Commencement 1918
Commencement Number
of
The Trail
Published by the Associated Students
of
The College of Puget Sound
Tacoma, Washington
May, 1918
1917 Glee Song

Written by Lois Hathaway '19.

Of all the schools that I have known,
There's none like C. P. S.
Her ideals are so high and strong,
To this all must confess.
Her students, too, are loyal;
For her they'd even fight,
And they all work together
To keep her standards right.

CHORUS:

C represents her character,
She builds it strong and true;
P is for Perseverance,
College, we'll always work for you,
S signifies her Scholarship,
None better can be found—
Here's to our Alma Mater—
College of Puget Sound.

Oh, school so grand and noble,
May her future e'er be bright,
May her students ever rev'rence her
As we do here tonight;
Tho far away from her we roam,
Her memory will remain,
And we shall never cease to sing
Of her this same refrain.
To Dean Arthur L. Marsh, whose presence in the College of Puget Sound in the past has been a source of inspiration and enthusiasm for higher achievements, we, the nineteen hundred eighteen Trail Staff, dedicate this Commencement Number of The Puget Sound Trail.
Table of Contents

Literary ................................................. 7
The Faculty ............................................. 19
The Seniors ............................................ 23
Soldiers of C. P. S. ................................. 31
Society .................................................. 41
Student Officers ..................................... 45
Musical Activities ................................. 49
Debate and Oratory ................................. 52
Athletics ............................................... 54
Classes ................................................ 57
Literary Societies ................................. 61
Religious Organizations .................... 67
Dormitories ........................................... 72
The Meeting at Camp Twenty-One

Ruth E. Swanson '20.

It had been raining a steady drizzle all day, and Camp Twenty-One had taken on that dismal, God-forsaken appearance which wanton destruction can assume, without the healing balm of sunlight. Innumerable skid-roads cut across a vast stretch of tangled underbrush, broken logs, and countless stumps, the tops of which gleamed white in the gathering dusk. Here and there a dry snag or rejected tree still remained upright like lonely sentinels, the sad remains of a magnificent forest. A group of thoroly drenched, leaky bunk-houses added a forlorn item to a gloomy picture, and off in the distance, between a couple of snags, a large white tent was pitched.

Inside one of the shacks, Big Kelly was holding forth to a group of bunk-mates, all of whom were busily engaged in drying their clothing. A cloud of steam arose from drying mackinaws and mingled with clouds of tobacco smoke, making a thick haze, thru which the light from the kerosene lamp scarcely penetrated. The windows were kept religiously closed, and the odor of drying socks, damp straw, and vile tobacco formed a combination which might have had damaging effects on less-seasoned veterans. The men, however, seemed oblivious to everything but damp feet and chilled marrows. Big Kelly was imbibing liquid consolation from a generous-sized demijohn, which, during certain spasmodic fits of generosity, he passed freely around to his companions.

"Say, fellows," he broke forth at length, "you ain't forgettin' the meetin' tonight? Begins eight o'clock, you know, the Lord willin'."

"Strikes me I could stand a little of the brimstone stuff tonight," retorted a shivering individual, who was vainly endeavoring to worm his way into the circle around the fire. "One might appreciate the subject on a night like this."

"That preacher guy came around to the woods today, and asked me if I got religion," grinned Saunders, a weak-chinned, big-bodied young fellow, who sat close to Kelly and seldom took his eyes off the brown bottle. "I told him I'd never been much exposed to it, as it didn't run strong in our family." And he
laughed immoderately at his own wit.

"I say, men" — it was Kelly again, and he had a wicked leer in his bloodshot eyes—"I say, let's go over and help the gospel slinger along with his meetin'. I'm runnin' out o' likker here, and need a little brimstone to warm up on myself. I'll gamble he peddles the hot dope all right."

There was a chorus of assent from Kelly's gang, which consisted of the weak-chinned Saunders and a dozen or so of the more blear-eyed inmates of the bunk-house.

"Nothin' like givin' a good cause a little moral support," went on Kelly, as he reached for his steaming mackinaw. "I believe in encouraging the missionary spirit whenever it's convenient."

"Look here, Kelly," spoke up young Foster, who was sitting on the extreme outer edge of the smoky circle, with a book in hand, "you know d— well that you and your gang aren't going to that preaching for any good. You've got too much whisky in you to act decent any place, and it ain't civilized to break up a meeting. You'd better stay here, and roll in."

Kelly's eyes gleamed angrily, but his voice was a soft drawl: "Some folks around here are neglected something awful in their religious parts," he suggested mildly. "When I went to Sunday school, they taught us 'Thou shalt not butt in' was one of the ten commandments."

Foster shrugged his shoulders and returned to his book. He hadn't been very popular with the gang ever since he had been caught in the act of carving an air-hole in the bunk-house wall.

The men drained the last drop from the demijohn, buttoned up their coats, and made a noisy exit into the storm and darkness without.

Alone in the tabernacle, Heath, the young evangelist, knelt at the altar. He had a sensitive face, with eager, intense eyes, which marked him as an enthusiast, whatever his line might be. Had it been art, he could have foregone all the comforts and pleasures of life to produce one great picture. Had it been music, the sum total of all his life's joys and sorrows would have found voice in some great masterpiece of song. But it was neither of these, and his religion was the only thing which had satisfied the yearnings of his heart. Into it he poured the tireless energy of a fanatical nature.

Now, after a day of fasting and prayer, he knelt before the altar, weighed down with a terrible burden of lost souls. He had arrived at the camp in the morning, and had pitched the tabernacle in a steady downpour of rain. The dismal weather, the cold attitude of the men he had spoken to, and his own physical weariness worked together to dim that first spiritual glow he had experienced in answering the call to come and preach to these people. He felt the powers of darkness working against him, and he prayed fervently for divine help and strength in this hour of need. Finally, an answer seemed to come, and he arose to his feet, refreshed in soul and body. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," he murmured triumphantly. "They shall mount up with wings, as eagles. They shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk, and not faint."

He was still in this elevated
frame of mind when the loggers came trooping noisily in, and seated themselves on the rude benches, the construction of which had been a part of the evangelist's morning work. He spoke with the simple eloquence of sincere conviction, as he pleaded with the men to repent of their sins and accept a free salvation. The men began to look a little subdued, and Big Kelly was visibly uneasy. He had come out to show off and be entertained, and now the preacher was failing to come across with the proverbial brimstone, and his companions were sitting like a bunch of deacons in the Amen Corner. It was high time to break up the little game, and show the preacher he wasn't residing in a Methodist community.

"Hey, fellows, thinkin' about jinin' the church?" he sneered under his breath. "Plenty of water outside to get baptized in, ye know."

The men snickered audibly, all a little anxious to cover up their own abstraction.

"You're the guy that proposed this side-show," retorted one of them, "and I haven't noticed your big act on yet."

The minister was giving the altar call—an invitation to sin-weary men to find the peace of righteousness.

It was now that Big Kelly hatched up an idea at the back of his evil brain. He looked about for a victim, and spotted the weak-chinned Saunders, his slavish imitator, as the easiest game.

"Hey, Saunders," he whispered, "let's furnish a little sport for this bunch of boneheads. You get under conviction and mosey up to that mournin' bench, and we'll see how the sky pilot handles the job. Are you on?"

Saunders was a weak-backed apology for a man, big in limb and small in mind, born for the express purpose of doing the other fellow's dirty work. Consequently, he was "on."

The evangelist felt a thrill of joy as he saw the strapping young fellow walk down the aisle, as he thot, in noble independence. He believed a wedge had found entrance into the icy barriers of opposition around him. With implicit, unquestioning faith, he prayed for the prodigal son, who had been feeding so long upon the husks which the world offers.

Saunders wasn't enjoying his part of the game. He was a natural coward, and tho he occasionally winked back at his comrades, in a devil-may-care manner, he was feeling all the moral uneasiness a coward experiences when he enters into crime alone.

"I wish Kelly had come on up too," he muttered to himself. "It was his d— idea, anyway."

The minister asked him to pray. From the rear, he saw Kelly signaling him to "bluff it," but the words stuck in his throat. With an unspeakable oath, he sprang up, consigning the whole assembly to the lower regions. He was about to slink away, when the minister seized him by the shoulders, and as Saunders caught sight of his face, he stood transfixed. There was agony in the evangelist's expression, and indescribable horror.

"Man!" he spoke with awful sternness. "Unless the Almighty God can help you, you're a lost man tonight. You have sinned against the Holy Ghost."

(Continued on Page 78.)
MOSTLY MUSIC

The Orchestra (Upper)
Stringed Sextet (Lower)

The Chapel Choir (Upper)
President To:3d in His Office (Lower)
A Return on the Investment

M. W. and E. Shackleford.

THE Blank ward school is perched right over the railway tracks, and that's a mighty bad location. I know, because I used to go there. It's not that the trains disturb the recitations; it's the study hours they break up. I've spent whole periods mooning over them. They'd whizz below the school and suck all our vocational interest after them. You almost die with longing after them in the springtime.

The teachers always had the best of us. They could go to the windows and look out. I've known them to do it, too—on those days in spring when the mountain hung in the middle of the air and the whole earth smelled, and every natural thing was out-of-doors.

Young girls don't get bored; they get restless. Have you ever gone to a teachers' institute? You see those old ones who hate their profession; then those, a bit younger, who are interested,—from whom the university extension recruits its child study classes; then the bored. But the young ones are restless—they shift about.

It was a day in May that the young teacher, whom this story is about, hustled out of the building to go to the library to get a book of recitations suitable for Memorial Day. But she had ceased to hustle when she struck Tacoma avenue. There was a two-seated, second-hand Ford for $90 in the window. She found that she had $90 free.

That night, at dinner, she mentioned the Ford to her family. Her sister was so astonished that she tilted the spoon with which she was feeding the baby enough to convey the liquid down the child's neck. She gasped.

Her brother-in-law grinned. But he felt it his duty to explain to her. "I hope, Kathleen, that you understand that people of our means cannot afford to invest our money unless we can receive a return on the investment."

The baby drowned him out, but after dinner he got at her again, and she gathered this much: a return on your investment was one of those things you had to have, like a vaccination certificate, a church membership, and a Red Cross button.

Nevertheless, it did not cease to be spring, nor did spring cease to affect Kathleen. The Ford remained in the back of her mind and, while she had abandoned all thought of buying it, still she did not invest her $90 in Thrift Stamps or Liberty Bonds.

All would have been well, except for Johnny. Johnny misbehaved and she kept him in. She got to talking to Johnny, and Johnny told her of his Uncle Ed, who'd toured the country on his motorcycle last summer, selling books on veterinary surgery; and then Johnny's fifteen minutes were up.

Kathleen remained rather longer than usual in her school-room, and
when she came out she held in her hand a letter addressed to a publishing house which dealt in books for farmers, and she walked down the street toward the library.

The storm broke that night at dinner. Kathleen told them she had bought the Ford.

They stared at her for a moment. "Kathleen, are you joking?" her sister whispered.

Kathleen shook her head.

"I thot I explained to you," her brother-in-law started in an exceedingly calm voice, "that people of your means cannot afford to—"

"But I'm to have a return on my investment," Kathleen interposed.

Her sister laughed.

Then Kathleen explained about the agency for books on veterinary surgery.

"Kathleen" — her sister leaned her elbows on the table, preparatory to being voluble.

Her husband interposed: "It is not yet too late—"

"But I am going to have a return on my investment, am I not?" Kathleen protested.

They looked at her in silence.

"I doubt it," her sister snapped.

Those two weeks in June, 'till school was out, were rather the end of the limit for Kathleen. But she had this joy—she was learning to drive her Ford.

The last Friday of school came. That night, at dinner, Kathleen explained that the next morning she would be leaving. She expected to reach Olympia by Saturday night, and would drop them a card from there as to how the business went.

So she left in the morning, speeded on her way by the unspoken but shrieking disapproval of her sister and her brother-in-law.

Well, it was about 8 o'clock Saturday night when a two-seated Ford, far gone in the stages of pulmonary tuberculosis, came coughing up to the Mitchell Hotel in Olympia, and Kathleen climbed out. She dragged herself into the lobby. She did not expect to live to get to a room. It mightn't be nice to die in a public place, but, for the life of her, she didn't care. Every shred of her self-respect had gone when the lady at Winlock had shoved her down the front steps. She had had to change two tires—the tires were second-hand, too — and the something-or-other had busted. It had been hot—horribly hot—and dusty. Then, we might as well tell the whole truth, Kathleen had had a sick headache when she started.

As she leaned against the desk in the lobby, waiting for the clerk to pay some attention to her, she heard the cool and well-known voice of John behind her. "This is the lady," he was saying. "Take her valise to the room on the third floor that I engaged for her."

She turned, and there he was. His necktie seemed smeared all over his face, but that was her brother-in-law. Kathleen had always been skeptical about family affection, but at relation-in-law affection she had scoffed.

John led her to a chair.

"You look tired," he commented, in his judicial voice. "Perhaps you would rather have your dinner in your room."

"I don't want any," was Kathleen's only word of greeting. "I'm nearly dead, John. Get me to bed."

(Continued on Page 82.)
Going West
V. J. S. '20.

Into the purpling hills
Sinks the sun;
The golden glory of the day
Melts into one
Pale shadow-ray,
The sun has sunk to rest—
"GONE WEST."

In the desolate waste
Of No-Man's Land
A shell bursts from the North;
A spark dies—
A soul goes forth:
A son has sunk to rest—
"GONE WEST."

Note: According to his comrades, the soldier killed in action has not died—he has "gone West." There is no death.

The Service Flag

All aglow with sunlight
   The Service Flag hangs there,
Fraught with meaning fair.
Its Red seems full of Might,
Protecting Purity—the White,
   While in the center the Star doth dare
To stand for courage beyond compare,
And always, always for the right.

So the Service Flag stands not for pride
Or for a foolish boast;
Rather to me it oft has cried
   Of what it meaneth most—
Of Service which shall not have died
Tho one be slaughtered at his post.
CAMPUS SCENES
SLOWLY the unusually warm afternoon melted away, and the sunset cast its rays upon the waters of the tropic bay. Far in the distance could be heard the strains of a band.

At the sound, a ragged, unkempt figure moved and rubbed his besmeared face and bloodshot eyes with his hands. He moved back from the table and, half stumbling, he arose and cast his eyes in the direction whence the music came.

Upon the clear waters he could discern a cruiser. At this the man started and, with trembling hands, he caught hold of the door to regain his balance. Then, with hesitating steps, he left the inn, and set out up the hill, by way of a tiny path.

A few minutes later, a number of officers entered, laughing and joking, and, finding a comfortable table, they sat down and called for drinks. At length, when the drinks were over, at precisely twenty minutes to the hour, for it must have been so, all became quiet.

An officer arose and, pausing idly by the side of a man seated at a table, where the dissipated figure had been, noted a dirty object, all covered with grease and dirt. Picking it up, he exclaimed in astonishment, "Fellows, did you ever see this sweater before?"

"Why, for heaven's sake, it's Lattesley's!" uttered one who had enuf curiosity to get up and look at it.

"Can't be," cried another.

"It certainly is; haven't we seen that sweater many a time at college and on our larks? He's the only one who had a sweater like that."

"Well, poor Lattesley; so he's still here. Such a shame; such a brilliant chap. But he did cheat at cards, I must admit, and so he was cut from the service. I'll tell you what, fellows— Hello, there's our whistle now. Come on; we must hurry. We'll hunt him up tomorrow."

A dead twig rustled from the top of a buttonwood; Lattesley breathed deeply. He had now reached a point where there was no trail but a ravine, grown up with sword ferns and running unevenly up the side of a slope. He went on until strength was almost gone, up this defile, until, after pushing his way thru a tangle of weeds, he came to a standstill.

The twilight was settling down now, until it was almost dark, and on the slope he could barely see the young buttonwoods, tossed in the breeze. Lattesley continued up for some minutes, and as he entered staggering into a little clearing he could see now the Germans' wireless station tower, which stood like a menacing animal. He walked across the clearing and entered the little house where the operator was.

"Howdy, Lattesley," he cried, cheerfully. "What's the matter? What's wrong?"

Lattesley merely shrugged his shoulders. From the doorway he could see the little cruiser and could hear the banjos and the voices mellowed by the distance.

"You don't like it, the American ship?" queried the little German operator.

"You know why I'm here. Why did they leave me? Who wouldn't

(Continued on Page 86.)
The Coming Year
Dr. Edward H. Todd

The year just closing is one which brings gratitude and thanksgiving. There has been a decrease in the number of men in attendance, but an increase of one enrollment in college over last year. This does not mean an increase in income for the fact that more have not remained for the full year. We are getting through the year without running into debt, and have added $12,000 to our endowment.

Involuntarily the question comes "What of the next year?" That depends largely on the student body. If those who do not graduate come back, and we can get our normal number of new students, we ought to go through as well as we have this year.

The women of co-educational institutions are having more responsibility laid upon them. What student bodies are depends in large measure upon the student leadership. More of that leadership must of necessity fall into the hands of the women. If they fail to stand by or to assume the responsibility, then the student body spirit will suffer.

The past year our women have done their part nobly. The condition is new, but they have risen to it. They must do so, for there are new conditions of very strenuous nature coming upon their brothers and they are expected to meet them in loyal and courageous fashion. The women will measure up in the next year.

There are to be questions for solution after the war is won. The men who return will have some decided opinions and with added strength of character. This must result. For they will have met the new and severe conditions without fear or quailing. So will the women be prepared for their part by having met the new and harder duties.

Two things are necessary for the success of the next year. A good attendance of students and a good leadership among them. Both can be furnished, in the main, by the students of this year. Your president looks to you to stand by "our college" next year as never before. There are new and difficult problems coming up every day for him to solve. Make that of the student body as light as possible.

There will be summer school for nine weeks, a short vacation, and then registration for the next year. The faculty will be ready, and the friends of the college will stand by as they have done so loyally in the past. The students will come back and come for the first time. It can be the record year of our history if we will make it so. It will be because we reach out after it, not because it comes to us.
A Letter From France
Evelyn Andrews '21.

Dear Ma: We've safely crossed the pond,
   We had a bully trip,
But not a bloomin' submarine
   Pursued our good old ship.
The sweater that you knit is jake,—
   It hugs me like a bear;
I gave the muffler to a guy—
   I knew you wouldn't care;
The poor chap hasn't any folks,
   And he's only seventeen.
Tell Sis if she would write to him
   He'd treat her like a queen!
No, Ma, I wasn't seasick,
   Tho the waves were piping rough;
But, believe me, Ma, we Sammies
   Are gettin' mighty tough.
A bunch of us was betting
   How long the war would last,
And we came to the conclusion
   That it wouldn't end up fast.
So tell Dad to make the old farm work—
   You all are in the game—
And by the way the Boches fight,
   I'll bet it won't be tame.
Well, now that we're at last in France,
   I guess I'll learn the lingo;
But a guy needs to be hare-lipped,
   And know how to swear, by jingo!
Tell Sis that fudge was ripping good,
   We're all strong on the chocolate,
And if she'd send some cigarettes,
   I sure'd appreciate it!
Well, Ma, I guess that's all to say;
   We haven't seen much yet,
But we're up and after Wilhelm,
   And we'll get him, you can bet.
My love to you, and Sis, and Dad,
   And be sure to answer quick.
Now, don't worry. Your son, Richard,
   Alias Corporal Dick.
CAMPUS SCENES
Our Faculty in War Time

The progress and continuance of the Great War has greatly added to the work of our Faculty, as well as to that of our student body. The members of the Faculty have done their part in delivering patriotic addresses, serving on committees, promoting Red Cross, Liberty Loan, Y. M. and Y. W. drives, and in many other ways.

During the progress of the War, President Todd has been "doing his bit" in various ways. He is a member of the National Security League, whose meetings he attended at Lake Chautauqua last summer. He is a member of a national collegiate advisory board, and it was thru his recommendation that a number of appointments have been made. Thru his invitation, the College Presidents of the Northwest met at Tacoma, April 25 and 26. President Todd is always on the lookout for good speakers on War topics, and is doing his part to keep our students and faculty patriotic, hopeful, and cheerful, and keep the College on a war footing. President Todd feels that our College is to be congratulated that, while other colleges have greatly fallen off in attendance, the College of Puget Sound has one more college student this year than last.

Dean Marsh has published, in the Pacific Christian Advocate, an article from his facile pen, "What a Layman Expects of His Ministry," which is attracting much attention. On April 23, his 36th anniversary was remembered by the Students and Faculty in an appropriate manner. The Dean stated on that occasion that just half his life had been spent in this institution, he having come here as a student in 1899. Dean and Mrs. Marsh have the sympathy of Faculty and Students and a wide circle of friends in the recent death of Mrs. Marsh's mother, Mrs. Riley.

Miss Grace McGandy, class of 1907, as a member of the Recommendation Committee, is giving much attention to securing places to teach next year for this year's College and Normal graduating classes.

Our College has been highly honored by the United States Government in the appointment of Professor Charles A. Robbins, of the Modern Language Department, as one of the secretaries of the United States Legation at Copenhagen. Letters recently received announce the safe arrival of Professor Robbins.

Mrs. Martelle Davis, in addition to her German and French classes, has taken over the Spanish classes of Professor Robbins. Mrs. Davis is the donor of the trophy pennant awarded at the Annual Glee.

Mrs. Lynette Hovious, head of the Public Speaking Department, is building up her department to a high standard. She has recently submitted to the Faculty for adoption a course of study leading to a diploma in Public Speaking. Mrs. Hovious is often called upon to give readings before Tacoma audiences, and is always received with great favor.

Miss Sylvia Miller, who came to this institution from the University of Chicago, has given to the Home Economics Department a year of prosperity. She has also given three of the Saturday lectures in
the College War Course, besides other lectures in Tacoma.

The students speak in high praise of the work in English Literature and Philosophy under the leadership of Miss Georgia Reneau. Miss Reneau came to our College from the University of Chicago.

Professor Francis Wayland Hannawalt, head of the Department of Astronomy, will go to Goldendale, Washington, June 8, to witness the total eclipse of the sun. The citizens of Tacoma will have the good fortune to hear him in a lantern slide lecture on Astronomy at the Chapel, Friday evening, May 24.

Professor Ira A. Morton, head of the Department of Religion, has greatly extended the work of this department, adding a number of new courses. During the year, Professor Morton has had charge of the College prayer meetings, known as the Christian Fellowship Hour, which have been unusually interesting and valuable, and have been conducted in a unique manner. Professor Morton is much in demand to fill Tacoma pulpits.

The Art Department is in charge of Miss Jessie Rummell, who attended both this institution and Washington State College at Pullman. Her work is giving the highest satisfaction. Miss Rummell will conduct the Normal Art work in the Summer School.

Professor Ransom Harvey has had two men's work as head of the Department of Physics and Chemistry this year. Much of his work is a fine preparation for war efficiency. In the Summer School, Professor Harvey will give work connected with the United States Government Signal Corps and wireless telegraphy. Professor Harvey is frequently called upon for public addresses.

Professor O. E. Reynolds, who came to this College last autumn from Columbia University, has proven a decided success in his work. President Todd is to be congratulated on having made such an efficient choice for the Department of Education and Normal Training. In addition to his class work, Professor Reynolds gives frequent educational addresses.

Mr. Keith Goodman, our College Coach, during the year has given frequent talks to the American History and Sociology classes on war tactics and strategy, based on information acquired by him in the officers' training school at the Presidio. These talks have greatly contributed to the students' understanding of the Great War and its problems.

Professor Davis has given the following lantern slide lectures at Camp Lewis: (a) "The Warring Countries and Their Geography," (b) "The Growth of Germany and of German Ambitions," (c) "The French Republic and What It Stands For," (d) "The British Empire and What It Stands For," (e) "How the War Came About and How It Developed," (f) "The American Democracy and the War." Besides this important work, Professor Davis has made the War much better understood by the students, by having open discussion once a week in all his classes. His classes are large and popular, as they always have been.
In Appreciation

The students learned that Dean and Mrs. Marsh would not return to C. P. S. next fall, with a mixture of pleasure and regret. Of course, we rejoice with the Dean that he is to have an opportunity to spend a year at Columbia, and we realize that it will be a pleasure to Mrs. Marsh to be able to spend her whole time with her home and family; but there is a feeling of dismay at the prospect of losing them, even for one year. To those of us who were intending to take courses under either of them next year, it is a considerable disappointment. Work in their classes is always profitable, the more so because they demand that it be thorough. I believe, in the end, we all prefer teachers who hold us strictly to requirements, because we realize that we ourselves get more from their courses.

I suppose the Deans work outside the classroom includes some of the most disagreeable tasks which can fall to a College officer. I don't suppose he enjoys being College disciplinarian, or that the duty of keeping the College records is a particularly inspiring one. But both tasks are very essential. I have noticed that one of the first persons the alumni visit when they return to College is the Dean, and I presume this is because an experience with the cruel world has made them realize that it is his insistence on high standards of behavior and scholarship, which they may have resented in their student days, which gives their diplomas their worth.

Both these people have seen the College grow from its small beginnings, and have helped to make it what it is. Dean Marsh is an alumnus and has spent the greater part of seventeen years here. He entered the Academy in 1899 and graduated from the University in 1908. For the last four years of the time, he was instructor in ancient languages. Since his graduation, except for one year spent in graduate work at the University of Chicago, he has been registrar and also professor of ancient languages, here, and for the last five years he has also been Dean of the College. Mrs. Marsh came to the College in 1908, as the first head of the Biological department. To her, the credit for the present success of the department is due. But a recital of facts and figures does not in the least convey what Dean and Mrs. Marsh have meant to the College.

We are grateful to them for what they have done for the College, but their constant interest in us, as a student body and as individuals, has given us a warmer feeling for them than gratitude. The way in which the Dean has carried on the thankless task of advising the Central Board shows the sincerity of his interest in the activities of the students. I'll wager the football teams will not soon forget the convincing argument Mrs. Marsh used to prove her interest in them. For that matter, there isn't a student who has gone to school to them who hasn't some story of their kindness to tell. We all regret their going, because we each feel that we are losing the company of personal friends. We wish them the best of good luck, so long as their fortune is such as to keep them from returning to C. P. S. at the end of next year.
He who would build sublime
And lasting works, to stand the test of time
Must inspiration draw from his full heart.
And he who loveth widely, well, and much,
The secret holds of the true master touch.
Paul Bowman Hanawalt.
"Better far you should forget and smile,
Than that you should remember and be sad."

Mildred Esther Pollom
Tacoma, Wash.
"She hath a way with her bright eyes."

Alta Louise Miller
Tacoma, Wash.
"Small of stature, but of quality supreme."

Percy Quinter Harader.
"He looked at me in silence and I felt much as a child who had been caught sticking out its tongue at its betters."
Anna G. Easton
Tacoma, Wash.


"All her faults lean to virtue's side."

Theodore Edward Dunlap,


"Science distinguishes a man of honor from those athletic brutes we call heroes."

Cora May Scheibner

Wilbur, Wash.


"Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

Eunice Alberta Merritt.


"To whose little body lodged a mighty merit."
Norma Blanche Bowen
Orting, Wash.
"I hear, yet say not much, but think the more."

Keith D. Goodman
"The greatest characteristic of men of active genius is a sublime self-confidence."

Elizabeth Shackleford
Tacoma, Wash.
"Observant, studious, thoughtful and refreshed by knowledge gathered up day by day."

Vernon Lynn Schlatter
"I am so very, very good
And do such clever things,
I feel my shoulders just to see
If I have sprouted wings."
History of the Class of ’18

Percy Q. Harader '18.

Four years ago, one of the greatest events in the history of the College of Puget Sound took place, namely, the enrollment of the Freshman Class of 1918. All the pep, enthusiasm, spirit, and fire of the four corners of the globe and many generations was summed up in that class. The very moment that those Freshmen stepped on the College campus the school was changed. They were forty-five strong at the beginning.

Things at once became interesting. This class was the first to organize that year. On the first regular day of school a meeting was called by one of the members, who acted as temporary chairman. Paul Hanawalt was elected president, and the organization of the class was established. A short while later, a constitution was drawn up and adopted. Plans for the year were formed. Much attention was devoted to the Sophomore Class. The Sophomores soon found they had their hands full when it came to handling the Freshmen. The other classes soon took notice of the life that was put into the Student Body. The Faculty early came to realize that this Freshman Class was no ordinary lot of students.

The class began by making its own rules, adhering to them, and breaking rules laid down by the authorities. The social rules of the school were wrecked by a memorable party on the twenty-third of October. Thru this party the Freshmen became well acquainted with Dean Marsh. Most of the class members had a very confidential heart-to-heart talk with the Dean in his private office. Dean Marsh was quite busy for some days, interpreting the rules and giving advice to groups of Freshmen. The Freshmen were such a peace-loving crowd that even Dr. Todd was drawn to take a fancy to them, and gave the class considerable attention. Finally, after many statements and restatements, the Freshmen were brought to see clearly that the affair was unethical. Repenting of their misdeeds, the Class offered to bury the hatchet with the Faculty. A very impressive service was performed, at which Dr. Todd officiated, and the hatchet was buried with due honors.

The Freshman-Sophomore color rush of that year is still talked about by the members of both classes. It was a fight to be remembered. The colors were tacked on the flag-pole of the campus. The Freshmen were on one side of the pole, and the Sophomores were on the other. Members of the Junior and Senior classes were judges and referees. The fight was to be fifteen minutes long, and the one possessing the colors at the call of time was to be declared the winner. The word was given and they were off. A Sophomore reached the colors first, but was soon downed by a Freshman. Then there was a general pile-up. Finally, a Freshman gained possession of the colors and was off, but was soon overtaken. Another mixed pile of Sophomores and Freshmen was the result. For nearly ten minutes they were a struggling pile of human flesh. When time was called it was found that the Sophomores
had won by one hand; that is, the Sophomores had one more hand on the colors than had the Freshmen. That was "some fight." Several members of both classes "came to" about an hour after the fight. Some one was heard to say that he had picked up a half-bushel of eyes, ears, and fingers on the battle-ground.

The Sophomore year brot the class down to good hard work. Along with hard work, this famous class of "Eighteen" kept the Freshmen busy and entertained them by feeding them milk. We held our regular number, with the exception of only two. One of these was replaced by one of our now distinguished members, E l i z a b e t h Shackleford, who joined us from the University of Washington.

Another vacation rolled by and the beginning of the Junior year saw only thirteen of our original number back in College. Our chief loss had been from the Normal School the year before, from which eleven had graduated. They are now teaching school in this State and are making a success of it in all cases.

The Junior year was a happy one and we enjoyed to the fullest extent the many pleasures and memories it gave us. It was brot to a successful close by entertaining the Seniors at a May breakfast. This breakfast was an innovation, and left with those present many happy memories.

Then, all too soon, came the last lap in our happy college life, the Senior year. At the beginning of this year, three of the Juniors from the year before failed to put in their appearance. But two strong new members joined us. These were, Anna Easton, from Dakota Wesleyan, and Keith Goodman, formerly of the University of Washington. In this year of strenuous work there have been two very marked events, one of which was the Junior-Senior breakfast, given by the Juniors in honor of the Seniors. The other was the Cap and Gown Day ceremony, followed by a Senior luncheon. These two events have left impressive memories which shall always be pleasant to us. We hope, as a Senior Class, to go out into the world and help to make it better for humanity.

The record of this exceptional class can be obtained by reading the record of each member, adjoining their pictures, in this section of The Trail.

These are war times, and you will find the Class of '18 has not been a "slacker," for there are four members of the class in the Service—Ralph Remington, Francis Powell, Elmer Marlatt, and Glen Miller. So—

Let—'er—sizzle!
Let—'er—steam,
'81—6—1
Commencement Period Program
1918

FRIDAY, JUNE 7—
8:15 p. m.—Conservatory Students’ Concert --------------- Chapel

MONDAY, JUNE 10—
8:15 p. m.—Conservatory Graduation Recital --------------- Chapel
Mrs. Harriet M. Dunlap.

TUESDAY, JUNE 11—
8:15 p. m.—Conservatory Commencement Concert ________ First M. E. Church

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12—
6:00 p. m.—Conservatory Alumni Banquet _____________ Tacoma Hotel

THURSDAY, JUNE 13—
8:15 p. m.—Oratory Recital ----------------------------- Chapel

FRIDAY, JUNE 14—
11:00 a. m.—Final Chapel Exercises --------------------- Chapel
9:00 p. m.—President’s Reception --------------------- President’s Residence

SATURDAY, JUNE 15—
8:15 p. m.—Conservatory Faculty Recital _____________ First M. E. Church

SUNDAY, JUNE 16—
10:30 a. m.—Baccalaureate Sermon _____________ First M. E. Church
President Edward H. Todd.
4:00 p. m.—Farewell Vesper Service _____________ Chapel Annex
Leader, Percy Q. Harader, ’18.
8:00 p. m.—Sermon before the College Christian Associations.

MONDAY, JUNE 17—
9:00 a. m.—Meeting of Board of Trustees ______________ Lecture Room, Administration Building
10:30 a. m.—Commencement Exercises __________________ First M. E. Church
Address, Rev. R. H. Schuett, D. D., Pastor First
M. E. Church, Tacoma.
3:00 p. m.—Alumni Association Motor Tour (leaving Administra-
4:00 p. m.—Alumni Association Reunion and Business Meeting—
6:00 p. m.—Alumni Association Picnic Dinner and Reunion Program
That Something, or the Spirit Within the Man

C. W. McLaughlin.

The time was when a Lincoln could hew his way thru a trackless forest to the "White House" and develop greatness of soul on the way; when a Grant, lounging on the counter of a country store, could see a vision of the mighty civil conflict in time to don the uniform of service and place himself in the front line of duty; when a Garfield could raise his eyes from the towpath sparkling with the blending dew and sunshine, only to find it the ever widening pathway of duty that should lead him to the throne chamber of ninety million human hearts.

There was a time. That time is gone; but the same spirit that animated Lincoln, steel Grant and led Garfield is here.

Realizing that circumstance and environments do exert a powerful influence in forming character and determining events, yet they never have been and never will be the determining factors in human destiny.

It is that spirit of determined service within, that, despite all combinations of events, dictates what the life without shall be.

Without it, Lincoln would have been a plain citizen, and Grant a country storekeeper. Without it, Harvey would not have spent eight years on his theory of the "Blood Circulation," only to be called a crack-brained impostor by his fellow physicians. Without it, Titian's hand could not have wielded the brush day by day for fifteen long years, till he gave the world of art two of its greatest masterpieces. Without it Newton could never have re-written his "Chronology of Nations" fifteen times, nor Gibbon spent twenty years on his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; nor Bancroft twenty-six years on a "History of the United States"; nor Webster thirty-six years on a "Dictionary of the English Language."

Confucius said, "You may defeat the general of a great army, but not a determined peasant."

Viewed under the searchlight of history, the successes of the great characters of the past almost stagger us. Men are tempted to say, "It takes a genius to succeed, to do the really worth while things."

Any man may meet defeat; but no man has ever gone into the battle of life determined to give himself in service for others and failed.

The same spirit which urged Columbus on over the dreary plains of Europe and out upon an uncharted sea, which found lodgment in the hearts of our two most illustrious Americans, Washington and Lincoln, and made them great, this spirit that has fired the heart of missionary and statesman and sent them out to give themselves in service, burned the more brightly in the life of "The Man of Galilee."

Without it, all may fail; with it, none can fail.
On Saturday afternoon, June 8, will occur a rare astronomical event—a total solar eclipse. The moon passes directly between the earth and the sun at such an hour that the shadow cone will fall upon the earth, first in the Pacific ocean south of Japan, striking land first at South Bend, Washington, after passing over more than half its course, thence across the U. S. diagonally to Florida in 47 minutes, and on out into the Atlantic. The path of totality is about sixty miles wide in the western states. The duration is 2 minutes at South Bend; 1 ½ minutes at Denver, the largest city in the track; 69 seconds at Guthrie, Oklahoma; 50 seconds at Orlando, Florida. The shadow will arrive at the mouth of the Columbia river at 2:55 p. m., Pacific standard time (3:55 p. m., Pacific summer time). Over the rest of North America the sun will be partially eclipsed. At Portland and Tacoma the duration will be about 1½ hours, from about 2:30 to 4:00 (summer time), where the sun's rays will be almost extinguished.

At suitable points in Colorado, Wyoming and Oregon the various observatories will have a staff of men to make scientific observations of the sun's chromosphere, and especially the corona, using the spectroscope, photometer, polariscope, bolometer, and making many photographic plates.

Prof. Hanawalt of C. P. S. and Prof. Boothroyd of U. of W. will join the Lick Observatory expedition at Goldendale, Washington, where the length of totality is 117 seconds.

The position of the sun will be in the constellation Taurus near the present position of Jupiter.

Those located in the favored strip of territory will be interested during the brief period of vivid darkness to watch the action of birds and animals as well as to behold the awe inspiring phenomena in the heavens and the terrifying and swift approach of the dark shadow when viewed from a high point.

The bright constellation Orion, the stars Capella, Aldebaran and perhaps Pleiades, will be visible, as well as the planets Mercury and Jupiter.

Perhaps an excursion will be run to Chehalis, but with the use of a common smoked glass the spectacle will be very interesting at any point if the clouds do not interfere.

**Observations by Patriotic Students**

Two students had their attention called to the present tendency of changing German names to patriotic ones. The first of these is Bismarck, which was changed to East Tacoma. The soldiers refused to allow the Germans to get the best of them by having the German measles, so they changed them to Liberty measles. The Seattleites refused to eat German meat called Hamburger steak, so it was changed to Liberty steak. The Tribune says sauerkraut will be as sour as ever, but should be called Liberty cabbage. Two girls whose names are German, namely, Miller and Scheibner, decided to be patriotic and change their names to Liberty, also.
As we look back over the social events of this year we cannot but feel that they have been different somehow, that they have had their share in the great change which the war has made in our life. It is true we have had our mixers, and gotten mixed, our parties, and have had a good time; but the same interest has not been taken in them as formerly. This is partly because so many of our boys from school have joined the Service, and partly because other boys in the Service have made home interests of first importance this year and social events have been thrown a bit in the shade. And we would not have it otherwise.

The society spirit has rallied a little during the last month, however, because of several annual affairs which always come near the end of the school year.

One of these events, which proved to be a great success this year, was the Annual Glee. Altho this was only the Glee’s first birthday, it has certainly been demonstrated that it is here to stay, and that it is going to be one of our biggest annual events. A very special feature of the Glee this year was the banquet, served in the library by the faculty, and which really took the place of the Annual Banquet, which was given up this year in favor of a patriotic service. The student body was not only grateful for the splendid service it received at the hands of the faculty, but greatly appreciated their willingness to do it. No little amusement was furnished also, for the students are not accustomed to seeing the faculty in such picturesque garb. The class tables were beautifully decorated with flowers and class colors, which helped greatly toward transforming the library into a dining room. The banquet was served at 6:30 o’clock, and great was the rivalry between classes to see which could produce the best songs and yells. The rivalry was not unfriendly, however, for throughout the whole evening a fine spirit of true friendliness and fun prevailed. The banquet ended about 8 o’clock with a parade by the faculty, who were heartily cheered in appreciation of their services. Every one then adjourned to the Chapel, where the song contest was held, in which the Sophomore Class came out victorious,
LABORATORY SCENES

Chemistry Laboratory (Upper)
Physics Laboratory (Lower)
Botany Laboratory (Upper)
Home Economics Luncheon (Lower)
winning the right to have their numerals put on the trophy.

One of the most unique affairs of the season was the surprise party given in honor of Dean Marsh's birthday, Tuesday, April 9. It was in the Home Economics room at noon, and every student who had been in any of the Dean's classes was present. While coffee and sandwiches were being served, one representative from each class and members of the faculty offered congratulations and best wishes for the future. One of the Dean's small daughters then brought in a great birthday cake (candles and all), which he very deftly cut into enough pieces for every one present. After the lunch and toasts, the Dean was presented with a beautiful leather bag, with the best wishes of his classes. The students tried to show in this little party their appreciation for the Dean and the wonderful work which he has done for the College.

One of the pleasing events of the College year was given at the Ingleside Apartments on Thursday evening, when Mrs. Lynette Hovious entertained at dinner in honor of the College debating teams. In the interests of debate, Mr. Newbegin has presented the College with a silver loving-cup as a debate trophy.

Covers were laid for fifteen. Sweet peas and maidenhair ferns formed the center-piece for the beautifully appointed table, while sweet peas were used as special favors for the guests. Henry Cramer, debate manager, acted as toastmaster, with Miss Shackleford and Mr. Reynolds, the winners of the silver trophy for the Macedonians, as guests of honor. The other guests were: Mr. and Mrs. New-}

begin, Dr. and Mrs. Todd, Misses Bradley and Dorwin, representing the Amphictyons; Misses Martin and Bixby, Thetas; Mr. Clay and Mr. Geoghegan, Philos, and Mr. Dodsworth and Mr. Cramer, H. C. S. The toasts were as follows:

"The Winners" ... Miss Shackleford
"The Losers" ... Mr. Dodsworth
"Collegiate Debate" ... Mr. Geoghegan
"Society Spirit" ... Miss Martin
"Amalgamated Interests" ... Miss Bradley
"Debate Ideals" ... Mr. Newbegin
"Our College" ... Dr. Todd

A thrilling month has been put in by the girls of the Home Economics Department, with announcement luncheons, wedding breakfasts, and camouflage dinners. The guests of honor at the four announcement luncheons were: Lena Rader, Hazel Howe, Vera Sinclair, and Eva Mae Leonard. In all of these luncheons the appointments were beautiful and the events were typical college "good times."

In the wedding breakfasts, Miss Miller featured as the bride, while Jessie Clay made a first-rate bride's mother.

Miss Hertilla Barlow was hostess at the camouflage dinner, which was a strictly original, up-to-the-minute camouflage.

Besides the girls' luncheons, the Seniors, Juniors, and Science Club have been guests of the girls. The Amphictyons and Thetas are also scheduled for an early date.

At present the girls are demonstrating wheatless, meatless, and sweetless substitutes, under the direction of Miss Miller, and give promise of making able assistants to Mr. Hoover.
This is your Flag and my Flag,
The Red, White and Blue;
This is your Flag and my Flag,
To it we must be true.
If it leads us into battle
For a cause we know is right,
We will show the world our metal,
For we’re not afraid to fight.
We will hold it high above us,
While we’re marching day and night,
Knowing well God will protect us,
As He ever does the right.
Dear Miss Baker:

I have not forgotten my promise to write a line for The Trail, and now that the ocean is calm enough to let me write, I’ll start the letter.

After certain delays in Washington and New York, our party sailed on March 9th. There are nine of us—four for Copenhagen, four for Christiania, and one for Stockholm. All are college men and we make up a very sociable group.

The weather has been very bad—no worse could be expected. Every one on board has been seasick, so I’m not ashamed to say I had my share in the general misery. For days we had the “fiddles” on the tables, the water dashed clear over the decks, and every article which was not nailed down crashed around the floors in great style. In any rough seas I have experienced on former trips, I’ve always admired the waiters and the agile way they keep their feet and balance their trays at any angle the dining tables may tilt to. Yesterday, even the waiters had to grab at things, like the rest of us, and quantities of dishes were broken, soup spilled, etc., so, you see, it really was rough. Just before entering the danger zone, we had boat drill. We learned the warning signals and our places in the lifeboats. The sea is so rough, boats would be swamped, if launched, so we are hoping that no submarine appears until we reach the Gulf Stream and smoother water, and no one will be glad to see one, even then.

We witnessed that most impressive ceremony, a funeral at sea. The man was sick when he came on board, and was all alone. They stopped the engines entirely and waited until we stood almost still before they swung the casket, all draped in flags, out over the water. A Norwegian minister conducted the service in his own language. We could not understand his words, but felt his spirit all thru the simple ritual. The flag hung at half-mast, the band played softly, they lowered the casket slowly down and out of sight, and then we were away again on our course. It was an experience we cannot soon forget, especially as we are now in the danger zone.

Thursday, March 21: Today we have reached our first port, Bergen, Norway. The band played itself hoarse as we came into the docks, and I guess we all thought the fjord and red roofs of that town were just about right by way of scenery. The first flag we have seen in European waters steamed past us today on a big freight ship. It was a German flag. We also passed a British freighter, with guns mounted ready for action. Many small craft passed us as we came down the Norwegian coast, and outside the neutral three-mile zone we sighted a submarine, but could not tell its nationality. Everything is wonderfully interesting. We will follow near to the coast until we reach Christiania, and leave the steamer there, proceeding to Copenhagen by rail and ferry-boat.

Friday, March 29: Here we are all nicely settled in Copenhagen. From what a long walk and a few short trips can show me, I’m sure
life here is going to be an experience. Some buildings here remind me of Lima, Peru, and other South American cities. Our Legation is a stone building, with a court in the center, and a large fountain playing there. Some streets are just about like our best city streets in the States, and others are narrow and old worldy. I have already located a fine church where notices are posted for services in English. They tell me living is good, but rather expensive. The only real shortage is in fuel and in automobile supplies. These far-famed fjords are picturesque, but cannot compare with our Sound for real beauty, in my mind. The folks here are fine and I’m going to like them, but my heart goes back to the real folks in the U. S. A. in general, and in C. P. S. in particular.

Sincerely yours,
Chas. A. Robbins.
Address: American Legation, Copenhagen, Denmark, care State Department Mailing Bureau, Washington, D. C.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Occupation/Unit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Leland Athow</td>
<td>Inf., Camp Lewis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wm. Alcock</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Floyd Bohnankamp</td>
<td>Woodsman, France</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Berry</td>
<td>Inf., Camp Lewis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wm. Burton</td>
<td>U. S. Naval Training Station, San Diego, Calif.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amphin Buggee</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wm. Bowman</td>
<td>Quartermaster, Aux. Remount Depot No. 329, Station No. 2, Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charlie Brown</td>
<td>10th Co., Coast Artillery, Fort Flagler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry Blair</td>
<td>Doctor, Camp Lewis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Americus Bacon</td>
<td>Navy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wm. Blauvelt</td>
<td>Inf., Camp Lewis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hazel Blair</td>
<td>Washington, D. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ernest Clay</td>
<td>Base Hospital, Ward 83, Camp Lewis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fred Crane</td>
<td>Battery C, 146th F. A., A. E. F., France</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arthur Carlson</td>
<td>Navy, France</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samuel Dupertius</td>
<td>Y. M. C. A., France</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norman Dews</td>
<td>Camp No. 1., U. S. N., Puget Sound, Wash.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry Earle</td>
<td>Q. M. Dept., Base Hospital, Camp Lewis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Levi Eustis</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sidney Freeman</td>
<td>2nd Co., 116th Hdq. Train and M. P., 41st Div., A. E. F., France</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanley Freeman</td>
<td>Q. M. Dept., Florida</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herbert Feller</td>
<td>Colon, Panama Canal Zone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Olin Graham</td>
<td>166th Depot Brigade, Camp Lewis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gordon Gray</td>
<td>344th Bakers Co., Camp Lewis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ed B. Gibson</td>
<td>Artillery, France</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward Goldsmith</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Grieve</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Myrtle Gray</td>
<td>Nurse, Base Hospital, Camp Lewis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ingomar Hostetter</td>
<td>Naval Training Station, Seattle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vincent Hart</td>
<td>Engineers, Ft. Ayers, Mass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen Hart</td>
<td>517 Shepherd St. N. W., Washington, D. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carl Hallen</td>
<td>Base Hospital, Ward 41, Camp Lewis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Helgerson</td>
<td>Inf., California</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ralph Huntington</td>
<td>Co. F, 361st Inf., Camp Lewis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul Hayward</td>
<td>No. 525, 180 C. A. M. C., 4th Field Ambulance, B. E. F., France</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DeLoss Hart</td>
<td>Great Lakes Naval Training Hospital, Illinois</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raymond Hawk</td>
<td>Sunset Division, France</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul Hampe</td>
<td>Marines, California</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Will Irvin</td>
<td>Machine Gun Co., Camp Lewis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry Janney</td>
<td>Navy, Bremerton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leslie Johnson</td>
<td>Artillery Band, Ft. Casey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. V. Kenny</td>
<td>Spruce Worker, Van Zandt, Wash., 450th Sq.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herbert Kahler</td>
<td>Washington, D. C.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
FORMER STUDENTS OF C. P. S.
Frank A. LaViolette, Y. M. C. A., France.
Henry LaForge, Annapolis, Md., Sick Quarters.
Thomas Llewellyn, Inf.
Orvie Lange, Signal School, Texas.
Alton Lundeen, Camp Lewis.
Adin Marlatt, Naval Militia, Seattle.
Glenn E. Miller, 361st Inf., Co. A, Camp Lewis.
Glen Miller, Hospital, Palo Alto, California.
Fulton Magill, Cavalry, Honolulu.
Earl McAbee, Base Hospital, Camp Kearney, Linda Vista, California.
Howard McCormack, Inf., Camp Lewis.
A. G. Nace, Hospital.
John Price, Navy.
Ed Rhodes.
Leroy Rogers.
Howard Rogers, Marines, France.
Ralph Remington, Artillery, Fort Casey.
Ed Rounds, Naval Flyer, Hampton Roads.
Walter Roberts, killed in the Service.

Dr. E. A. Rich, Hospital, Camp Lewis.
Prof. C. A. Robbins, Copenhagen.
Ulrich Sellers, Navy.
Martin Stegin.
Otto Shurle, 166th Depot Brigade, Camp Lewis.
Sewell Snypp, 346th Field Artillery, Camp Lewis.
Lauren Sheffer, Base Hospital, Ward 74, Camp Lewis.
E. V. Sheafe, Doctor, Fort Riley, Kansas.
Roe Shaub.
Otto Shultz, Vancouver, Wash.
John Soderman, Navy, Bremerton.
Charles Vaughn Smith, Light Artillery, 41st Div., France.
Wesley Todd, Artillery, Ft. Flagler.
Paul Todd, Navy, Bremerton.
Alfred Tish, Cavalry, Georgia.
Alma Tuell, Red Cross.
Irma Tuell, Red Cross.
Dr. Utterbach, Hosp., Camp Lewis.
Ted Van Mavern.
Max Waldron, Co. C, 347th Machine Gun, Camp Lewis.
Ralph Weaver, Master Signal Electrician, 316th Field Signal Bn., Camp Lewis.
Chester Warman, killed in the Service.
Frank Young, Hospital, Fort Riley, Kansas.
STUDENTS NOW IN THE SERVICE
C. P. S. at the Front

Clarence E. Moore, one of our preparatory students here during the first semester, is now in the navy. He is stationed at Bremerton, on the U. S. S. Philadelphia.

Vincent Hart has left for Camp Devons, Mass. He is with a company of engineers.

Helen Hart left us last month for Washington, D. C., where she will do government work.

A letter was received from Sidney Freeman, who is now in France. He expressed his appreciation for the copies of The Trail sent him. He said he enjoyed them very much, and even passed them to the other fellows to see. They enjoyed them as well, and were glad to see even the familiar ads from home. Sid says he often thinks of C. P. S. and the fine bunch here, and hopes to return some day.

Max Waldron is at Camp Lewis, Co. C, 347th Machine Gun Battalion. He graduated from the Academy here, and from the College in 1913.

Wesley Todd has been promoted to a sergeant.

Orvie Lange is at the Radio School of the Signal Corps in Texas. He was a fourth Academy student in 1915.

Olin Graham is at Camp Lewis, with the 166th Depot Brigade. Graham was formerly a star football and basket-ball man for C. P. S., and was a minister at Portland when called.

Paul Hampe, a former Academy student, is with the Marines at Mare Island, California.

Alton Lundeen, a former student, is now at Camp Lewis with the infantry.

Hebert Kahler, a member of last year's Sophomore class, is now at Washington, D. C., doing special work for the government along chemical lines.

Will Irvin is with the Machine Gun Corps at Camp Lewis.

Alfred Tish, a former C. P. S. football star, is now with the Cavalry in Georgia.

John Soderman is at Bremerton with the navy.

Paul Todd has re-enlisted in the navy. He will first be stationed at Bremerton, where he will enter the officers' training class. From this class a certain number are taken each month to train for the commission of ensign.

Alma and Irma Tuell have been ordered to be prepared to go overseas in a hospital unit which has recently been organized in Seattle. Alma graduated from the Nurses' Training School at the Seattle General Hospital last year, and Irma this spring. They were both former students of C. P. S. and we are glad to have "representatives" in this branch of the service.

The foregoing are former C. P. S. students in the Service, but we cannot find out the locations of John Grieve, Harry Blair, Otto Schultz, Ed Rhodes, and William Blauvelt.

We now have ninety men and women, formerly of the College of Puget Sound, in the Service. Our Service Flag, since the beginning of the year, has had only seventy-two stars in it. The others have enlisted since that time, or have been "discovered" in the search made for them by The Trail staff. We wish to express our thanks to all those who have aided us in our attempt to keep in touch during the past year with "our soldier boys."
In Memoriam

CORP. WALKER E. ROBERTS
Killed in action January 20, 1917, somewhere in France. After three years of active service with Canadian troops, Corp. Roberts spent six months with American forces after our entrance into the war.

SERGT. CHESTER A. WARMAN
Killed in action, July, 1917, in Nicaragua, while quelling a riot caused by German propagandists.

They shall not grow old as we
that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, we the
years condemn.
As the going down of the sun and
in the morning
We will remember them.

—Lawrence Binyon.
We wish you could attend the last weekly meeting of our Library Staff and hear the summaries of the year's work reported. You have spent a great deal of time in the library yourself and so know considerable of what has been done; but possibly some of the items would surprise you.

Would you think that we have put in over 1,000 hours of service? Fact. It sums up like this: Mrs. Pool, 270; Miss Buckingham, 360; Miss Mills and Miss Baker, each 180; Mr. Marsh, 108. And that doesn't include considerable unrecorded service volunteered by Prof. Reynolds, Miss Wayne, and others.

Then, during the year, we have accessioned 425 books, and over $100 worth of new books are now ordered. One donation, you know, the gift of Dr. M. H. Marvin, included 325 books. By way of periodicals, 3 dailies, 15 weeklies, and 13 of the best monthlies have had a place on the reading table.

As to the spirit and order outside the library "cage," we are gratified and grateful. Not all have remembered that the library is a study-room, not a trysting place. We are still a few leagues short of perfection. But the respectability of the library has really risen conspicuously during the year.
The Central Board—a body of student representatives in which all the active organizations of the college have the privilege of having a representative—meets every Wednesday in the student office, a room set aside for the use of Central Board, to plan and execute ways thru which the various activities of the college can be carried out most effectively for the good of all concerned.

Under the leadership of our president and with the advice of the faculty representatives, much constructive work has been done. Perhaps there has not been any one feature that stands out above the others, yet each member has worked effectively and efficiently. In order to facilitate the handling of the various problems that arose, a system of committees was intro-

Continued on page 33
Editorials

At last the editors can heave the longed-for sighs of relief. At length we can straighten our desk for our successors. Finally can we burn all traces of manuscripts, blue pencils, and put aside all helpful (or otherwise) exchanges. Our Trail is ended—as far as the Puget Sound Trail is concerned. Yet it is with a feeling of regret and sadness that we close our desk, for we have gained much during the year—too much, in fact, to enumerate here.

The last issue is now in your hands. Enjoy it and pass it on for others to enjoy.

We wish to express the desire that you especially, Soldier Lad, will enjoy recalling old memories by reading this Trail.

Our Honor Roll found in this number is for business as well as honor. If you can supply a missing address, let us know at once. Take advantage of this "directory" and write to the soldiers—they will appreciate it and you will be blessed.

Our college will be changed next year. Many students will leave school and their numbers will be replaced by new ones. Members of the faculty who have been here for long years will be missed, even tho others take their places. Yet we are not downhearted at the prospect of these changes. They are necessary and must be assumed whether they appear to be agreeable or otherwise. We are very hopeful, in fact, we are certain, that as this year has proven successful for our college, so next year will continue even more so in that strain. Remember the silver lining of the clouds.

The more heartfelt appreciations are, the harder they are to convey to the ones concerned. So we find it hard to express our truest appreciation to those who have helped us all thru the year. Miss Helen Lougheed labored long to make this Trail a more beautiful number and succeeded well. The students in general have responded generously whenever called upon to help, whether it was to furnish some literary work or to "read proof." The faculty have been kind in their criticisms and generous in their encouragements. Much of the success of our work we can lay at the feet of Dean Marsh, who has always been ready to help and make suggestions. We thank you, one and all.

In regard to the war—our advice is not to worry about the outcome. God's in his heaven, and if all's not right with the world, it soon will be, especially if we do our part, and in the best manner we can produce. If every American citizen gave his best to the cause, the war would soon be won.

To the Seniors—we do not say "Farewell" or "Goodbye"; you are too much a part of Our College to lose your presence after one brief ceremony on Commencement Day. To be sure, we will miss you. Every worth-while thing, if taken away, is missed. So go with this thought—that you linger in our memories because of your good works, your good spirit, and your smiles. Good luck to you all.
The Trail Staff has at last finished its work, and the result is now before you. The year's work has been a pleasure, perhaps more so because of the harmony which has existed between the members. To the Business Manager belongs the praise for the financial success of The Trail this year. He has been untiring in his efforts to obtain the support of the business men of Tacoma, and has succeeded well. The 1918 Staff in full is as follows: Editor, Alice Baker; Business Manager, Harry Gardner; Associate Editor, Paul Hanawalt; Society Editor, Edith Rummel; Literary Editor, Vera Sinclair; Jokes, Harold Young; Business Editor, Henry Cramer; Cartoonist, Burdette Busselle.

To our successors we wish the Continued on page 92
Here's to Puget Sound

Words by Vera Sinclair
Music by Muriel Hower

1918 Glee Song

At the foot of Mount Baker soars
Puget Sound, dear Puget Sound, whose strength and power in spirit ever we may stand, Stands a college ever thronging, Tow ring

Strong and pure, O school e-pure, We're with you heart and soul.

If here's our heart and here's our might, To uphold thy name renowned; For that we'll fight, To and White, So here's To Puget Sound.
Musical Activities

Do you remember, at the beginning of the year, the Music Department challenged the other activities for the title of "the peppiest activity in College"? The year is ending, and we leave the decision to you. We admit we've worked, worked hard to make it succeed, and we think it has. At least we have the satisfaction of knowing we have done our best. And if at any time it has seemed that our attainments were especially successful, remember that the enthusiasm and support of the student body determined that success.

We can boast of no glaringly brilliant accomplishments. Everything has been a steady climb. But, as the brightest spots, we mention the Ensemble Concert, and the Annual Glee; as lesser ones, the Christmas Oratorio and the musical assemblies. Besides these, there have been the many times when one of the musical organizations has been a high light on a program, debate, chapel, or assembly. Besides all this, the Musical Department has done a great deal in advertising the College in neighboring communities. We have made trips, and trips; in fact, we have tripped all over the country. As for our success, ask Yelm, Algona, Sackamas, Pacific City, Midland, Puyallup, Camp Lewis, Centralia, and every Methodist church this side of the Rockies, how they like C. P. S.

The organization of Hover, Easton, Amende, and King has grown so in popularity and notoriety in its short life-time that we fear its fame will reach gigantic proportions. They are forever in demand. Almost every student preacher has had them at his church, and the rest are on their knees. They have been out to Camp Lewis three times in the last two weeks—twice at Y 2, and once at Y 6. The boys at Camp Lewis said that if we wouldn't adopt them, they would adopt us. You might lose us, C. P. S. Seriously, tho, we realize we have made a good beginning this year, and, with three of us back next year, we intend to make the girls' quartet the best musical organization C. P. S. has ever known. We wish to thank Helen Bradley and Stella Griffin. They are most efficient "subs." And also Winifred Wayne and Lois Noble, for accompanying us. We couldn't have made "half a hit" without them.

The Annual Glee is over and
"Is everybody happy?"
"Oh, yes!"
"Is anybody sorry?"
"Oh, no!"

Why not? Because the songs this year were better than ever before, because C. P. S. has two fine songs added to its list, because we feel that the best song won.

The Juniors sang last year's prize song, then the Freshmen, Juniors, Sophomores, and Seniors sang their new songs in turn, varying their presentation by quartets, solos, and so forth. Then all held their breath until Dr. Todd announced that the Sophomores had won. The rest were sorry to lose, but glad, as we said before, and all joined in a cheer for the victors and for C. P. S.

On April 17, the Music Department gave another of those delightful all-musical assemblies, only it wasn't all-musical. As a result, we
had time for only five numbers, while ten were planned. Yes, we were sorry, too; but double your pleasure in your imagination, and you will arrive at the same result. Besides, it's good training.

At the close of a College year which otherwise might have been more or less gloomy, we look back and see how valiantly our Chapel Choir has helped to brighten our days.

Hardly a week has passed but that we have been favored by some work of art rendered in an efficient and delightful manner by the choir.

Aside from this, there were numerous special occasions when the choir was the prominent feature of our programs. Throughout the entire year there have been three entire musical programs presented to the assembly, notwithstanding the fact that the choir participated in the annual ensemble concert, and at Christmas presented the beautiful Christmas Oratorio by Saint-Saens, which was repeated twice by request.

Such a stupendous repertoire could not have been undertaken by amateurs without the leadership of an especially able director. This has been realized in the person of Dr. Schofield, to whom we owe our success.

Do you remember an announcement made in Chapel the first of the year? Our manager of musical activities asked all the talented and untalented owners of string instruments to meet by the piano.

With a few talented and more untalented members, the Stringed Instrument Club was formed. Muriel Hover was general overseer; Marion Myers, president, and "Hack" Goodman, business manager. There were many and varied tunes that issued forth from the Chapel building on Monday evenings.

By the end of the first semester, our seventeen had dwindled to a faithful six. Some of the members seem to have suffered from an early form of "campusology" and preferred the gentle music of each

Continued on page 84
With the opening of the 1917-18 school year only three of last year's number were welcomed back; but those who did escape the lure of the army life and the call of the larger school have kept up the standard of the club, even to the extent of securing a charter. The meetings of the year have been full of interest and enjoyment. We have held six meetings at the various homes of the members and at the dormitory dining hall. Perhaps the biggest meeting was the banquet dinner at the H. E. rooms in April. However, we have not confined our research to books, neither do we object to strenuous exercise and wet weather, as anyone would affirm could they have accompanied us on our vacation hike, which also occurred in April.

Of the eleven charter members of the club five have entered the service. Lieutenant Magill is stationed at Honolulu; E. Clay, Frank Young and Otto Schurle are in the medical department. One member has been continuing his course at Leland Stanford, one has been attending the University of Washington, and one is acting assistant in the department of standards at Washington, D. C.

Two new members have been admitted to membership since the first of the year, and with these we expect and predict an even more successful year in 1918-19, although two of the members of this year have donned the cap and gown.
The end of the school year is drawing near and the debating season is over. But it is with pleasure and gratification that those who were interested in the Debate Department look back on the successful season just closed. Debate has become a real live and peppy affair at C. P. S. this year and promises to continue to be a big part of the college life next year, as Mr. Geoghegan, an able debater, has been elected manager of Debate and Oratory to take the place of Henry Gamer, who held that office this year.

Championship Debate.

The event of events in the debate world came off a howling success. Yes, we even have a little noise at a tranquil debate. On the evening of April 9th nearly all the school and many visitors turned out to hear the first society championship debate at C. P. S. Two societies, the Thetas and H. C. S., though neither was represented in the debate that evening, had a hundred per cent. attendance. This is the kind of spirit that makes a college. As a reward for their attendance they jointly win the debate attendance trophy.

The debate itself proved to be a very heated and lively affair. The Amphics, who had beaten all the other societies, matched their skill against the Macedonians in a spirited wordy combat. Miss Bradley and Miss Dorwin upheld the negative side for the Amphics, and Miss Shackleford and Mr. Reynolds debated on the affirmative for the Macedonians. Both sides had the topic, the New Zealand Compulsory Arbitration Question, well in hand. Though the Amphics did better than ever before, the Macedonians won the debate. This result was probably due to the fact that both Miss Shackleford and Mr. Reynolds are experienced speakers. Mr. Reynolds' speech was very dramatic and impressive, oratory taking up the larger part. Miss Shackleford gave a splendidly organized rebuttal, knocking down every point her opponents made. This rebuttal won the debate. The Macedonian Debating Society is now champion of C. P. S. and has the honor of being the first society to have its name engraved on the splendid Newbegin cup.
The Cup.
Until this year there had never been intersociety debating at C. P. S. Early in the fall the idea was taken up by Mrs. Hovious and Mr. Cramer and they decided to put it up to the school. So a vote was taken in favor of inter-society debating. Mr. James G. Newbegin, a prominent lumberman of Tacoma, interested in the college and especially in debate, offered a magnificent cup to be presented to the college and handed down from year to year to the winning society. Mr. Newbegin himself presented the cup on the night of the final debate. This year we have started something that will be a great yearly event at C. P. S. Since debate spirit has increased so much in one year, what will happen in ten? We owe much to Mr. Newbegin this year and will owe him much in the future, as he offers cash prizes of twenty dollars to the debaters in the future.

Banquet.
On the evening of May 2d Mrs. Hovious, our coach, entertained the debaters at the Ingleside Inn with a pretty debate dinner. If we hadn’t been glad that we were debaters before, we were delighted that we were that night. All the debaters, Mr. and Mrs. Newbegin and Dr. and Mrs. Todd were present. Everyone had a splendid time.

Oratorical Contest.
On May 17th will be held the first annual oratorical contest. Five of our students will participate and appropriate music will be rendered by the Music Department. Mrs. Todd will give a cash prize of ten dollars to the winner.

Forward.
Although much has been accomplished this year, far greater things can be done in the future. With the debate spirit we have this year we are convinced a brilliant debate record is in store for C. P. S. in the future. Pull together and great things will be accomplished.
Athletics

In spite of the war, athletics at the College of Puget Sound have been successful this season. The football team last fall brot the first victories in the last five years, altho the team was the lightest one in history. The average was 145 pounds. The eleven defeated the Cushman warriors, which was a heavier and better squad than the one which tied the heavy C. P. S. players in 1916.

In football, C. P. S. scored 40 points to the opponents’ 25. This was for three games.

The basketball team made a more brilliant record than the football eleven did. Three things were accomplished this year. Bellingham was crushed, every Tacoma team was defeated, and the University of Washington was so badly scared by our 25-to-20 showing against the Purple and Gold on the “U” floor that Coach Hunt tho’t it best not to send his first team to Tacoma to play a return game.

At an assembly during the last week of April, letters were given to Askey (Captain), Anderson, Curtis, Smith, and Hanawalt.

Most followers of basket-ball in Tacoma picked Anderson, Curtis, and Askey on the All-Tacoma first team, and Hanawalt on the second squad. With a little more steadiness, Smith should win first team honors next season. The St. Leo’s players, winners of second place in the City league race, agreed that C. P. S. has the best team in the city, and would have won the city title had not three of the players been taken sick with the measles during the early part of the year.

It is impossible to have a first team unless there is a second team. This year, the men who did the work without glory were: Harader, Schurle, Young, Clay, Kinch, Snyder, and Brown. The latter two men did not turn out until the last month of the season.

In the first inter-society track meet for the College girls, in the Stadium gym, the Philomatheans carried off the majority of ribbons, with a total of 46 points. The Amphictyons won 21, and the Thetas, 14. The meet was under the direction of Coach Goodman, and proved to be a lively contest, as the rivalry between the societies was very great.

In the dumb-bell relay, Charline Tuell (Theta) came first; Winifred Wayne (Theta), second; Marian Myers (Philo), third. In the basket-throwing contest, Ida Hawkins (Amphi) won first; Vera Sinclair (Philo), second, and Thelma Hastings (Philo), third. First and third places in the shoe race were taken by Amphictyons, Henrietta Taylor and Pansy Hendricks, Thelma Hastings coming in second.

Six Philo girls—Ruth Swanson, Eva Mae Leonard, Madeline Myers, Vera Sinclair, Ginera Whitman, and Thelma Hastings—won the blue ribbons on the best take-off on a Bellingham Normal athlete. Edith Rummel, Olive Martin, and Irene Doran gave the Theta take-off.

The Philomathean team won from both the Amphictyons and the Thetas in the tug-of-war. The rope climb was won by Muriel Hover, an Amphictyon, Marian

Continued on page 87
1918 FOOTBALL TEAM

Anderson  Furrows  Harader  Buckley  Kinch  Moore
Snyder   Curtis, Captain  Busselle  Young  Smith  Burk

Goodman, Coach
Beginning with the very birth of the class, when it appeared in C. P. S. circles last fall with a formidable array of some 72 members, 1921 has repeatedly niched its way into the recognition of the school by its constant willingness to help in all school activities and its prominence in athletics. Every line of scholastic endeavor which C. P. S. follows has counted among its ablest members and coherents (with all due consideration to '20) those who call themselves Freshmen. Debate, Football, Basketball, Music, and what not have all been conscientiously supported and eagerly engaged in by the Class of '21. Among those of the Freshmen whose logic and argumentative skill has been important in keeping the debating instinct alive in school this year, and stimulating a healthy interest in verbally chewing a man's ear, so to speak, are J. H. Geoghegan and Russell Clay, who represented the Philomathean society; Miss Bradley, and Miss Olive Martin. Mr. J. W. Reynolds was one of the Macedonian debaters who succeeded in triumphing over the Amphictyons. In athletics, Freshmen have been prominent. The bulk of the football team was composed of the lowly green ones, which is a distinction, despite the fact that it was necessarily so, on account of the dearth of males in the school and the abundance of Freshmen. Lack of space precludes mentioning these heroes.

The Freshmen winning basketball letters included Martin Askey, (captain of this year's team), Elmer Anderson, and Harold Smith. Several other verdant brothers were on the squad. Russell Clay, Clyde Kinch, and Buckley strove valiantly and violently in whipping the first team into shape. As far as classification goes, however, it fails when we strike Coach "Hack" Goodman. He asserts and admits that he is a Senior, but we really should claim him.

Considerable dormant musical talent was aroused among the Freshmen this year, and we claim ownership to several budding prodigies.

Marian Myers is a valued member of the Stringed Instrument combination, and normally tickles the sensitive ukelele. A number of neophytes also warble consistently with the Chapel Choir.
As the school year draws to its close, we look back with an air of satisfaction on what we have accomplished.

Altho Uncle Sam has taken the majority of our boys, the remainder of the class has doubled its pep and enthusiasm to make up for the loss.

Say, did you hear the Sophs at the banquet? If you were there, you couldn’t help but hear them!

As a class, our history begins in the year 1916, for that was the year of our advent into the Normal world. On a certain eventful day in September we greeted each other shyly under the influence of the strange surroundings.

Not until our Sophomore year did we become an organized body. Annie Pederson, one of wisdom and authority, became our worthy class president; Mildred Eaton was elected vice-president; Helen Loughheed became secretary, and Fannie Guptil, Trail reporter.

The Normal Class has excelled in scholastic work and has taken a great interest in school activities. We have evinced our athletic prowess by organizing a baseball team that will soon win the school championship. We have also aided in the musical and literary activities of the school.

And now Commencement Day is here; the goal towards which we have been earnestly striving for two years is reached. We can hardly bide our time to demonstrate to the world what a high-class training we have gained in our chosen profession.

As we look back over our record, our feelings are strangely mixed; there is regret at breaking all the old ties that have bound us to “Our College”; satisfaction in feeling that our record is not unworthy; rejoicing at the opportunity to face the future.

If we only had known that the Frosh couldn’t make up any songs and yells, we might have helped them.

Who did you expect to win the school-song trophy? The Sophs? Well, so did everybody! And they did! And we mean to hold it until we graduate. So we close with our rousing class-yell:

Brains a-plenty; pep I guess;
Nineteen-twenty — C. P. S.!
Gentle Ladies and Kind Gentlemen: Our jolly Junior days are nearly over, and we certainly are sorry.

At the first of the year we were rather quiet, but you know now that it was only self-confidence. We were all officers in some organization in school, and most of the officers this year were Juniors. Besides, we have the largest percentage of boys of any of the classes. Hence our confidence.

From the time of our stunt, which you all remember, until we gave a breakfast to the Seniors, we were too busy to be noisy. It was an enjoyable breakfast, almost as much so as our party at Miss Reneau’s.

We put the hatchet where it will be safe until next year, you may be sure. We aren’t going to lose it.

Before they leave us, we Juniors wish to express to the graduating class our respect and esteem for them. For three years their example has challenged our best efforts, and their record of this year is one that only our best efforts can surpass. We honor them and wish them the greatest success.

Next we wish to express our love and gratitude to Dean and Mrs. Marsh. They have given years of unselfish effort to C. P. S., and we are sorry to see them leave. But we wish them happiness and a fitting field for their efforts.

Now, let us introduce to you our members: Mr. Dodsworth, vice-president; Mr. Curtis, athletic manager of the Associated Students; Miss Baker, editor, and Mr. Gardner, manager of The Trail. We haven’t space to tell about the rest, but they are: Mr. Bain, Miss Clay, Mr. Cook, Miss Vigus, Mr. Burk, Miss Matters, Miss Buckingham, Miss Goulder, and Mr. Holmes.

We thank you for your attention. Adieu until next year.
Sclatter  
Smith  
Askey, Sergeant-at-Arms.  
Buckley, Vice-President.  
Snyder  
Cramer, President.  
Busselle  
Kitch  
Anderson  
Dodsworth
Literary Societies

H. C. S.

At the beginning of the school year, only five old members returned to school. These were: Gebert, Hallen, Schlatter, Dods- worth, and Cramer. Two of these, Gebert and Hallen, left later. The disbandment was talked of at first, with the splendid material from the new students a strong society has been developed around this small number, and H. C. S. has kept up her high standards of the past.

As a trophy was offered to the society having the biggest percentage of its members present at the final debate, we, as usual, went after the bacon. We had every fellow present, but so did the Thetas, so we withdrew in their favor.

It is not for us to brag about what we have done this year—the rest of the school probably knows that we have been in the near vicinity. If you have been so unfortunate as not to have visited one of our programs and seen Askey, Busselle, Schlatter, and many others perform, do so now, before it is too late. Actions speak louder than words. Come up and see for yourselves.

AMPHICTYON

The time has come once more to send in the final reports of the year to The Trail. We have had a very successful year, and so many good times together that we are sorry to say good-bye. Our members have won honors in athletics, music, and debate. Of course, we are sorry we lost the debate championship; who wouldn’t be? But there is another year coming, so look out, you other literary societies, and ye Macedonians.

Our ranks will be greatly thinned by Commencement. We lose five Seniors, besides a number of Normal graduates. Carl Curtis goes to aviation school, and Alvin Campbell to Northwestern. But a number of good workers are coming back to offset these losses.

At the spring election, Helen Bradley was elected president; Nellie Smith, vice-president; Hazel Brasslin, secretary, and Sophia Shultz, treasurer. Muriel Hover is coming back to sing any troubles away. We feel that we leave our beloved society in good hands in electing these officers.

Our annual spring jollification will take the form of a clam-bake and launch party to Harbor Heights. It will be just a little taste of vacation, and all of us hope that all of you will have a splendid vacation, but of greater length than just a launch party.

KAPPA SIGMA THETA

The Theta class of 1918, upon approaching the Commencement season, begin to look back over the year’s work and to congratulate themselves upon the record made. They find no dunces or laggards. As Freshmen, all passed safely thru the course in “Extempo.” Yet, graduating with highest honors in Oratory and Literature, they are not mere “fossils of learning.”

For their social education has not been neglected. Luncheons, spreads, and parties have been given due attention. The Violet Luncheon and Theta Banquet will be the culminating affairs in this course.

Many of our students will also
receive their diplomas from the Conservatory of Music—both in the vocal and instrumental departments.

The course in Home Economics this semester has included the laying aside of two Tuesdays every month for the making of layettes, which are to go for the relief of Belgian babies.

Following are the names of the members of this illustrious Theta class of 1918: Mildred Eaton, Alice Baker, Fanny Guptil, Irene Doran, Mary Marshall, Olive Martin, MAurine Martin, Josephine Moore, Dorothy Fulmer, Edith Rummel, Winifred Wayne, Hertilla Barlow, Marjorie James, Mae Bixby, Ruth Goulder, Esther Temple, Anna Easton, Charline Tuell, Ruth Gray, Gladys Moe, and Lois Noble.

They one and all extend to C. P. S. hearty wishes for an enjoyable vacation and a promising new school year.

PHILOMATHEAN.

Happily and hospitably have the Philomatheans passed this last year, from the initiation party at Mildred Pollom’s to the final launch ride which closed this season of work.

Philo came out with flying colors in debate, not only winning one debate, but also having one of its members, Herbert Geoghegan, on the College debating team. The first alternate on the College team, Russell Clay, was also a Philomathean.

A Philo girl, Madeline Myers, was the highest point winner in the girls’ inter-society track meet, with four other Philo girls, Eva Mae Leonard, Marian Myers, Vera Sinclair, and Jennie Robertson, also winning ribbons. These girls won the track meet easily from the other societies.

Our service flag of sixteen stars has been dedicated. A new and elaborate ritual has been formulated for initiation, and the “star and crescent” has been painted on the society floor.

In the spring election, the following efficient officers were chosen for next year: President, Madeline Myers; vice-president, Herbert Geoghegan; secretary, Russell Clay; treasurer, Loyd Burk. Three Philos, Harold Young, Raymond Holmes, and Herbert Geoghegan, have also been chosen by the student body as representatives in next year’s student body government.

Two of our members, Mildred Pollom and Ted Dunlap, are graduating this year. Both have been actively connected with society work, Mr. Dunlap being president this last semester, and Miss Pollom, chairman of the literary committee.

The programs this year have been interesting and instructive, most of them centering around the Allies and the warring countries. The following program on “Great Britain” was given as our open program:

“Lord Kitchener,” Ruth Swanson; “England in Literature,” Gladys Trew; Reading from Shakespeare, Mr. Stearns; “The Royal Family Today,” Vera Sinclair, and the operatic comedy, “Pinafore,” with Mr. Geoghegan, Mr. Holmes, Miss Eklund, Miss Reed, and Miss Myers as the cast.

The end of a glorious year was celebrated by a launch ride on the evening of May 25, when the Philos cruised Puget Sound.
The Oxford Club is still on the map, doing effective work for good. It was reorganized last March, and for the first time in its history was given a constitution. Its officers are:

President—H. E. Gardner.
Vice-President—Loyd Burk.
Secretary—J. H. Geoghegan.
Treasurer—Wm. Pool.

Following is the program as arranged last March:

Devotions: Wm. Pool.

Devotions: Russell Clay.

May 1: "The Delivery of the Sermon," by Marmaduke Dodsworth.
Devotions: C. W. McLaughlin.

Devotions: Dr. T. J. Gambill.

June 5: "Holding the Congregation in Summer Months," by Arthur Stearns.
Devotions: Dr. Morton.
The new Y. W. cabinet started the year out correctly by being entertained by the old cabinet and advisory board. The girls took up the work of the Patriotic League and everybody has enjoyed it. The advisory board has decided to adopt us and entertain the cabinet every week, so that we may meet together. This will certainly insure better work in the Y. W. hereafter.

The best news we have to tell you about is the May Day exercises, held the last of May. Did you ever believe in Fairies? Well, if you had seen the girls dance around the May-pole you would promise to believe in fairies for ever and ever.

Plans for next year are well under way, and we are all looking forward to a live Y. W. and many good times.
No organization in C. P. S. has been affected by the war as has the Y. M. C. A. Of the cabinet elected and selected last May, the following men did not enter school this year: Sutton, Earle, and Sorenson. This fact, together with the small number of men enrolled, has handicapped operations. Nevertheless, the slogan initiated by Paul Hanawalt at the opening of school, "Let's hang together, fellows, for there's only a few of us," has become an actuality as our number has continued to dwindle.

The stag opened up the work in good shape, followed by the first regular meeting, when an outline of the year's work was presented. Paul Hanawalt handled the social department in a manner worthy of a Senior. Vincent Hart was elected to the office of vice-president, to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Stanley Sutton. During the first semester, Vincent handled the programs of the meetings in a whole-hearted manner. Among some of the more prominent speakers were: Dr. Weyer, City Attorney Harmon, Judge Magill, E. B. King, J. C. Harrison, and Rev. Park of Camp Lewis. As Vincent left school in February to join the colors, Loyd Burk was elected to fill the office of vice-president for the rest of the year. His idea of making different individuals responsible for each service was successfully carried out.

The extension work under the direction of Leon Bain was not neglected. Several teams, composed of Clay, Hudson, Wilder, Hart, and Bain, visited our local churches on Sunday evenings, taking complete charge of the service. Such churches as Mason, Fern Hill, and Park were among those visited.

Under the direction of State Secretary Hollingsworth and Mr. Dubynne of the University of Washington, a Bible study rally was

(Continued on Page 94.)
During the past century there has been great interest on the part of young men and women in foreign missionary life and activity. An example of this interest is the Student Volunteer movement. The reality of the consecration of these young people is proved by the fact that, during the past ten years, over two thousand of them, after having completed a thorough college or university preparation, have gone out to work in non-Christian lands.

This year we sent fifteen dollars to the Isabella Thoburn College, India. The first of March, the girls of the Volunteer Band dressed in Greek costumes, put on the pantomime, "O, Zion, Haste," while Mr. Bain sang the hymn. Those in the pantomime were: Mable Amende, Alta Miller, Ruth Goulder, Arletta Carter, and Fannie Guptil, while Margaret Dorwin was accompanist, and Mr. Bain, soloist. Two other members of the band are Mary Cochran and Helen Hart, the latter of whom is now at Washington, D.C.

We, as Student Volunteers of the College of Puget Sound, are glad to have a part in the Master's great program.
GIRLS’ STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

Madeline Myers
President

Winifred Wayne
Secretary

Marian Myers
Treasurer

ALUMNI NOTES

As the year comes to its close and Commencement time draws near, our thoughts turn to other commencements and to the classes which have left the portals of their Alma Mater to take their places in the bigger school of life. As space does not allow for the mention of all, we will speak of only two of them.

The first class to graduate from the University of Puget Sound while at its present location was the class of ’96. This class had twenty-eight “B. L.’s,” one “A. B.,” and one “Ph. D.”

The first class graduated since the reorganization of the school from University to College was the class of 1915. Since there are a few of us who remember the members of this class, it may be interesting to know what they are doing.

Bess Brown finished graduate work at Columbia last year, and this year has been teaching in the primary department of the Gary School at Passaic, New Jersey.

Anne Frye is doing graduate work at U. of W. in sociology, and attending the Deaconess Training School.

Pansy Lawrence is now Mrs. Archie Smith and is living at White Horse, Yukon Territory.

Mary Manny is a member of the editorial staff of the Independent Magazine.

Alice Warren is principal of the school at Brookings, Oregon.

Terrell Newby is the pastor of our church at Lebam and we hear he is doing things.

Guy Hudgins is at present working with the Building and Loan Association, but will soon take a position upon our Mission Board in South America.

Rolla Clark and Homer Moore are attending the Boston School of Theology.
O'er our threshold there came one day,
A bunch of Freshies green as hay,
A verdant bunch, all quite forlorn,
A Soph, a rose among those thorns,
Two Juniors sage, and later three;
And there they've lived quite happily.

Reveries of OUR Front Door
Along in the early autumn of last year, a great transformation took place about me, they actually washed my panes, and now and then they would shove me rudely open and drag some new piece of furniture over my threshold. I knew that there was something up, but what it was I couldn't say at that time. I didn't see why those five old men who lived in my abode should want to make such a fuss; but one day a new face appeared. I liked that face from the start, and later found out that it belonged to a Sophomore. Then I remembered that I had seen him somewhere before. But one day something else came. I couldn't see who it was making all that peculiar little sniffing noise, but he finally came in and, believe me, he was the greenest thing I'd ever seen. I resolved right there not to let any more of that type in, and, with the help of the fall rains I swelled up as tight as I could, but to no avail, the wailing infants would knock on the door until someone would come and let them in, until I was almost worn out.

All that is past now, and my, how they have changed. Why, some of them stay out as late as Senator Davis; he's an old friend of mine. He always leaves me open and I like that. Every once in a while now someone moves out. Schlosser was the first to go. They say he enlisted. Then there was the Burrows boys, who lived in room 1 and were so brotherly. They're both gone. I remember well the day they carried "Bill" out and sent him home, and Fremont left later. Brother Moore also enlisted and was back not long ago all dressed up in blue; then Lemon left to seek his education elsewhere, and finally Snyder moved out bag and baggage. Went home, so they say.

Perhaps the worst shock of recent experience was the appearance of the one they called Lord. He almost wore my threshold away, dragging his feet over it. But he didn't abide long. Then Smith moved in. He wasn't as green as

(Continued on Page 96.)
The Sacajawea Lodge Soliloquizes.

I am only a house, but with young life teeming within my four walls I am almost as happy as tho I were a human.

I have seen young people come and go from my front door for many years. Lively years they have been, too, but none have surpassed the last.

From the opening of my front door, last fall, until the present time I have been humming like a beehive, and events have crowded upon each others' heels.

After the girls had all their pennants tacked up on my walls and were generally settled, things began to happen. On Hallowe'en the spooks walked from basement to attic, the old witch told of the future, and my old sides shook with the laughter of guests and hostesses.

There were, of course, kimono parties, a spread or two, and a number of out-of-town guests crossed my door-sill.

Nearly all of my inmates had the grip, and the glycerine and lemon juice were circulated from room to room until I nearly mistook myself for a hospital. But the epidemic soon passed.

Then Christmas vacation came and my nerves enjoyed a peaceful rest.

After returning, the girls had a few more good times, then settled down to extra hard study in preparation for the "mid-years." Lights burned late and early, but at last the dreaded days were over.

Then came a general breakup in my household. Mrs. Patterson, who had mothered the girls within my portals for a year and a half, left

(Continued on Page 100.)
WAR PROBLEMS COURSE.

With prominent officers from Camp Lewis and other authorities on war as instructors, the "War Problems" course which has been given this last semester has been a great success. The course follows the national program for colleges as outlined by the Administration. C. P. S. has been extremely fortunate in having the Army Post so near, as Dr. Todd has been able to get some of the ablest speakers from the cantonment for the course.

The first lecture was given by Mr. Ellsworth, of the Second Draft Board, on "Creating an Army." "The Training of an Army" was treated in a novel way by Lieutenant Williams. Captain James W. Steward, an instructor in the officers' training camp, talked on "Training Army Leadership." Major White, of the hospital staff, spoke on "The Health of Our Army," and Dr. F. J. Coleman, director of the Y. M. C. A., on "The Moral Welfare of Our Army." Perhaps the most unusual and peculiarly interesting lecture was given by a French officer from the camp, who gave a graphic description of trench warfare from actual experience.

The second series, on "Food Conservation," was started by an excellent lecture by Miss Miller on "The Organization of Our Food Administration." Lieut. Mallin, the food expert of Camp Lewis, gave an illustrated lecture on "Food Conservation at the Camp," giving in detail the problems of the mess sergeants at Camp Lewis. Other prominent war food authorities will complete the course.
Your Vacation

Why not make your vacation a lucrative one by working as a conductor on city cars?

The Tacoma Railway & Power Co. will hire men over the age of 21 years, and will pay a minimum of $80 per month.

You can earn on an average of from $80 to $100 per month, and it’s pleasant, easy work.

For those who have a few spare hours a day, a tripper run of three or four hours per day, outside of school hours, could bring in a neat little sum.

Call personally at the office of the Superintendent of Transportation, Lobby Office, Puyallup Avenue and East “H” Street.

Tacoma Railway & Power Company
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>VIRGES DRUG CO.</th>
<th>Hayden-Watson Co.</th>
<th>WASHINGTON DYE WORKS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1124 Pacific Ave.</td>
<td>938 Broadway.</td>
<td>(Established 1911)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OLDEST and MOST RELIABLE MEDICINE HOUSE IN TACOMA.</td>
<td>Hayden-Watson Co.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phone Main 3. Free Delivery.</td>
<td>&quot;The Leaders in All Kinds of Floral Decorations.&quot;</td>
<td>QUALITY and SERVICE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>BOQUETS AND BASKETS FOR DINNERS A SPECIALTY.</td>
<td>We Call and Deliver.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1110 Sixth Ave. Main 603</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A clipping from a Kentucky soldier's letter, written on board a transport, ran: "We encountered some rough weather about two days out and the effect was awful, as an old sailor put it, we would make good reporters—we contribute to the "Atlantic daily" after each meal. But we can't help but be amiable. We couldn't keep our spirits down if they gave us any."

Has anybody noticed the present possessor of those R. S. V. P. eyes on the campus lately. Mrs. Davis has lost hers.

Russia may be in a turmoil, but look at Finland, she sees her Finnish every day!

This is the most remarkable bag $8.50 in the world
Stylish shape—roomy—fine finish. Guaranteed to give genuine cow-hide service

Cook Trunk Co
"Good Leather Goods"
Artistic Costume Photographs

HARRISON CLARK
Photographer
229 Provident Building
Main 6326.

A PHOTOGRAPH
of yourself in your graduation costume would be a never-failing reminder of the proudest moment in your life—Commencement.

AN EXHIBIT OF COSTUME WORK ON DISPLAY AT THE STUDIO.
The last vestige of swagger left Saunders, and he began to whimper, and lay the guilt on Kelly.

"Every man is accountable for his own deeds," went on the minister's uncompromising voice, "and he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation." And he told of Ananias, who had been struck dead because he had dared to lie to the Holy Ghost. Saunders, entirely under the spell of the evangelist's stern conviction, threw himself before the altar, and began to pray wildly for forgiveness. The minister at length knelt beside him and pleaded for pardon for the misguided youth.

The loggers were badly nonplussed at this sudden turn of the tables, and even Kelly, tho swearing violently under his breath, dared not interfere. All looked on in a kind of stupefied fascination.

The scene had taken on a wild, weird aspect. Outside, the storm had increased in violence, and a strong wind threatened to blow the tabernacle from its moorings. The kerosene lamps flickered fitfully, and fierce spurts of rain beat against the frail canvas.

At the altar, the evangelist prayed on, oblivious to all but the saving of a lost soul.

"O Lord," he prayed, "let us know if our petition is acceptable unto Thee. Send some sign of Thy will."

Suddenly, outside, an ominous roar sounded above the noise of the storm. A ripping, tearing sound the frightened loggers knew all too well. The next moment came a
Quality Printing

Programs, Folders, Visiting Cards, Invitations and Announcements, Advertising Circulars, Stationery, and Office Forms.

The Quality Press
907 COMMERCE STREET.
MAIN 5950
terrific crash, as the big snag struck
the tabernacle, crushing it to the
ground like an eggshell.
A few seconds later, a group of
frightened men crawled out from
under the folds of canvas, scratched
and bruised, but otherwise un-
harmed. But there were two who
did not appear—the minister and
Saunders.
When the wreckage was cleared
away, they found them, pinned un-
der one of the giant branches of the
tree. The minister’s body was cov-
ering that of Saunders, protecting
the latter from the full force of the
blow. Saunders was only stunned,
but the minister never moved again.
He had given his life, that the man
might have one more chance to
save his soul.
Silent and awe-stricken, the men
stood with uncovered heads, fear-
ful in the presence of Omnipotent
Power.

Treasurer’s Report of the Associated Students for April, 1918.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FUND</th>
<th>Credit</th>
<th>Disbursements</th>
<th>Balances</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Trail</td>
<td>$242.49</td>
<td>$</td>
<td>$242.49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athletics</td>
<td>39.89</td>
<td>17.23</td>
<td>22.66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Music</td>
<td>66.63</td>
<td>19.50</td>
<td>47.13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Banquet</td>
<td>74.49</td>
<td>40.00</td>
<td>34.49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Debate and Oratory</td>
<td>26.22</td>
<td></td>
<td>26.22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Incidentals</td>
<td>20.35</td>
<td></td>
<td>20.35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>$470.07</td>
<td>$76.73</td>
<td>$393.34</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

PAUL B. HANAWALT, Treasurer.

COLLEGE STUDENTS!

We Solicit Your Patronage.

Central Lunch
Corner of 11th and Commerce.
Phone Main 5309.

HUDSON and YALE
BICYCLES
REPAIRING and SUPPLIES
E. A. THOMAS 2808 6th Ave.

THE STANDARD WAY
You will find that our way of Laundering
is just what you’ve been looking for.
Standard Steam Laundry
723 So. E St. Main 265

Headquarters for
School Textbooks
and School Supplies

J. F. VISELL CO.
114 So. 12th St. Main 7656
THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

TACOMA TOAST & HARTACK CO.

10c Big Dandy Bread 15c

MAIN 3459 1012 SOUTH K STREET

Drury, The Tailor

SNAPPY ENGLISH CUT SUITS AND GOOD BUSINESS SUITS,
MADE FROM THE FINEST SCOTCH OR
ENGLISH IMPORTED WOOLENS

$30 = $35

Why not have a tailor-made suit for Commencement?

Drury, The Tailor

1019 PACIFIC AVENUE.

We can supply you with the Tools, Sporting Goods and Tenting Outfits needed to make your vacation as useful and pleasant as you have planned that it should be.

WASHINGTON TOOL
and HARDWARE CO.

928 Pacific Avenue.
COMMENCEMENT IS COMING.

We have a complete new line of PANAMA and STRAW HATS, the latest and best on the market, at prices from $2.50 to $6.00.

Burnside Hat Shop
948 PACIFIC AVE.
TACOMA, WASH.

If You Want the Best Baked Goods in the City, go to

SUNRISE BAKERY
1107 SOUTH K ST.

Drugs and School Supplies

Hicks Drug Company

When Making Purchases
Mention This Ad

Phone Main 6. Cor. K & 6th Av.

Buy your CANNED GOODS HERE
SALE ON NOW

BELL GROCERY
Main 444
SIXTH AVENUE AND FIFE.

A Return on the Investment
(Continued from Page 12.)

He helped her into the elevator. As they were going up, he said: "We shall make the best disposition of your Ford possible. The publishing house will not make you any trouble, if we handle them right. We need not start home 'till late in the forenoon. I shall try to get the machine fixed at the garage on the corner of This and That streets. You are willing to return on your investment—I take it?"

"Oh, I long to get home," Kathleen whispered.

He patted her arm in the friendliest way at her door, and then, recollecting himself, remarked that her sister had insisted that he come.

Kathleen fell into bed.

* * * *

You know that hum in the early morning, before the sun is up, when the birds are singing and all the world is listening. Kathleen woke up then.

Kathleen fell to listening, too. It was as though the dew had freshened her. She felt as alive as the buttercups out in the field. She felt little rills of vitality trickling thru her. She threw out her arms, her face kindled.

The silence was broken by a great jangling in the alley. Horses drew up, the milkman leaped on the porch, glass bottles knocked together. He went scampering off again, jumped the steps, jerked the reins, more jangle, and the noise grew fainter.

Kathleen raised herself to follow it. And when it was gone, she found herself looking at the morning sky. The sun was coming...
Dege-Mason Co.

CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS AND HATTERS
FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN

PHONE MAIN 125. 1116 PACIFIC AVENUE

SUNSET THEATER

with its Orchestral Pipe Organ and the pick of the market Photoplays, offers you as good entertainment as you can find in the best theaters in Tacoma.

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THE PRICE.
Our Prices, 6c and 11c, with War Tax.

SIXTH AVENUE AT FIFE STREET MAIN 2853

EVERYBODY BOOSTS

Olympic Ice Cream

BECAUSE THEY LIKE IT.

OLYMPIC ICE CREAM CO. 954 Court C.
Main 7919.
PLAIN AND FANCY ICE CREAM FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

Crown Drug Company

Prescription Pharmacists
ANKLETS — KNEE CAPS — FOOT BRACES
CAMERAS AND FILMS THERMOS BOTTLES
Phone Main 17. 1132 Pacific Avenue.
up. She jumped out of bed. The sky was brighter. She stood by the window.

When John came down to the lobby about 8:30 next morning, he inquired of the clerk if his sister-in-law had come down yet. The clerk replied in the affirmative and “Some time ago,” he said, and handed him a note.

John tore it open and read:

“Dear John:

“I am sorry not to see you again, but one has to be up and off early if one is to earn a return on one’s investment. I shall write you from my next stop.

“Yours truly,

“Kathleen.”

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES.

Continued from page 50

others’ voices to the inspiring strains of the strings.

The six with spirit made the strings hum. Every one knows the popularity of the Stringed Sextet, into which they had reorganized. They made several appearances in Chapel, received hearty applause at the ensemble concert, and made trips to Pacific City and Algona. The two dormitories no doubt still remember the serenading given them. The Six Strings were a little less stringy after enjoying an endless amount of apples and cake.

The Sextet thought it was about time for more refreshments, so in the bonny month of May a last serenade closed, for the year, the brilliant career of the Stringed Sextet of C. P. S.

Andy: “Lend me a pair of sox, Russell; mine are all dirty.”

Russell: “How high are your shoes?”
Make Your Appearance  
Show What You Are  

There's no time in the life of a young man or woman when his or her looks count for more than at Commencement time.

We seek the pleasure of helping all members of the C. P. S. student body to be properly appareled for this occasion.

We have suits for young men—and every small article that goes to perfect a man's outfit.

We have dresses, coats, and suits for the young women—and all the dear feminine fixings that mean so much to the young women.

Prices for wearables for both sexes are pleasingly low here—and we ask that those who have followed our announcements thru the year will kindly mention this one when in the store—whether shopping or not.

TACOMA'S MOST RAPIDLY GROWING  
DEPARTMENT STORE.

"THE STORE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY"

McCormack Bros. Inc.  
TACOMA  
Broadway and 13th Street
A Gentleman Redeemed
(Continued from Page 15.)

have done the same thing as I?
Honor and name were both taken
from me. Bah!"

"I know some ting," replied the
operator, "dat dey wouldn't be
so happy down dere if dey knew
vot I do."

Lattesley got the meaning; he
knew it would come sooner or lat-
er. Those countries needed help.
France and England could not do
all. War was declared!

His head cleared in a moment,
he straightened up as if touched by
magic, and leaped forward, but
the operator met him.

"Vel, tank fortune you do luf
your country, after all. I luf you
better for dat, but I haf work to
do, so I guess I had better lock
you up." A gun was held at Latt-
esley's head and he obeyed.

The closet was cold and dank,
for it was used as a storage room.
Escape was impossible, for there
was only a small hole in the wall
for ventilation. After rummaging
around a bit he discovered an elec-
tric light, much to his relief. He
must do something and do it quick-
ly. For wasn't the operator in
there now trying to get the next
station to send a boat to prevent
the little cruiser from leaving port!
Here he was in the closet, with only
a small opening for air.

An idea struck him. Grabbing
a box, he climbed upon it and
with the light in one hand and with
the aid of the other he began sig-
naling to the little cruiser thru the
opening.

On the Joyce was a guard, walk-
ing back and forth. At last he
noticed the light moving and called
for the aid of others. The signal-
Our Government has not attempted to change the laws of nature which demand that we eat a certain amount of sweets. ORIOLE CANDIES are the very best to be had in the line of sweets.

A box of them as a COMMENCEMENT PRESENT or as a present to a college friend, will leave a sweet taste in the mouth, a kind remembrance in the mind, and a fondness in the heart that may grow fonder with the absence of the vacation.

**Oriole Candies**

ARE MADE FRESH DAILY IN A SANITARY FACTORY IN TACOMA

AND ARE SOLD BY THE BEST DEALERS.

INSIST ON ORIOLE---THE BEST

WE GIVE THRIFT STAMPS IN EXCHANGE FOR CASH SALE SLIPS.

**Bitney & Son, Grocers**

WE SELL ORIOLE CANDIES

SOUTH EIGHTH AND SPRAGUE MAIN 735

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
For a First-class Shave or Haircut

**B. & B. Barber Shop**
Between K and J on 11th Street.
The shop with the green front.

---

**M. E. FORD**
President

**G. M. HARVEY**
Secretary-Treasurer.

**West Side Grocery Co.**
Incorporated

**GROCERS**

Phone Main 702.  2802-4 6th Ave.

---

**Yansen's Confectionery**
Chocolates
Lunches, Light Groceries and Stationery.
SIXTH AND FIFE.

---

**A. A. HINZ**
FLORIST and DECORATOR
Corner of K and So. 7th Streets.
Phone Main 2655.

---

A man read the message slowly as it came:

"They—are—sending—your—location—but—no—answer—yet.
When—you—get—the—sign—r-e-a-d-y, fire! Lattesley."

A few moments passed, then came the signal, "R-e-a-d-y!" from the cliff.

As if a year had passed, then came a roll as if of thunder, which resounded throughout the neighboring regions. Then all was quiet on the cliff again; but no towers were to be seen, nothing but the black, smoldering ruins.

* * *

Some day, when implements of war are not used and all is quiet and peaceful, perhaps men will bring their sons to this lone spot on the cliff and learn how a gentleman at last redeemed himself.

---

**ATHLETICS**

Continued from page 55

Myers coming in second, and Henrietta Taylor, third.

Ruth Swanson won the headstand, Henrietta Taylor coming in second.

For the best individual stunt, Madeline Myers (Philo) was the winner, with Marian Myers, second, and Henrietta Taylor, third. Madeline Myers also won the basketball throw for distance, Charline Tuell taking second place, and Eva Mae Leonard, third.

In the final relay race, 30 yards and return, with five on a team, the Philos won. The Philo team was composed of: Marian Myers, Ruth Swanson, Thelma Hastings, Vera Sinclair, and Madeline Myers. The Thetas were: Alice Baker, Charline Tuell, Winifred Wayne, Irene Doran, and Olive Martin.
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.

STANLEY BELL PRINTING COMPANY
1138 COMMERCE ST., TACOMA, WASH.
The Amphictyons were: Mabel Wilbert, Sophia Schultz, Pansy Hendricks, Ida Hawkinson, and Henrietta Taylor.

Madeline Myers was high point winner, with 11 to her credit. Henrietta Taylor was second with 10, and Marian Myers was third with 9.

Before this issue of The Trail is in the hands of the students, the inter-society basket-ball series will have been played, and swimming meet winners will be known. The Philo girls expect to win the basket-ball championship, and the Theta swimmers see an easy victory in the aquatic events.

The girls in the normal school calisthenics class have been busy learning the "setting-up" exercises used in the army. In addition to this, the "teachers" know the semaphore signaling system, and they also feel competent to teach the games that grammar-school children like. It is the hope of the coach to make every "school-marm" capable of taking care of the athletics of any body of students.

Owing to the fact that the Stadium tank has been closed most of this semester, the swimmers have had little opportunity to further their aquatic training. About ten girls have learned to swim, and all who have been in the tank three times have learned to float.

Teacher (in Physiology): "Where is the heart?"

Student (with a thoughtful frown on her forehead): "The book said, 'Mostly on the left side,' and I have been wondering ever since where it is the rest of the time."
We wish to thank the students and faculty of the College of Puget Sound for their patronage during the past year.

We wish you a successful conclusion of the year's work and a most pleasant and profitable vacation.

Our line of Hardware remains complete, and men intending to enter the trades at the close of school will find the necessary tools here, and at the right price.

F. C. Jonas & Son

MAIN 2899. 2503 SIXTH AVE.

Graduation Footwear of All Kinds and Styles that will please; also Beautiful Footwear to take with you to your homes—and all at RIGHT PRICES.

QUALITY STAMPED IN EVERY PAIR.

McDonald Shoe Company

943 Broadway  TWO STORES  1301 Pacific Ave.

MAKE ARRANGEMENTS NOW

For the payment of Liberty Loan or Life Insurance premiums by depositing in the Savings Department of the Puget Sound Bank & Trust Company

1115 Pacific Avenue.
THE TRAIL STAFF.
Continued from page 47

The Trail has endeavored to be during the past year "An expression of the physical, mental, and spiritual activities" of the College. It has endeavored to live up to Dr. Foster’s definition of The Trail: “The best booster the College has.” May it ever endeavor to attain to these ideals.

FIDELITY TRUST BANK
Oldest Trust Company Bank in the 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 and Cashier
EARL H. ROBBINS ............ Assistant Cashier
DUDLEY HARDY ................ Assistant Cashier
TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

YOU WILL FIND
SNAPPY YOUNG MEN’S CLOTHING
at BELL’S; also a full line of Shirts, Neckwear, Silk Hose, etc.
JUST THE THINGS TO WEAR FOR COMMENCEMENT.

Bell's
PACIFIC AVENUE AT ELEVENTH STREET.
Photo Engravers
Designers and
Illustrators

Specialists on
School and
Periodical
Illustrating

721 Commerce Street    Phone Main 276
STUDENT OFFICERS.
Continued from page 45

duced, to which the various phases of college activities might be referred for consideration in detail, and then acted on by the Central Board as a whole.

In addition to the Associated Student officers, the members of the Central Board are: Mabel Amende, Y. W. C. A. president; representative of the Senior Class, Elizabeth Shackleford; Junior Class, Ruth Vigus; Sophomore Class, Esther Temple; Freshmen Class, Everett Buckley, and Dean Marsh, Prof. Morton and Prof. McGandy, who act as advisors only.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.
Continued from page 69

held, resulting in the organization of a Bible study class at the men's hall. No mission study class was organized, as a splendid course was offered by the Student Volunteer Band.

Probably the most prominent work accomplished this year was the raising of the Student War Fund. C. P. S. did more than her share.

---

Tennis and Baseball Season is Here
WE HAVE THE EQUIPMENT

THE HOME OF SPALDING'S ATHLETIC GOODS

FRED EDWARDS & BROS.
Established 1888.

FURS AND SPORTING GOODS
PHONE MAIN 4584 923 BROADWAY

Many New Gift Suggestions.
2511 Sixth Avenue.

MRS. F. HEITMAN

Royal Ice Cream

The Best of Bakers' Goods, Ice Cream, Cold Drinks served in the "ROYAL" way; and our New Feature of Fresh Candies made in our own shop daily.

2901 SIXTH AVENUE MAIN 2187
the others had been, but he was awful noisy at times, especially when he was asleep. Later Mac and Duke moved in. They were older and more quiet, so we didn’t mind them much.

I’ve kept tab on the number of times the fellows go out and how late they stay away. Cook has the best record for going out. They tell me that he went home, though, so that’s all right. Curtis is the high man on lateness, but he’s a Junior, so I guess he can take care of himself. Oh, yes, I’ve kept tab on the phone, too. Burk has the record there, both for frequency and time. Many a time I’ve heard him call up the County Hospital. As far back as I can remember the first noise in the morning was when Clay bumped down the stairs. I was always afraid he’d go through without opening me, but he hasn’t yet. Nye and Kientz don’t bother me much. They usually go out the back way and ride away on two of the noisiest things ever created. How well I remember Andy, the greenest of them all, but he really turned out pretty well after all, and can keep as late hours as the rest of them. How well I remember the night the Indians swooped down on us, and then the night my pajama-clothed inmates ventured forth in quest of—what? And I could tell many more such happenings, only my interpreter can stay no longer lest the wrath of the inmates descend upon the head of—the youngest Sophomore.

---

**SHAW-SOLD KODAKS**
will suit you in Price, Quality, and Service.

**SHAW KODAK FINISHING**
IS ALL THAT YOU CAN DESIRE—
THE BEST TO BE HAD.

**SHAW SUPPLY CO., Inc.**
1015 PACIFIC AVENUE.

---

As a little remembrance for the acquaintances of school days---your Photograph.

**ORDER NOW**

*Peterson’s Studio*
903 TACOMA AVENUE.
College Confectionery
602 Sprague Avenue.

E. T. Bates & Co.
Tacoma's Largest and Leading Clothiers
$20.00 to $45.00
Two Stores 11th and Commerce
Where the Cable Stops.

H. D. BAKER & CO.
TACOMA, WASH.
Office Requirements and Specialties. Adding Machines and Roll Paper.
Circular Letters of All Kinds Printed. Typewriters—All Makes.
Watchman's Clocks and Supplies. Carbon Paper for All Requirements.
Repairing of All Kinds of Machines.

PHONE MAIN 962. 1007 A STREET
ENGRAVED CARDS
We solicit your orders for VISITING CARDS.
First-Class Engraving.
Finest Stock.
GRADUATION RECORD BOOKS
CONGRATULATION CARDS
GIFT BOOKS
We have the Largest and Best Stock in the city. Make your selection early.

P. K. PIRRET & CO.
910 BROADWAY.

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

ARROW SHIRTS
will be worn almost exclusively by exacting College Men this year.
Many late styles for COMENCEMENT are here for you.
You'll probably need new Neckwear for this occasion, also.
Men's Accessories of Every Description.

Gaudette & Mathews
256 So. 11th. Warburton Bldg.

PROSPECT MARKET
FRESH AND SALT MEATS
Fish a Specialty.
GOOD QUALITY MEATS.
Phone Main 338. 2604 Sixth Ave.

OVER THERE

HEARD IN THE GIRLS' GYM.
Act I. Coach shows girl athletes how to break "Jack-the-Hugger" holds.
Act II. Coach tells the girls to work in pairs and practice getting and breaking the hugging holds. He warns them to act naturally.
Act III. Edith Rummel and Olive Martin melt into each other's arms, neither trying to break the other's hold.
Act IV. Edith's and Olive's faces make more atmospheric disturbance than a red barn burning on a dark, foggy night, when the crowd discovers the act and howls loudly.

After the game is over,
After the coast is clear,
Do straighten out my shoulder,
And help me find my ear.

The coach requests that a policeman act as referee when Madeline Myers, Florence Todd, Ruth Swan-son and Eva Mae Leonard play basketball.
Silent Sentinels

Always guarding the home—the Sperry trademark on

SPERRY'S QUALITY FLOUR AND CEREALS.

It is your protection—now more than ever—when dependable quality-foods should be used IN EVERY HOME.

SPERRY FLOUR CO.

STEINWAY and OTHER GOOD PANOS  PIANOLA PIANOS

Sherman, Clay & Co.

928-930 BROADWAY
Telephone Main 995
TACOMA

VICTROLAS AND RECORDS  PLAYER MUSIC
me for a honeymoon cottage. I was very lonesome for a while, but soon became acquainted with my new mistress and her husband and the life around the Pool table was as happy as ever.

I heard a conversation carried on one evening by Dr. Todd, Mrs. Pool (whom they now called their "house mother"), and the girls. I learned several interesting facts; one was that I was no longer a dormitory, but an Indian lodge housing a club of Indian maidens who called themselves the Sacajaweans. Someway I didn't feel any different, and the girls didn't look any different, except that they had become "Americanized" and had donned their tribal costume.

Next came one sham wedding and another honest-to-real one, with rice and all.

Then the advent of the circus. My dining room was turned into a sawdust ring and side-show grounds, and the audience of little boys and girls came and watched the animals, ate ice cream and peanuts, and drank lemonade to their hearts' content.

All was quiet for a couple of weeks; then the boys from the Den, with several of their friends, invaded my precincts, labeling me as a "Matrimonial Bureau," and decorating my interior with other disfiguring signs. The girls entertained the intruders with fudge, fly-paper, and music, until the lights winked a good night.

There are plans now being made for an "at home," whatever that may be. I suppose, from what I have heard, that I am to be opened for the inspection and entertainment of the friends of the College. I am sure I will enjoy it, as it will be the grand finale and will, without doubt, be interesting.

This indeed has been a pleasant year.

Well, the lights are not shining from my windows any more, and silence reigns within my walls, so it must be time for me to check my wandering thots and sleep also.

When you want Calling Cards, Wedding Stationery, Party or Dance Programs, or Business or Personal Stationery of the better sort, see us. Special Prices to Students.

ALLSTRUM PRINTING COMPANY
"PRINTING THAT TALKS"
Phone Main 6768 729 Commerce Street, Tacoma

STANDARD HOUSE FURNISHING COMPANY
927-929 BROADWAY
COMPLETE HOME AND OFFICE FURNISHERS
Extensive Stocks, Moderate Prices, Liberal Terms, is the triple force that makes buying here pleasurable and satisfactory.
AN APPRECIATION

The Trail Staff and the College of Puget Sound wish to thank most heartily our Advertisers, who have contributed largely to the success of The Trail during the past year.

We appreciate your patronage and wish you even greater success in the year to come than has been yours in the past.

PIES OF ALL KINDS
CAKES THE BEST

JONES' BAKERY
2511 Sixth Avenue. Phone Main 1646
BREAD
COOKIES AND DOUGHNUTS

Engraving
COMMENCEMENT CARDS
AND BOOKLETS
COLE-MARTIN CO.
926 PACIFIC AVENUE
PHONE MAIN 811

Knox's
HEADQUARTERS
for Ice Cream, Candies and Luncheons.
952 Pacific Avenue.
Prof. Reynolds: "Some boys are very fond of the story of Daniel Boone."

Miss Taylor: "I was."

The mystery of Prof. Reynolds' age was nearly solved the other day, when he spoke of the time when he saw the first President of the United States.

A new malady has been discovered in French 4: Miss Barlow has "information on the brain" (inflammation).

Burke: "Where are you going tonight; going dear hunting?"

Young: "No, I don't have to; I've got a pet dear."

Miss Marian is as thin as the dickens,
And right here the mystery quickens,
She eats lots of pie,
And she makes the soup fly;
She's thin and will be till she quickens.

Annie Peterson to the coach, who was explaining a game: "Can I put my arms around you like that?"

(The coach blushed and the class tittered.)

Vera Sinclair and Thelma Hastings, the only real Japanese sunrises we have, are taking boxing lessons. They expect to take the Swedes by storm some day and then go after Jess Willard.

A fat soldier stood looking at the ruins of a one time village.
"Gosh," he remarked, "I'm glad my wife ain't here, she'd make me clean all this up."
Your Underwear IS HERE

Nainsook Athletic Underwear is being worn more and more each year, and when all is said and done, they are the ideal garments to wear from now to next November, and they cost you $1.00 and $1.50 a suit, at

Dickson Bros. Co.
1120-1122 PACIFIC AVENUE.

T. L. WRIGHT, Pres. M. A. WRIGHT, Sec.-Treas.

E. A. REDDISH & CO.
(Incorporated)

PAINTING KALSOMINING
PAPER HANGING DECORATING

PHONE MAIN 8733 2006 SIXTH AVENUE
Index to Advertisers

Allstrum Printing Co. ...................... 100
Baker, H. D. & Co. ......................... 97
Bates, E. T. & Co. ......................... 97
B. & B. Barber Shop ....................... 88
Bell Grocery ................................. 82
Bell's Clothing Store ...................... 92
Bitney & Son ................................ 87
Book Exchange, The ....................... 84
Burnside Hat Shop ......................... 82
Bushnell Studio ............................. 95
California Florists ....................... 86
Caswell Optical Co. ....................... 78
Central Lunch ................................ 80
Chocolate Shop .............................. 78
Coffman, James T. ......................... 76
Cole-Martin Co. ............................. 101
Conrad, A. B. ................................ 90
College Confectionery ..................... 92
Cook Trunk Co. .............................. 76
Cut Rate Cleaners ........................... 86
C. & G. Boot Shop ......................... 90
Dege-Mason Co. ............................. 83
Dickson Bros. ............................... 103
Drury ........................................... 81
Fidelity Trust Co. ......................... 92
Fred Edwards & Bros. ..................... 94
Gaudette & Mathews ....................... 98
Hart, Frank C. ............................... 74
Harrison Clark .............................. 77
Hayden-Watson Co. ....................... 76
Hedberg Bros. ............................... 87
Heitman, Mrs. F. ............................ 94
Hicks Drug Co. ............................. 82
Hinz, A. A. .................................. 88
Hopper-Kelly Co. .......................... 102
Hoyt, The Donut King ...................... 84
J. F. Visell Co. ............................ 80
Jonas, F. C. & Son ......................... 91
Jones' Bakery ............................... 101
Knox's Cafe .................................. 101
Kraemer's Bakery ......................... 86
Manike, H. W. ............................... 102
Malstrom's Drug Store ................. 102
Miller Mfg. Co. ............................ 88
Mc Cormack Bros. ......................... 85
McDonald Shoe Co. ....................... 91
Muehlenbruch, C. T. Co. ................ 84
Olympic Ice Cream Co. ................. 83
Oriole Candies ............................. 87
Paulson, B. .................................. 90
Peterson Bros. .............................. 86
Peterson's Studio .......................... 96
Pioneer Bindery & Printing Co. ....... 97
Pirret, P. K. & Co. ....................... 98
Prospect Market ........................... 98
Puget Sound Bank & Trust Co. ....... 91
Puget Sound Flouring Mills Co. ....... 89
Quality Press ................................ 79
Red Cross Drug Co. ...................... 74
Reddish & Co. .............................. 103
Rhodes Bros. ............................... Back Cover
Royal Ice Cream Co. ..................... 94
Rowell, C. W. ............................... 90
Shaw Supply Co. ......................... 96
Sherman-Clay Co. ......................... 99
Smith Floral Co. ........................... 78
Smith & Gregory ........................... 74
Sperry Flour Co. ........................... 99
Standard Steam Laundry .................. 80
Stevenson, O. M. ......................... 98
Sunset Theater ............................. 83
Standard House Furnishing Co. ....... 100
Stanley Bell Printing Co. ............. 89
Stone-Fisher Co. .................................... Inside Back Cover
Sunrise Bakery ............................. 82
Tacoma Taxicab & Baggage Transfer Co. 74
Tacoma Engraving Co. ................... 93
Tacoma Toast & Hardtack Co. ........... 81
Thomas, C. L. ............................... 78
Thomas, E. A. ............................... 80
T. R. & P. Co. ............................... 75
Virges Drug Store ....................... 76
Walters Bros., Jewelers .................. 84
Washington Dye Works ................... 76
Washington Tool & Hardware Co. ..... 81
West Side Grocery ....................... 88
Yansen's Confectionery .................. 88
The Trifles of Good Dressing

—Dressing well is made up of trifles, but the art of good dressing is no trifle—to paraphrase an old adage.
—This store is filled with little things that, well chosen, go far in making the well-balanced toilet.

NEW NECKWEAR

—Hundreds of dainty new little conceits just received—lovely dress sets, smart tailored waistcoats, sheer bits of fluffing for the neck. Priced 50¢ to $3.50.

NEW BIJOUTERIES

—Beautiful but inexpensive bits of Jewelry that add a touch of elegance to the costume.
—Sterling Silver Brooches, Dinner Rings and Earrings in many designs.
—Pearl Necklaces in all lengths, from $1.00 to $10.00.
—Coat Chains in a multitude of colors and designs, $1.50 to $7.50.

KID AND SILK GLOVES

—This is the “KAYSER SILK GLOVE” Store. Every style and good color, from, pair, 60¢ to $1.50.
—Bacmo Washable Kid Gloves, in all colors, pair, $2.50.

OXFORDS AND PUMPS

—This is to be a low shoe season and a number of very smart styles are shown, in gray, brown, and black kid and white canvas, with Louis XV and low heels, pair, $3.50 to $7.00.
Three New Models In Young Men’s Clothes

That are in especial favor with men of youthful tastes—

“The Military,”
“The Review,”
“The Byng”

Models developed on lines the names would indicate. Military effects dominant. Styles that are exceptionally smart and well tailored in every particular. A wide choice of patterns and colorings that spring fashions most favor. Fabrics that are durable and will stand up and hold their shape the season thru.

Clothes for young men that have been selected with a knowledge of young men’s tastes based on long experience. Every suit from the hands of makers of high repute and sold with our guarantee of satisfactory service.

More than a dozen new models for spring that are designed to please the tastes of young men. All the newest weaves and colorings in the best patterns. New clothes for spring of evident style and quality, and certainty of fit and service.

Rhodes College Clothes Priced $15 to $25.
Rhodes Standard Clothes Priced $15 to $35.

Broadway Floor.

Rhodes Brothers
In Every Detail Tacoma’s Leading Retail Establishment