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The Puget Sound Trail

T	R	I.F.	OF	CON	TEN	TS
1 2						

	Page
The Lady of the Willows	5
Leaders of Men	
The Elf and the Student	
The Youngest Thing Alive	
Sacajawea—Sonnet	
Local Color	
Society Notes	14
Letter from the Front	15
C. P. S. at the Front	15
Exchange	16
Editorials	17
Science Club	18
Debate and Oratory	20
Musical Activities	21
Societies	25
Class Notes	28
Sacajawea	29
Sophomore Notes	30
Y. M. C. A	32
Alumni Notes	34
Den Notes	34
Index to Advertisements	40



The Puget Sound Trail

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VOL. VII.

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The Lady of the Willows

Kathrena Votaw.

Dorothy June and her friend, Minnie, from the back alley, were making mud pies of the soft earth behind the garage. Dorothy June stirred energetically the chocolate cake batter while Minnie deftly patted out small gingerbread cookies and put them in the sun to dry with all the pleasure that a famous chef takes in turning out products for the stomachs of the royalty.

To Dorothy June earth and water cookery was a stolen joy, for even now as she joyfully beat the black mixture, her conscience was telling her that she had been forbidden to play with Minnie.

This sinful recollection made her stir more vigorously; so vigorously in fact, that half the contents of the mixing bowl, a tobacco can that Minnie had provided, slopped over on the white stiffly starched skirt in which her nurse had arrayed her only an hour ago with the injunction, "Now don't let me hear of you dabbling with that Minnie Scrubbins in any mess o' mud."

Scared by the accident, her chubby fingers left hold of the bowl and the remainder of the future delicious cake oozed slowly down in many streams over her white skirt and stockings.

Minnie, knowing well the punishment that would have befallen her, had she been the victim of the accident, became deeply sympathetic.

"Go and sit in the sun," she advised, "till the mud dries and then maybe it'll brush off and then it'll look as if you got your skirt dirty just natcherally."

Dorothy June, a victim of similar accidents before, rose up, scraped away the thickest of the imaginary

sweet sediment and started for the house. She feared not at all the consequences, which would be the customary, set s c o l d i n g of the nurse, a speech delivered on all occasions and for all misdemeanors.

As she came around the corner of the house she saw the maid, the nurse and the cook on the side porch in a gossip gathering.

But what she overheard made her stop and slip quietly under

the porch.

"I always that her father was not such a fool to be trapped by a pretty face, but when I seen all that palaver of their engagement and her picture that came out so big in yesterday's sassiety column, I just that to meself, thinks I, 'Old ganders has not more sense than the young ones and there's no man alive immune against a pretty face.' As I sezs to O'Collin, the policeman, when he axed me fer me hand, I sez to him, 'Love's like the rheumatiz, the older you git, the worse it hurts you'." rumbled on the cook, "you needn't think I'm plannin' on havin' any young thing, who glories in the fact that she's been smart enough to catch a man with money and a big house, come pokin' around my kitchen investigatin' the waste. Like as not she ain't got sense enough to interpret a cookbook straight.'

"I wonder how Dorothy June will love her stepmother?" giggled

the frivolous parlor maid.

"A stepmother would certainly be of some assistance to me," Dorothy June heard her nurse reply. The nurse was an overtired, retired school teacher. "If all the switches that I should have used that I didn't dare to use were planted, they'd make a thick hedge

around this house—thicker than the one around the castle of the Sleeping Beast," this last being not intelligible to the nurse and maid. "But," went on the nurse, in her monotonous, sarcastic voice, "do you think that I would dare to cause to suffer the "poor, dear child whose mother is in heaven? That motherless stuff has been a whipping-proof armour for Dorothy June.

"What's a stepmother?" abruptly asked Dorothy June as she crawled out from under the porch, thereby breaking up the discussion on the deceitful actions and cruel practices of a stepmother.

"It's a person that would be a benefactor in disguise to you," answered the nurse, gazing at Dorothy June's sadly spattered exterior. "If you had one now, this would be the end of your mud pie dabbling."

The next day when Minnie suggested that they make mud pies, Dorothy June promptly refused.

"Minnie, do you know what a stepmother is?" asked Dorothy June.

Minnie's pale, too-old face lit up with the pride of superior in-

telligence.

"They're awful mean women that marry your father, and they're your mother that's not your mother. They don't care anything for you except to be cruel to you. They whip you always when you're bad and even when you ain't done nothin' at all, if they happen to be feelin' mean.

"And the way they whip, is they take a big black whip and make great red rings round your body where the blood leaks thru. And they put you in dark closets with ghosts and they make you go to bed in the day time with your nightie on an' lots of times they don't give you anything to eat and never 'low you any candy nor good things, either.

"It's all true, too," undisputedly finished Minnie, "for Sarah Simpson that lives down our alley had a stepmother and a policeman came and arrested the thing for bein'

so mean."

As Dorothy June listened to this horrible explanation of a step-mother a paralyzing fear went thru her. She realized now that this was the predestined punishment for her former sins about which the man had talked so loudly to the Sunday school yesterday.

A stepmother seemed to her like one of those big dragons nurse read about in story books. These dragons killed innocent people, crushing and torturing the victim to death. Was there no way to

avoid a stepmother?

Then a comforting thot crept over her that almost drove away the fear. Minnie had said they weren't your stepmother until they married your father. She would warn her father to be very careful and not let himself be married to the stepmother. She knew that father, who loved her very much and who gave her anything she asked, would never let any one come into the home to make her unhappy. She would see him right away.

She traced him by the odor of his pipe to the summer porch. The soft, silent twilight was closing in and fragrant, spicy smells were arising from the garden below. Daddy awoke from his twilight dream of a sweet womanly face to find an appealing childish face pressed close to his own.

"Daddy," pleaded Dorothy June as she administered a choking hug, "please don't let a stepmother catch you! Oh, please be careful and don't let such a horrible thing to come into this house.

"Minnie says if the stepmother does get you-and cook says she's certain to do it, she's so crazy bout your pile of money-Oh, Daddy, where do you keep your pile of dollars? Will you let me see it? Once I had fourteen pennies and that made a big pileonly pennies isn't dollars. Minnie says that when she marries you, she gets me, too, and then she'll whip me so much all day long when I haven't done anything at all-till I'm all red and white and blue just like the flag with red streaks around my body where the blood comes thru and then white streaks where there is no And she says the stepmother'll starve me so that my bones will stick out thru my skin like the pictures of the heathen the missionary lady showed us last Sunday, only I'll have a dress on and no body'll know my bones Then when she wants to are out. kill me she'll shut me up in a closet to be eat by a ghost.'

As Daddy listened to this tale of atrocities, his face grew humorous and then that kind "pity" look came into his face that was always there when Dorothy June was very

sick once with the croup.

"Listen," and Daddy's voice was tenderly stern, yet so soothing, "I should have explained to you first all about the new mother you are to have and prevented you from getting such wrong impressions from gossiping servants and that overly knowing Minnie. Now, let me tell you about this lovely lady

that will take the place of your dear mother."

But Dorothy June refused to listen. First impressions are the strongest, according to professors of psychology, and nothing that her father could say about the virtues, innumerable of the future mistress of the home could reassure the child. Not even the lovely description of the future mother, who would love Dorothy as her own little girl and be as kind to her as her own mother, was able to banish the first horrible characteriza-She only knew her father. not only intended, but was glad to have a new lady in the home.

The sick, scared feeling came back again and Dorothy tossed that night in her little white bed, dreaming of stepmother dragons coiled

tight around her.

In the morning she philosophically set forth to fight the appearance of the dragon in her home. But how could she do it? She remembered that Daddy had said last night in his talk that he "needed some one to manage the servants and to train Dorothy June up to be a nice lady."

If Dorothy June herself could accomplish these results there would be no need of a stepmother. She would train herself and the household would be run on a

model plan of management.

To be good herself was comparatively easy, especially since Minnie had moved away and along with her went the temptation for mud culinary. She further resolved never to disobey nurse in any way; to submit without the usual accompanying tantrum to the many washings and bathings and combing of hair and putting on of stiffly-starched white clothes, which

operations seemed ever endless. Also she would march boldly to bed at the usual time, be the room ever so dark and the host of scarey things ever so numerous.

The management of the maids was more difficult but when one's happiness is at stake one could do anything. Also had she not often heard her aunt order her servants about and remembered many of the orders?

She would begin on the extravagance of the cook first. But when she ordered the cook to save the chocolate cake left from dinner, the cake which the cook had planned to serve to her policeman friend that evening, when she ordered the cook to save the cake and, remembering her aunt's usual phrase, to serve it up in a hash for luncheon tomorrow, she received only a glare from the cook. The next day, observing the cook trimming a pie, Dorothy June instructed the cook to save the trimmings of the pie for soup tomor-This usurped authority was too much for the cook and Dorothy June was requested to depart from and never re-enter the domains of the queen of the kitchen again.

The parlor maid only giggled when Dorothy June requested her politely "to sweep and dust thoroly every room in the house before engaging in a lengthy conversation

over the telephone.'

"You do say some cute things, sometimes," said the maid, and resumed her conversation over the phone with her latest "soldier friend."

Dorothy June realized that her attempt at reformation of the

(Continued on Page 23.)

Leaders of Men

Ruth E. Swanson.

They say from the chapel pulpit
That we are the chosen few

Who must lead this old world in the path it should go,

And direct what the masses shall do.

Yet pause, O complacent student, Before you accept this bland view;

Perchance the man with the dinner

Might know as much as you.

For you might be steeped in the classics

And fluent in Latin and Greek, And yet have nothing worth while to say In the language the masses speak.

You might learn in the pages of history

All that man has contrived to do:

Yet if you know not the needs of the present,

Whenin doth it profit you?

'Tis the man that sees the problem at hand,

And solves it, where others fail, Who is a leader of men, be he Ph. D.,

Or the man with the dinner pail.

The Elf and the Student

J. H. Geoghegan.

THE Student was stumped, yes absolutely up a tree. He had been writing examinations all day long until his thinking machinery was almost completely worn out, but his work was not yet finished. There before his eyes was the mandate, written out and left by his cruel English stepmother, which ordered him to write out an example of "Impressionistic description."

Just as he felt himself about to touch the very bottom of the depths of despair, he fancied he heard a light laughing voice calling, "Hey, look up here."

Obeying, he raised his eyes and what he saw almost caused him to drop his pen. What had always before been to him a raven black curl lying modestly on the back of a certain young lady's neck, had

become a lively impish elf, who frisked about, laughed aloud, stood upon his head and winked his eyes alternately, very roguishly.

After the Student had watched him for a few moments the elf spoke to him. "Hello," he said, "what in the world makes you look so glum?"

Then the Student told him of his troubles and the elf laughed again and standing upon his head he ventured:

"Why not write about me?"

Encouraged the Student turned to his task and all the while he could hear the elf chuckling; but when he had finished and looked up to thank his impish benefactor, he discovered to his great sorrow, that the elf had again become a raven black curl, lying modestly on the back of a certain young lady's neck.

The Youngest Thing Alive

Hertilla Barlow.

As she settled back against the cushions for a more luxurious enjoyment of the last stretch before landing, Kathryn gave a contented little sigh. Every one else had gone back to the hotel to dress but they had lingered, and each knew why. The very rising and falling of the oars as manipulated by Torrence were soothing as a lullabye. Kathryn noticed along with the ripple of the waves on the lake, the ripple of the muscles as they played along the bare forearm of her companion, she also noticed the easy grace of the tall figure. His very strength was a charm to her, who had been engaged in dealing with people weaker than herself. He was so completely a man.

When she had first met him she had wished to have a son like him. not that she would have exchanged her Peggy for ten such as he was. She and Peggy had been all to each other, but nothing can make up to the normal woman for the loss of male companionship. often wondered what would have held for her if her husband had lived. He had died when he was no older than this man with her. He glimmered as a dear fond memory of long ago. As these thots were passing thru her mind she that of Peggy, and tenderness. with much In earlier days of their friendship Torrence had asked her what her daughter was like and she had replied, "A Wild Rose." "And you are like one of these," he said pointing to the roses' long stemmed and thornless, at her waist,

blushed as a girl at the pretty compliment. It had been such as long time since any one had made such speeches to her. It was, however, only repeated what he had said when he first brot her roses when asked how he knew they were her favorite flowers. "Why shouldn't I, when they are just like you?"

He brot them to her daily now and she had ceased the arguing with herself, arguing which the dignity of her years promoted and accepted them with the same pretty grace as she did his pretty speeches. When at forty, a fine looking young man prefers you to his youthful friends, it would be a strong-hearted woman who would not be flattered. Kathryn was, and she took a sort of the childlike delight in having him look after her, make her happy and take such a personal interest in her. Peggy was very frequently the subject of their conversation and on one occasion when she expressed a regret that Peggy could not be with them to share the good time, Torrence had looked at her, leaning on his oars, saucy yet caressing and had said, "Don't you think we can get along quite well without Peggy?" This awoke her to the realization that she was getting along, not merely without Peggy, but without the things which had made up the previous years of her life.

In her widowhood first Kathryn turned to the settlement work as a means of livelihood, later it had become a part of her life. It had clung to her in her lonely days when Peggy was at college and made her forget herself and think only of her work and Peggy till the physician played an important part and insisted upon absolute rest and quiet. At first she was dismayed and that it unseemly and selfish for her to be idle and spending so much money on herself. However, Peggy settled the matter by taking things in her hand. She laid all the plans, selected the place, bot proper things, she insisted upon pretty gowns, packed her off. Peggy herself had gone to spend a vacation with some college friends not far off, to have the "time of her life," and left her mother to do "nothing." diligently.

Looking back it was wonderful to see how she had succeeded and how much enjoyment she had gotten out of doing it. True, the first few days had been shadowed by settlement thots but she soon grew away from this and found herself gradually taking more interest in herself. Then Torrence had stepped in and completed the whole cure. The tonic of a good healthy friendship works wonders. It was a different thing to get up in the morning feeling some one was taking an interest in your day and was lying in wait at the foot of the stairs with a plan for it; it was even a different thing to dress knowing some one took an interest in one's appearance. For the first time she found excuses for Peggy's extravagances in pretty gowns and began to don them, these Peggy chosen gowns, with a pleasure in looking pretty in them. She knew this because Torrence's eyes and lips told her, frankly.

It was odd, this resurrection of a personality, and she noticed it,

especially when she realized she was getting along so well without Peggy. By no stretch of imagination could she have conceived of her old self doing this. At about this point in her musings Torrence would lay the oars to rest and tell her of his life, his ancestors, his ambitions. Indeed they became such close companions that they reached the stage where there is no need of talk unless one chooses.

"You look," said Torrence now, with a twinkling of his eye, "young enough to be your own daughter tonight."

"I am forty years old." Kathryn never lost a chance to remind him of this.

"Forty is a pretty age," he returned unabashed.

He leaned lazily on the suspended oars. How long he was and what a clean, clear face he had. Just now he wore an engaging smile, a smile which always seemed to hold a caress in it; there was no woman of any age whose heart did not go out to that smile of Torrence's. It drew an answering one from Kathryn.

"What do you think of my hat?" she coyly said "Peggy picked it

"Very pretty; Peggy has good taste; she ought to go in for mil-

"No, I have higher ambitions for her; she has another year at college, and she is nothing but a child, after all."

Torrence knew he always touched a vital cord when he mentioned Peggy, for Kathryn would talk "Peggy" for hours, seeming never to get wearied of discussing her fine points.

"So this is really our last evening," Torrence ventured. Kath-

ryn drew the light wrap about her shoulders as if the chill of the lake had suddenly struck her.

"Of course, I understand you are anxious to see your daughter, but I think we two have had some good times together, don't you?"

Kathryn hesitated.

"Haven't we?" Torrence insisted, drawing closer to study her face.

"Very good, indeed, consider-

ing they were without her.'

"And I haven't spoiled them for you, my being here; you even liked it, even if I'm not Peggy, haven't you?" he added, coaxingly.

"Of course, I liked it; I should have been very lonely without

you," she replied, gravely.

Her companion drew a deep breath. "Well, I'll be content for the present."

No word was spoken till they got nearly to the veranda of the hotel; then Torrence asked, "Will you do me a favor, a great favor?"

"Why, what is it?"

"Meet me in a half hour, on the veranda."

"Why tonight; can't you wait

till tomorrow?"

"No, it is very important; I have something I must say to you to-night."

"Well, very well."

Kathryn hurried to her room, wondering why she had been so foolish as to promise such a thing and why she was so excited and in such a flurry, and why she was so careful of her toilet. At the appointed time she met a very troubled and disturbed looking Torrence.

"There's no time to waste and I'll just have to make a plunge. I've a confession to make."

"A confession?"

"Yes, about Peggy."

"What do you know about

Peggy?"

"She is coming here tonight, in fifteen minutes; that is why it couldn't be kept."

"How do you know this?"

"Why, Nancy told me; don't you see-"

"I think I am beginning to," returned Kathryn, icily.

"It's all my fault," Torrence started. "Peggy, you see, worships you; she that with your sickness and all it would be such a She that you might not think I was good enough for her, which, of course, I'm not. Oh, I can't remember what her dear silly reason was, but she that if you got to know me better you might tolerate me, so she arranged - we arranged - that I should come here and get acquainted. Besides, she really thot you ought to have some one to-to take care of you."

"Im much obliged," said Kathryn, still icily. "Go on, please."

"I can't; that is, there's nothing more to say. I've told you every blessed thing about me. You know what I am, what I have to offer, all about my family and my connections.

"I wasn't to say anything till Peggy came," he went on. "She wanted to surprise you, but, you see, I've got to know you quite well lately and—and I thot you would rather not be surprised. I couldn't let her come and treat her as a stranger. It didn't seem the thing to do."

"How long has this been going

on?

(Continued on Page 27.)

Sacajawea

Ginera Whitman.

Oh, Sacajawea, Indian maid of long ago,
A captive you were, but with heart brave and strong.
The explorers needed a guide by the rivers along,
And forth with the white men you ventured to go,
Out along the pathways of arrow and bow.
True to the Shoshones to whom you did belong,
You did follow the trail as the bird his song;
The strangers the great Northwest to show.
And for bravery were you rewarded?
Well we know the answer to this.
After five long years to your tribe reunited.
Could your Indian heart wish more bliss?
So may service ever be rewarded,
And your name and your deed history never miss.

Local Color

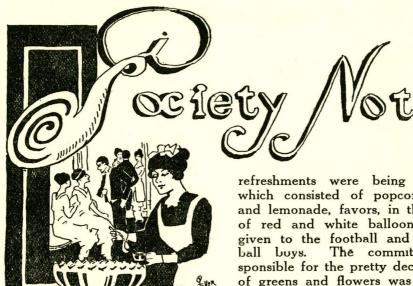
Marie Pedersen.

"Yes, I tell you, Mrs. Brown, this was a pretty wild neighborhood when we first moved out here. The white people were a poor outfit for the most part, an' the Injuns were that wild an' blood thirsty you didn't dast go outside at night without yer man along,—and even then it was mighty risky. You know that Cushman Injun school is so close that them savages would come bangin' around here all the time.

"But here the last couple o' years they've been gettin more civilized like, an' honest would you believe it, some of the white girls around here are actually goin with young Injuns from the school.

"That ain't the worst, either it's gone further than that! About a month ago, I see Gracie Richards off the Portland Avenue car, hangin' on to a big Injun's arm, an him a haulin' a couple of suit cases, an' a smilin' down at her to beat the band. I suspicioned somethin' right then, an' sure enuff in a couple o' days it leaked out that that Gracie had went an' married an Injun! I was that took back I couldn't believe my ears!

"I sez to Gracie the next time I saw her, that I was surprised the way she'd went an' done—an' then I felt it was my duty an' I sez 'Just think, Gracie, yer children are all liable to be little red babies!' And would you believe it, Mrs. Brown, that girl just stuck up her nose an' said, "Well, all the babies I ever saw yet, were little red babies at first, an' Bill an' I don't give a hang if ours stay red a while longer." Oh, Mrs. Brown, I don't know what the world's comin' to."



The girls of the student body showed their appreciation of the splendid work done by the football and basketball boys this year with a little informal party given in their honor on the evening of April 5th. Party dresses were banned for the evening and sport clothes were in order, which added to the informality and the fun.

Have you ever had any fond hopes of what your name might be if you were to have the choosing of one for yourself? This was the task set before the guests that night and the result was all stages from the sublime to the ridiculous. The company also engaged in a spelling match, not one of the oldfashioned kind, but a real new modern one, and great was the excitement therefrom. Later on in the evening the guests were entertained with a real moving picture show, featuring the heroes and heroines of the campus. While the

refreshments were being served, which consisted of popcorn balls and lemonade, favors, in the form of red and white balloons, were given to the football and basketball buys. The committee responsible for the pretty decorations of greens and flowers was Marian Myers and Vera Sinclair. Those comprising the other committees were: Refreshment, Mildred Pollom, Mabel Amende; entertainment, Edith Rummel, Olive Martin, Eunice Merritt, Gladys Moe.

Now that the sun occasionally peeps forth and a certain disease common to the spring is prevalent on our campus, various groups of students have taken pleasure in that sport indulged in by our very earliest ancestors, the hike.

On the evening of April 3rd the Philos hiked to Day Island, where a good lively time, a bonfire and eats were thoroughly enjoyed by all.

On Monday, April 8th, the Thetas pursued the haunts of Nature around Chamber's Creek. On this day the naughty weather man turned traitor and let a little moisture down, but things go by opposites, they say, and the girls were in livelier spirits, if possible,

(Continued on Page 18.)

A Letter from the Front

Base Hospital, Camp Lewis. Fellow Students:

The Editor of The Trail has asked me to send a letter of greetings to you and I am glad to have the privilege.

The war is on and has brot great changes to us. Still we are Fellow Students. Once a student always a student. Student life is the fortunate life. O. D. is an incident.

I am glad to say that the army life appeals to me good and strong, with an increasing fascination. There is only one other place that I would feel comfortable in. The

campus and halls of Puget Sound would look good indeed to me, when the liberties, we as a nation enjoy, are guaranteed to the world.

Here in the Base Hospital, I am learning not about sickness, but the opposite—good sound health. For the most part I am convinced that the difference between a sick and a well man is with the man himself.

The war and my answer to the question "Is it better to save life or destroy it?" is why I am here. With hearty good wishes I am, sincerely,

Private Lauren C. Sheffer, Ward 74, Base Hospital.

C. P. S. at the Front

Glenn Miller, member of the class of '18 and star forward on last year's basketball team, is now in the Medical Corps. He is stationed at Palo Alto, California.

Otto Schurle was the first one of our boys to be taken by the second call of the government.

Carl Curtis successfully passed the examination for the Aviation Corps. He does not expect to be called until June, at which time he will go to California for a six months' training school course. If he passes the examinations from this school he will receive a second lieutenant's commission and be a flyer.

Sidney Freeman and Francis Powell, who belonged to Troop B of Cavalry, are now changed to Military Police. They are mounted on bicycles "somewhere in France."

William Burton is now attending

the U. S. Naval Radial School at Cambridge, Mass.

L. V. Kenny, a former academy student here, is at the Aero construction barracks, Vancouver, Wash.

In a letter received from Norman Dews, he says he likes his work fine and would not trade with any one. He is at Seattle now with the Naval Militia. They have time for play as well as work, and have pool tables and bowling alleys. They have a good place for rowing and play lots of baseball. Also there is a good reading room and library at the station.

Ira Nickolson now has his base at Puzon, Panama. He is on the U. S. S. Marblehead.

Fultin Magill was home not long ago for a week's furlough. But he was here only one day when he received a telegram sending him to Honolulu.

A letter was received the past week from William Bowman. He is still at Camp Travis, Texas. The camp is a mobilization place for horses and mules. He says there are many real cowboys and Mexicans there. Bowman is in the supply warehouse. He says he likes the climate fine.

Wesley Todd, in a letter received from him recently, expressed his thanks and appreciation for The Trails sent him. Wes is at Fort Flagler now.

A letter was also received from Earl McAbee. He is still in the Base Hospital at Camp Kearney, Cal. McAbee said that he knew what kind of a country he was going to because it came to meet him thru the doors and windows before he got there. He is getting lots of fine experience in his work and can see the results of his work. He also expressed his appreciation for The Trails sent him.



We were swamped with exchanges at the first of the year, but they have been rather thinning out lately. Probably some of the publications are trying to Hooverize but we do not believe in cutting down expenses in this way as we have sent out the usual number of exchanges every month.

This issue the Exchange Editor will devote his time to our small exchanges as the tendency is to slight the small papers. And tho some lack in size and pages they make it up in subject matter.

The Blue Owl, Altlebare, Mass.

—A very neat little paper that comes a long way to tell us about its good things. It is an inspiration to see how much splendid material can be put in so small a book.

The Daleville Leader, Daleville College, Daleville, Va.—Our smallest exchange and in fact a rather small paper for a college to put out, but what they do have is very well done. On the whole, however, it is too dry and stiff.

The S. U. Conifer, Spokane University, Spokane, Wash. — You have certainly made a brilliant start for your first year and we are sure you will grow rapidly.

She: "I wish that the Lord had made me a man."

He: "He did, I'm the man."

Hopeful to her father: "Sir, I love your daughter so well that I would fain be beside her all the time."

Irate father: "Son you will be cider, if you don't leave before I get mad."

The Puget Sound Trail

Tacoma, Wash.

Published Monthly by ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF

COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND

Vol. VII.

APRIL

No. 7

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THE STAFF

Alice Baker _____ Editor-in-Chief
Harry Gardner ____ Business Manager
Paul Hanawalt ____ Associate Editor
Edith Rummel _____ Society Editor
Vera Sinclair _____ Literary Editor
Harold Young _____ Jokes
Henry Cramer ____ Business Editor
Burdette Busselle _____ Cartoonist

CONCERNING COLLEGE SONGS

You cannot get any movement to go until you get the people singing. This was true in the founding of Christianity. It was true in the Crusades; it was true in the Wesleyan Revival, and today we see the same truth recognized in the Songs of Socialism, of the Socialist movement and the Songs of Discontent (some of them good stuff, too), as published and sung by the "Wobblies."

College life offers no exception to this rule. If college life is going to go we must have college singing. Perhaps it is the lack of collective college singing in C. P. S. that is the cause of the apparent lack of real college life. Whether that is true or not the fact re-

mains that we are losing a good part of our college life in neglecting this feature of it.

Other colleges have built up traditions around their college There are songs known the world over which were born in colleges and which belong to particular institutions. There are songs which belong to all colleges everywhere because they contain the universal essence of college spirit, yet C. P. S. seems to be an entire stranger to any and all We have a few college vells, most of them born in various and sundry high schools, many of them strangely out of place in a college student body. These don't matter much, but we do need songs and singing and we need them badly.

Last summer the writer took part in a C. P. S. celebration at Redondo Beach. At least it started out as a celebration, it ended in a near fiasco. Why? Because we had only two songs. One most of us knew, the other most of us did not know.

How many college songs have we ever sung in chapel at the student assembly and how many know that song?

At the Willamette debate the students sang for a half hour before the program commenced. They sang college songs, old and new. They never sang the same song a second time. They sang those songs well. It made one feel that at last we had discovered a college.

There is still time between now and the college glee to learn our own college songs so that we can sing them upon that occasion. There is time, too, to learn many of the old ones.

What is the use of having a glee trophy and prize contests if we are not going to use the songs produced on those occasions?

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Before the next Trail comes to you, students, you will have had an opportunity to show your feelings on this subjest in a practical manner. The student election for next year's officers will take place early in the month of May. you have reforms to suggest do it now. Begin now to think about your selections for the different offices. Learn what their qualifications should be, and select them for their ability, not because of their popularity alone. Student Government will then improve rather than decline.

Have you bot a Liberty Bond yet? Do it immediately or your money will dwindle for a less worthy cause. You haven't any money? Then buy Thrift Stamps. You CAN do that. Help halt the Hun.

SCIENCE CLUB

The club met at the home of Mr. Harader, March 28, for the regular monthly dinner and business meeting. A new member was expected, but he became lost en route, so only three members were present. Mr. Schurle has been called to the service, he being the fifth member to be called from a possible eleven. Two more of our number will be lost thru graduation this year, leaving three again

to keep the good work going in 1918-19.

On April 1st four members of the club made a tour of Scientific Research around Lake Tapps, securing several rare specimens and photographs.

Mr. Dunlap represented the C. P. S. Science Club at the March meeting of the Puget Sound Section of the American Chemical Society, March 27, in Seattle. There was a very pleasant luncheon, followed by a lecture on the manufacture of rubber, by H. H. Hazeltine, of the Western Rubber Co. of Tacoma.

SOCIETY NOTES.

(Continued from Page 14.)

than if the sun had shown its face. And neither the fun nor the weenie-fat were prevented by the dampness.

A rally of all the Epworth Leagues of the district was held in the chapel building on the evening of April 12th. A very enjoyable program was rendered, after which a reception was held in the home economics rooms, with Miss Olive Martin presiding at the refreshment table.

Miss Lena Rader entertained at a delightful little dinner party at her home on North 4th and L streets in honor of Mrs. Whitman, who was visiting her daughter, Genera. The table was prettily decorated with flowers and those present were: Mrs. Whitman and Genera, Mable Amende, Madeline Myers, Gladys True and the hostess.

Bushnell Fotografer



212 National Realty Building Tacoma, Wash. Main 968

DEBATE AND ORATORY

Willamette-C. P. S. debate as was scheduled, Miss Shackleford Mr. Geoghegan journeyed down to Salem to match their skill with that of their opponents. Thru no fault of our debaters the Salem crew won the debate by one-tenth of a point. So it must have been a hairraiser, especially as Geoghegan debated with broken ribs. And it is said that a debate is a tranquil affair. Miss Shackleford's folks went down with her and they had a fine trip.

CHAMPIONSHIP DEBATE

The championship debate between the Amphics and the Macedonians to decide the school championship for this year has been postponed because the cup was not engraved. It is finished now, however, and is on display at Vaeth's Jewlery store. It is sure a dandy. The final debate next Tuesday is to be the climax of the year in this department and it is hoped that every one will be out.

ORATORICAL CONTEST

The date for the annual oratorical contest has been set for May 17. Only specials, Freshmen and Sophomores are eligible to enter, as Mrs. Todd, who is giving the prize of \$10 to the winner, wants to induce people who have not done much of this work, to participate. Those who enter are expected to take new material. It would be wise to submit your topic

to Mrs. Hovious first before finally deciding on one. Those who have handed in their names so far are: Miss Pangborn, Miss Eaton, Miss Hawkinson, Mr. McLaughlin and Mr. Cramer. The speakers are to select any subject and can use any reasonable length of time.

OPEN FORUMS

Our opinion is that one of the most important occasions in our school life is the Open Forum. These give every one an opportunity to get upon their feet and express themselves. These little attempts of today are foundations for great speeches in the future. We had a very good Open Forum on Student Government the other day, but as usual, students were slow to respond. The old faithful few took up the time. Grasp your opportunity. Get the speech habit now while you are young.

"Won't you buy a Liberty bond?"

Grouch: "Not on your life, I bot a bond once and have regretted it ever since."

"How so?"

"It was a marriage certificate."

The chemist's six-year-old son was called upon to explain why his younger sister was sick. "I saw her taking a burnt match out of the coal pail, so maybe Ethyl Carbon ate."

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

How the Music Fairies Ushered in the Spring

Spring, fabled lady of that birds, flowers and happiness, has caught us in her snares. So. to show Her Highness that we were just a little glad to be caught, we musicers of our fair college welcomed her. We wanted to give her the kind of welcome she liked best so, of course, we chose music. So Spring was ushered in to the ecstasy of trumpet, string, voice, all combined in a rapturous harmony that rivalled the music of the zephyrs. Of course, we couldn't tell The Public this, because they don't believe that Spring is a beautiful ladv all wonderfully dressed in green, or that Tones are little fairies that dance and sing when we have Harmony, and sometimes they quarrel and make faces, and then we have Discord! And because People don't believe these delightful things that you and I KNOW, we couldn't tell them the truth, now, could we? So we put on a common, sordid name onto it and called it the "Fifth Annual Ensemble Concert." It hurts, ac-But they would laugh at the truth, and they did come to the "Concert," lots of them, and liked it, too. So it really didn't matter; we knew the truth, so we didn't care; and They didn't know what They were missing, so They couldn't care. But we know that Lady Spring liked it, for-did you notice?—she trimmed up the hall

for us, all green and rosy pink and cool gray. And, best of all, the Tone Fairies didn't fight once. They danced with joy when the orchestra played "Pizzicato;" they shouted in triumph at the "Anvil Chorus," by the choir; when the string instruments played you could hear their tinkling laughter, and when the Girls' Glee Club sang they couldn't do a thing, they were so entranced. They liked all the other numbers, too, the Girls' Qurtet-could you hear them singing the harmony in "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia?" and the Boys' Quartet, the Normal class, and the Ensemble class. On the whole, it was a splendid concert and The People enjoyed it, even if they didn't know about the fairies. And some day we'll give another, and -just think!-maybe they'll know enough not to laugh at us then. and we won't have to call it a CONCERT, but we can tell them it's the "Music Fairies' Tribute to the Spring."

GIRLS' QUARTET

H. E. A. K. took a trip, a most glorious trip. It lasted from Saturday afternoon till Monday afternoon, the week-end of March 28th. They went up to Yelm, packed in Mr. McLaughlin's Ford, and sang, warbled and carolled their way around the surrounding country, into farmers' houses, bedrooms, hearts and pantries, especially pantries. Dr. and Mrs. Gam-

bill can tell you how much they ate. Don't ask Eunice Merritt, tho, she's sworn to silence.

The Yelm, Eureka and Sackamas people seemed to reciprocate the joy of our presence among them. The country had been astir for several weeks in anticipation, and people came from twenty miles away to hear us. We're not taking this to ourselves, not at all. Gambill's lecture and sermons and Miss Merritt's readings were largely responsible. And Mr. McLaughlin sure knows how to advertise. the people did not seem in the least disappointed, and want a return engagement. We should like to. Those people sure can cook!!!

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Oh, girls! you don't know what you've missed. We had the jolliest time getting ready for the "Grand Ensemble Concert," and now that it is over, we all feel repaid; for every one said we did fine!

We sang the "Roumanian Love Song," the "Spring Song" and "Estudiantina." Doesn't that sound fine? But when I say that Mrs. Schofield was in charge you will not question our success! We are going to sing again before long, if you didn't hear us before you just must this time—it will be worth your while!

ORCHESTRA

The orchestra acquitted itself with credit at the Ensemble Concert in two numbers. The first, a little Pizzicato Gavote, a light airy piece, was different from anything hitherto played by the orchestra, and the livelier piece at the end rounded off the program in good

style. We bid a fond adieu at the Ensemble Concert, for we had decided to disband. But—"you can't keep a good man down." Like Sarah Bernhardt, we had to come back for another farewell tour. This was at the student assembly on April 17. We were all C. P. S'rs then. Prof. D'alessio wasn't with us, so we were entirely home grown. How do you like Prof. Sachs?

This, kind friends, is our last bow to the public. Farewell forever.

-Your Orchestra.

STRINGED SEXTETTE

The 29th of March is a long to be remembered date by the members of the Stringed Sextette. The people of Algona, too, recall the evening with a smile. Of course you are wondering what happened on that evening. Now don't tell any one about it and I'll tell you the secret. Mr. Burke and a friend of his, you know who I mean, took the six Strings to Algona to give the people an entertainment. The people were certainly entertained, too.

The Sextette played several numbers, Mr. Sachs gave a number of violin solos, Miss Hover played on her steel guitar and was encored until she had play all of her pieces, and Mr. Goodman gave,—well, really I lost track of the number of pieces after it had reached the twenties. Mr. Nye and Mr. Curtis played a mandolin duet and "Hack", Sachs and Nye, an instrumental trio, playing a number of popular songs.

The Sextette is quite a favorite and a well appreciated "bunch," Pacific City people are looking ahead to their second appearance

in that city.

We performed at the Wednesday program, April 17th, and, if actions speak at all, you liked it

mightily.

Part of our number went out to camp on March 12th to entertain the soldiers. They were accompanied by a reader, a soloist and a pianist. The program was enjoyed hugely—especially by the entertainers. We will go again, say we.

NORMAL MUSIC CLASS

Half a step, half a step, half a step upwards,

Into the chromatic scale the singers struggled,

Errors to right of them, errors to left of them,

Errors behind them broke out in discord.

Loudly they sang and ——well? They all stopped and wondered, The leader stared dumbfounded. "The gallant hero began to call: "Come back, by pretty maiden, all, Take more dainty steps thru the mire.

Let's start up again and do not tire."

"Girls, what is your favorite type of music? Hymns?"

"Hims? Gracious, no! We sing "Blow Soft Winds," but you all heard that at the Ensemble Concert. Yes, that's our favorite. And didn't we sing it prettily?"

Dr. Schofield (in Normal Music): "One at a time. This sounds like a chicken coop."

THE LADY OF THE WILLOWS

(Continued from Page 8.)

maids was a failure. But she had not as yet played her greatest trump; the love of her father. If her father saw how the fear of a stepmother was killing her, would he sacrifice his only daughter for a stepmother? She would eat nothing at all for days and days and when her father saw her pale and haggard face and sought the reason therefor, he would be so moved by her suffering, thin form that he would proclaim that no stepmother should enter his house as long as his daughter lived.

True to her resolution she refused to come to the table that night but when the dessert of chocolate pudding with whipped cream was brot in, her resolution fled at the sight of her favorite dish and three helpings of pudding disappeared into Dorothy's anatomy.

As Dorothy scraped out the last sweet spoonful, she realized with a little shiver of fear that nothing she could do would ward off her impending Fate in the form of a stepmother. The feary, scary feeling came back and settled in the pit of her stomach in company with the chocolate pudding. And nurse, observing her white face and shaking body, when she came for her at bedtime, remarked, "If your father will allow you to eat as much as you please to make yourself sick, then it's high time that some one is coming that will sit on him good and hard."

"I 'spose," that Dorothy June, "she means the stepmother will sit on his lap so's I can't sit there any more."

Early the next morning when Dorothy awoke the cool breeze of the summer dawn was gently fingering the white dimity curtains and wafting into the room the fresh

fragrant scent of dew blown roses in the bed below her window. June's drowsy eyelids Dorothy opened wide when Daddy came into the room and took the white nightie-clad form in his arms. With freshly-shaven face against Dorothy's, Daddy told her of a letter he had received from Aunt Mary, inviting Dorothy June to visit her on her large plantation. He noticed she had been worrying much of late over some whim of a stepmother and she would forget all about it on the farm.

When Dorothy had her first ride on the shining black pony, her trouble lightened and later she lost it all in the sweet-scented clover fields, among which she and her cousines tumbled about like little pigs.

One warm afternoon when Dorothy and her cousin playmates had gathered a sufficient number of daisies to make a chain "miles long," they repaired with their flowery burden to a clump of willow trees that guarded the little brook, running thru the meadow. But when they reached the spot they found some one else already there.

Dorothy that she had never seen so lovely a lady; more lovely, she that, than the beautiful painting of the lady in her father's study, before which there was always a vase of flowers. The lady under the willows had the softest, kindliest brown eyes and her braided reddish brown hair gleamed like a golden wreath on her head. Her soft white hands were busy with some lacy, sheeny fabric.

When she saw Dorothy June she smiled so brightly and understand-

ingly that Dorothy smiled back. And then she put down her cobwebby lace and helped them make the daisy chain, showing them how to lap the stems so as to make the chain firm, and when it was done the children begged to bedeck the lady with the flower garlands. Then when they were tired she told them the most enchanting fairy tale in her sweet, low voice.

Every afternoon the children went down to the clump of willows where the lady was always waiting for them. Some times she told them a story but more often she played and talked with them.

Once Dorothy June crept into the lady's arms and whispered, "I wish, so very much that you would be my stepmother." And then she told the lady the whole story of her horrible premonition of a stepmother and her unsuccessful attempts to prevent the existence of such a calamity in the home. And when Dorothy June finished by asking, "Won't you come and ask Daddy to marry you so's you can be my stepmother?" the lady looked lovingly into Dorothy's face and answered, "Yes, I will marry your father if he will allow it.

After that the lady never came again to the willows. And Mary said she had gone to live in the same city where Dorothy June's home was. This was a comforting thot to Dorothy. Probably already she had hunted up her father and made her proposal. She was sure her father could not refuse when she saw how lovely and good she was. A sweet sense of security and relief passed over her. And when a letter came saying that Daddy was very anxious to see

her, she was ready and eager to start.

In the covered automobile on the way home Dorothy joyfully confided to her father the reason of her happiness. She had discovered the nicest and best lady and this lady had promised to apply to her father for the position of wife and stepmother.

"Has she asked you yet?" breathlessly questioned Dorothy.

"I am afraid it was the obverse," was her father's only reply. If it had been a little lighter in the cab Dorothy would have seen him smile.

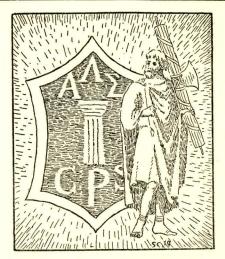
When Dorothy June entered the hall a lady—was it the lady of the willows?—was coming toward her. She took Dorothy June in her arms and kissed her so tenderly. Then Dorothy knew that it was she of the kindly brown eyes and golden brown hair.

"Let me introduce you to your stepmother," announced her father grinning broadly. And when Dorothy happily cried out, "I knew she would fit," Daddy replied, "I discovered that long before you discovered her."

The Freshmen laboratory class was having a prolonged session in the lecture room one afternoon; the 4 o'clock bell had rung and the instructor was making some concluding remarks, when he noticed that a student in the back row was growing uneasy. He paused long enough to ask: "What's the matter, Miss Neely?"

"Please, sir, it's time to go swimming."

Soldier marriages may be all right but;—the girl usually gets "sold" and he gets the "dear."

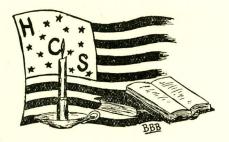


Spring is here once more and we are already making plans for another year. So many of our members are going out in the Senior and Normal classes that the membership will be small next fall. But from the samples of their work, which we have seen in the past year or two, we know that the members will be up and doing.

The ownership of the debate trophy is still in doubt owing to the postponement of the final debate for a week. Of course we want to win but it looks as if the negative side of the question were hoodooed, at C. P. S. at least, for no team here has won on the negative side. Maybe it remains for us to raise the hoodoo. We'll try.

We have welcomed several new members into our group. They are good, live members, vitally interested in what we are doing, so we expect some good work from them.

We wish to say to any new students, who do not already know it, that you are always welcome to any of our meetings. Come and get acquainted, if you have not already done so.



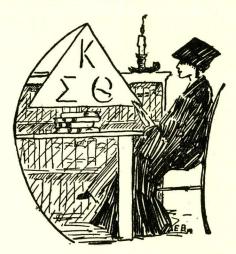
The H. C. S. fellows heartily thank the Thetas for the splendid time they had at the Theta party. Every one of us enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent and we promise to do a little entertaining ourselves in the near future.

Oh, you pictures! We had ours taken in less than a week and they are now mounted, patiently waiting in Clark's Studio for the engraving to begin. Of course we won the little prize of getting our engraving done free, because we were first to have our group complete.

We were very well pleased with the outcome of the Inter-Society program and the friendly inter-society feeling that existed. We thank the other societies for the numerous bouquets and vegetables that were awarded us, which show that we are very much alive to them for dead ones never receive notice.

We held our spring elections last month and Cramer was reelected president. Buckley was elected vice president, and Anderson secretary-treasurer. Prof. Askey was given the esteemed position of critic and he certainly makes an artistic one. Ask any of the fellows.

Carl: "If she only knew how hard I am pressing my suit, she would surely consent."



Passing thru the woods one day,
I met a tiny flower.
I asked her to sing me a lay—
She led me to her bower.

Sitting down upon a mound,
We talked of this and that—
'Til finally the talk got round
To Theta, our dear "Frat."

"Those Theta girls are just alright, Their programs are good, too; It's really a surprising sight, The things that they can do.

"And their new critic, Miss Reneau,
Is just O. K., they say,
But everybody knows that's so
As well as 'day is day.'

"They had a hike, and took their lunch—

Way off in the rain.
But they're good sports, that Theta bunch,

And enjoyed it just the same."

The male quartet went to Camp Lewis to sing the other night; and it is said that Miss McQueen accompanied them on the piano.

THE YOUNGEST THING ALIVE

(Continued from Page 12.)

"Only this summer," he answered. "I met her at my chum's."

Nothing could be simpler. Kathryn, wiping her eyes, brushed to the ground the rose at her bosom. Torrence picked it up.

"It was she who told me these

were your favorites."

He was gaining his self-poise again and smiled his some old smile.

"You aren't really angry, are you?" he asked, winningly. "You have every right to be, I understand that. You can't quite take it in, can you?"

"Give me a few minutes to think it out before Peggy comes. I'll walk down to the end of the veran-

da."

Kathryn paced slowly along; she had only to the veranda's end and that was all; only that between herself and—Peggy. It must be done now, and done thoroughly. If she could have a little time—but no, all must be done between now and the veranda's end. Peggy was to be married. She must get used to it between now and the veranda's end. Of course, Peggy had been predestined to be married, that was all; but it was agitating; but

she must be used to it before she reached the end of the veranda. Peggy would be here in ten minutes, less than ten minutes. Peggy, the youngest thing in life, and she forty years old. What would there be left of her without Peggy. The hand at her side closed so tightly that the rose pricked her. looked at it: so, it did have thorns, after all. A dozen steps more and she would be at the veranda's end, and she must go straight back, for Peggy would come any minute. What did life hold for her now, at forty? She was at the veranda's end. She lingered a moment, looking straight ahead. "It is done, it is done," she said, and turned and walked back.

Torrence watched her coming; ten more steps and he would know his fate. She came and stood before him, smiling.

"I have always wanted a son," she said. Torrence's face changed, he became radiant. He seized her two hands and stooped and kissed them. It was impossible to say which of them looked the happier. At that moment some one came clattering around the hotel corner, some one with a face made up of wild roses. Peggy—the youngest thing alive—was there.

PAUL B. HANAWALT, Treasurer.

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

FUND—	Credit.	Disbursements.	Balances.
Trail	\$252.69	\$114.70	\$137.99
Athletics	46.67	24.90	21.77
Music		.25	64.63
Banquet		.37	72.61
Debate and Oratory	40.42	15.20	25.22
Incidental	23.90	4.80	19.10
Total	\$501.54	\$160.22	\$341.32

SENIOR NOTES

The date for Cap and Gown Day has been set for Wednesday, May 1, and the Seniors are ready for the great occasion.

Miss Shackleford, Miss Scheibner and Mr. Harader presented and the class accepted the following program for our Cap and Gown Day exercises:

Solo, "The Publican"........
Mr. Dunlap.

Handing Down the Hatchet.... President

The Juniors have planned something great and mysterious for us on April 17 at the unearthly hour of 7 a. m. But we will try almost anything once. Before this appears our fate will be known. May it be a happy one.

The Oratorio was a howling success.

You should have seen Eunice Orr, she was sailing on the high C's.

And Snyder has such an open face; when he sings.

JUNIOR NOTES.

For a long time the Juniors have wanted to accept an invitation to call on our professor, Miss Reneau.

Monday evening, April 15th, Miss McGandy with us, we surprised Miss Reneau. Dean and Mrs. Marsh helped us in our scheming.

We were invited to inspect her new home on arriving there. We sat cozily about the fireplace talked—acted—for particular instances ask R. Goulder, Harry Gardner and R. Vigus.

Delicious and abundant refreshments were served.

Another good time was in store for us on April 17, when we entertained the Seniors at breakfast. You may be sure it was a pleasure, as well as an honor to do something for them, they having done so much for us ever since we were Freshmen.

Professor and Mrs. Marsh were also our guests.

The placecards were in the form of a book. The introduction, etc., being the menu, the chapters of the book being the toasts. The authors of the various chapters were: Carl Curtis, Madeline Myers, Professor Marsh and Paul Hanawalt. The toastmaster was Marmaduke Dodsworth.

After the breakfast a Junior meeting was held to give Helen Hart, who is leaving for Washington, D. C., our best wishes and a bouquet of yellow tulips and daffodils.

During all these good times we did not forget our duty to the U. S. A., for on Tuesday a number of the Juniors served on the election board.

SACAJAWEA

We all had a most enjoyable vacation, spent in various places and various ways.

Jennie Robertson was the guest of Eva Mae Leonard at her home in Chehalis.

Mabel Amende attended a Y. W. cabinet house party at Eagle Harbor.

The following spent their vacation at home: Irene Doran in Burlington; Lois Noble in Chehalis; Helen King in Snohomish, and Katie Burton in Sumner.

The remainder of the squaws kept the lodge fires burning and had a delightfully peaceful, quiet time.

Mrs. P. I. Whitman of Bellingham spent the first week of April the guest of her daughter, Ginera.

The Sacajawea tribe have been busily engaged in making ceremon-

ial costumes. They are now completed and have encountered the awesome eye of the camera.

We have had a real wedding at our house this month. There were several unique features in connection with it, namely; it was the first wedding which has occurred within the walls of the Sacajawea Lodge, the first ceremony the officiating minister had performed and the very first time the couple had been married and also the first time the Sacajaweas failed to Hooverize on rice. Ask Rev. Lloyd Burk for particulars.

We turned out in full force with a band on Noise Day, as any of the neighbors will tell you. Mr. Poole ran opposition to the city sirens with his cheerful whistle and bicycle bell, while the remainder of the tribal members executed

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EXPERT WATCH WORK

1101 So. K St. Main 2593 noise by means of bass drum, cornets and dinner gong.

A circus is coming to town. The animals are being fed up and trained and will have performed for their first tent audience before this announcement goes to press. It is a shame not to invite you all, but the editress won't favor us with an "extra" and we can't afford to keep the animals in our midst until after press day at the present price of feed, but we will try to have better advertising facilities before our next importation.

We will be sure and tell you all about it next month, so don't feel

too badly.

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

To the long list of Sophomores in the service of Uncle Sam is added one more, Otto Schurle. As he was our class treasurer, it was necessary to elect some one to fill that office. At a short meeting of the Sophomore class, April 11, Harold Young was elected treas-

We have done nothing spectacular during the last month, but before this school semester is over we expect to have some rousing good times.

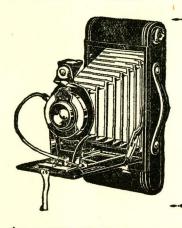
One: "How's the choir getting along?"

Two: "Oh, it's a howling success."

"And the orchestra?" "All played out."

"Tell Physics teacher: Buckley, what is the unit of power?

Buckley (suddenly waking up): "The what, sir?"
P. T.: "Quite right."



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6th AVE and M St. Main 419.

Habits formed while in College put the edge on the tools of life. The first lesson that every Freshman should learn is that the best is cheapest—especially in eats.

Some things cannot be proven mathematically, but by observation every Senior should have learned to buy nothing but ORIOLE CANDIES. For they taste the best, satisfy the most, and are the best to be had.

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SAY, FELLOWS! I have done your barbering for seven years. Come again.

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Y. M. C. A.

Yes we are on the map. With our new officers and the coming spring we hope to put on new life. The new officers are: President. Harry Gardner; vice president, Loyd Burk; treasurer, Russell Clay, and secretary, Burdette Busselle. Mr. Gardner has chosen the following cabinet: Membership chairman, Charles McLaughlin; extension chairman, Russell Clay: mission chairman, Leon Bain; social chairman. Elmer Anderson: employment chairman, Harold Young, and Bible study chairman, Herbert Geoghegan.

At the last meeting the new officers were installed and plans for the rest of the year were discussed. After the discussion some ideas were expressed, which have been worked over into a plan of action for the rest of the year. The committee has not made these plans public as yet but they bid fair to be fresh and original. Watch for them. Their purpose will be to make a plan for every man in college who wishes to see the best development of all the men in C. P. S.

Hats

FOR EVERY MAN IN TACOMA. NOT JUST ORDINARY LOOKING HEADWEAR THAT WILL JUST GET BY AS A COVERING FOR YOUR HEAD, BUT

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ALUMNI NOTES

While Mr. Dix Rowland was telling us at chapel something of the work of a Christian lawyer, we recalled some others of our Alumni who are practicing law at the present time.

Mr. Frank Riley, who is now engaged in its practice in this city, graduated in the class of 1913. He completed his law course at the University of Washington.

Another of our graduates also practicing in Tacoma, and a member in one of our prominent law firms, is Mr. Browder Brown.

The only woman among our Alumni, to choose law for a profession, is Miss Alice A. Titlow, who is now practicing at Delhi, Indiana.

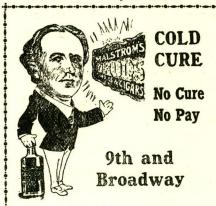
Mr. Max Waldron is studying law at Valpariso, Indiana, and Mr. Jack Murdock is pursuing the same course at the University of Chicago.

DEN NOTES

Greetings: Have you heard the new alarm clock in room 8?

Greetings at various times of the day at the den.

First call: Clay's alarm clock.



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At Breakfast: Gimme a chance at the sink.

Burk: "I ought to be shot for getting around at this time of day."

Cook: "I wonder if my glue is cooked yet?"

Young: "If I don't get a raise I'm going to quit getting up early."

At Lunch: Who is K. P. today? Is that your lather on the mirror? Carl: "What will we have to eat?"

Say, guy, if you didn't have glasses on,—

At Supper: Andy — "Gee, I hate to cook! Guess I'll have grape nuts tonight."

Smith: "Let me get in there

to wash my dishes.'

Cook: "I'm K. P. today, and if anybody leaves dirty dishes around except me I'll throw them in the garbage can."

Nye: "Did I leave the water

running?"

Any time between supper and two thirty a. m.

Sen. Davis: "Two strips of bacon."

Mac: "If I were as old as you are and not married yet Burke, I'd be missing a few cars, too."

Kientz (at the organ): "That's a great note, funny I can't sing it."

Sachs: "Wo-op, broke a string." Andy: "I wonder who's kissing

her now."

Smith: "Anybody want to buy my bug? I've got to get a motor boat so I can go to Port Angeles."

Burke: "The rich man has to pay his taxes but I don't see why mine come so high."

Taxies.

Clay: "I've gotta go down and feed the chickens at the girls' dorm."

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SAME DAY

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BOQUETS AND BASKETS FOR DINNERS A SPECIALTY.

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Main 300

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Main 603

What's the meaning of E. M. F.? must be something like B. V. D.

Young: "I was walking across the campus the other day and some one hit me in the mud hole with an apple."

My Tuesdays are meatless, My Wednesdays are wheatless,

I's getting more eatless each day; My home, it is heatless, My bed, it is sheetless,

They're all sent to the Y. M.

The bar room is treatless, My coffee is sweetless,

Each day I get poorer and wiser,

My stockings are feetless, My trousers are seatless, Gosh! but I do hate the Kaiser!

Have you heard about the physics student who was arrested the other day? Yes, he was making up a wet cell and they arrested him for "a-'saltin' a batterv."

If a fat man was given a commission in the army and his uniform fit just about soon enough, and he wore epaulets, would he be subject to epauletic fits?

He was asked to use "scintillate" in a sentence.

He wrote: "My mama and papa, they sin till late every night they go to a moving picture show."

Anybody's Father: "What made you put your arms around my daughter?

Somebody's Son: "Patriotism. sir; the Government is trying to discourage these useless wastes.'

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Between K and J on 11th Street.

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Main 1818



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Index to Advertisers

Allstrum Printing Co 1	Malstrom's Drug Store 34
Baker, H. D. & Co	Miller Mfg. Co 39
Inside Front Cover	M & M Hat Shop 32
Bates, E. T. & Co	Muehlenbruch, C. T. Co 37
Inside Front Cover	Olympic Ice Cream Co 33
B. & B. Barber Shop 39	Oriole Candies 31
Bell Grocery 36	Paulson, B 30
Bell's Clothing Store 33	Peterson Bros 37
Bitney & Son 34	Peterson's Studio 3
Book Exchange, The 37	Pioneer Bindery & Printing Co.
Burnside Hat Shop 34	Inside Front Cover
Bushnell Studio 19	Pirret, P. K. & Co 35
California Florists 37	Prospect Market31
Caswell Optical Co 39	Puget Sound Bank & Trust Co 3
Central Lunch 35	Quality Press 35
Chocolate Shop 35	Red Cross Drug Co 33
Coffman, James T 32	Rhodes Bros Back Cover
Cole-Martin Co 29	Royal Ice Cream Co 1
Conrad, A. B 30	Rowell, C. W 30
College Confectionery 1	Shaw Supply Co 31
Cut Rate Cleaners 37	Short Drug Co 34
C. & G. Boot Shop 30	Smith Floral Co 32
Dickson BrosInside Back Cover	Smith & Gregory 32
Electric Construction Co 33	Standard Steam Laundry 35
Fred Edwards & Bros 29	Stevenson, O. M 39
Gaudette & Mathews 35	Sunset Theater 3
Hart, Frank C 32	Stanley Bell Printing Co 39
Harrison Clark 2	Stone-Fisher CoInside Back Cover
Hayden-Watson Co 38	Sunrise Bakery 35
Hedberg Bros 35	Tacoma Taxicab & Baggage
Hicks Drug Co 36	Transfer Co 38
Hinz, A. A 39	Tacoma Engraving Co 37
Hoyt, The Doughnut King 37	Thomas, C. L 34
J. F. Visell Co 36	Thomas, E. A 33
Jonas, F. C. & Son 36	Virges Drug Store 38
Jones' Bakery 3	Walters Bros 37
Knox's Cafe 3	Washington Dye Works 38
Kraemer's Bakery 39	Washington Tool & Hardware Co. 1
Lee, Frank JInside Front Cover	West Side Grocery 39
Manike, H. W 31	Yansen's Confectionery 39

The Stone - Fisher Co. ...

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A Big Shipment

of Boys' Clothing came in last week, 50 days on the way, bought last October for delivery in February of this year.

The price on every garment was based on what we paid for them, and not on their present wholesale value, which is practically what we are now selling them for.

You will never be asked to pay us a premium on goods; you'll get them at what they cost us, plus our cost of doing business and interest on our investment.

Our Boys' Suits are priced at \$6 to \$12.

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Women who are considered best judges of values and styles unite in declaring that by every comparison our splendid line of suits for spring at this price are in a class by themselves. The fabrics are surprisingly good, and the weaves and colors include practically every fashionable want.

Every suit shows superior lines and is tailored in that thorough, shape-retaining way that is characteristic of all Rhodes apparel. Scores of models to choose from, affording wide exercise of individual tastes, and styles appropriate for every purpose and occasion, and every type of figure.

Severely tailored models for business wear, and the belted and Norfolk styles for street or informal occasions, every one of distinctive style and smart appearance.

Suits that women can choose with absolute confidence, and assurance of correct style, serviceable fabrics, dependable workmanship, and certainty of great value.

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