

THE TRAIL



*SPRING
ISSUE*

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MARCH, 1922

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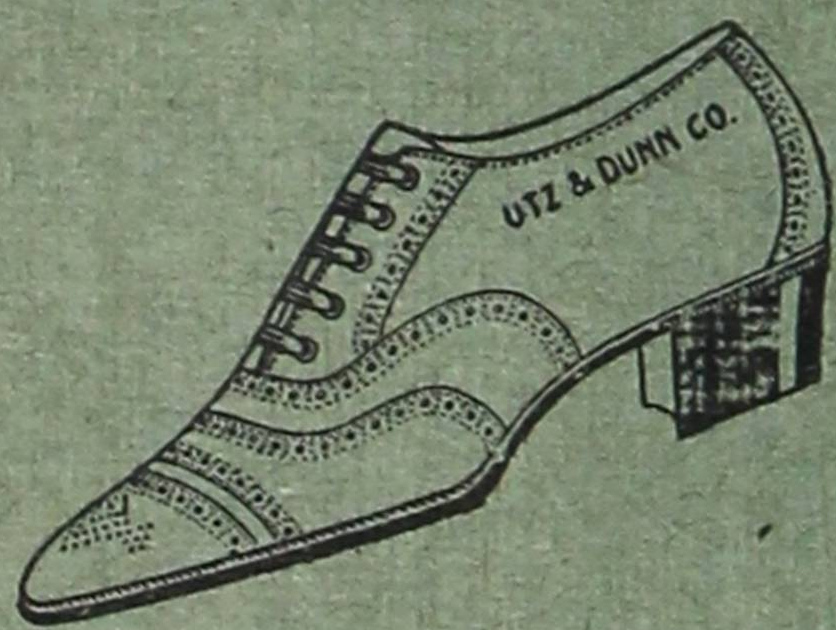
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A nice hair cut and shave is what puts the polish
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Vol. XI. Tacoma, Wash., March, 1922 No. 6

Published monthly, from October to May, by the Associated Students of the College of Puget Sound. The purpose of the Trail is to give expression to the intellectual and literary life of the undergraduates and to provide a field for the thoughtful discussion of questions relating to the College. In the realization of this purpose the Trail cordially invites the co-operation of students, alumni and faculty. Contributions should be addressed to the Editor, or may be left either in the Trail Box or in the editorial room. The terms of subscription are \$1.50 a year. Single copies are on sale at the book store at 20c or may be obtained from the Business Manager.
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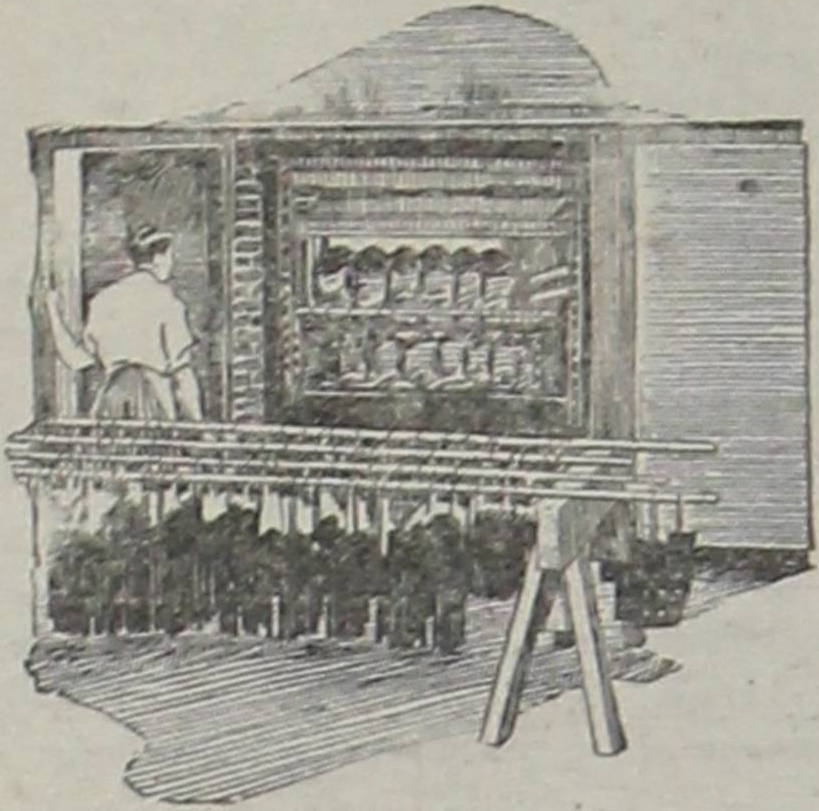
CIRCULATION

Arthur Harris	Hilda Scheyer
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Entered as second-class matter October 20, 1920, at the Post Office at Tacoma, Washington, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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LITERARIUS

HELEN MONROE, *Editor*

The Life and Adventures of a Magazine By Mildred Forsberg

NO doubt you study the pages of your favorite periodical month after month, growing familiar with the names which appear on the Table of Contents and yet remaining absolutely ignorant as to the personality of the man behind the magazine. You do not take the trouble to find out who the man or woman was who nearly broke his neck to get that clever story for your mere amusement. And as you sit in your cozy corner mildly entertained with a magazine you do not see the ghostly forms of the past makers of it, hovering over you and snarling among themselves because of your lack of appreciation of the result of their labor and toil. So take heed, my friends, and treat that magazine which you slung across the table with much respect for it has had to fight for its self-preservation in the periodical just as you are now making the same fight for mere existence.

The earliest periodical was printed in Europe in 1615. It was a weekly called the Frankfurter Journal. A year after the landing of the Mayflower, followed a similar publication in London.

The eighteenth century marked the era of many kinds of periodicals in England which did not appear on the continent until a hundred years later.

In 1741 the first two American Magazines were published—the maker of one was Benjamin Franklin. During the first hundred years of American periodical history most of the magazines were short lived which was partly due to the too ambitious authors and speculative publishers. It was said that the new-born magazines of the first half of the nineteenth century resembled the human baby in that it was hard to carry it thru the second summer.

The first magazines were of the variety type. Good humor was always heartily welcomed by the public—political and religious controversies avoided—each magazine had its light essayists—poetry generally constituted one-fourth to one-sixth of the issue. The New England magazine of May, 1758, price eight pence an issue, a number of sixty pages, advertised this description of contents which illustrates the type of periodical demanded by the people.

Containing and To Contain

Old-fashioned writing and Select Essays.
Queer Notions, Useful Hints, Extracts from Plays.
Relations Wonderful and Psalm and Song.
Good Sense, Wit, Humor, Morals, all Ding Dong.
Poems and Speeches, Politics and News.
What Some will like and other Some refuse.
Birth, Deaths and Dreams and Apparitions, too.
To Humor Him and Her and Me and You.

The popularity and demand of the magazine was increased by the national expansion westward and the newly awakened intellectual tastes of the people. In 1850 serials of expedition tales or war

articles appeared and later the novel serials. There were few illustrations before 1860 due to the tedious process of wood-cutting. But a new American art of wood engraving developed so that illustrations soon came into prominence. The first specialized magazine in the form of the story magazine was known before 1880. The specialized magazine marked the growth of practical subjects. The caricature which is so much in evidence to-day was introduced with much success in the early '90's. Also the newly developed art of advertising appeared at the first of the 20th century.

Before the middle of the nineteenth century the public demanded a periodical of only poetry, essay, etc. It was that suicidal for a popular magazine to have opinions. But during the latter half of the century a new ideal slowly grew out of the sentimentality—that of the discussion of current history, questions of the day and literary and social ideals. It was out of the new atmosphere that the Atlantic Monthly appeared.

At a dinner in 1857 this new magazine was discussed by these eminent men; Ralph Waldo Emerson, H. W. Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Mr. Motley, the historian, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. Cabot and Mr. Underwood. Mr. Underwood is called "The editor who was never Editor," because it was he who spent four years of failure and hard work to make the Atlantic Monthly materialize in 1857. It seems that the dinner party was a vital feature in the making of the magazine. No meeting of the makers was held unless around a table of sumptuous repast.

There were so many other meetings of the publishers, editors and contributors in celebration of the monthly appearance of the magazine that a loosely organized "Atlantic Club" came into a brief being.

James Russell Lowell, a scholar, man of letters and acknowledged poet, was elected the first editor of the Atlantic Monthly. Lowell's editorship lasted but for four years but he had laid the enduring foundations.

The first issue of the magazine was dated November, 1857. Ten of the fourteen authors who made the principal contributions to it were Motley, Longfellow, Emerson, Charles Eliot Norton, Holmes, Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, J. T. Trowbridge, Lowell and Parke Goodwin.

The magazine inevitable scored an immediate success which was not true of most of the magazines of that time. This was due in part to its eminent makers who knew the field in which they were working. Also the Atlantic was started with the definite purpose of concentrating the efforts of the best writers upon literature and politics under the light of the highest morals.

(Continued on page 15)

John Felton's Mystery

By Ed. Newell

(Continued from February Issue)

THE next afternoon the coach called the meeting. The room was buzzing with excitement, but as the coach entered, all noise was stopped, and all were eager to know what the meeting was for.

"Fellows," began the coach, "the meeting this afternoon is to inform you that John Felton will play Saturday."

It was as if every boy then had been given an electric shock. Their faces showed their surprise.

"And another thing," the coach went on to say, "every one of the team will play for the school or I will put in the subs, and you know what they do when John is with them. That is all."

"Just a minute, coach," and the team captain got up and in his hand held an open letter. "Please read that, coach."

The coach took it and after reading it, a frown crossed his face. The next minute, a light of understanding spread across his face which mystified the fellows who were watching him closely. He did not even read it aloud but merely said, "Meet at my house to-night at 7:30 sharp."

That afternoon the practice dragged by and the coach did not criticize any poor plays but seemed to be absorbed in that the whole time.

That night every boy, but John, was there before seven-thirty. Just as the coach called the meeting to order, John arrived. None of the fellows spoke to him as he came in but this did not worry him any.

The coach began talking. "When you handed me this letter this afternoon, I was at first perplexed, and then I remembered what John told me last night, and putting two and two together, I simply jumped at conclusions." The coach then read the letter, which told him that one of his players, John Felton, had played professional football and had received money for his services. "Fellows, I don't believe this and I hope you don't. Last night John said that there was something he would not tell as it might hurt our chances of winning, if someone got it twisted a little. I am now going to ask John to tell that now so we can be justified in playing him Saturday."

John got slowly to his feet and began, "That letter means all right but it is not correct. My father was coach of a football team in Marion, Alabama, and on this team was a man by the name of John Felton, not Felton, and fearing that just what has happened would happen I kept that to myself. Now that it is out, I hope you will believe me and let's go into the game Saturday with the idea that we are going to win. Another thing, my father taught me all he could about football with the hope that I might keep up our family's reputation."

Before anyone could say anything, the captain made his way to John's side and said that he was glad that John was to play Saturday and asked him to forgive anything that had been done or said.

"Boys, I cannot hold a grudge and I hope you will all feel as Bob does. We can win that game, so let's do it."

Soon the boys were all happily eating the big red apples that Mrs. Rankin brot in, and also the delicious sandwiches and cocoa.

Saturday morning dawned crisp and clear, an ideal day for football. The tickets had sold exceptionally well and a good crowd was assured. The

Bowenston team had brot along a large bunch of rooters and the game was to be hard fought and the men would need lots of backing.

By one o'clock the stands were filling up and the opposing rooters thundered forth their school songs and yells. At two o'clock the team came romping on the field. The old stands fairly trembled beneath their weight, and when the teams appeared the stands fairly groaned under the uproar.

A short, sharp signal practice, then the captains met in midfield. A sparkle as the sun struck the spinning coin. The home team won the toss, and chose to receive the kick-off.

The stands were absolutely minus of noise, as the opposing captain sent the ball in a long kick. The home team ran the ball back with perfect interference to the center of the field where Bowenston managed to upset the runner.

The fight began in earnest and steadily but slowly Janesville pushed their opponents back. Suddenly on a fake punt a player was seen to streak around the end and start straight for the goal. Only one man stood between him and the goal. The opponent stood ready to receive him, the next moment they would crash together. But what happened? The Bowenston's safety was seen picking himself up while John Felton, for it was he, was touching the ground behind the goal line.

A brass band, with all instruments in discord, would have been drowned out by the yelling that Bowenston heard from her rivals across the field. The Janesville boosters simply went wild.

From then to the end of the first half the ball changed hands several times, but neither side could score. The half ended 6 to 0 Janesville's favor. They had failed to kick goal.

During the intermission, the rival boosters swarmed onto the field and taunted each other by their yells and songs.

The second half opened with a rush as Bowenston received the kick-off and started a charge down the field. Nothing would stop them and in less than two minutes, the Bowenston rivals had tied the score.

This time the Bowenston rooters went wild, but Janesville did not lose hope.

It was not until the third quarter that Janesville had another chance. They again made good, and John again carried the ball across. The team had been satisfied that he was alright and they backed him to a man. A few minutes later the whistle blew, ending the game and Janesville had won 12-6.

Later that evening at the annual banquet everybody was in the best of spirits and the fellows insisted that John make a speech. He did so, but with fear and trembling.

That night, as he and the coach walked home together, the coach told him that he had received a note just before the game started apologizing for that previous note. The mistake had been discovered by the coach at Bowenston and had immediately sent this note to Coach Rankin.

We will hear of John Felton on the baseball diamond and the basketball floor. The fellows now do not talk about John Felton as being queer and wonder what "John Felton's Mystery" is. He is one of the most popular boys in his class. So all's well as ends well.

"Heart of the Sun"

By George Monty

I.

THE scrap of onionskin paper fluttered from the fingers of Mike the Rat, as the gust of wind puffed down the dirty ill-kempt corridor, and fluttered, floated, drifted down the staircase and into the open transom on the next floor below. A sound of retreating footsteps beat a fast tempo on the rugless, creaky floor of that dirty, ill-kempt corridor and faded away in the distance. All was still again.

Cassidy of the metropolitan force was walking down the murky dimness of Baily Street, old Baily Street that had been the scene of more episodes and escapades in fiction than could ever happen in real life. Terence Cassidy was troubled tonight, as the nervous twitching of his night stick showed he was. He walked down the old poorly lighted street that led thru San Francisco's new Chinatown, not as famous as the old, but just as potential in crime and misery. As he walked, his mind was far away, and his customary stops and inspections were purely of habit. The lights seemed even dimmer, as the fog gathered in little groups around the lampposts, the night darker, the silence more intense. The stage was set, the plot laid, the actors awaiting their cues, and the audience breathless. As if by prearranged signal, a rending, splintering crash of glass split the air, and a dark object was catapulted thru the third story window of one of the frame buildings and dropped with a dull thud almost at Cassidy's feet. The glass tinkled down around, the mists gathered closer, the night grew blacker and all was still.

II.

As the scrap of onionskin paper fluttered thru the transom, Ming Chee rose swiftly and scooped up the paper before it had hardly touched the floor. Keenly she coned the message it contained and the shadows that crossed her face showed plainly how intensely burned the fires within. With catlike swiftness she placed the paper to her breast, and glancing around with an all perceiving glance, she slunk across the room to where a gorgeous piece of tapestry hung, and drawing it aside, disappeared into the space beyond. The room was fitted up only as wealth and luxury can make a squalid hole into a veritable housing for kings. The arts of the orient were in lavish display. The walls were hung in tapestries of brilliant and variegated hue, scintillating with gold and silver thread, in fiendish designs. The floor was obliterated with rice mats and in the center of the room stood a queer carved ebony table. A little Budha sat smoking on the center of the table, sending forth small clouds of pungent aromatic incense. Little articles were placed helter pelter around the remaining spaces, there a coiled serpent holding in its mouth joss sticks in an ebony container, here a dainty tea table, hardly higher than the floor itself. Even the electric light which was the sole talebearer of a western civilization was shaded by a brilliant flaming, red colored and perchant upon a wonderful little cherry tree of almost emerald green. As the eye took in these details, Ming Chee returned as noiselessly as she had gone and bowed herself before the tiny smoking Budha.

III.

Officer Cassidy regained his self presence of mind with a start, even before the gruesome object had touched the ground. A few rapid steps had taken him to where the object was lying, grotesquely doubled up in a pool of blood. He was bleeding from deep gashes that profusely furrowed his face and arms, caused by the broken glass, so evident around him. Cassidy dropped to his knees as his hand felt for the heart. It had stopped beating! The man was dead—murdered? No mark of violence appeared on the body as a quick inspection showed. Had the three story fall been the only means of this death? Evidently not, as the expression on Cassidy's face told and the muttered exclamations of surprise marked the man as being known.

"Mike the Rat," murmured Cassidy, under his breath. "Mike the Rat, as sure as I'm here. He got his at last."

As he spoke, he was making a survey of the contents of the dead man's pockets. A dollar and ten cents in small change, a bit of pencil, and an old fashioned nicked cased watch comprised the worldly possessions, these in addition to the four-inch police model Smith and Wesson revolver. The dirty Italian sure knew a good gun, that Cassidy as he held the gun extended admiringly in his left hand. The now gathering crowd of motley interspersed Chinese and other Orientals, Italians and foreigners of questionable occupations, congregated about the officer, as flies around pie. A sound of Cassidy's police whistle soon brot the officers from the next beats together with the patrol and soon all that was left of the gruesome sight was a splotch of blood where the body had lay, and an incongruous group of Orientals. The crowd silently dispersed as it was the time of evening when not many can give a valid reason for their presence on the streets in that section of town, especially when an officer of the law is in sight.

Detectives from the force had arrived with the patrol and had just completed their inspection of the premises where the deed had been committed. It was a frame building, three stories in height, poorly constructed and dimly lighted, having been put up under the temporary conditions of the need for housing after the great quake and fire. The lower floor was occupied by a dealer in Oriental curios, whose store took up the front part and whose living quarters were in the rear. The next two floors were given over to a cheap lodging house such as is found only in this section of town, a squalid office and dingy rooms, kept by a crafty slant-eyed old Mongol of doubtful age and former life. The officers, on making the inspection of the top floor, found that the window on the end of the corridor had been broken as if some bulky object had been precipitated thru it. It was from here that Mike the Rate had made his fall to death. On inquiring from the proprietor of the hotel, it was learned that the man answering to the description of Mike had occupied a room on the third floor off from the hall and facing the street. It was evident that the man had just stepped out of his room and into eternity. From inquiries among the various occupants of the surrounding rooms, it was

learned that Mike had recently made his home in that room, among an entire colony of Chinese, for what reason they were not able to find out. The theories, then, pointed more to suicide than to murder. As mysterious cases were continually occurring in this district, the investigators gave hardly more than a passing thought to the case that they were then investigating, and arrived at a verdict of suicide and so it appeared in the coroner's report next morning. Only Officer Cassidy had recognized the body, and only Cassidy knew of the tiny gold locket that he had taken from the dead man's neck. Why he had not turned in this together with the rest of the dead man's effects could only be explained upon opening it. It contained the face of a Chinese girl, delicate and of marvelous beauty and a scrawled notation at the bottom, Bonita Ming Chee. Cassidy had recognized that face as the girl he had seen the night that the Suey Sing Tong had shot down the two Quong gangsters from Fresno a week ago in the Hip Lee Bazar at the corner of Fourteenth and Baily. It was she who had sidled up to him in the crowd and had told him to go to the Cave, a notorious den, where the two members of the Suey Sings were found in the throes of the opium pipe and enjoying their temporary haven in the smoke of wonderful dreams. It was she who had whispered this to him as he was holding back the crowds in the bazar till help arrived, and had disappeared as mysteriously into the crowd again. As to Mike the Rat, Cassidy had had experience before with this Italian from the crowded Ghetto of New York City. Cassidy had been on the New York force before coming out West, and had been stationed in the Italian district. He had become acquainted with the man thru his daring exploits with a gang of narcotic peddlers that had finally fled the country. What had brot Mike to this part of the country, Cassidy could only surmise, as he himself had only come a short while before on account of the health of his widowed sister.

What connection had the Italian cutthroat with this mysterious and beautiful girl, yes, even more than beautiful, insisted Cassidy as he reflected on the happenings of the night. A half evident suicide, no clues, a picture of a Chinese girl who had helped him before, that would require some thought, and Cassidy sat himself down on a hydrant to think as the grey dawn stole up the deserted stillness of quaint Baily street.

IV.

Ming Chee, as she bowed and rebowed before the smoking Budha, peered into a small mirror that she held encased in her right hand. As she swayed back and forth as if in a religious rite, she saw what she was expecting to see, a pair of cunning, fiendish eyes peering from the eyefalls of a grotesque dragon in the wall tapestry to the back. With the air of devotion, she rose to her feet, and bowing and salaaming to the sitting Budha, she unobtrusively made her way to the back wall. "Ah, Budha, you do not know what you are going to witness tonight," she suddenly said in English and suiting her action to her words she suddenly snatched the draperies from the wall, disclosing a small square opening, with the parchment covered face of a Chinaman peering thru it. "Ha, ha, ha, ha," her merry voice, without trace of an accent, rippled off into a mirth provoking laugh. "I caught you this time. Come down, Charlie Pete, come to me, Ming Chee." And as he crawled thru the aperture in mute acquiescence, she

continued, "You know, Charlie, that I was expecting you tonight. Mike so informed me just a little while ago, so I was all ready."

"Heart of the Sun, Mike, the Italian blasphemer, is not to be trusted. Let us spring it tonight. The shadow is in the den, as are the other. I have done all that I could. Who knows where next the Shadow will fall." As this dried up personification of the Devil ceased speaking, the blanched face of little Ming Chee gave solemn evidence to what import those words carried. All the mocking pleasure had vanished, and those laughing little wrinkles around her lustrous eyes now harbored tiny veins of fear.

"You frighten me, Charlie," and as if throwing aside the mask, laughed in the Chinaman's face and grabbing his arms, danced him about the room.

"Then, Charlie, has the Shadow—" and she ceased as he drew a warning hand away from hers.

"Heart of the Sun, even silence has ears, and the shadows fall as swiftly as death itself."

She shrunk slowly to the table and leaned against it as the glowing orbs of the Oriental warned her again to silence. Her formerly smiling face was now the color of sandalwood, her eyes staring, and her position tense, as she listened to his words. "You must fly from here this very morning, even before the sun has risen. Dress yourself, take the passage and hasten to the Suey Sings. They have their instructions," and as he mounted to the passage way, Charlie's final grimace was full of portent.

VI

When Charlie Pete had left, the expression of fear was overcome by a genuine grin as the rippling laughter came to the surface. She extracted the note which had floated thru her transom, and with sparkling eyes glanced over its contents. "Charlie will visit. Plans laid. Meet me at six, corner hydrant. MIKE." And with a joyous little skip, she betook herself to the space beyond the draperies and out of our sight. She emerged shortly dressed in a blue tailored suit, trim patent leather oxfords, and her sheening coal black hair tucked under a small navy and gold turban. Her face somehow had changed. She appeared different. The previously Oriental eyes had taken a new slant. The mouth was smaller, the complexion less yellow and ruddier. In the space of a few minutes, the Oriental had become Occidental. She picked up her vanity bag from its hiding place under the tea table. She opened it and inspected the revolver that lay in it, snapped it shut and with another glance around and a searching look at the entrance in the wall, pulled aside the silken draperies, disclosing a door. She threw back the latch and stepped out into the blackness of the hall.

VI.

When Cassidy had warmed the hydrant long enough to come to the conclusion that this mystery was a real mystery, he had just about decided that he couldn't fathom the connection between the murdered man and the Chinese girl. He would let the detectives at the station work it out if they could. But if he could somehow solve it tho, he might be in line for promotion. He didn't want to stay a common patrolman all his life. He knew that he had the makings of a real detective in him and he needed only a little luck to bring it out. This was his chance if he could take it. Think, brain, think. And as he tried to think, a little bit of humanity in the shape

of a girl, skidded around the corner and almsot into the arms of the pensive cop. "Oh, pardon me," she half lisped. "Can you direct me to—"

"Now, young lady, I can direct you to the police station. Any one out this time of morning goes to the station with me," he added, in a fatherly tone to the small girl beside him.

"Now, mister man," she lisped, "you don't mean that," and with a quick jerk, wrenched herself away from Cassidy and with surprising speed, winged a course around the corner and down the street, with the law close behind, but just close enough to be too far. One already suspects that this is the half Chinese girl that was to meet Mike on the corner where Cassidy was thinking. Here was reality closer to the solution of the mystery than his very thots, but she seemed just as elusive at the present moment as she was making great time in a general southerly direction. If she had been unhampered by skirts as Cassidy was by his trousers, she might have won, but as it was, Cassidy caught her as she rounded the corner of the next block, and pulled her up under a street lamp, both out of breath.

"Hot dog," he thot to himself, "but here is a little vixen."

When he regained breath enough to ask her

what her game was, he had had time enough to get a good look at her face under the light. Before she could answer, he thot he noted the resemblance to someone he had seen before. Sure enough, she looked familiar. Holding Ming Chee by one husky Irish paw and delving into his inside left pocket with the other, he pulled out the locket taken from the dead body of Mike. When the girl saw the locket, her sullen silence disappeared and with it the lisp.

"Where did you get that?"

He opened the locket, not paying any attention to her words, and held it up to the light. He looked at it attentively and then at the girl who was striving to see inside. It was she. The two were identical.

"Give that locket to me and tell me where you got it," she commanded in an authoritative tone. Cassidy looked surprised, as he slowly handed the locket to the girl. "I have seen you before, haven't I?" she asked.

"Who are you?" he countered.

"I am now Ming Chee, before that I was Helen Foo, detective number 307 on the force. Here's my authority and she pulled back the lapel of her coat to show the polished star residing there. "Now where did you get that locket, Officer Cassidy."

(Continued on page 15)

C—P—S

OPPORTUNITY

DOUGLAS WIGHT

"What luck you havin', pardner?
Catchin' anything?"

"Nope! Ain't caught much yet.
Mebbe they don't like my fly.
Reckon, tho', if I keep on,
I'll catch something bye and bye."

"Listen, pard, there's better fishin'
Over t'other side the bridge.
There's a deep hole where the river
Runs close beside a granite ledge,—
Where you'll catch in fifteen minutes
More than you can carry home—
Great big five-pound rainbow trout.—
There you'll stand and pull 'em out
Faster'n you can bait your hook.
Better go and have a look."

"That sound mighty good to me;
Reckon I'll just go and see."

"What luck you having, pardner?
Findin' any gold?"

"Nope! Ain't found much yet.
Guess, if I keep on, and try
And dig a little deeper down,
I'll find something bye and bye."

"Listen, pard, there's better diggin'
Over t'other side the crick;
There's a little ragged mountain
Full o' gold as it can stick.
Why! There you'll see the shiny nuggets—
'Nough to buy out old John D.—
Just scattered all around,
Lyn' right on top the ground—
Make your stake in just one day.
Better have a look that way."

"That sound mighty good to me,
Reckon I'll just go and see."

"How's the crops a-comin', pardner?
Raisin' anything?"
"Nothin' much to brag about,
Season's been most awful dry."

I reckon tho', if I keep on,
I'll raise something bye and bye."

"Listen, pard, there's better country
Over t'other side the hill.
There's a great big open prairie—
For farmin' land it fits the bill.
You can grow three hundred bushel
Every year, upon that land.
Best land in the world for grain,
Always right amount of rain.
No use,—all this wear and tear—
Make an easy livin' there."

"That sounds mighty good to me,
Reckon I'll just go and see."

"How do you like the weather, pardner?
How do you like the weather?"

"Never saw it worse'n this.
Mebby, tho', if I just try
To cheer up and to wear a smile,
We'll have sunshine bye and bye."

"Listen, pard, there's an ideal climate
Over t'other side the range.
Sun shines all the winter thro', there;
Never is no sudden change.
Why! over there it's never cloudy;
Never heerd 'em mention fog;
Winter skies are always clear;
Birds a-singin', your heart to cheer;
No colds there nor rheumatiz—
Better go and see how it is."

"That must be the place for me;
Reckon I ought to go and see.
Still—each new feller that comes along
Says there's something better a little farther on.
I've followed many a rainbow huntin' gold.
Till now I'm gettin' a bit too old.
We'll not find any paradise,
Not 'till we cross beyond the skies.
This old world is all of it fixed
So the good and bad are purty well mixed.
It's always seemed 'bout the same to me,
So I reckon, my friend, this place will be
Plenty good enough for a feller like me."

Book Corner

THE SISTERS-IN-LAW: *Gertrude Atherton.* In the majority of books written it seems that the eternal triangle is a necessity, but few of the modern authors go so far as to center it within the family circle. And to add to the reader's discomfort, not only one triangle but two or three are developed in this book. Altho interesting it is too much like hundreds of other novels written to-day to be fascinating. There is, however, one peculiarity about it that makes it a little different, and that is its time element. The book opens in the year 1907, and has for its setting the San Francisco earthquake and fire. Quite gradually and with no long lapses of time in which nothing is recorded, the story closes with a post war ending.

We have been made by numerous authors to feel that the modern girl is a type which has largely grown out of the war, but evidently Gertrude Atherton does not share this opinion. Her girls are virtually the same at the end as at the beginning of the book, a thing which makes the reader a bit skeptical. It is true that there is a change in the main character but the author has made this due to her immediate environment rather than international conditions.

After reading this book one has the feeling that after all critics are right and that modern literature is simply a phase of to-day with no lasting qualities, and perhaps the war has produced not a renaissance but a stagnation.

GALUSHA THE MAGNIFICENT: *Joseph C. Lincoln.* Is a story, as one critic has said, that takes hold of your heartstrings—it is so real, so human, so characteristically American. The plot of the story is disclosed near the end, but no plot is needed to make the story delightful. Laughs are crowded into almost every line.

Galusha, the hero, is an Egyptologist, a queer, absentminded little professor. He would be queer in even his own setting, but is doubly so in the little Down East village in which he finds himself at the opening of the story.

Galusha Bangs is a scream; he is, unconsciously, a clown, and a humorist, and a tragedian, but above all a real man and a hero. He is indeed magnificent. The other characters are clearly drawn and are as much in harmony with the setting of the small village life as Galusha Bangs is out of harmony with it. That is, he was out of harmony at first, but he adjusted him-

self admirably to the village life and the various situations which make up the plot.

THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR: *Peter B. Kyne.* Is a propaganda story. Mr. Kyne has a purpose other than the telling of the story itself. He shoots at Japanese land ownership in California and scores a bullseye. But in spite of the objective, the author tells a good story; even a Japanese could enjoy it.

The setting is in lower California. The main character is a returned soldier of Spanish-Irish ancestry. He returns to find his aged father dead and the family ghost walking. The mortgage on the 10,000 acre Rancho Palomar is about to be foreclosed. Don Miguel Farrel has one year in which to lift the mortgage.

How he does it, with the aid and the encouragement of the charming daughter of the man who is his business enemy, is the story. Enough of the modern world gets into the tale to create interest and action and enough of the old world is there to lend color, a delightful color of balmy, easy-going Spanish days of yore. The story has human interest, and love interest, and action—a thrilling horse race—and Don Mike marries the girl, so what more could any reader ask?

THE MAYFLOWER: *V. Blasco Ibanez.* A complete understanding of the work of a foreign author who deals with settings, customs and people who are strange to us, is difficult. To the American reader this book is apt to seem coarse, inartistic and overly realistic. The plot is nearly valueless, in spite of the author's effort to give it new life by surrounding it with fishermen and salt sea air. The characters seem brutally overdrawn. The language is at times revolting.

In spite of all the adverse criticism one makes of this new novel of the author of the famous "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"—he must admit that his interest was held from first to last—and that there is an atmosphere which is wholly new and at times delightful. Glimpses of Spanish fishing village life make the book interesting to those who care for life of other nations in all its phases.

In next month's issue we will review "If Winter Comes" by Hutchinson, "Beggar's Gold" by Ernest Poole and "Back to Methuselah" by Bernard Shaw. If you have any others that you would like reviewed hand us the names of the books and their authors.

C—P—S

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS TREASURER'S REPORT

FEBRUARY, 1922

	Dr.	Cr.		Dr.	Cr.
Athletic			Music		
Overdraft Feb. 1	\$ 65.27		Balance Feb. 1	49.70	
Receipts	436.40		Receipts	42.20	
	371.13			91.90	
Payments	327.02	\$ 44.11	Payments	23.50	68.40
Trail			Incidentals		
Balance Feb. 1	9.47		Balance Feb. 1	49.14	
Receipts	376.25		Receipts	158.25	
	385.72			207.39	
Payments	270.49	115.23	Payments	60.45	146.94
Debate			Balance in Treasury Mar. 1, 1922	690.75	
Balance Feb. 1	81.45			\$690.75	\$690.75
Receipts	84.40	165.85			
Dramatics			March 13, 1922.		Guy E. McWilliams, Treasurer.
Balance Feb. 1	65.82		The receipt of the Athletic department includes \$50.00		transferred from Incidental Fund by order of Central Board.
Receipts	84.40	150.22			

FLORENCE MADDOCK, '22—Editor
EDWARD AMENDE, '25—Associate Editor

PAGE EDITORS

Literary, Helen Monroe, '22
Poet's Corner, Roma Schmid, '24
School Notes, Esther Graham, '23
Athletics, Matthew Thompson, '25
Humor, Spencer Smith, '24
Society
Mildred Forsberg, '24 Ruth Wheeler, '24
Staff Artist, Irwin Blanchard

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HAROLD FRETZ, '24—Business Manager

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Entered as second-class matter October 20,
1920, at the Post Office at Tacoma, Wash-
ington, under the Act of March 3, 1879.



Editorials

The Last Lap

VACATION days are over until the summer vacation, and with school commencing again we are once more afflicted with that malady known as Spring Fever. And now the question comes as to whether we will last until the beginning of June.

Psychology has a theory that says, "Progression is not a gradual incline but is a matter of leaps and bounds." That is, if we should start to graph it we would have a drawing that would resemble a stairway. But psychology goes further than this and makes the assertion that nearly all the discouragements of life come just before we are ready to take the step up. In other words, nine-tenths of the men who are failures could have made of their life a success if they had had the tenacity and grit to hang on to whatever they were doing for a little while longer.

If this theory is true, then it has a message for the college student. We are now on the level step of our year's work. A month or more will prove whether we are to take the step upwards. There are some who will lose out because of lack of energy and will power, but there are others who will make a special effort, and because of that effort bring their year to a successful close. And a month of work will make the difference.

Bernard Shaw says, "You imagine what you desire; you will what you imagine; and at last you create what you will." Which interpreted means that this year can be created into a successful year if we but will it and focus our will power towards the accomplishment of that end.

Community Chest

DURING the 10 days from March 18 to 28, Tacoma will experience its first big Community Chest campaign, when the co-operation of every loyal Tacoman will be asked to raise the necessary funds desired by the 28 social service agencies involved, to enable them to continue their charitable work in the future, on a larger scale than before.

Tacoma people will be asked to concentrate upon those in their city who are finding life's battle hard—far harder than they found it in the common prosperity that existed for all during the great industrial activity of war time production.

A total of \$271,478.68 is to be raised, to be divided among the following worthy charitable institutions: American Red Cross, Associated Charities, Boy Scouts, Briscoe Boys' Home, Children's Industrial Home, Council of Jewish Women, Federation of Social Agencies, Girl Scouts, Good Will Industries, Ladies of the Grand Army Home, Near East Relief, Pacific Coast Rescue and Protective Society, Pierce County Anti-Tuberculosis League, Pierce County Social Hygiene Society, Public Health Nursing Association, Salvation Army, Soldiers' and Sailors' Club, St. Ann's Home, Tacoma Humane Society, Tacoma Community House, Tacoma Orthopedic Association, Tacoma Seamen's Institute, Visitation Academy, Volunteers of America, Washington Children's Home Society, White Shield Home, Y. M. C. A., and Y. W. C. A.

To secure work for the ex-service man, place him upon his feet, repay a little of the debt that is owed him, to care for the old

and helpless, to educate and watch over the tiny bits of humanity thrown upon the mercies of the great world, such is the work of these institutions.

C—P—S

The Job's, the Thing

“IF by the time he is a sophomore or a junior, the student hasn't a pretty good idea of the career he wants to follow, his first few years in the practical world are apt to be lost. Jobs do not turn up as if by magic, the day after Commencement.”

This observation comes from a business executive. It is based on his experience with candidates for opportunities in commercial and industrial organizations—candidates from among the annually increasing number of graduates from American colleges.

Frequently however, the undergraduate activities of a college man or woman give unmistakable evidence of the kind of work he or she is most naturally fitted for. Fortunate indeed is the student who finds the job which will give these talents an opportunity for development. Then the first few years out of college will not be lost.

Grasping this opportunity to serve undergraduates of American colleges who wish to focus their efforts where they will count for most the American Association of Social Workers (130 East 22nd Street, New York) has issued a pamphlet presenting the opportunities in social work open to men and women trained for this new profession. It is entitled "The Profession of Social Work", and may be secured by mail from the above address.



MATTHEW THOMPSON, Editor

THE basketball season is over. The varsity has a fine record behind it—the best made in many years in C. P. S.—that of winning ten out of sixteen games played. And what makes it all the more remarkable is that only four of these were played on the home floor all the rest being played on strange floors—some of them being mere box-like rooms and some of them fine big gyms. Once in a while the floor was larger than the court, but usually the wall was the side line and anyone attempting to go beyond the wall was taken off the floor. When a team can win game after game on foreign floors there can't be much wrong with them. Another point in speaking of the difficulties is that ten of these games were played in a period of eleven days—playing at night and traveling by day. Yes, the college must take off its hat to the Varsity of 1922.

Monday morning, February 6, the team left for their tour thru the State. Those making the trip were, Coach Peck, Manager Clay, Captain Stone, Center; Elmer Anderson, Frank Brooks and Swindland, Forwards; Roy Morrow and Jess Mathis, Guards, and Ed Amende, Sub. Every evening except Sunday, February 12, a game was played. Captain Stone had been ill up to the day of leaving, but decided to go anyway. He became quite sick on the trip and was unable to play his usual game. Swindland also was very ill and did not play every game. Mathis was injured. As a matter of fact the boys styled themselves a bunch of cripples but crippled or not when the opening whistles blew they played so hard that the opposing team felt that they would not like to meet the varsity when the men were in first class condition.

It would require too much space to write an account of each game and the line-up. Suffice it to say that as a whole the games were hard fought and the victories well earned. The schedule, (these games were all played on the floor of the opposing team):

Feb. 6	C. P. S. 22	Roslyn 15
Feb. 7	C. P. S. 36	Ellensburg Normal 17
Feb. 8	C. P. S. 29	Yakima Y. M. C. A. 22
Feb. 9	C. P. S. 16	Sunnyside 20
Feb. 10	C. P. S. 18	Toppenish 32
Feb. 11	C. P. S. 32	Prosser 45
Feb. 13	C. P. S. 23	Cheney Normal 26
Feb. 14	C. P. S. 39	Whitworth 17
Feb. 15	C. P. S. 25	Leavenworth A. C. 24
Feb. 16	C. P. S. 20	Leavenworth A. C. 28

It will be seen from this that the Varsity won 5 games and lost 5 games and made a total of 260 points against their opponents 246.

On Feb. 26 at the gym a rather uninteresting game was played with Bellingham Normal. The first few minutes of the game were played in whirl-wind style but then it settled into a game of what's going to be the score, rather than who is going to win? The final score was 46 to 28 in favor of the Varsity.

The final game of the season by far the most interesting and a fitting climax to the season was the game between the Varsity and Camp Lewis at Camp Lewis. At first it looked like it would be a walk away for the soldiers. The first half ended with the score 18 to 11 in favor of Camp Lewis. The second half began with Camp Lewis increasing their lead. With 7 minutes to play 28 to 18, Camp Lewis. C. P. S. then realized that it was time to win the game. One basket after another was made, and Morrow and Mathis keeping the soldiers from scoring. The regular period ended and the score was a tie—30 all. An extra five minutes was played with a result 32 all.

This meant another five minutes. Both teams had blood in their eyes, but evidently the Varsity did not have quite so much because they were able to see enough to put in a final basket and hold the soldiers scoreless. Final result—34 to 32 in favor of C. P. S.

C—P—S

Summary of the Season

- Games played—16.
- Games won—10.
- Total number of points, C. P. S.—449.
- Total number of points, Opponents—398.

OTHER GAMES PLAYED BESIDES THOSE ON TOUR

Jan. 14	C. P. S.—23	Bellingham 15
Jan. 20	C. P. S.—24	Cheney Normal 27
Jan. 21	C. P. S.—34	Camp Lewis 32
Jan. 26	C. P. S.—28	Ellensburg 18
Feb. 24	C. P. S.—46	Bellingham 28
Mar. 3	C. P. S.—34	Camp Lewis 32

C—P—S

INDIVIDUAL SCORING

Name—	Halves played	Con-verted points	Goals	Aver. No. of Total points per half
Swindland	F 17	0	37	74 4.35
Stone	C 23	0	49	98 4.26
Morrow	G 32	70	22	114 3.56
Anderson	F 30	4	50	104 3.46
Brooks	F 27	0	30	60 2.22

Mathis stationary guard made only one basket during the season. Special recognition however is due him and Morrow for their excellent guarding. Altho Swindland is a new man at the cshool he has the highest average of points per half.

Thus C. P. S. ends a very satisfactory basketball season and holds high hopes for an even better one next year as only one player, Mr. Elmer H. Anderson, will leave school. He has been a dependable member of the team for several seasons.

C—P—S

FROSH TEAM

THE Freshman Team was successful this season to a very large extent. They won four out of seven games. They came out on the long end of the sum total for the season with 224 for them to 164 for their opponents. The team was always uncertain as to the boys playing for various reasons and some eight or ten boys took part in the games. They were Laakso, Captain; Amende, Mackey, Anderson, J. Hoyer, G. Hoyer, Ginn, Turley and Chowning.

These boys were the ones that gave the Varsity a good practice. Much credit is due to Coach Kinch and our Manager Harley Notter. The different games and their scores:

Frosh	Opposition
59	1st Baptist 10
42	1st Baptist 16
29	Lincoln 32
27	Lincoln 16
20	Winlock 42
27	Olympia 25
20	Burton 23
224	164

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WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

THE Varsity B. B. girls have played their last game. But say! Even if they did loose half of them C. P. S. will never forget the games the pioneer Varsity girls team played in "21" and "22".

From the very first whisper of a "Varsity Girls'" by Coach Peck, the girls were eager, and showed a lively interest in making it a success. Altho they didn't get started to practice as early as the boys, under the Coach they soon showed a speed and line of play that was marveled at by the fans.

The first game with the Y. W. girls was certainly a good send off for the season and anticipations ran high when the score came out 33-2.

Then bad luck came our way and the next game with the Independents spelled defeat in a score of 27-24. Vinson substituted for Floberg at forward and Kilbourne for Zediker first half. But altho the first half was a great loss, in the second we almost caught up, and gave the audience a good thrill. But the girls still dug away on the floor at practice and looked forward to a clash with the Half Sox. But at the last minute the flu took off our center Ahnquist and guard Zediker. Altho Eaton and Kilbourne did wonderful work with the rest of the team, the score was a defeat 26-15.

While the boys were on their trip east of the mountains they were quiet but at the boys game with Bellingham on return they again tackled the Half Sox. It was a hair-raiser this time ending at time-out 15-15. The Half Sox forfeited so again the pendant swung even.

The only out of town game was with the Buckley Hi Girls on their floor; and the girls will always remember the sweet treatment they had there. Refreshments were served for them with the Puyallup boys at long tables in their dining-room. They sure showed us they were surely good sports even tho they were defeated 23-21. The Puyallup boys won from the Buckley boys, too, but at the table Coach Peck and Coach Hanawalt were called on for toasts. The girls said Rah! Rah! Buckley! from the depths of their hearts. Even tho at the beginning of the last quarter the score was 11-18 in Buckley's favor.

At our last game with the Independents on the Y. W. floor Brix could not be with the team, and Eaton played guard in her place, Bachus substituted for Forsberg in the first few minutes of play. The defeat was to the tune of 37-11 but the girls got the biggest kick out of this game of any in the year and the whole "time" was such a scream that not a tear was shed because of the score; and everyone wished the play could have continued thirty minutes more just for entertainment.

The girls wanted letters but it would take a three-quarters vote of the student body to amend the constitution to include women with men in the granting of such rewards; and it would require a special appropriation from Central Board from the incidental fund for the purchase of such articles, the task was considered too colossal to undertake this year. The girls resigned themselves by feeling they had paved the way for an incorporation of a real girls' athletic department in the college activities of C. P. S. and close this season with a wish that their dream will soon be realized.

Altho no college teams were played we feel that some year would have to bear the brunt of the "first steps", and the college is proud of its first girls' team. Our total score was 129 as opposed to 125, Floberg making 101, Forsberg 25 and Vinson 1.

C-P-S

THE TRIPLE T SOCIETY

THE officers for this semester are:

- President Dorothy Wallace
- Vice President Miss Kimple
- Secretary Helen King
- Treasurer James McAnally
- Chaplain Eugeno Averientos
- Social Representative Helen King

The Triple T's feel highly elated in having Dr. Inis as their faculty adviser. A very enjoyable evening was spent at the home of Miss Genevive Wilson, in Puyallup, on the 23rd of February.

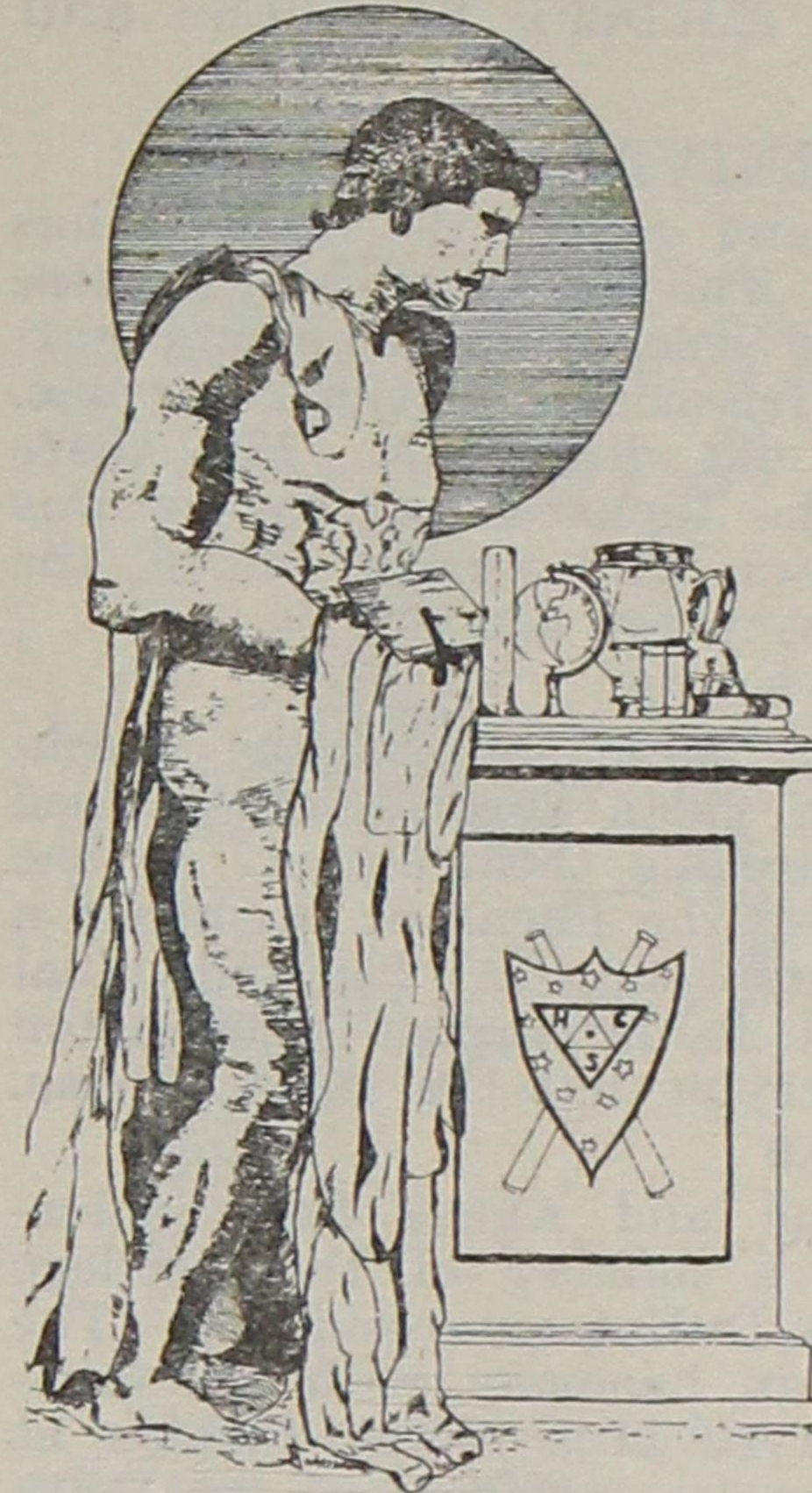
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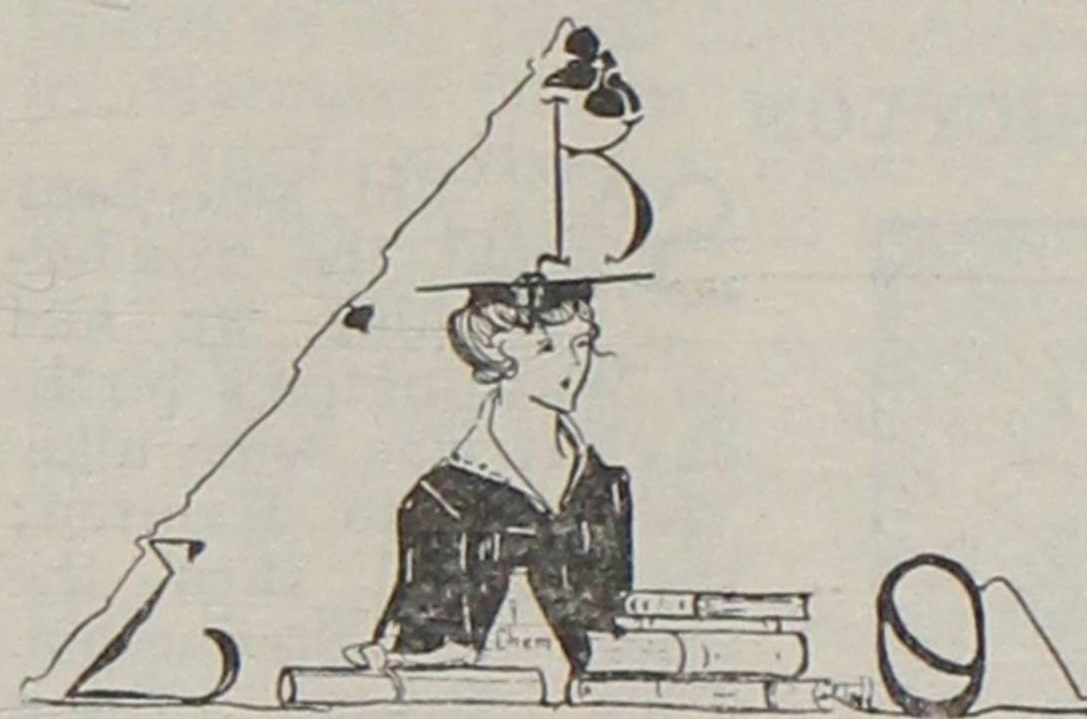
THE Fraternity has been very fortunate this year in having some programs which have been educational as well as very interesting. Dr. Harvey, Senator Davis, and Prof. Kelly our sponsor, have each given us a lecture in their respective fields.

H. C. S. fraternity cordially invites the men of the college to forget their cares and enjoy an evening of good fellowship with us, for:

Here's to our H. C. S. boys,
 Here's to our college days.
 Ring out the good old songs,
 boys,
 Sing out the good old lays.
 Here's to our dear old profs,
 boys,
 Patient and kind all ways.
 Here's to our dear old frat,
 boys,
 Here's to our college days.

C-P-S

KAPPA SIGMA THETA



WE Thetas have been quite overwhelmingly occupied in the mad social whirl of late. The first event in the series was a meeting and spread to which the male members of the faculty were invited; it is rumored that such shocking pastimes as the Virginia Reel were indulged in.

The next event of interest was an informal evening affair to which all Theta parents were invited. Everyone's father and mother met everyone else's father and mother and each discussed the merits and demerits of his or her respective daughter. The following resolution was initiated by Rev. J. W. Kennedy and adopted by the parents in appreciation of the evening's entertainment:

"Whereas: The Kappa Sigma Thetas have displayed such extraordinary excellence in literary criticism, such diligence in study and perfection in scholarship, such magnetic charm and vamping power,

"And whereas: By their own admission they are the ne plus ultra of all sororities in the United States and the world,

"Therefore: Be it resolved that we, the parents, express our gratitude in being selected as such, and hereby promise to continue our customary course of rendering due obedience to such marvels of accomplishment, that in accordance with the fifth commandment our days may be long in the land which our illustrious offspring permits us to enjoy."

Last Wednesday a spread was held in honor of Florence Todd's birthday. It was a very jolly party, and we were especially glad to have with us two members of our alumni, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Wright.

The plans for the annual Theta Vaudeville are developing to an interesting degree.

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MILDRED FORSBERG and RUTH WHEELER, *Editors*

SENIOR CARNIVAL

OH! Thrills! Such festivity and gayety the ol' gym has not seen in many a moon. The hall and booths were cleverly decorated with gayly colored festoons and garlands which lent a sportive and frivolous spirit to everyone. And how our meager "shekels" did disappear. But there wasn't a thing we could miss! The Japanese tea garden was indeed attractive—'n' fortune tellers, wild women, vodvil, the fish pond furnished much amusement for all.

C-P-S

On the evening of February twenty-second the freshmen members of the Kappa Sigma Theta Sorority entertained their "Big Sisters" with a pleasureable theatre-party at the Rialto Theatre. The cosy balcony of the Pheasant furnished a pleasing setting for an after-theatre supper. The individual tables were artistically decorated in a George Washington motif, with the ices and cakes carrying out the same scheme.

C-P-S

The Misses Dorothy DuBuisson and Agnes Scott entertained at a delightful party for a number of their college friends on March eleventh, at the DuBuisson residence. The rooms were artistically decorated in harmony with the occasion. A midnight supper was served in a merry fashion at a late hour. The hostesses are popular members of the Delta Alpha Gamma sorority.

COLLEGE TEA

THE Women's College League was delightfully entertained by the Home Economics Department of the college on the afternoon of February twenty-eighth. The various phases of the work presented by the department were discussed by several of the students. In the late afternoon tea was served by girls of the cooking classes, assisted by Miss Balcke.

C-P-S

Miss Balcke entertained at dinner for the Scientists March fourteenth in a very delightful manner. A table in the Home Economics room was exquisitely decorated in St. Patrick's motif with clever green and white place-cards and a beautiful potted fern as a centerpiece.

C-P-S

The men professors of the college were the guests of the Kappa Sigma Thetas the afternoon of February the eighth. A clever program was given on "Your Worst Moment" after which tea was served.

C-P-S

On Saturday, March fourth, several members of the college Y. W. C. A. gave a birthday party for the children of the Children's Home at Oakland. Amusing games were played and Mrs. Lynette Hovious told several stories. Later in the afternoon birthday cakes were brot forth brightly lighted with gay candles and oh! there was just oodles of ice-cream.

AMPHICTYON



SAY! did you hear about the wonderful hike we had on Washington's birthday? It was some hike. We went to Manitou; then hiked thru the woods to Steilacoom. The strange thing about it was that we all escaped without being taken in—that is all but Ellena Hart. We had to leave her there. Weenies and buns over a campfire surely tasted good and anyone who went can tell you whether we had a good time or not.

One of the good programs which we have had in the last month was the Longfellow program.

Piano Duet	Myrna Stoddard and Dorothy Michiner
Longfellow—His Longer Poems	E. West
The Golden Legend	E. Crockett
Longfellow—The Patriot of the Pen	C. Kinch
The Children's Hour	S. Peterson
Double Quartett	E. Hart, N. Chowning, L. Wingard, R. Cruver

Monday, March 13th, was the date of the annual Philomathean-Amphictyon program. A splendid program was given after which the Amphictyons and some of their friends had a jolly time together in the Amphictyon room.

C-P-S

Y. M. C. A.

SINCE the last issue of the Trail there have been many interesting lectures and addresses by noted men of this state and of the world at our regular weekly hour. The attendance has been very poor for some reason or other and the "Y" is becoming alarmed.

Every man at the College of Puget Sound is a member of the Y. M. C. A. and it is up to him to take advantage of these educational and interesting "Y" hours. We of the cabinet are sure that if you once attend one of our meetings you will at once become an active member.

By the time this paper goes to press the Y. M. C. A. will have concluded their drive for money to meet expenses that have been necessary, and to enable them to carry out the work of helping the students who are in need.

The Y. W. C. A., our sisters, have consented to help us in this campaign by selling tags. We thank them.

PHILOMATHEAN



PHILOS are all anxiously awaiting Spring vacation. Why? The house party, of course. Where? Camp Seymour. If we don't have a glorious time, we're much mistaken.

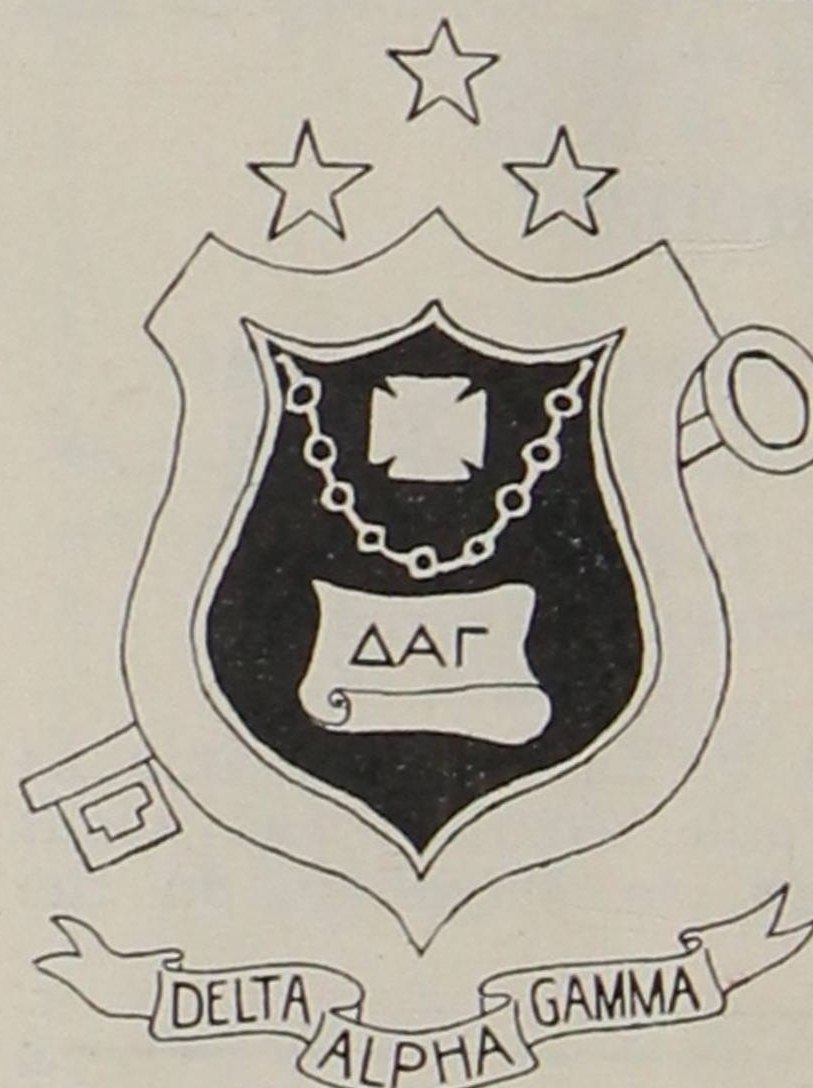
An interesting joint program was given with the Amphictyons March 3. We hope the Amphies enjoyed it as much as we did.

Philo is well represented in Varsity debate this year. Our representatives are Esther Osborne, Roy Norris, and Alfred Matthews.

The annual "Star and Crescent" program was given recently and also programs on the subjects of "Sanitary Science", "Music" and "St. Patrick."

C-P-S

ALPHA GAMMAS



THE Alpha Gammas have had some interesting programs the past month, the last being devoted to "The Eternal Feminine," in which the fair sex was thoroughly analyzed.

Edith Thomas gave a very enlightening paper on "The Flapper." The "Sport's Girl" was cleverly portrayed by Dorothy Floberg. "The Popular Girl" by Dorothy DuBuisson and "A Man's Ideal Girl," by Katherine Chester composed an impressive climax.

In conclusion Miss Tucker, County Director of Girl Scouts, gave a talk on "Leadership" which we all enjoyed.

Our officers are:

President	Agnes Scott
Vice President	Norma Lawrence
Recording Secretary	Edith Thomas
Corresponding Secretary	Ardis Fox
Treasurer	Katheryne Chester
Marshal	Dorothy Floberg
Historian	Helen Small

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

THE Student Volunteer Band meets every Friday at 12:45. The Amphictyon Literary Society has most generously offered us the use of Amphic Hall. We have had some very helpful meetings in the past and we are looking forward to still better ones in the near future. We invite all who are interested in foreign missions to meet with us.

Mr. Russell Clay has consented to lead a mission study course. We had our first class meeting Friday, March 10, studying Japan and its missionary opportunities. Mr. Clay is a live wire, and we found our first lesson most profitable. Our next class will be Friday, March 31, at 12:30 and every second week thereafter, and we hope that all who are interested in missions will find it well worth their while.

C-P-S

Y. W. C. A.

THE annual Y. W. C. A. election of officers was held on February 28. The results of the election were as follows:

- President Evelyn Ahnquist
- Vice-President Nan Tuell
- Secretary Anne McKenzie
- Treasurer Hilda Scheyer
- Under Graduate Rep. Anita Greenlaw

The devotional meetings have been devoted to the continuation of the series of talks on the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians began last fall.

C-P-S

"SPRIG IS CUBBIG"

THE members of the Girls Glee Club enjoyed a visit to the Rotary Club last Thursday where they sang a group of songs.

The Chapel services during the past month have been unusually interesting as well as beneficial. Among one of the best speakers was Dr. Randall Williams of Tacoma, who spoke on Lincoln.

Mr. Spark, President emeritus of Penn. State College gave an unusually interesting talk on college life and the time spent on studying. Without doubt his talk has created more popular comment among the students than any speaker we have had this year.

Miss Catherine Clibborn, daughter of Mrs. Booth Clibborn spoke in chapel a short time ago. She had a message to deliver and, by her simplicity and sincerity of delivery, made her words felt. Dr. Whitaker, one of the Trustees of the college gave a very interesting talk on "The Community Chest," last Wednesday.

Not least by any means of the speeches to which we have listened during the past month was that given by Dean Cunningham on the comparative college standing of the men and women. We have known such to be the case all along, yet we were glad to hear it stated and proved so emphatically that there could be no reason for doubt in the mind of man that mere woman is mentally not only his equal, but his superior as well!

The H. C. S. Fraternity gave an entertaining Student Assembly program last week in a very realistic portrayal of a darkie's life in the army and his Vision of Heaven.

On February 9th Dr. Todd took us on a very interesting trip thru the subways of New York.

The students and faculty enjoyed a chapel period given over to Miss Rita Todd of the Conservatory of Music, who sang a number of songs accompanied by Professor Johnson. We are anticipating another such treat in the near future.

Breathes there a student with soul so dead
To whom it never hath been said
"Have you been Vaccinated?"
No, not one!

C-P-S

Don't forget the Annual Glee!

C-P-S

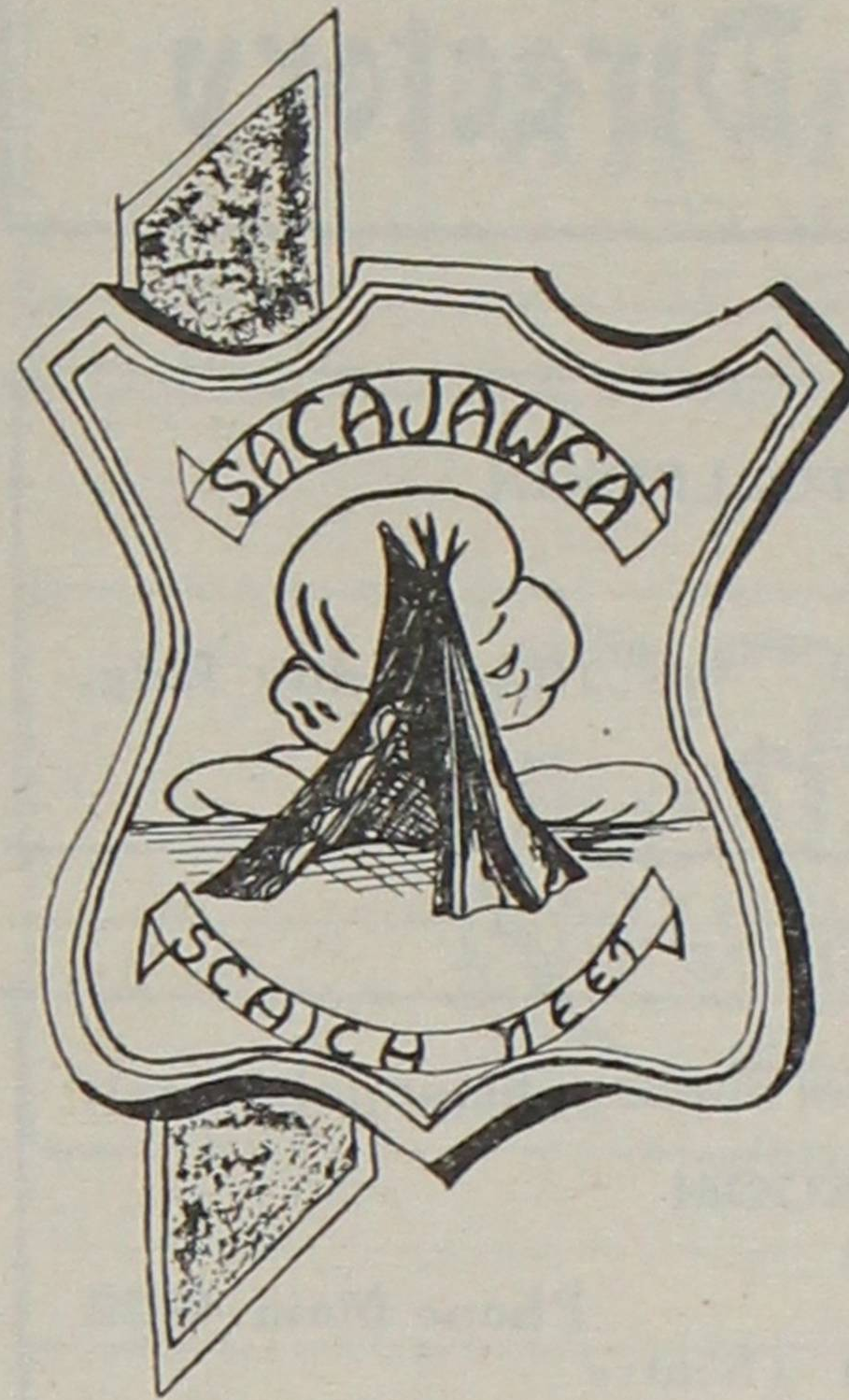
SOPHOMORE NOTES

THE Annual Glee is about the next thing on our program and we assure you it ought to be a huge success if all the classes are as busy as the Sophomores. Let's make it the snappiest one in school history.

We're going to put on a stunt in Student Assembly before long, too, and everyone wants to plan to be there, so don't forget.

A number of the "\$1200 a Year" cast are Sophomores and we know they will be the shining lights there as everywhere.

SACAJAWEA NOTES



AFFAIRS at the Dorm have been many and varied during the past month, and have included everything from engagements to new janitors.

February 14, Thelma Hastings and Anton Erp announced their engagement at an attractively appointed dinner party. There were a few outside guests and every one was pleasantly surprised with the news.

Ellis Parkin of Seattle visited her sister Margaret February 13.

"Ma" and Averill entertained the girls of the house at a very much enjoyed spread the evening of the 15th.

Tuesday evening, the 21st, Averill, Nip & Tuck took dinner at the Millionaires Club, and the following Thursday, Noble Chowning, Percy James and Merrill Ginn were guests at the Sacajawea Club.

Washington's Birthday, nearly all of the girls went on wild and wooly hikes, if we are to judge by the appearances of the participants upon their return.

Both the Scienticians and the Science Club were entertained at the Girls' Dorm during the past month, the former by Margaret Ohlson and the latter by Ed Amende.

Averill enjoyed a week end at Gig Harbor as the guest of Thelma Hastings, and Gladys Trew has also spent a couple of week ends there.

Margaret Dorwin, Annabel Gunn and Catherine Kerr are the newly installed members of the Sacajawea Club and we are glad to welcome them.

Averill Isenhart was recently called home and we are very glad to have her with us again.

We have all had our pictures "took" and you will soon see the results, tragic and otherwise, when we "bust into print" via the Tamanawas.

P. S.—We think Merrill Ginn enjoys substituting as janitor as much as Anton enjoys the chance to go to Gig Harbor.

C-P-S

SCIENTICIANS

THE Scienticians were the guests of the President, Margaret Ohlson, at the Girls' Dorm for their last monthly meeting held on February 23rd. The program was devoted to a study of Scientific organizations throughout the country. Miss Balcke spoke interestingly of the Home Economics sororities located in the universities and the colleges.

On March 14th, the Scienticians took a trip through the Oriole Candy Company to see how it is done. Returning to the college, we were royally entertained by the Home Economics Department, with Miss Balcke as hostess.

It is rumored about that the Scienticians are to have a party. 'Nuff said.

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THAT'S DIFFERENT AGAIN

Senior (to Freshman who has just arrived): "I want to give you a bit of advice."

Fresh Freshman: "Awright, but I want to give you some, too."

"Well, what is it?"

"Follow the advice you are going to give me."

C-P-S

(Helen M., how is this one?)

Brooks: "A girl's dress blew up on Broadway the other day
* * *

Lucile: "Yes, yes; go on!"

"And the shock could be felt for blocks."

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In Physics Lab. eleven students were sitting at a table.

Dr. Harvey, thinking the table rather crowded, gave the following order: "Half of you come over to this table."

C-P-S

A sheriff of a certain county was taking an insane man to the asylum and at a station a man entered the train who happened to be on his first car ride in this country, having recently landed from Sweden. The Swede took a seat directly behind the insane man and was very much bewildered because the man uttered, from time to time, fierce and very wild screams. Finally the Swede asked the Sheriff what was the matter and pointing to his head, the Sheriff answered, "Bugs."

Presently the man screamed again and once again the Swede asked the Sheriff what was the matter. Receiving the same answer he leaned back, more nonplussed than ever. Presently the insane man uttered another scream and this time jumped up and down in a wild delirium of joy. Once again the Swede asked what was the matter. As the Sheriff told him the Swede noticed that the man was handcuffed. Light dawned. "Oh, bugs in the head. Vell no vonder he screams, mit his hands tied."

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A WISE LAD

The boy stood on the burning deck,
He did not cry or shout.
He waited till the boat went down
And put the fire out.

C-P-S

Father: "What does the teacher say about your poor arithmetic work?"

Tom: "He said he'd rather you would not help me with it."

C-P-S

Dick: "Have you read 'To a Fieldmouse'?"

Nan: "Why, no! How do you get them to listen?"

C-P-S

There must be something wrong when Ralph Thomas brings a half dozen fresh eggs for lunch.

C-P-S

Scene—Moonlight night.

Place—Boat.

Time—Mid-night.

Characters—Bill Clay and Nip Parkin.

Nip rubs hands together.

Bill—"Matter Nip, hands cold?"

Nip—Unhuh.

Bill (reaching into pocket and pulling out gloves)—Here, take these.

Nip (disappointed)—Oh, I've gloves.

C-P-S

Garbage and love letters should be burned before they create trouble.

C-P-S

Extracts from a sentimental letter: "Last night I sat in a gondola on Venice's Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before."

C-P-S

Two Irishmen were discussing the various books they had read.

"Have you read 'The Eternal City'?"

"I have."

"Have you read Marie Corelli's works?"

"I have that."

"Have you read 'Looking Backwards'?"

"How on earth could I do that?"

C-P-S

"Say Jack, did you know that we had a daring hold-up in our back yard last night?"

"Why what happened?"

"Two clothespins held up a shirt."

C-P-S

Billie: "We have seventy-four keys in our house and not one of them fits the front door."

Jess: "Then whats the use of them?"

Billie: "Oh, we couldn't play the piano very well without them."

C-P-S

Ross, in Debate Class: "Now I think all of my arguments are all sound."

Prof. Hovious: "Yes, mostly sound."

C-P-S

The better part of valor is discretion.

Sergeant Partridge was lining up his black boys for the final rehearsal when he gave the command:

"Boys, look over your army uniforms and see that you have every thing you need."

The sweet little fellow on the end: "Sergeant, I didn't get any vest."

C-P-S

1st Colored Man: "Did you heah dat de bones of Columbus hab been foun'?"

2nd Colored Man: "Yo don' say! Ah nebber knew he was a gamblin' man."

C-P-S

ROOM FOR DOUBT

"Where is Gus?" asked one who wanted to see him.

"I'm not sure," answered Edith. "If the ice is as thick as he thinks it is, he's skating. If it is as thin as I think it is, he's swimming."

"HEART OF THE SUN"

(Continued from page 7)

"It was taken from the body of Mike the Rat not more than six hours ago. Mike took a fall from the third story of a Chink Hotel on Baily street, and he is now in the morgue. This was the only thing of interest about him, and as I had seen this face before, I just annexed it, as a clew. You are the little Chinese girl that gave me that tip in the Hip Lee bazar? I thot so," he said, as she nodded her head. "Why did you try to escape tonight?" he questioned. She was thinking and didn't seem to hear.

"Tell you later," she said, with a little toss of her head. "Come with me. You may leave your beat with my permission. This will be a killing. Come on!" and with his hand in her's, she led him down the street by which they had come and up the alley. The dawn was sending down the grey messengers of light, as Cassidy and Ming Chee, or Helen, were ascending a staircase that led into the maw of a fire-scarred brick building in the center of Chinatown. She led the way along a dark hall and coming to a door, turned it gently and stepped inside, Cassidy following. She turned the switch and a flood of light revealed the splendors of that Oriental room. "What a neat nest, Miss Helen," said Cassidy. "Where did you get it?"

"Mike fixed it up at the orders of the 'Shadow.' I've been doing a little dramatic work here for the last week or two, and it's about time for the curtain to raise. Here's the telephone, call up headquarters and say that three-o-seven wants the narcotic squad, at six-twenty-six and a half Baily, right away, and tell Johnson to wait in the hall on the first floor, and when he hears your whistle, to make tracks down the hall to the last door on his right leading into the basement. Leave one man in the doorway and one in the alley in back."

(To be continued)

C-P-S

THE LIFE OF A MAGAZINE

(Continued from page 3)

During the Civil War, James Thomas Fields was second editor of the Atlantic. It is interesting to note the part played by the magazine under him in the enlightenment and guidance of the public mind thru that national crisis. It was said of this, "It is a new thing to all for a magazine in this country to take such ground." During this period Hale's story of "The Man Without a Country" first appeared in the Atlantic. Also on the first page of the issue of February, 1862, Mrs. Howes' "Battle Hymn of the Republic" first saw the light.

William Dean Howell held the editorship of the Atlantic till 1881. It was during his years that Mark Twain contributed stories and Bret Harte's stories first appeared in the Atlantic also. Many novelties in magazine work were connected with Howell. He indulged in the fancy of printing each month a piece of original music with original words but this feature did not please. Also a paper on "The New Gymnastics" in an issue of 1862, a physical culture article which would now be thot more appropriate to a Sunday newspaper—carried with it forty-three remarkably inartistic drawings of men and women exercising with dumb-bells, wands and bean-bags. Thus the Atlantic which, in spite of its occasional necessary maps, diagrams and the like, has never been one of the illustrated periodicals—has had its pictorial adornments.

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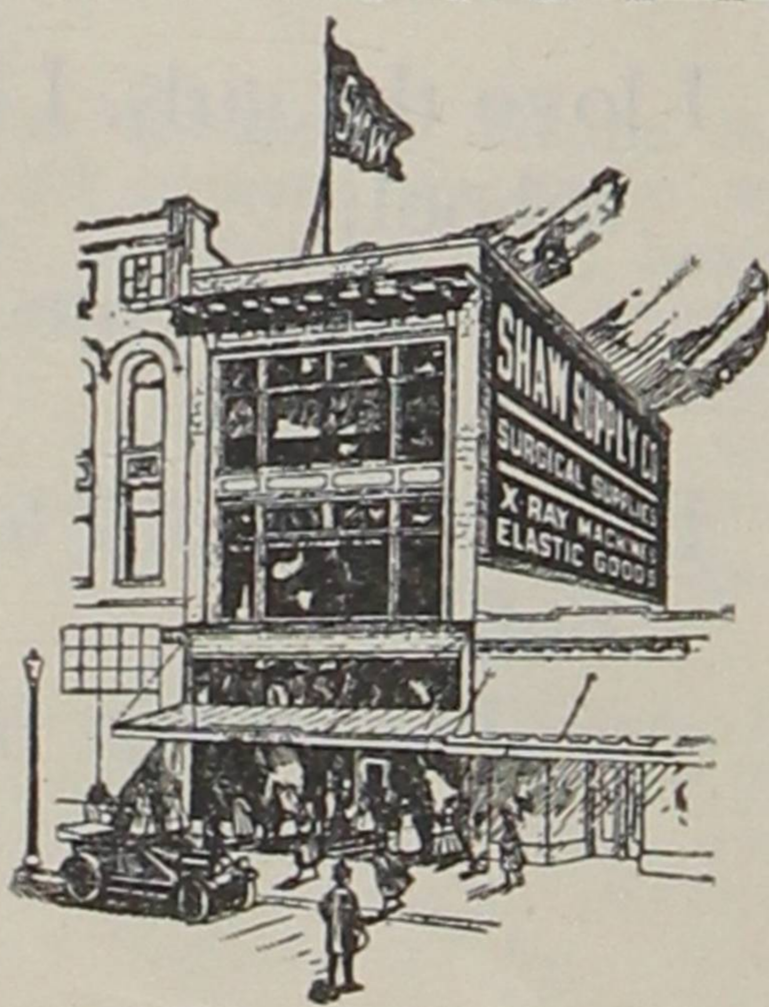
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The ensuing seventeen years were divided in the Atlantic Editorship between two men, Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Horace E. Scudder. It was under Aldrich that the Atlantic won its international reputation as being the best edited magazine in the English language. One of the important services that the Atlantic gave at that time was a place for the short story, which it had never reached before.

Walter Hines Page, who was editor in 1899, was succeeded by Professor Bliss Perry of Princeton.

Here a single fragment will serve the two-fold purpose of illustrating Professor Perry's conception of his task and of the place for such a periodical as the Atlantic in American life.

If the Atlantic Monthly were a repository; if it confined itself to the discussion of Roman antiquities, or the sonnets of Wordsworth, or the planting of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, no one but the specialists would concern themselves with the opinions expressed on its pages. But it happens to be particularly interested in this present world; curious about the actual conditions of politics and society, of science and commerce, of art and literature. Above all, it is engrossed with the lives of the men and women who are making America what it is and is to be.

Mr. Elery Sedgwick is the present editor of the Atlantic Monthly. In 1908 he bought the Atlantic Monthly and established its own publishing house. It was this movement that assured the continuance of its historic place in American life.

An incident of the past summer is significant. A friend of the Atlantic was traveling from Chicago to New York on the Twentieth Century Limited. The smoking-car in which he sat contained perhaps a dozen men reading magazines. The most distinguished of them in outward appearance—perhaps the president of a bank, thought the observer, if not of a university—was deep in the perusal of Snappy Stories. Another man, of rat-like mien, buried himself in the Wall Street Journal. All the other ten were reading the Atlantic. One of them interrupted himself from time to time by drawing pencil lines around certain passages. The Atlantic's friend had the curiosity to stroll down the aisle, and let his eye fall upon one of the marked pages. The title above it was "Religion in War-Time."

It has never been other than a pitiable mistake to believe that the best of Americans are indifferent to the issues of life and death. They do not ask, or wish, constantly to be confronted with them, stark and solitary; there is ample room in their scheme of things for the humors and graces of living. But one likes to think of the reader of "Religion in War-Time"—also of the other nine. These warfaring Americans, typical of many thousands of their countrymen, now stand on the threshold of a new era. Peace succeeds to war, the processes of reconstruction must follow those of disruption. Men and women of open mind and heart, ready for every effort to seize upon what is best in the fateful future, face it with a confidence in which the Atlantic shares.

C-P-S

THIS MONTH'S TIP

Don't figure too strongly on your Prof's refusing to be vaccinated. They may have had the small-pox.

C-P-S

Smoke but no fire, mused the snake as he observed the colored laundress strutting down the street.

C-P-S

The world is a mutable place. Every day some girls get their hair bobbed and others come with it done up.

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