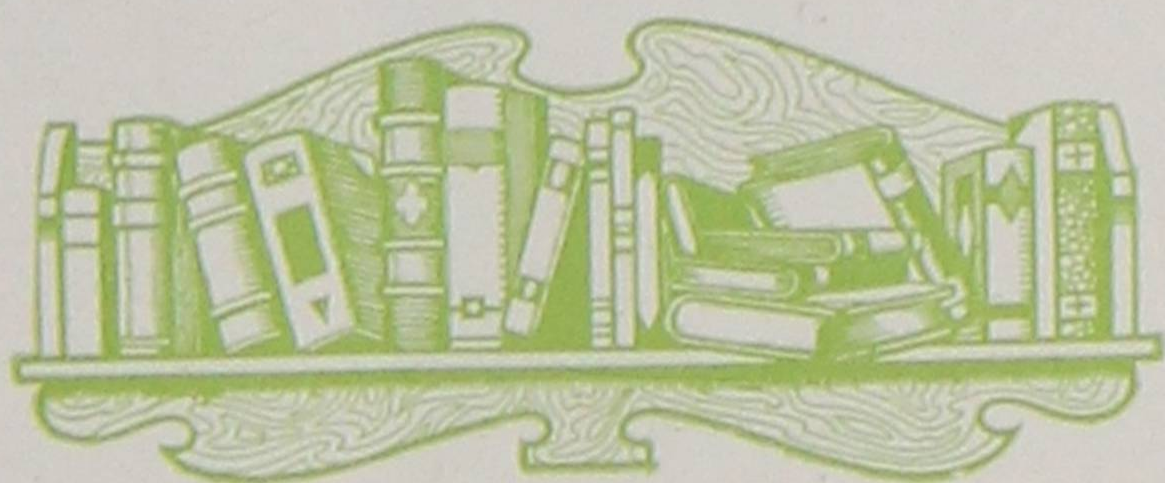


# THE TRAIL



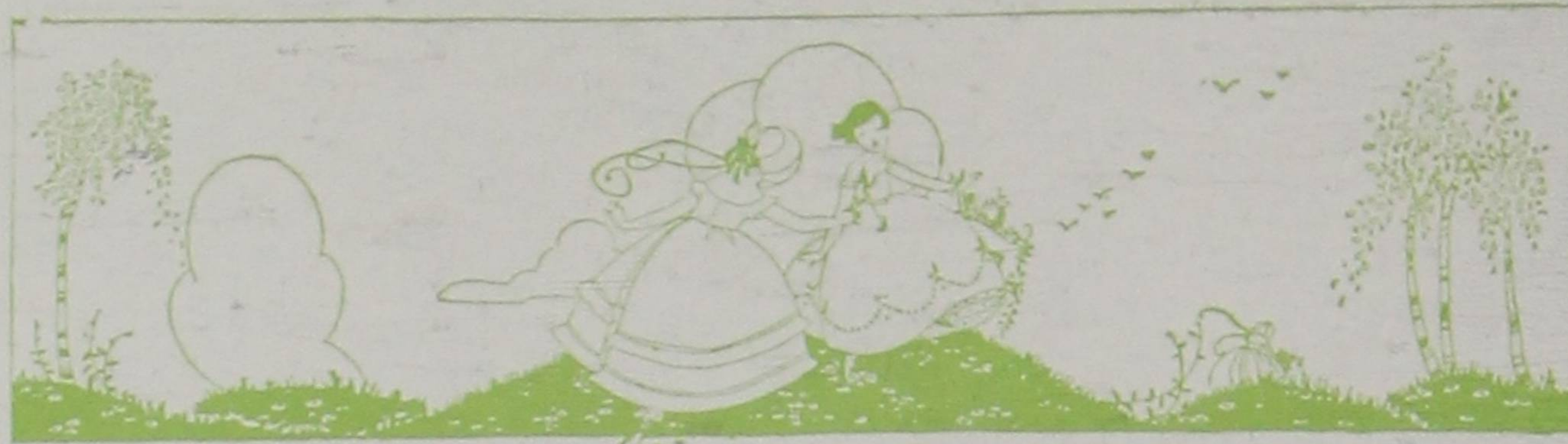
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Vol. X MAY 1921 No. 8



# THE STONE-FISHER CO.

TACOMA, BROADWAY AT 11TH.



JUNE

Means Vacations

What  
Does Vacation Mean To You—  
Work or Play?

Whatever direction it may take, this store can render valuable aid to its success.

- Apparel for all vacation needs.
- Luggage for the vacation trip.
- Tennis Goods.
- Dainty toiletries to protect against summer winds and sun.
- Complete camp equipment.
- Furnishings for the summer home.

Their acquaintance invariably is made during school days—

and, after school days, the love of them never wanes.

  
**BROWN & HALEY**  
HONOR CONFECTIONS

## Clothes for "After Graduation"

A brand new outfit of bewitching frocks, sheer lingerie, ribbon and lace trimmed bits of embellishment all play their part in the big event of graduation. But when that is over, whether the graduate goes on to the higher education of college or business the importance of clothes cannot be over-emphasized.

### Your Vacation Outfit

How thoroughly and satisfactorily it may be assembled here where displays make it a genuine pleasure to choose appropriate clothes.

The styles offered are dazzling in their radiant coloring and carefree, nonchalant lines. They are so suggestive of Summer and good times that worn even on dull days they put you in a happy frame of mind.

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1114 Broadway

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## Editorials

### Adieu!



WITH this issue the Trail of 1920-21 comes to an end. It brings to a close the efforts of the Trail staff for the school year. We at last have reached the open country which stretches out before us. Our total number of appearances have been eight. Our staff has consisted of twenty members, though in a greater sense the entire school, the students, the faculty, and the honorable alumni have been on the staff, bearing the same relation to it as the host of contributing editors bear to our great American magazines and newspapers.

The activities of the student body this year have embraced a greater field than ever before, and they have most certainly been very successful. The college annual, the *Tamanawas*, will record all these activities in detail. It will be a book to be prized and to be proud of.

And so it comes time to close our editorial desk for the year. Ere doing so the editor must thank his staff. To the staff he feels eternally indebted for the delightful cooperation it has manifested in sharing the burdens of the editorial game.

The editor wishes to thank every student who has helped in making the Trail a success during the past year. He thanks you, Mr. Advertiser, for your support and invites you to continue the work. He thanks you, Mr. business manager for the untiring efforts which you have put forth in behalf of the paper.

Miss Editor 1921-22, the staff of 20-21 herewith turns over to you the quills and bottles of ink, the paste pots and shears, the proof sheets and typewriters and wishes you "bon voyage." May you take up this great work and carry it on, adding your bit of improvement and may the thoughts of the twenty-five editors who have preceded you, who have done their bit before you, help you to make it what we of the past have dreamed and striven for.

We solemnly bequeath to you our

### 37 Up, 93 To Go

IT is a fine thing to finish something; to set a goal and then reach it. Very soon most of us will have finished another year of college work, successfully. A few of the choicest of our number, bless 'em, will go out into the great world—will leave us for good (or for worse). But, whether we are among those who have finished one year or four the consciousness of accomplishment adds just a little bigger strut to our stride.

The wise student too will begin planning his course of study for the next term. Freshmen and sophomores especially are confronted with the big task of deciding upon their major courses of study. Many such difficulties can be solved best by consultation with the instructors who are always glad to help those in trouble.

sanctum sanctorum, the honorable Trail room, including the highly prized mahogany therein. Yours are all the wonderful works of art by the famous masters of C. P. S. now adorning the walls of the editorial cave. Yours are the drawers full of cuts which have accumulated adown the ages—may you add your quota to the growing heap.

Our task is finished. The Trail makes its final bow. Miss Editor of 1921-22, the desk is at your disposal. May you have the best of luck and may you never lose it.

To the rest of you, we extend the hand of farewell and hope that you will return next September, rested in body and mind, prepared to take up the duties which will fall to your lot.

### Summer Session

THE twenty-seventh annual Summer Session of C. P. S. will open on the fourteenth of June. Students may take nine hours in the Collegiate Departments and twelve hours in the Normal Training Department. High school students will be limited to two courses.

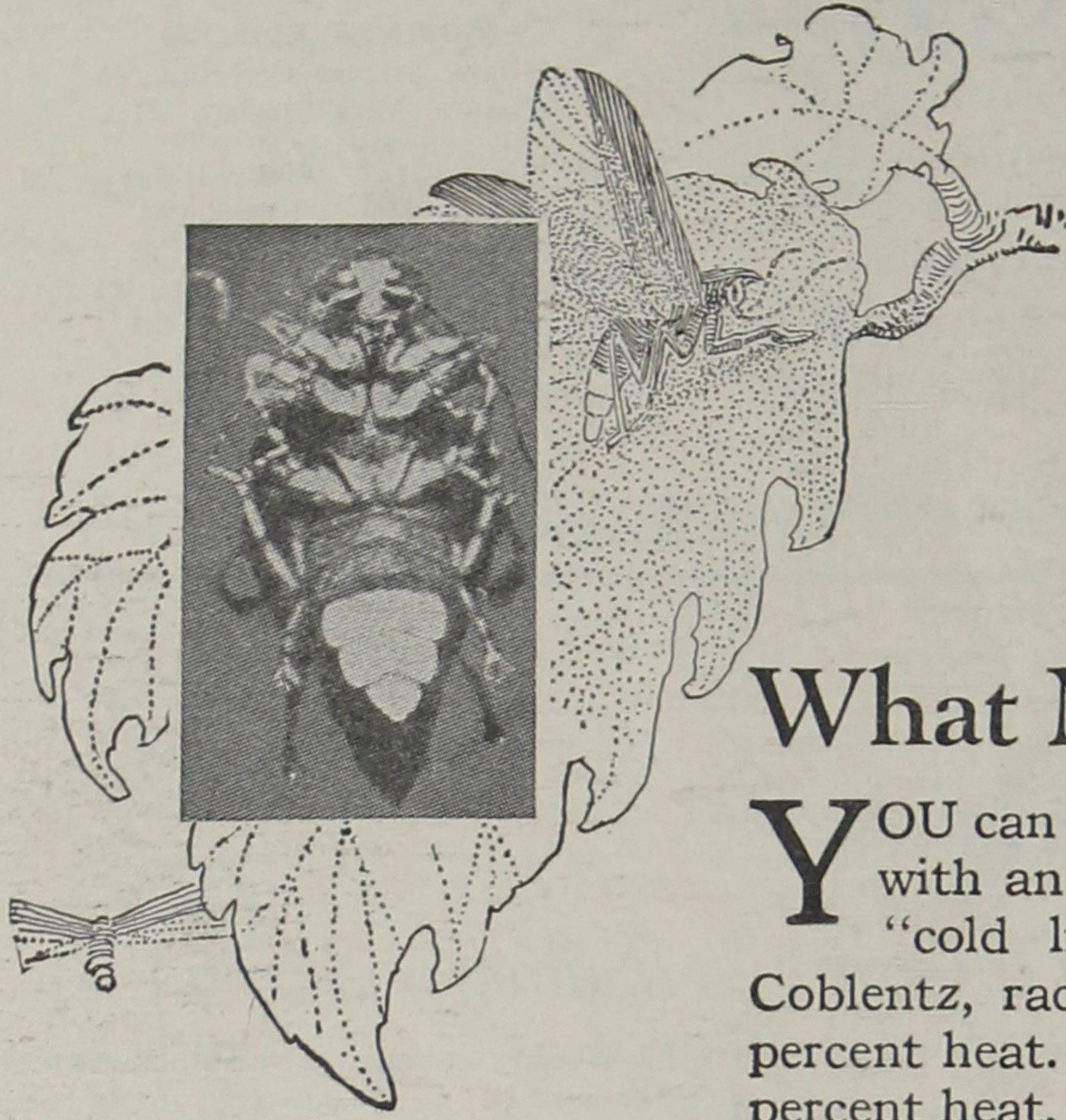
All recitations will be one hour in length. Classes will begin at 7:45 a. m.

College courses are offered in Bacteriology, Botany, Biology, Chemistry, English, Geology, History, Home Economics, Mathematics, Physics, and Psychology.

### Go To It, Eve!

THE desire to know, which seems to be characteristic of all animal life, becomes in the human being almost a "passion." Because of this desire our earliest ancestors of whom we have any definite information were driven from their beautiful home in the garden of Eden and forced to meet "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Having tasted of the tree of knowledge as a penalty they were obliged to go to work, which is the reverse of the results expected by many today who often at a great sacrifice keep their sons busily acquiring knowledge though "never learned of books." avoid the painful necessity of working for a living.

Every race and every tribe, even the lowest and most savage, had its knowledge though "never learned of books." The earliest of the civilizations which have modified their present day ideals, the Hebrews and the Greeks, are personified in Solomon, the wisest of all men; and in Aristotle, whom Dante calls the master of those who know." In all races and in all ages the one who knows has always had the advantage. To the ignorant nothing is more mysterious than knowledge. To know that an eclipse was about to occur not only saved the life of a European fallen into savage hands, but transformed him from a captive into a god. Knowledge is power.



## What Makes the Firefly Glow?

**Y**OU can hold a firefly in your hand; you can boil water with an electric lamp. Nature long ago evolved the "cold light." The firefly, according to Ives and Coblentz, radiates ninety-six percent light and only four percent heat. Man's best lamp radiates more than ninety percent heat.

An English physicist once said that if we knew the firefly's secret, a boy turning a crank could light up a whole street. Great as is the advance in lighting that has been made through research within the last twenty years, man wastes far too much energy in obtaining light.

This problem of the "cold light" cannot be solved merely by trying to improve existing power-generating machinery and existing lamps. We should still be burning candles if chemists and physicists had confined their researches to the improvement of materials and methods for making candles.

For these reasons, the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are not limited in the scope of their investigations. Research consists in framing questions of the right kind and in finding the answers, no matter where they may lead.

What makes the firefly glow? How does a firefly's light differ in color from that of an electric arc, and why? The answers to such questions may or may not be of practical value, but of this we may be sure—it is by dovetailing the results of "theoretical" investigations along many widely separated lines that we arrive at most of our modern "practical" discoveries.

What will be the light of the future? Will it be like that of the firefly or like that of the dial on a luminous watch? Will it be produced in a lamp at present undreamed of, or will it come from something resembling our present incandescent lamp? The answers to these questions will depend much more upon the results of research in pure science than upon strictly commercial research.

**General Electric**  
 General Office **Company** Schenectady, N. Y.

# Winifred Has A Change of Heart

Agnes Scott

"O H! Dudley, I fear you are sadly neglecting your studies for all these other things. Remember graduation is only two months away and you'll have to work hard to get your degree. Don't forget," Winifred added, blushing and looking down at the toe of her dainty slipper, "what a great part graduation plays in our plans for the fifteenth of June."

The frown which had crossed Dudley's face at Winifred's first words was quickly followed by a merry smile.

"Don't worry, little girl, you know I can't forget that. Graduation first, then June fifteenth and wedding bells for us!" To express his delight he danced a jig, then shrugging his shoulders he added, "But I should worry about lessons. Do you think the faculty would keep a fellow from graduating who has studied as hard as I have for the past three and a half years? I've decided to slacken up and get some fun out of life these last few months at college. That's all, Winnie, and I'll manage to pull through some way."

Winifred glanced at him quickly, startled at his changed attitude toward his work. As they sauntered across the college campus he talked enthusiastically of their baseball victory, the latest social affairs, and the speech he was to make at his frat dinner that evening. Although she, too, was interested in social life, the greatest portion of her time was spent in mission work which consisted of visiting and helping families on the east side of the city where conditions of poverty were serious. She had long hoped to interest Dudley in the mission, but he always used the excuse that his law course left him no spare time. It surprised her now to learn how willingly he was neglecting his course for pleasure.

"Well," said Dudley, lightly, "guess I'll have to cut the next class and write my speech for the boys tonight."

Winifred only sighed and said, "I'm afraid you've been cutting classes too often lately. You know if present pleasure is the cause of spoiling future pleasure—and plans—it isn't worth while."

There was a silence and then, ignoring this remark, he said:

"We're on the committee to plan the leap year party. We'll have two weeks from today to prepare, but I think we had better get busy soon."

Winifred made a slight grimace.

"Oh, Dud! I meant to tell you that I can't go to the party. Anyway I dislike leap year and leap year affairs."

"Dislike leap year affairs! Can't go! Why not? It's going to be the jolliest entertainment of the season. We must go!"

Winifred hesitated a moment and then said firmly, "No, that is the evening of poor Mrs. Smith's birthday. I promised little Teddie I'd be there to get dinner and that they could have a really truly birthday cake with candles. I couldn't bear to disappoint the little fellow now. He can hardly wait to surprise his mother."

"There you go, Winnie!" he exclaimed, suddenly angry because he felt she was working too hard. "Worrying your life away over those ungrateful people and their dirty-faced little brats! They could probably get along as well without you!"

"Dirty-faced little brats! Why, Dudley, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I never dreamed you could be so hard-hearted. You would never speak that way again, if you only knew how pathetically little they have in their lives and how much we have in comparison. I wish you could understand and know them as I do."

"Well, I know all I want to about them!" he answered sullenly.

Winifred turned abruptly and hurried away before he could say anything further. As she crossed the street Harvey Jones called.

"Wait a moment, Winnie! I want to walk as far as the Dorm with you."

She brushed back the tears Dudley's words had caused and when Harvey caught up with her she greeted him with a smile.

Dudley watched uneasily as they turned the corner. Before his engagement to Winifred, dating from early college days, Harvey had been his closest rival. He stood staring at the ground a few seconds, then went to his room to prepare the speech.

When Harvey left Winifred at the Dorm he had made an engagement with her for the next evening at the theatre. They had been discussing the play and he had invited her to go. She had accepted much to her own surprise. It was the first time for two years she had cared to accept an invitation of that kind from anyone but Dudley.

Upon reaching her room she threw herself onto the bed and cried as though her heart would break. She knew she had helped, and she could not understand Dudley's strange attitude of disapproval which she considered very cruel. Mrs. Smith would have died without the care she had been able to give in spare moments from college. During her illness until Winifred found her, she had had only the care of her six-year-old son Teddie. Their sole resource had been the money he earned selling newspapers on the street. And Dudley wanted her to give up the work which meant so much to her. Suddenly she realized that if he felt as he said he did they could never be happy together. Going to her desk she wrote him a short note which a half-hour later she handed to the postman.

The following day Dudley was called to the office and warned of approaching failure unless his work improved. He left the office somewhat shocked but with a firm resolution to "make good." He had a longing to talk things over with Winifred, and decided to get his car and invite her to go riding. He soon found this solace was denied him. Then on the table in his room he found her letter. He opened it hurriedly. Something fell out to the floor. Stooping to pick it up he found it was his frat pin. What could she mean? With nervous fingers he unfolded the letter in which Winifred told him briefly that their engagement was ended. He sank into a chair and dropped his head in his arms. For some time he sat without moving, then arose, determined to see Winifred and ask her to explain. But a few minutes later when he drove up to the Dorm it was only to be told that she could not see him.

That evening when Jim, his roommate, came in late he found Dudley grinding at his lessons. Jim slapped

him on the back and said, "What's the idea, Dud, old boy, you and Win had a lovers' quarrel?"

"Why?" asked Dudley, wondering if he had seen the letter or frat pin.

"Because we saw her and Jones at the theatre this evening," he answered.

Dudley started, and stared at Jim in amazement. Then, to conceal his emotion, he said carelessly, "Search me!" and pretended to continue his reading.

For the next two weeks Dudley did some hard grinding at lessons. He had no chance to talk to Winifred for she avoided him continually. Several times he saw her in the company of Harvey Jones, and the fact that he was jilted, which was at first whispered about, soon became the gossip of the college.

The day that the leap year party was to be held Dudley received his worst shock. Going into the hall he overheard Harvey Jones telling the boys to congratulate him upon being engaged to the dearest little girl in the world. Dudley felt dizzy and amid the excitement which followed rushed away, ignoring the fact that someone called to congratulate Harvey.

For the first time a flame of real anger flamed in his eyes. His one desire was to be alone, and taking his car he went for a long drive in the country. His anger at Winifred became deeper and deeper! He thought how little their love **must have**



"And Dud, I've changed my mind about Leap Year Parties. I think they're the thing!"

# Forward

An interview with the President on the college policy for the coming year

Dr. Edward H. Todd



OUR eyes are forward. We have taken two steps to the front. The people of the *City and State* have given their pledges. The College must "make good" in consolidating, organizing, and using the funds thus secured.

The first expression of confidence in the College has been the evidence of enlarged enrollment of college students for next year. The judgment of those at the College and elsewhere is, that we will have all, if not more, than we can accommodate. *It will delight us to see at least 300 in class attendance next year, each semester.*

We have been asked, "What will you do with them?" We will take care of every one of them to the best of our ability. We will take into consideration that that care must be honorable to the College and profitable to the students.

The Department of Business Administration will have a professor at its head for the coming year. A Department of Philosophy will be established. However, it is not expected that there will be many changes in the Faculty.

During the coming year great changes will take place on the new campus. At this writing we are not able to say how far we will have proceeded in building one year from date. Much is to be done even before a start can be made. What style of architecture shall we adopt? That architecture must bestow an individuality upon the physical appearance of the College. The Campus must be landscaped, and a careful study must be made of the location of buildings. While these preliminary steps are being taken, we trust that the price of some building materials, which advanced 300 or 400 percent during the war, may decline. While lumber has reached a low level, the greater bulk of the materials for the buildings which we propose to erect, still remains high. The business men counsel us to move slowly in the matter of making contracts to build.

Not only must the preliminary steps be taken, but the subscriptions which were secured last year are payable during the next three years. The present site must be disposed of, and something realized out of that. No one is more anxious to see these new buildings rise on the new campus than those who are in the leadership of the enterprise, but we must all recognize that too much haste in the beginning might reduce the speed in accomplishment.

The task imposed upon the Board of Trustees and the Administration is tremendous. A little over a year ago the assets of our College, counting the subscriptions then in hand, amounted to approximately \$400,000.00. As we reach the end of this school year, our assets, counting the pledges, amount to almost \$1,500,000.00. There are about 6,000 accounts on our books, or being placed there. These conditions demand something of a reorganization of the business office.

The expected increase in the Student Body is making exacting demands relative to the organization in Faculty and physical equipment. The collection of money, the adoption of plans and the inauguration of buildings is taxing the time, ingenuity, and thought of everyone connected with the Administration. The next twelve months hold tremendous possibilities for the weal or woe of the College. We hope that no serious error will occur. We trust that the same Guiding Hand which has led us in the past, will lead us on.

The coming summer holds in store some important developments. The attendance in the usual Summer School is promising. It will take on new features and new importance. Following the usual Summer School, the Board of Sunday Schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church will conduct a school for Sunday School teachers and workers. It is presumed that this last feature will become a permanent summer institute at the College.

We are glad to announce that the representatives of the Rockefeller Foundation visited at the President's office on Monday, May 2nd. The two gentlemen were met by the President, Messrs. E. L. Blaine, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Dix H. Rowland, Secretary of the Board, and Professor Charles A. Robbins, Bursar. At the close of a three and one-half hours' inspection, the gentlemen representing the Foundation expressed satisfaction at the conditions found at the College. They complimented the method of doing business. What will come of this visit remains to be seen. The Trustees of the Foundation will meet in a short time, and our hopes are high that they may now give consideration to the College of Puget Sound. Should they not do so now, everything is progressing satisfactorily to the time when that Foundation will be glad to place this institution on its list of beneficiaries.

The future holds large opportunities for service to the College of Puget Sound for the Kingdom of God through the young people of this State. The business men and fine Christian people of the State have become deeply interested. They are supplying the physical needs to prepare the institution for that service; but the quality of the work done will depend not only on the Faculty which we will be able to employ because of the benefaction of these people, but must depend in a large measure upon the kind of young people who attend, and the quality of the work which they do as students. Some responsibility as to the future must attach to those who compose the present Student Body. Those who are in the leadership at present must bear a large responsibility at the opening of the next school year. Many new students will come in. The Freshman class will undoubtedly be the largest in the history of the school. The high ideals, the high standards of character and scholarship which prevail, and which have made the Alumni of the past worthy citizens, must be maintained. From our contact with the students, consultation with the Faculty, and the association with the Board of Trustees, we are fully persuaded that all appreciate the great responsibility

(Continued on page 13)

meant to her, for within two weeks her engagement to another man was announced. He drove back rapidly into town. Just as he turned the corner on one of the crowded streets a little newsboy darted in front of the car and was struck by the wheelguard. In a flash Dudley had stopped the machine and was kneeling beside the prostrate little figure on the pavement. Fear that he was dead clutched at Dudley's heart! A doctor pushed his way through the crowd which had collected and reported the extent of the injuries.

"No bones broken, only a slight cut on the forehead," he said, to the relief of all.

When the doctor had bandaged the bruised head, the child opened his big brown eyes and looked into Dudley's white face. Then, staring about at the curious crowd, he clung tightly to Dudley, who picked him up in his arms and carried him to the car. They soon left the crowd behind and were headed towards the home of the child who gave the directions. They drove up to a little unpainted shack which he called "home." As they entered, he wriggled out of Dudley's arms and rushed to embrace his mother, who was lying on a cot in one corner of the bare room.

"Oh, mama! I had the nicest ride!" he cried happily, clapping his hands and forgetting all about the bruised little head.

"Why, Teddie, dearest! What has happened?" exclaimed his mother, with a frantic look at Dudley.

He started to explain. Just at that moment a door opened, and a young girl stood on the threshold. In her hands she held a large white cake covered with red candles.

"Winnie!" cried Dudley, forgetting himself, and starting towards her. She gave him an inquiring glance and he drew back quickly, telling them briefly what had happened. They turned their attention to Teddie, who stood as though transfixed, his brown eyes wide with awe, as he gazed at the beautiful cake. Folding his grimy little hands and kneeling beside his mother's bed, he said earnestly, "Thank you, dear God. I prayed for it every night."

Dudley looked at the pathetic tear-stained face of the child. Tears sprang to his eyes and he turned quickly to hide them from Winifred. But she saw and understood that he was not the stony-hearted Dudley he had appeared to be. "I'm coming to take you and your mother for a long ride tomorrow if you will let me, sonny, so don't mind about selling papers tomorrow."

That evening at the party, Dudley was surprised to see Winifred come in with her roommate. As they entered, the young man announcing the program said, "The next number will be a leap year proposal. Will the ladies please choose?"

A ripple of laughter followed this announcement. Dudley, standing at one side of the room, could hardly believe his eyes, for Winifred, catching sight of him, was coming straight in his direction. He knew he was blushing furiously and wondered if he were seeing correctly. Then he saw her smile, and heard her stammer something to him. Giving her his arm they strolled to the veranda, where he nervously drew up two chairs, wondering what her idea could be. There was an awkward silence, then unexpectedly she leaned toward him.

"Dud, dear," she said, smiling, "I love you. Will you marry me on the fifteenth of June?"

He felt his face flame with rage. Pushing his chair back angrily he exclaimed, "Well, Winnie! This is not my idea of a good joke! I think I have had enough of this foolish mockery."

Looking down into her earnest eyes he stopped suddenly, for it was not mockery he saw there.

"Winnie!" he cried, "you don't mean this, do you?"

"Of course I do, Dud," she said softly.

"But—Harvey—I thought you cared for him!" he continued.

"Harvey?" she laughed merrily. "Why he loves sister Betty. He just received her letter today accepting him. Betty is about the only interest we have in common."

Dudley took Winifred in his arms and said happily,

"Let's find Harvey. I want to congratulate him!"

"And Dud, I've changed my mind about leap year parties. I think they're *the* thing."

## "Will Ye Nae Come Back Agin?"

Merle R. Cory

"Pipes of the misty moorelands,  
Voice of the glens and hills;  
The droning of the torrents,  
The treble of the rills.  
Not the braes of broom and heather  
Nor the mountains dark with rain,  
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,  
Have heard your sweetest strain."

—Whittier.

WHEN the gathering war clouds broke over the little Scottish glen, young Rob MacLean was the first to go. From the very first his father knew that it would be so. His faith in the boy was certain. Had he himself not followed Kitchener to Khartoum, and had there not been a MacLean in every war as far back as one could tell of? His mother half-fearing, half-hoped, and then with a proud heart made ready his things.

The evening before his departure the family was seated by the living room fire. "Rob, lad," said his father, "best you take the pipes. 'Tis a long time I'll be thinking till you come again."

So in the flickering firelight, the old couple sat by the fire, dreaming, hoping, praying, while from the other side of the room came the melodies dear to the Scottish heart, the world over. For over an hour he played.

At first the war-like strains of "Scots Wha Hae," "Mac-Gregor's Gathering," then the low soothing melody of "The Land o' the Leal" and "Mo Ain Fireside." Finally, as the deep mournful notes of that old lament "Will Ye No Come Back Again," came from the pipes, his mother cried out, "No, no, Robbie, not that."

With a chuckle he put the pipes aside, "Tush, mother, 'tis next year ye'll be coming doon to see me at the university."

A proud day it was, yet withal a sad day, when the lads of the glen left for the camp. As Rob senior and Margot walked back from the station, neither could find words to ex-

press their overwhelming emotions. At last Margot broke the silence, "I'm thinking it's a proud day it should be with our Robbie a soldier." To which her husband replied, "Aye, Margot, it's a lonely time ahead of us, with none to play the pipes for us the long evenings."

The long, dreary winter passed slowly by. Rob had been home once on a furlough, just before crossing. Tho somewhat shortened by the censor, his letters were full of enthusiastic accounts of the army life. He was a sergeant now and if all went well would go to Officers' School soon.

Two more years the lonely couple in the glen lived from letter to letter hoping that Rob would soon be back. Then came the thing which they had prayed they might be spared. Rob was cited "Missing in action." The uncertainty and suspense of it all were maddening. Later came a bit of news that removed all certainties, but in the midst of their grief they were yet the proudest parents in the land. Rob was reported "Lost in action." And his parents were to go to London to receive Rob's Victoria Cross from the King himself.

A proud day it was when they stood in line before the assembled crowd and the King pinned the cross on Margot's jacket and grasped them warmly by the hand.

Back again in the glen, life became a continuous effort to become adjusted to new circumstances and new outlooks. Peace came but they took no part in the rejoicing of the time. For them there could be no peace until the time when the family would again be united.

(Continued on page 13)

# Get The Right Job

A message from the Dean for those sailing without a compass

**F**AILURE should be out of the question for a college graduate. Many may fail to become college graduates; but when, and if one does achieve this honor (and only one per cent. of American people have), then it should be impossible for him to fail.

By getting through college he has shown that he is a capable man. He has demonstrated his mental ability, else he never would have made it. He has given an illustration of his endurance, for it takes grit to plug on for four years. He has demonstrated his foresightedness, for no man without pretty good foresight will put off entering a profession when offers are so enticing, in order to wait till he is better prepared. He has shown himself healthy, for a physical weakling cannot make the raffle.

Physical health, mental ability, endurance, and foresightedness—for a man to have a college diploma is equivalent to branding him between the eyes with these four qualities. And no one with them can possibly fail.

And yet I have seen college graduates fail. Why so? It was because they had not chosen the right kind of work. I knew an excellent farmer spoil himself into a poor preacher; a whale of a diplomat go to raising apples; an excellent school administrator break on the rocks of teaching; a great lawyer cripple himself by becoming an athletic coach.

If your names are engraved on a college diploma I have absolute faith in your ability to succeed—if you get into the right job.

Professor Ely mentions four factors that influence one's choice of a life's work: (1) habit or imitation, which prompts a man to take up the work his friends have entered; (2) sons enter their father's professions; (3) lack of knowledge or faulty knowledge of the demands and opportunities of the various lines of work; and, (4) the kind of work open in one's immediate community: e. g., in a mining region, boys will naturally take up mining, in a lumbering section, lumbering, etc.

Every student should emancipate himself from these influences and try to pick out a work that is in line with his own individual talents. But how may he tell?

1. Liking for the work is one way. If a person is in love with the work he is doing, there is clearly something within him that responds to that particular kind of functioning. There must be an organ there, that is, an adaptability, that is pleasantly excited by the peculiar reactions called forth by the beloved work. It is therefore a mistaken rule to seek self-discipline by entering a work that is loathsome.

Of course our likes and dislikes change. The boy ceases to like marbles, short pants and noise; he grows to like a clean face, and gets so he is not ashamed to be caught with a girl. Our desires or likings change with age.

And at times they are not definite. We may not know, when it becomes a choice between two professions, just which we like the best. So we must have other criteria than our personal desires.

2. The opinions of others about us help us here. Most of us have friends good enough to tell us what they think of. It has been said that this is the acid test of friendship; that only true friends will do it. But likely you have a few such. Ask them whether they think you will make as good a teacher as a journalist; or a better shoe salesman than a life insurance agent.

3. Look back over your college course and determine what, among all the things you have taken part in, you have done best. The chances are this will be an eye-opener to you, as well as a lamp to your feet. Why not let the record you have made in English influence your life's work, if it stands out as the most pronounced success of four years of work? Why not be an importer if your record shows you good at it? Do you like school politics? Then turn your face toward Olympia!

## Pageant Spectacular

As a British Coronation affair

**W**ASHINGTON has its presidential inauguration, New York has its great horse show, and London sees an occasional coronation, but they all dwindle into mere insignificance when compared to the annual all-college pageant, the 1921 edition of which was presented May 13 and 14 on the new campus. It was pronounced by all to be one of the most pretentious and beautiful productions ever attempted by the students, and those participating, as well as Professor Hovious, may well feel proud of their splendid achievement. The affair is one to be remembered along with such great events as "the first cigar," the graduation from the old high school, the Commencement exercises, one's wedding day,

The complete list of participants follows:

Crowning of the May Queen—Queen, Maude Shunk; duke, Ernest Clay; attendants, Thelma Hastings, Winifred Wayne; heralds, Lewis Cruver, Paul Snyder; flower girls, Helen Ohlson, Patsy Thompson; train bearer, Dorothy Thompson; crown bearer, Sara Jane Huson.

Pageant-masque, "The Spirit of Mount Tahoma"—Mount Tahoma, Newell Stone.

"Four Winds" dance—Pan, Mildred Forsberg; nymph, Kathleen Boyle; South Winds, Mildred Barlow, Mabel Fellows, Agnes Scott, Katherine Anderson and Myrtle Warren; West Winds, Florence Maddock, Frances Goehring, Evelyn Ahnquist, Esther Graham and Rosa Perkins; East Winds, Helen Buckley, Hilda Scheyer, Gertrude Smith, Nellie Smith and Margaret Ohlson; North Winds, Helen Van Loon, Dorothy Newell, Ethel Beckman, Roma Schmidt and Kathleen Morris.

Episode Two—Princess Wetona, Alice Beardemphl; Chief Lone Wolf, Paul Hayward; Chief Half Moon, Steve Arnett; Indian sentinel, Roy Cruver; Chief Sitting Bull, Elmer Carlson;

Medicine Chief, Black Wolf, Tom Swayze; Indian messenger, Harry Thorson; Half Moon's braves, Lars Rynning, Clyde Kinch, Vincente Villafuerte, Harry Thorson, Stanton Warburton and Alfred Matthews; Sitting Bull's braves, Clyde Kinch, Ralph Corey, John Purkey, Rip Revell, Dick Wasson, Harold Fretz, Roy Bowers, Bergdoll, Victorino Ciscar; squaws, Myrna Stoddard, Helen Brix, Esther Johnson, Thelma Scott, Gertrude Stringer, Ruth Hart, Ermine Warren, Mildred Brown, H. Merlund, Hamnerlund; Indian singers, Archie Smith and Mrs. James Eyre Macpherson.

*Episode Three*—Mist Maidens—Elizabeth Johnson, Murnie Foster, Edna Pangborn, Fara Hoshier, Dorothy Emerick, Elva Jensen, Georgetta Ward, Bernice Martyn, Mary Martyn, Margaret Hill, Elizabeth Heflin, Noura Belle Heflin, Virginia Names, Etta Mae Coffey, Blanche Ploof, Dell Ploof, Virginia Douglas, Anna Brix, Pauline Sieva, Hester Warren, Margaret Flynn, Betty Little, Janet Ely, Betty Ely, Florence Dunwoodie, Lorena Huson, Crystal Huson, Katherine Larson, Charlotte Cook, Ellis Ayre Smith, Evelyn Smith, Ellen Rowland, Georgina Rowland, Alice Crosby, Virginia Williams, Jean Getly, Mary E. Young, Beatrice Berry, Helen Nelson, Hazel Moorhead, Louise Murry, Alice Berry, Amelita Harding, Dorothy Swisher, Mary Ellen Wright, Helen Richards and Marjorie Ray.

Flowers—Katherine Neilson, Retha Gehri, Grace Sherrill, Dorothy Sherrill, Ruth Bradford, Mildred Dean, Fay Morgan, Henrietta Donoway, Pearl Hart, Kilma Otness, Norma Bidwell and Myra Mudgett.

Forest Nymphs—Lucile Green, Sibyl Heinrick, Thelma Bestler, Helen Pangborn, Ruth Newcomer, Marjorie Kennedy, Edith Turley, Carla Pakingham, Linnie Hampton, Martha Frees, Bernice Olson, Winifred Williams, Evelyn Longstreth and R. Chamberlain.



Butterflies—Betty Bobbins, Nancy Green, Betty Jonas, Barbara Berryman, Edith Maddock, Aileen Pleasants, Dorothy Girard, Sylvia Jones, Ellen Osborn, Margaret McMasters, Virga Leshar, Freida Belle Leshar.

*Episode Four*—Prograss, Nelson Pierce; Religion, Anton Erp; Patriotism, Helen Monroe; Education, Howard Ericson.

*Episode Five*—Pioneer Wagon Trail—Driver, Ezra Meeker; guardsman, Ross McPhail; Dorothy Smith, Max Vaughn, Dean Hart, Frank Brooks, Richard Cook, F. Herzog, Ada May Gartrell, Hazel Brasslin.

Indians—Members of 77th Field Artillery of Camp Lewis. Fairy—Frances Goehring.

Fairies' Dance—Florence Maddock, Frances Goehring, Dorothy Coman, Gladys Harding, Nellie Smith, Elva Murland, Nan Tuell, Marguerite Thoman, Beatrice Clark, Gertrude Smith, Hilda Skreen, Selma Paterson, Roma Schmidt, Eva Boch, Frances Names, Katherine Anderson, Hilda Scheyer, Mabel Fellows, Dorothy Newell, Rose Perkins, Helen Van Loan and Faye Hovious.

Colonial minuet dancers—Ed Amende, Ethel Shuster, Matthew Thompson, Helen Brace, Wallace Scott, Margaret Ohlson, Spencer Smith, Norma Lawrence, Gene Schrader, Kathleen Morris, Ray Fisher, Ruth Kennedy, John Purky, Ethel Beckman, Ed Rumbaugh, Esther DuFall, Douglas Bowman, Ruth Wheeler, Russell Penning, Winifred Williams, Salem Nourse, Agnes Scott, Hillis Griffin, Agnes Sund, Leslie Hilliard, Madge McQuarry, Arthur Harris, Helen Monroe, Herbert Feller, Evelyn Ahnquist, Charles Brady, Katherine Kerr.

*Episode Six*—Tahoma, Newell Stone.

Representing City of Tacoma, Mayor C. M. Riddell.

Citizens—Mrs. Edgar Dodds, Mrs. M. D. Cogshall, Mrs. T. C. Rummell, Mrs. Tom Hill, Barton Kaufman, Shelby Coates, Mrs. George Rounds, George Bullard, Frances B. Cole, Mrs. A. B. Cunningham, Mrs. Ransom Harvey, Mrs. Griggs, Mrs. Hanawalt, Mrs. S. H. Kaufman, Mrs. Charles Bedford and representatives from the Orpheus, Kiwanis, Commercial, University and Rotary clubs and from the Masonic lodges.

Representing the citizens of Washington—Clark V. Savidge.

Citizens—Dr. H. J. Whitacre, Paul Shaw, Harry L. Brown, Mrs. E. L. Carlson, Mrs. Clinton Hellar, Mrs. H. N. Tinker, Mrs. E. L. Sargent, Mrs. E. W. DeLong, Mrs. L. L. Anderson, Mrs. E. H. Todd, Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Thompson.

Representing the state of Washington—Lieut. Gov. Coyle.

Representing the College of Puget Sound—President E. H. Todd.

Faculty—Dean A. B. Cunningham, Dr. Gjesdahl, Dr. Harvey, Prof. Slater, Prof. Reneau, Prof. Dunlap, Prof. Crapser, Prof. Swartz, Coach Peck, Prof. Rolan, Prof. Robbins, Prof. Francis Hanawalt, Prof. Walter Davis, Prof. Johnson, Prof. Prentice and Prof. Frederick Kloepper.

Patriotism—Helen Monroe.

Soldiers from the 7th Infantry Brigade.

Orchestra leader—Leroy Hopkins.

Pianist—Mrs. McKee.

Camp Lewis band from 7th Infantry Brigade.

# Summary of Scholastic Standing

## 1st Semester - 1920

*Statistics compiled by Registrar C. A. Robbins*

DO the women or the men lead? Why, the women of course, silly. According to the latest data on the sacred books of "ye guardian of our credits," the women have all the brains and the men have all the ivory. In fact, if you will permit your eyes to caress the table on relative standing, as below, if you are so highly honored as to count yourself among the fair sex, you will have reason to promptly essay a shimmy of delight, or if you desire to evince your delight in more strenuous manner you might try walking into chapel some morning on your head while reciting "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" backward. Yes, the fair damsels of "Ye Skullorium" win all 'round, hands down. And you men can now go out in the alley and eat worms for yourselves.

Who is the brainiest marvel? Aha! Here's where the ivory merchants put one over on the feminine Einsteins, for this honor belongs to the sterner sex. On our right—Monsieur Dean Hart, Sophomore de luxe, tops the heap with an average of 98.5. Ruth, ain't you glad you have such a buddy.

But Dean, we'd like to keep on looking at the top of the list and not have to look at the rest of it, for, sad to confess, though you have served your masculine gender nobly, yet, on looking at second place, we see—'tis a feminine creature, and third place—another feminine. Alas, 'tis only too true, the women have all the brains and the men have all the ivory. According to the chiseled inscriptions on the registrar's stone Vera Sinclair takes second honors with an average of 96.2; Olive Martin, third place, with 95; Wallace Scott next with 95 also, and Alice Hammerlund fifth best student with 93.2, carrying the heaviest schedule—seven subjects.

The girls of the junior class lead with the greatest percentage of 1s, the girls of the senior class take second honor in this respect.

The men of the senior class lead with the least number of 4s, having none at all. The girls of the junior class take second honors here. The men of the freshman class have the greatest percentage of 4s.

### A SUMMARY OF SCHOLARSHIP STANDINGS FOR THE FIRST SEMESTER, 1920.

The record shows that the girls of the school are ahead of the men in scholarship standings.

*The class leaders are as follows:*

Seniors—Vera Sinclair .....	96 1/5%
Juniors—Olive Martin .....	95 %
Sophomores—Dean Hart .....	98 1/2 %
Freshmen—Dorothy Smith .....	94 4/5%
Special—Dorothy Coman .....	92 1/4 %

*The complete list of honor students—carrying regular subjects—with comparative standings, follows (averages above 90 per cent.):*

Vera Sinclair, Ernest Clay, Winifred Wayne, Olive Martin, Helen Murland, Helen Brace, Florence Maddock, Helen Monroe, Anton Erp, Esther Dufall, Hazel Brasslin, Frank Brooks, Frances Goehring, Mrs. Maude Chamberlain, Alice Hammerlund, Dean Hart, Ruth Hart, Phoebe Nicholson, Margaret Ohlson, Wallace Scott, Agnes Sund, Ermine Warren, Thelma Bestler, Elmer Carlson, Sibyl Heinrick, George Monty, Anne McKenzie, Salem Nourse, Roma Schmidt, Hilda Skreen, Dorothy Smith, Alta Jeffers, Charles C. James, Dorothy Coman.

*The following is a table showing the percentages of one, two, three, and four grades of the men and women of the four classes:*

Class	Women				Men			
	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4
Seniors .....	.36	.45	.095	.095	.32	.47	.21	.00
Juniors .....	.67	.23	.06	.04	.28	.36	.18	.18
Sophomores .....	.33	.44	.15	.08	.26	.44	.18	.12
Freshmen .....	.18	.55	.12	.15	.22	.45	.14	.19

*The students having the highest averages are as follows:*

Dean Hart .....	98 1/2%	4 subjects
Vera Sinclair .....	96 1/5%	5 subjects
Olive Martin .....	95%	6 subjects
Wallace Scott .....	95%	6 subjects
Alice Hammerlund .....	93 2/7%	7 subjects

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# News of Alumni and Former Students



**A**N honor of unusual note has been bestowed upon Miss Jessie Rummel. After her graduation she taught in the art department of C. P. S. for two years. Last year she entered the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. The French Academy has taken unusual interest in this school. Twenty of the best students are chosen each year to take advantage of art study in France which the Academy offers. Miss Rummel was one of the number chosen, though she did not enter the competition. She will study first in Paris and then in various cities of France.

Among the recent marriages of interest was that of Thrina Baker to Frank Van Valkenburg. Miss Baker is a graduate of C.

P. S. She taught at Sumas, Washington, before the war and during the war had charge of Baker Dock while her brother was overseas.

Warren N. Cuddy, '08, son of Reverend and Mrs. Cuddy, of this city, is a merchant at Valdez, Alaska.

Bess Brown, at C. P. S. in 1911-12, is now teaching in the Seattle public schools.

Mary Manny, '15, is engaged in social service work in Seattle.

Mrs. George De Folo, formerly Miss Nell Brown, has returned from San Francisco to make her home in Tacoma.

Reverend and Mrs. Harry Allen, who for a number of years were in Iquique, Chile, have returned to Tacoma. Reverend Allen is minister of the Fern Hill Methodist Church. Mrs. Allen was formerly Miss Edith Marlatt. Both were prominent students at C. P. S.

Miss Lyle Ford, '12, is again in the Department of English at Lincoln High School. For the last two years she has been engaged in war work at Astoria, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fusselman, former students, are now living at San Anselmo, California.

William J. Green is county agent of Spokane County, having charge of organizing boys' clubs.

Inez Ahnquist has charge of girls' and women's clubs and is also engaged in county food administration work in Spokane County.

Josephine Ahnquist is doing very commendable service in Girl's Club work in the State of Iowa. Both Inez and Josephine Ahnquist were in C. P. S. in 1911-12.

Mrs. Marion Mazin Hill is living in Tacoma.

Mrs. Edith Hild, '17, formerly Miss Tennant, is in the English Department at Lincoln High.

Guy Kennard, '07, is instructor in mathematics at Stadium High. Mr. Kennard is a member of the Trustees of the College.

Mrs. Jas. Knox, formerly Miss June Thomas, is teaching Home Economics in Tacoma schools.

Lillian Lister is another of our graduates on the Lincoln High faculty. She is in the Mathematics Department.

Mrs. Archie Smith, formerly Pansie Lawrence, is now living at Long Beach, California.

Mrs. Lynn Wright, formerly Mary Bonds, left this week with her small daughter, Evelyn, to attend the wedding of Mae Reddish, in New York.

Mrs. Lynn Wright, formerly Ina Landon, a daughter of Dr. Landon, who is on the Board of Trustees, is living in Edmunds, Wash.

Mrs. Elsie Grumbling Poe is visiting her mother, Mrs. Grumbling, and sister, Miss Helen Grumbling, in Los Angeles.

A luncheon of interest to Alumnae was that given in Seattle by Mrs. Lois Beil Sandall, Georgia Slater Russell and Elsie Grumbling Poe, at the home of Mrs. Sandall. The affair was in honor of Miss Mae Reddish. Eighteen Theta alumnae were present.

Miss Marguerite Monroe, a former student of C. P. S., later receiving her A. B. and M. A. from the University of Southern California, is now Church Secretary in one of the large Methodist Churches of Los Angeles.

Eliza Jane Strand, a student here in 1911-12, is now head of the English department in Olympia High.

Among the coming marriages of interest are those of Miss Irma Tuell to Mr. Lynn; Miss Hertilla Barlow to Mr. Sherman Day; and Miss Mae Reddish to Mr. Howe, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Simpson are now living in Spokane, where Mr. Simpson is connected with the credit department of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Simpson was a prominent H. C. S. man and Mrs. Simpson, formerly Myra Ford, was an active Theta.

Mrs. George Simons, formerly Ruth Goulder, is returning to Tacoma this spring to visit her parents. Mr. Simons is in Y. M. C. A. work in the East.

Twisp, Washington.

Dear Herb:

The Victory Trail arrived last night and a half-dozen former C. P. S. students here have read it from cover to cover. It seems that in the alumni section this time you have mentioned just the people I have been wondering about.

I was most certainly glad to hear about Francis Powell's lil' Lucille and would like very much to gaze upon his countenance of paternal beneficence as he treads the midnight floor. I was myself introduced to that chapter of married bliss some eighteen months ago as you know.

I agree with you in your ambition for the return of the old name of "Maroon." I read with interest your discussion of the relative merits of the names "Maroon," "Trail" and "Grizzlies," and I heartily endorse your viewpoints, and feel that I am not alone in preferring the name "Maroon" to all others. It is, as you say, a dignified, powerful, and very adaptable name.

As I read of the completion of the campaign for "Our School," I am filled with pride to know that its success is assured, but along with all the rejoicing there comes a sadness and I wonder if, in the grand new buildings and campus I can ever find the traditions and associations that have made the old college home so dear to me.

And now, Herb, I want to tell you something that I doubt if you will believe. Along with our longings for the old days WE LONG FOR AN OCCASIONAL CHAPEL SPEAKER. Dr. Todd used to tell us that to be successful we must have visions and dream dreams and, oh, how true it is. For two years I have dreamed and worked and dreamed again that this high school might be fully accredited again, and last week when the inspector made his visit he informed us that he would make recommendation for full accreditation. Oh boy, ARE I happy?

Well, I am sure a busy editor has not much time to listen to the hopes and tribulations of a pedagogue, so must close with the expectation of renewing all the old acquaintanceships at Commencement time.

Your sincere friend,  
J. H. ALDEN WARMAN.

Dear old pedagogue:

We all most certainly appreciated your interesting letter and we are glad you like our "stupendously extraordinary" little Trail. Note what you say about reading all the jokes each time—well, Warman, that's about all some of the students here do read—especially the Freshmen. They don't get to the "heavy" stuff until their sophomore year.

You also prefer "Maroon," you say? We have received quite a few letters during the month voicing the same sentiments. Honest, friend pedagogue, I wish I could be editor again next year—I'd change the "Trail to "The Maroon," or die an ignominious death in the attempt. But, alas for me, I must graduate and go out to conquer the world. I've been wondering how the school will get along without me next year. Just between the two of us, I understand the Board of Trustees has been quite worried of late over my coming departure from the institution. Without my guiding hand and great intellectual keenness behind the college the future does indeed seem dark.

What you say regarding the possible change of atmosphere in the coming new buildings and campus is in line with letters we have received from several other alumni. It is true that this old struggling institution has bred in its students a like character of hardiness, ambition, upward struggle, simplicity, a lack of hypocrisy, pretension, or snobbery. It has tended to develop in its students a true spirit of democracy, brotherly helpfulness, and genuine cheerfulness. Will that be changed?

When we arrive upon the new campus we will not be able to crack that old joke about the wind blowing over the chapel building or the spooky orchestra of the creaky stairs, nor will we be able to cut our initials on the library mahogany.

The chemists down in the chemistry laboratory will no more be able to "perfume" the whole building with their exotic odors, and there will be no more "observations" from the roof of the "ad" building. Yes, if on "arrival" on the new campus that old "upward struggle to a shining goal" that has characterized the past history of the institution and thereby also its students, should be replaced by a feeling of smug self-satisfaction—well—that wouldn't do, now, would it, Warman?

Well, congratulations on your achievement, J. H., with regard to getting the old high school back on an accredited basis. We all share your happiness in the achievement, you may be sure.

Must close now and write an editorial,  
Yours until Commencement,  
Herb.

\* \* \*

**H. C. S. FRATERNITY**



**W**E take great pleasure in announcing that Wallaec Scott is now one of the 'elect'. We already have had the pleasure of hearing him sing for us at one of our programs.

As usual, H. C. S. is well to the forefront in all school activities, and we announce that again our H. C. S. man, Sam Levinson, won the A. O. Burmeijster oratorical prize of \$75. The college debate team, which journeys over to the U. of W. on May 20 to debate the Badger Debate Club, is composed of H. C. S. men, Cecil Cavanaugh and Sam Levinson.

We have been entertained with interesting programs during the past month. Especially interesting was the program given by Stanton Warburton, May 9, on the topic of "Birds." It would not be too big a statement to say that Mr. Warburton is considered

as one of the best authorities on song birds in the State of Washington, if not on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Warburton had a few specimens of his extensive collections to illuminate his lecture. Quite a number of visitors, including some of our Theta Sisters, were present at the meeting.

Summer will see the old gang scatter all over the country, but the opening of school again in fall will see most of the men back with more enthusiasm and pep than ever. We have made a record that we are proud of during the past year, but next year we are going to do better.

**ENGAGEMENTS ANNOUNCED**

**S**PRING brings on many new things and we should add, "Ain't love grand!" Comes now the announcement of the engagements of three of the choicest bits of feminine pulchritude in ye collegium. Beauty and brains don't usually come in the same package, but here are exceptions.

The first engagement announced was that of Esther Dufall to Stephen Arnett, matched at C. P. S. College is good for something after all. The second was that of Helen G. Monroe to Lloyd Wright, of Idaho; and the third, that of Mildred Forsberg and Herschel Monzingo. The students are not so well acquainted with the latter young men but Helen and "Mid" both seem happy and that's all that's necessary.

**AMPHICTYON LITERARY SOCIETY**



**A**LL aboard for the Amphic launch party! Every Amphic is eagerly awaiting May 21, in anticipation of "one grand, glorious time." Perfect weather, a full moon and all the trimmings have been reserved in advance. Come early and avoid the rush!

The usual excellence characterizing the Amphic programs has not been lacking this month. Two very instructive and attractive programs were given on the subjects, "Science" and "Thrills." Expectation and wild excitement ran high on the evening of May 2, occasioned by the "extempor-

aneous" program. Then, to bring us back to earth again, we had a "feed" after the said terrifying program.

Officers for the coming year were elected at the last meeting, as follows:

- President ..... Paul Snyder
- Vice-President ..... Esther Graham
- Secretary ..... Thelma Bestler
- Treasurer ..... Helen Pangborn
- Sergeant-at-Arms ..... Elmer Carlson
- Corresponding Secretary ..... Peggy Dorwin
- Music Manager ..... Anton Erp
- Dramatics ..... Ruby Tennant
- Athletics ..... Clyde Kinch
- Chaplain ..... Roy Owens

The evening given over to "College Life" was greatly enjoyed, and it might be added, a real page torn from college life. Dark and dreadful were the plots concocted against Esther Graham after her learned discourse on "Amphics at College." It was well that she secured the protection of the sergeant prior to the reading of her paper.

This has been a very successful year for the society, many new members have been added to our number and have proved themselves regular "Whizzes."

## PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY



WITH a two-part program of elaborate character, the men of the Philomathean Literary Society presented several entirely new ideas in the way of literary productions and were awarded the decisions of the judges in the dual boys' and girls' contest programs held May 2 and April 25 respectively.

The first part of their program was an allegorical sketch, "Redemption." The role of the derelict was admirably taken by Arthur Harris. The role of "New Hope," entering the life of the outcast was

taken by Newell Stone, who summoned up the various elements of Crime, Vice, Sickness, Disease, Pessimism and Optimism. Such a tense dramatic situation was portrayed at the entrance of Poverty and Crime, and so effective were the speaking parts that the principals, as well as the audience were moved.

The climax of the production was reached on the entrance of Ted Beattie, typifying Christianity, bearing the illuminated cross and bringing the outcast to a realization of a better world, thus giving the elaborate drama the finishing emotional touch.

The cast of characters included: Spirit of New Hope, Newell Stone; The Outcast, Arthur Harris; Christianity, Ted Beattie; Crime, Ralph Cory; Authority, Matt Thompson; Poverty, O. R. Anderson; Employer, Dean Hart; Optimism, Howard Ericson; Pessimism, Frank Brooks; Temptation, Leslie Hilliard.

"A Pair of Queens," a comedy, formed the second part of the entertainment. As the King of Hearts, Charles Brady proved a scream, while Frank Brooks' characterization of the roiling pin Queen threw the audience into paroxysms of laughter, that fairly shook the decrepid chapel building. Matt Thompson, as the garbage man's daughter, threatened to stop the show.

Other characters were: heralds, Max Vaughn and Ralph Cory; secretary of the royal navy, Howard Ericson; secretary of the army, Leslie Hilliard; Jack of Hearts, Edward Amende; court jester, George Monty; a pair of deuces, Edward Norris and Ralph Cory.

Dean Hart was chairman of the production and Professors Random Harvey and Walter Davis, and Mrs. Anton Brix acted as judges.

With every seat filled and many people forced to stand, the girls of the society presented their play in the boys' and girls' annual contest programs April 25.

The play, "Be Natural", aimed to depict a girl's college life in its more humorous aspects.

The first of the three acts opened in the bachelor apartments of two of the college girls, Ruth Wheeler and Miriam Kloeppel, who were busily preparing for the arrival of a group of their classmates. Their lively dialogue as they proceeded about their work was typical of the wordy exchanges heard among girls and brought forth gales of laughter from the audience.

In the second act the group of college girls arrived at the bachelor apartments and there proceeded to a discussion on the reformation of men. Ermine Warren acted as chairman. Isabelle Mullenger read a paper on "Man in General," and Phoebe Nicholson discussed "How to Reform Men," classifying the various species in biological terms. An "Ode to Charlie," was given by Rosa Perkins, after which an open discussion of "Men" followed. Agnes Sund acted as chairman of the entertainment.

In the intermission between the acts Marion Myers gave several delightful vocal solos, and Vera Sinclair and Margaret Ohlson presented their latest offering on the piano.

The girls participating in the program were: Rosa Perkins, Helen Brix, Thelma Hastings, Ruth Wheeler, Miriam Kloeppel, Phoebe Nicholson, Ermine Warren, Isabelle Mullenger, Gertrude Stringer, Billy Jones, Luella Peterman and Frances Niesen.

The annual Philo launch ride was held on the evening of May 6. The party left Tacoma at six o'clock and landed at Manzanita for a beach supper, which was followed by boating,

hikes, and stunts around the fire. Reverend and Mrs. Williams and Miss Reneau were the chaperones for the affair.

The Philo alumni banquet will be held Monday evening, June 6, at the First Methodist Church, at which time the present active Philos as well as a large number of alumni will gather around the festive board in memory of "Auld Lang Syne."

To those of our number who are leaving the college, we express our sincerest wishes for the greatest possible achievement in service and happiness. To those who will return next year we wish the best of vacations possible and renewed enthusiasm for the activities of next year.

\* \* \*

## JUNIOR-SENIOR BREAKFAST

WE rise to remark that the traditional breakfast tendered by the junior class to the class of '21, May 2, at the Tacoma Hotel, was the best party of the year. There was so much to be said that it was quite necessary for everyone to talk at once. The uproar that resulted rocked the festoons on the wall and threatened to make eating impossible. Ethel Beckman says she kept tab on Ernest Clay and she swears by the ribbon on her colonial minuet frock that he talked solid for one-half hour without even stopping for breath. Lars Rynning ran him a close second, but his lady testifies that she caught him stopping for breath and a sip of water twice during the allotted time.

The unique table decorations in the colors of the two classes the crimson and gray of the seniors, and the green and white of the class of '22, were artistically done, adding to the mass of blending color and furnishing a harmonious background for the brilliant gowns.

Tongues wagged and the air was thick with talk and laughter, youthful juniors, soon to be elevated to senior standing, seniors bowed down with their dignity, and the faculty members of the various departments all united in the mirth and good fellowship of a most congenial gathering of the once rival freshman and sophomore classes, now nearing their coveted goal and the inheritance of their sheepskins. Cordiality and goodwill permeated the very atmosphere and the aroma of the well-filled banquet tables extinguished the last semblance of any former rivalry.

Those on the program and their topics were: Ernest Clay, "Interest;" Florence Maddock, "Loyalty;" Paul Snyder, "Looking Forward;" Winifred Wayne, "Inspiration;" Dean A. B. Cunningham, "Offering;" Maude Shunk, "Number."

Delightful vocal solos were given by Marion Myers and Agnes Scott.

Edward Longstreth of the junior class acted as toastmaster.

\* \* \*

All La Champ Bars sell for 5c, or a thin nickle.

\* \* \*

## KAPPA SIGMA THETA SORORITY



OUR meetings have been rather broken into lately, but so many delightful "spring" affairs have been going on that the Thetas are not sorry. We had a splendid Spring program, though, in which our new members had an opportunity to display their genius.

The program follows:

The Effect of Spring on Lessons ..... Evelyn Ahnquist  
Spring Styles ..... Ruth Kennedy  
Piano Solo—"Rhapsodie Hungroise" ..... Audrene Hedstrom  
Spring Hats ..... Mildred Barlow  
Spring Fever ..... Helen Buckley  
A Spring Farce .....

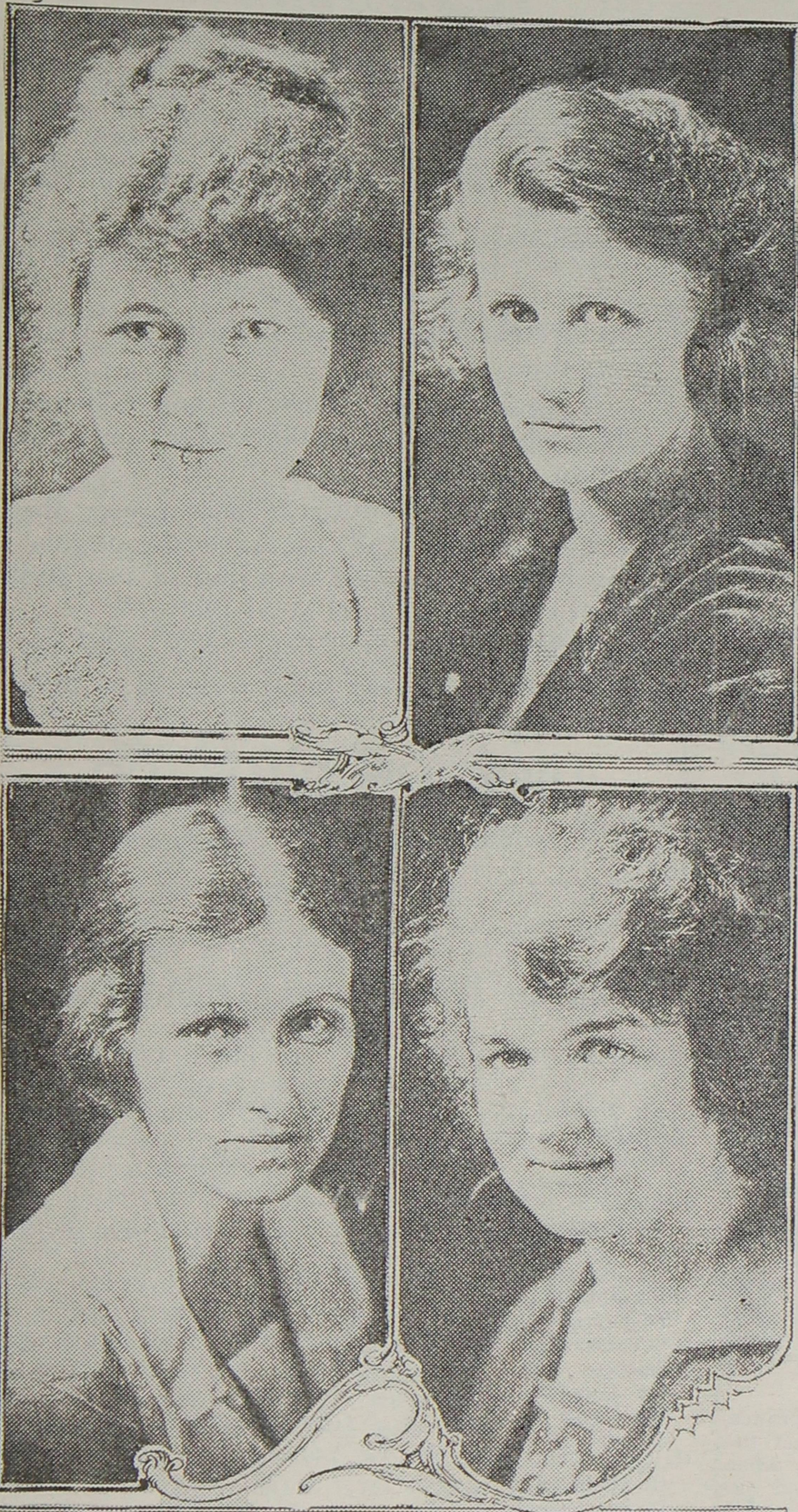
..... Helen Monroe, Kathleen Boyle, Mildred Forsberg

We certainly had a good time at our Violet Luncheon. The weather was lovely, everyone was feeling good, 'neverthing. The program was packed full of thrills, and—we decline to tell.

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**I**N this group of photographs are shown some of the brainiest women on the Pacific Coast, according to the Willamette Collegian, and that college paper ought to know since it was with Willamette U that the hotly contested wordy clash was held on April 21. They were further described as "some of the best poised and most effective speakers ever seen on an American platform." But then we knew that all along. Justice Thomas McBride, after hearing the contest declared, "If all the lawyers that appear before the supreme court would prepare their briefs as well as these young ladies have done, there would be better justice."

The subject of the debate was: "Resolved, That Japanese immigration to the United States should be restricted." Florence Maddock and Helen Brace (lower left and right, respectively) journeyed to the Oregon city with Professor Hovious, and there piled up such a stupendous mass of evidence on the negative side of the question that they were awarded the decision—2-1. Their opponents there were Lorlei Blatchford and Lucile Tucker.

On the home floor Grace Ross and Thelma Hastings were not so successful. Their opponents, Myrtle Mason and Ruby Rosenkranz, proved themselves well prepared and quick and clever in patching up holes made in their arguments during the rebuttals.

**INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE**

Friday, May 20, the men's intercollegiate debate will be held. C. P. S. will meet the Badger Debate Club of the University of Washington in a dual contest on the question: "Resolved: That the United States Should Adopt the English Cabinet Form of Government."

Cecil Cavanaugh and Sam Levinson will debate the affirmative at Seattle and Russell Clay and Alfred Matthews will represent old C. P. S. on the home platform. Give 'em the glad hand, they're battlin' for the old skullorium! Jazz 'em up!

**DEBATE DINNER**

May 27 a dinner will be given at the Rutland for the intercollegiate debaters and the men interested in debating. We have had a "whizz" of a year in debate and oratory, but next year we look forward to an even bigger and stronger season in forensic activities. We'll talk it over at the "dinnah." See you later.

**BURMEISTER ORATORICAL CONTEST**

**T**ALK about your Henry Clay or John Socrates or any of those old foggies if you want to but take it from us, they have nothing on our own li'l aggregation of word artists when it comes to the flowery oratory. We shed tears when Samuel Levinson gave his biographical sketch on "Champ Clark," at the Burmeister oratorical contest held April 29, and we saw a new vision when Florence Maddock expostulated on "Westward, the Course of Empire." Vincente Villafuerte's fiery oration on "The Philippines and Their Cause" made us want to write a letter to President Harding right away demanding that the little island in the Pacific be given its freedom, and when Victor Ciscar followed with "A Tribute to America" we felt a new pride in our country.

The first prize of \$75 was awarded to Sam Levinson, and the second prize to Vincente Villafuerte. The \$50 debate award for the best woman debater in the school was awarded to Florence Maddock.

The orations were judged for clean thought, accuracy of statement, and originality of presentation. The contest was interspersed with several delightful musical numbers, Marion Myers presenting a vocal solo and Isabelle Mullenger a pleasing piano number. Nathan Lynn gave a group of violin selections which were heartily enjoyed. Dean A. B. Cunningham acted as chairman.

**DEBATE CLUB ORGANIZED**

**A** club has been organized for the purpose of promoting interest in and furthering debate in the college. The club has drawn up a constitution to be submitted to Dr. Todd and the Trustees for a charter. The name has not yet been decided upon.

This club is the first organization of its kind at the College of Puget Sound. Its purpose is to give instruction in debate to those interested, to help the intercollegiate debaters, and to stand back of them and back of all college debates.

Open meetings are to be held so that not only members, but others as well, may derive benefit from the Club. The officers elected for the fall term are:

- President ..... Alfred Matthews
- Vice-President ..... Howard Ericson
- Secretary ..... Rosa Perkins
- Treasurer ..... Cyrus Jones

Active Charter Members are: Thelma Hastings, Russell Clay, Alfred Matthews, Sam Levinson, Florence Maddock, Helen Brace, Helen Monroe, Alice Beardemphl, Billy Ross, Cyrus Jones, Cecil Cavanaugh, Rosa Perkins.

Honorary Members are: Mr. A. O. Burmeister, Mr. James Newbegin, Mr. Maurice Langhorn, Professor Lynette Hovious, Georgia Reneau, W. S. Davis, Dean Cunningham, Pres. Todd, and Ernest Clay, President of the Associated Students.

## FRENCH PLAY, "DUST IN THE EYES"

"Mlle Catherine Morris, permettez-moi de vous presenter monsieur Elmer Carlson."

"Je suis enchante de faire votre connaissance, Mlle. Depuis combien de temps etes-vous a la College de Puget Sound?"

"Depuis peu de temps, je suis arrivee Septiembere dernier, et je suis un Frosh."

"Ah! vous etes Frosh, mais vous avez l'accent d'un Soph."

"Mais, allons c'est temps pour notre entre dans la comedie."

No, not nutty, just bugs on French is all. You might hear choice bits of such scandal any time during the rehearsals for the stupendous French production "La Poudre Aux Yeux" which was given by the French students April 21.

Amid the cheers of a vast assemblage of eager spectators the curtain rose on the first scene of "Dust in the Eyes", the first French play ever given at the college entirely in the foreign language, and as scene succeeded scene, and play succeeded play, in the varied program, the audience knew that they were witnessing one of the most notable events in the dramatic line ever staged at C. P. S.

The rustic chapel benches, the temporary stage at one end with its crude, yet effective stage properties, the audience bunched in the pit below with here and there an eager spectator leaning perilously over the edge of the rude galleries, must, to the student of English literature, have recalled those old days of the Elizabethan drama or to the French student the early days of Moliere when the scene and not the scenery, the actor and not the costume, constituted the chief attraction of the play.

So it was here, and the spasms of spontaneous delight which continually swept over the audience attested far better than any written word to the stellar work done by these amateur players. That in a school so small as this fifteen players could be secured who, in the brief weeks given them for preparation, could assume so delightfully the personalities of the French characters they portrayed, speaks much not only for the native ability of the actors, but for the commanding skill of Professor Crapser, the coach and general director, to whom more than to anyone else must be ascribed the praise for the brilliant success of the comedy.

The subject of "Dust in the Eyes," is the humorous aspect of social pretence, of social strugglers to seem what they are not. The parents bend their efforts to the utmost in endeavoring to seem more wealthy and aristocratic than they are—straining their purses and patience by a show of fashion, really uncongenial to all, and lastly, having gone too far, and promised too much, both determine to break the match of their children through extravagance unlimited—to blind each other, or as the Frenchman would say "to cast powder in the eyes." But their efforts are brought to a sudden close and the young people are again restored to their proper eminence by the advent of a burly, bluff uncle.

The date of the play is 1861—the Second Empire of France, a period in which the governing class sought to distract the masses by magnificent display and lavish expenditures, when expenditure became the measure of social position, and extravagance a title to respect. French literature of that period was full of warning voices against this social ulcer and Labiche has contributed "La Poudre Aux Yeux" to this protest against the corrupting materialism of plutocracy.

The role of Monsieur Doctor Malingear was admirably played by Wallace Scott and excellent use of the French tongue in the spirited dialogue with Madame Malingear, played by Winifred Wayne, called forth the sincere commendation of the audience. The scenes depicting the efforts of the two rival families for social honors were especially enjoyed. Salem Nourse as Mons. Ratinois, retired confectioner, and Ruth Wheeler as Madame Ratinois, admirably interpreted the role of the rival family. As Uncle Robert, bluff and burly coal merchant, Gene Schrader took a leading part. Catherine Morris took the part of Emmeline, daughter of Malingear, and Elmer Carlson played the role of Frederic, the young lover, son of Ratinois. Helen Buckley and Evelyn Ahnquist, as the two maids, Nan Tuell, as Sophie, cuisiniere, and Paul Hayward and Russell Penning as the two chasseurs, completed the commendable cast of what may well be described as the most difficult yet interesting production ever staged at C. P. S.

The play required a good deal of rewriting and changing to make it presentable and Professor Crapser is to be highly commended not only for putting over something entirely new but for her skill both in bringing out the acting abilities of the students and in coaching them to a high degree of skill in the use of the French language. Miss Crapser, however, says that the enthusiasm of the students taking part made the work a joy, and that that same pep and enthusiasm was what put the thing across.

## KHAKI

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Many of the young fellows prefer the riding breeches and we have the regulation Military breeches with double seat and lace bottoms in Khaki at \$5.00.

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\* \* \*

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS TREASURER'S REPORT  
FOR APRIL, 1921

Trail—	Dr.	Cr.	Dr.	Cr.
On Hand .....	205.28			
Receipts .....	129.93			
Disbursed .....		229.35		
Balance .....				105.86
Athletic—				
Overdrawn .....		106.71	106.71	
Music—				
On Hand .....	21.40			
Receipts .....	37.50			
Disbursed .....		37.05		
Balance .....				21.85
Debate—				
On Hand .....	126.68			
Disbursed .....		61.10		
Balance .....				65.58
Banquet—				
On Hand .....	62.30			
Disbursed .....		11.25		
Balance .....				51.05
Dramatic—				
Overdrawn .....		21.55	21.55	
Incidental—				
On Hand .....	93.52			
Disbursed .....		14.65		
Balance .....				78.87
Balance in treasury 4-30-21 ..		194.95	194.95	
	676.61	676.61	323.21	323.21

May 5, 1921.

Anton P. Erp, Treas.

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**COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM**

- May 13-14—Pageant—New Campus.
- May 25—President's Dinner to Seniors—First Methodist Church.
- May 30—Conservatory Recital, 8:00 p. m.—First Methodist Church.
- June 1—Conservatory Recital, 8:00 p. m.—First Methodist Church.
- June 2—Oratory Recital, 8:00 p. m.—Chapel.
- June 3—Recital of Miss Rita Todd of Conservatory—First Methodist Church.
- June 4—Kappa Sigma Theta Alumni Banquet, 3:00 p. m.—Olympus Inn.
- June 5—Baccalaureate Sermon, 11:00 a. m.—Dr. Edward H. Todd—First Methodist Church.
- June 5—Sermon before the Christian Organizations, 8:00 p. m.—Epworth Church.
- June 6—Final Chapel Exercises, 9:50 a. m.
- June 6—Amphictyon Alumni Banquet, 6:30 p. m.—Home Economics Rooms.
- June 6—H. C. S. Alumni Banquet, 6:30 p. m.—Tacoma Hotel.
- June 6—Philomathean Alumni Banquet, 6:30 p. m.—First Methodist Church.
- June 7—Meeting of Board of Trustees, 10:30 a. m.
- June 7—Woman's College League Picnic, 12:00 m.—18th and Warner, New Campus.
- June 7—President's Reception, 8:00 p. m.
- June 8—Commencement Exercises, 10:00 a. m.—First Methodist Church. Address Bishop Wm. O. Shepard, D. D. LL. D.
- June 8—Alumni Banquet, 8:00 p. m.

**AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT ON COLLEGE POLICY FOR THE COMING YEAR**

*(Continued from page 3)*

which has come upon us. We believe that everyone is buckling on the armour. There is no fear, for it has been supplanted with hope. Our faith in God and our fellow men is triumphant, and in His name we shall have yet greater victory.

The past year has been, for your President, one of peculiar demands. He has been denied the privilege of the little association with the students and Faculty, which he had enjoyed in years past. He has been called upon to mingle with the ministers, laity and business men throughout the State. He has had a place in a great campaign, which, to many, seemed impossible of successful accomplishment. Had it not been for the presence of God with him and with the people, the end of this year would have been vastly different than it is. It is with devout thanksgiving that we face toward the future, and find that our God still leads and commands us "Forward."

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**"WILL YE NAE COME BACK AGIN?"**

*(Continued from page 5)*

The following May, during the celebration of Queen Victoria day, they went down to Edinburgh to be with some relatives for a few days.

On the morning of the 24th they stood on a street corner watching the parade pass by. As troop after troop passed out of sight they became heavier hearted at the thought that their lad was not in the gay marchers. The sound of pipes was heard. A Highland regiment came into view, lead by their pipers. As they passed, Margot clung tightly to Rob's arm. Memories of days gone filled her with a renewed sense of her own loss. Suddenly she cried out, "Robbie, Robbie, is it you?" A tall piper in the rear rank looked blankly at them for a moment, then with an inarticulate cry rushed into the arms of the wondering couple.

Mistakes aften occur in the best of regulated War Offices, while shell-shock and prison have often destroyed man's recollection of his previous life.

The following evening the old couple sat by the fire in the cottage in the glen while Rob played to his heart's content the old melodies of the past—and this time without protest, "Will Ye No Come Back Again?"

\* \* \*

La Champ Chocolate Nut Crisp—sure good to eat.

**STUDENT BODY OFFICERS-ELECT FOR THE YEAR 1921-22**

- President of the Associated Students, ..... Anton Erp, '22.
- Secretary ..... Phoebe Nicholson, '23.
- Treasurer ..... Dean Hart, '23.
- Editor of student publication ..... Florence Maddock, '22.
- Business manager of student publication ..... Harold Fretz, '24.
- Manager of Athletics ..... Frank Brooks, '23.
- Debate Manager ..... Howard Ericson, '23.
- Manager of Dramatics ..... Margaret Ohlson, '23.
- Music Manager ..... Esther Graham, '23.
- Yell King ..... Sam Levinson, '23.

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### "THOSE OLD COLONIAL DAYS"

**D**URING the progress of the Colonial minuet in the College Pageant one heard often the expression: "Why can't we change back to those old picturesque costumes, and those chivalric courtesies and that delightful etiquette that graced the 'good old' Colonial days." Today, instead, we take barely time to lift our hats to the ladies, and there are those who do not even go to the trouble to remove their hands from their pockets when greeting one of the fair sex, giving instead a substitute of a shrug of the shoulder or a toss of the head.

Our dress clothes are black and white, and any one even daring to wear a trace of another color does so at the risk of appearing "queer." The ladies are more fortunate in this respect, God bless their superior brains.

In reading of the old Colonial days one cannot help being struck by the beauty and grace as contrasted with today's busy, "pragmatical" world. The foundation of Colonial social life on the Potomac River was the plantation home. When we think of the word "Colonial," we somehow also think of the word "Potomac," and all that word signifies. The distances between the old Potomac plantations put a premium on family life. A large family was a social necessity. Home life was "the thing," rather than as today, "a place to eat and change clothes." The number of a planter's children nearly always reached two figures if the number of his wives did not. "Single blessedness" did not achieve its reputation in those days. Men married young, and neither a widow nor a widower retained that title long. It indicated a permanency much less often than a transition stage. Men took four and five successive wives. Women took second, third, fourth and fifth successors to their first husband.

If the social life rested fundamentally on the home, and if the large family furnished a self-sufficient social unit, nevertheless it embraced all sorts of delightful diversions, from the casual caller who came to spend the day to the generally welcome poor relation whose visit stretched through a life-time, the traveler who was unknown almost as often as introduced, or the troop of neighbors and cousins who came by horse, coach, or boat to balls, house-warming, house parties, and other great gatherings.

Eyes Examined Right. Glasses Right.  
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The plantation house was ideal for entertaining, with its large reception rooms, its long central hall, and in some cases its ballrooms and banquet rooms. The disposition of the people was fun-loving, generous, and hospitable.

Essentially characteristic of river life was the exchange of visits between the planters and the captains of the clipper ships which came to their landings direct from overseas. They depended on these skippers for more than commercial contact with the world; they anticipated their coming as they would a journal, for the briny gossips from England brought all the latest news.

There seems always to have been room enough for another at table and plenty in the platters for the unexpected guests. The arrival of a solitary traveler was a mere trifle. A coachful even is nowhere commented on as a hardship, and it must not be overlooked that the planter traveled with a retinue of servants.

The planter was an eager sportsman and handled a gun as expertly as he handled a rein. He had only to leave his front door to find game. The Potomac has ever since its discovery been celebrated as a happy hunting ground for ducks. Three hundred years seem not to have appreciably depleted the black clouds of these birds, which in the cooler months settle on its waters. On the shore the planters gunned for the almost equally abundant partridge, wild pigeon, and wild quail. These feathered game they hunted for meat. Of the "varmints," the 'possum was hunted for his meat, but the 'coon for his hide.

And so they lived, these gay old Colonials, constantly giving expression to the inherent spirit to make everybody and everything the occasion for a visit, a drink, a dinner, a dance, a wager, a race, or some form of festivity. Would that I were a Colonial!

\* \* \*

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\* \* \*

**KAROOK-A-DOODLE-DOO**

Karooka was a little girl  
With hair of golden hue;  
Her cheeks were like the roses red,  
Her eyes were baby blue.  
Karooka was a pretty girl,  
So far as people knowed,  
Until she donned a knee-high skirt,  
Oh, heavens! Her legs were bowed.

\* \* \*

Two nut sundaes were riding on a Center street car. One  
of them took out his watch and the other one asked:

"Wha' time 'sit?"

"Tuesday—hic—afternoon," was the reply.

"Well, thish where I get off then."

\* \* \*

Wallace Scott says that every time there's an earthquake in  
California the cows give milk shakes.

\* \* \*

"Your money or your life," growled the Tamanawas high-  
binder.

"Take me life," responded the Frosh, "I'm savin' me money  
for me old age."

\* \* \*

Dr. X: "In what course is your daughter graduating?"

Parent: "Oh, in the course of time."

\* \* \*

A maid with a duster, once made a great bluster

Adjusting a bust in the hall;

And when it was dusted, the bust it was busted,

And the bust now is dust, that is all.

\* \* \*

Steve: "Esther, you are the breath of life to me."

Sweet Young Esther: "Then see how long you can hold  
your breath, Stevie."

\* \* \*

"Well, that's enough to try the patience of Job!" exclaimed  
the country minister, as he drew aside the local paper.

"Why, what's the trouble, dear?" asked his wife.

"Last Sunday I preached from the text, 'Be ye, therefore,  
steadfast,'" answered the good man; "but the printer makes  
it read, 'Be ye there for breakfast'."

\* \* \*

Porter, to Helen Brace enroute to Willamette: "Lady,  
shall I brush you off?"

Helen Brace: "No, I'll get off in the regular manner."

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"Better keep your head inside the window," said the con-  
ductor to Matt Thompson on the way to Olalla. "If you break  
any of the iron work on the bridge you'll have to pay for it."

\* \* \*

"You're fired!" said Si Jones to the furnace.

\* \* \*

Charles Brady informs us that his work for the summer  
will be holding the tide back with a pitch fork while Ruth  
sweeps the beach.

\* \* \*

Geologist Harvey dug ten feet into a mining claim in Mon-  
tana once and then abandoned it. Lester Lucas took it up and  
at eleven feet struck gold. When Professor Harvey heard the  
news he is said to have exclaimed: "I'll never leave another  
claim until I have gone a foot further."

\* \* \*

We read that nearly 200 phonograph needles were found in  
the stomach of Miss Isabelle Mullenger, the noted musician  
who was operated on recently near London. She probably  
wanted music with her meals. And of course she couldn't use  
the same needle twice.

\* \* \*

Professor Slater of biological fame cites an interesting in-  
stance of the way in which all available housing facilities are  
snapped up by young housekeepers. He set out some little new  
trees one morning. That same afternoon, before they even  
began to take root a youthful pair of robins were industriously  
building a nest in one of them.

\* \* \*

A big black taxi shot madly through the street. Bystanders  
were horrified to see protruding through the curtains eight  
pairs of girlish limbs, minus shoes and stockings. 450 motor-  
cycle cops were in hot pursuit. The fire department brought  
up the rear. "Stop that harem," shouted the chief of police.  
The driver stopped and explained that the legs were papier  
mache hosiery forms on their way to Rhodes.

\* \* \*

Old Lady (to small girl with cross-eyed teddy bear): "What  
is your bear's name?"

Girl: "His name is 'Gladly'."

Old Lady: "My what a queer name. How did you think  
of it?"

Girl: "At Chapel we sang a song named 'Gladly, the cross  
I'd bear,' so I named him 'Gladly'."

\* \* \*

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### REMEMBER!

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\* \* \*

"A successful marriage must be a give and take proposition."

"Ours is. Our wife takes every cent we have."

\* \* \*

"Why do you like swimming so well?"

"Because its a clean sport."

\* \* \*

"At Palm Beach," said mother to daughter,  
"Show good form, dear, down at the water."  
I heard just to-day  
In a roundabout way,  
She really showed more than she'd oughter.

\* \* \*

If she'd died in the spring 'twould have been a good thing, but she didn't.

She died in the fall.

\* \* \*

Did those pictures of the Frosh girls in their stunt turn out alright?

No!

Why?

Too much exposure.

\* \* \*

Say, where has McPhail gone to? All the girls in school have been asking about him.

Mac's gone to the country to grammar school.

Whats the idea?

Well, you see the Freshmen had a stunt up in assembly and Mac said he wasn't going to college if thats the way the girls dress at these country schools.

\* \* \*

Say, have you heard the scandal? They say that Sigh Jones proposed to one of the girls in school.

Well, that explains it. I was wondering what made Hilda Scheyer.

\* \* \*

Say, you know I told Professor Hanawalt today that I saw Venus out last night with Mars and that they went by Sirius.

\* \* \*

Sloan: "Did you ever meet a fellow down there with one leg named Longstreth?"

Doan (pondering): "What was the name of the other leg?"

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"How does it happen that you are five minutes late this morning?" asked Prof. Slater severely.

"Don't know sir, I must have overwashed myself."

\* \* \*

Hick: "You hair is dyed!"

Jean: "'Tis False!"

Jack: "I know that too."

\* \* \*

Stone took her for an ice-cream treat,  
Billie, his blue-eyed pal;  
But fainted when he saw the sign,  
"Cream, ninety cents a gal."

\* \* \*

Ruth Wheeler rode in my cycle car  
In the seat in back of me;  
I took a bump at fifty-five  
And drove on Ruthlessly.

### THEY TELL IT ON PROF. HANAWALT

An absent-minded professor of mathematics at C. P. S. went into a store to buy a jar. He saw one that was turned upside down and cried: "How absurd! The jar has no mouth!"

Turning it over, he was once more astonished. "Why, bless me, the bottom's gone too!" he exclaimed.

### COOTIES???

Prof. Davis (in European History: "Now that brings us to the war in the vest. (West.)

### NORMAL, NORMAL

I'm a twentieth century school ma'rm,  
I powder and have ear-puggs,  
I wear high heels and  
Eat candy 'tween meals  
It's awful! But really one must!

### MUST BE CLYDE IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS?

Clyde: "Mother, give me some more cake."

Mother: "No, if I give you any more you'll burst."

Clyde: "Well, give me some more and get out of the road."

\* \* \*

Brady: "Do you know that up in National several winters ago it was so cold that even the thermometer froze."

Monroe: "I can beat that! Back in Idaho where I come from, one winter it was so cold that I had to build a fire around the cow before I could milk her."

\* \* \*

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## A YOUNG MAN'S CLOTHING STORE

The Rhodes Men's Shop is an individual department devoted to the service of men who choose their clothing with discriminating care, and special attention is given to the selection of apparel for the young fellows.

Clothing for young men that is distinctive in style and pattern, that is always different, yet never extreme in its interpretation of style. Young Men will find here at all times—

Styles and patterns that meet their approval.  
Materials that they consider worthy.  
Tailoring that achieves perfect-fitting lines.  
Values that measure up to the exacting requirements of men who know a dollar's worth.

### SPLENDID WORSTEDS

Developed into Suits of the conservative styles preferred by men of business habits and settled tastes. Worsteds of Metcalf, Hurd's, Clay weave, in patterns of dignity and character.

### YOUNG MEN'S STYLES

shown in six distinctly different models in styles that are distinctive in design and youthful of line.

Patterns that appeal for rich coloring and striking weave.

Suits for men of every type of figure, for every purpose or fancy. Priced at

**\$25.00 to \$50.00**

—1st (Broadway) Floor

# Rhodes Brothers

BROADWAY - ELEVENTH - MARKET