

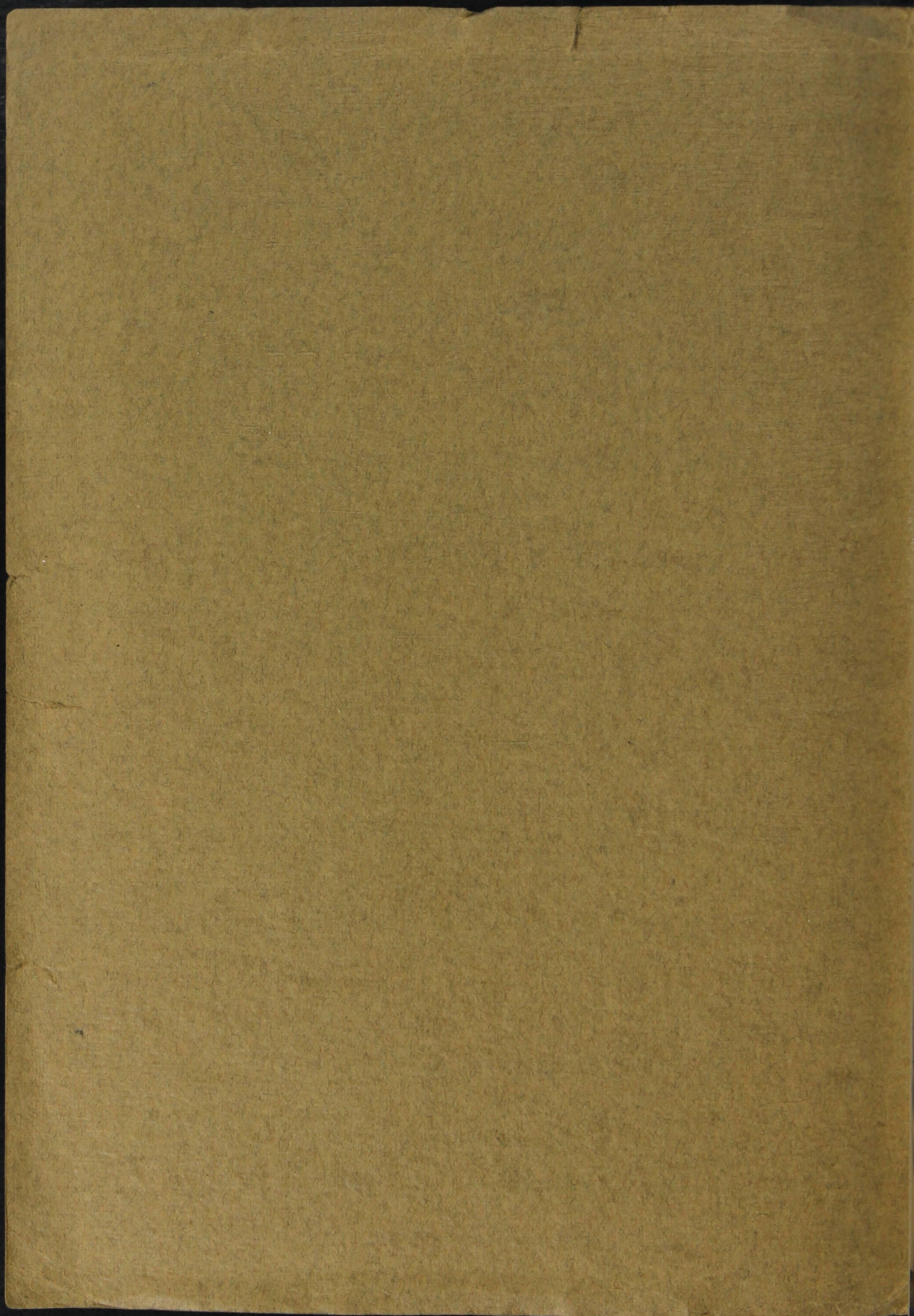
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THE TRAIL

I think---Therefore I am

OCTOBER 1915

Published by the ASSOCIATED STUDENTS
OF THE COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND



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The Puget Sound Trail

TACOMA, WASHINGTON

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College of Puget Sound

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THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

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OF THE COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND

Vol. V

OCTOBER 1915

No. 1

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

Agnes Scott



TED Armstrong road slowly homeward. His brown pony seemed to have caught the mood of its rider, for it trudged along with head downward and eyes half closed. Both Ted and the pony were weary from a long day's ride through the country.

Ted was not only weary, but he was discouraged. He was not a man to become easily disheartened, but was naturally cheerful and optimistic. His good nature had reached a limit, and he had spent another monotonous and unsuccessful day, no different from the twenty-nine which preceded it. It was no wonder that just now, life seemed to him like a narrow path, running for an immeasurable distance through a deep gulch, with walls reaching even to heaven, shutting out the light of day. To climb the sides was an impossible task. He could see no way of escape from the

failure which lay before him. Life to him was but a starless night.

It was five-thirty in the afternoon, and Ted was worn out, having been up since three o'clock in the morning. He could see no beauty in the sunshine and the flowers; his heart did not respond to the singing of the birds; and his eyes did not brighten with the thought of Betty, his wife, and their two children who would be eagerly awaiting his home-coming. He would indeed find comfort and tenderness there, but he would give them no comfort in return. Once again he had bad news to tell them. Of course, little Teddie and the Baby were too young to understand, but they had begun to miss their parent's usual playfulness and light-heartedness. Betty was losing her hopefulness, although she, with a woman's pluck, endeavored to conceal it from her husband. But of late, Ted had missed her merry laugh, her keen sense of humor and her sweet song about the house.

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And if her eyes were brighter, it was because of the tears that glistened there.

Ted gave the pony full rein, and as it jogged along, he thought over his troubles. Six months ago he had been deputy sheriff of the county. Betty and he had been happy and together they had saved enough to buy a little ranch in Southern Canada, but now he was in danger of losing his home, having been out of work for six months. Through political jealousy, another had been appointed in Ted's place. Enemies of Ted had persuaded the sheriff to dismiss him because of incompetency. Going to the sheriff, Ted had begged for a chance to make good, and to prove the charge untrue, with the condition that should he make good, he would be reappointed deputy. This was granted and he was made a deputy, but without salary. Ever since, Ted had searched the country for work to do in the meantime, but because of existing financial conditions, he had found none. At last an opportunity had come. The bank had been robbed of five thousand dollars. This was the third time within a year. The sheriff had been unable to find a single clue. It was believed to have been the same person in every case. A reward of one thousand dollars had been offered for the capture of the thief.

To capture the thief would mean everything to Ted. He would be reappointed to office, and he would

also be able to save his home. He had followed up every clue for weeks, but with no success. No one could give any definite help on the robber's identity. Ted had become desperate, and he and Betty had tried to plan some way of saving the home.

Today had been his last chance—and he had failed. He must go home now and tell Betty of his failure. How could he bear to tell her? The thought of the children brought the tears to his eyes. He brushed them roughly away. For their sakes and for Betty's, he must find a way out of the gulch. He thought again of asking his uncle for aid in this crisis of his life.

He had lived, until his marriage with his wealthy uncle, a snobbish and aristocratic bachelor. The uncle had decided that Ted should marry Helen Evans, a beautiful society girl, whose father had been his boyhood chum. Her life was a round of gayety—dances, cards and theatres. Ted liked her and admired her beauty, but love was far from his thoughts. Helen, however, was in love with Ted. One day Ted overheard her say to a friend: "Ted is very fine looking and so refined. And our fortunes and social positions will be greatly strengthened by our marriage." He had never forgotten it. It had disgusted him, for marriage to him meant love and comradeship.

In his Sophomore year at college he had gone to visit at Burtonville.

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While there he had met Betty, the pretty, unassuming little school-marm. It was love at first sight. At the close of his year's work, Betty and he were married, much to the disgust and anger of his uncle. When they arrived at his uncle's home, Ted asked to explain his actions. Ted had answered that he loved Betty, and had never loved Helen. He could not love a woman simply because she was a society butterfly. Love, he tried to tell his uncle, was something spiritual, sacred, and divine. He and Betty loved each other and that was enough. In anger, his uncle disinherited Ted and made Helen his sole heir.

Ted resolved then, never to ask his uncle for aid under any circumstances. He would never ask aid of any man, no matter if he were his uncle, who had regarded Betty as an imposter. He would find some way out, and it would be an honest way.

He aroused the pony from its sleepy walk to a brisk gallop and soon drew up at his home.

Betty and little Teddy rushed to meet him. He picked Ted, junior, up in his arms and kissed his soft cheek, while Betty breathlessly told him that they had discovered who had robbed the bank.

"It was Bob Brady," she said, "but no one knows where he is. He and his wife left the village some-time ago, because he was unable to find work."

Bob Brady was a young man who had been discharged from office at the same time as Ted, for the same political reason. Ted had thought of Bob as a straight, honest young man. He was the last person in the world whom Ted would suspect for such a crime. But this was no time for wondering. His business was to arrest him as quickly as possible.

"I know where Brady is," he told Betty, "and I'm the only man in this country who does. I found his shack by accident on my way home tonight."

"Oh!" cried Betty, as she jumped about with joy, "then you know. It is too good to be true." She gave Ted a hug and a kiss. "Do hurry dear, it means so much to us, the return of all we have lost."

"I will, little girl," he cried out as he rode down the road. "Good luck has come to us at last. I'll get him."

After four hours of hard riding, he reached the mountain road, and two hours later was at the obscure trail leading to Bob's shack. He tied his horse in a clump of trees and lay down in the brush to watch the house. About fifteen minutes later, Bob rode up, and went into the house. Now was Ted's chance. Quietly he crept up and looked in at one of the little windows. He started back at what he saw. Bob and his wife stood in the center of a bare room. In her arms was a little three month's old baby. The baby was wrapped in a blanket and both

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were prepared for a long journey. Realizing this, Ted started for the front of the house. Before he could leave the window, Brady, ignorant of his danger, flung himself into a chair, his shoulders shaken by sobs—sobs that went to the very depths of Ted's soul. What was the matter? Why did this strong man give in to such emotion? He heard the wife's voice, choked with tears, begging him to hurry, for they had no time to lose.

"I am a coward," moaned Bob, "I steal and then run away. If it were not for you and the baby, I would go back and take my punishment like a man. But that would mean prison, and what would become of you? I can't bear to think of the disgrace which you would bear. It is bad enough to steal, but bad enough to spend years in prison without a chance to atone for what I have done," he shuddered. "Ah, I could never bear that. And Baby—my son—must never know what his father did to keep you both from starving."

So that was it. Ted lowered his head and stood as though dazed by what he had seen.

"It was weakness," Bob continued, "but I was desperate. The operation had to be performed and I had to have the money." He sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing, his hands clenched. "We will go to Southern Canada, (Ted started at the name), and if God is merciful we will begin life over again. I WILL make good,

and I will pay back every cent of the five thousand dollars."

As Ted saw the jaw set, and the hand clench, he knew that Brady had learned in bitterness the lesson of his life, and that he would make true his statement.

As Bob, his wife and baby, passed out of the shack, Ted stood with hat removed and with head bowed. He did not stop them. They did not see him as they rode away to their new life.

Standing motionless, Ted realized that in his mercy he had lost all he had hoped to gain. He wondered if he had done right. "Why should a victim of political trickery, who longs for a chance to atone for his crime, feel the disgrace of the letter of the law?" he asked himself. "The crime would have never been committed except through desperation, caused by conditions we allow to exist."

As he rode silently toward his home, he gazed up at the Great Mountain. Never before had he felt so intensely its grandeur. As he looked at the Mountain he was impressed by something else—by the Unseen Hand which rules the life of all of us, and he was glad that he had left the judgment and punishment of Bob Brady to that Higher Power.

He was on his way to tell Betty that their last chance was gone. He would tell her the reason and she would understand. Strangely their future ceased to worry him. He and

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Betty were both young and strong and they could start life anew, and without the shadow of a crime. His own troubles, great as they were, seemed slight in comparison with the ones he had just witnessed. Lines which he had not thought of since his college days, kept running through his mind—

“The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath.
It is twice blessed,
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.”

He could recall no more, but as he realized the significance of the words, a feeling of content crept over him. He was suddenly happy in the mere fact that he was alive, and that Betty and the children were well and strong.

“Fear of failure never started a student on the road to success”

THE SONG OF THE SOCIETIES

THETA

Royal and Dower-royal, We the Queen
Hail each who pass and challenge from afar
All societies to find one half so fine
Or strong and proud as ours.

PHILOS

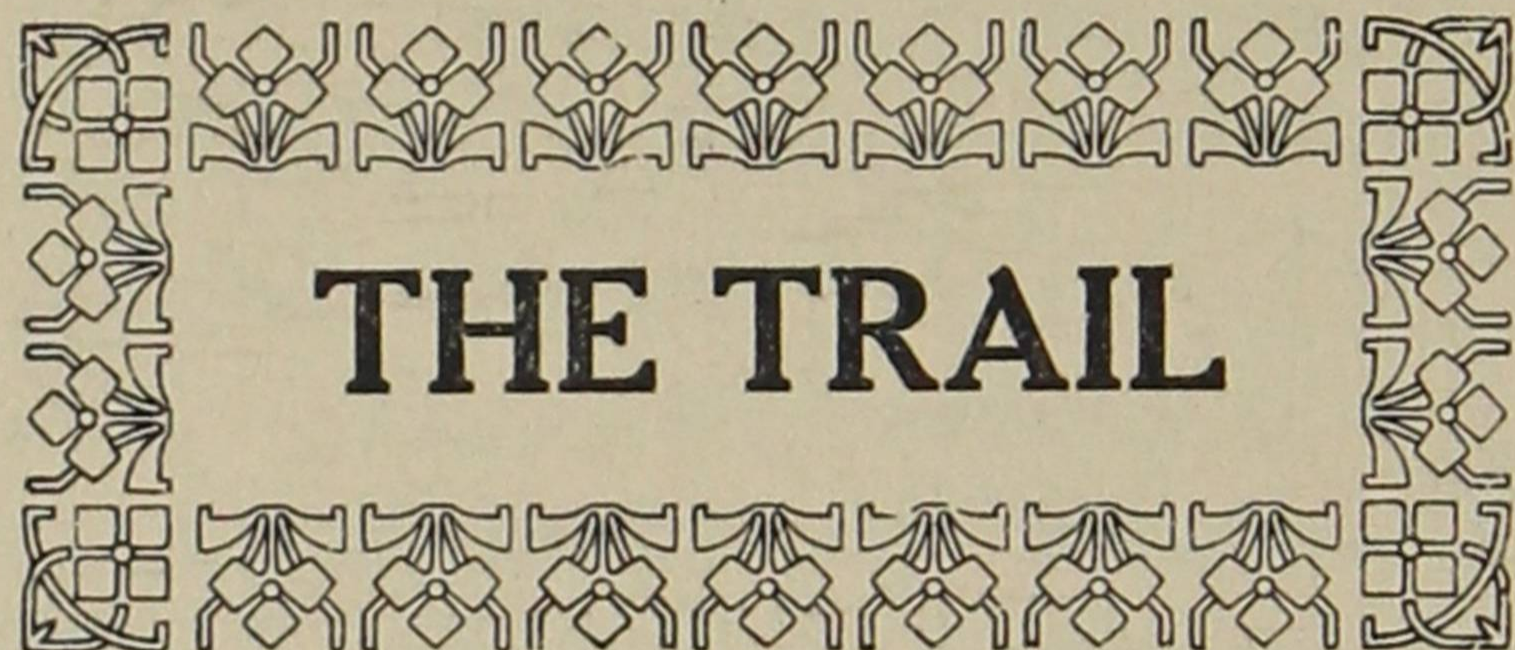
Truth kissed on the mouth and eyes and brow.
Wonderful kisses so that we became
Crowned above kings—and we stand now
Brooding on the life that is to come.

H. C. S.

Hail! Snatch this life before it is too late
And train strong wills to steadfastness.
We stand the masters of our fate,
And at our feet success.

AMPHICS

From east to west the circling words have passed,
Till we dream our dream by rock and heath and pine
Of fellowship and love unto the last,
Eternal life for thee and me all the time.



THE TRAIL

MONTHLY SERMON

A college paper. What is it? What is its purpose? In what field is it supposed to work? These questions must all be answered by the staff of such a paper. A true college paper should represent every phase of student life within the college. A college paper should not be a monthly magazine, nor a police gazette, but a college paper. It is the bulletin of life within the college. If the life of a student body be dormant, then the paper will be good material to use in the starting of fires. If the student body be enthusiastic, active and energetic, then the paper will be live, enthusiastic and readable, and will be a success.

Some papers can exist on warm atmosphere, but a college paper can not. We hope to make the Trail of 1915-16 a true representative of every phase of student life within the walls of the College of Puget Sound. But lest we have not said enough, allow us the last word.

THE LAST WORD

UPON LEAVING THE WORLD TO COME TO SCHOOL

You have come to school, dear student, with all the knowledge of the world packed away in your pocket—we know it. Let us advise you to leave it there, for we beg to assure you that we don't need it. Haven't a particle of use for it. But, when you have attained a healthy protest that will assure us that you have learned to think, and can come with an humble spirit, we will be waiting, proud to grasp your hand, proud to have known you; for then we can believe in you. The World has spoken. And she is a very wise being—the World. Much more wise than you, who have come to school to make her over, will give her credit for. Perhaps you have wondered often how she could have come so far without your assistance. Yes, we also have wondered. That is a good thing to have learned—that she could come so far without your assistance. Now, it remains for you to prove that she is enhanced by your additional weight.

"Some students are bound to be in it if it's nothing but trouble"

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C. P. S. SYMPHONY

(Apologies to Kipling)

When the last of our college days are over,
And all our exams have been passed.
When the oldest Senior has faded
And the youngest Freshman has passed.
We shall rest and, faith, we shall need it.
Lie down for an hour or two,
Till the call of our Alma Mater
Shall set us to work anew.

And then we shall all be happy,
At least we shall say that we are.
The Freshmen shall all be greener,
And the Seniors worse by far.
Once more will the halls be merry.
Once more old voices we'll hear,
While the teachers wish again for vacation
And summery skies so clear.

And only the profs shall guide us,
And only the girls shall blame.
And no one shall work for favors
And no one shall work for fame.
But each for the joy of the study,
And each with a smiling face,
Shall do the thing as he sees it,
For the joy of filling his place.

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OUR HOUSE OF LORDS

We have become familiar with many of our faculty, but not with all. In order that each student may know who compose the House of Lords a brief summary is given in this issue. The House of Lords are the friends of the students. The Only One who thinks differently is one who has broken the law of the school. The House of Commons is the Student Association. If the houses, respective of each other's rights and privileges, work in unison, C. P. S. will have an excellent year.

Both old and new students know President Todd. We welcome him.

Dean Marsh is familiar to all of us. His chief duty is to impart a live knowledge on a dead language. We welcome him.

Senator Davis is also an old member of the House of Lords. He knows all about History and the Social Sciences. We welcome him.

The chief Figure Head of the College is Prof. Hanawalt. He talks Mathematics and dreams Astronomy. We welcome him.

Mrs. Marsh is the professor of the Biological Sciences. In her spare moments she sees that the Dean walks straight. We welcome her.

Miss Reneau is with us again to teach us how to express our thoughts. We welcome her.

Dr. Foster comes to our College on Wednesdays and Thursdays to teach us Religion. We welcome him.

Miss McConihe is an artist. We welcome her.

Dr. Ira Morton prepares students for the work of instructing the minds of the youth of America. We welcome him to the college.

Dr. Ransom Harvey, son of a College President, comes to us well prepared for the work of concocting disagreeable odors in the Chem. Laboratory. We welcome him.

Mrs. Davis comes to instruct us in the use of Modern Languages, so we will be able to read the war news. Her specialty is German and French. We welcome her.

Miss Beil is no more. In her place is Mrs. Sandall, who bears a striking resemblance to Miss Beil. She will reign in the Department of Public Speaking. We welcome her.

The Chief Cook will be Miss Wilson. She instructs our College Girls in the art of preparing a square meal from a tomato can and a lettuce leaf. We welcome her.

Prof. Giesey is Principal of the Academy. We welcome him.

Miss McGandy is the teacher of Languages in the Academy. We welcome her.

Dr. Schofield is director of the Conservatory of Music. We welcome him.

Mrs. Goulder is the Matron of the Ladies Hall. We welcome her.

Miss Woods teaches Spanish, Geometry and History. We welcome her.

Mr. Mann is the janitor. We welcome him.

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THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

We have tried to give you a summary of our faculty. Another important body is the Associated Students, the House of Commons, if you please. When all the members take an active interest in student affairs, there will be less knocking. As a directory for use during the year, the following is given:

✓ The president is Victor Hedberg, a Senior, the vice president is Icel Marshall, a Junior, the secretary-treasurer is Anton Erp, an Academy man. These are the three principal officers. The athletic manager is George Pflaum, a Freshman. The Trail is the official organ of the House of Commons. There will be eight editions during the coming year, perhaps nine. The last edition is in the form of an annual. The Trail staff is as follows: The ✓ editor in chief is Warren Rees, a Senior, the associate editors are Mabel Meiers, a Senior and Carl Curtiss, a Sophomore. The business manager is Paul Granlund, a Senior. ✓ Bertha Wotten is editor of class ✓ notes and Ella Baker is editor of the personal department. Both of these girls are Sophomores. Sidney Carlson is the staff artist. The managing editor is Harry Gardner, a Freshman.

The House of Commons has several bureaus which control the affairs of the student life. The social bureau has in its power the making and breaking of dates. To the Freshmen—whatever you do, don't give a party without the approval of the social bureau. You will get in badly. The bureau of athletics has control of all athletics. It passes upon the qualifications of students who wish to represent the school in any athletic contest. The bureau of student publications sees to it that the Trail is published in a manner satisfactory to all, if that is possible. The bureau of public speaking exists for the control of debates, oratorical contests, dramatics, and all other speechmaking not included in the last three.

All of the affairs of the Student Association are public property. If you think things are not done in a right manner, come around and criticise in the correct way, and those in control will appreciate it. Get acquainted with the officers, don't be afraid of asking questions. Take an active interest in everything and then you will make the organization what it ought to be.

"The student who writes as he speaks, speaks as he writes, looks as he writes is honest."

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Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has started out to make this a record year. The cabinet are hard at work, their policies are all outlined and soon you will begin to see the results of their labor. The devotional meetings are going to be short and snappy, surely every one can find the time to attend them. Our leaders are the best to be had, such as Y. W. C. A. secretaries, noted church workers, returned missionaries and some times a member of our own faculty or student body. These leaders talk to, and not at, the girls, and if you miss their talks you will always regret it.

Our new room is being furnished and it is for your use, either for study or for rest.

Do you want to join the Y. W. C. A.? See Junia Todd, our membership chairman. To pay your dues, stop Mabel Meiers, as she hurries thru the halls. Are you interested in social service? If so, get on Eunice Merritts committee. Can you improve the devotional meetings? Mildred Pollom would be glad of a suggestion. Would you like to make a poster or a chapel announcement? Please inform Aileene Guptil. Did you enjoy the social times that Icel Marshall has planned? There will be more—watch for them. If you want to know what the Y. W. C. A. has done, ask Ruth Temple. She has the records.

The cabinet girls would be glad

for the co-operation of all the girls in school, since we are not organized for a few, but for all.

Under the leadership of our efficient president, Miss Bock, our aim is to have every girl in school a member of our Y. W. C. A.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. of this College offers to every man certain advantages found no place else. Our socials tend towards goodfellowship, our Friday noon meetings develop character, our Wednesday evening prayer meetings, held jointly with the Y. W. C. A., are places of consecration for many of our students. Men, you owe it to yourselves to join the Y. M. C. A.

Our cabinet is a capable one. Mr. George Pflaum, our efficient social secretary, has done excellent work. All of the fellows who attended the stag will testify to this. We appreciate all he has done for the entertainment of the students.

Our Friday meetings, held in the chapel annex, are far from being dry. Our leaders are able and capable men from all walks of life. They bring us vital messages which help us in our every day life and make for character. These meetings are for all the fellows who wish to come, irregardless of membership.

You have heard a little concerning our gospel teams. We want you to become better acquainted with them. We need men with strong personalities and a definite

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knowledge of God to assist us in our work. This work demands a sacrifice, yet no service is great without it. The Master demands your all. If you are men, you will give back to Him the best that is in you. Again we say, we need you in our Y. M. C. A.

H. C. S.

There are nine of us—that's all. Hedberg, Rees, Patterson, Schlatter, Todd, Gebert, Calkins, Carlson and Hallen. We meet once every month for literary work, and once for a business meeting, making a meeting every two weeks. We are endeavoring to arrange for our meeting night, as it is difficult for us to meet on Monday evening. We are slow about getting down to work, but will soon be making the "fur fly." Watch the bulletin boards for our first program, fellows, and come. You'll have a good time.

KAPPA SIGMA THETA

Several of the Thetas of last year have not returned, but we who are here are not lacking in spirit because of our smaller number. We are Alicer Goulder, Junia Todd, Ella Baker, Helen Taylor, Icel Marshall, Florence Cook, Aileene Guptil, Hazel Bock, Marian Maxham, Pansie Lawrence, Nellie Lemons, Ruth Temple and Harriet Moe. You will know that the non-rushing period is over when you see others wearing momentoes of first degree initiation.

We began early and re-discovered our different talents on Septem-

ber 21st, in the following program:

Piano Solo	-	Marian Maxham
Reading	- -	Harriet Moe
Vocal Solo	-	Alice Goulder
Short Story	- -	Junia Todd
Reading	- -	Icel Marshall
Violin Solo	-	Icel Marshall

We invite all the girls in the school to our programs.

On September twentieth, Miss Pansie Lawrence entertained the Thetas at a shower for Ruby Bales, who is now Mrs. Floyd Hart and is living in California.

PHILOMATHEANS

The Philos met for their first meeting on Monday, Sept. 20th. About twenty old members answered to the roll call and our former enthusiasm and spirit was manifested. The program was as follows:

Instrumental Music	-	Marcia Smith
My Summer Vacation	-	A. Warman
First Installment of Philo's Letters		

Mary Boston

What Philo Means to Me	- -	
------------------------	-----	--

Bert Paul

My Most Embarrassing Situation		
of the Summer	-	E. Schaper
Reading	-	George Pflaum

True to our name, we are lovers of learning and as a society strive for the best ideals in education and social life. Philo is a society that develops the talents of each individual. In such a society the most ideal friendships are formed and these together with the social privileges, cause the old student to look back upon his Philo days as the best in his college life.

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We mingle pleasure with our work, ever keeping the goal of highest attainment in view. Every member has decided that this year shall be the best in the history of the society.

Philo extends a hearty invitation to all to come and enjoy its programs. Come now, one and all! Let our Philo cheers ring throughout the halls again.

Philo! Zip! Boom!
Philo! Bing! Bang!
Zippety! Zippety! Zah!
Lovers of Learning
Rah! Rah! Rah!

AMPHICTYON

The Amphictyon Society joyously welcomes home again her sons and daughters from their various experiences of the summer. She has gathered them, brown as berries, from the harvest fields, lumber camps, orchards, beaches, mountains and summer vacation trips and even from home, sweet home back to her Elysian fields of milk and honey.

We are happy to have with us again thirty of our old members.

We regret that the unfortunate ten could not find their way back. We learned from the Summer Amphic letter, that those who found it necessary to break off from her all-protecting arm and begin their experience in Life's School, signed their names with a sigh, and said "Aurevoir" with a tear in their eye.

"So with heart that was weary, they took up their tools,
To rebuild the ruined structure and learn in Life's Schools,
That 'to do' is Life's secret, unknown to Death's fools."

The success of our programs of last year will not be forgotten by those who heard them. It is with renewed vigor and determination that we are planning for the future.

Our society meets every Monday night at eight o'clock. Our programs are instructive and filled with good thoughts. We extend the hand of welcome to all in C. P. S.

We have a strong corp of officers. Our president is broad in his visions and viewpoint. We look forward to the best year of all, for we believe
You are as good as we are, and
We are as good as you are, and
We all are better than ever before.

"The student who hopes to leave his 'footprints on the sands of time', must have the 'sand' to begin with."

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HAPENINGS ABOUT OUR COLLEGE

Were you there? Where? At the Bean Feed of course. If you weren't, be on time next year. We're glad it's an annual event. We were there and had some beans. There were 85 on my plate. How many did you have? The coffee and doughnuts were swell. The kind mother used to make. I only drank one cup of coffee. Oratory flowed as freely as the condensed milk. Those making speeches were Bain, Erp, Hedberg, Granlund and Rees among the boys, while Misses Bock and Todd spoke for the girls. Mrs. Todd gave all the students a welcome to her home. Drs. Rees and Trimble represented the college churches and extended to all a cordial invitation to attend the services.

Even though Washington has gone dry, C. P. S. is still taking an active part in the Prohibition movement. On October 15, 1915, Clark Cottrell will represent our college in the Oratorical Contest of the Pacific states. Mr. Cottrell's speech is a good one. He won the local and the state contests. The prize to the winner of this contest is \$75. Here's wishing that when you get up to tell the judges all about "A National Solution for a National Evil" that you may take first prize. We give you our hand, Cottrell, and we are proud of you.

Have you heard the College Band. We have, and we want all the students to know that there was music in the air. They did well last year but with the prospects that are before them they should do better this year. We enjoyed your music at the Mixer and hope to hear it soon again.

Have you noticed the vision of fair women that adorns the halls of our college? We have. We were at the Y. M. and Y. W. Mixer. We had a glorius time, so did Hart. He was here last year. The girls wore pretty dresses, the boys wore their good suits and an awkward appearance. Everybody got acquainted with each other and had all the punch they could drink. Some didn't get enough, but then you see the punch, all they had, was gone. The Mixer is an annual event, so plan now to attend next year.

Prospects are bright for a football team this year. Not enough has been accomplished to demand a special page in the Trail, but when the schedule is arranged, the team organized and playing games, the Trail will be glad to give space to Athletics. We'll boost till our last breath, and work with all our strength to give C. P. S. a winning foot ball team.

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We have been received. Both First Church and Epworth Church, through their Leagues, made us welcome. We appreciated it and especially the ice cream. It is strange how much ice cream college students can consume. The pretty decorations and delightful programs served to make the evenings more enjoyable. Everyone had a good time, even the fellows who served the ice cream.

SENIOR NOTES

At last we have come within striking distance of the goal line, which marks the completion of our college life. There are eight of us, five girls, and three boys. We have not done anything important as yet, but you'll hear from us soon.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The Fresh of 1914 is back! But we now sail under a different name—and color. After a three month's vacation spent in various ways, almost the entire 1914 enrollment has returned, showing that we are loyal to C. P. S., and the same class spirit still prevails.

According to rule, at the first meeting of our class, we elected officers. Paul Hanawalt, our last year president, in the chair was be-

cause of his efficient and capable ability, again elected. The other class officers are as follows:

Vice President—Percy Harader.

Secretary—Ailene Guptil.

Treasurer—Bertha Wotton.

Sargent at Arms—Theodore Dunlap.

FRESHMAN STUTTERINGS

We are not vain or conceited, and I suppose we have our failings, if they are microscopic, but we are by far the freshest class in C. P. S. If any one disputes the fact, telephone Steilacoom.

We had a class meeting, and a lot of class spirit and enthusiasm was shown. An exciting election was held, at which the following were elected: President, George Pflaum, vice president, William Cook, secretary, Mary Porter, treasurer, Maud Harris, sergent at arms, George Simons. A few Sophomore girls invaded the meeting, but soon left.

The big, bouncing baby of a Freshman Class promises to be a lively one. We warn the other classes that they will have to step lively or we will take their laurels. The Freshman Class stand each for the other and all for C. P. S. Can you beat that?



THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

ACADEMY

The initial meeting of the C. P. S. Academy was held September 23rd, for the purpose of organization and election of officers for the coming year. Results of the election are as follows: President, Wesley Todd; vice president, Ethel Neilson; secretary, Harry Earle; treasurer, Mabel Neilson.

Take a look at our football candidates and you'll find in the neighborhood of a dozen registered from the Academy. This is the way in which we are going to boost every phase of school activity. Watch us.

Are we loyal, well I guess;
We're bound to boost for C. P. S.
Whatever our college endeavors
to do,
We'll help push it all the way
through.

PERSONALS

Ella Baker

Our Freshmen have been wondering where our President is to be found. We have one, but Dr. Todd is very busy entertaining the wealthy folks of the city.

Dr. John W. Hancher is here assisting in the raising of the endowment fund.

Miss Lois Beil is returning to us this year, but she is playing a new roll as Mrs. Sandall. Isn't it fine to have a bride on the faculty?

Prof. Earl Giesey, our all-round sport, is hoping to have a football team, and so are we.

We all have been given to understand that Mr. Huntington is already well supplied with cousins.

Word has been received that several of our Sophomore girls will leave to study in China.

Miss McQueen is the new secretary at the Music Hall.

The girls all seem anxious to study Domestic Science this year.

Miss Alce Warren attended the Y. M. and Y. W. Mixer. The next morning Mr. Poole was a visitor at school. We were glad to learn that he was still around.

Friends of Miss Elma Leonard will be glad to know that she is on the road to recovery from pneumonia. She expects to go to her school in a short time.

Miss Florence McEachron, from McKenna, was a visitor at College on Wednesday the twenty second. She was a guest of Lanta Brewer.

Burton has sent us a pretty girl this year, Miss Alice Brown.

Hazel Peterson comes to us from Dockton.

The Junior class is mourning over the loss of Miss Knowles who left for Colorado because of illness.

Mr. George Calkins has returned to school after an absence of five years. They will come back.

Two beautiful little girls have been taken into the home of Dean and Mrs. Marsh. Doesn't it sound funny to say, "Papa and Mamma Marsh."

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

I almost forgot to tell you that Victor and Alice are back this year.

The Sophomore girls wish to inform everyone that the Freshmen have a fine Sargent at Arms, as he put about eight of them out of the Frosh's meeting.

The Freshies have chosen their new song, It's a Long Way to Tipperary.

The bean feed was a pleasant affair. It was there we were introduced to the new members of our faculty.

The Sophomore class has an Elensburg Normal girl this year, Miss Florence Swanson.

"Slatts" is back this year. My, but I. M. looks pleased.

Bow! Wow! Have you all found a good barking place. Freshmen may inquire from the Soph's. They will help you locate a good one.

A very important organization was formed at the Dormitory, Sept. 21. Any minister's daughter is eligible to the society, which promises to be very elevating. The ladies chose as a name, "The D. A. M's." The list of officers are given: Bishop, Junia Todd; district superinten-

dent, Alice Goulder; recording secretary, Ruth Harvey; financial secretary, Ruth Temple; reporter of scandal, Mary Porter; triar of appeals, Ella Baker; head usher, Ruth Goulder.

We hope the College will appreciate the importance and dignity of this new organization and cooperate with us in furthering our cause.

GRUNTS FROM SCOFIELD'S HOTEL

How lonesome the place is—Bessie has left us. Anton Erp now occupies the "Pink Apartment." Prof. Scofield still watches over the hopefuls who slumber night after night within his walls. Prof. Giesey still burns the midnight oil in the first rooms front. Prof. Davis still exists amid the debris of books, magazines and nespapers, which he has accumulated during the years. We still have our fat "Cook" with us. Kenny, the original Charley Chaplin, is also with us. Sellers is continually trying to sell us something, while Mathes stands around taking in all the sights. Powell, our soldier boy, and Cottrell, the orator, live with us. A new kitchen is being installed. Wanted, a good cook.



THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

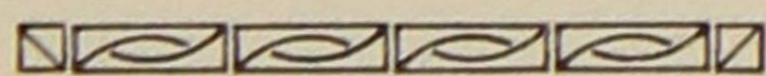
SQUEALS FROM HELEN'S HALL

We are pretty well settled. Pennants and posters up, photographs arranged and curling irons located. We have done all the usual new girl tricks. But we are pretty nice, ask the boys (sure they are). We were serenaded the other night, the sweetest voices we ever heard.

There are Alice and Ruth Goulder. Alice tells us what dresses we should wear and Ruth sets us a shining example of a model student. Lois Hathaway comes from Washougal, we have to explode a bomb each morning before her door to waken her. Ruth Woods is the baby baby of the family, she has no home. Ruth Harvey is the one with

the pleasant smiles. She has a rogue's gallery on her desk as a result. She comes from Cashmere. Marion Biglow of Idaho and Fannie Spotts of Auburn are the only peaceful ones in the crowd. Hazel Hooker is a Snohomish girl. She is the short dark girl with the green ribbon. Ida Harries is the short, light girl with the red ribbon. She comes from Renton. Last is Mary Porter, who hails from Puyallup.

We had a meeting Tuesday, and Mrs. Goulder told us some of the rules. The worst being: We must do our washing before eleven o'clock at night. Also: We must bring 'em in, not stand outside and talk to 'em.



If you want your money's worth in

BASEBALL AND FOOTBALL SUPPLIES
or ANYTHING for the GYM, COME IN and LET
US SHOW YOU WHAT WE HAVE TO OFFER

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Washington Tool and Hardware Company
10th and Pacific Avenue

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

[Removed by reason of
Censorship of Faculty.]

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

(Continued from page 20)

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

EXCHANGE HUMOR

First Frosh—The president of the Sophs does such queer things, does'nt he?

Second Frosh—Oh, he has to. You see he thinks he is a genius.

Two Hebrews met one day and Joseph said: "Everythink iss done now adays by machinery, lkey."

"Vell, I dunno; talking iss still done by hand," replied lkey.

Overheard on the campus. "Why do you think I have loved before, Tom?"

"Because you keep on chewing gum while I'm kissing you."—Judge.

Frosh—The fellows bet me a dollar I didn't dare speak to you. You don't mind, dou you?

Beautiful Girl—Not at all. Run along now, and get your dollar.—Cornell Widow.

Jones—That cigar you're smoking is strong enough to kill a mule.

Smith—G'wan; I've been smoking these for years.

"What is the best kind of paper to make a kite with?"

"Fly paper."

Farmer in Eastern Washington—I'll give you five dollars a month and your board.

Applicant—Aw, shucks. What do you think I am, a college student?

"Dearest," he said, "can't I get you a diamond ring for Christmas?"

"No, darling," whispered the far seeing young thing, "I'll take the ring now and let Christmas bring its joyful surprises as usual."

Customer—What! Fifteen cents a pound for sulphur. It's outrageous. I can go across the street and get it for ten.

Druggist—Yes, and I know a place where you can go and get it for nothing.

Virtue is its own reward. The boy who keeps clean gets washed just as often as the boy who has a good time and gets dirty.

Pretty cashier—You might give me a holiday to recruit my health.

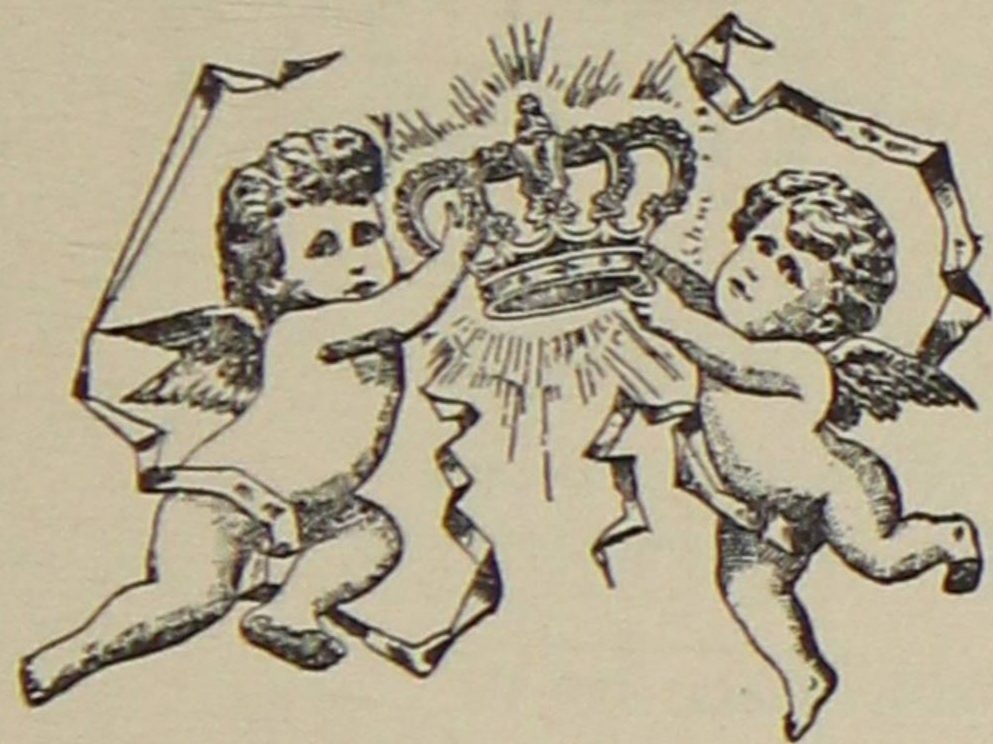
Manager—What makes you think so?

Pretty Cashier—The men are beginning to count their change.

He—Have you read "Freckles?"

She—No, that's my veil.

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL



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Toilet Goods, Photo Supplies, Athletic and
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TACOMA'S LEADING "CUT RATE" STORE

"Ah, me, Tommy," sighed the school teacher in Sunday School, "I'm afraid we shall never meet in heaven."

"What have you been doing?" asked Tommy.

Minister—Deacon Jones, will you lead?

Deacon snores peacefully.

Minister (louder)—Deacon Jones will you lead?

Deacon (awakening suddenly)—It ain't my lead, I dealt.

James—Pa, I ain't got no syrup.
Father—John, correct your brother.

John (leaning over, and peering into James' plate)—Yes, you is.

Perhaps some jokes are old,
And should be on the shelf,
But if you know some better ones
Send in a few yourself.

Junior—Did you ever take chloroform?

Wise Frosh—No, who teaches it.

OLYMPIC ICE CREAM CO.

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FANCY OR PLAIN ICE CREAM FOR BANQUETS,
SOCIALS AND PARTIES

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GIRLS—What you read determines, to a great extent, what you are. Read the tremendously popular women's magazine, "THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL." It graphically tells you how to dress smartly and economically; gives needed hints along Home Economic lines; in fact, every phase of Co-Ed life is taken care of by prominent specialists. Geo. G. Calkins, one of our students, makes you this

Ladies' Home Journal SPECIAL OFFER

NOV. 1, 1915 TO JULY 1, 1916 \$1

This means you save twenty cents on eight copies—four ice cream cones—besides, each copy will be delivered to you personally. He also makes every C. P. S. student a bargain offer on the two other popular Curtis publications, namely—

Saturday Evening Post 35 weeks \$1
Country Gentlemen 39 weeks 75 cts.

These last named papers need no comment. You know what they are. Think this matter over, figure out the saving, then see him and subscribe.

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bootees for "Freshmen" and size "12's" for
other "ordinary mortals"

HEDBERG BROTHERS SHOE STORE
1140 BROADWAY

Freshman—Do you serve lob-
sters?

Waiter—Yes, sir, we serve any
one, sit right down.

He—You are the breath of my
life.

She—Well, suppose you hold
your breath.

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STATIONERY

GO TO THE
COLLEGE BOOK STORE

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Rates on College Hats and Pennants

M. E. Ford, Pres. G. M. Harvey, Sec.-treas.

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INCORPORATED

GROCERS

Phone Main 702 2802-4 6th Ave.

"My rose," said he as he pressed
her velvet cheek on his.

"My cactus," said she, encounter-
ing his stubble.

Old Man—So you met my son at
college.

Sophomore—Yes, we slept in
Prof. Hanawalt's Algebra class to-
gether.

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"THE COLLEGE FLORIST"

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FOSS BOATS

(ALWAYS READY)

NORTH COMMERCIAL DOCK

MAIN 51

"How many persons work in
your office?"

"Oh, at a rough guess I should
say about one-third of them."

There are meters iambic,
And meters trochaic,
There are meters in musical tone;
But the meter that's sweeter,
And neater,
Completer
Is to meet'er
In the moonlight alone.

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It's Old Fashioned to Pay
THREE DOLLARS

TRY A

BURNSIDE
ALWAYS TWO

948 Pacific Avenue

Customer—Here waiter, where are the olives? Bring me half a melon and some cracked ice.

Waiter (loudly)—Dumdum, half a bombshell and a bowl of shrapnel.

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Lowest Prices

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WE PRINT THE TRAIL

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Victor J. Hedberg, College Representative

Mama—George, what made you pinch the baby? Didn't I hear you ask the Lord last night to make you a better boy?

George (aged 5)—Yes, mamma; but I guess He was busy and didn't hear me.

ROBERT MCLEAN

GROCER

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CALIFORNIA FLORISTS
Main 7732 907 Pacific Ave.

"It's raining."
"What is?"
"The rain, you greenhorn."
"Oh, I thought you meant King
George."


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6th AVENUE & FIFE STREET
The Place To Trade

Pat had seen the word "suite"
used in connection with furniture.
Being in need of bedroom comforts,
he entered a store with the purpose
of buying some.

Pat—Hev yez a cheap bedroom
suit?



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We Call and Deliver

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J. W. FIDDES

GROCER

MAIN 253

1524 SO. 8TH ST.



A preacher accompanied by two
charming young ladies, stood en-
tranced by the beauties of a passing
stream.

A fisherman passing by and mis-
taking his occupation, said: "Ketch-
in' many, pard?"

"I am a fisher of men," replied
the preacher with dignity.

"Well, you sure have the right
bait," rejoined the fisherman, with
an admiring glance at the girls.



THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

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B & B BARBER SHOP

Between K and J on 11th Street
The shop with the green front

Time, end of first act—Scene,
Pantages.

He—I hear a fire alarm. I must
go out and see about it.

He returns in five minutes and
says: "It was not fire."

She (using her nasal properties)
—Neither was it water.

Exit. Curtain—Ex.

"And now," said the teacher,
"we come to Germany, the country
governed by a kaiser. Tommy,
what is a kaiser?"

"Please, ma'am, a kaiser is a
stream of hot water springin' up and
disturbin' the earth."

J. E. McQUARY
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES
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Your Patronage is Solicited

Willie—Aw, you're afraid to
fight, that's all.

Tommy—No, I'm not; but if I
fight, Ma'll find it out and lick me.

Willie—How will she find out?

Tommy—She'll see the doctor
goin' to your house.

Clerk (producing a pair of paja-
mas)—How would this do?

And the fight was on.—Ex.

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

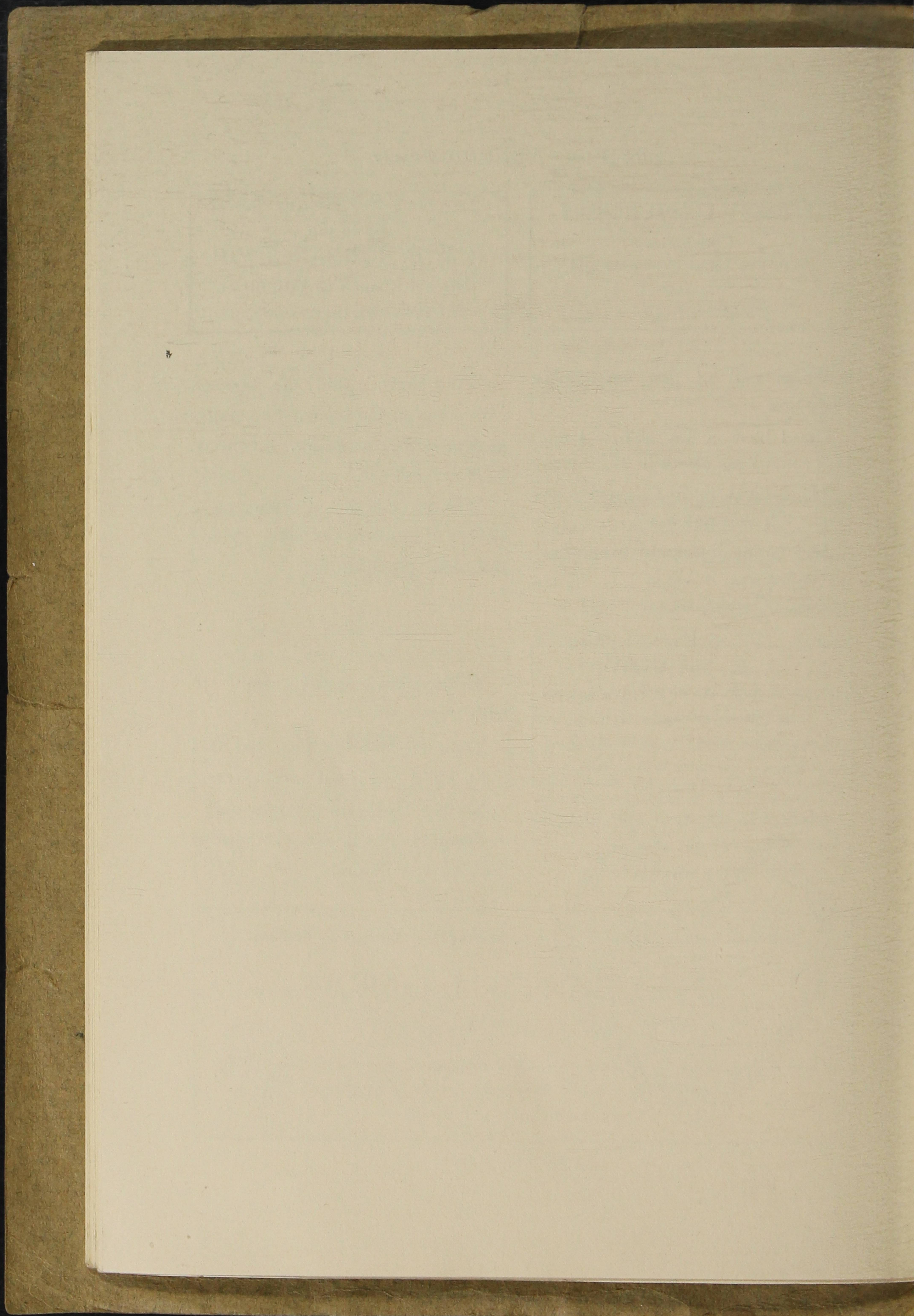
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