported by a wide-awake Alumni Association, which holds reception and banquets every Commencement. One of the graduates of this year, Miss Orr, won second prize in the contest for College songs.
Girls' Glee Club

C. P. S. Quartette
GLEE CLUB NOTES

The glee club was organized early in the year and worked faithfully, under the skillful direction of Dr. Schofield. The appearances, altho but few, were gratifying in the manner in which they were received.

The officers for the year were: President, Vernon Schlatter; Vice President, Noman Dews; Secretary, William Bowman; Treasurer, Harry Beardsley; Manager, Karl Hallen.

C. P. S. QUARTET

The College quartet is an institution. It has forced the College and city to recognize it. Altho this was the first year that the members have hung together, they have achieved quite a creditable degree of success.

The members of the quartet are:
First Tenor, Vernon Schlatter; Second Tenor, Stanely Sutton; First Bass, Harry G. Earle; Second Bass, William Bowman; Director, Dr. Robert L. Schofield.

GIRL’S GLEE CLUB

Thruout the whole school year, the Girl’s Glee Club has kept its organization. Under the excellent guidance of Mrs. Robert Schofield we have held regular weekly practices and we hate to think of having to discontinue our work during the summer. But our hopes brighten when we think of the next school year, and what we mean to accomplish. During the past year we have sung on many occasions, some of which were the Annual Banquet, the Ensemble Concert, the May Day Festival and many others. So—

Here’s three cheers for our leader! And for all of the work she has done For under her skill and guidance, Most any good song can be sung!
Y. M. C. A.

The men of the retiring cabinet deserve much praise for taking hold of the work so willingly at so late a day and staying with it so faithfully. The president wishes to take this opportunity to extend every cabinet man and every man in school his heart-felt appreciation for the faithfulness in standing back of him in the work this year.

What about the work next year? All that needs to be said about it is to mention the new cabinet. They are men who speak for themselves. They are men chosen especially for the work. With such men behind it the Y. M. has the strongest support possible.
Y. W. C. A.

Our aim for Y. W. this year was to do something different and thus become famous, not only in Tacoma, but throughout the whole Northwest. And we feel we have succeeded, by holding the Y. W. Conference at our school. The success of this is never nor could ever be disputed. There were two other events in which the Y. W. girls played a most prominent part, one was Campus Day, when we furnished the best part of the program—the luscious eats!—and the other was on May Day, which proved a success from A to Z.

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STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

This country has shown its character by responding to the severest of all tests of religious idealism—the summons to engage in foreign missions. Never was the response to this summons more complete than at present. In witness to the truth of that statement is the Student Volunteer Movement.

In the year 1886, Mr. Dwight L. Moody invited some college students to Northfield to spend a few weeks in the study of the Bible. Out of the gathering of 250 students there has come this movement. Originally it was simply an unorganized body of men with a common purpose and it is now an incorporated body.

Those who make this declaration: “It is my purpose, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary,” are known as Student Volunteers.

The Volunteer Band does not send out missionaries; the Volunteers go out under their own denominational board.

Several years ago the Volunteer Band was organized at the College of Puget Sound. Since that time many have gone to the foreign fields. Rev. Wm. O. Pflaum and his wife are now laboring in Iquique, Chili; Harry L. Allen and his wife were also in Chili for five years. Mark Freeman was in Malaysia but is now here on a furlough. Gilbert Le Sourd is now taking a master’s degree at De Pau University and is waiting for money to be sent him in order that he may sail for the foreign land. Mr. and Mrs. Earle were missionaries in South America.

A message is told to the world in their lives of service. It is indeed a great cause and a great plan that would call forth such a number of young men and women from our College. Shall we Christians tarry while Africa and India are in darkness?

The Student Volunteer Band has had several very interesting meetings this year. It is our plan to support a student in India. The members are: Mabel Amende, Leon Bain, Marion Bigelow, Ernest Clay, Arletta Carter, Margaret Dorwin, Ruth Goulder, Fannie Guptil, Helen Hart, Fred Herzog, Florence Hungerford, Alta Miller and Edith Tenant. Mr. Herzog is president of the Band. We will gladly welcome any new members.

BUT DON’T OVERLOOK ‘EM
LOOK OVER THE “ADS”—
ALUMNI

Not a very big subject—only a word—yet in reality it reaches north, south, east and west, to the ends of the earth, it seems, for the sons and daughters of our beloved Alma Mater are living their lives of service in almost every part of the world. Our messages reminding them of this approaching Commencement time have gone to South America, Alaska, the Philippines and Honolulu, as well as in every direction throughout these United States. If there are none in Europe at present, doubtless we will soon have occasion to think of some "some where in France." Some are eagerly waiting for the opportunity to go to China and other foreign mission fields; some are engaged in missionary effort nearer home.

Of all the professions which our Alumni have entered, preaching and teaching seem to be most popular. Next in order comes home-making. There have been several "intra-marriages," the happy culmination of romance dating back to college days; there have been more "ultra-marriages," and an "extra." Nor is our dear College forgotten here, for in many of these homes baby lips are taught to lisp and love her name. Of these future students of our C. P. S. the class of '12 has the largest membership to date, according to the most reliable information available.

A dozen or more of our Alumni have answered the call of higher education and earned their A. M. in some of the largest and best institutions of the land. Several have won honorary degrees and some few have toiled the midnight road to the fair land of Ph. D. Until recently this high honor belonged exclusively to the "Alumni," but ultimately woman always comes into her own, and the "Alumnae" bid fair soon to claim a share of these laurels. Miss Vinnie Pease, '07, is the first adventurous spirit in this field. She is now pursuing her doctorate at the University of Minnesota and will win her degree next year. Others, however, have their eyes on the coveted goal and hope soon to emulate her example.

But wherever our Alumni may be and in whatsoever lot their lives are cast, as the time draws near, there is not one who does not feel a tightening of the heartstrings and a longing to "come home for Commencement." Those who cannot yield to the heart longing, traverse the miles between on wings of thought and are with us in spirit. Those who are free find their footsteps unconsciously turning again to the old College halls. The hand clasp of classmates not seen, perhaps, for years, the glad greeting, the familiar scenes lift us out of the sordid, common-place of life and send us back again to daily tasks with new courage and vigor.

Tho scattered far, methinks the voices of all join in one great harmony to her we love so well:

"O College dear, O College dear, To thee our song of praise ascends on high;
We sing to thee; we bring to thee Our tribute of the days gone by."

—G. L. M., '07.

Ulrich Sellers, a graduate of our Academy, is now an expert U. S. gunner at Fortress Monroe, Virginia.

Professor Morton delivered the Baccalaureate address at the Burton High School Commencement, May 17, and the Baccalaureate at the Enumclaw High School Commencement, May 20.
NOTES FROM HELEN'S HALL

"An Ode"

1. Oh! Mrs. Patterson? She is our matron kind,
   Who loves good fun, and noise she does not mind.
   She never to her bed doth creep
   Until her girls are all in dreamland deep.

2. Gray-eyed Nettie, sitting so sedate,
   Working on a fine china plate.
   But who knows if she continues to paint,
   She will one day rank with artists great.

3. And next there is May, tall and fair;
   Missed by all if she is not there.
   She whitens her shoes and combs her hair,
   And smiles on all our boarders fair.

4. Next there is Janet, divinely tall.
   She is favorite among the small.
   Janet, her blue dress, room and all,
   Make her the keeper of the hearts of all.

5. Dear curly haired Nellie just as tall and fair
   That no one can defeat her in the lustre of her hair.
   The fact that she is a stenographer makes us all feel
   That she will be dictated to in another field.

6. Last but not least comes blue-eyed Gertrude, the cook.
   For her pies and cakes, she ne’er uses a book.
   She cannot be beat at her potroast or stews,
   By French, Swede, German or Jews.

7. There is Katie, that sweet little maid;
   She certainly deserves 100% grade.
   She studies far into the night
   That she may teach her pupils aright.

8. I have spoken kindly of you all,
   But, ere I close this scroll,
   I will tell you of the cricket’s call I hear:
   Girls, come again next year.
EDITORIALS

The much-anticipated event is here. The Commencement issue is now in your hands. Patiently and earnestly we have labored in serving you. We have given you our best and have no alibi or apologies to offer. It has been a source of great pleasure to feel that we were doing our bit to serve our Alma Mater and her students. We trust and hope that it will be even greater joy for our successors to continue the work and that you will be as loyal in your cooperation as you have been in the past.

Unfortunately, traditions at the "College of Pure Students" are scarce. At the present time we are keenly feeling the lack of one of the most vital of these: the College Annual. The tremendous task of its publication has not been shouldered but once. Our progressive Juniors could not see their way clear to do so this year. However, this number of the Trail must suffice, but it is not an Annual and it has not been our intention to give it to you as such. In it we have attempted to collect souvenirs of the past year—pictures, et cetera—which we all prize and in later
days will prize still more. The faculty, the students and the Alumni each has its place. Yet, we implore you to remember that our final issue is given to you as a climax of our year's work—as a culmination of all our efforts and attempts—as a memento of our year's work together.

The Editor takes this liberty of publicly thanking everyone who has helped in making the Trail what it has been this year. He wishes to give special thanks to the English Department and the Journalism class, which has so splendidly and conscientiously assisted in the success of the paper. He entreats you all to lend your aid and cooperation to his worthy successor, whose consistent work this year bespeaks success for the publication this coming year.

A dieu.

TRAILS

Trails are popular themes for literary expression. Books have been written about some and others have been made famous by the poems and songs which men have been inspired to compose about them. There are, however, just two kinds of trails: those of our dreams and those that are practical and the ones we must traverse every day of our lives.

The trails of our dreams are always in the future, for they seem never to be real or practical enough even to have their beginning in any everyday occurrence. The lengths of these trails are bordered with beauty in many forms and nothing ugly ever appears as we dream our way along them.

The one fault with these trails, however, is that they have no ending, no goal. So let us look at the real trails and find what they have to offer us.

In life we can make our own trails. The very finest and most enjoyable ones are those which are traversed in company with friendships, sympathy, joy, love and, above all, harmony. In fact, if harmony is present it shows that the before-mentioned acquirements are present in abundance.

But let us come down to particulars. The Trail that the College students are and ought to be interested in is "The Puget Sound Trail," our own College paper. The editors this year have done their best to make the paper a success. Have YOU? If you have not, then rest your mind well this summer and come back to school next year prepared to use all your individuality and originality in helping to make our Trail a bigger and better paper—one that is worthy of the College which it represents in a literary way. Let us have as our motto:

Good, better, best
We'll never let it rest,
Until our good is better
And our better—best!

OUR NEW CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

The students welcomed an addition to the College this month when Dr. Thomas J. Gamble of Amherst, Massachusetts, arrived to take up his duties as Corresponding Secretary of C. P. S. Dr. Gamble was elected at the last meeting of the Board of Trustees and will campaign for new students, collect the endowment and have charge of all field work. He is a graduate of C. P. S. and has been associated in college work at Amherst.
The MORE

Drifted Snow

Flour

You Use

The LESS

Your Table Costs.

Bread is the most economical good food you can put upon your table. Compare the leading food staples and you will find that a pound of bread equals, in food values, three pounds of potatoes. Eat bread in place of the more expensive and less nourishing foods.

Order a sack of Drifted Snow today.

SPERRY FLOUR CO.

“I want a pair of pants for my sick husband,” exclaimed the woman.

“I don’t know, but I think he wears a fourten and a half collar.”

—Exchange.

First Man—Why is it that times are so hard?

Second Man—You see it is this way: This financial stringency originated with me and spread over the whole country.—Exchange.

WE OWN THIS SIX- STORY, $50,000 BUILDING AT 1154 BROADWAY

Modern in every way, with a new up-to-date stock of furniture, carpets, rugs, crockery, etc.

We buy direct from the factory and mills at the lowest market price.

We ask you to get our prices. It costs you nothing, and will save you money.

NELSON BARK

HOUSE FURNISHING CO.

Main 2319 1145 Broadway

We also have an exchange department, where you can exchange your old and out of date furniture for new.

We take your old range or stoves in exchange on a new one.

Phone for our exchange man.
White Footwear for Commencement and Vacation

Wonderful values in the much wanted styles in white shoes; dressy, cool, comfortable and durable; your choice of any material, size, heel or model; over a hundred different kinds to select from, including—

- English walking Shoes in canvas with white rubber or leather soles and heels, pair $3.45
- Same in white nubuck, plain or sport model, pair $4.45 and $4.95
- High top lace Boot (picted) white enameled Good Year welt sole and leather Louis heel in canvas, pair $3.45
- Same in white nubuck, pair $3.45
- 8¼-inch Vassar Boot in white Sea Island Duck, white enameled Good Year welt sole, white leather military walking heel, medium narrow toe, laced; a $5 value at, pair $3.45
- Same in white nubuck, pair $5.95
- Pumps, oxfords and strap slippers in kid, nubuck, doe skin and canvas; leather or rubber soles and heels; plain, dress or sport models; moderate prices, $1.25 to $3.95 pair

The tremendous buying and selling facilities of our chain of 64 stores save you $1 to $3 on every pair and guarantees you the newest styles and a perfect fit.
There Never was a Time

when opportunities for real service were more easily found than the present. Whether the end of the school year means Graduation or merely vacation to you, your Country needs you and this fact should be uppermost in the minds of all students at this time.

The National Bank of Tacoma

"Tacoma’s Oldest and Largest Bank"

A Good Reason

Johnny—Mamma, do you know why our dog, Jack, is always warm, no matter if it is winter?
Johnny’s mother—No, my son, I don’t. Why is it?
Johnny—Because Jack’s coat is fleas lined.

Our Cakes and Pies
are supreme for topping off that Picnic you’re going to have.
All kinds may be had.
Many other APPETIZING DELICACIES in large assortment await you here
WE SELL BREAD

KRAEMER’S BAKERY
SO. 12th & K STS. MAIN 1818
Olympic Pure Food Products

OLYMPIC FLOUR
As Good as Can Be Made

OLYMPIC PANCAKE FLOUR
Self-Rising, warranted Pure and Healthful

OLYMPIC WHEAT HEARTS
Sterilized Breakfast Cereal. The Little Hearts of Wheat

OLYMPIC CAKE AND PASTRY FLOUR
Especially for Rich, Delicate Cake and Flaky Pie Crust

Sold by All Grocers

TACOMA, WASH.

E. T. Bates & Co.
Exclusive agents for
ADLER ROCHESTER
and
SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES
$15., $20. and $25.
FOR THE GRADUATE
11th and Commerce Sts.
Both Corners.

In our Fidelity Bldg. Store
$15 — Every Suit at — $15

Fully Described
The skeeter is a bird of prey,
Which flies around at night.
About three eighths of it is beak
And five eighths appetite
And fifteen eighths or so is a buzz
And nineteen eighths is lite.
—Exchange.

Bell Grocery
Main 444
Sixth Avenue and Fife
WE SELL AT THE
VERY LOWEST PRICES
Our motto:
QUALITY — SERVICE
ECONOMY
JUNE, the month for weddings is fast approaching---

Now is the time to place your order for engraved wedding invitations, or announcements. Our engraving department is at your service for any information as to the latest forms and styles.

Remember, we operate our own engraving plant.

Samples of styles mailed upon request.

If you need engraved calling cards to let your friends know about graduation exercises, you'll just have time to get them before Commencement.

Special attention given to out-of-town orders.

Pioneer Bindery and Printing Co.
Stationers & Engravers
947 Broadway Main 436

The Standard Way

You will find that our way of Laundering is just what you've been looking for.

DELIVERED ON TIME

We pride ourselves on being able to deliver all Laundry at the time agreed upon. All latest modern machines used.

STANDARD STEAM LAUNDRY
723 SO. E ST. MAIN 265

For the best Fresh Flowers for all occasions, go to the California Florists

Main 7732 907 Pacific Ave.

YANSENS CONFECTIONERY
Chocolates
Lunches, Light Groceries and Stationery
SIXTH & FIFE

For Quality and Service in Quick Shoe Repairing go to

SMITH & GREGORY
311½ So. 11th St. M 1447
To Our Advertisers

The Trail Staff takes this opportunity of thanking all the Advertisers for their hearty support during the past year.

We extend to you our hearty appreciation and trust that you may find the coming year a more successful one than the past.
Students, Listen

During the warm days of May just walk down Sixth Avenue to

**THE ROYAL**

Ice Cream parlor and refresh yourselves with a dish of "Better" ice cream.
Lunches for Students.
Don't forget address
2807 Sixth Avenue

---

**Late War News**

It is impossible for you to keep posted along great war-lines, if you don't read the

**CURRENT MAGAZINES**

We have every standard magazine and paper containing late war news. Give the graduate a book at Commencement.

**P. K. PIRRET & CO.**
916 Broadway Tacoma Theatre Bldg.

The U. S. History class was discussing how the settlers purchased their wives with tobacco.
Girls—The very idea of buying a wife.
Smart Boy—Huh, I should say so; a man can get as many as he wants for the asking now.

---

**DEVELOPED FREE**

All roll films purchased here developed free.

**KODAK FINISHING AND ENLARGING**

Our enlargements are made on the best paper manufactured, Cyko and Artura.
Kodak Finishing is not a side line with us; it's our business.

**McMaster Photo Supply**
771 Broadway Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
This Store is for Young Men

The best assortment of suits and furnishings in the city.
New ideas accepted by us only if practical and correct.
Your protection against dissatisfaction is our determination
to have every customer pleased.
If you want entire satisfaction from your graduation suit, buy it here.

Suits $15.00 to $30.00

LEWIS BROTHERS
935-937 Broadway

Toilet Requisites
—Here's just the place to buy your
Perfume, Toilet Water and other need-
ful Toilet Articles for
GRADUATION
—A complete assortment to pick your's from.
—Prices on Perfume range from 50c to
$3.00.

Candies for sale
RED CROSS DRUG CO.
Sixth Ave. and Prospect

FRANK C. HART
1124 Broadway

Quality Groceries
AT RIGHT PRICES
J. E. McQUARY
Corner of 6th and Prospect

For a First-class Shave or Haircut
go to the
B&B BARBER SHOP
Between K and J on 11th Street
The shop with the green front
You All Know!

OVERLAND

HUDSON

PACKARD

PACIFIC CAR CO.

NORTH 2nd & G STS.

Where to Spend the Summer

Egotists should go to Me.
Catholics should go to Mass.
Readers should go to Conn.
Suiters should go to Pa.
Invalids should go to Md.
Debtors should go to O.
Physicians should go to Ill.
Arithmeticians should go to Tenn.
Young men should go to Miss.
Miners should go to Ore.
Noah should go to Ark.
Laundresses should go to Wash.

—Exchange.

Student one—Why? What?
Student two — Don't you know that every seed must germinate before growing? So you will see why germination is absolutely essential to existence.

* * *

LOOK OVER THE "ADS"—
BUT DON'T OVERLOOK 'EM

THE QUALITY PRESS

HIGH-CLASS PRINTERS

907 Commerce St. Phone Main 5950
Tacoma Engraving Co.
Incorporated
maker of best grades
PRINTING PLATES
Catalogue, Periodical and School Illustrating a Specialty
721 Commerce Tacoma, Wash.
You are ever welcome at the Weber Piano Company Store.

Weber Piano Co.
1307 B’d’wy    Phone M. 1967
Factory Distributors of
Baldwin Pianos
and
Manualo Player Piano
That is Almost Human
Pianos—Baldwin, Ellington, Hamilton, Howard, Monarch, St. Regis.
Manualo Player Pianos —
Baldwin, Ellington, Hamilton, Howard, Monarch.
Remember that the Weber Piano Co. is strictly a Tacoma piano company and that every dollar that you invest with them remains in Tacoma.

“We dress you well on Credit”
Fashionable Suits, Coats, Dresses, Sport Skirts, fine Waists and Petticoats
on easy payments
Only a small deposit at time of purchase and balance in convenient weekly or monthly payments.
Exchange Photographs

What will you have later on to remind you of the class you are about to graduate with? Have you planned to do anything now that will help you remember the old "bunch" when all of you have separated and gone out into the world?

If you haven't thought about this maybe I can suggest something that will help you out.

How about photographs? Do you think it would be a "good stunt" to exchange graduation photographs with your class-mates? There'd be enough, too, to give one or two to members of the family, and we venture to say that mother and father wouldn't object to this a bit.

You ask the family about this, and then come in and let us show you the kinds that are always preferred by graduating classes.

Very truly yours

Peterson
Photographer
IN SUMMER
(Ask for Oriole)

Be it Spring, Summer, Fall or Winter, Oriole products are supreme. Especially are they delicious for topping off Picnics and Beach Parties.

ORIOLE CANDIES
are made in a sanitary factory in Tacoma.

A box of Chocolates is an acceptable Graduation Gift—that is, if they are Oriole Chocolates.

IN WINTER
(Insist on Oriole)

Prof. Harvey (in Physics)—Electric energy overcoming resistance produces heat. Examples are electric lights, flat irons—but we don't stop for that.

G.—If a fellow won't stop for a flat iron, what will he stop for?

Mammals survived because they had invented their own heating plants.

LOOK OVER THE "ADS"—BUT DON'T OVERLOOK 'EM

Coal and Wood
Remember us when you buy your next load of Wood or ton of Coal.

WE DELIVER
to all parts of city the same day you order. Try a ton of Lady Wellington Coal at $5.50. We handle all kinds of Coal.

PETERSON BROS.
10th & K STS.
MAIN 313

FOR GLASSES SEE
KACHLEIN BROS.
Tacoma's Leading Opticians
906 B'way Tacoma Theatre Blk.
24th Year This Location
10 per cent Discount to C. P. S. Students
DRURY, THE TAILOR

Snappy English Cut Suits and good Business Suits, made from the finest Scotch or English Imported woolen

$30.  $35.

Why not have a tailor-made Suit for Commencement?

DRURY, THE TAILOR

1019 Pacific Avenue

Wherever You Spend Your Vacation

—This store has everything to add to its enjoyment and comfort.

- Tub Dresses, from $3.50 to $19.50
- Sports Suits, from $15.00 to $35.00
- Tub Skirts, from $1.50 to $4.95
- Swimming Suits, from $2.50 to $7.95
- White Canvas Shoes and Pumps
- Luggage of all kinds for the Vacation Trip
- Tennis Rackets, Nets and Balls
- Tents and Camp Supplies.

The Stone-Fisher Co.
Electric Construction Co.
C. A. YOUNG, Manager

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES
GENERAL CONTRACTING
and REPAIRING
937 Commerce Street

G. E. MOTORS
and FANS
EDISON
MAZDA
LAMPS
Tacoma, Wash.

OFFICE PHONE MAIN 8732
RES. PHONE MADISON 944-J

Senator Lodge is the man who put "fist" in "Pacifist."

Luther had a grand barbecue, he burned the papal bull.

Arrow Shirts
will be worn almost exclusively by exacting College Men this year. Many late styles for
COMMENCEMENT
are here for you.
You'll probably need new Neckwear for this occasion, also.
Men's accessories of every description.
GAUDETTE & MATHEWS
256 11th Street Warburton Bldg.

TENNIS SEASON IS HERE
Tennis Shoes
F. C. JONAS & SON HARDWARE
Stoves and Enamelware
Sporting Goods

MANY
MAIN 2800 2563 SIXTH AVE.

Little Sister—Tommy, what kind of a man is a philosopher?
Tommy—He's one who rides a philosophed.—Exchange.

Fine Travel Luggage
—at—
Popular Prices
—at—
COOK TRUNK CO.

Purses, Bill Books
Pass Cases, Brief Cases
TRUNKS, BAGS, SUIT CASES
AUTO TRUNKS AND ROBES
EVERYBODY LIKES GOOD ICE CREAM

Come to our store back of Rhodes Brothers for a dish of Ice Cream, or take a quart home.

Phone party orders to Main 7919.

"OLYMPIC" Ice Cream
The Pure Food Cream

Shaw-Sold Kodaks
will suit you in price, quality and service.

Shaw Kodak Finishing is all that you can desire—the best to be had.

Shaw Supply Co., Inc.
1015 Pacific Ave.

Student — (on the return trip of the Olympia celebration)—Do you know why my voice squeaks?
Sitter by—No, can’t imagine.
Student — I lost my bearings.—
Frosh.

Sparks from the Geology Class
Prof. Harvey—in early times a highly developed animal came to North America from Europe.
Kahler—Predecessors of the U. Boat, I suppose?

WE WISH TO THANK THE STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND FOR THEIR PATRONAGE DURING THE PAST YEAR.

HEDBERG BROTHERS SHOE STORE
1140 Broadway
THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

Every Student
should buy his Candies and Fruits
from
GOODRICH BROTHERS
(2310 Sixth Avenue)
We bought out the Jemison Grocery
and ask you to give us a chance to
supply you with—
GROCERIES

Miss Wilson had been giving the
class a talk on architecture.
"Now," said she, "can anyone in
the class tell me what a 'buttress'
is?"

Little Walter arose, his face beam-
ing with a quick flash of intelligence.
"I know!" he shouted. "A butt-
ress is a nanny goat."—Exchange.

GRADUATION CANDIES!
Here's the place to buy your Candy
during Commencement time:
The Meadowmoor
(908 Broadway)
Candies are made in our own sanitary
factory on Broadway
PASTERIES OF ALL KINDS
Home Cooking—Hot Lunches

Washington Dye Works
(Eyes Tested Right
Glasses Fitted Right
Prices Right)
CASWELL OPTICAL CO.
Cor. 9th and St. Helens Ave.
The farmer—Ah! there you are!
Where have you been all the time?
And where's the mare I told you to
get shod?
The hand—Shod! I thought you
said shot! I've been burying her!—
Exchange.
+
Schurle, Gladys won't always be
Sadd.

Tacoma Taxicab & Baggage
Transfer Co.
(Formerly Tacoma "Carriage" &
Baggage Transfer Co.)
USE THE BROWN TAXI
Baggage Checked at Your Home
General Office
Garage
904 So. A St. So. 6th & St. Helens
Tel. Main 43

BITNEY & SON
GROCERS
Sprague and So. 8th
Main 735
The "DICKSON" Shoe

WILL BE GOOD TO YOU AT

$3.00 up to $6.00

They are made for us, according to our specifications, and we are responsible for their Style, their Comfort and their Service to you.

DICKSON BROTHERS COMPANY
1120-1122 Pacific Avenue

Now is the time to buy

LOW SHOES
We are showing the very latest Novelties in Pumps and Strap Slippers

The new Sport Oxfords and Outing Shoes are here in a wide selection.

C & G BOOT SHOP
936 BROADWAY

Let Me Take Your Measure For Your
Graduation Suit
I WILL GUARANTEE YOU A PERFECT FIT

SUITs TO ORDER
$15.00

B. COMBER, Mgr.

SCOTCH TAILORS
Cor. 12th & Pacific Ave.

Farmer—See here, boy, what yer doing up that tree?
Boy—One of your pears fell off the tree and I’m trying to put it back.—Exchange.
Knox's
HEADQUARTERS
for Ice Cream Candies and Luncheons.
952 Pacific Avenue

“Where Everybody Eats”

WHY NOT GET A MEAL TICKET AT
AL. KRUZNER’S CAFE
DINNER,
PIPING HOT,
FOR
20c AND UP

Main 2512  116 So. 12th St.

FOSS BOATS
(ALWAYS READY)
★ ★ ★
NORTH COMMERCIAL DOCK
MAIN 51

H. W. MANIKE
“The College Florist”
Cut Flowers for all Events
Wear a Flower and You’ll
Wear a Smile
6th AVE. & "M" ST.  MAIN 419

GOOD EATS
at the
SUNRISE BAKERY
The Best and Largest Variety in Town
11th and K Sts.

A BOX OF OUR DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS WOULD MAKE AN APPROPRIATE GRADUATION GIFT.

THE C. T. MUEHLENBRUCH CO. INC.
917 Broadway

ICE CREAM OF QUALITY

Keep Posted
on everyday happenings in the War Zone. Changes that occur may be found in CURRENT MAGAZINES
on sale here. A book is an appropriate gift for the College graduate—a last-
ing token. Step in and see our line today.

BOOK EXCHANGE
913 PACIFIC AVE.  MAIN 3049
THE CROWN DRUG CO.

1132 PACIFIC AVENUE

Toilet Goods, Photo Supplies, Athletic and Surgical Appliances

TACOMA'S LEADING "CUT RATE" STORE

Say Fellows! Come and see me for a REAL Shave or a Haircut.
JAMES T. COFFMAN, 2409 Sixth Avenue.

FOR PICNICS
Try our Ham for sandwiches. Pickles top off the "food."

IDEAL MARKET
2410 6th AVE.

Bicycles, tires and other sundries. Let me repair your wheel.

E. A. THOMAS
2808 Sixth Ave.

DO YOU KNOW
that Tacoma has one of the finest Shoe Shining parlors in America?

920½ Pacific Ave. Main 1585

Tony's
HATS CLEANED and blocked by experts
Panamas a Specialty
"WE AIM TO PLEASE"

DRUGS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES

HICKS DRUG COMPANY

Phone Main 6 Cor. K & 6th Ave.

Virges Drug Co.

1124 PACIFIC AVENUE

Oldest and Most Reliable Medicine House in Tacoma

Phone Main 3 Free Delivery

Hayden-Watson Co.

FLORISTS

BUY DECORATIONS ON SHORT NOTICE
ALSO FUNERAL DESIGNS

PHONE MAIN 300 938 BROADWAY
AVAILABLE FUNDS

Banking to the depositor has been reduced to simplicity in this institution—made so by the personal service rendered every depositor.

Your money deposited in this strong, conservative Bank is absolutely safe and always available when you want it.

BE "AT HOME" IN THIS BANK

Scandinavian American Bank

"The Bank That Helps" Tacoma

Day After Game at Mineral
Prof. Hanawalt (calling roll)—Miss Darr?
(No response).
Prof. Hanawalt—Is Miss Darr teaching?
Class—No.
Prof. Hanawalt—Maybe she's sleeping somewhere's around here.

Ten Years in Same Location

C. W. ROWELL
GROCER
DEALER IN STAPLE 
& FANCY GROCERIES

Auto Delivery

2411 6th Ave. Main 337

Ruth Morkell (next morning after the Philo launch ride)—It's too bad it wasn't moonlight last night.
H. Carlson—Well, it was light enough for me.

M. E. FORD, G. M. HARVEY,
President Secretary-Treasurer

West Side Grocery Co.
INCORPORATED
GROCERS

Phone Main 702 2802-4 6th Ave.

STATIONERY MAGAZINES

College Confectionery
602 SPRAGUE STREET
—ICE CREAM—

CANDIES - FRUITS - BAKERY 
GOODS - LIGHT GROCERIES

COLLEGE STUDENTS!
We Solicit Your Patronage

Sheldon's Lunch
Corner of 11th and Commerce
Phone Main 5309
Let your next pair of Shoes be from

**Pessemier Brothers**

1342 Pacific Avenue
Any Style You Wish

---

Graduation SHOES

Our two stores offer you the largest selection and the latest styles of men's and women's Footwear, Graduation Dress, Street, or for any Out-Door Wear.

We have them here

**McDonald Shoe Co.**

913 Broadway and
Corner of Pacific and 13th Street

---

Your Friends can buy anything you can give them—except your photograph

**Frank J. Lee**

(Photographer)

wants you to keep him in mind next time you have your picture taken. He took pictures of Amphictyons Literary Society.

**Give Him A Trial**

1535 Commerce St. Main 2259

---

**Fidelity Trust Company**

Oldest Trust Co. Bank in State of Washington
Capital and Surplus, $1,000,000.00
Transacts a General Banking Business

**John S. Baker** .................. President
**J. C. Ainsworth** ................. Vice-President
**A. G. Pritchard** ................. Vice-President
**H. V. Alward** ................. Vice-President & Cashier
**Earl H. Robbins** ............... Assistant Cashier
**Dudley Hardy** ............... Assistant Cashier

Tacoma, Washington
A young Swede appeared at the county judge's office and asked for a license.

"What kind of a license?" asked the judge. "A hunting license?"

"No," was the answer. "Aye tank Aye bane hunting long enough. Aye vant marriage license."—Exchange.

Burke — How can socialism be brot about?

Marion — You won't know when it happens. You will go to sleep some night and next morning find yourself under a socialist form of government.

Burke — Whew! I'll never go to sleep again.
The Graduate's Day

This day belongs to the graduate. If you have not already arranged to present some token of remembrance, we suggest your consideration of an appropriate and durable gift.

Your daughter's associate will most likely receive a handsome remembrance, and do you not think your own daughter should be remembered in the same substantial way? The same thought applied to your son will make him realize that the day to you is also

ONE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

For your daughter, we suggest the purchase of a WRIST WATCH, LAVALLIERE, CAMEO RING or a MESH BAG.

For your son, a WATCH, a PAIR OF GOLD CUFF LINKS or a SIGNET RING will make an appropriate and durable gift.

The pleasure of showing you the many attractive articles suitable for Commencement gifts will be appreciated.

Andrews Jewelry Company
Tacoma's Gift Store
934 BROADWAY

OFFICE, STAFF
H. N. Tinker
W. W. Newschwan-der
Carl E. Lindquist
Peter Richardson
E. A. Olson
E. A. Westland
R. T. Winden
B. G. Fleet
M. C. Smoot
W. J. Gordon
J. C. Agnew
F. A. Driscoll
S. M. LeCrone

E. L. Tinker,
Trust Officer

DIRECTORS
H. N. Tinker
H. H. Gove
Wm. P. Hopping
J. B. Hawthorne
W. N. Keller, M. D.
O. F. Larson
F. A. Leach
J. S. Menefee
Edward Miller
E. E. McMillan
Peter Richardson

PUGET SOUND BANK & TRUST Company
Tacoma, Wash.
Our Own Building
1115 Pacific Ave.

Our aim is to make banking as easy as any other business. Our desire is to have you feel at ease in the bank. Our ambition is to cause you to prosper as we make our business grow.
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<td>Bell Grocery</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bates Clothing Co.</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. &amp; G. Boot Shop</td>
<td>73</td>
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<tr>
<td>Caswell Optical Co.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cole-Martin Co.</td>
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<tr>
<td>College Confectionery</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cook Trunk Co.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Crown Drug Co.</td>
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<td>California Florist</td>
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<td>Dickson Brothers Co.</td>
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<td>Druy the Tailor</td>
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<tr>
<td>Eastern Outfitting Co.</td>
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<td>Electric Construction Co.</td>
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<td>Fidelity Bank</td>
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<td>Foss Boat Co.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gaudette &amp; Mathews</td>
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<tr>
<td>Goodrich Grocery Co.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hicks Drug Co.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hopper-Kelly Co.</td>
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<td>Hedberg Bros. Shoe Co.</td>
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<td>Hart, F. C.</td>
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<td>Hayden Watson</td>
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<td>Ideal Market</td>
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<tr>
<td>James T. Coffman</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jonas, F. C. &amp; Son</td>
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<tr>
<td>Knox Candy Co.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kraemer's Bakery</td>
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<td>Kruzn, Al</td>
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<td>Kachlein Bros.</td>
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<td>Lewis Bros.</td>
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<td>Lee, Frank J.</td>
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<td>McDonald Shoe Co.</td>
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<td>National Bank of Tacoma</td>
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<td>Puget Sound Bank &amp; Trust Co.</td>
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<td>Rhodes Bros. outside back cover</td>
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<td>Washington Tool &amp; H'rdw're Co.</td>
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<td>Washington Dye Works</td>
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<td>Weber Piano Co.</td>
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<td>Yansen's Confectionery</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Headquarters for Smart Summer Apparel for the Dress Particular Young Men and Women of this Vicinity.

Rhodes Brothers
In Every Detail Tacoma’s Leading Retail Establishment