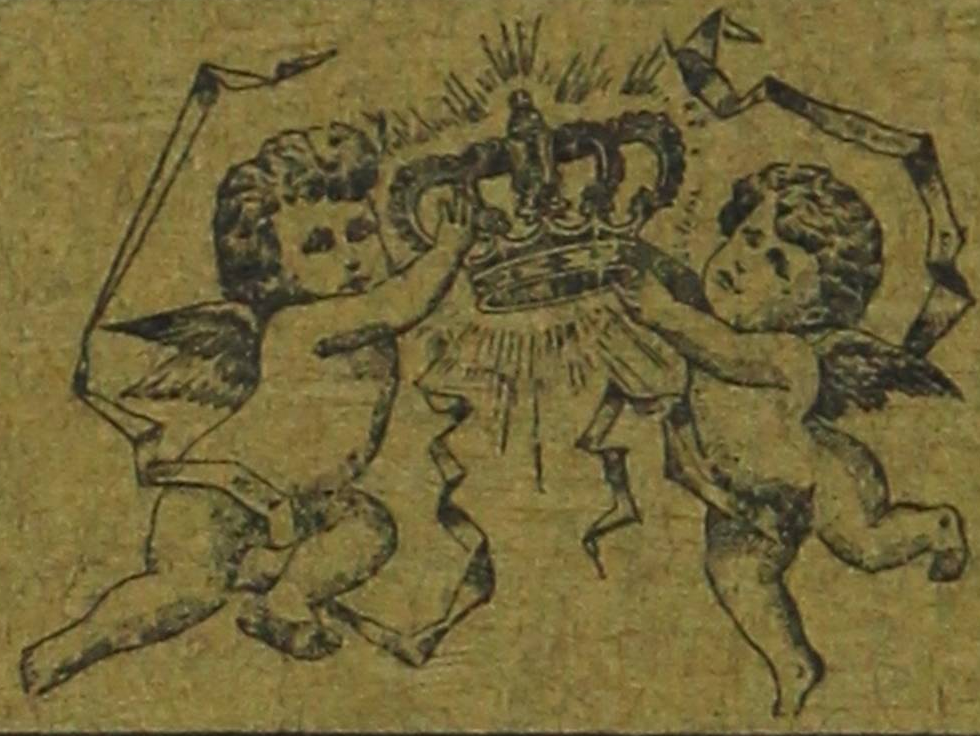


THE TRAIL



FEBRUARY 1915

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OF THE COLLEGE OF RGET-SOVND



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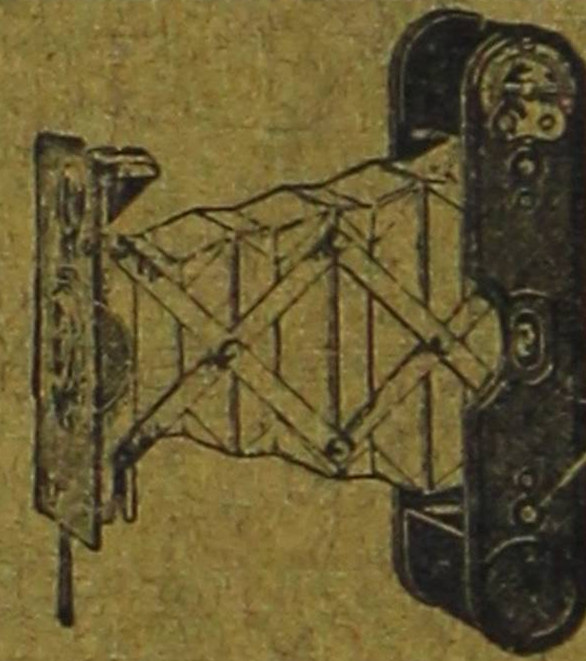
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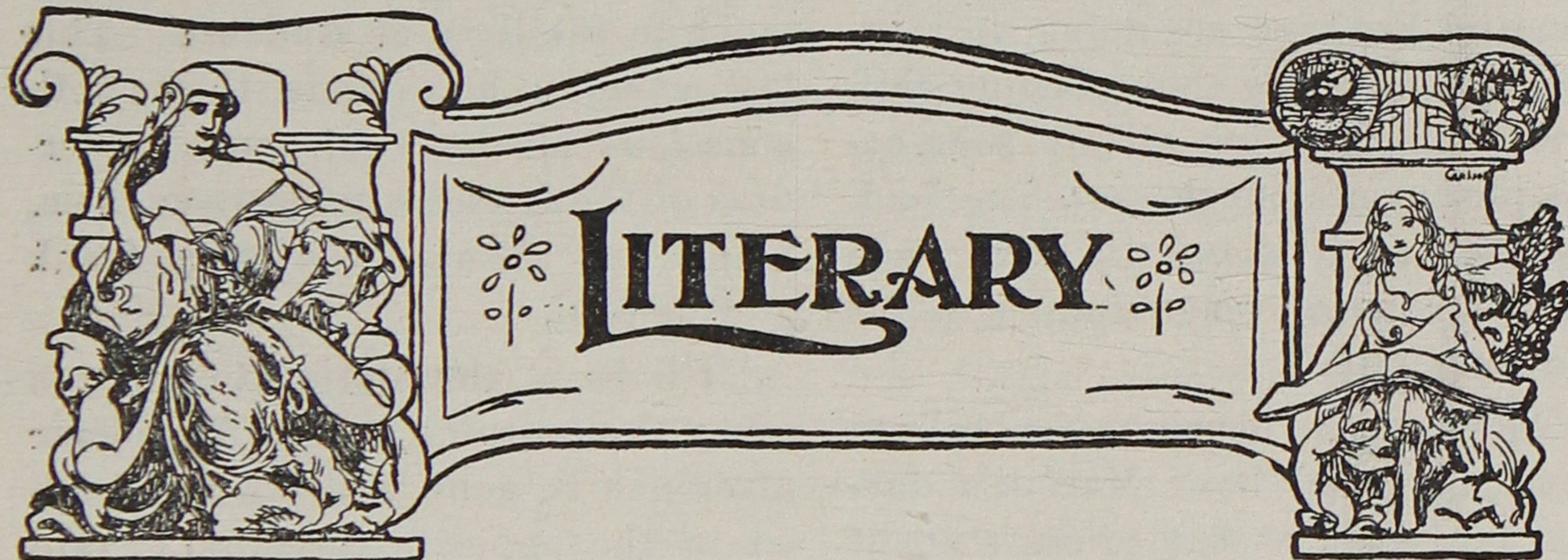
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The Puget Sound Trail

VOL. IV

FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 5



The Mark of Service

Minnie E. Van Slyke

"This is not exactly commencement; in fact I wonder if commencement ever comes. I think we are forever about to commence something."

So observed Joe Connor as he and Marian Kent were taking a farewell stroll along the shaded walks in the old campus.

"Well, Joe, it seems to me that we have commenced but that it is hard to get beyond that commencement stage. We have each made a beginning, but are bound to do a deal more in the way of commencing before accomplishing our purpose. My prayer is that we have the tenacity of purpose to carry us

through our long commencing."

"Amen, Marian. We shall have this to remember—that however our paths may diverge we began together in this dear old place and I can tell you tonight that if I might follow my inclinations, as you may do, I'd go, like you, where there is most need for those of our profession. When you are bringing comfort to the suffering ones of India, try sometimes to spare a thought for the struggling "M. D." back in Detroit; and, Marian, can't you find time once in a while to write me a note? There is no hope that I may ever join you in your work, but I shall find much to do here, and," his

voice was a little unsteady, "your letters would be gleams of light on the way that is marked out for me."

"Indeed I can and shall write to you, Joe, and I am sure that when all our deeds and motives are weighed in the balance, the work that you and Kathryn are doing, in rearing and educating those darling children, will outweigh all my poor accomplishments in the mission field. Be that as it may, we have each made a commencement, and now for the long pull."

They were nearing the college home that had been Marian's during her years as a medical student at the great university.

From her early girlhood one course in life she had mapped out for herself, and toward one end had her energies been directed.

She remembered a gentle, patient father who had given the strength and vigor of his young manhood for the assistance of the benighted worshipers of the Ganges, and never had she forgotten the pictures he drew for her of the need and suffering that lay beyond the great ocean. Always she seemed to hear, like Saul of Tarsus, the piteous cry, "Come over and help us." She had finished with honor a strenuous medical course and was now prepared to take up, with all the ardor of youth and conscious strength, her chosen work of service.

To Joseph Connor the work before Marian looked like one of great opportunity. But a few months before this time, the death of an older

brother had left to him and his sister Kathryn the care of three helpless children, and he bravely turned his face toward duty.

Between Marian and Joe had sprung up one of those college friendships which often mean so much in the lives of students. This last evening had made them both conscious of the value and tenderness of the friendship between them, which had always been open, frank and helpful.

"I'll be at the station to see you off in the morning, and, a half hour after you're gone will see me headed in the opposite direction," said Joe, in parting.

The next day saw them both in their homes—Joe in Detroit and Marian and her mother in Chicago.

What it cost Marian's mother to see her youngest daughter leave, alone, for her distant field of labor no one but herself knew. Two other daughters and two sons she had with her. In Marian she saw the same spirit that had animated their father, and she rejoiced that she had been worthy to send one child to take up the work from which he had been called. The weeks were all too short till the time came for Marian's departure, when, with the nearest approach to faintness of purpose that Marian had ever known, she joined the little company bound as she was bound for the largest field of service open for human occupation.

As the weeks stretched into months and the months drew on to

years, Marian found that she had made no mistake in choosing a life-work. She experienced the satisfaction of knowing that she was doing all that it was in her capacity to do and that her work was effective. The blessing was hers of seeing hope replace despair; of seeing health and peace where, before, dire misery had reigned. There was so much to do. The society had built and equipped a hospital for her station, but the work was only begun at that. What a need for more skilled surgeons and nurses! She gradually trained several of the latter from the native women, but sometimes she thought of Joe striving to make a place for himself in the city, over-supplied with practitioners as it was, while here were countless thousands of patients to one physician. The task was overwhelming, and she threw herself into the work with such utter abandon that, ere five years had passed, she was forced to leave her post and to make the long journey home, leaving another to take her place.

Almost bitterly she resented the weakness that she could not overcome. However, she had youth, and a long rest would enable her to take up the work again. It seemed to her, too, that merely the sight of her dear mother's face would make her strong again. The nearer she drew to the mighty city of the lakes the keener became her desire to reach her home. To few of us does home ever mean so much as it meant to Marian. The joy that was hers that

day is only for those who have been long in a far country as had she. The utter difference between her mother's house and her hospital in India was inexpressible and the effect of the change on her health and spirits was magical.

Never strictly beautiful, her strong, fine face lighted by large gray eyes impressed the beholder with a sense of calm restfulness. A few weeks of her mother's loving care and the companionship of home brought back the tint of color to her cheeks, and the traces of her arduous life overseas disappeared. She was the same bright Marian.

She had written to Joe occasionally as the months had gone by and she knew from his letters that he had been fairly successful in his effort to do his work and make a place for himself in Detroit. The children were now repaying in loving devotion the care bestowed upon them. His sister Kathryn was to be married the coming winter. In two more days he was coming to Chicago to attend a convention and he was to make his home at her mother's house during his stay in the city. Marian was keenly anxious to meet him again, and almost like a schoolgirl in her anticipation of the pleasure of his visit. She helped her mother and sister in the task of making ready for her guest with a zest that caused the wise mother to smile gently while her eyes softened as they rested on her daughter's sensitive face.

It was Tuesday morning. Tomor-

row Joe was coming and Marian would not admit even to herself how glad she would be to have the next morning come.

She was sitting in her own room idly toying with a ring—her father's gift—that she had worn since her fifteenth birthday. Suddenly she looked intently at her finger, her body stiffened and her lips met in a firm straight line. She rose, went to the window, where the rays of the morning sun fell full upon her hands. She stood like a statue, her eyes fixed upon the finger that bore the little ring. Her face was gray even to the lips.

Finally she turned. Taking hat, coat, gloves and purse she prepared for the street and quietly leaving the house she boarded a passing car and made her way to an office in a great building in the heart of the city. Into several buildings she went (her face grayer and more tense each time); finally, accompanied by a tall, stately-looking man she went to the office of R. R. Dustin, president of the mission board of the — church. What passed in this office we do not know, but the kind-faced president as he bade them good-bye, promised with tears in his eyes, "I'll do what you ask me, Miss Kent, I'll do what you ask of me, but, truly it is hard."

Mrs. Kent and Margaret sat sewing and reading in the pleasant living-room.

"I wonder why Marian doesn't come down," said Margaret, "I can hardly have her out of my sight

yet. Oh, I wish her friend might never let her go again. I wish her friend Connor would keep her here for us. I'm sure I wish him good fortune if he means to try it."

"Hush, daughter, we may not choose Marian's way for her. Where she sees her duty clear is where she will go, and we need have no fear that her reward may not be sure and complete, whether she is here or in India. But I wish she would come down. Go and call her."

Margaret ran up the stairs and receiving no answer to her knock, pushed open the door to find the room empty. Her quick eye noted that the hat and coat were gone, and slowly retracing her steps she re-entered the living-room.

"She isn't there, mother. She's gone out. I didn't hear her go. What a queer freak in her."

"It certainly is strange. I don't remember her mentioning her intention to go out. She has evidently meant to surprise us, but it's odd."

Lunch time came but no Marian; the afternoon wore away. Mrs. Kent's hands trembled, and the book she held dropped from them. Margaret was restless. She had telephoned her married sister and her brother's wife, but they could tell her nothing of Marian.

The family finally became genuinely alarmed. The brother tried to reassure Mrs. Kent and the sister, but there was little sleep for any one there that night.

The next morning brought Dr. Joseph Connor. Eagerly he came

up the steps and rang the bell. He was shown into the presence of the anxious mother and the strange story was told him by her trembling lips.

"We must find her," said Joe. "Mrs. Kent, your daughter Marian is my ideal of womanhood. No one else could ever fill the place in my life that Marian might fill. Let me help you to find her, whether I may keep her or not."

"I understand you, my boy, and I welcome your assistance. For myself, I can but wait and fear. May you be successful."

Thoroughly alarmed they instituted a careful and systematic search. Nothing was left undone, but all efforts failed to furnish a clue as to her whereabouts.

Mrs. Kent failed visibly. All looked haggard and worn. Five days passed.

The family had risen from an almost untouched dinner. The bell rang and an elderly gentleman was ushered in. After greeting Mrs. Kent the gentleman began: "Madam, and friends, I am R. R. Dustin, president of the board of missions of the —church of America. I come to you with a strange story to tell, but only Dr. J. R. Benham, of whom all Chicagoans are proud, and myself, know the secret of your daughter and sister's disappearance. I can say, to relieve the anxiety that I see in your faces that Miss Marian Kent is alive and in good health except for the effect of the anxiety that she feels on account of the anx-

iety you must feel at her disappearance. It has been a heavy strain on me to keep from you the information I have had in my possession and it is only at her most earnest request that I have done so.

"Before she left Chicago Miss Kent dictated the letter which I shall read to you, and another for Dr. Joseph Connor of Detroit.

"The letter to her family is this: 'Dearest Mothers, Brothers and Sisters—My heart goes out in unutterable love and longing to you all, but God's will be done. I must leave you, and in such a seemingly heartless way. When our president brings this to you I shall be beyond recall on the broad Pacific. Then I cannot weaken and you cannot call me back for I must not come—not to tell you goodbye—not to receive your blessing; but I know that your prayers and blessings will follow me to the ends of the earth.

" 'Oh, my dear ones, as I sat in my sunny little room, one of the happiest of happy, there faced me a temptation to desert my post of duty, to take the easy, pleasant way, to listen to the call of love and home which you know is so compelling to a woman's heart.

" 'But those joys are not for me. It is mine to know the joy of complete devotion to the service of "the least of these." All that I cannot have of this world will be made up to me "a thousand fold." (Oh, it is hard to make my heart remember that now, but I know it is true.) Not in my own strength have I done

this. As I sat there in my cozy room toying with the ring my dear father gave me so many years ago, visions of happiness dancing before my mind's eye, I noticed the DREAD SPOT. There was only one course. I must know certainly. I left the house quietly. If the dread horror were true you must not see me again. I might never more hear the sound of your voices. To specialist after specialist I went and each corroborated what my own too-well trained observation told me was the truth. THE SPOT ON MY FINGER WAS LEPROSY.

“ ‘My loved ones, there are thousands of poor creatures in India who need what it is in my power to give to them, to do for them. I may never touch your hands again, but with skilled and loving fingers I may minister to a class for whom the Great Physician manifested profoundest pity and helpfulness. My life must be devoted to my fellow-suffers. I cannot even write to you with my own hands, but I shall often dictate letters to you. Do not grieve for me. I shall be happy when the pain of parting has worn away; and there is so much to do.

“ ‘Mother dear, dear mother, my sisters, my brothers, goodbye.—MARIAN.’ ”

We pass over the grief that no pen can express or describe.

Leaving the letter for Connor, Mr. Dustin departed. Poor Joe came in soon. The letter from Marian was given to him. What it contained was for him alone. He sat for a

time with his head in his hands, the great tears trickling through his fingers. Then he arose, bade them all an affectionate farewell and went back to his work as Marian had gone to hers.

Five years have passed. Mrs. Kent waits eagerly while Margaret tears the seals off a package bearing a foreign stamp. When it is open, she gives a little cry—“Marian!” Mother and sister gaze till the tears blind them on the likeness of their loved one. “She is lovelier than ever, mother; it is wonderful. And she is busy and happy.

“Here is her letter,” and Margaret reads a bright message telling some of the details of a life of noble service. Part of the letter is of interest to us. We will listen—“ ‘Today I received a letter from Joseph Connor. He is in British Guiana, near Georgetown. It would make me unutterably sad to think that this shadow had fallen upon him did I not believe that he is as happy in his work as I am in mine. He has devoted his life and the fortune left him by his mother's uncle to the effort to find a cure for leprosy, and he bravely faces the danger of infection in his work in the hospital he has founded, hoping that he may find hope for the hopeless. Though we work far apart, there is comfort in thinking that we are both striving with all the skill and ability we possess to attain the same ends, and we both find our happiness in the same cause. I

(Continued on page 12)

Abraham Lincoln

By Rev. John O. Foster, D. D.
Department of Religion

Character and Influence

No special life of Lincoln is attempted in these pages. One hundred and sixty persons have attempted to write out in more or less detail the life history of this great man. Historians have searched the archives of cities, counties, states, and the records of nations for every scrap of authentic history of President Lincoln, and besides this they have drawn on the memories of the living and the letters of the departed for data, concerning him. No such eagerness for records concerning any man has ever before been manifested. He is the unique figure of the ages in this respect and still commands most wonderful attention. More than three biographies a year for fifty years attest the importance of the character outlined. His autograph still brings the highest price in the market of any man that ever lived. Take the following facts: In a recent sale of autographs in January, 1914, New York city (see *The Collector*, page 38, Feb., 1914), fifty-five of Lincoln's autographic letters and public documents sold for the stupendous sum of nearly ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, or over \$1800 each. This is unequalled in the history of the sale of autographs.

Three Americans command the attention of mankind: Washington, Lincoln and Grant. This trio has never been equaled, superceded, set aside or broken by the coming of another man to claim the highest honors of the nation. Washington must stand unmatched, as he has ever stood, "The Father of His Country; the first in war, the first in peace and the first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Lincoln won the distinction of being the "Saviour of His Country." He saved it from impending dissolution, disruption and dismemberment. This honor might be considered enough for any man, but he won another honor which will hold him in everlasting remembrance by the people of color. He emancipated, liberated the bondmen of these United States, and wrote "Liberty" on our escutcheon so indelibly that it can never be blotted out, and just what the old Liberty Bell had been carrying as its motto for the nation since July 4, 1776.

Lincoln was the greatest emancipator, he liberated more slaves than Moses, and brought them to their inheritance in a small fraction of the time it took Moses to conduct Israel to Canaan.

General Grant marshaled the

greatest armies, with the most deadly weapons of warfare, that ever assembled on the plains of strife, before his day. He won our victories, he won the respect of friends and foes, ruled the nation for two terms of the presidency, and then went abroad to receive by special invitation the freedom of all the great cities and nations of the globe. His remains rest in one of the finest tombs on earth, and as a great warrior his honors are secure.

Concerning Abraham Lincoln, two special features alone can be noticed.

Personal Character and Undying Influence

His personality was unique, no duplicate has ever been found. He was a born master of men, a great, genial hearted soul with enough good sense to furnish a dozen common men with an ample supply. His mind was alert from early manhood, his body tall, sinewy, wiry; his dark hair, blue eyes, angular visage, springy gait, and powerful muscles made him a marked figure in any crowd. He was six feet three and a half inches tall, weighed about 170 pounds, and had the power of endurance beyond the range of common mortals. His voice was not musical, but had penetrating carrying power, and his gestures were of the "sledge hammer" order. When aroused and fully animated in speaking he was a "tornado of eloquence," and carried the crowd with him to the

limit. His whole body was a sublime personification of earnestness and ability.

It is said of a gun, that it must be a hundred times heavier than its projectile, and Lincoln never strained the heavy artillery, even in action.

On the platform his long bent form would stoop lower and lower, and with voice, gesture and cutting wit he would clinch his argument, then like a half-open blade of a jack-knife would suddenly spring to his full height and claim the decision of the crowd in his favor. He was called all manner of names. "The Giraffe," "The Baboon," the "Rail Splitter," the "Long, Lank Creature from Illinois," but his speeches were full of thought even if they were enforced by vigorous action. Sometimes he would stoop till his hands would reach the floor, then would straighten up to his full height, fold his arms across his breast, step backwards a little, fling his arms above his head, "thrust them beneath his coat-tails, and keep his arms or legs in continual motion." He was seldom still for a moment, even when pleading for the life of a client before the bar, but would extend his long arms toward the judge and the jury, and shake his bony finger with a force perfectly indescribable.

Lincoln Studied Men

He measured their capacities, he saw almost intuitively their strong and their weak points, he found out their tactics, he probed their subtleties, and made himself well ac-

quainted with their strength and worth. This was immensely useful to him when called to select men for his cabinet.

That he never made a mistake in his man, is not to be claimed, but where in all the annals of statecraft can a great ruler be named who selected wiser men for a great work than Abraham Lincoln? Clients, officers, judges, juries, were compelled to recognize his knowledge of men; and if he did make up his mind rather slowly concerning men and measures he seldom made a mistake. If a case was difficult he thought all around and through it, and when called to act went forward with a steady tread.

"Honest Abe"

Who gave Abraham Lincoln the sobriquet of "Honest Abe" it is hard to determine, but nothing could be more characteristic, for he was inherently honest to the core, both by birth and education, by that higher and better policy that it is right and best to be honest.

He was honest in money matters. When the New Salem postoffice went out of existence it was feared that Lincoln was seriously involved and could not settle up with the coming government officer. A friend stood ready to lend him the money if needed, but the ex-postmaster went to an old hair-covered trunk, drew out a big woolen sock filled with silver and copper coins and when counted out on the table the sum was found to be the exact amount

he owed the government.

He started this thought of HONESTY down the ages, and no better legacy could a mortal leave to his countrymen. Happy would our nation be today if the thought of Abraham Lincoln could be carried out in full. Building his wonderful character on this corner stone, he arose to the highest position in the gift of his people. We have evidence that this characteristic outran the boundary of his immediate surroundings.

One day down at the front shortly after the fall of Richmond, an old man came into our quarters and wanted to talk. President Lincoln had been killed the day before, and our whole nation was in the most dreadful convulsions. While some of us had no special fears, others were in mental tortures. We looked at the stranger and made out that he was one of the once well to do citizens of the city, and of course listened to his questions.

"Who is this Andrew Johnson?"

"Well, sir, he is now president of these United States."

"I know, but what about him? Was he not once a democrat? Did he not flop over to the republican party just for the sake of office?"

"I believe he was a democrat, sir, some years ago, but when the South tried to dissolve the Union he cast in his lot with the republicans."

"Well, all I have to say is this: We of the Southland believed your Abe Lincoln, as you call him, was thoroughly honest, but God save

us from Andy Johnson. We have no use for him."

This little episode has a volume of thought in it, showing that even among the enemies of the republic Lincoln was considered to be an honest man.

Will His Fame and Influence Continue?

Will he live in the national life for any considerable period of the coming time? To this we answer: Go and ask the men of the old guard, who survive after half a century, who receive their pensions in greenbacks, with his picture thereon, "Will you forget Lincoln?" and the answer will come, "Never as long as WE live." Go and ask the sons of the veterans, who are rapidly taking the places of their fathers. "Will YOU forget Lincoln?" And there will come a long roll like the sound of many waters, with a far off echo, "Never." Go and ask the descendants of those four millions, now grown to eight millions, "Will you forget the man who issued the Emancipation Proclamation, and gave you your liberty, and a chance in the pursuit of happiness, who carried a burdened heart for many years because of your woes, and who longed for the hour to strike when he might break the shackles from your limbs forever"; go and ask them, and they will answer, "never . . . Till the stars will cease to burn . . . And the rivers cease to run." The people of color are forming organizations with constitutions, and

governments, with rites and ceremonies and songs of deliverance, similar to those adopted by the Israelites, who began memorial services on the day of their departure from Egypt, and which they still continue, after thousands of years, and most certainly will continue far into the coming ages.

The Jews still teach their deliverance to their children's children, even when they have no nationality, and are scattered among all nations. The colored people now have an immense literature, of great historic worth, bearing on the subject of their deliverance. Their schools, colleges and learned professors will keep this before the black man for untold centuries.

THE MARK OF SERVICE

(Continued from page 8)

can write to him with my own hand as the danger of infection to him, in his laboratory, from my letters is almost nothing.

"And then there is so much more to make me glad. My dread malady makes no progress. It does not disappear, but it gets no worse. It may be God's will that either myself or some one else may find a remedy for this curse. At any rate Joe and I know that it is

"Not all of life to live, nor all of death to die."

"With us it is a never-ending commencement."

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EDITORIAL**THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AND
MILITARISM**

For eight long months the nations of Europe have been acting out a drama of carnage that the world thought belonged to past ages. The death toll has already reached millions, and the struggle has just begun. Civilization has placed upon itself the stamp of bar-

barism and civilized peoples have unfurled the banners of savagery. Attila, the "scourge of God," would have shuddered at the deeds of rampant desecration that are now being committed in the name of patriotism. When the curtain is finally lowered on this drama of slaughter maps will be altered and historians must correct the inconsistencies of their accounts. Little did the great Bismarck suspect that the alliances he drew up to preserve the peace of Europe would introduce the most terrible international riot the world has ever witnessed.

We are told that the armaments of Europe are held to be largely responsible for the war. Nations vied with one another in the size of their dreadnaughts and the number and range of their big guns. They all played at the game of militarism which they thought would preserve peace by upholding a system of international fear and suspicion. The fallacy of the theory of military force preventing bloodshed will probably be impressed upon the nations after this terrible conflict.

And now, when Europe is about to teach the world this lesson at so great a cost, our own country is promoting the very dangers that should be so carefully guarded against. The American public is being aroused by war scares in the popular press. A wave of militarism seems to be sweeping over our own land. People are expressing doubt and fear as to the efficiency of our

own army and navy. Appropriations are being proposed for increasing our war machinery. Do we want more of the same stuff that made peace in Europe impossible? At the present time over 72% of our federal revenue is spent for military purposes—and this to prevent war.

A movement has been started among the colleges and universities of America to learn the attitude of college men and women toward increased armament for our country. Columbia University has taken the initiative. At a mass meeting held recently the students of Columbia unanimously proposed the following resolutions:

“Resolved, That we, the students of Columbia University, in mass meeting assembled, hereby go on record before congress and the people of the United States as opposed to militarism in general and an increase in our army and navy in particular.”

A committee from Columbia has asked for an expression of the attitude of our college toward this question. What is your attitude? Do you go in for militarism or do you think our country can maintain peace without increasing its force of arms? Think it over and an opportunity will be given you to express your opinion and a record of the attitude of our school will be sent to headquarters at Columbia University.

THE TWO LEADERS

The month of February holds the birthday anniversaries of the two greatest of American statesmen. It seems a fitting co-incidence that the anniversaries of these two men should be celebrated so close together. The life and work of Lincoln is peculiarly linked with the life and work of Washington. They are both heroes of one great story. The one the maker and founder of a commonwealth and the hero of independence—the other the preserver of its destinies and the hero of emancipation. Other world heroes live and die on the pages of history. Lincoln and Washington are a part of the deeds they performed but they soar far above the pages of history that record their accomplishments. The flag of our republic is unfurled to the memory of George Washington, the soldier, the general, the statesman, the president—is unfurled to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, the man who bore the sorrows of a nation, the emancipator and the martyred leader.

In this issue will be found a portion of Dr. Foster's lecture on Abraham Lincoln. Dr. Foster kindly permitted us to select a few paragraphs from his lecture, and we wish The Trail could produce it entire.

ABOUT DEBATE

After much delay, owing to the sickness of our coach, the first steps have been taken toward organizing

our debating teams. Thus far two challenges have been received, one from Willamette and the other from Pacific University. Because of delay on our part, it does not seem likely, at this time, that a debate with Willamette will be held this year, although our debate manager, Paul Todd, is trying hard to make connections. Negotiations with Pacific University, however, have practically been completed and a dual debate will be held some time in

April. As soon as the question for debate has definitely been decided upon our tryout will be held. Quite a number of men have signified their intentions of trying for the team and a lively contest for places is anticipated. As an added incentive to debaters this year, it is announced that an amendment to the student body constitution is being prepared, which will provide for official insignia to all debaters representing the college.

Constitution of Associated Students

Concluded from January Issue

ARTICLE VII

Elections

Section 1. A general election Wednesday in May, for the purpose of electing a President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer of the Associated Students and an Editor-in-Chief, Managing Editor and two Assistant Editors of the Official Student Publication.

Sec. 2. The College of Liberal Arts shall hold an election annually, on the second Wednesday in May, for the purpose of electing three representatives for the Bureau of Public Speaking, three to the Bureau of Athletics, three to the Bureau of Social Activities, and three to the Bureau of Student Publications.

Sec. 3. The Academy shall hold an election annually, on the second

Wednesday in May, for the purpose of electing two representatives each to the Bureau of Public Speaking, Student Publications, Athletics and Social Activities.

Sec. 4. Not more than one member of a College or Academy Class shall serve on the same Bureau.

Sec. 5. At least ten days before the date of election, the President of the Associated Students' Organization shall appoint a board of election judges for each school, consisting of three members each, whose duties shall be to arrange for polling places for each school, see that the ballots and poll books are prepared on the Australian system, and serve on election board on election day.

Sec. 6. The Secretary of the Associated Students shall post, on the official bulletin board, at least four-

teen days before the date of election, a notice of the date of said election.

Sec. 7. Not more than fourteen days nor less than seven days before date of election, all nominations for the various offices shall be handed to the Secretary of the Associated Students, who shall post the same on the official bulletin board at least seven days before date of election.

Sec. 8. Nominations for President, Vice President and Secretary-Treasurer of the Associated Students shall be in writing of the Associated Student Organization. Nominations for membership on the various Bureaus shall be in writing, signed by at least ten members of the Associated Student Organization in the department from which the nomination is made. Nominations for Editor-in-Chief, Managing Editor, and two Assistant Editors of the Official Student Publication shall be made by the Faculty, who shall nominate at least two candidates for each position. Nominations for Business Manager of the Student Publication shall be made by the President of the College of Puget Sound. The signed acceptance of the nominee must accompany each nomination.

Sec. 9. The board of election judges shall post in some conspicuous place a notice designating the location of each polling place at least three days before the date of election.

Sec. 10. It shall require a major-

ity of all votes cast in all cases for election. In case a candidate fails to secure a majority, a second election shall be held the following day at which only the two candidate securing the highest number of votes for each office for which the election of the previous day has failed to provide shall be candidates.

Sec. 11. Any officer of the Associated Students' Organization or any member of the Central Board, or of any Bureau shall be subject, for cause, to removal from office by a two-thirds vote of the Central Board.

Sec. 12. In all cases the Faculty shall have power to remove from office any officer for cause; such cause or causes to be presented to the Central Board.

Sec. 13. In case of a vacancy in any Bureau all of the representatives in the other Bureaus, coming from the same school, shall meet and elect a successor to fill such vacancy.

Sec. 14. The President of the Associated Students shall have the power to call special elections for the purpose of filling vacancies in said organization.

ARTICLE VIII

Meetings

Section 1. Regular meetings of the Associated Students shall be held on the last Wednesday of September, the second Wednesday of January, and the first Wednesday of April; and special meetings at the call of the President of the Associated Students.

Sec. 2. Quorum—Twenty-five per

cent of the members shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE IX Amendments

Section 1. This Constitution may be amended at any meeting by a two-thirds vote of the members present, provided that notice of the said meeting together with a copy of the proposed amendments shall have been posted on the official bulletin board for a period of not less

than one week previous to said meeting; and provided further that a copy of the proposed amendments be filed with the Secretary of the Associated Students' Organization one week before said meeting.

ARTICLE X.

Section 1. In any case not covered by this Constitution this organization shall be governed by Roberts' Rules of Order.

PROVERBS FROM THE FRESHMAN CLASS

As a portion of their year's work, the class tried to write some proverbs. Some of the best of the Freshmen Solomons are quoted below:

"The Freshman class is likened unto a great pond lily, which openeth out its pure, fragrant, white petals for all to enjoy."

"The Faculty is like the floriculturist, who tendeth the pond lily, cutting off its leaves and blooms as they droop and die."

"Keep an eye on all things you leave in the cloakroom."

"Always look for the bright things in life and the bright things will look for you."

"One does not need to tell how much he knows: it is usually found out."

"Things good for everything are good for nothing."

"The burden of today will not weigh one down. It is the burden of yesterday and tomorrow that be-

comes too great."

"A man who feels sorry for himself does not often have time to comfort others."

"An unkind thought helps to build a mountain of unhappiness within one's self."

"A fat man loveth cake to his own destruction."

"An untruth is a discord in the harmony of life."

"We cannot draw on the Bank of Life unless we have made a deposit in it."

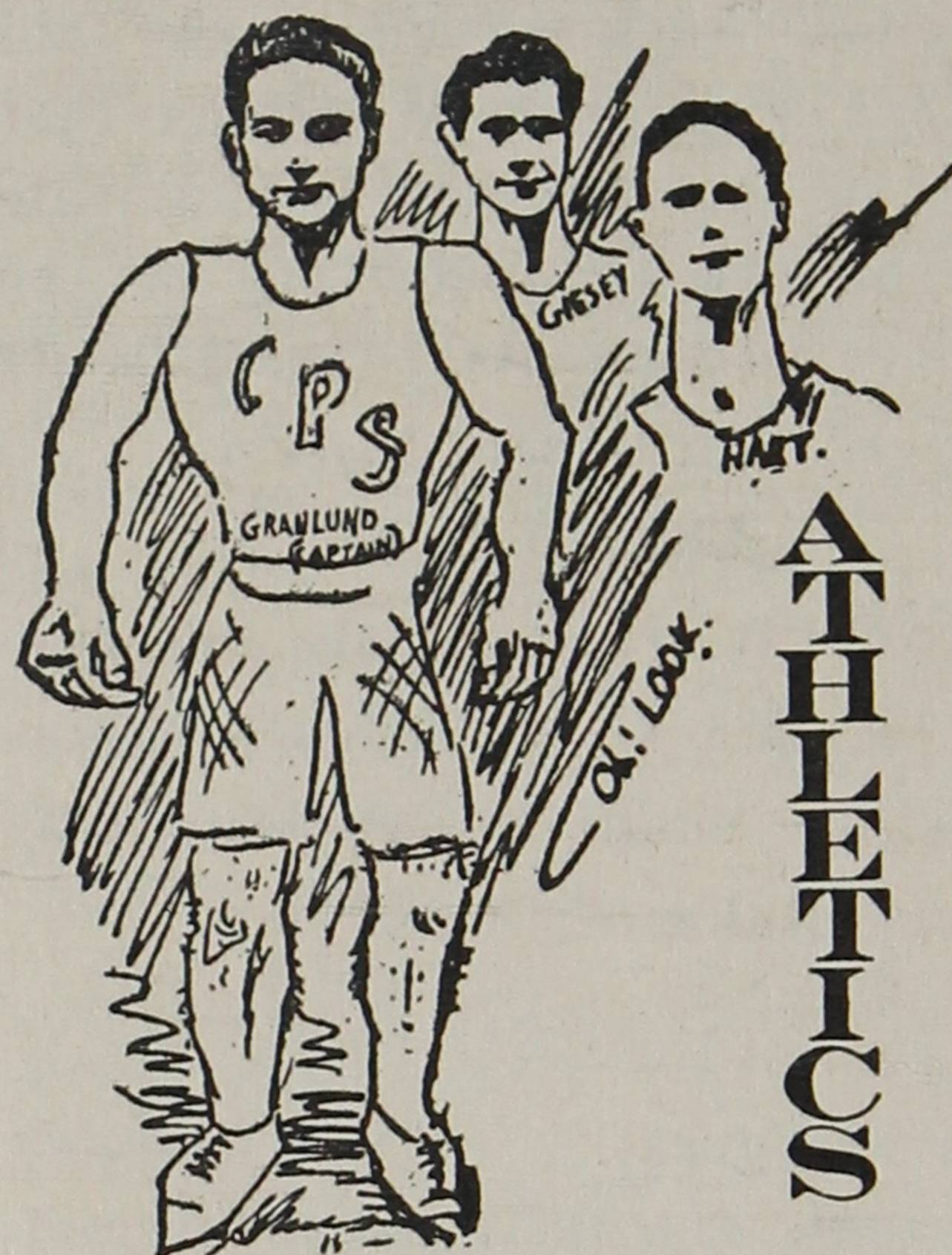
"The shrub growing at the base of a great tree knows nothing of the storms it endures."

"The offense is not in making the mistake, but in not profiting by it."

"A man can go no higher than his ideals."

"Those who never do any more than they are paid for never get paid for any more than they do."

"Work is the progenitor of happiness."



On the 23rd of January our boys went to Seattle and were defeated by the Seattle Y. M. C. A. boys, 44 to 23. That is not as bad as it looks for they cut the score that the U. made against them in two.

A crowd of 40 rooters went over to help the boys and were very happy and lively. They did much to cheer up our fellows and keep the scores down. But they missed those white pants that we saw at the Washington game. Too bad!

Our boys were slow in getting started and while they were sleeping they were defeated. The score at the end of the first half was 30 to 7, Sisley being the principal contributor to this pile of baskets. Sisley was an old U. of W. man. In the second half, after a shift in the line-up, our team got into the work and made 16 points while their opponents made 14. The total score against them at the beginning of

the second half was too great and thus the score 44 to 23.

Y. M. C. A.	C. P. S.
Sisley.....	F. Benadom
Corbett.....	F. Granlund, Curtis
Damus, Capt.;..	C. Giesey,
Balmer	Granlund
Wilson	G. Hart, Giesey
Heudepohl,	G. ... Herzog, Todd
Damus	

Down at the Y. M. C. A. the afternoon of the 3rd, a near tragedy was staged, the Stadium High boys tying our boys 27 to 27. Our fellows do not show the pep that they did at the first of the season and possibly this had something to do with the fact the S. H. S. boys came so near beating us:

S. H. S.	C. P. S.
Geiger.....	F. Benadom
Denman	F. Curtis
Tonneson	C. Granlund
Gordan.....	G. Giesey
Rieman.....	G. .. Herzog, Hart,
	Todd

Our teams, the boys' and the girls,' journeyed out to Parkland Saturday, the 6th, and both lost their game.

The boys were defeated 34 to 22. Inability to shoot the foul goal chances they had was responsible for their defeat. The team work was poor and fumbling was too frequent:

C. P. S.		P. L. A.
Benadom	F.	Foss, H.
Granlund	F.	Storaasli, H
Gieseey	C.	Harstad
Herzog	G.	Bendixon
Anderson, Curtis G.		Lee

The second team has not been idle all this time. On January 22 they went up to the St. Leo's floor and administered them a beating, 24 to 4:

GIRLS' BASKET BALL NOTES

The first defeat of the season for the girls' team was scored by the sextet from Parkland Lutheran Academy Saturday night, February 6th. The game preceded the contest between the boys' teams of the two schools. Both games were exciting. The girls' score was 7-10.

The team has been doing fine work during the past two months and they apparently had the game won at the end of the first half, but chance and some fast work by their opponents placed the score a bare three points ahead for Parkland when the final whistle blew.

It was a fine game and well played with a little tinge of roughness that might have been avoided. They played their positions well and followed the ball. Erma Tuell threw three foals while Hazel Bock threw the free baskets. Ida Perkins, a former high school student, replaced Ann Fry in the middle of the last half at guard.

The game was fast from the beginning, and the Parkland girls worked for every one of their scores:

C. P. S. Girls		P. L. A. Girls
Irma Tuell	F.	Serina Anderson
Hazel Bock	F.	R. Greibrok
Mary Manny	C.	C. Foss
Mabel Meiers	S. C.	G. Hansen
Ann Fry	G.	O. Skettebol
Ida Perkins		
Ethel Beaver	G.	A. Lilleboe

On January 22nd the girls defeated the Cushman girls, 12 to 4. They have won two practice games with the Annie Wright girls, one on January 20, the other on February 4.

We wish to announce to you
 THAT WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED OUR FRESH
 NEW SPRING STOCK OF

Baseball Goods

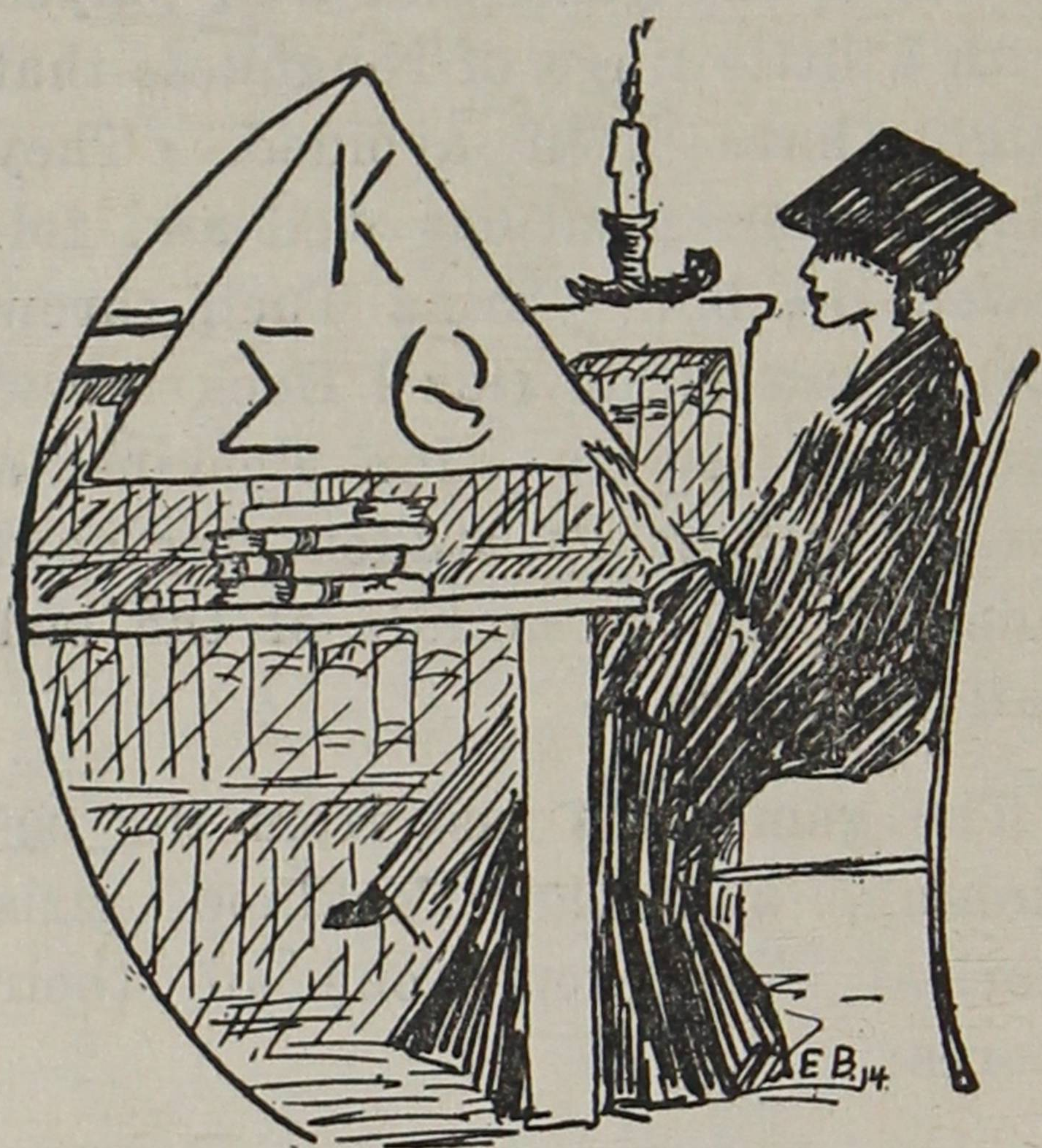
WE HAVE A FINE ASSORTMENT OF EVERY
 ARTICLE NEEDED IN PLAYING THE GAME.

QUALITY

Washington Tool & Hardware Co.

PHONE MAIN 171

928 PACIFIC AVE.



KAPPA SIGMA THETA

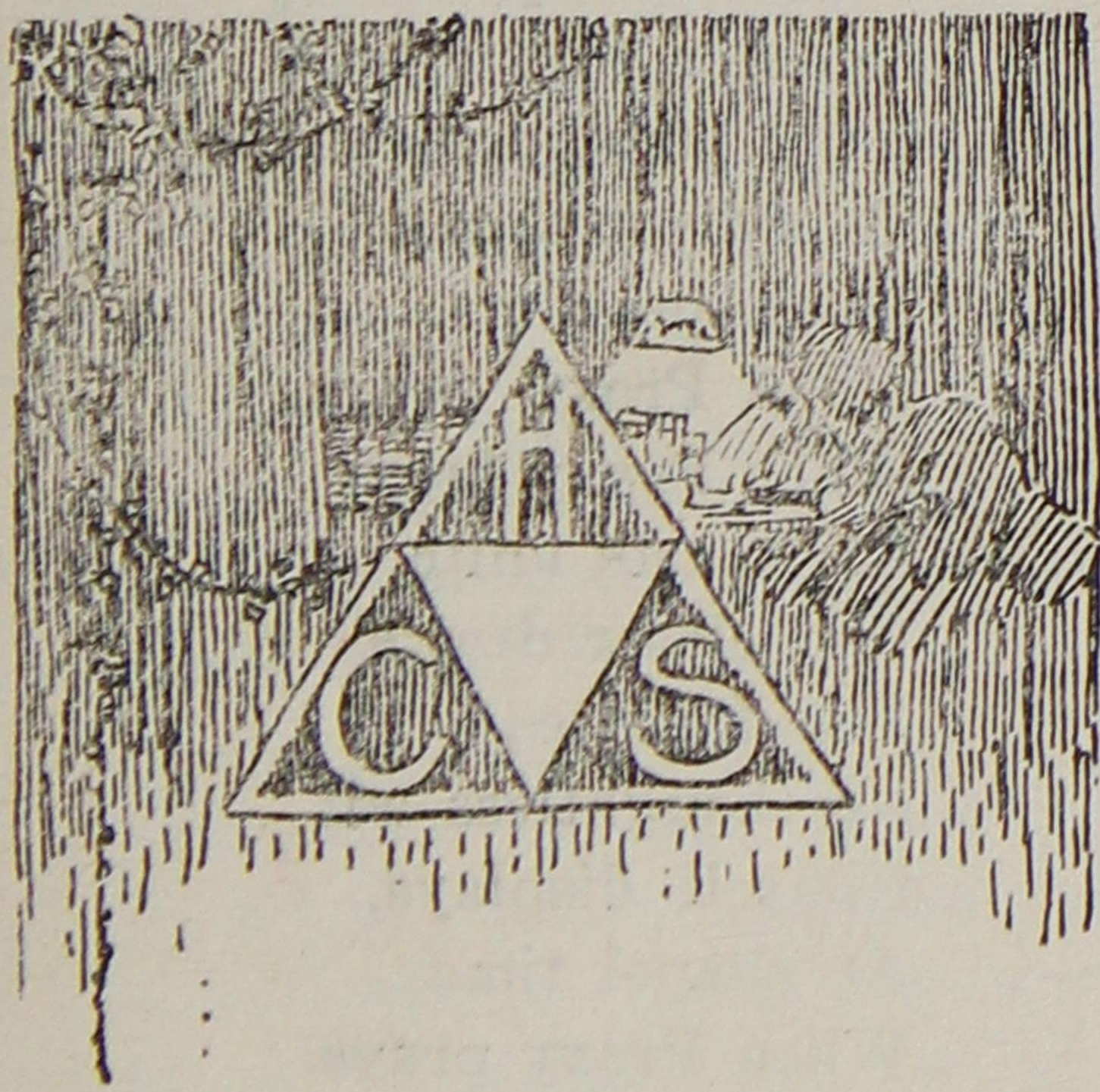
On January 15th we gave a "Theta" program with the assistance of several of the former members of the society. Miss Alice Goulder sang and Miss Mary Manny read a paper on "Traditions." Ann Fry gave a talk on the subject, "What Theta Means to Me." Mrs. Lynn Wright gave a piano number and Mrs. Poe talked on the subject, "Looking Backward." Mrs. Wm. Fusselman read a paper on "Theta Ideals," and we finished the afternoon with the Theta song. We appreciate the interest that our former members take in the work that we are doing, and are always glad for the inspiration that comes to us in hearing of the old days. On January 19th we got out our second issue of the Theta Ginger-Can, filled with plenty of spice. Harriet Moe edited the music department, illustrated by Gladys Maddock, Ann Fry and Irma Tuell, a well known Swed-

ish contralto. Icel Marshall gave the short story number. Junia Todd, editor of the poet's corner, got out some clever, original poetry. Pansey Lawrence discoursed at length upon the new spring fashions, and Irma Tuell edited a very interesting "personal" column, in which every girl of the society figured in some appropriate Mother Goose rhyme. The editor-in-chief reserved for the last few pages of the issue that part usually sought first by girls, "Aunt Jones' Instructions to Young People," written by Ruth Auld.

On January 26th we held our semi-annual election of officers: President, Bess Brown; vice-president, Mary Manny; secretary, Aileene Guptil; sergeant-at-arms, Marian Maxham; reporter, Ann Fry. After the election, we celebrated "Mid-Year's" with a characteristic Theta spread in honor of the newly elected and retiring officers. The appointments were in kewpies and after the luncheon we listened to speeches from the new officers. Miss Reneau was our guest.

On February 2nd we gave our first program of the new semester on Current Events. Roll call was answered by interesting events of the moment. Junia Todd spoke on "The Development of Woman's Suffrage"; Icel Marshall gave a reading, picturing a suffragette of the last generation; Ann Fry gave a talk on "European Countries and the Panama-Pacific Exposition," dealing especially with England's boycott of the fair. A debate on

the question, "Resolved, That War Is Hell," finished the program. On the affirmative were Gladys Maddock and Aileene Guptil; on the negative, Ruth Temple and Florence Cook. We are glad to tell you that the affirmative side won, but the negative came in a pretty close second when it came to clever arguments. Judging from our first program this semester, we think that our new committee on that phase of society activities is going to do splendid work, and we expect our programs to be more worth while than ever before.



H. C. S.

We have a great deal to report. A great deal that we are not going to report. BUT, we can assure you

without compunction that we have nothing that we are afraid to report.

Propositions as they are usually found in written or spoken composition, no matter how clearly they may adhere to the proper logical construction, seldom convey to the mind a true conception of what is sought to be portrayed. So, when we briefly seek to convey to you the simple fact that the H. C. S. boys are having "good programs," we do not expect you to grasp the full meaning embodied in those words. We have no fear of atmospheric expiration abundantly weighted with nitrogen. Air is plentiful. Hence air is cheap. It is good sometimes to remember that the vocal organs are delicate and that a proper amount of rest, especially during the active part of the day, is good for them.

The installation of officers was an occasion which was taken quite as it should have been. This event transpired with due pomp and ceremony, and at the conclusion the fellows felt that they were entitled to a short breathing spell before our new president should cast out upon their heads the mighty thanks which he felt forthcoming in view of the honor so unexpectedly bestowed upon his unworthy shoulders.



PHILOMATHEAN

Since Christmas new officers have been elected as follows: President, Alce Warren; vice-president, Mabel Meiers; critic, Rolla Clark; secretary, Evelyn Roberts; pianist, Marcia Smith; chaplain, Mr. Stearns, and sergeant-at-arms, Francis Powell. We are planning to have better programs than we have ever had yet. Come and see.

You should have been to our spelling match to see how well Philos can spell. That was SOME FUN, even though it did not take very long to spell down. Afterward we had a treat (by kindness of Mr. Newby.) He owes us a couple more, too.

And the contest programs! Say, they were great! Weren't you there? Well, you don't know what you missed. The boys displayed their genius and ability on January 26. It was very good, too. The large audience was well pleased,

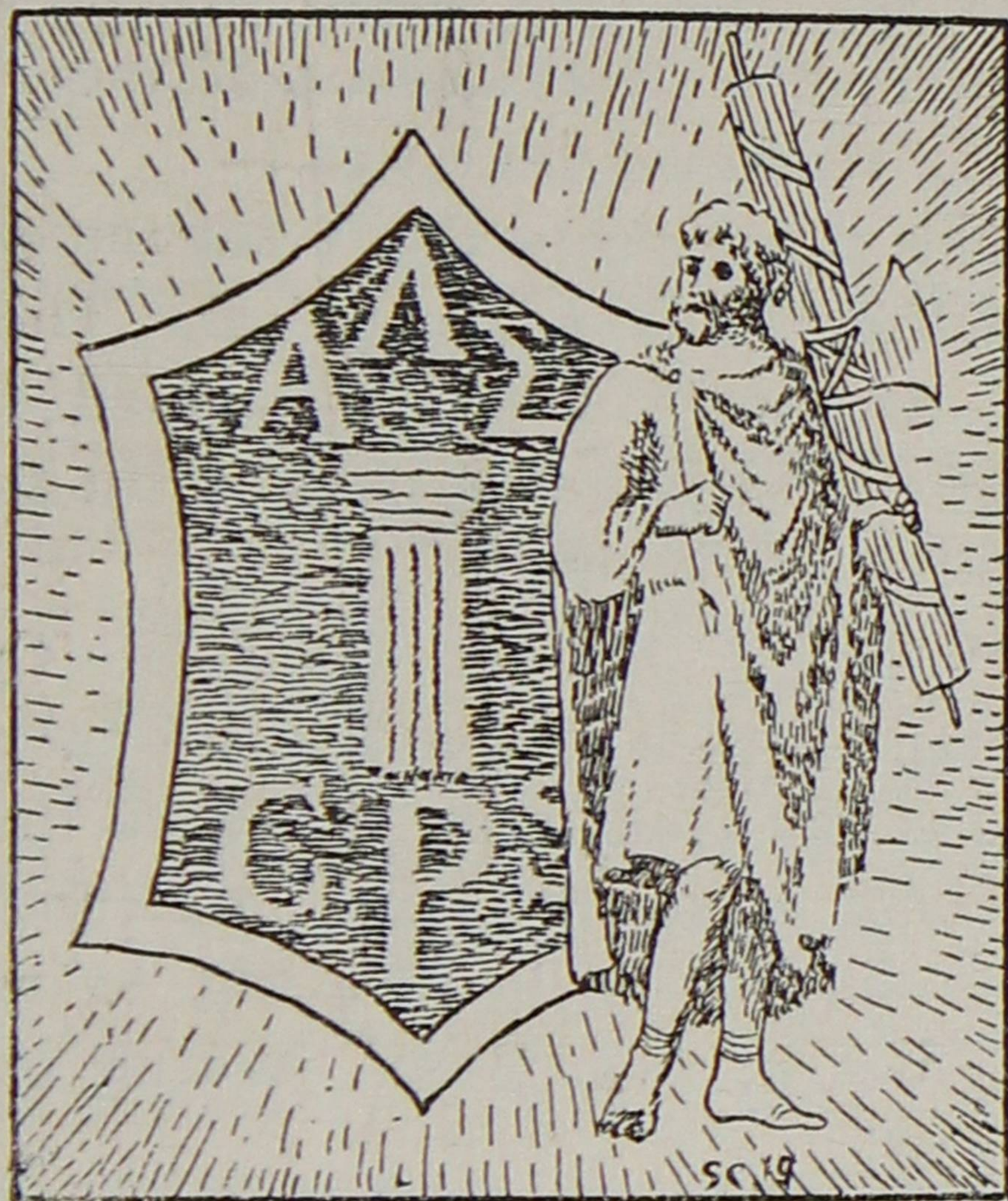
manifested by the cheering. Of course, we naturally say that the girls' program was better because they received the decision of the judges. The programs were of very different types, but both sides were much complimented upon their production.

These programs are but samples of what we can do. Come and get acquainted with us.

WHEN PREXY PRAYS

Written as a tribute to President Cyrus W. Northup of Minnesota by a student, but beautifully and appropriately expresses the spirit in our own loved school.

When Prexy prays,
Our heads all bow.
A sense of peace
Smooths every brow;
Our hearts, deep stirred.
No whispers raise,
At chapel time,
When Prexy prays.
When Prexy prays
All hearts unite,
And closer draws
The Infinite;
No thoughtless wit
Himself displays,
At chapel time
When Prexy prays.
When Prexy prays,
Our better self
Is raised above
All thoughts of self;
To nobler lives
Incline our ways,
At chapel time
When Prexy prays.



AMPHICTYON

The Amphictyons held their election January 18th, and the new officers were installed January 25th. The officers are: President, Mr. Sellers; vice-president, Mr. Erp; secretary, Miss Merritt; treasurer, Mr. Hudgins; historian, Mr. Henry Lay Forge; reporter, Miss Brewer; chaplain, Mr. Cottrell; sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Johnson; assistant, Mr. Kenny; critic, Miss Reneau; assistant, Mr. Harader.

The work for this semester has been started with great earnestness, and each member is striving to make this administration the best in the history of the society.

During the past month some splendid programs have been given. Our critic said that many of the numbers on the "Home" program would be worth putting in The Trail.

Why don't more girls turn out to the meetings? Maybe it's because the boys are too bashful. But cheer up, next year is leap year and all the girls can come then.

SENIOR NOTES

Yes, we are with you. We are doing things, but we are not in a position to let you in on them. In other words, we don't propose to tell you, 'cause they're secrets. Just watch us!

JUNIOR NOTES

Everyone becomes interested when big things are being done. It is the nature of men to want to do great deeds, and women are always ready to stand by when the opportunity is given. The members of the Junior class are all of this kind. The school hasn't heard very much about us, but few people ever hear about great deeds until they are accomplished. Our social life was not fully developed during the last semester, owing to the fact that our studies wouldn't let us. As said in the last issue, our ambition is to become Seniors—so we dare not flunk. We welcome Marian Maxham to our number after her illness, and are beginning to look for Trina Baker, as the reports say she is improving rapidly.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The Sophomore class in their regular business meeting on February 4th, elected their officers for the next semester. DeLos Hart was re-elected president; Evelyn Roberts was elected to succeed Junia Todd as vice-president; Ruth Temple, re-elected secretary; Lily Swanson, treasurer; Charlotte Driskal, sergeant-at-arms.

The Sophomore class as a whole has recovered from the shocks received in the examinations, and have determined that the next exams. will not find them napping.

Our class is grieved to hear that one of our members, Mildred Metz, is suffering with facial distortions—mumps.

The banquet is coming. It was agreed by all last year that the Freshmen were unexcelled in class spirit and enthusiasm. We are thoroughly alive this year and are not lacking in enthusiasm.

THE ACADEMY

We are still here. That is, those of us who were fortunate enough to survive the climax of last semester's work. A basketball game is forthcoming between the first years and second years. The second years are getting ready for the clash by practicing yells and songs. You've heard them, perhaps; off and on, during the noon hour. The old stud-

ents say that the noise brings to memory the death moans of the M. S. A., whatever that was.

The third years don't say much, but they think a great deal. They are anxiously looking forward to next year when they may sit in the front seats in chapel.

President W. A. Cook of the fourth years is very anxious to move out of the front seat. He says that his bulk makes him too conspicuous. The academy will turn out to the banquet in full force. Watch our smoke!

STUDIO

The Boys' Glee club is doing fine work under the leadership of Mr. Fritz Kloepper. Probably they will sing at the banquet. The personnel of the Glee club is as follows: Vernon Schlatter, Percy Harader, Henry La Forge, Lawrence Terry, L. V. Kenny, Herbert Brix, Anton Erp, Warren Rees, Leon Bane, Paul Granlund, Alvin Johnson, Hegley Anderson, Sidney Carlson, Clyde Bennadom, Benjamin Durdle.

The Girls' Glee club is organized and has begun work under Prof. Schofield.

Several recitals were given in January, the one by the students being especially good and well attended.

Miss Tee will give a recital in the near future. Also Miss Brew, a graduate of '14, will give a recital on February 26th. Prof. Schofield

will give a lecture recital for the Ladies' Musical at the Commercial club on February 24th.

Y. W. C. A.

Young Women's Christian association has had some excellent meetings the last month. Mrs. Trimble, wife of the pastor of the First M. E. church, gave a talk on "Life's Fevers." The Freshmen girls had charge of one meeting. It was in the nature of a class meeting and many lessons were learned from the open discussion. Rev. Reid from Mason Methodist church lead the meeting on January 27th. His subject was, "Ye Are the Salt of the Earth." Miss Wood, who has been substituting for Prof. Davis, told us about the Y. W. C. A. work in South America, on February 3rd.

The Y. W. C. A. elected officers on January 27: Hazel Bock, president; Bertha Wolten, vice-president; Ruth Temple, secretary, and Mabel Meirs, treasurer. These officers will take up their duties the first of March.

The Y. W. C. A. girls held a spread and mission study rally on Tuesday noon, February 2, which was registration day. About forty girls were served, together with some of the faculty women. Miss Shayer spoke on home missions, presenting a class on North American Indians; Miss Whitney presented a class on foreign missions. We would

like to increase our enrollment in these classes; you can't afford to miss them if you expect to be an all around educated woman, because missions is the most up-to-date, live topic of the present student generation.

Y. M. C. A.

Every man who heard Dr. Exner in his message to men will agree that he is a master of the subject he discussed. He understands men and knows how to appeal to them with results. His lectures were a service to the school and a benefit to the men who took advantage of them.

Our community service work is progressing nicely. We have more work, however, than we can properly attend to and we need more men.

The annual week of prayer will soon be here. The motto for these services should be, "Every man for Christ in this institution." Let us make these services a rousing success.

LADIES' HALL

Nobody flunked at the hall! Surprised? Well, you see we study once in awhile, and that too accounts for the fact that we have so few social stunts at "our house." But for all that, there weren't any "high-brows" around on Tuesday evening, February 2nd. We laid

aside our educational accomplishments for a few hours and celebrated the end of "Mid Year's" with a house spread, served in chafing-dish style around the open fireplace. Miss McGandy and Georgina Wilson were guests.

Miss Bessie Shone, who is entering school this semester, is going to join the ranks of the Hall girls.

The Misses Ann Fry and Icel Marshall were entertained at dinner Thursday evening, February 4, at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Lambert.

FACULTY LADIES ENTERTAIN

Friday afternoon, February 5th, at the home of Mrs. E. H. Todd, the faculty ladies of the college entertained the Women's League upon the occasion of the annual open meeting, when those not associated with the league, but interested in the work and activities of the college, and this, its auxiliary, were special guests.

The event proved to be successful in every way. The home of the president was well filled with members and guests. The featured number of the afternoon was an interesting talk on the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau by Mrs. Charles Drury. The music, furnished by the college conservatory, Miss Bartholomew, Mr. Kloepper and Prof. Schofield, was pleasing to all, as usual.

The rooms were attractively arranged and in decorations a line

of yellow was followed throughout. The committee in charge, headed by Mrs. Hanawalt, was assisted in receiving and serving the refreshments by the following matrons and young ladies: Mrs. Goulder, Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. Lambert; Misses Ann Fry, Icel Marshall, Junia Todd, Ella Baker and Alice Goulder. The latter part of the afternoon was spent informally in becoming acquainted and the company left in the best of spirits.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS

One of our students received a letter from Prof. Dupertuis, last year's French professor, who tells of his life in Boston. Prof. Dupertuis is doing the work of a pastor besides going to school. In his letter he says: "We like Massachusetts very much so far, but not like the Sound. Boston is a wonderful city, full of historical interest. Walking through it one lives the colonial and revolutionary days over again. All over the city we find statues of our great men," etc. Then again he says, "Boston University has about two thousand students, is a very fine school and is well equipped. For close contact, development of character and warmth of religious life, GIVE ME DEAR OLD PUGET SOUND. The quality of class work in Puget Sound is not a whit inferior to that we have here." This surely speaks well of our college, showing that we have nothing to be ashamed of.

A number of new students have entered this semester. Among them are: Mr. Gallerman of Gig Harbor, Mr. Judson Mason of this city and Miss Ida Perkins, a graduate of Lincoln High school.

Mr. Marlatt and Mr. Schlatter are not continuing their studies here this semester.

Mrs. Walter Sutherland, nee Winifred Long, visited friends in college last week.

The Girls' Glee club has been organized and we are looking forward to splendid results from both the girls' and men's clubs. Mr. Kloeper has taken the men's club.

The college banquet is to be held at the Commercial club this year; the date is February 22nd, as usual. The classes are already busy working on stunts and plans for the occasion.

Miss Wood is taking Prof. Davis' work in the history department while the senator is attending the legislature. Miss Wood is well qualified to fill the position. She has

spent the most of her life in South America, where her father has been a missionary for many years, and has, herself, been employed in the mission school of the M. E. church in Lima, Peru.

Miss Lois Beil has taken the department of public speaking for the second semester, while Prof. Lambert is on a leave of absence. We are glad to have Miss Beil in our midst and besides her efficient teaching, we appreciate the artistic innovations in the expression room.

On February 8th quite a delegation of students made a trip to Olympia, at the invitation of Professor Davis, going down on the boat at 9 o'clock and returning, leaving at 6 o'clock and arriving home at 8:30 o'clock in the evening. Those who went spent a most instructive as well as interesting day, well worth the time and expense to make it. The students were accorded a hearty welcome and Prof. Davis showed them the "sights" of

(Continued on page 32)

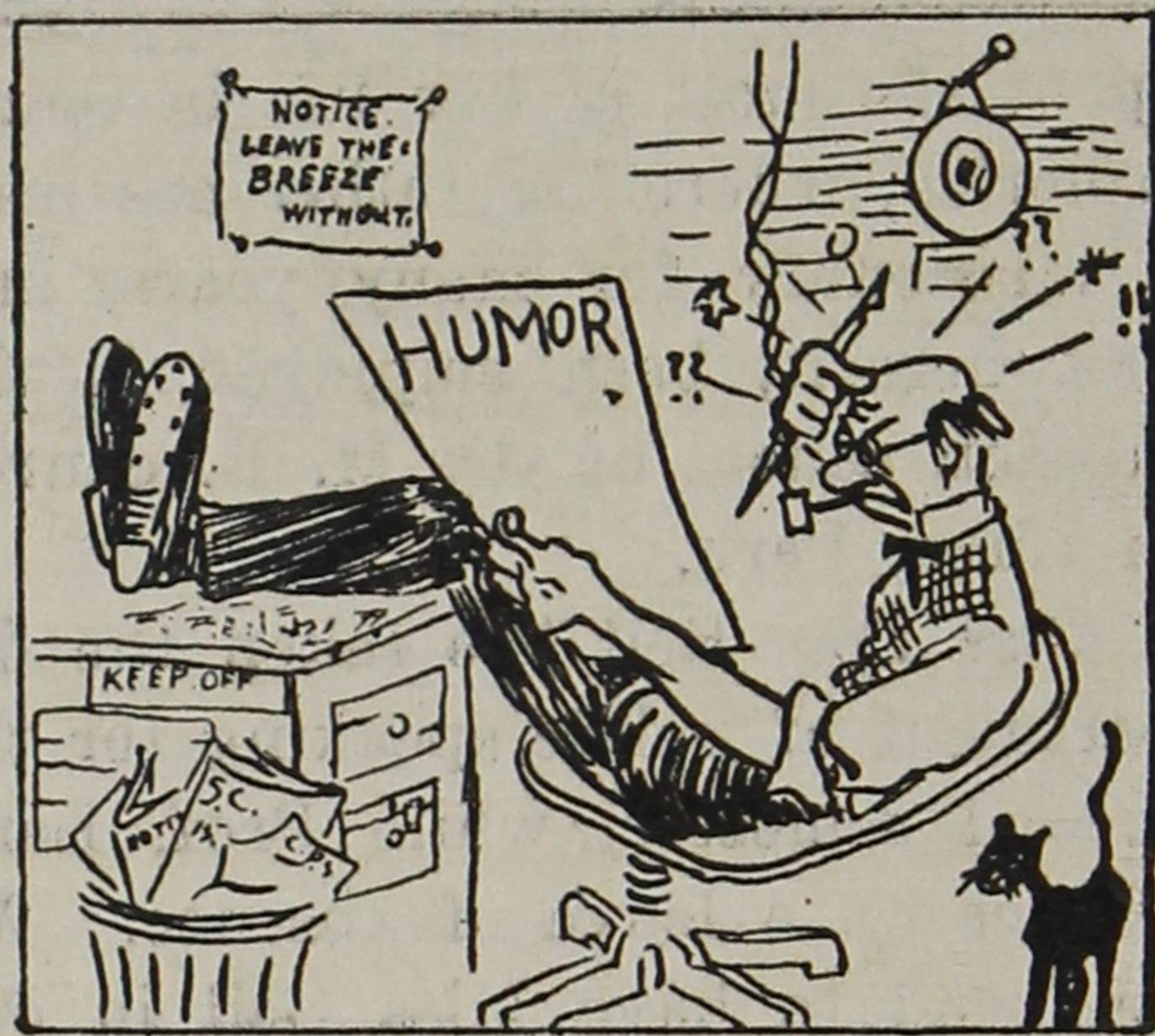
Last year C. P. S. students voted our place the **Most Satisfactory in Town**

Sheldon's Lunch

Cor. 11th and Commerce St.

wishes to extend a cordial invitation to you all and guarantees it will fulfill its past reputation.

Famous Boston Baked Beans and Parker House Rolls. They are Great. Try Them.



Now try it with Ella.

If Dante could meet the editor of this department and read a few of these stale ones, scholars are all agreed he would smile. Try it yourself.

ACID NITRIC

Heri, hodie, cros,
 Waiter, rush that.
 Not that we care
 But it does have a tendency to im-
 prove things.
 We are thinking
 Of a certain face
 It reminds us of
 A Morgue.
 We advise
 A bottle of carbohic acid
 Waiter, I'll take the same,
 We know all about exams.
 That's what we got
 Conversation.
 Ain't you clever?
 I bet you think your smart.
 Do it again, I ain't afraid
 How? You don't say. Well, well,
 Ha, ha. Titter, twitter,
 Write quick!
 We like Selinger
 He can't help

He reminds us
 Of one of them things.
 Did you see him order
 The other day out of the hall
 A bunch of fellas,
 Reminded us of a busted coo, coo
 Poppin' its head out
 Of a broken door
 Coo, coo, coo, coo.
 Waiter, O, waiter, she's slippin',
 Say, funny face, I don't like you.
 Yes, you.

For two cents I'd mash your face.
 Every time you tinkle—I get thused
 Yer irregular and yer got yer wires
 crossed.

Now sputter like a hot stove and
 melt.

Can the beef and ship
 Make a noise like a celestial body
 and fade.

Waiter, waiter, if you please.

How I hate a woman

Spoofers! Spoofers!

The dorm. girls,

Dear things, got eats

At midnight. Poor things

Next day. Sick.

Waiter, whadyer think I am?

Gowan, I'll write what I please.

Dare you.

Be careful, youngster, when I go to
 Puyallup

I'll tel yer pa.

Yer can't git in here without a
 ticket.

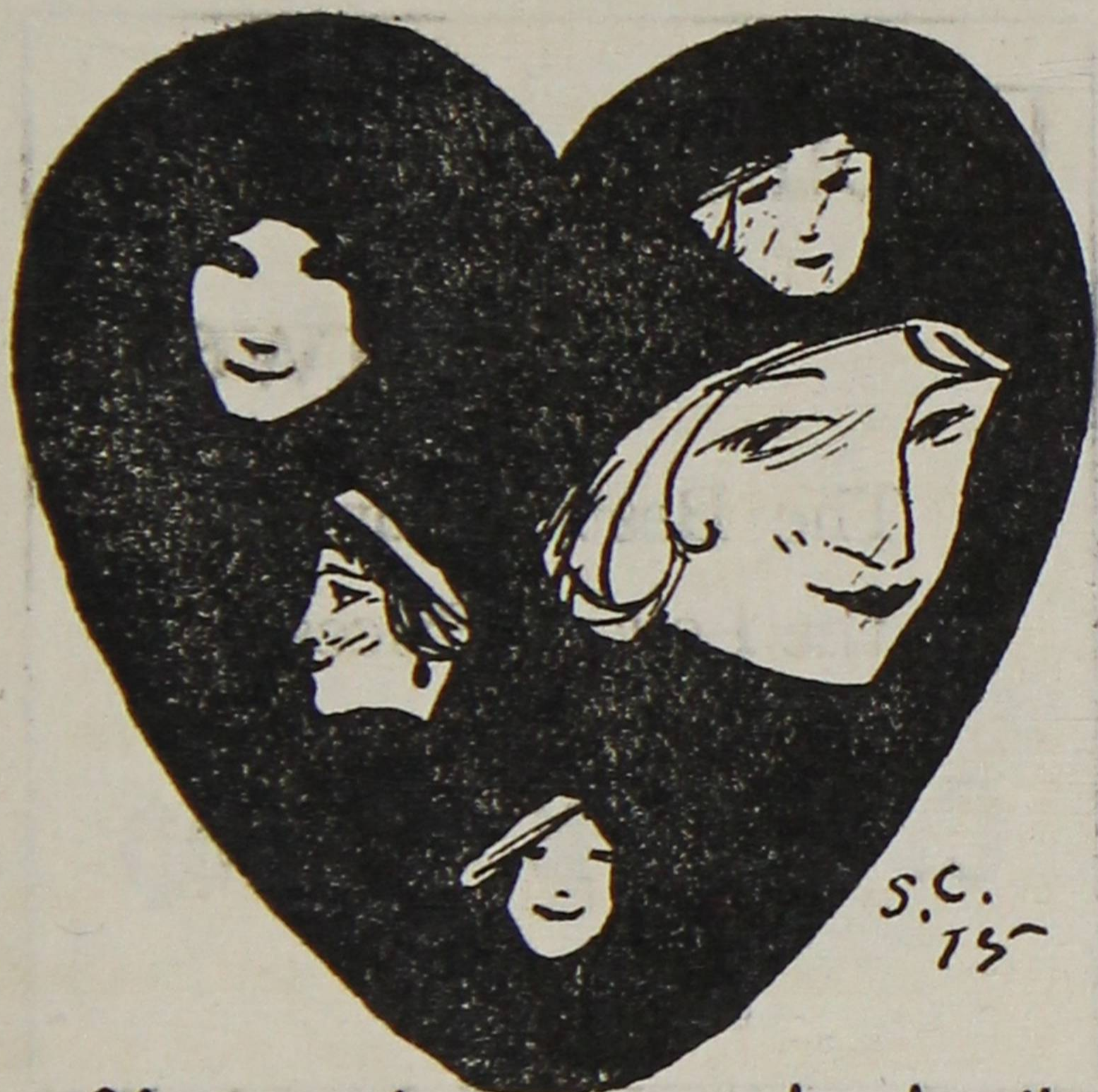
Suddent body ticket

Deloss Hart

I bet this makes him mad.

O, say, Susie,

Now see how fast you can say,
 You've let off enough steam.



Of course he has never loved another.

HOW MAD SHE GOT

“There goes a man I might have wed,”

My dear wife said to me.
And haughtily she tossed her head,
“A millionaire is he.”

I waited till there chanced to pass
A maiden fair and trim,
And then said I: “There goes a lass
I used to teach to swim.”

“Why should we celebrate Wash-
ington’s birthday more than mine?”
asked the teacher.

“Because he never told a lie,”
shouted a little boy.

“Why are children so much worse
than they used to be?”

“I attribute it to improved ideas
in building.”

“How so?”

“Shingles are scarce, and you
can’t spank a boy with a tin roof.”

Hayden Watson Co.
FLORISTS

We specialise in decorations and Corsage boquets,
for Banquets, Dances and all Festive Occasions.
Quantities of fresh flowers daily from our own
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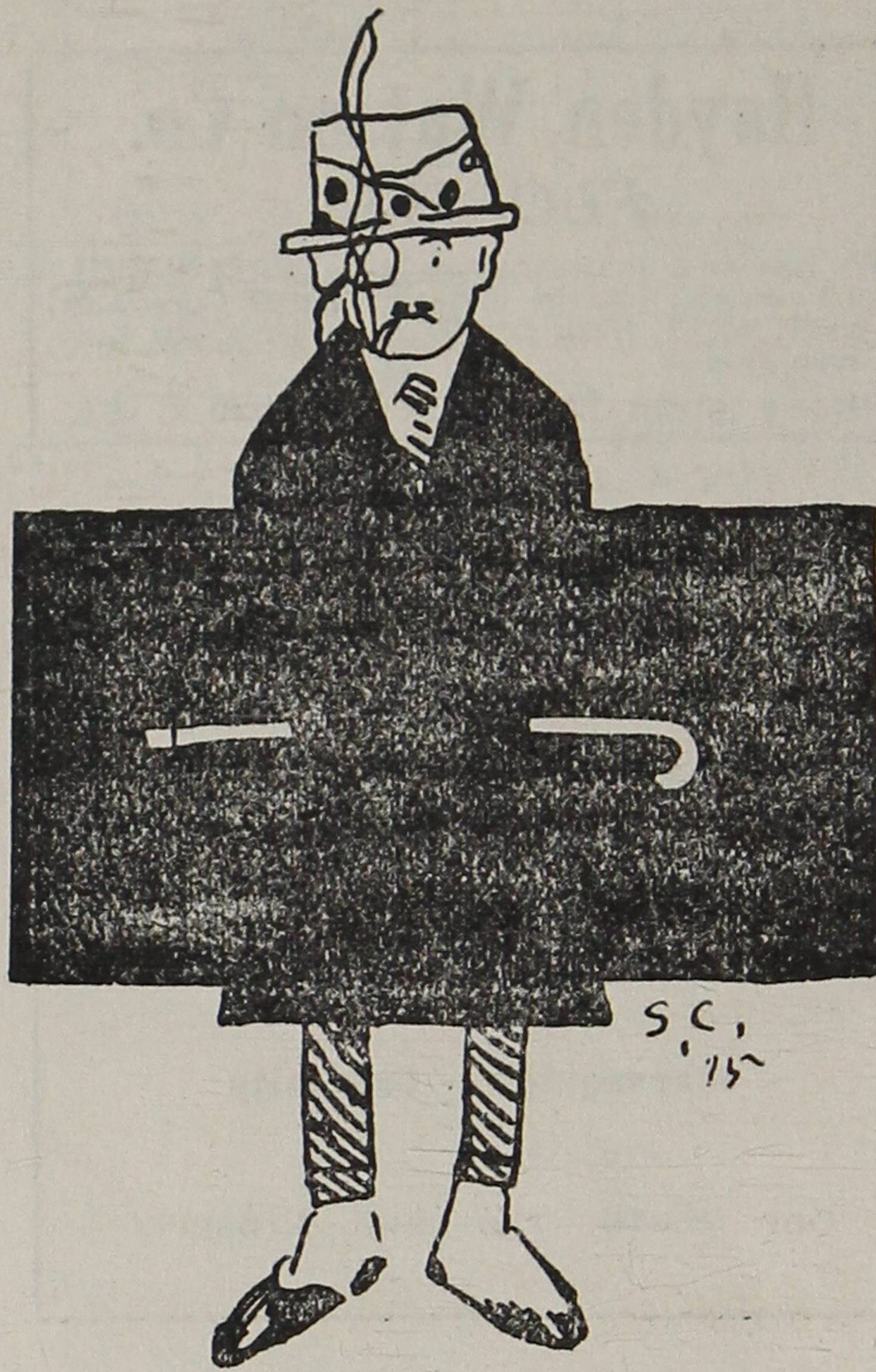


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Keinen zu Hause.

Brown (on fishing trip)—“Boys, the boat is sinking. Is there anyone here who knows how to pray?”

Jones (eagerly)—“I do.”

Brown—“all right, you pray, and the rest of us will put on life belts. There is one shy.”

“The word ‘reviver’ spells the same backward or forward.” It was the teacher who spoke. “Can you think of another?”

The serious boy scowled up from his primer.

“Tut-tut,” he cried, contemptuously, and the class worked on in silence.

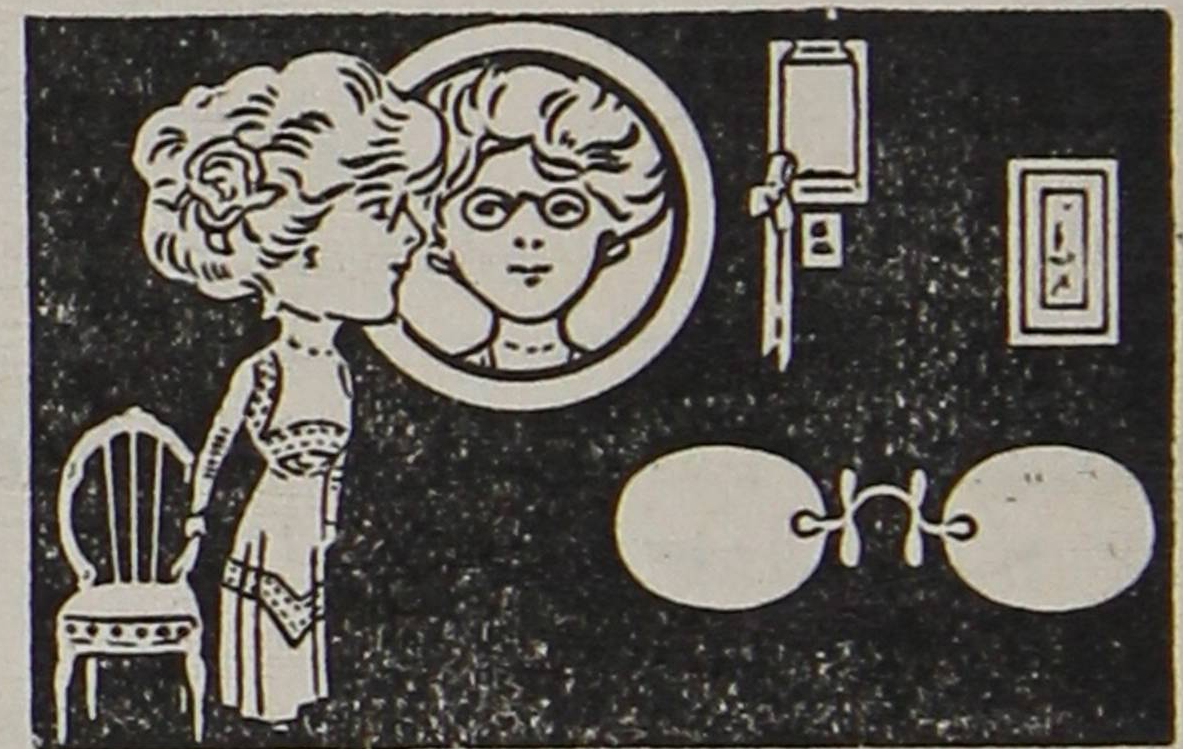
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Miss H. "Will you always treat me as in the past."
Mr. F. "Ah, Dear, much better."

"Will you marry me, dear?"
Said the worm with a tear,
To the bee where the red rose hung.
But she said "Twenty-three,"
And sat down on his knee,
And the poor little worm was stung.

Love and a porous plaster, son,
Are very much alike;
It's simple getting into one,
But getting out—good night!

A NEW BOTTOM START

Stockholder—"Now, Jim, I want my boy to go into your office and work up from the bottom."

Manager—"Then we'll put him in as office boy at the regular \$5.00 a week salary, eh?"

S. H.—"Oh, no; I don't mean that. You'd better start him off at about \$75.00 a week. He's got to

have a little pocket money, you know."

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HEART FAILURE

Policeman—"Do you know this man?"

Bystander—"No; I only just met him. He seemed a nice sort of a fellow; he shook my hand and we chatted a while, and I told him I had come from Puyallup to see the town, and I had had a thousand dollars in cash on me. I asked him if he knew of some young fellow that could show me around, and then he threw up his hands, and fell down."

"My wife," said Mr. Jones, "sent two dollars in answer to an advertisement of a sure method of getting rid of superfluous fat."

"And what did she get for the money? Was the information what she wanted?" asked Mr. Simmons.

"Well, she got a reply telling her to sell it to the soap man."

"Money," says a colored philosopher, "am de root ob all ebil, but de clergyman preach pow'ful hight better when he hab plenty sich roots in his sal'ry."

You can prove by the Bible that they have automobiles in heaven—"And he went up to heaven on high."—Quotation from Bible.

IN MUSIC

Miss Smith—"The altos are weak in the high notes."

Paul Todd—"I can't go to sea (c)"

"We didn't expect you to go to sea (c)."

"Why should you, you are going (or are) to be a teacher."

Young Brix was calling on his girl and as he was getting ready to leave, he was putting on his overcoat in the hall, he said to her, "You are a peach. Why don't you help me on with my coat?"

She said, "I'm not your peach, but your lemon. You know the process necessary to make lemonade."

And he proceeded to squeeze her.

C. B. has decided to look more stewed-ified in the near future.

LOCALS.

"Continued from page 27"

the capital city. They saw both the house and senate at work. A trip was made to the Hall of Justice and they were shown through the governor's mansion. Before returning, the Epworth League of the First M. E. church gave a reception to the delegation. Miss Ruth Temple, one of our students, is a daughter of the M. E. manse in Olympia, and the students enjoyed both the hospitality of Senator Davis and the young people of the Rev. Mr. Temple's church.

This laboratory trip in government was quite an event, and we are very proud of "our senator."

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