

# THE TRAIL

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APRIL, 1922

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Vol. XI.

Tacoma, Wash., April, 1922

No. 7

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.

For advertising rates see the Business Manager.

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EDWARD AMENDE, '25, *Associate Editor*

HAROLD FRETZ, '24, *Business Manager*

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Poet's Corner	Roma Schmid, '24
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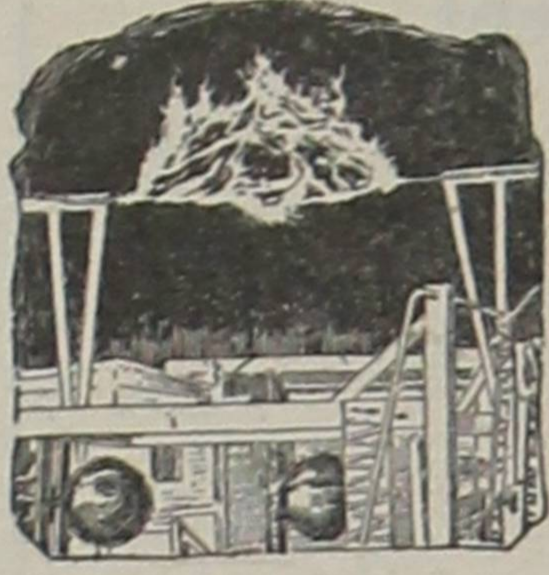
Arthur Harris

Hilda Scheyer

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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HELEN MONROE, *Editor*

# The Homecoming

*By Paul Hayward*

A play in one act.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Oliver Wurland, a journalist.

Dora, his wife.

Jack, Dora's son by a former marriage.

John Warburton, Dora's first husband.

Scene—A moderately furnished living room, large table in center, window at right, and door leading to hall on left. Several easy chairs about the room.

The curtain rises revealing Dora seated near large table, knitting. Oliver seated at far left of room, restlessly turning the pages of a magazine.

Dora: "And does Farnol think he has given you a fair chance?"

Oliver: "Of course he says he's given me a chance, but I know better. It's only one way of getting rid of me, this giving me impossible assignments. Consider that little task he set for me last night. 'Go out on the street,' he said, 'and find a good Christmas story.' Now just imagine giving a full-fledged, experienced reporter an assignment of that kind. If he'd give me something definite to cover, there isn't a man in town who can do the work better than I. He wants to break me, the cur!"

Dora: "Well, Ollie, there's nothing to worry about, even if Benson lets you out. While you're looking for something else we can fall back on the insur—on the bank account."

Oliver: "On the insurance money, why don't you say it? Yes, we can live off a dead soldier, I suppose."

Dora: "Ollie! How dare you refer to my former husband in that way? Where is your honor and decency?"

Oliver: "When a man's being forced into the gutter his sense of honor takes flight. But I tell you I make my stand there. We've bought our home with that money, we've used it again and again to keep up appearances, but I tell you I won't eat off it."

Dora: "You were glad enough to use it for any purpose. What has caused this rather sudden change?"

Oliver: "I tell you there's something uncanny about it, something horrible. Every purpose we've put that money to has brought us back to the author of it, John Warburton. This house, how did we know when we bought it, that it was his birthplace? The car! How was I to know when I went out to buy a second hand car that the one I chose was the one he used to drive to work in? I tell you it's getting on my nerves, getting on my nerves more and more every day. I won't—"

Door flies open and ten year old boy runs in.

Jack: "Oh, mamma, you'd ought to have seen the great big funeral this afternoon. A soldier that died in France, just like Dad did. Gee, it was long, and a big band. Why didn't they have a band for Dad?"

Dora: "Jack, run out please, and don't come bursting into the room like that again."

(Jack exits).

Oliver: "My God! Is that man's shadow going to haunt our lives forever?"

Dora: "No, dear, it's not. It's simply you're foolish ideas. Aren't you man enough to throw them off, to get entirely clear of these morbid thoughts? (Hesitates) Ollie, do you love me?"

Oliver: "Why, of course, Dora, more, if possible, than I ever have."

Dora: "Then let's make this the last time a reference is made to the past. I feel sure we'll wreck our lives and our happiness if we keep on harping back to the dead past. Is it a bargain? Will you promise me never again to refer to the past?"

Oliver: "I will, little wife. (Takes her in his arms.) We've done nothing wrong, and from now, the past is buried." (Kisses her. As he gently releases her the door bell rings shrilly.)

Dora (startled): "I wonder who on earth that can be. It's too late for callers." (Goes to door and opens it, revealing Western Union messenger boy.)

Messenger Boy: "A wire for Mrs. John Warburton. I went to the old address and was sent here."

Dora (her face paling, and apparently half paralyzed): "You have found the right party."

Messenger Boy: "Sign here, please. Any answer?"

Dora: "No. I don't think there'll be an answer. You may go. (Takes telegram, closes door with right hand, holding yellow envelope with tips of fingers of left hand. Turns to Oliver) "Shall I open it?"

Oliver (standing at table, his hands playing nervously): "Why, of course. It's probably from one of your relatives—a distant one." (Tries to smile and appear at ease.)

Dora: "Why, of course. I didn't think of that. But won't you open it, dear? Telegrams always make me nervous."

Oliver (with apparent nonchalance): "Why, don't be childish, Dora, about a little thing like a telegram. Open it and read it aloud."

Dora (tears envelope and unfolds paper—suddenly stiffens): "It's—it's from—"

Oliver (harshly): "Read it! Read it aloud!"

Dora (braces herself with right hand on table): "I am on my way home. Will be with you about nine this evening. John Warburton."

Oliver: "My God! Alive and coming home!"

Dora: "It's some terrible mistake. It can't be true. He'll never come home, never."

(Door bell rings shrilly.)  
 Oliver: "There he is now. Its just about nine."  
 Dora: "In God's name, what shall I do? It can't be John. Didn't I bury him right here in this town almost two years ago? I tell you it can't be John."  
 Oliver: "You buried a body. You never saw the face."  
 Dora: "But the insurance! Didn't the government assure me he was dead and insist on me collecting the insurance?"  
 Oliver: "The government never ceases making mistakes."  
 (The doorbell rings again, twice.)  
 Dora: "What will he say? What will he do? Open the door, Oliver. Give me a moment to think."  
 Oliver: "No. You open the door. This is your mess, not mine."  
 Dora: "I will." (Goes to door, opens it wide, revealing figure of soldier carying full equipment as returning from overseas.)  
 John (opens arms towards Dora): "Dora, my wife!"  
 Dora: "John! Just a minute, something terrible——"  
 John (seeing Oliver): "Who is this man? I don't remember him."  
 Dora (with effort): "This is my husband."  
 John: "Your husband! I don't understand."  
 Dora: "It won't take long to explain. You were reported killed in action two years ago. Some time later a body supposed to be yours was sent to me and I buried it in your name. Three months ago Mr. Wurland and I were married."  
 John (with bowed head): "And Jack?"  
 Dora: "Is here with me, of course."  
 John: "I think I understand."  
 Dora: "Oh, John, don't think I wasn't true to you. I can prove everything. And don't think my love died until I thought you were gone. If I had even dreamed of such a possibility as this, I wouldn't have thought for a minute of re-marrying. John, you believe me?"  
 John: "Yes, Dora, I believe you, but that doesn't relieve the predicament, and it is necessary to relieve it as soon as possible. No one has recognized me so far, so my return is unknown. I see two alternatives. Either I remain and declare myself, Mr. Wurland leaving immediately, or I will leave as quietly as I came, your lives remaining as they were."  
 Dora: "But, John, how did it happen, this silence of two years?"  
 John: "That is also easily explained. I was seriously wounded and lost my identity completely. I was just restored to normal two weeks ago and sailed

immediately for home, and you. But we must decide quickly. Mr. Wurland, will you withdraw?"

Oliver (sullenly): "No, I won't withdraw. And I'll fight you to the limit. Legally you're dead, and legally your wife is now my wife. I intend to keep her."

Dora: "John, isn't there any way?"

John: "The only thing that matters for me, Dora, is you, and Jack—your happiness. It seems that fate has decreed that I may serve you best by once more disappearing. (Goes to fireplace, removes various papers from pockets and throws them into fire.) Once more I am a man without name. I should have liked to have seen Jack before I go, but that is impossible. (Picks up equipment.) Goodbye, Dora. I am sorry, and I wish you the happiest of years to come."

Dora: "Goodbye, John. I—I can't think, I don't know what to do. Surely you will send me a message soon, and maybe I will have thought of a way to help things."

John: "No, Dora, you can't help things. But I'll send you a message. Goodbye."

Dora: "Goodbye."

(John exits. Oliver and Dora stand silently in room as the clock ticks monotonously for several minutes. Suddenly a shot is heard, then several cries. Oliver rushes to the window and looks out. Dora sinks into chair.)

Oliver: "He's shot himself. They're carrying him away. (Slowly lowers window curtain and approaches Dora.) Well' it's over, Dora. That terrible feeling that's been hanging over me for weeks, and it's a tremendous relief."

Dora: "Relief? Did you say relief?"

John: "Yes, real relief, and tomorrow we'll begin anew."

Dora: "Tomorrow I am going to bury my husband."

Oliver (holding open arms toward Dora): "Forget this nonsense, dear. Let's put the past all behind us and begin anew tomorrow."

Dora: "Tomorrow, I bury my husband, and my heart has only known one husband. I don't think I need to see you again, Oliver."

Oliver (goes slowly to door, opens it, and passes into hall, puts on hat and coat. Then turns to Dora.) "Goodbye, wife."

Dora: "Goodbye." (Head sinks on table. Jack opens door, comes in, dressed in pajamas, and crawls into Dora's lap.)

Jack: "Let's say prayers, mamma, and go to bed."

Dora: "Yes, Jackie, we'll say prayers and go to bed, you and I."

(Curtain)

## "Heart of the Sun"

By George Monty

(Continued from last issue)

As Cassidy took off the receiver and spoke the number, Main two six two, Helen slipped into the space beyond the draperies and returned in a short time in her gorgeous robes from across the sea, her hair in coils on the top of her head, and her feet

in dainty Chinese sandals. With the deft touch of a pencil and a stick, she had once more become the Oriental that we saw a few hours before, and with this makeup, and Cassidy trailing close behind she made for the hole in the wall. As they crawled along

the passageway, she said, "I knew that they would get Mike, but didn't figure on it so soon. They must have seen him in the house across the way watching my signals. He would drop a note from upstairs thru the transom and then go to the joint across the alley and watch me bending before Budha. The shadows would fall on the silk before the window and we used the Morse code, one long and two short, D, one short and one long, A, and so on. He stood in with the gang, and he was to turn state's witness when the roundup occurred, for his freedom and enough coin to get to the old country. He told me that he was thru with crime. I see you recognized him, as no one knew here that his name was Mike."

"Yes, I've had some experience with him in New York," whispered back Cassidy. "Pulled him for peddling dope a couple of times but he didn't get very long, and was soon back at the same old game."

"Yes, he used to be the eastern agent for this same gang. They operate all over the country, and if we have any luck tonight, we'll round the brains up." She put her finger over the mouth of Cassidy as sign that they were getting near, and as he crawled up beside her, they peaked out thru two little holes in the black space ahead, and saw a room and a table. Around the room were bunks, three high, dirty blackened bunks. A slant-eyed Chinese was rolling a gum ball over a spirit flame on the table, with a couple of hatpins, cooking opium for one who was crawling into an uppermost berth. The room contained about forty of these and it was plain to be seen that this was one of the famous opium joints that were ever decreasing under the program of law and order.

"You stay here, Cassidy, and when you hear a whistle, shove this partition out and shove your gat into the room. Mike's murderers are in there, as also is the rest of the gang. We'll get them all. Stick out your gun when you hear the whistle."

She crawled off thru a lateral and Cassidy was left alone to his thots. What a wonderful girl. He had often heard of Helen Foo, but she was something vague, a sort of Sherlock Holmes in fiction. But here he had seen her and she wasn't at all bad to look at. Well, he couldn't think of that. There was business ahead, but why had she run away from him tonight, and why had she tipped him off last week? He turned his attention to the room in front. It was a pungent odor that came to his nostrils, and almost made him dizzy. Whew, no wonder that an opium smoker was able to imagine gold palaces, beautiful women, six legged dogs, horned bicycles, and almost anything else under the sun.

He heard a whistle, he gave the wall a shove in front of him, and it swung outward on hinges. He poked out his gun, and in a stentorian tone, ordered everyone to throw up their hands, but he was surprised to see that the slant-eyed Chink by the flame, was the only one in view. He heard a great commotion in some of the bunks, but no one appeared. Undoubtedly they were departing thru secret passages, so Cassidy hopped to the floor and made for the door, just as Ming Chee, in all her Oriental robes came in.

"Let them go," she said, "and collar Hoi Wing there and that cage setting under the table. We need them for evidence." And taking the articles specified, Cassidy followed her down the hallway

and out into the light of morning in Baily street. As they stood in front of the old house, a file of several half breed Italians, one native, and perhaps ten Chinese made their way under an escort of detectives from the basement of the same house.

"They all beat it for the basement, Cassidy, and I thot we wouldn't have to drag them so far if we took them there. Get them all, Johnston?" "You said it, Helen, this is the best piece of work that you've done yet." They piled the motley crowd into the patrol and drove off, leaving Cassidy and Helen standing on the curb.

"I'd like to ask a few questions, Ming Chee," he said, laughing at the name.

"Shoot, mister man," she laughed back.

"How did Mike bump off?"

"You saw the cage? It contained a Chinese adder, one of the most poisonous known. They just put it in Mike's bunk and when he crawled in, it kissed him and I don't doubt that you will find two little marks on his forehead, when we inspect him at the morgue. When he felt the adder, he jumped out of bed and ran to the window, kneeled over and fell out on the street. The 'shadow,' or Sing Chong, that black haired and grey mustached south Chinese, head of the gang, charmed the adder back into the cage with one of those curious mouth organs that they use, and kept him for future use. It is one of his favorite methods as it is often impossible to tell how the murder was committed."

"Why did you give Mike the locket, why didn't you save it for me?" he added, as she blushed.

"I gave it to him yesterday to give to you as a remembrance of our Hip Lee meeting, but he evidently kept it for himself. You see, they had begun to suspect that I wasn't what I appeared to be, and I didn't dare to go outside. Charne Pete took care of me. He used to be my father's servant before my father died, in China. My father was a missionary and my mother was a high caste Chinese girl, one of his first converts. He was killed in the Boxer uprising, and she died soon after. Charlie has been my nurse ever since," she added with a grin.

"Why did you run tonight?" he returned.

"I hadn't expected to see you. If I had told you wouldn't have believed me and time was precious."

"Why did you change to these heathen robes?" he added, smiling at her shy appearance and the two dimples that were airing themselves.

The color came to her cheeks and as she replied, "They were my mother's wedding dress," Charley Pete came up in a taxi, and jumping out, bowed very low to the girl. "Everything all ready, Heart of the Sun," and salaaming again, held the door open for them to enter.

"Charlie always calls me 'Heart of the Sun'," she spoke to Cassidy.

"I don't blame him," he returned, as he helped her to enter, and got in himself. As it sped thru the streets, impish little cupid flew in and sat on Helen's lap. He plucked the wedding ring that had belonged to Terence's mother from Terence's little finger and placed it on Helen's third. He put Terence's arm about her waist and as she leaned on Terence Cassidy's shoulder, Cupid whispered to both, "Maybe Junior will be a great detective, too."

# Book Corner

**BACK TO METHUSELAH:** *Bernard Shaw.* It is rather presumptuous of a college paper to criticize Bernard Shaw, especially a book in which he has combined so much Philosophy, Biology and Reasoning. The best that can be done is to give a college student's viewpoint. Critics have so torn the book "Back to Methuselah" to pieces, that one hesitates to say that it is a fascinating book from beginning to end, but such is the case. It is true that the play is long, but it is so full of new ideas that it seems all too short. Bernard Shaw vividly portrays a life of some three or four hundred years, and assures us it is ours for the asking. He paints an extreme Socialism, and does it so alluringly that it seems only a utopian democracy. His philosophy is fascinating.

If you would read the book of a man who is not afraid to give his most extreme ideas to the public, read Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah."

**BEGGARS' GOLD:** *Ernest Poole.* This, as far as character and plot are concerned is Poole's most realistic novel. The character portrayal is remarkable and minute, and except for the description of Kate is realistic without any assistance from romance. The problem is international and is well handled and there is only a touch of the socialism which marks "The Harbour." The author attempts to give a new understanding of the yellow race problem and his handling, tho a bit visionary is sincere. Probably this novel is too dotted with present day sign posts, such as Roosevelt, the World War, and the Brotherhood Conference, to be a book of the ages. Be that as it may it is a vital human interest story, well worth reading.

The title is taken from "We are beggars sitting on bags of gold," and the message is an appeal for self-development, coupled with appreciation of others, individually and nationally.

**IF WINTER COMES:** *A. S. M. Hutchinson.* The author of "If Winter Comes" takes for the title of his book a fragment from the poet Shelley. The complete fragment is:

" \* \* \* O Wind, if Winter comes,  
Can Spring be far behind?"

In plain English this means something the same as our ordinary expressions, "All things

come to him who waits," and "It is always darkest just before the dawn."

The main theme of the story deals with the affairs of Mark Sabre, a sensitive and rather eccentric Englishman. He is rather inexplicably married to a shrewish, bossy sort of a woman who has no sympathy whatsoever for his odd habits and bookishness. Sabre is in love with another woman (of course) who seems to be just everything his wife is not. This other woman is also unhappily married. The plot deals with the elimination of the superfluous husbands and wives and all ends happily. However, the story rises from the commonplace thru the method employed in the elimination. Mark is a man of high ideals which he is consistent towards, with the result that Fate and death rather than the law courts are called in to produce the desired end.

The closing chapters of the book seem to be almost overdrawn, like a piece of music that is played too loudly. In fact, the catastrophe slips from tragedy, which it was intended to be, to melodrama, which clashes with the rest of the story.

Mr. Hutchinson is obviously a disciple of Charles Dickens, especially in the way in which he draws his minor characters, his servants and representatives from the working classes.

"If Winter Comes" is very worth while. It is out of the ordinary and refreshing to read. None of his characters are really and deliberately wicked. His sinister characters are either victims of religious fanaticism or of misinformation. With very few exceptions his undesirable think they are following the right course.

**TO HIM THAT HATH:** *Ralph Conner.* It seemed, when Ralph Conner first started writing, as if we were to have among us an author capable of writing worth while books. Admirers of Ralph Conner have been keenly disappointed in his latest book, "To Him That Hath."

It is a book written on the labor situation of today, but unfortunately has nothing new in it. It is almost an exact counterpart of "Helen of the Old House," by Harold Bell Wright, and does not even strike at the problem as well as Wright.

The best that can be said of it is that Conner has at least tried to give to the world a message, even tho he has failed to put it across.

## A TOUCH FROM REAL LIFE

Scene—A court room.

Time—The present.

Judge: "Prisoner at the bar, you are guilty of murdering an innocent babe in broad day light."

Prisoner: "I am."

Judge: "Furthermore, you are guilty of robbing a defenceless 'flapper' of her monthly allowance sent to her by the Charity Office."

Prisoner: "I am, your honor."

Judge: "And you blew up an orphan asylum after you had been given food and shelter."

Prisoner: "I did."

Judge: "I will give you the worst punishment the law allows. Prisoner, you are sentenced to write jokes for 'The Trail' for four years and you will not have any support or contributions from the school for it is not their nature to give such."

## NOT TOO FAT YET

Baby Hong approached two small boys near a country road. "Little boy," he said, "Can you tell me if I can get through that gate?"

"Yes, I think so," replied the boy, "A load of hay just went through five minutes ago."

C—P—S

Lives of Seniors all remind us

We can strive and do our best,

And departing leave behind us

Note books that will help the rest.

C—P—S

Wasson: "Have you seen a watch spring, a match box, a plank walk, or a banana stand?"

McPhail: "No, but I've seen a cat fish, a horse fly, a clock run, a base ball, a pillow slip, a table spoon, a pig iron, a rail fence, a ship spar, a peach blossom and an automobile tire."



FLORENCE MADDOCK, '22—Editor  
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Mildred Forsberg, '24 Ruth Wheeler, '24  
Staff Artist, Irwin Blanchard

# THE TRAIL

Published by the  
ASSOCIATED STUDENT BODY  
of the  
COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND  
Phone Main 1455

HAROLD FRETZ, '24—Business Manager

Circulation  
Arthur Harris Hilda Scheyer  
Stenographers  
Edith Thomas Katheryne Chester  
Myrtle Warren

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 Trail's Swan Song

AS this issue of The Trail goes to press, the staff breathes a sigh of relief, but also edits this last number with a feeling of sorrow. It draws to a close the school days that we would continue if we could. As we leave our places to our successors, we would first thank all those people who have helped make the paper, during the past year. To the Staff of next year, whoever they may be, go our best wishes. If it were in our power we would give them money enough to put out the kind of a paper they wished; contributors enough to make the contents of the paper, what they would have it, and finally we would give them twenty-six hours in each day, so that they would have time enough to edit the paper. However, even tho these wishes are doomed to remain unfulfilled, we would still wish to our successors the best of luck in all their undertakings.

C—P—S

To the one who uses the study period to air his knowledge of the spoken word—whose brain conceives no idea that does not leap immediately to expression—whose tongue runs on like a babbling brook—forever:

“Softly as the summer breezes  
Wafted gently in the sun,  
Come the tintinabulations  
Of my automatic tongue.  
How I love its giddy gurle,  
How I love its ceaseless flow,  
How I love to wind my mouth up,  
How I love to hear it go.”

### A Soliloquy

During the past \* \* \*  
Four years \* \* \*  
We have noticed \* \* \*  
That sometimes \* \* \*  
Student elections \* \* \*  
Have tended to be run \* \* \*  
By political factions \* \* \*  
And organizations \* \* \*  
We have also noticed \* \* \*  
That this is against \* \* \*  
The ideals of our college. \* \* \*  
As the spring term draws to a close \* \* \*  
We naturally think of \* \* \*  
Student Body Elections. \* \* \*  
And when we think \* \* \*  
Of elections, we wonder, \* \* \*  
If we, as college students \* \* \*  
Will be able to hold \* \* \*  
True to our ideals \* \* \*  
And elect the man who is \* \* \*  
The best one for the place \* \* \*  
Rather than electing him \* \* \*  
Because of the \* \* \*  
Organization that \* \* \*  
He belongs to.

Mother (to son just home from college): “Edwin, transport from college): “Edwin, bring in some the recumbent collection of combustible material upon the threshold of this edifice, the curtailed remnants of a defunct tree.”  
Edwin: “What?”  
Father (who graduated from

### Joke Number

DURING this year, we have attempted to publish a paper that would appeal to everybody. We have tried to publish both frivolous and heavy stories, articles on various subjects and all-college news. In most of our editions there have appeared jokes, but in the last two numbers we have purposely omitted them. It is altogether fitting, therefore, that we give this number over to the more frivolous trend of thot. To those serious minded students we would say, “Forgive us,” and to those of a lighter vein we would give this edition, hoping you will find in it what you have missed in other editions.

C—P—S

### YE WANT ADD PAGE

Wanted—A man with one tooth to cut holes in doughnuts.

Lost—An umbrella by a man with a couple of broken ribs.

For Sale—A poem by a man with iambic feet.

Found—A rug by a girl with ragged edges.

Lost—A book by a man with a broken back.

For Sale—A house by a woman with steam heat.

Lost—A horse by a boy with a sorrel, shiny coat.

To Be Given Away—One Ford by a man without tires.

# School Notes

ESTHER GRAHAM, *Editor*

## GIRLS' DEBATE

THE women's varsity debate teams added new laurels to their already enviable record, in their dual debate with women's varsity teams of Willamette University, when they won a two to one decision on both the Willamette and C. P. S. floors on the night of April 14 on the question:

Resolved that; "Eastern Nations and Japan are justified in refusing to relinquish their territorial rights which they hold in China by treaty."

Miss Florence Maddock and Miss Helen Brace have been the star women debaters for C. P. S. for the past three years, and have been the winning team at Willamette for the years 1920-1921.

These girls have the reputation of never having lost an inter-collegiate debate. This year, for the first time, it was thought best to separate the Senior winners, as the other two debaters were Freshmen. Miss Maddock, ably assisted by Miss Osborn, supported the affirmative side of the question at Willamette University. Miss Brace, with her colleague, Miss Dorothy Wallace, another promising Freshman, was kept on the home floor, on the negative side of the question.

Both the C. P. S. affirmative and negative teams won a two to one decision in their favor over the Willamette team, composed of:

Elaine Oberg and Violet Coe who represented Willamette at Salem. Lorlei Blatchesord and Louise Joughlin were the Willamette upholders at C. P. S.

Thus, Miss Brace and Miss Maddock, who are members of the National Pi Kappa Delta Debate Fraternity, have won in varsity debates three years in succession. These women are seniors in the College, and it will be hard to find material to replace them in next year's varsity debates.

Miss Osborn and Miss Wallace did splendid supporting work this year, and will prove excellent material for next year's varsity team.

C—P—S

## MENS' DEBATE

The first of the Men's Varsity debates was held on the night of April 21, when our men clashed with the Willamette Varsity team. On the home floor, the affirmative side of the question, Resolved: That the U. S. should adopt a system of industrial insurance, was upheld at home by Salem Nourse and Stanton Warburton. Altho our boys put up a good fight they were defeated by a two to one decision. Those representing Willamette were,

At the same time that the debate was going on here, Alfred Matthews and Earnest Ross were representing C. P. S. at Willamette. They debated the negative side of the same question. Fate seemed to be against us, for these boys lost by the same decision as our affirmative team. The Willamette boys, who debated against this team were,

On April 28th, our men again upheld the honors of the school when they clashed with the men from Pacific. Stanton Warburton and Salem Nourse travelled to Pacific and beat them by a split decision. They upheld the negative argument of the question, Resolved: That the United States should establish a system of compulsory insurance similar to that now used in Great Britain.

Alfred Matthews and Russell Clay debated the affirmative side of the same question on the home floor. The judges here also gave our boys the decision.

Much credit for the success of the debate must be given to the work of Russell Clay. He volunteered his services the day before the debate and in the short time allotted worked up a highly creditable speech. Such a spirit of co-operation and school-spirit deserves high commendation.

C—P—S

## TOO TRUE

Erp.—How long can a person live without brains?

Willabelle—I don't know; how old are you?

C—P—S

Paul S.—You shouldn't be so hard on the boys; they played well; the game was lost through just one error.  
Coach Peck—Yes, Paul, so was Paradise.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

THE college play is at last a reality. On April 5th and 6th "\$1200 a Year" was given in the college chapel to appreciative audiences and may be considered a real success. Next year we are looking forward to an even better play and a theatre production of it. In presenting this play the Dramatic Department has demonstrated that we have plenty of dramatic ability in C. P. S. and we hope that it has laid a firm foundation for larger work next year.

On May 4th, the Dramatic Class will come before the footlights in a typically Hindu play, "The Pagoda Slave." Elaborate staging and costumes are being worked out by the class and the student body is asked to turn out and support it.

C—P—S

## JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

AT this time of the year every Junior is busily engaged in working on the Tamanawas. The Junior class feels that without boasting that it can be truthfully said that the Tamanawas will be the best Annual that has been put out at C. P. S. And not only that but it is being put out at a lower price than any previous Annual. Every student in college will be assured of having his picture appear at least once in the Annual. This is something that has not been done heretofore. There will be about twenty-eight pages of snapshots, oodles of spicy jokes, in addition to the usual writeups and departmental cuts, such as Athletics, Dramatics, Debate, etc. In all, the Tamanawas will contain some two hundred pages of material. It is all printed on the highest quality of double enameled, white book paper, bound in a lasting leather-substitute cover.

Few of the Freshmen realize what the Tamanawas will mean to them in after life. As the years pass by, this will be the one remembrance that will bind them to their alma mater as it will bring back to them pictures and incidents of their college days. It will be like a visit to our many friends not seen since college days, to look at their pictures once more and recall the happy days of companionship with them. Surely, in after years, we will count our college Annual as one of our priceless treasures, and it will be worth while to stint ourselves a little bit now in other things rather than to forego the joy of having the Tamanawas in later years. If you have not already done so, sign up for a Tamanawas at once with some member of the Junior class. Remember, we are a small college and it will take the subscription of every student in school to put the Tamanawas over.

At a recent student body assembly the Juniors put on a short comedy to advertize the value of buying a Tamanawas. The time was about ten years hence from date. Hilda Scheyer, representing Ethel Beckman, was a returned missionary from Africa, visiting an old college chum, Juliet Palmer, impersonated by Esther Graham. Phoebe Nicholson and Frank Brooks were the presumed children of Juliet Palmer. Newell Stone was a traveling book-salesman. Judging by the convulsions of the audience, the play made a hit. Altho rather an impromptu affair, it put over its point. The costumes were exceptionally clever.

The Juniors will entertain the Seniors at the Annual Breakfast at the Tacoma Hotel on May 1. Reports have it that it will be the one "spoofy" affair of the year. It is rumored that the Juniors have a surprise in store for the Seniors.

The committee in charge of the affair is, Mary Anderson, Margaret Olson, and Hilda Scheyer.

C—P—S

Kendrick—Why didn't Adam and Eve have a Jitney?

Aldrich—Got me, why?

Kendrick—Because they were without attire.

C—P—S

Prof. Slater: "What Phylum does the "worm" belong?"

Smith: "The worms of this class belong to the IX."

C—P—S

"A penny for your thoughts."

Florence Maddock: "Well, I've had worse offers from publishers."

**ATHLETICS**

**E**XCEPT for some track work, all athletics for the school year are over. We have had a very successful season especially in football and basketball. Mr. Brooks, the athletic manager, is to be commended for his splendid work.

Let us now turn to the athletics of next year. Mr. Harold Fretz was recently elected athletic manager. No one doubts Mr. Fretz's ability. He has the entire school backing him. It is his policy to continue the scheme inaugurated by Mr. Tom Swayze two years ago, that of getting in touch with prospective students who are athletically inclined and inducing them to come here, thus insuring first athletic teams for the school. Another of Mr. Swayze's policies which Mr. Fretz is following is that of holding intact the Business Men's League, who are pledged to boost athletics at C. P. S. By carrying out these plans, C. P. S. is bound to have a successful season, financially and otherwise.

C-P-S

**THE FOOTBALL SEASON**

**N**EGOTIATIONS are nearly completed for the schedule of games next year. C. P. S. is breaking into the Major League. Next October 7, the Gonzaga University, of Spokane, will meet the College of Puget Sound in the Tacoma Stadium. This is only three weeks after school commences. Gonzaga is famed for its football teams. It is called the Notre Dame of the West. It will be a hard game but with the letter men and newcomers C. P. S. will give them one run for their money. Contracts are signed to play Pacific University at Forest Grove, Oregon; Willamette University at Salem, Oregon; Ellensburg and Bellingham Normal Schools, in the Stadium. From this, we may see that, in the few weeks that Mr. Fretz has been in office he has been working.

Now let us turn to another phase of his work. Recently he sent out several letters to high school star athletes throughout the state. Already he has received some very favorable answers. These letters are in the form of questionnaires. In this way, Mr. Fretz is able to get in touch with those who are seriously considering a college career. Those men who seem to take an interest in the C. P. S. will be interviewed by some of the administration. We know that they will be successful in bringing some fine new material to the college next fall.

C-P-S

**SCIENTIFICIANS**

**T**HE Scientificians tried something new this year, and gave a party. It was held at the home of Margaret Ohison, on the evening of April 15. We hope our guests enjoyed themselves as much as we did.

The regular meeting was held at the home of Marjorie Mills on April 19. Instead of the usual program, the time was entirely devoted to a business meeting, including the election of officers for next year.

Officers for next year are as follows:

- President ..... Mary Anderson
- Vice-President ..... Thelma Bestler
- Secretary ..... Bernice Olson
- Editor ..... Norma Lawrence

The next event on our program is the annual hike. This year the Scientificians are to entertain the Science Men.

C-P-S

**SACAJAWEA NOTES**

**S**ACAJAWEA has entered into college life in various ways this past month. For instance, Dorothy Wallace is to be congratulated for helping us in our victorious debate with Willamette.

Phoebe is working hard in rounding up the Tamanawas material, as she was chosen for Tamanawas Editor. Ma Olson represented us in the play "\$1200 a Year."

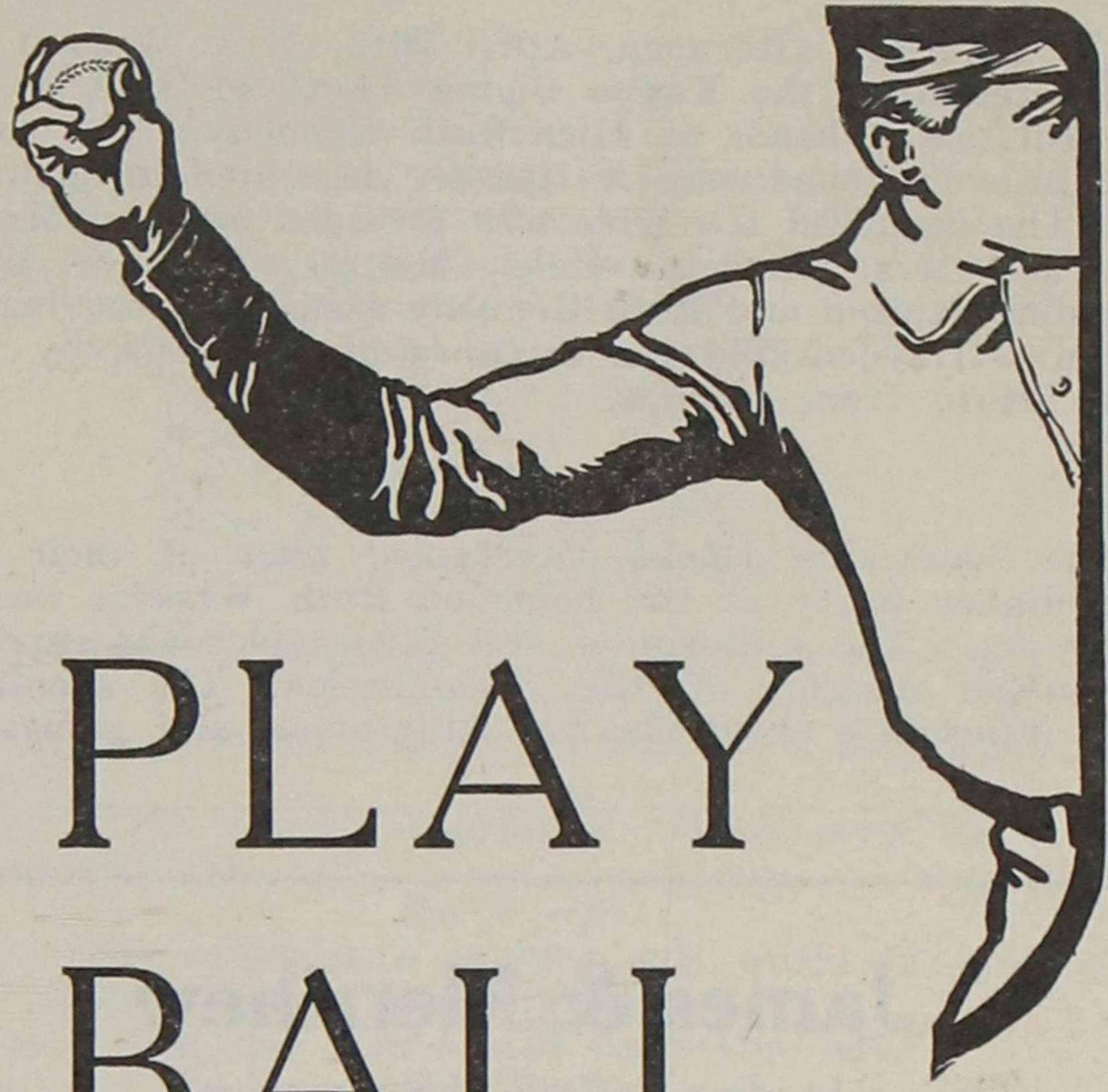
In our own house activities, we elected Phoebe our house president, taking the place of Ethelmae Storey.

On Wednesday, the twelfth of April, we celebrated Mrs. Geotting's Birthday and on Monday, April 24, we celebrated Antone's.

Avrill Isenhart did not return from her home in Wenatchee after Spring vacation. We were very sorry to have her leave our happy family.

Gladys Trew spent the week-end of April 23-25 in Seattle, while Nip and Tuck journeyed to Mt. Vernon to Tuck's home. Lucille Keller spent this same week-end visiting Phoebe.

Plans are now under way for the Annual Sacajawea Slumber Party. We are planning for a great time and hope to show our guests of the evening a real live time.



# PLAY BALL

with the brands of baseball goods that professionals use.

The Reach Cork Center Ball, the one that "Babe" Ruth made his record with last year.

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# Society

MILDRED FORSBERG and RUTH WHEELER, *Editors*

## KAPPA SIGMA THETAS ENTERTAINED

ON Saturday afternoon, April 29th, Mrs. Warren Brown entertained the Kappa Sigma Theta girls at a delightful tea in honor of Miss Ruth Kennedy. The rooms of Mrs. Brown's house were artistically decorated in spring flowers. The beautiful tea table was presided over by Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Hayden. Helen Monroe, Florence Maddock, Geraldine Stinson and Ruth Kennedy assisted in serving. After tea, Mrs. Hayden told the fortunes of the girls, by reading their future from teacups.

C—P—S

The Squawking Ducks entertained some of their friends at a dinner party at the home of Ruth Wheeler on March twenty-six. The centerpiece and favors cleverly carried out the unique insignia of the organization. The evening was spent informally about the fire with music and games.

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## SIGMA ZETA EPSILON FRATERNITY INFORMAL

SATURDAY evening, April 29th, the Women's Clubhouse was the scene of much gaiety when the Sigma Zeta Epsilon Fraternity entertained the Kappa Sigma Theta Sorority. The first part of the evening was spent in playing games and late in the evening a delightful buffet supper was served. As a reminder of the evening, the boys presented each girl with a souvenir silk handkerchief.

C—P—S

THE girls of the Home Economics department very charmingly entertained their mothers at a reception in the Home Economics rooms on the afternoon of April 13. A spring motif was carried out in yellow and white in the decorations and appointments, daffodils and fern forming a lovely centerpiece for the table, which was softly lighted by golden candles in crystal candle sticks.

C—P—S

May first was the occasion of the Junior-Senior breakfast at the Tacoma Hotel. The special significance of the day was charmingly portrayed in the artistically arranged spring flowers. Artistic place cards marked the places of the guests, and each one received an appropriate favor. After the breakfast, speeches were given. Tom Swayze acted as toastmaster and the following toasts were responded to: May Fetes, Ted Beattie; May Flights, Myrtle Warren; May-bes, Dr. Todd; Music, Jessie Newton; May Knots, Paul Snyder; May Belles, Dean Cunningham; and Music, Wallace Scott.

C—P—S

"Did you notice the heavy coating on Humphrey's Milk Coconut Roll—5c bar?"

## Y. W. C. A. NOTES

ON April 11, we certainly had a dandy Y. W. meeting. Miss Alice Brown, Northwest Field Secretary and Miss Henrietta Thomson were here. Miss Thomson spoke on foreign girls in America. She is the Y. W. Student Foreign Secretary of Pacific Coast and Northwest, with headquarters at the University of California. Miss Brown had special conferences with the Y. W. cabinet girls regarding their work for the year.

Miss Mary Baker, of the University of Nebraska, who is travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer movement will be here about May 15. Don't forget this date.

The old and new Y. W. Cabinets were entertained by the Advisory Board of the College at the home of Mrs. Thompson. After dinner Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Garvin, Miss Hockins, Mrs. Dodds and Mrs. Kelly, of the Board, gave short talks. Miss Ermine Warren, past president, and Miss Eveyln Ahnquist, the new president, spoke also. All the girls had a dandy time and got better acquainted with their advisors.

C—P—S

## AMPHICTYON

OUR Spring house-party, at Salmon Beach, was surely one big success. We went over on March 24th, right at the end of the spring vacation, and the good memories of the good times we had will stay with us for many a day. Rowing, hiking, music, swimming (intentional and otherwise), were the principle occupations. Oh, yes, snipe hunting. They didn't catch anything but all are experts at holding a bag. They can tell you what kind of a noise a snipe makes, too, because they heard one in the bushes.

We have taken in seven new members this semester. They are: Merton Krell, Mattie Sharp, Annabel Gunn, Chase Purdy, Chadwick Christine, John Rule, and Merrill Ginn.

Now we are all looking forward to the annual launch ride. We are going to have a clam bake on the way and as Amphictyon is going to give it, we all know we will have a good time.

## PHILOS—ATTENTION!

ALL ye Philos, harken unto this! Hear ye, one and all! The Philos are going on a launch ride. The committee will soon announce when and where and we announce who. All the Philos, past and present, will be there to enjoy the ride and the eats. Don't forget the eats!

So come one, come all,  
Ye Philos all,  
Come with a coat on,  
Come with a shawl,  
But be prepared for what  
Ere shall befall.

We must not forget the past in our plans for the future. In the past month we have had some splendid programs. Especially we must not forget the Easter program of April 17th. The Easter music was furnished by the quartette, composed of Mill Williams, Miss Kloeppel, Mr. Cook, Mr. Thompson, with Miss Miller at the piano. There were some very interesting papers given.

C—P—S

## SIGMA ZETA EPSILON

"The old order changes,  
Giving place to new"

THUS it has even been in the history of the Sigma Beta Epsilon. In 1898 the Boyer Society was organized as a society for both men and women. In 1909 the Boyer society split and the H. C. S. and Theta societies for men to promote both fraternal and literary interests among the men. H. C. S. has always stood for anything for the good of the school and have had men in all forms of school activities.

But as the need of a fraternity has grown with the school, the Board of Trustees granted a new fraternity charter to the H. C. S. and so the H. C. S. became the Sigma Zeta Epsilon Fraternity, and so with the Sigma Zeta Spirit much can be expected in the coming years.

## KAPPA SIGMA THETA NOTES

THE Senior members of Theta entertained us with a very original program on Wednesday, the Twenty-sixth. At the beginning of the program they presented two very beautiful gifts to the sorority, things for the sorority room. Theta is losing a group of six girls this year, whose worth will be very hard to equal and whose places will be still harder to fill.

On Saturday, the twenty-ninth, Mrs. Warren Brown gave a charming tea for the Theta members at her home on North Jay Street. Mrs. Hayden entertained us with fortune telling over our teacups; refreshments were lovely, and Mrs. Brown is added to our list of friends.

Theta vaudeville was the feature for Wednesday, the third of May. A unique vaudeville program was given and all who saw it testified to its success.

C-P-S

"Malted Milk, walnuts, caramel, everything that's nice is in Humphrey's Malted Milk 5c Candy Bar."

C-P-S

Preacher (on Sunday evening, perceiving Newel Stone hurrying by and desirous of enticing him into Church): "Young man, do you attend a place of worship regularly?"

N. Stone: "O, yes, regularly. I am on my way to see her now."

C-P-S

## A FEW DEFINITIONS

Shadows of our ancestors—their old parasols.

A rousing question of the hour—"What time shall I call you?"

C-P-S

When a miner goes down to work he has his pick but not his choice.

C-P-S

Senator Davis burst violently into the barber shop and bustled up to the proprietor. "See here, sir!" he said, "that hair restorer—"

"Why," interrupted the barber, "you bought that only two days ago. You can't expect—"

"No, no," the Senator broke in, "one of the boys at the dorm mistook it for furniture polish and—"

"Oh, you want another bottle?"

"Not by a jugful! I want you to come over and shave our parlor set and four bed room chairs."

C-P-S

A young salesman stepped into a Jew's secondhand store and got into conversation with the young man behind the counter.

"How many doors have you in this place," he asked, looking around.

Abie stopped and counted.

"Three," he answered.

"No, you are wrong," said the salesman. "Count again."

"Vell, ve haf the back door, the side door, and the front door, and thats all."

"No, you have four doors: the back door, the front door, the side door and the cuspidor."

Little Abie thot that was a good one, so he went home to tell his father.

"Father," he said, "how many doors have we in our shop?"

"Three, my son," said the father, "Vhy?"

"No, you are wrong," said Abie. "You have four: the back door, the front door, the side door and the spittoon."

C-P-S

## I HATE IT

The germ of love is a funny seed,

I hate it.

It satisfies no earthly need,

I hate it.

It makes you thin, it makes you lean,

It takes the hair right off your bean,

It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen,

I hate it.

English composition—"The juggler balanced a rod on his nose, which was lying near by."

Soph: "Why is a blush spoken of as creeping over a girl's face?"

"Fresh: "Well, I suppose if it went any faster it would kick up a lot of dust."

C-P-S

Cleopatra wore no rats,  
Venus had no gaiters,  
Nero never cussed the phone,  
Noah saw no aviators.  
Coasar dogged no motor cars,  
Plato saw no melodramas,  
Sappho wore no harem skirt,  
Adam didn't have pajamas.  
Moses never heard of golf,  
Job had no stenographer,  
Pluto would have looked in vain  
For an expert Pyrographer.

C-P-S

Mr. Johnson: "Wallace, if you want to be heard, sing louder."

Wallace S.: "I am singing as loud as I can, what more can I do?"

Mr. J.: "Be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it."

C-P-S

Ross: "It would be a mighty dull world for you girls if all of the men should suddenly leave it."

Bestler: "Oh, we would still have you left."

C-P-S

Stanton Warburton, Jr., the famous debater, usually talks on big subjects. He has been known to talk for fourteen hours on his feet.

C-P-S

It was reported that Roy Cruver was working on the Tacoma police force last summer. When questioned about this, he said:

"Well, I wasn't exactly a policeman, but I went with them a great deal."

C-P-S

Perry S.: "Is this the Weather Bureau? How about a shower tonight?"

Prophet: "Don't ask me, if you need one take it."

C-P-S

After the debate of the twenty-first, our honorable debaters might have more success with a subject like this: That all Englishmen are dull-witted; all Russians are dirty and unshaven; all Chinamen are in the laundry business; and all reformers are solemn-visaged, lantern-jawed fellows, wearing funeral high hats, Prince Albert coats, white cotton gloves, and white washed ties.

P. S.:—Take the Negative side.

C-P-S

Scene—Small's front porch.

Time—2:00 A. M.

Speaker (Mrs. Small): "Ray, you know that I have never complained about you coming to see Helen and I am not going to now, but for goodness sake, stop leaning against the door bell, the rest of us want to sleep some time tonight."

C-P-S

## NO BARGAIN

"Dear John," the wife wrote from a fashionable resort, "I enclose the hotel bill."

"Dear Wife," he responded, "I enclose check to cover the bill, but please do not buy any more hotels at this figure—they are cheating you."

C-P-S

## MODERN STYLES

Tailor (measuring customer): "And how will you have the hip pocket, sir, for a flask or for a revolver?"

C-P-S

Willibelle (at the museum): "Oh, Jess, what's that?"

Jess: "That's a mummy."

Willibelle takes a close look. "Why look, Jess, they even had teeth, then."

## MOTHER'S DAY

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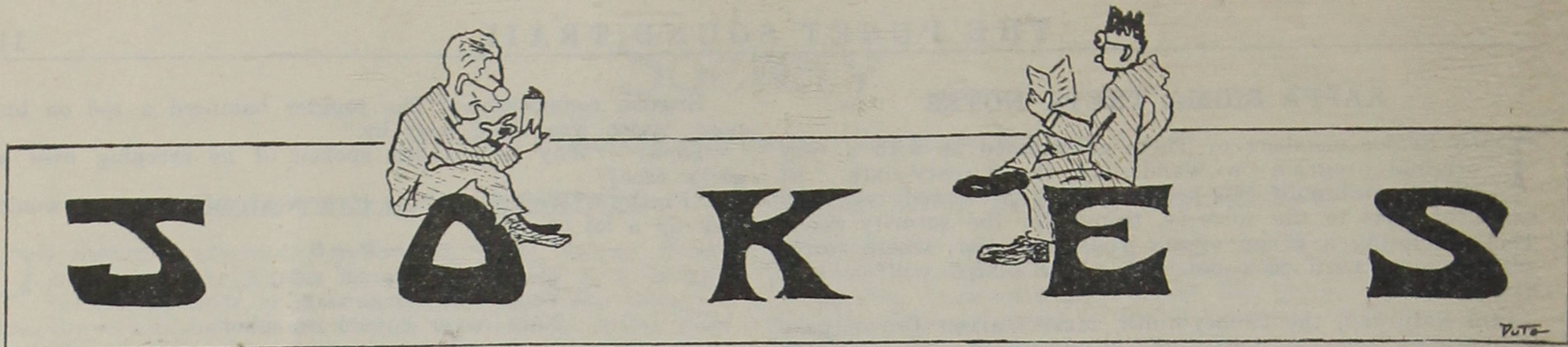
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SPENCER SMITH, *Editor*

**HAZARDOUS RISK**

Lazy Luke: "It tells here in de paper about a guy what was murdered in his wardrobe."

Nervous Ned: "Oh, dat's turrible. An' to t'ink I'm sitting right in de middle of mine at dis moment."

C-P-S

**A MATTER OF FORM**

Tourist (in village notion store): "Whaddya got in the shape of automobile tires?"

Saleslady: "Funeral wreaths, life-preservers, invalid cushions, and doughnuts."

C-P-S

**A GIRL'S PASTIME**

Girls, here is the latest. How would you like to spend a rainy afternoon in the latest bit of flapperism—the telephone flirtation. Here is the way it is done:

Pick up the phone book, close the eyes and select a number at random. Call the number. If a woman answers, tell her that it is the wrong number and hang up. If a man answers, start giving him "the oil."

After talking to several strangers, the two—let us call them Helen and Edith—sought new fields to conquer. Edith was at the phone and Helen started to select the number.

"Oh, Edith, here is one," said Helen, after going thru the process just described. Edith glanced at the number and picked up the receiver.

"Hello," she said, when central returned from lunch, "how did the book end? Gimme Puyallup 124."

In the course of time a deep voice answered the telephone, and in honey-dripping words Edith started to apply the oil.

"Hello, Sweet Daddy. Mamma's awfully lonesome and just had to call you up and talk to you. You don't mind, do you?" Then, without giving the party at the other end a chance to answer she continued, "I'm just a friendless little girl, in a great big house, all by my self. I'd like to have a nice big blond come over and keep me company. You're a blond, aren't you? I could tell by the way you said 'hello'."

Then the voice at the other end of the line got a chance to break in:

"Missy, yo all is got de wrong numbah, wif dis hyah blond talk. How come yo' call me blond? What numbah is yo' want?"

But the flapper had hung up.—Can you beat it?

C-P-S

Customer: "Gimme hash."

Waiter: "The man takes a chance!"

Second Customer: "The same."

Waiter: "Another sport!"

C-P-S

Margaret L.: "Don't you think that Bill's moustache is very becoming?"

Mickie: "It may be coming but I can't see it."

C-P-S

Brooks: "Is that the Joke box?"

Esther: "Yes, jump in."

C-P-S

**WANTED—IMMEDIATE ADOPTION**

A male freshie, at least thirteen years old, well broken to the bottle, nine teeth cut out, light sunset hair, without spot or blemish, no parents of any account, hard to cry, don't bite, shows signs of genius, and has been vaccinated. —Kinch, where are you?

C-P-S

D. Michener: "Is that meant to be strawberry shortcake?"

Waitress: "Yes, ma'am."

D. M.: "Well, then, for heaven's sake, take it out and berry it."

Cook: "I wish I were a star."

Kloepfel: "I wish you were a comet, then you would only come around once every 1500 years."

C-P-S

Prof.: "Which is correct: a herd of camels, or a drove of camels?"

Bowman: "I always thot that they came in packs."

C-P-S

Jew (arriving upon the scene of an automobile accident, to only conscious victim): "Oye, a accident? Eferybody laid oud, eh?"

Conscious victim: "Yes, all but one, and I just came to."

Jew: "Has de insurance achent come by yet?"

C. V.: "Not yet, but he will probably be here soon. Why?"

Jew: "Well, if he ain't come yet, and you expect him soon I vonder if you'd mind ef I lie down vit de bunch?"

C-P-S

Teacher (teaching Johnny to read): "Now say this sentence, Where are you going?"

Johnny (blankly): "Where are you going?"

Teacher: "Say it as if the little mark at the end of the sentence meant something."

Johnny (after some hesitation): "Where are you going little button hook?"

C-P-S

Ed Rumbaugh, first roach (on a Nabisco box): "What in H— is your hurry?"

Gus Partridge, second roach: "Don't you see that sign, 'Tear along this edge?'"

C-P-S

**SAFE**

Hame: "What kind of a girl is Mildred?"

Slam: "Well, she has had a sofa in her home two years and it is still as good as new."

C-P-S

He: "Let's go to the theater."

She: "I have nothing to wear."

He: "Fine. We will go to the Prom."

—Log.

C-P-S

Father (to young suitor): "Why, young man, you couldn't even dress her."

Suitor: "Zat so? Well, it won't take me long to learn."

C-P-S

**OBLIGING**

Wife: "Drunk again, Henry? You have broken the promise you made me."

Hubby: "Hic, never mind, dear, 'sall ri'. I'll make you another one."

C-P-S

Eddy was sitting on the porch one evening with a girl who was interested in music. The rhythmic shrilling of the insects pulsed on the air and from the church down the street came the sound of the choir. The young man gave his attention to the former, the girl to the latter; and presently she spoke eagerly:

"Oh, doesn't it sound grand?"

Then young man nodded and answered:

"Yes, indeed, and it's interesting to think that they do it all with their hind legs."

C-P-S

Monty was waiting on a young lady who wished to have a check cashed.

"But, madam," he advised her, "you will have to get some one to introduce you before I pay you the money on the check."

The woman stared at him disdainfully.

"Sir," she said, haughtily, "I wish you to understand that I am here strictly on business. I am not here on a social call. I do not care to know you."

SOME MINISTERS NEED A COLLEGE TRAINING  
 An aged negro clergyman announced from his pulpit:  
 "Nex' Sabbath, dar will be a baptism in dis chu'ch, at  
 half-pas' ten in de mawnin'. Dis baptism will be of two  
 adults and' six adulteresses."

C-P-S  
 BATTLE

Senator: "In which of the battles was King Gustavus  
 Adolphus, of Sweden, slain?"  
 Tom: "I'm pretty sure it was his last one."

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C-P-S

ECHOES OF EXAMINATION

"The principal river of France is the Rhine."  
 "Satan is located on the coast of Phoenicia."  
 "When Tom Paine said that Burke was unintelligent and  
 that Washington was inefficient, he fell into public idiom."  
 "The pestilence returned each year. For a time even  
 society was deodorized."  
 "Webster was a very fluid speaker."  
 Freshman Theme: That all golfers are liars; and that  
 a blind beggar is always ready to step out of his role  
 long enough to take a squint at every pretty, shortskirted  
 woman who passes by."

C-P-S

Doc. Harvey rushed into the laboratory and started to  
 do an experiment. He noticed a number of boys doing one  
 at another table.

Harvey: "How many are there doing that experiment?"  
 Buckley: "Five."  
 Doc.: "Well, then, half of you come over here and help  
 me with this one."

C-P-S

A CASE OF WHO'S WHO

A number of college boys were coming home from one  
 of their fraternity meetings. They were all in a group,  
 travelling the middle of the street, and according to the noise  
 they were making, were having a general good time.  
 They wandered around for a while but finally stopped  
 outside the house where one of them lived. They stood  
 there and argued for a while, then one of them went up  
 to the door and rang the bell.  
 A lady put her head out of the upstairs window.  
 "What is it you boys want?" inquired the voice.  
 "Is that you, Mrs. Smith?" asked one.  
 "Yes, what is it you want?"  
 "Shay, will you come down, hic, and pick out Mr. Smith,  
 sho the rest of us can go home!"

C-P-S

THAT'S THE WAY THEY DO IT IN THE  
 OLD COUNTRY

Mrs. Zupsnick: "The cheek of that conductor. He glared  
 at me as if I didn't pay any fare."  
 Tony Zupsnick: "And what did you do?"  
 Mrs. Z.: "I glared back as if I had."

C-P-S

Slowly and sadly she laid the little white form down.  
 Then she looked to heaven and made a huge outcry. From  
 all around, her neighbors took up the cry. The air reverberated  
 with their sounds. More and more friends took up the cry.  
 Then all was silent. What was the use of it all? She would lay  
 another egg tomorrow.

—We aim to have the best—  
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Dar. H.: "Isn't it odd that you have to pay for the  
 batteries in your car?"  
 Ev.: "What's queer about it?"  
 Dar.: "I heard you state expressly that you wanted them  
 charged."

C-P-S

Registrar: "Mr. Anderson, you have over-cut Sociology.  
 Why do you go to Puyallup so often?"  
 Andy: "Why-er-I-ah-go to see my grandmother."  
 "Do you mean the one I saw you with last Saturday?"  
 Wonderful how these old women get around nowadays."

C-P-S

Teacher: "Wouldn't this be a great world if people  
 would all love one another and treat each other with  
 kindness?"

One boy looked doubtful.  
 "Wouldn't you like to see everybody treat everybody else  
 with kindness?" the teacher inquired of Griffin.  
 After a moment's reflection, he answered:  
 "Then there wouldn't be any more Mutt and Jeff pic-  
 tures."

C-P-S

Helen M. (at her mirror): "Oh, dear, who would think  
 it—I'm approaching" twenty-five."  
 Florence M.: "Patience, my dear, from now on you'll  
 start getting farther away from it."

C-P-S

"AIN'T LOVE BLIND!"

When Lord Elmer squeezes Rays hand and thinks it's  
 Louise's?  
 When Paul and Jess will sit on the back of Ev's car  
 going 60 per, into the cold night, for one dance with a girl?  
 When people start pairing off and going for a stroll  
 instead of going to class?  
 When two young ones will go canoeing in the rain?  
 When the susceptible gink went flower hunting with a  
 girl and got engaged?

C-P-S

THE BILLIONTH AND TWENTY-THIRD SLAM

The Ford is my jeopardy;  
 I shall not want—another.  
 It maketh me to lie down in damp marshes.  
 It disturbeth my soul.  
 It leadeth me into deep waters.  
 It directeth me into the paths of ridicule for its name's  
 sake.  
 It prepareth a dead stop for me in the presence of my  
 enemies.  
 Yea—though I race through the valley at thirty miles  
 per hour.  
 I must slacken sometimes when going up hill.  
 I will fear more evils when it is with me.  
 It anointeth my face with oil—  
 Its water boileth over.  
 Surely to goodness if Lizzie followeth me all of the days  
 of my life,  
 I shall dwell in the house of the Nuts forever \* \*

C-P-S

TRY IT ONCE AND SEE

The subject of kissing was debated with much earnestness  
 for a half hour between the girl and her young man caller.  
 The fellow insisted that it was always possible for a man to  
 kiss a girl at will, whether she chose to permit it or not.  
 The maiden was firm to maintain that it was not so. Finally  
 it was decided that the only solution of the question must be  
 by a practical demonstration, one way or the other. So they  
 tried it. They clinched and the fight was on. After a  
 lively tussle, they broke away. The girl had been kissed—  
 ardently for a period of minutes. Her comment showed  
 an undaunted spirit.  
 "Oh well, you really didn't win fair. My foot slipped—  
 Let's try it again."

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908 Broadway."

C-P-S

Many a college man tries to push himself forward by  
patting himself on the back.

C-P-S

Wrecked Motorist (phoning): "Send assistance at once.  
I've turned turtle."

Voice from the other end: "My dear sir, this is a garage.  
What you need is an aquarium."

A nice hair cut and shave is what puts the polish  
to your appearance.

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C-P-S

D. D.: "That's a nice dog you have there."

M. D.: "Yes, but he is consumptive."

D. D.: "Consumptive?"

M. D.: "Yes, Spitz blood."

C-P-S

Oaks: "How do the mountain climbers keep warm in  
the high altitudes?"

Hovious: "Must use mountain ranges."

C-P-S

### PATRIOTIC

Henry: "Did you hear that the convicts and the actors  
are going to be put in the same troop?"

Clyde: "No, why?"

Henry: "To keep the stars and stripes together."

C-P-S

Harvey: "Before we leave the subject of heat can any one  
tell me which travels the fastest, heat or cold?"

Tom: "Heat, of course; any one can catch a cold."

C-P-S

Stan: "Somewhere there is a woman waiting for every  
man."

Paul: "I know there is one waiting for me. I'm behind  
in my room rent."

C-P-S

Old Lady (to newsboy): "You don't chew tobacco, do  
you, little boy?"

Newsie: "No, mum, but I can give you a cigarette if  
you want one."

C-P-S

### A BROADWAY SUCCESS

"Rotten," said the critic.

"Deficient in spirit and technique," said the artist.

"Inexcusably vulgar," said the preacher.

"Without ideals or realism," said the philosopher.

"Precisely," said the producer. And the show was the  
hit of the season.

C-P-S

Efficiency is the art of spending nine-tenths of your time  
making out reports that the teacher gives and then never  
calls for.

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C-P-S

### "SLANG"

O, sweet little girls of C. P. S.,  
How shocked I am to hear  
The horrid slang of C. P. S. girls,  
That each day greets my ear.  
A kid you like you call a "peach,"  
The other guy's a "nut,"  
A wise one is a "hummingbird,"  
A stupid boob's a "nut."

"Bean" is what you call a knob,  
A nifty lid's a "dream",  
For bum recitation you say "flunked,"  
A funny stunt's a "scream."

You call a dub a "piece of cheese,"  
A grouch you call a "crab";  
For gathering kale you always say,  
"A bunch of dough I'll grab."

You say she has "beat it,"  
When you mean she's went;  
A kid with frightened lamps, you call  
"A pie-eyed innocent."

O, girlies, can the rough-neck stuff,  
It's fierce, without a doubt;  
Take it from me, it's awful punk;  
Say, kiddos, cut it out!

C-P-S

### A COMPARISON

My love is like the red, red rose in June that's born;  
And, oh, the pins around her waist are strangely like a thorn.

To the gas man, it's meter.

To the housewife it's meater.

To the poet it's metre.

And to the college stude, it's meet her.

His hand neared hers, he whispered low,

She heaved a little sigh

And gently put her hand in his—

"Fare, please!" she'd heard him cry.

C-P-S

### GOODBYE, BONNIE!

My Bonnie leaned over the gas tank

The height of the contents to see.

He lighted a match to assist him—

Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me!

C-P-S

It must have been great sport sport pitching pennies in  
the Stone Age.

C-P-S

A hunk of hair will often bring

Sweet memories in a flash,

But it brings up more than memories—

When you find it in the hash.

C-P-S

### A PRESSING MATTER

Prof.—Name the greatest advantage of the Roman civ-  
ilization.

Ted—The toga, it never got baggy at the knees.

C-P-S

Maude: "Is Peggy a popular girl?"

Claude: "I should say so. Last month she was out  
with twenty men, all told."

Maude: "Waddeyameen, 'all told'?"

C-P-S

"Here's something queer," said the dentist. "You say this  
tooth has never been worked on before, but I find small  
flakes of gold on my instrument."

"I think that you have struck my collar button," mourned  
Big Dick.



**HIST!**

"See that young fellow in the end seat smoking a cigar?" whispered the first detective in the smoking car. "He's an escaped crook."

"Hah!" exclaimed the other. "Well, he'll soon be at the end of his rope."

C-P-S

Why wasn't Ed Rumbaugh in the game today. Did he get hurt?

Yes, he got kicked in the Synagogue."

In the Synagogue?

Sure, Synagogue means temple, doesn't it?

C-P-S

One day Dorothy M. rushed into a hardware store and called out excitedly to a clerk:

"Hurry, quick! Give me a mouse trap. I want to catch a train."

C-P-S

Penning came home one day all muddy.

Penning: "I fell in a mud-hole."

His Father: "With your good pants on?"

Penning: "Yes, Daddy, I did not have time to take them off."

C-P-S

**A BIG JOB**

Fond parent: "What is worrying you, my son?"

Willie: "I was just wondering how many legs you gotta pull off a centipede to make him limp."

C-P-S

Foolish: "Did you hear that tree bark?"

Senseless—"No, but I saw it leave last spring."

"Did it take its trunk along?"

"No, it left that for board."

C-P-S

"Papa, the preacher was here to lunch today."

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes, and he swore about Mother's cooking the same as you do, only he put his hand over his eyes."

C-P-S

Frosh: "I see they are putting up a church, a school, a boarding house, and a saloon down on the corner."

Soph.: "How comes they are putting them so close together?"

Frosh: "Oh, they just want to keep salvation, education, starvation and damnation all together."

C-P-S

No Where in Particular,  
Oct. the twice.

Dear Old Soldier Boy:

As I have nothing to do ant vish to do in, I vould take up my pen ant bottle of ink in my hant ant typewrite you a few ledders, bleaxe excuse dis lead pencil.

Ve are all vell here except my brudder, he was kicked by der mule yesterday, der mule isn't expected to live.

Your rich uncle vot died when you vas here, is shtill deadt and doing nicely, hope dis finds you de same. When she vas gone dey foundt 15 dousant dollars done up in an old hankerchuf, you see you are no longer a poor man but a dutchman.

Your brudder Will went to work dis morning—de job will last about six months but he might get out on good behavior.

Business has been dull since you vent away—your wife vas took to de insanitary assylum yesterday, she was crazy to see you.

I saw your liddle boy dis morning for the first time—I think he looks chust like you, but as he is all right otherwise I vouldn't let that vorry me, if I vas you.

I am sending by Adams express your one coat and as dey charge so much a pound to send it, I cut de buttons off, hoping dis vill prove satisfactory. You vill find the buttons in de inside pocket.

I almost forgot to tell you I vas married. I got a pretty wife from horseheads. I think I might have done better in westerville for ders a better stock to select from.

As dis is all I got to say and vish to say it, I'll close my face and expect you to do the same. Hoping you get this before it reaches you andt dot you vill answer before dot, I remain your confectionary second to de last cousin,

Otto Mobile.

P. S. In case you do not get dis letter, write andt let me know, andt I vill send it at once if not sooner.  
Per C. Turley.

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**CONNIE CO-ED**

The Einstein theory may  
be hard;  
There is no one who will  
doubt it;  
But here's the thing that  
puzzles me,  
If love is blind and cannot  
see,  
Why all this fuss and  
rivalry  
About the new Spring outfit.



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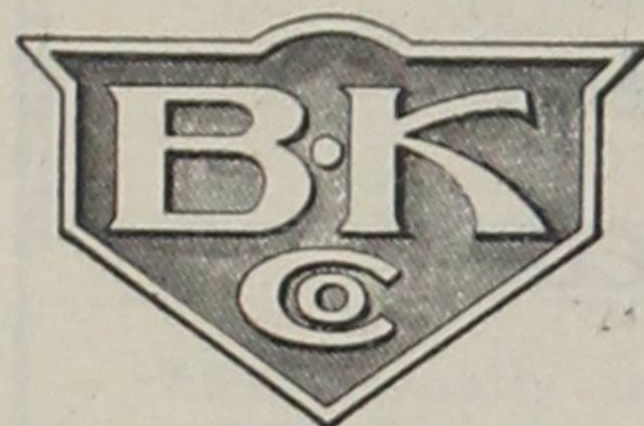
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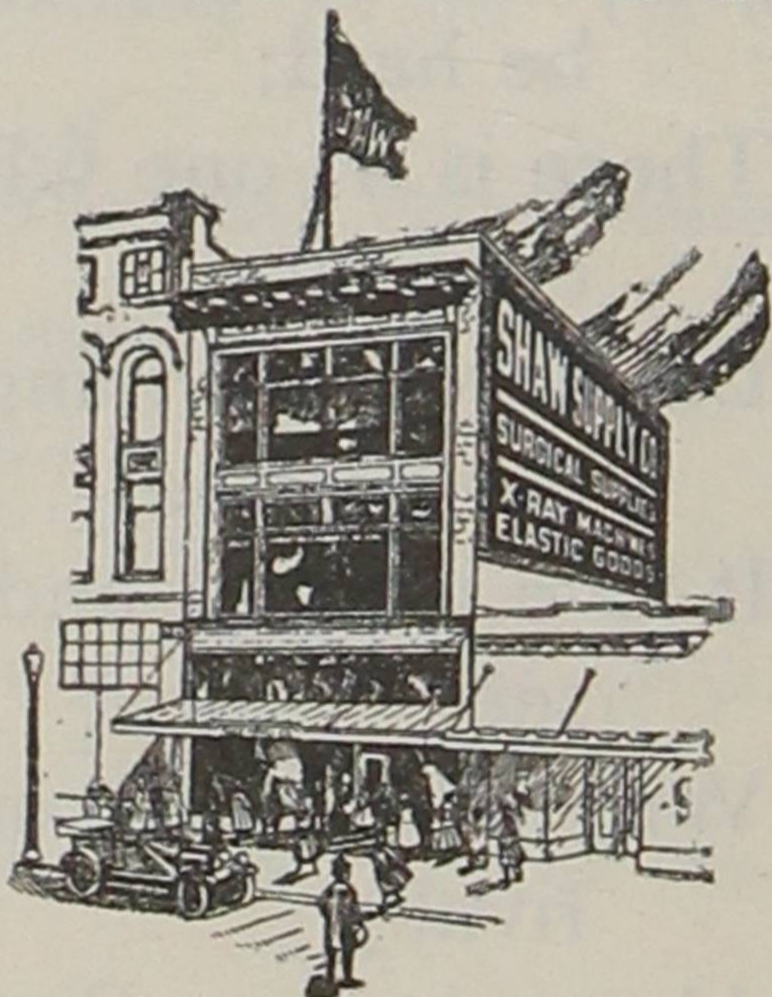
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**DIPLOMATIC DEFINITIONS**

1. Intellectual—A deferential person who never admits he knows anything on any subject. Personal modesty, a lover of home—Apris vous.
2. Fourflusher—Sincerity in a sack suit. The ideal trustee. See reliability; honor and virtue.
3. Teacher—A modern Croesus, one with money to burn. One of any number of capitalists. See—limousine, steam yacht, coupons, Government bonds.
4. Politician—A far seeing Altruist who's word is his bond. A self-sacrificer. Anyone who considers himself last.
5. Apartments—An empty space, a void.
6. Cellar—Any dry spot open and above board. See publicity.
7. New York—An island paradise. The only place in America where one can get anything for nothing. See—safety first.
8. Bolshevik—A fireside guardian and child protector. Peace lover. Beauty without whiskers. Any open worker. See toiler, gentleman, altruist.
9. Monkey—See looking glass.
10. Liver—One who hits the high places. See, night owl, stepper.

**C—P—S**

The judge used his gavel vigorously when the two prisoners, just taken before him, started to fight in court. Attaches pulled them apart.

"What do you mean by this conduct in court?" the magistrate demanded.

"We wuz only takin' the cop's advice," said one. "When he pinched us he told us we'd have to fight it out before the judge."

**C—P—S**

"You can sure pick up a lot during a college career," said a young man, as he walked out of the locker room with a new overcoat, a pair of rubbers and a club bag.—"The Ubessey."

**C—P—S**

Mat.: "Did you see that girl smile at me?"

Ed.: "That's all right; the first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

**C—P—S**

Doc. Harvey (in Physics): "Do you buy things by the liter?"

Gene: "No, we buy it by the quart."

**C—P—S**

A genius student of Prof. Harvey's department spent his vacation finding some way to fix his Ford in such a way that when he was speeding the velocity would be indicated. He finally hit upon this scheme. When he went forty miles an hour a green light would reflect on the windshield; when he went forty-five a yellow light; at fifty a blue; at fifty-five a red light and at sixty a music box under the seat played, "Nearer My God to Thee".

**C—P—S**

Mother of Jess: "That boy of mine has got so high since he went to C. P. S. that when he wants to speak of stale lard he calls it Ancient Greece."

**C—P—S**

Teacher: "John, how do you analyze 'Mary milked the cow?'"

John: "Cow is a noun, feminine gender, singular number, and stands for Mary."

Teacher: "Stands for Mary, how do you make that out?"

"Because," said John, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could she milk the cow?"

**C—P—S**

Wallace: "What are you taking for your cold?"

Salem: "Oh, anything you say. Make me an offer."

**C—P—S****HEART RENT-ING**

"I hear you had a quarrel with your sweetheart the other day."

"Yes, she sneered at my apartment, so I knocked her flat."

**C—P—S**

Coach Peck: "I'm a hero. I saved a girl."

Bill Brown: "How's that?"

C. P.: "I had two girls Friday night and I saved one for Saturday night."

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