

1907

The Whitworthian 1907

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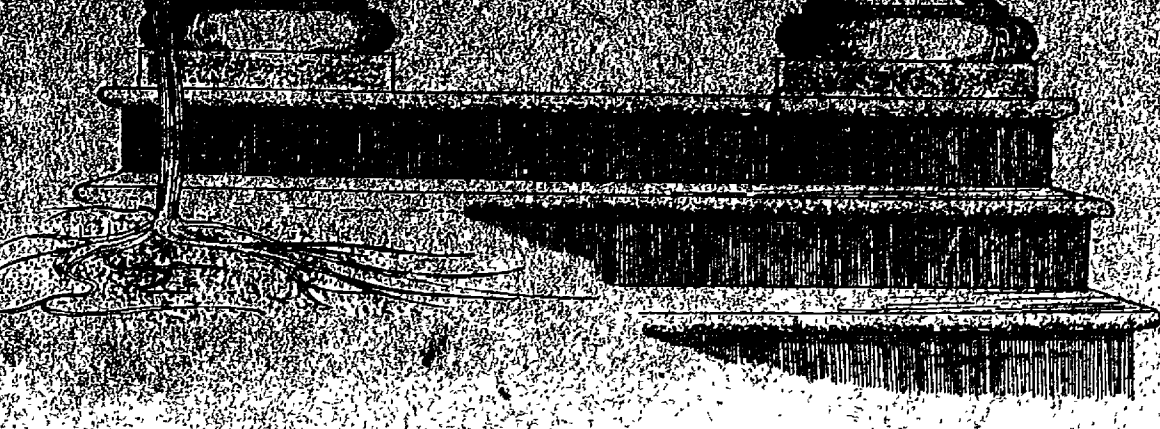
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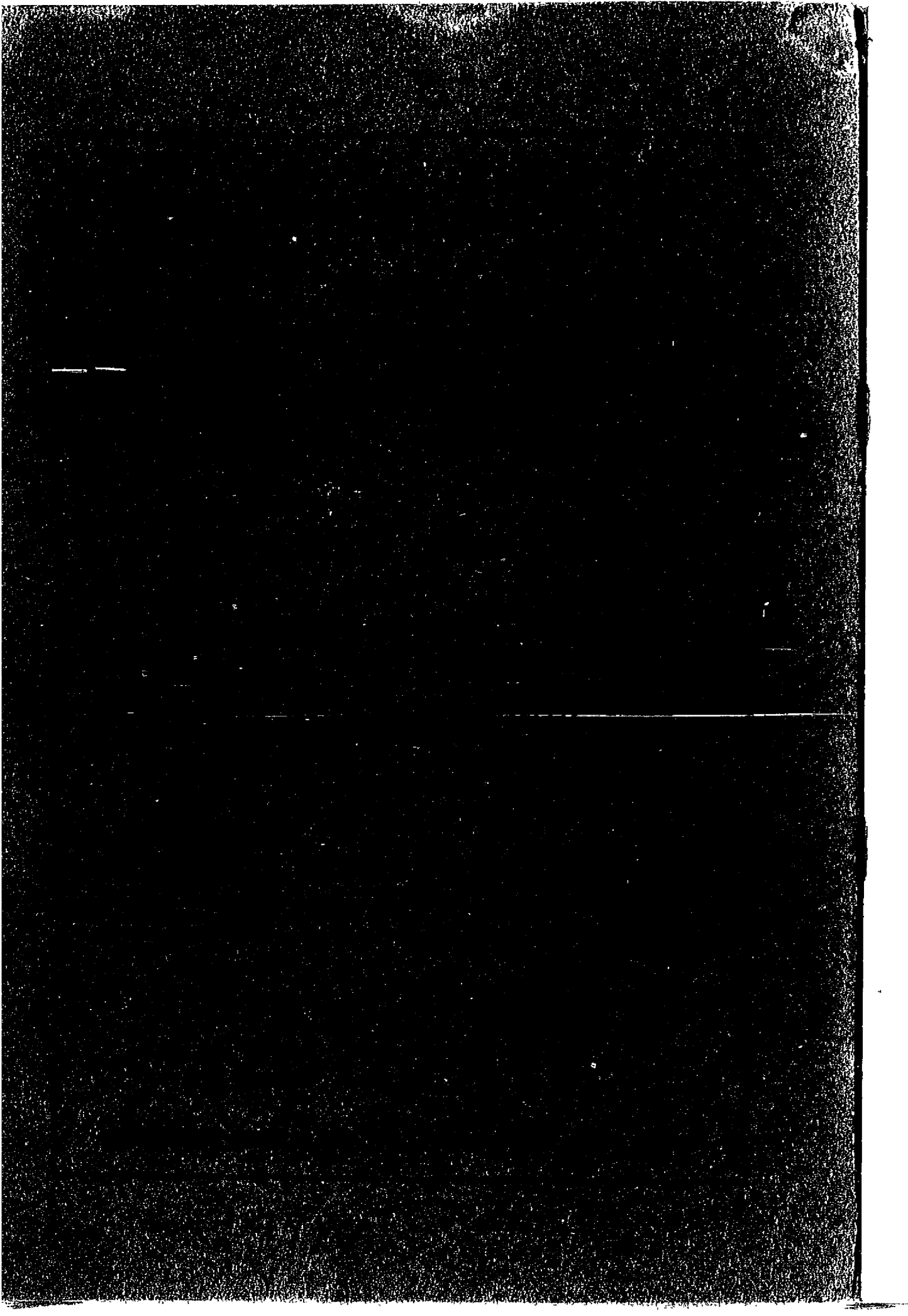
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JANUARY
1907







Gluck Auf.

Gluck Auf! the year is new and sweet,
With joy and pain for you
It shows new roads for eager feet.
New tasks to dare and do,
And be it friend or foe you meet,
Gluck Auf! good luck to you!

Gluck Auf! each year must have its pain,
But there is sunshine too,
The bird-song hushed by winter rain
Will lift the summer thro',
So work and laugh, there's much to gain,
Gluck Auf! good luck to you!

--'09.

The Whitworthian

Issued Monthly During the School Year.

Volume III

TACOMA, WASH., JANUARY, 1907

Number 4

Published by the Students of Whitworth College and devoted exclusively to the interests of that institution. Students are invited to contribute literary articles and items of general or personal information.

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Entered at the Post Office, Tacoma, Wash., as second-class mail matter.

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Subscription Price.....\$1.00 per Year | Single Copies.....Fifteen Cents

The Sensitiveness of Keats.

John Keats was born, on the 29th of October, 1795, in Moorfields, London, at the house of his maternal grandfather, Mr. Jennings, who kept livery stables, and he died in Rome on the 23rd of February, 1821. Among the last words to which he gave expression are:

"If I should die, I have left no immortal work behind me—nothing to make my friends proud of my memory; but, I have loved the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had but time I would have made myself remembered."

Keats certainly has made himself remembered; and as he anticipated his fame is due to his love for beauty, caused by his highly sensitive nature. He delights not only in beauty of theme, but, also, revels in unusual sentences and uniqueness of words. The rare beauty of the words and expressions in such a poem as *Endymion* reminds one of the early efforts of Shakespeare (as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*) when he reveled in highly colored words. Keats ranks next to Shakespeare in his power of sensitiveness.

Undoubtedly Keats made a study of Beauty for its own sake, for he once wrote: "They shall be counted poet-king,

Who simply tell the most heart-easing things."

Such an expression and those which I shall quote later show that Keats was born enamored of beauty, but he also went a little further, for he saw that truth is behind beauty, for he once expressed in prose:

"What the imagination seizes as Beauty must be 'Truth'; and later he expressed the same thought in verse, when he said: "Beauty is Truth, but beauty—that is all / Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Certainly this is not all we need to know however necessary it may be that we should know that much, but, such a passage throws a strong light upon Keats' state of mind. His poems are full of beautiful terms, words brilliant in their connotation, and passages of rare sentiment, expressing almost ideal susceptibility.

"O, for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts!" In another poem of his we have this underlying thesis—"that with a great poet the sense of Beauty overcomes every other consideration, or rather obliterates every other consideration."

To Keats we are indebted for that brief line of true philosophy:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

I have now quoted many passages from Keats indicating the attitude of his mind toward beauty, showing his sensitiveness, and giving his principle of poetry in his own works. Later I shall quote from his poetry showing how he applied this principle. But for the present I wish to divulge his attitude toward philosophy in poetry. In view of what I have just quoted it is not surprising that we should read in Keats' works:

"But my flag is yet unfurl'd

On the admiral-staff, and to philosophise
I dare not yet."

Although Keats once said that he intended to follow Solomon's proverb, and "get learning, get knowledge," still his poems do not show any deep underlying thoughts. They appeal rather to the passions, sensitiveness, and emotions than to thought and judgment as Wordsworth does. It is not surprising then, that in the latter part of Part II, of *Lamia*, Keats should have written:

"Do not all charms fly at the mere touch
of cold philosophy?

Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the hunted air, and gormed mine,
Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
The tender-person'd *Lamia* meet into a
shade."

Wordsworth derived his beauty from contemplating the fineness and science of things. He regarded nature as the teacher. Keats derived his pleasure from the appeal which color, taste, smell, and similar senses made upon his mind. Keats filled his poems with multitudinous sounds, tints and odors. Wordsworth did this only in a limited degree. A comparison of the works of Keats. It is not surprising then that Keats, in one of his letters to Fanny Brumee, should have written:

"I could be martyred for my religion—
Love is my religion— I could die for that."

Throughout Keats' letters, promises and utterances love, beauty, and sensitiveness and everywhere the key-notes. They are the beacon light, which guide his thoughts and arouse and govern his ambitions and passions.

To illustrate what I have written I would refer to stanza XXIV. of the *Eve of St. Agnes*. The description here given almost fastens the image in the reader's mind.

"Diamoned with panes of quaint device
Innumerable of stains and splendid
dyes,"

We find many of such expressive words defining heat and cold; as the following taken from the *Eve of St. Agnes* in stanza I.:

Ah, *bitter, chill* it was!

The owl was a-cold.

The hare limp'd through the frozen
grass;

Silent was the flock in *woolly fold*.

Frosted breath.

In stanza XXV.:

Full on this casement shown the *wintry*
moon.

In stanza XXXV.:

"How changed thou art! How *palid,*
chill, and *drear!*

His sensitiveness to sound is shown in many expressions similar to the following:

Eve of St. Agnes, stanza X.:

"He ventures in; let no *buzzed whisper*
tell."

Stanza IV.:

The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to
chide."—Stanza XIII.

Pale, latticed, chill and silent as a tomb.

In "I stood tip-toe upon a little hill."

We have "a little *noiseless noise* among
the leaves,

Born of the very *sigh* that *silence heaves*.

His sensitiveness to color is very pronounced and can be seen in:

"I htraightway began to pluck a posey
Of luxuries *bright, milky, soft and rosy.*"

—Ode to *Psyche*, 3.

"Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,"
Hyperion Book I, beginning of third part,

"Those green-robed senators of mighty
words,"

"And diamond paved lustrous long ar-
cades."

The sense of taste is shown in "The *Eve of St. Agnes XXX*:"

"While he from forth the closet brought
a heap

Of candied apple, quince, and plum and
gourd;

With jellies smoother than the creamy curd,
 And lucent syrup, tinct with cinnamon;
 Manna and dates, in argosy armsferred
 From Fez; and spiced dainties, everyone,
 From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon."

There are many instances where love and emotion are shown:

Eve of St. Agnes, VII—In vain came many a tip-toe anorous cavalier.

VIII—She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
 Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short.

X—Or a hundred swords
 Will storm his heart, Love's furious citadel.

XXXV—"Ah, Porphyrs!" said she, "but even now

Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear
 Made tunable with every sweetest vow."

Besides these there are a number of modifiers, showing different senses which it would be hard to classify, among these are:

"I stood tip-toe upon a little hill"
 "There was wide wandering for the greediest eye."

Eve of St. Agnes—

III—Music's golden tongue.

VIII—The hallowed hour.

IX—Buttressed from moonlight.

Throughout his poems there are hundreds of similar expressions, denoting all kinds of senses, but I believe that enough has been given to show Keats' abnormal sensitiveness.

The Greatness of the Small.

The other night, in a certain damp cellar, a crock of cheese stood on a surging shelf. Five grey mice sat on the edge of the crock and four were nibbling the contents. The fifth, however, sat back and held his paw to his head. "Why don't you eat?" asked a little mouse who was dizzily balancing himself on the crock. "Oh, I couldn't eat if I tried," was the answer; "and if you fellows will ever leave that cheese alone, I will tell you of my adventure last night."

At this promise, they one and all jumped down on the shelf and sat down in a solemn row.

"You must know," began the fifth mouse, lifting his paw by way of gesture, "that about half dozen of mice live in the Girl's Dormitory across the street. Yesterday I determined to make them a visit. When I reached their home in the wall, I found them huddled together in great fear. It seems that one of the number had gone out into one of the rooms and because of the cries and screams of the inmates, the mouse became confused and could not find the exit in the wall. At last he dodged under a couch and found the hole.

Traps had been set with poisoned bait, and this was the cause of their fear."

"Of course," continued the mouse, "all of you know me to be a daring fellow. I immediately decided to visit the rooms that night. I found a thin place in the wall and set to work the rest of the day boring a new hole. About four o'clock in the afternoon, when no one was about, I made an exploring trip around the room. I found great provisions of tea, crackers, cheese, pickles, olives, jellies and fruit. You will surmise which of these appealed to my appetite. They I went back through the new hole very much satisfied. Then I waited.

Along about eleven o'clock and after came series of knocks at the door of the room. I lay in wait against the wall and listened. The people were laughing and talking while dishes were softly clinking. All at once I heard a voice say: "Sh! girls, it's Miss Whitman. Turn off the light quick!" There was a scramble, and then silence. My curiosity got the better of me and I ventured forth to the middle of the room. I heard smothered laughter under the couches and next someone said: "I

guess she's not coming girls. Let's turn on the light and finish."

Before I had time to squeal or run, the light was on, and almost instantly a scream sounded on the tense air. "Goodness, girls, it's a mouse. Get on the dressers." How those girls ran over me, stepping on my tail, brushing me over with their skirts, and deafening my ears with their screams! I ran about, but my heart ran faster, and the room rocked. The girls were shouting for help from the Boy's Dormitory.

All this time I was trying to find the new hole, or even a place to hide. I finally ran up on the mantel and hid behind a Mission clock. I had hardly got settled when in came a procession of boys in

slippers and bathrobes. They were armed with clubs and pistols and had a ferocious expression on their faces. At this the girls screamed again and hid in the clothes press. Why, do you know, those fellows hunted me down like a rat. But they did not find me. They left, muttering to themselves something about "women," and imagination." Still all was quiet. I grew bold again, and, jumping down, I helped myself to the remainder of the spread. When I could eat no more, I—" At this moment the grey mouse looked up and saw two great balls of fire three feet in front of him. For a minute he was rooted to the spot. Then the five mice, one and all, jumped down off the shelf and disappeared.

The New Calendar.

In the place of the old calendar of 1906, with which we have become familiar during the past twelve months, we will all hang up a brand new one this month. The old one is history; it had its seasons; "its meed of hopes and fears;" its secrets are all told; its pages are unfolded. It is an open scroll exhibition of wars and bloodshed; of hurricanes and earthquakes; of strifes of the nations for mastery in commerce, in diplomacy, in the arts, in science, in literature; of national successes and failures, noble and ignoble endeavors; of religious achievements and advance of truth; of heroism and endurance; of individual effort and lack of effort in character building and spiritual culture—it is in brief, like a great mosaic made up of a universe of complex movements which can never be altered or changed.

The new calendar has not spoken. Its pages are to be filled, inscribed upon by the finger of time and the pencilings of human effort and conduct. So, as we accept from the hand of the merchant or the dealer the new calendar, we should not think that it only marks the days and weeks and months of the year, but that it tells us, too, of obligations, of duties, of tasks, of opportunities which we must take under solemn consideration and put to noble use. It holds out to us twelve

months of new time and with it an appeal to its right use. Time is a sacred trust. Whether it is an accepted truth or not that "all men are created free and equal," it is true that all men are allotted an equal portion of time during the period of living. Time is an endowment, measured out in equal portions to all. One man may have five talents, another two, and another but one, but every man has an equal amount of time entrusted to him for the use and exercise of his talents, and the man who is found wanting and always excuses himself by saying: "I didn't have time," would no doubt give the same answer were the hours of day prolonged from 24 to 34.

Catch each moment, as it were, for time is on the wing. It is of intrinsic worth; too valuable to kill. It is an element, the right utility of which is a prime requisite in the true weaving of the tapestry of honor and virtue and nobility. A succeeding moment can not make amends for the moment lost; each moment offers what the succeeding moment does not possess. It is true to the development of character that "there is a time to play and a time to work," but it is suicide for the one to usurp the place of the other. The wrecks along the pathway of life are the abuses of the valuable factor of time. No man needs to fear his future, if into each hour

designed for work he puts his very soul, his best; then gradually will be erected his temple of fame and the day will dawn when men will call him great. And even in the hour of play weave into it your best.

A young man standing upon the banks of the St. Lawrence was aroused by the grandeur and picturesqueness of the scenery and thrown into a transport of poetic expression and classic thought. He at once penned the emotions of his soul, and in beautiful periods unfolded what the voices of the water-nymphs and the rocks and the woods carried to his attentive ear. He put the paper into his desk and resumed the formal duties of his pro-

fessional life, until fourteen years passed, where from the snow-clad Rockies to the busy harbor of the Atlantic, a speech resounded that made Daniel Webster, the idol of his country and the foremost orator of the land. Fourteen years those moments on the river bank lay unheard of, but when they gained expression they endowed this thoughtful user of them with more than what the wealth of Creosus could buy. Time is worth "its full weight in gold" to the true soul, and The Whitworthian commends its wise use to the reader, especially if you are forming the traits and characteristics for life in the halls of learning. The time of youth is the most sacred and the most precious.

Advertising and its Evils.

Looking over the landscape, one often sees many advertisements flaring out in brilliant colours, marring the quiet beauty of the shady roads. A huge billboard propped up against two trees, a mottled sign, disfiguring the side of a quaint old barn, a fence covered with smart sayings, directing you to the stores, handling the goods which they think you wish, by their undesired presence will soon dispell any attachment you might have for the wares advertised.

Does the average huge masterpiece of advertising bring enough money to the pockets of its originators to pay him for his defiance of aesthetic taste?

When advertising was first made use of, the sole means was by a small sign reading: "To Let," "For Sale," or "For Rent." The next step, that is beyond the village gossips, was a few lines entrusted to the daily newspaper. But this method of forcing things upon your attention by obstructing your view can hardly be explained. One theory only can be advanced and that is taken from its parallels with the traveling circus. For instance, when a circus is coming to town, you may see its posters everywhere; also when a quack medicine wishes to make itself a name, up

go the bill boards, and they stay up until some merciful gale strikes them down.

Advertising is employed in all countries, but America, as is most always the case, takes the lead. If some institution, even a church wishes the use of a piano, a huge sign is placed near the instrument, saying: "This piano belongs to So & So brothers."

America really advertises too much. That is the reason so much inferior goods are sold here. Only the ignorant will purchase the patent medicines, soaps and breakfast foods which are seen so often in the newspapers and besprinkled about the universe.

If America follows up the beginning which she has made, in the future, no one will leave his house without a tag saying: "I am Mr. ——. My profession is ——. I am the best you can find." Before long, billboard forests will take the place of the fresh and primitive forests. Advertising posters will soon even displace wallpaper.

If public attention were to become engrossed in this evil as it is in race suicide and spelling reform, America would grow more beautiful and merit much more, the love of her citizens.



A Whitworth man said to us recently: "Don't bother so much about essays and poems and all that sort of thing. What we want is jokes. If we want solid reading we'll go to the standard magazines."

Well, well! as an old woman said, "It do beat all what ornery critters there be on this here foot-stool!"

Our friend made two mistakes. He used the plural pronoun "we" when he should have said "I." We refuse to believe that Whitworth men are milk-sops. In the next place he showed his ignorance as to the real purpose of a college monthly. The dozens of copies of *The Whitworthian* that are sent out each month to every corner of our country, are small but powerful heralds that proclaim the work of our college. They are read not only by students of other colleges and universities but by faculty members and literary people, whose good opinion is to be valued.

A college paper is primarily an index of the literary culture of the students. It is also a paper for the students, one that should contain little items of local interest and college events. If it does not combine both elements it is not a successful paper.

Judging from the past few months, it is safe to say that obtaining any sort of contribution for *The Whitworthian* is like "pulling eye-teeth." The students are

anxious to read the paper and to praise or criticize it, but they are so filled with the spirit of "I-won't-bother;-somebody-will-do-it;" or, in other words, downright laziness, that they are not willing to help.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

* * *

Rev. A. H. Barnheisel delivered a very fine address at chapel a few days ago. We are glad to announce that this address will be printed in full in our next issue.

* * *

At our last regular meeting of the Student Association, Mr. Lee Doud was elected manager of the ministerial Show. Practice is now well under way under the able leadership of Professor Shepard. We are sure that with the co-operation of the musical students, this year's show will prove to be the pleasant event that it has always been.

* * *

Our moderate climate occasionally belies its reputation, as the last few days have testified. While the cold snap was a surprise to Tacomans, it afforded great pleasure to the Easterners who had brought their skates West. We all enjoyed the fun while we really skated—or merely saw stars in our unaccustomed efforts to do so.

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The girls of the Residence opened their rooms for visitors last Saturday night and proved themselves very jolly hostesses. Unique souvenirs were sold for beans at booths in one of the parlors, then the impatient crowd ascended to the forbidden regions and passed the evening exploring every corner, gazing longingly at the bright pennants and trying in vain to decide which room was the most fetching. Each boy rushed first to see if his photo was reposing in the proper place, then hastened to "do" the rounds and refresh himself anew with each successive hostess's bounty. The serving of punch in the parlor ended the long anticipated "Open Dorm."

Whitworth was well represented by a goodly number of music-lovers at the Schumann-Heinck concert, January eighth. All enjoyed it immensely, and upon returning home completely exhausted their vocabularies in trying to tell what was "too grand for words."

All Whitworth students have been making the most of this unusual spell of cold weather, especially those who have up to this time sadly missed the sleighing and skating that they enjoyed "at home." So great was the enthusiasm that the Faculty very kindly considered the petition for a half holiday on the tenth, and excused all pupils to enjoy the skating at Wapato, except those who had been a little too conspicuous by their absences during a few previous days. It was a merry crowd with every kind of skates from every possible source which gathered at Wapato Lake that afternoon. A number who did not know how to skate greatly added to the afternoon's fun with their eager attempts to master the art.

Thursday evening, January tenth, quite a number of the students spent a very pleasant evening at the home of Richard Doud. The time passed so quickly that

everybody was astonished to hear the clock strike the forbidden hour of twelve, while Mrs. Dowd was serving a delicious little supper, and not long after, started home with much sinking of hearts but the great consolation that they had had an exceedingly good time, come what might.

Everybody's busy and important getting ready for the long-deferred Cap and Gown Day, which will mark the beginning of the end for the mighty naughty sevens, who, seemingly such a short time ago, were known as "that jolly Freshmen class."

The Juniors have been making elaborate preparations behind closed doors and expect to give the Seniors a "send-off" worthy of the supporters of '08.

On the evening of December 27 a jolly party of young people were entertained by Mrs. Cox and her daughters at their home. The guests were chiefly students who were spending their holidays at the dormitories. The evening was a musical one, and was very informal and "homey." The guests were: The Misses Edith Ware, Mabel Wells, Mona Williams; Messrs. Paul, Ayers, Armstrong, Thompson, Scurving, Prentice, Williams.

January 6 Susie Garretson entertained the Senior girls at her home. The amusement was talk, mostly about old times and commencement. Shirley Johnson, of Seattle, a previous '07 girl, was present, and Elsie Roberts of Phil.

Shirley Johnson visited the college Monday, and a hearty welcome was extended by all the old friends.

The Junior Class of our college has rightfully won the honor of being designated as most royal entertainers and the Seniors will back up this assertion.

Last Tuesday was Cap and Gown Day, and was observed in a most unique and enjoyable manner, under the direction of the Junior Class. In the morning the usual "take off" on the Seniors was given which afforded much amusement for that class, and their friends. At luncheon the Juniors and Seniors were the guests of the faculty. In the evening the two classes gathered in the Reception Hall, where a delightful surprise awaited the Seniors. They were driven in a tally ho to the home of Miss Andora Cox, of the Junior Class, where the soup and fish courses of a progressive dinner were served. They were next driven to the Donnelly Hotel, where salad and meat courses were immensely enjoyed. After a jolly ride around town they arrived at the beautiful home of Miss Olga Johnson, where the dessert and coffee were served.

The menu cards were especially prized, since they were painted by Andora Cox. After singing college songs and toasting Marshfellows before the glowing grate the young people returned home all declaring that it was by far the best Cap and Gown Day ever celebrated in the school annals.

At the regular business meeting of the Kappa Gamma's, the following officers were elected: President, Harriet Fraser; Vice Pres., Olga Johnson; Secretary, Jessie La Wall; Treasurer, Harriet Davidson; Critic, Mary Cox. The girls are now making preparations for the annual Colonial party, February 22, and their novel methods of financiering are causing much merriment. This year's party will be more elaborate than any preceding one.





Owing to the moving of the Library during Christmas vacation, our exchanges have become somewhat scattered, but we have received most of the Christmas numbers and a few later ones.

Since our last issue we have received two numbers of "Whims," from Seattle High. They are full of life and Seattle spirit. Since Seattle has defeated Lick and North Division High School, Chicago, they claim the championship of the United States.

We enjoyed the stories in the Christmas Hyak.

The "Totem," from Juneau, Alaska, was read with much interest this month, probably because it comes from so far North. It is well written, and the cover is good. We wish you the best of success, and hope that soon you will come every month.

The prize stories in "Purple and Gold" are good.

The High School Record has a good exchange column—full of life and wholesome friendly criticism.

Everett High School has made a good record in football this year—the total number of points being: Everett, 107; opponents, 19.

The O. A. C. basket ball team that is touring the Northwest has not yet been defeated.

My Bonny lies under the auto,
My Bonny lies under the car.
Please send to the garage for someone,
For 'tis lonesome up here where I are.
—Ex.

A girl who could spell Deuteronomy,
And had studied domestic economy,
Went to skate at the rink
But as quick as a wink
She began to study astronomy.—Ex.

The December Monthly, University of Oregon, has a good article on "Football in the Pacific Northwest," and also a review of debate in the university from 1897 to the present.

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR DICTION.

For clearness, read Macaulay.
For logic, read Burke and Bacon.
For action, read Homer and Scott.
For conciseness, read Bacon and Pope.
For sublimity of conception, read Milton.
For vivacity, read Stevenson and Kipling.
For imagination, read Shakespeare and Job.
For elegance, read Virgil, Goldsmith, Milton and Arnold.—Selected.



The winter season is a quiet one for athletics this year. The Athletic Association has decided not to put out a basket ball team, but to concentrate all its energies toward a successful baseball season.

As a result, much work is being done along that line. The grounds are being repaired and a clay diamond made. This will mean a good deal toward the actual outcome of the season. Last year the work of the team was greatly impeded by the fact that the boys had no good place to practice. Several games were lost from poor fielding alone, one when a single hit was made off the pitcher. This was due to the fact that the team was compelled to practice on a "slow" field and then play games on diamonds so much dif-

ferent. With this impediment removed, a great deal better team is bound to result.

The prospects are good for a successful season, and if everybody does their best to support the work financially, a good strong team can be assured.

Work has already been begun on the schedule and some games have been arranged. Manager Phipps has secured two in Eastern Washington and is corresponding with several other managers in that part of the State, so that it is safe to say that a trip will be the result. We hope that everyone will turn out and help. If he can't play ball, he can give his hearty support and root, not only at an occasional game, but at every one that is played. That means a successful team.

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Personals.

When F. Bi—n hasn't any Mann, Ha—on will give him some more.

Julia Loose: I want Charlie MeCleery, and I want him badly.

Charlie is quite in demand now days.

Ask Anna Mac to say, very fast: "A big black bug bit a big black bear," and see the face she makes.

Smoke up Lawrence, or you will lose her. How about a Sunday evening call? That might help some.

Jessie, are you a-Fray-ed?

All German and French classes have had a lovely time, and the teacher wasn't there, either.

Fritz Metzger, '06, is back again.

The Juniors are very busy now days. Quite a slaughter! Poor Seniors!

Jesse is now sewing on buttons. Phipps looked like a green apple. Fray looked like a red rose bud. Phipps is now pulling buttons off his coat.

Anná McMaster had thirteen gentlemen callers one Friday night. . . . That was unlucky.

. Ask Mildred Smith who Mr. Weaver is.

M. B. G., in English: "What about that loose, Miss Belden?"

J. L.: "What's the matter?"

Heard in Zoology.—Prof. W.: "Miss W, what is a bed tick?"

Miss W.: "Why, I don't know; but I think it is a little tiny animal."

Prof. W. (after asking nearly every member of the class): "Well, I tell you. It's a mattress."

Mr. Weaver (in chemistry): "Edith, quit winking at me."

G-eo-g-e R-ss-an (placing a bracelet on her finger): "This will do for an engagement ring."

Miss Sonama: "Won't that be nice?"

Is Mr. Ayres a Masher or a Smasher?

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Madge: "Veardo, you are going to have steak for dinner. I smelt it in Deutch's."

Carl: "What did it smell like in Dutch?"

Skirving: "Business principles apply to pleasure also; for I find that to be successful, one must come early, sit close and stay late (i. e., as long as Miss B. will let you). However, close application wares on my nerves."

L. Sk.: "In conjugating *amo*, somehow I can't get any farther than *amobannus*."

Prof. F.: "Oh, it's just a little mathematical Loose or trick."

The anti-matrimonial lectures of Prof. Cha. Rodman are growing very rapidly. At his last lecture, he reports the presence of Ralph Ayers K. Ghormley, W. Paul; but asserts that his work is very slow owing to conflicting circumstances.

Another Record Smashed—Dick Doud holds the record for the 100-yard dash, although he ran in the dark and stumbled once, thus spilling a pail of green paint. He can prove this fact by two freshmen witnesses.

Mr. O., leaving Freshmen English: "The teacher so young and pretty, some students so big and cross."

Heard in Chapel.—"Mary S— makes me laugh. She is fanning herself, and yet she won't take off that new coat."

Prof.: "A good conductor never gets hot." This does not hold good on the Pt. Defiance line.

H. L. (in Latin class): "Duceo, du-kiss, duck it." Maybe he had better.

Heard in Bible.—"Next week we will study Ecelesiasites and Ececlisste-kuss."

The most probable reason why M-g-n-l-a did not go to the banquet with Cizeck is that he did not ask her.

Weaver, you have too much gab. That's the first we ever heard of that.

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Sac.: "Oh, yes. Miss Pamment and I used to play together when we were little."

Wanted.—A settee for the back row in Prof. Whitely's room. Address, P— K—.

The class in Chemistry was studying carbon, the different forms of which were displayed upon a table.

"Where's the diamond?" asked a boy.

"She's got it," replied the professor.

Never mind, Harriet, there may be another one later on.

Did you ever notice how close it sometimes gets in the rear of the Chemistry room?

All aboard for the smelter!

Pres K. (in characteristic speech): "Punishment deferred is not punishment abrogated." Please explain.

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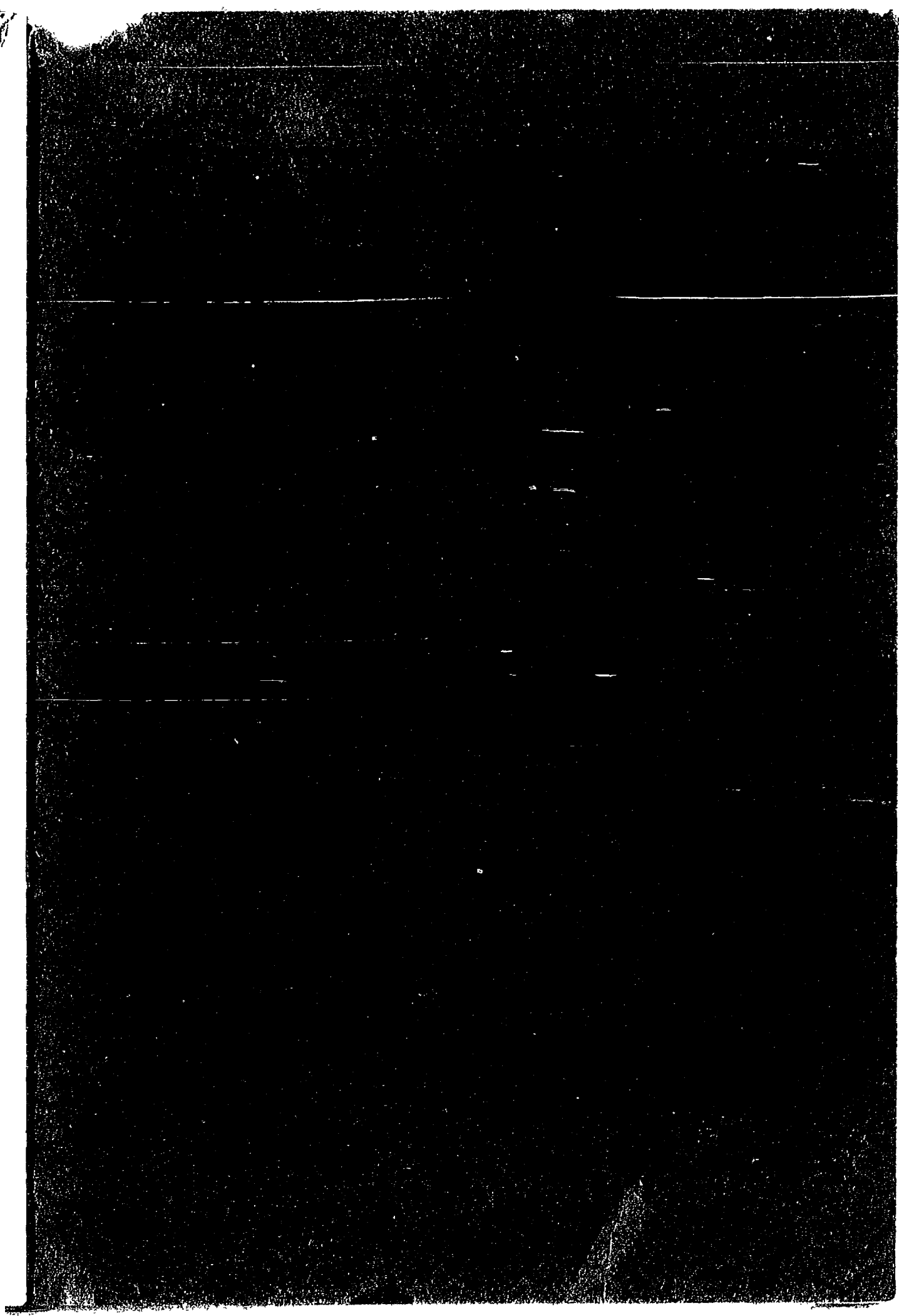
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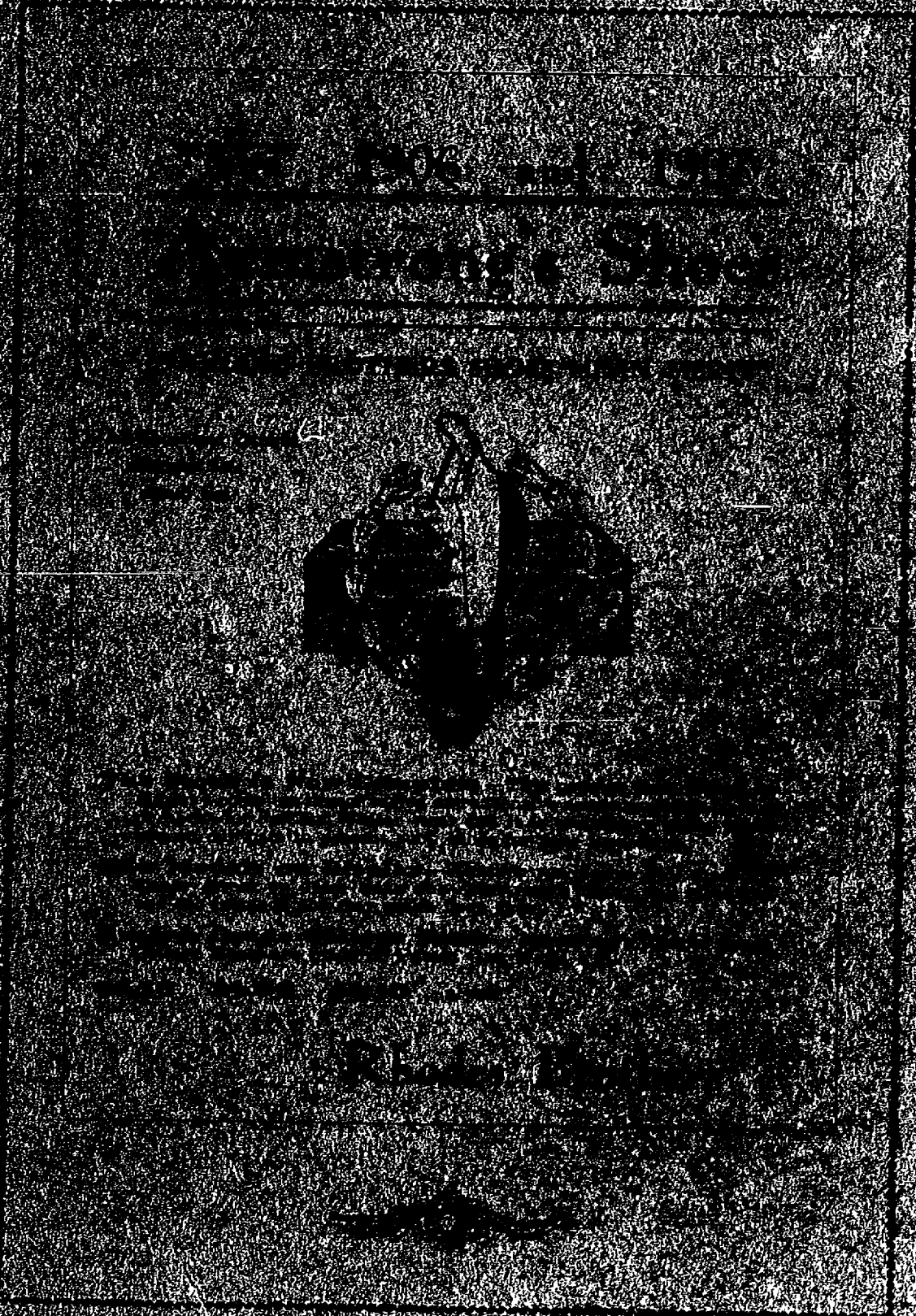
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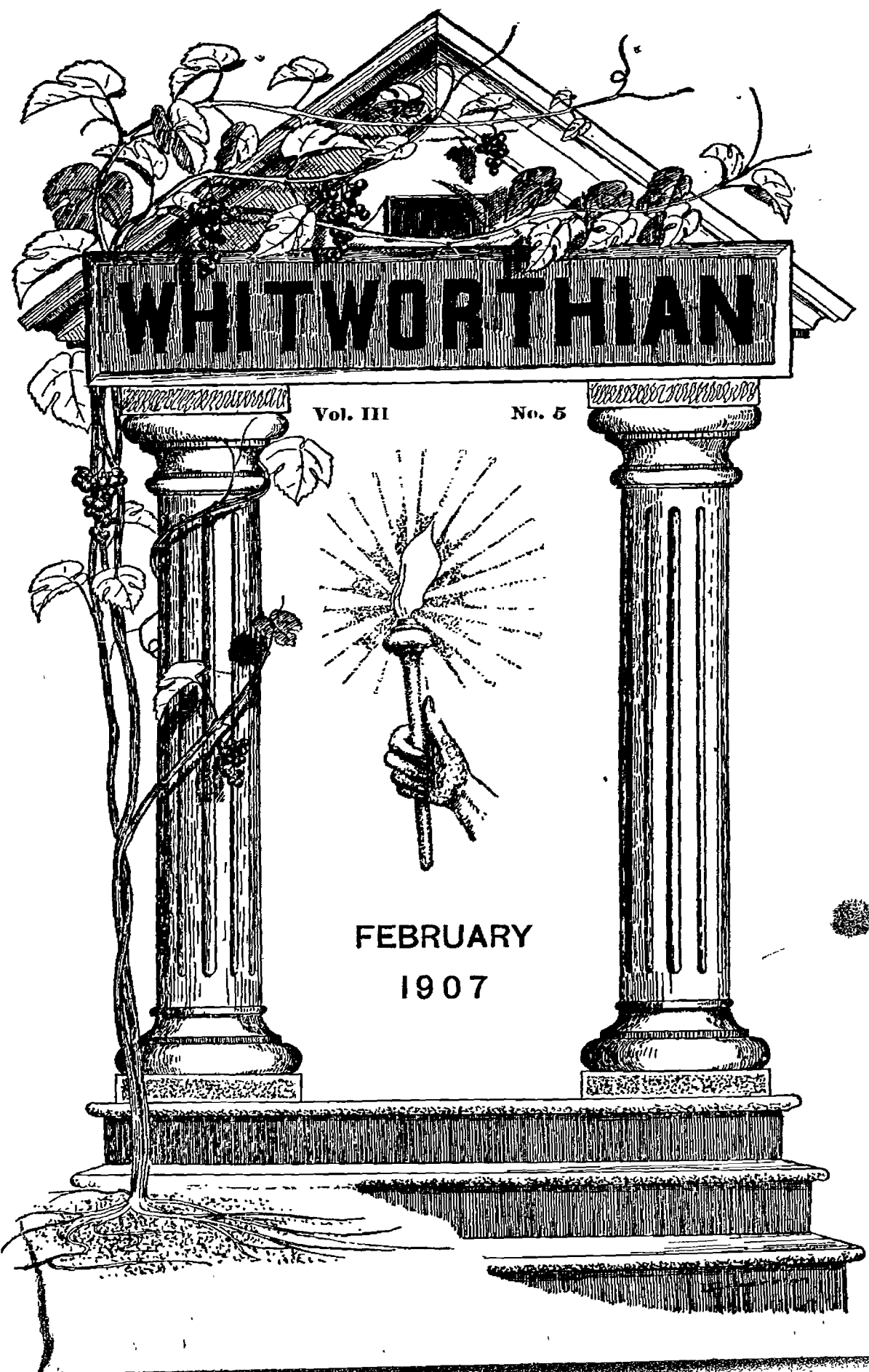
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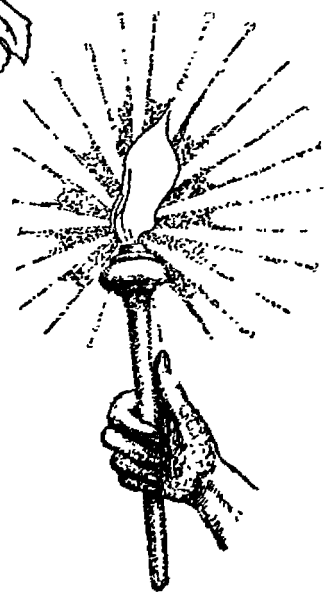




WHITWORTHIAN

Vol. III

No. 5



FEBRUARY
1907

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The Whitworthian

Issued Monthly During the School Year.

Volume III

TACOMA, WASH., FEBRUARY, 1907

Number 5

Published by the Students of Whitworth College and devoted exclusively to the interests of that institution. Students are invited to contribute literary articles and items of general or personal information.

Entered at the Post Office, Tacoma, Wash., as second-class mail matter.

Mary C. Cox '09..... Editor-in-Chief | D. J. Williams '08. Business Manager

Assistant Editors.

Kenneth Ghormley '09..... Literary Editor | Jessie LaWall '09. Society Editor
Sara Ghormley '07..... Exchange Editor | Letitia Clark '09..... Personal Editor
Whiting Mitchell '09..... Athletic Editor

Associate Editors.

Anna McMasters '07 Harriet Davidson '08 Pearla Robbins '09 Mabel Gerber '10
Sarah Fox Preparatory Department

Subscription Price.....\$1.00 per Year | Single Copies Fifteen Cents

Four Girls and a Frying Pan.

"You may think as you like about it, but I shall take that frying-pan. I don't care anything about the other cooking things, although I must say I consider you rather fussy."

Patty sat down on an empty drygoods box and crossed her small feet, that looked very smart in their pretty ties. Patty was certainly proud of those dainty feet.

"Well, you little goose, of course, you must have your own way as usual. If you weren't such a little excitable sister I'd punish you as you deserve. You know fried foods are not digestible and we're going out to Littleheath Camp for our health." The speaker was a tall, graceful girl, with a slow way of speaking and moving. Her friends called her the Languid Lillian.

"Health, fiddlesticks! Fried foods ditto!" declared Patty, as she calmly made a face at her tall sister. "I'm going out to Littleheath for fun, and therefore I'll do just as I like about the——"

"About what, Pattikins? Here, Lillian, take my music roll. Dear, dear, but I'm all out of breath. You people do live so near the clouds upon this fourth floor! There, now, I'm cozy. Tell me about the packing."

Patty perched herself upon the huge arm of the chair into which Rose sank.

"You look more like a rose than ever, with that deep color. Oh dear, I wish my hair was dark and wavy like yours!"

"I'll tell you about what we've done," Lillian interrupted. "We've all the bedding ready and were just ready to nail up the box of groceries and dishes when Patty discovered that her little frying pan had been overlooked. There's not an inch of room left for it. What shall we do?"

Rose laughed in her gentle way. "There's only one thing to be done. Patty must leave the frying-pan at home or else carry it herself, as if it were a new variety of suitcase."

"I'll do it, Rose. I don't care what people think about it."

"But remember the other things you must carry, honey—one suitcase, two hat boxes and a basket of fruit."

"Go to!" quoted Patty, as she struck an attitude, "anybody with a name like Patricia Isabel Margarite Longmire can do anything. Now tell us about the music lesson, Rose."

Rose lifted her violin and fingered it lovingly. "Mein Herr hasn't decided about accepting anyone for the position

as yet. Of course, I want it. I have been working so hard for it, but—never mind, we'll have pleasant times in the country together, won't we, fiddle mine?" The girl's face had grown very serious, but as she laid the violin aside she looked up brightly at the two sisters.

"Molly wrote that she had the house in fine order and said there was a little brook on the farm that held a thousand pretty pictures. That would appeal to Molly, wouldn't it? I'm afraid she'll be watching the brook rather than the cook-stove. Now, let me help to finish the packing."

Twenty-four hours later the train stopped at the metropolis of Shingleshanty, consisting of twelve dwellings, a hotel, a saloon and a church.

"There isn't any landscape, is there?" said Patty, as she jumped from the step and deposited the suitcase two hat boxes, basket of fruit and frying-pan upon the platform.

"Never mind, Pattikins," said Rose, "the best is yet to come. I daresay Molly sees a thousand pictures in that little group of buildings and the long dusty road. I wonder why she isn't here to meet us? Oh, there she comes! Lillian, here are my checks. You make a splendid business manager."

"Do hurry, thou languid one," called Patty, "Molly's coming."

Far in the distance there appeared a cloud of dust, that came nearer and nearer each moment. Soon the girls distinguished a rickety wagon and an old white horse, that certainly looked the part of a centenarian. Perched upon a high seat was the slight figure of a girl, with soft, light hair and a plain, spectacled face.

"Oh, girls, here you are at last! Oh, I'm so glad to see you! Pile everything in as fast as you can, for we must hurry out to Littleheath, where it's cool and shady."

After the wagon had been stacked high with the girls' luggage and they had started on the long ride down the dusty road, Molly suddenly jerked the horse to a standstill and looked at the girls as if she had received a mortal shock.

"I knew I should forget something.

When I wrote and advised you as to what dishes to bring I forgot to mention Patty's little frying-pan!"

The three girls burst into laughter.

"Talk about a frying-pan," said Patty, "this one is certainly a favorite. And I'll tell you what, girls, I feel in my bones that this small iron article, insignificant as it may appear, will be an agent in the hands of Providence to bring something wonderful to pass."

Wise little Patty; bones somethimes feel the truth,

The long, dusty road was forgotten when they entered the cool, fragrant woods about Littleheath. The air was quiet and comforting, and the girls hushed their merry chatter and drank in the loveliness about them.

Almost hidden by the trees stood Littleheath Camp—a dear old farmhouse—and behind it stretched sunny fields, through which ran Molly's brook, shaded by slender willows. All was commotion while the girls unpacked and visited and chattered and arranged the rooms, doing a dozen things at once and finishing nothing as only four girls on a vacation can do.

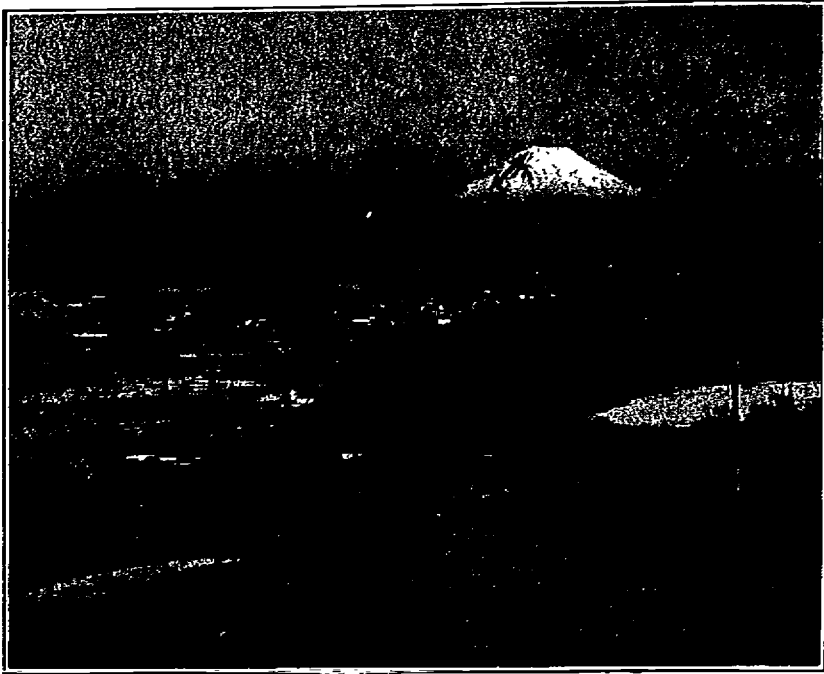
Lillian, whose dignified height was enveloped in a huge gingham apron, pounded the table with the handle of the important little frying-pan and announced:

"Ladies, as master of ceremonies and chief mogul of this domain, allow me to appoint the several duties belonging to my subjects. Molly is at liberty to paint, having performed her duties well. I will attend to the marketing and sweeping, and Rose and Peggy can cook or chase butterflies, whichever they prefer."

"We'll do both, won't we Pattikins?" laughed Rose.

The days that followed were very happy ones. The girls spent their days in the woods and along the brook, growing rested after the year's hard work in town. Lillian forgot all about her office work, Molly painted to her heart's content, and quiet Rose and vivacious little Patty gathered flowers and sang and were altogether happy. One afternoon Patty announced her intention of going down to the "Millstone," on the brook.

"There is just one thing that this Paradise lacks," she declared, "and that's a



View from the Veranda of the Ladies' Hall, of Commencement Bay, Tacoma and the Mountain Range. The Athletic Field of the College is seen in part in the foreground.

man. A real, live man, who is a general nuisance and who bosses you around. You girls don't feel the need of one, of course, for Lillian is engaged and Molly and Rose are absorbed in their art. But two whole weeks without sight of a man is an awful nervous strain, I declare. I feel just as I did when I was about ten years old and wished the water pipes would burst or my kitten have a fit, just for a change. Well, I'm off to the Millstone, and I'll take my frying-pan along and bring some plants back in it."

Two hours later Rose stood at the window playing very softly as the afternoon deepened and faded into dark. Little-

heath was growing quiet. All the beauty of twilight, all the secret longings of the girl's gentle heart seemed to breathe and sob under the delicate fingers. Lillian and Molly sat on the floor with their arms about each other, looking out into space, dreaming untold dreams.

Suddenly the door flew open and Patty dashed into the room.

"Girls, the frying-pan has done it! I knew it would. Rose, braid up my hair, and Lillian do, for goodness sake, brush this mud off me! And be quick, be quick! I knew something would happen! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

(To be continued.)

The Unity of Things.

It has been decreed by natural and by spiritual law that a thing divided against itself cannot stand. To be strong it must be united. Strength is symbolized by the unit, by solidity, by completeness. About us everywhere we find that nature is a

most finished worker. And if you were to ask wherein lies her success, she would reply: "I know how to build. Look at my trees, at those rocks, and finally at those towering mountains. Notice that everything I have builded has been finished.

They are complete." And, sure enough, when we have examined the tree, although composed of several layers and at different points projections that form branches on which the thousands of useful leaves are sustained, we learn that all these seeming differences contribute to the formation of a giant oak, at once symbolical of all that is grand, true and useful in nature.

Likewise, the different seasons of our year, by a blending and unified direction, have made our world beautiful and harmonious. Because she is consistent, her laws are obeyed by her millions of various subjects. At first sight these subjects seem to be in a chaotic state. This, however, is because each class must of necessity reach its goal by different processes. Yet upon the signal of springtime, after having lain dormant during the long, dreary winter, each subject springs into active being, and everywhere around us is nature's workshop, teeming with its busy, though silent, workers. Then, as summer advances, each corps of workers accelerates its intense preparation for that regal day of harvest announced annually by timely autumn. Viewing all this as a whole, we cannot help but recognize the unity of all things natural.

This idea of nature is accepted and enforced also in our varied sports, and is called team work. We accept the supreme law of unity and train consistently for the attainment of machine-like precision.

Among mortals, however, an innate quality of unity is hope, buoyant hope, enthusiasm; for it has been said that "nothing great has ever been accomplished without enthusiasm." This quality is necessary in participants to sustain them in defeats and failures. Likewise, it is necessary in supporters, because success is its own reward, while defeat alone reveals to us our truest friends. What is loyalty if it is not the evidence of eternal hope in the face of adversities? Is it any merit to do an easy thing? Do you think yourself loyal because you have shouted with all your strength upon the receipt of good news? While our pride seeks recognition upon success, that pleasure could be foregone without our losing good cheer; but the complete falling away of supposed friends because of reversed circumstances very often carries men to the verge of

despondency. Are you loyal? Then let it be seen in the hour of need.

A grim determination to succeed and loyalty shown during defeat seldom, if ever, fail to bring final victory. We have but to look to history, where countless examples of this fact are recorded. A most striking example was shown by the Romans in their memorable life-conflict with that peerless Hannibal. Although attacked, routed and annihilated in the battles of Ticinus, Trebia, Lake Tracimenus, and that most complete defeat at Cannae, the nobility and loyalty of a strong people was evidenced when the ambassadors conveying terms of peace from Hannibal were refused admittance to the city. Instead of being disheartened and crushed by the unprecedented defeats, Rome was a unit in the determination to die rather than admit defeat. The test of men and nations is their behavior in the face of great troubles.

In more recent times we only need to be reminded of our great civil conflict, when our minds will recall those two and one-half years of unvarying defeats. Then it was that the real strength of the North shone forth, and finally, under the leadership of that tireless man, Gen. Grant, ultimate victory was secured as the North's logical reward.

This principle of hope and unity belongs not alone to big things, such as nature and nations, but it also belongs to the individual. The founder of the Vanderbilt millions began as an ordinary ferryman. He saved his money and bought a steamboat. But as competition was rife, a combination was made among other companies to drive his line out and monopolize the business. Without reckoning with their host, they undertook a rate war. Both parties were engaged with a vengeance. Young Vanderbilt was determined to win against all odds. To accomplish his great purpose he spent all his own money and what money he could borrow quietly from his friends. His resources were about exhausted, and still the grim fight continued. But one day as he was devising means for raising money for the expenses of the next week, his competitors, having been deceived by his clear eyes and bold front, asked terms of peace. Here again victory was the logical reward of perseverance.

No doubt each one of us knows of some person who won out because he had one great purpose, because his direction was unified. We know that their own faith and the loyalty of their true friends played a vital part in their struggle for success. Examples of such people are so numerous that we are positively sure that men having the qualities above mentioned

will succeed. And just as the mariner follows the compass that has shown others the way to safety and which he knows will lead him home, let us follow the principles which we know have guided other men to success, thus ensuring our own success. Let us gain strength by being unified in purpose. Let us be truly loyal and hopeful in the face of defeats.

The Relation Between Religion and Fiction in Novels as Exemplified in "Ben Hur."

The reading public, who, after all, are the best judges of any book, since books are written for their benefit, commonly divide novels into two classes, those that instruct and those that merely amuse. That novel which can combine qualities of both classes in a forceful manner is a superior book.

In many novels, whether their purpose be to instruct or amuse, religion in some form is found, sometimes as the main theme, while again merely unimportant reference is made.

The religious novel naturally exerts a powerful influence. This influence may be elevating or the opposite, according to the author's treatment of the subject. This does not mean according to the author's personal convictions, as was shown in the works of George Eliot, who, although herself an unbeliever, portrayed characters of great Christian faith and loveliness.

One example of a novel, religious in character and combining instruction and amusement of the highest order, is "Ben Hur."

This is the story of a noble young Hebrew. Intertwined with those incidents of his life which are dealt with in the story are certain religious interests in which we are concerned.

The first of these is the influence of his father's religion, as was instanced first in the loving reverence in which he held family ties, and, second, the spirit of revenge toward his enemy which animated him, not as we now consider revenge, but as taught in the Mosaic law, which demanded "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." Surely these characteristics of his race are impressed upon us most forcibly by being combined with an interesting narrative,

The second religious influence felt in the book is that of Christ. His gentle, helpful life and his great influence over Ben Hur, bringing the young man, full of worldly ambition and aspirations for the temporal power and splendor of the Son of David, to see with clear eyes the glory, not of an earthly kingdom, but of a heavenly one, these are forcibly expressed.

What effect has the intermingling of the religious with the secular on the reader, thereby determining the moral worth of the story? The religious reader of this book is entranced with the thrilling interest of the narrative and the great beauty of the portrayal of the life of Jesus.

The reader who is not a Christian, while interested in the story, is awakened to a realization of Christ, a knowledge which he might never have received in any other way. He comes to understand, perhaps more clearly than ever before, the circumstances and conditions of the times, and as he becomes interested the great vital question of the life of each one of us is brought home to him and made real.

It is interesting to note in this connection the fact that Lew Wallace, the author of the book, though an infidel at the time he started upon the story, became a Christian before he had finished accumulating material for his work. Why? Because to write intelligently of his subject he must be well informed, and as he studied he realized the truth and power of Christianity.

This is what most of us need—more knowledge—for the most ignorant are often the most unbelieving, and that is what "Ben Hur," with its beautiful blending of religion and fiction, can do for us.

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THE PEOPLE'S STORE



Through an error that was greatly regretted, the picture of Dean Heath was placed in the January issue without the name. The omission caused a great deal of extra work on the part of the exchange editor.

Dean Heath is an Englishman by birth, a Fellow of Oxford, a man of wide educational experience and forceful personality. During the year that he has been here Whitworth has felt materially the fine, uplifting influence of his culture and practical Christian character.

The article by the Rév. Mr. Barnhisel which was to have been in this number has been unfortunately delayed on account of Mr. Barnhisel's severe illness. We hope to be able to publish it in our next issue.

The editor takes great pleasure in announcing a series of forthcoming articles to be written by members of the faculty. The first will be written by Dean Heath on a subject that will be of great interest to all Whitworth students. Following this Dr. Henry Armstrong will lead us into the classic corners of the Old World and give us a taste of the delights that have been his through extensive travel. Other faculty articles will be announced later.

A matter that is attracting world-wide attention just now is the Japanese question in the San Francisco schools. We

who are on the Pacific Coast understand the conditions far better than any body of learned Easterners could possibly understand them. We do not feel at all competent to discuss the matter fully, but as students we naturally feel greatly interested in it. The action of the San Francisco school board is not an arbitrary ruling, a sudden vagary or momentary whim. It is the result of a feeling that has been with the Golden Gate people for many years. They are driving the Chinamen from them and have made up their minds to treat the Japanese in the same way. They have reasons for doing so, some of them good reasons. For one thing, students of the Japanese people tell us that the Japanese home life is far from pure, and American parents are bound to resent the companionship of foreign-born children of any nationality whose influence would be contaminating.

However, for startling and reckless independence the San Francisco people certainly deserve the prize. They have set themselves in defiance of the principles that form the very root of our national life. Moreover, they have done this with a gaiety and stubbornness that are ridiculous. Under the wise guidance of our Chief Executive matters are being settled in a way that is satisfactory to most of those concerned. Good luck to the American schoolboy, whatever his nationality!

The Latest News.

Musical.

Albert Gray has been secured as head of the voice department. Vocal students are enthusiastic over their work. The college should be congratulated both upon their excellent choice of an instructor and upon the large number of capable students.

The musical additions to Friday chapel are immensely enjoyed. Miss Olivet Smith sang on the 8th and Miss Zilpha Phillips, Whitworth '04, sang February 15.

The music lovers of the college are looking forward eagerly to the complimentary concert to be given by Albert Gray and Edith Moxom Gray on March 1. Admission will be by complimentary ticket only, and these will be limited to the seating capacity of the chapel.

Everything is running smoothly in the piano department. Both Miss Munro and Miss Persing are exceedingly busy

Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

The day of prayer for colleges was observed Sunday, the 10th, by the girls in the Y. W. C. A. room. Miss Ghormley sang. The leaders of the girls' meetings during the month have been Sara Ghormley, Pearla Robbins and Miss Hansee. Special music has been furnished by Nicolene Meldahl and Mary Cox.

The meetings of the Men's Association have had very interesting subjects. Leaders have been William Platt, Carl Norton and Walter Briggs. On February 13 a song service was led by John Crandall.

The Minstrel Show.

Thursday evening, February 28, the annual minstrel show will be given in the Mason library. The show this year promises to be the best in the history of the school. Manager Doud has worked hard to bring all parts to perfection. Henry Werner was secured to train the boys and he has arranged an excellent program. Mr. Werner is a good coach, having had a great deal of experience in this line of work. He is taking entire charge of the show, making a specialty of the chorus work and the comic parts.

The solo work will be handled by the best singers in school, supported by a large chorus. All of four old minstrel show men will be in their places, and many new ones to help us out. Grosseup and Carson will look after the end men's stunts, and we expect great things from them. Everybody is working hard and the practices are well attended, and if it is supported by the student body it should be a grand success. The tickets are out now, and everybody should buy immediately. It is the duty of those not in the show to take tickets and sell as many as possible. It is not the true college spirit to knock everything that comes along, but to boost. We need the money to turn out a winning baseball team; for which we have fine material. Help out the management by buying now and take tickets to sell, and don't stop till every seat is sold. Keep this on your mind, and don't "have another engagement" Thursday evening, February 28.



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Kappa Gamma.

On the 15th of the month the Kappa Gamma girls gave a very interesting program on "The American Girl as a Craftswoman." The first part of the program, was as follows:

"The Manhattan Trade School for Girls" Andora Cox

"The Negro Girl as a Craftswoman"

. Olga Johnson

"How the Indian Girl Learns to Work" Edith Ware

Piano Solo. Katherine Robinson

The second part of the program consisted of original poems, describing the stunts which the girls performed in order to earn their Kappa Gamma money. Some of these poems follow:

A poor, weary bootblack am I,
When, with many a groan and a sigh,
I hail all the passers-by
With a mournful, pathetic cry.

Oh, do come and help, I implore,
And do not turn off from my door,
For oft-times my heart is so sore
That I cannot but worry some more.

Worry and think of some way
By which I can bring into play
On that very eventful day
Two plunks for colonial array.

Then all of a sudden there came
An idea which seemed to be game,
So out came the shoes that were lame,
And by polishing I made my fame.

They say that lovely woman's part
Is to find her way to a masculine heart;
Sometimes it's easy, sometimes it's slow,
But there's one sure road that's bound to
go

Straight thru his stomach, whoever he be,
If you don't believe it, just try and see.
One day a lass made up her mind
That two cold dollars she must find.
She loved to cook, and so reflected
That dollars and dimes could be collected
If she'd bring a hot lunch from home, you
see,

For the starving folk in the librarree.
And when her restaurant was over
She felt like a young colt out in clover.
Fair maidens all, take heed to this:
"The life of a cook is a life of bliss."

Listen, good people, and you shall hear
A tale of dread and a tale of fear
And a tale that is but half told.
Some time ago when they told us we
Should earn a dollar for our party,
I felt confident and bold.

By twos they say all good things go,
In some things I am sure 'tis so.

In earning dollars now I doubt it.
In six weeks I've earned 97 cents;
If it seems to you a few paltry pence
I'll tell you all about it.

It may be true, as menfolks taunt us,
That ghosts of many lost secrets haunt us;
That we are faithless, fickle.
On the night of open dorm., alack,
I told the secret of the beans in the sack,
And by doing it earned a nickel.

The sweetest story that ever was told,
One that never grows dull or old;
Listen and you shall hear:
Sweeter than honey and honeycomb,
If you have it with someone or have it
alone.

Girls like it too well, I fear.

Maybe now you'd like to know
This wonderfully sweet thing, and so
I'll tell you when it's handy.
Now I'll make some more money as fast as
I can

And turn it all to Kappa Gamm.
Why, I made some more today;
I made it along a literary line;
And when you all know how in that I
shine

Maybe I can make more that way.

I'll write u ppoetry, blank or rhyme,
For a paltry half a cent a line—
Serjous, sentimental or fun.
Prose will come a dozen words for a cent.
With such modest rates you are surely
content.

Say, don't you work some work done?

Sing a song of candy
And of a candy sale;
Sing a song of dollars,
And thereby hangs a tale.

We gathered in a kitchen,
And we were only two,
With popcorn, sugar, chocolate,
For great things we would do.

We made a lot of candy;
In some ways it was fun,
But we had lots of trials
And were glad when we were done.

Our sale was in the bookstore,
I hurried for the key;
And while good folks were in chapel
We fixed up our candy.

The president had read the notice
A couple of times or more,
And most before chapel was ended
The people were at our door.

"I want two cents' worth of popcorn
And three cents' worth of fudge,"
This was our smallest order,
But we filled it without a grudge.

"Sweet sappeal to sweet things"
Is a saying somewhat stale,
But Whitworth folks must be awfully
sweet
To judge by our candy sale.

So sing a song of candy
And of people who like; then
This finished up the story of
Of my two dollars Amen!

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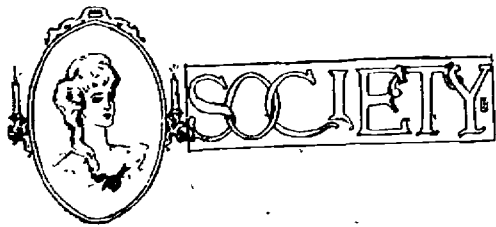
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SOCIETY.

For a week before the eventful night of February 1 the Sophomore girls were up to their ears in curiosity about the surprise the boys were going to give them, and guessed everything imaginable. But their expectations of a good time were more than fully realized. They took the car to American Lake, where rowboats were waiting to take them across to the American Inn. Here the hungry crowd was treated to a splendidly appointed dinner, and after enjoying songs and stories around the great fireplace, they were rowed back across the moonlit lake. A special car was waiting to take them home, although the freshies had tried to cancel the order, and the girls all agree that the sophomore boys know how to entertain.

Miss Dunlap's pupils of the oratory department gave a carefully planned and well-executed recital Friday evening, February 8. Mr. Ayers recited Tennyson's "The Revenge," exhibiting marked ability and careful training. A scene from "The School for Scandal" was cleverly presented, with Charles Rodman as the irascible Sir Peter, and Anna McMaster as the coquettish Lady Teazle. Miss Frances Beaven's recitation was "The Boy Orator of Zepatah City," which she charmed the audience with her wonderful power of expression. The program ended with a laughable farce, "Cupid in Shirt Sleeves," in which Agnes Streeter, Frances Beaven, Lillian Litton, George Rossman and Elmore McMaster took part. Miss Winifred Lewys, of the School of Music, assisted; also Miss Sara Ghormley, who received an encore for her delightful singing.

Thursday evening, February 14, the library, beautifully decorated with fir boughs red hearts and valentines, was the scene of the annual valentine party given by the preparatory school. This date is set aside exclusively for the preps, who always make the most of the occasion, and

this time proved no exception. The committees, who had worked faithfully, were all heartily praised for the good time they gave those lucky enough to be present.

Friday evening, February 15, the inmates of the lodge were at home to their friends. The rooms were all in their holiday best, and their proud possessors were very pleasant hosts. It is only once a year that the girls may satisfy their curiosity about the mysteries within those walls, and they made the most of it. After all the rooms had been inspected the guests were entertained with games in the gymnasium. Delicious punch, mixed by home talent, was served in the reception hall.

Miss Anna Sander, '06, of Ellensburg, was the guest of Miss Dunlap last week.

JUNIOR CLASS SONG.

Green young Freshman
Thou hast, thou hast a verdant air;
Green young Freshman
Thou hast a verdant air.
The verdant air will fade, oh!
'Twas never known to fail, oh!
Green young Freshman
Thou hast, thou hast a verdant air;
Green young Freshman
Thou hast a verdant air.

Bold, bad Sophomore
Thou hast, thou hast, a course to run;
Bold, bad Sophomore
Thou hast an awful course.
The awful course will end, oh!
But there'll be bones to mend, oh!
Bold, bad Sophomore
Thou hast, thou hast a course to run;
Bold, bad Sophomore
Thou hast an awful course.

Learned Juniors—
We are both bright and jolly, too;
Learned Juniors—
We are right jolly, too.
In Whitworth's halls we are the best;
We are the class that leads the rest.
Learned Juniors—
We are both bright and jolly, too;
Learned Juniors—
We are right jolly, too.

Stately Senior—
 Thou hast, thou hast a cap and gown;
 Stately Senior—
 Thou hast a cap and gown.
 The cap and gown remind thee
 Of days long left behind thee.
 Stately Senior—
 Thou hast, thou hast a cap and gown;
 Stately Senior—
 Thou hast a cap and gown.

CLASS YELL.

Klahiya! Klahiya!
 Wigwam snake!
 Skookum! Skookum!
 Nineteen eight!

SOPHOMORE SONGS.

Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

Oh, we are the class that's so brilliant,
 So wise and so wonderfully strong,
 We lick every poor little Freshie
 That foolishly happens along.

CHORUS.

Sophomore! Sophomore!
 The best of the school in every line.
 Sophomore! Sophomore!
 Oh, we are the mighty naught nine.

Oh, poor little cabbage-head Freshies,
 Already you know whom to fear;
 Go back to your dollies and playthings,
 You've really no right to be here.

CHORUS

Freshment! Freshmen!
 Back in the woods is the place for you.
 Freshies! Freshies!
 Dear little Freshies! Skidoo!!

Why didn't you come to the banquet,
 And where are your caps so fine?
 Unless you are looking for trouble,
 Beware of mighty '09.

CHORUS.

Freshie! Freshie!
 We tied you up once and could do it
 again.
 Freshie! Freshie!
 Oh, what will the Freshies do then?

Tune of "Old Oaken Bucket."
 The cute little Freshies, with freshly
 washed faces,
 Will soon give so proudly their smart
 monkey show;
 How happy they are with their own little
 ditties,
 So be patient with them, though they
 are rather slow.
 Their fond, doting parents have carefully
 drilled them,
 With long nights of practice their
 stunts they have learned.
 And since they are waiting with great
 expectation,
 We'll now let them show us each thing
 in its turn.
 The dear little Freshies, the innocent
 Freshies,
 How much of the world they yet have
 to learn.

SOPHOMORE YELLS.

Razzle dazzle,
 Kazip, kazine,
 Sophomore! Sophomore!
 Naughty-nine!

Hi ki! hi ki!
 Rip, rah, rine!
 Sophomore! Sophomore!
 1909!

Seniors and Sophomores
 The mighty two.
 Juniors and Freshmen
 Skidoo! Skidoo!

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ALL FRESHMEN YELL!

Sky Rocket!
Phs-s-siss—Boom! Bah!
Freshmen! Freshmen! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Who? What? Which? When?
We're the closs of 1910.
Ripper, sprinkle, you're the wrinkle;
What's the matter with the Freshmen
closs?
Up with the Red! Down with the green!
Beef and thunder, that's your blunder.
Ray for the Freshmen Ray! Ray! Ray!

DRINK IT DOWN.

Here's to the august Seniors, drink it
down;
Here's to the august Seniors, drink it
down;
Here's to the august Seniors, so wise with
many years,
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it
down, down, down.
Here's to our friends the Juniors, drink it
down;
Here's to our friends the Juniors drink it
down;
Here's to our friends the Juniors, whom
every Sophomore fears.
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it
down, down, down.
But speaking of the Sophomores, knock
'em down;
But speaking of the Sophomores, knock
'em down;
But speaking of the Sophomores, send
them to the other shores,
Knock 'em down, knock 'em down, knock
'em down, down, down.
Here's to the good old Freshmen, drink it
down;
Here's to the good old Freshman, drink it
down;
Here's to the good old Freshman, the class
of 1910,
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it
down, down, down
Well man! Sick man!
Dead man! Stiff!
Sophomores! Sophomores!
Stone dead! Stiff!
Class of '10 Eat 'em up!
What's the diff!
The Sophomores had a president, presi-
dent,
His name was Billy Platt,

Whoopedoodle, doodledee, doodledee,
doodledee, doodledee!
Whoopedoodle, doodledee!
His name was Billy Platt.
And everywhere that Willie went Billy
went, Willie went,
The Sophs were sure to go.
Whoopedoodle, doodledee, doodledee,
doodledee, doodledee!
Whoopedoodle, doodledee!
The Sophs were sure to go.
They followed him to school one day,
school one day, school one day,
Which was against the rule.
Whoopedoodle, doodledee, doodledee,
doodledee, doodledee!
Whoopedoodle, doodledee!
Which was against the rule.
It made the Freshies laugh and play,
laugh and play, laugh and play,
To see those fools at school.
Whoopedoodle, doodledee, doodledee,
doodledee, doodledee!
Whoopedoodle, doodledee!
To see those fools at school.
They ate a can of paint one day, paint one
day, paint one day,
And found the paint was green.
Whoopedoodle, doodledee, doodledee,
doodledee, doodledee!
Whoopedoodle, doodledee!
And found the paint was green.
Willie's soul to heaven went, heaven went,
heaven went,
The Sophomores went to—
Whoopedoodle, doodledee, doodledee,
doodledee, doodledee!
Whoopedoodle, doodledee!
The Sophomores went there, too.
Three cheers for the Seniors!
Hip! Hip! Hooray!
Hip! Hip! Hooray!
Hip! Hip! Hooray!
Three cheers for the Juniors!
Hip! Hip! Hooray!
Hip! Hip! Hooray!
Hip! Hip! Hooray!
Three cheers for the Sophomores!
? ? ? ? ?
? ? ? ? ?
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Personals.

Why does Platt like courduroys? Because they wear (Ware) so.

P——'s favorite words: In Latin, "laetitia"; in German, "tisch"

Walter Briggs: I know that sugar cane is sweet, for we have raised Cain.

Prof. Whitely: What is Bath metal?
C. M.: Soap.

Charley (looking at the red-hot slag at the smelter): I'll be good always after this.

Dr. K.: Mr. McCauley, will you please have those disorderly students come into chapel?

Three minutes later Prof. Voris comes meandering in.

Dean Heath in Arithmetic: Agnes Payment, why haven't you your lesson.

A. P.: I had to learn the Ten Commandments. (Did she know them?)

Why was Leota Warburton interested in the introduction of Miss Brown?

Cozey corners were in great demand at the Valentine party.

Olga Johnson: A pickle is little and green like I am.

Ethel L.: My, but the air is clear; I can't see a sound.

Miss B. (in Latin): Mr. Paul, I hope you don't think that I am unjust to you.

Paul: O, no! I think you are very nice, Miss B.

Sara: Gert, you will have to know how to wash dishes. Does Dick know how?

Gert: I don't know, but I'll soon find out.

Mildred Smith: I think women ought to smoke as well as men.

Prof. V—s: The higher up you go, the less heat it takes to boil water.

John B—n: Then if you would go high enough you could blow your breath on water and boil it.

Miss Hansee (in roll call): Edith May Ware!

Edith: O, Miss Hansee, I want to change my name.

A C.'s commandment, as she would have it: "Ten days shalt thou labor and do no work."

There are always compensations, Sara; the skating rink is one.

Latest news from the hospital: Dody has the mumps.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Willie had a brand new girl,
Her name was Edith Ware;
And everywhere that Willie went
She was always there.

He took her to American Lake,
Although it was quite far,
He bought for her a magazine,
And read it on the car.

And he was nice as he could be
Coming home that night.
It made the Sophomores laugh and play
To witness such a sight.

Billy back to studying went,
Skirving took his place;
Whoever gets her must be he
Who has the handsomest face.

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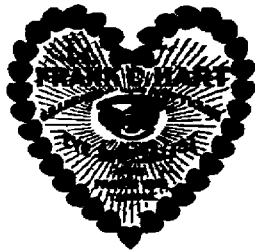
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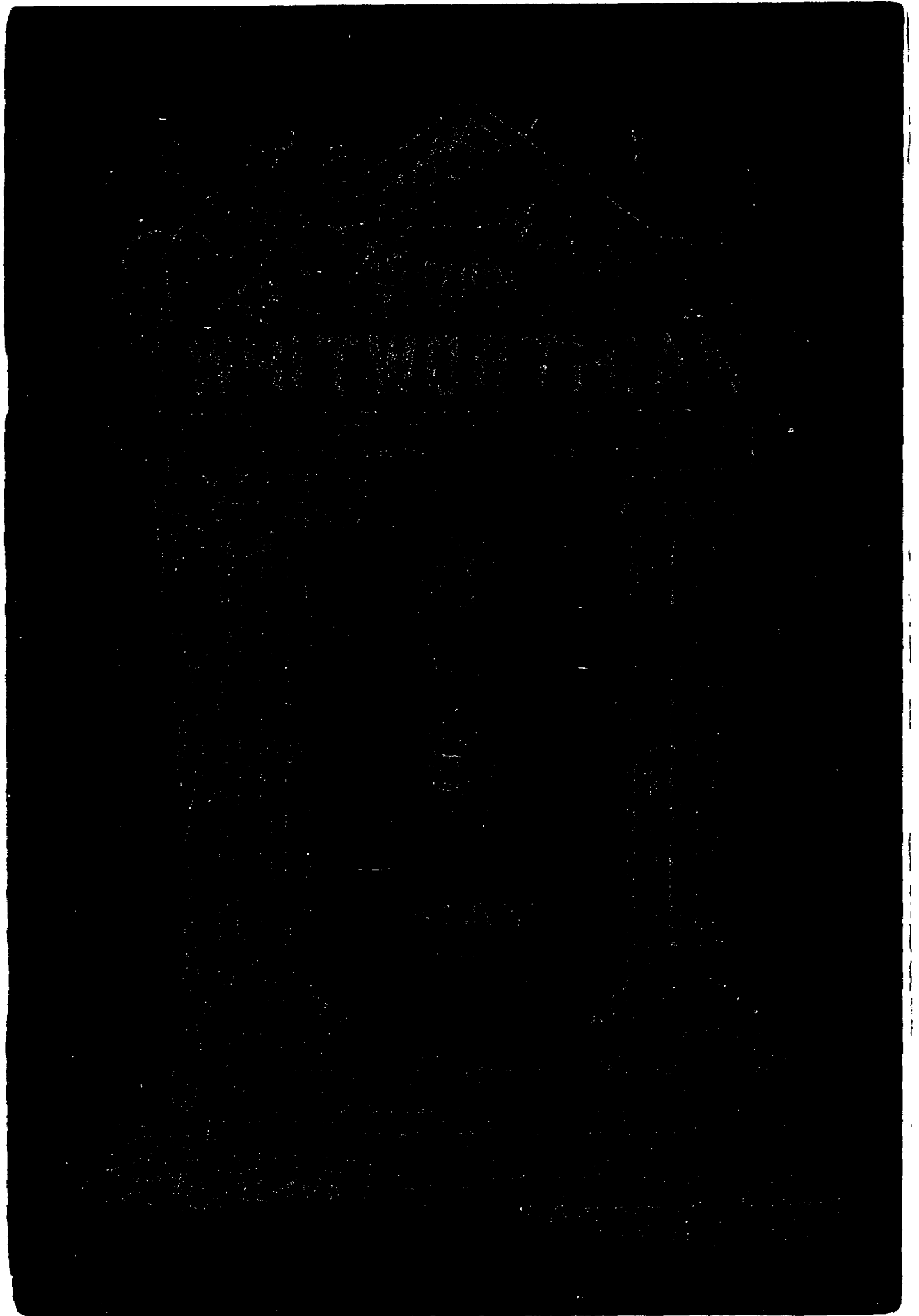
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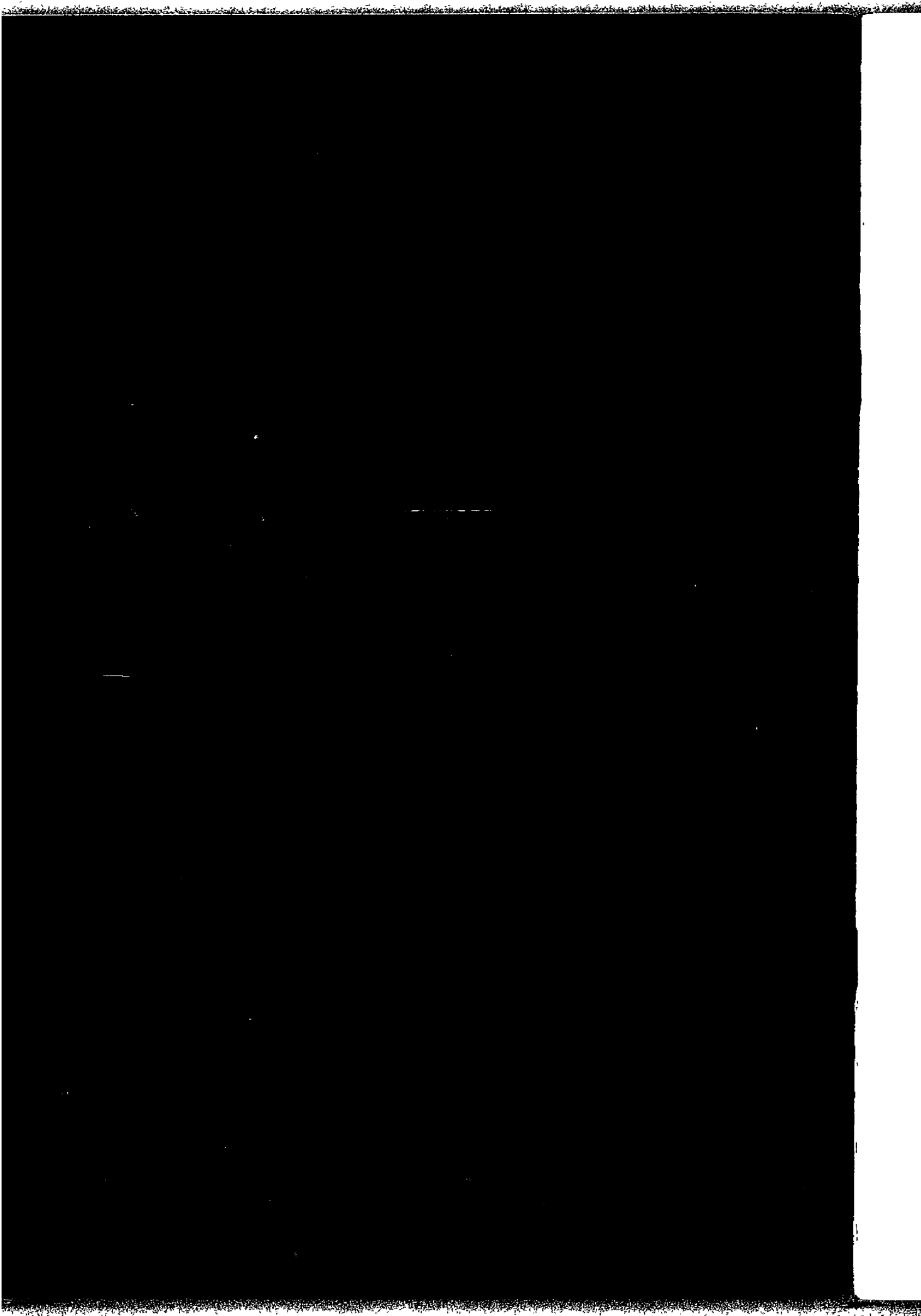
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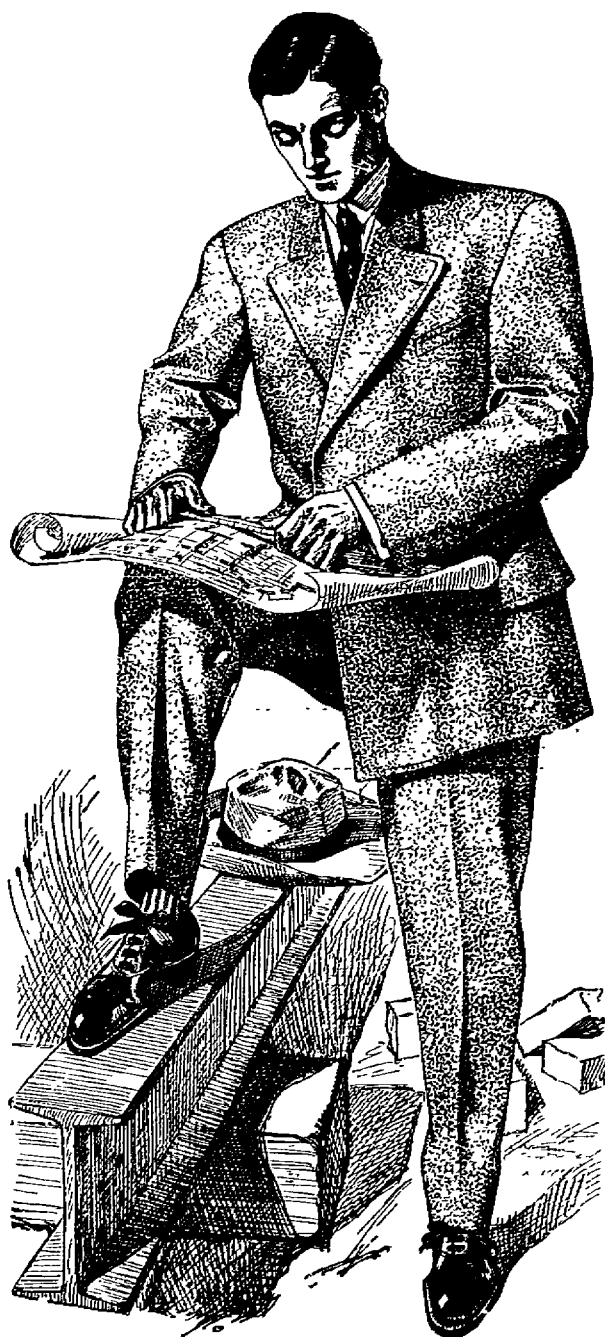
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Volume III

TACOMA, WASH., MAY, 1907

Number 8

Published by the Students of Whitworth College and devoted exclusively to the interests of that institution. Students are invited to contribute literary articles and items of general or personal information.

Entered at the Post Office, Tacoma, Wash., as second-class mail matter

Mary C. Cox '09..... Editor-in-Chief | Walter Briggs '09 Business Manager
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READ AND CONSIDER PAGE NEXT TO BACK COVER.

A Vacation Romance.

JESSIE LA WALL '09.

"I wish we'd gone to the post office now, we could at least have seen the train come in. It's the only excitement left," grumbled Sam, as she disconsolately chewed a wisp of hay in perfect imitation of the stable boy. "The stage won't be here until four, and like as not it will bring some kind of 'ologist.' They spoil the scenery."

"I think it is better than excitement to be resting up here in the hay. You'll wear me to nothing tearing around all the time, and then my name won't fit me." Roomy was quite satisfied, for this just suited her 165 pounds. "There's the stage now! What made it—" But Sam's alert ears had caught the sound of a team crossing the bridge and she was already swinging down by the rafters.

"Gleefulness!" she squealed, her eyes shining and her black curls tumbling down. Sam's hair always fell down when she got excited. "It's not the stage at all,—it's two boys in a rig and they're turning in to the camp grounds and they have some kind of college caps, and—"

"And anybody would think you'd never

seen a boy before," scolded Roomy, finally reaching the peep-hole.

"Well, I haven't—since day before yesterday. Come on, let's give 'em a chance to discover us." But Roomy stood, a solid barricade against the door.

"Sam Newport, we'll wait until you do up your hair, you little cyclone," she said, and proved the necessary check to Sam's mad career.

"Well, Miss Sam," called Mrs. Hunt, who kept the little mountain resort, as she saw the girls coming up the path, "You better be mighty glad you have to eat at the second table now, cuz they's two young men in the camp ground goin' t' take their dinners here fer a couple o' days, and we'll have to put them at that table. Wasn't they likely lookin' boys though, 'specially that blawnde one with the blue sweater?"

"You certainly have a discerning eye, Mrs. Hunt," Sam declared. "Now, maybe you can convince Roomy he's the best one."

Then how the quiet place did ring with fun and laughter! Big bonfires at night in the old cotton wood stump at the turn



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Business Manager

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Editor-in-Chief

JOHN CRANDALL
Business Manager
KENNETH I. GHORMLEY
Literary Editor

of the road, which made a perfect fireplace, fishing by day in the mountain streams, walking to all the points of interest in the surrounding country, and climbing the great foothills of grand old Mount Tacoma, gathering the beautiful wild flowers, which grow in such profusion in the sheltered places.

Big blonde Jack Russell following the lead of mad-cap Sam, who reached about half-way between his shoulder and his elbow, while Roomy brought up the rear, as usual, with Osborne Gray, who was quite satisfied to go a less strenuous pace.

Extract from Jack's diary:

"Struck a jolly place up here,—never had so much fun in my life. We're mighty glad to see some girls. She's a pippin. The right kind to her finger tips. Osborne says I'm hard hit and I'm beginning to believe it. Guess my time has come. Anyway, we'll stay a little longer. Been here two weeks and still going to stay."

"Haven't we had a splendid time these last two weeks?" said Sam, sitting on the fence like the little tomboy she was, "it's the kind of time I like, but I never saw a boy before that I didn't tire out in a week."

"In fact," answered her blonde companion quite earnestly, "you've found some one you never could tire out, Sam. It's the best two weeks I've ever had, and I wonder if I'd spoil it all by telling you—"

"Oh, there's the stage with a package for me! See the driver waving it? Do the gallant stunt and get it for me!" interrupted Sam.

"Oh, how delicious! It's the plans for our house, and Phil has sent them up to

me, 'cause he knows I couldn't wait to see them." Sam jumped down and tore the roll open. "Oh, Jack, aren't they perfectly splendid! And Phil's been working and saving for two years for the house. Come on, let's show them to the rest. Why, how tired you look, you needn't have hurried so."

Extract from Jack's diary:

"Falling in love with an engaged girl! What horrible luck! And the worst of it is, I am a 'goner.' Philip Bentley! Saw his name on the other side of the package. She's rather young to have been engaged two years—only twenty. Seems to be a sure thing. All I can do, is go back to work. Hope Os doesn't ask any questions."

* * *

"Well, you are the queerest duck I ever saw. Thought you were going to stay another week," explained Osborne, who was just recovering from the whirlwind change he had gone through that morning, and hadn't fairly recovered his breath until they were half way to the station. "That little Sam is rather flighty, but she suits you to a T. Did I ever get a chance to tell you I knew her brother? Supported her and his mother for five years now,—ever since her father died, she told me. I didn't connect them because of the names; he's her step-brother, you know, Phil Bentley—"

"Who! Her what?" Jack clutched the reins with a force that nearly brought old Dolly up on her hind feet. "Her step-brother, man!—Hey! back up, Dolly!

What we going to do? Why, turn around, you old chump, don't you see?"

Ely Cathedral.

DEAN A. H. HEATH.

The English Cathedrals are records in stone of the centuries during which they were being built. Each cathedral has some distinctive feature which marks it off from all the others. In many respects Ely is the most interesting of them all. Its history goes back to the year 673, when S. Etheldreda founded a monastery for men and women. Estheldreda was a

daughter of an East Anglian King and afterwards the wife of a King of Northumberland. She retired from the wearisome court life to found her retreat in the Isle of Ely. Her name stands identified with the beautiful pile which arose on the ruins of her monastery. The 17th of October is still "S. Andrey's Feast"—the name being an abbreviation of Etheldreda.

The choir boys of the city deck themselves with ribbons in commemoration of her. These ribbons are the modern representatives of the links of a chain given to pilgrims at her shrine in the Middle Ages. They were known as "Saint Andrey's Ribbons," and by a method in language familiar to students became "Tawdry" and hence the familiar word applied to showy finery without taste. By the fair of our modern days we are linked with the pure and gentle woman who lived a gracious life in a wild dark age.

The Danes destroyed the monastery of Etheldreda in the year 870. A few of the members, who had escaped massacre, carried on the work and rebuilt part of the monastery. In 970 a Benedictine Foundation took the place of the mixed community. From that time there has been at Ely an unbroken line of monks and cathedral authorities. The cathedral was begun in 1093 by Simeon, the first Norman Abbot. From that date to the death of Alan de Walsingham there were continual additions and restorations. The noblest work was that associated with the famous builder just named. The Norman central tower fell in 1322 destroying also part of the choir. Alan de Walsingham replaced the fallen structure by the beautiful Octagon Lantern, which is said to be the only Gothic dome in existence. The Octagon is the distinguishing glory of Ely and is perhaps the most beautiful and original design to be found in the whole range of Gothic architecture. Alan also built the Lady Chapel, "a dream in stone," the Decorated Choir, the exquisite Prior Crandere's Chapel. With his death in 1364, end the great buildings in Ely. It is well to remember the Galilee porch built by Bishop Eustace in 1198-1215, and the Presbytery of Bishop Hugh de Norwold, 1235-1252. After Alan de Walsingham's day there were erected within the cathedral the Chantries of Bishops Alcock and West. Sir Christopher Wren restored the fallen portion of the North Transept and the "destroyer" Wyatt removed the Norman screen and rood loft in 1801. Sir Gilbert Scott was appointed architect in 1847, and this, his first cathedral appointment, laid the foundation of his fame.

Perhaps no cathedral in England brings one into closer touch with Mediaeval times than Ely. It stands a beautiful pile above

the wide expanding fensland, with slow rivers and undeviating flats, covered with corn or root crops in the autumn and bare in the other portions of the year. The city itself with its low roofed houses clusters round the cathedral. It is a part of England little influenced by the rush and fever of the age. The peasants live to a good old age undisturbed by any excitement greater than an occasional election. With a little exercise of the imagination you can see the sainted Etheldreda nursing and ministering to her household and poor, the rush of the Danes and their fiery vengeance on the Saxon Christians, and the regathering of the remnants of the house. The new house becomes the abode of monks whose singing so won the praise of King Canute as he rowed in the river near by. The scene changes to the tumult of the Normans invasion and the hopeless, but brave struggle of Hereward. The sound of hammers and chisel resounded through the centuries till Alan's work becomes the praise of Christendom. The dream may be disturbed by the sound of a railway whistle from the valley, but if that sound is unheard there is nothing to recall the mind to modern times.

DID HE GET THEM?

The records in the War Department in Washington are, as a rule, very dry, but occasionally an entry is found that is humorous.

An officer of engineers, in charge of the construction of a road that was to be built through a swamp, being energetic himself and used to surmounting mere obstacles, was surprised when one of his young lieutenants whom he had ordered to take twenty men and enter the swamp said that he "could not do it—the mud was too deep." The colonel ordered him to try. He did so, and returned with his men covered with mud, and said:

"Colonel, the mud is over my men's heads. I can't do it."

The colonel insisted, and told him to make a requisition for anything that was necessary for the safe passage. The lieutenant made his requisition in writing and on the spot. It was as follows:

"I want twenty men eighteen feet long to cross a swamp fifteen feet deep."—*Harper's Weekly*.

Concentration of Time and Energy.

RALPH AYERS '08.

It is customary for the successful business man at the close of each year to take an inventory of his stock in order that he may determine how nearly he has succeeded in reaching the goal which he set a year before, and that he may know upon what basis to plan for greater enterprises for the future. I have been wondering for some time if it would not be profitable for the student to adopt this method of the common-sense business man. The close of the school year is near at hand, only a few days more and we will be scattered to our various summer occupations. It certainly will do no harm to stop and ask myself a question or two. "Am I getting the most out of college life?" "Do I realize what a college course should mean?" "Am I a better student than I was last September?" While I am thus lost in reflection an automobile whizzes past and I am brought back to earth again and wonder why I am so foolish as to be wasting my time in this manner. A thousand pleasures seem to immediately suggest themselves. The sun is shining beautifully, how exhilarating would be a long walk in the woods or a spin through the park on my wheel! How glassy and smooth the water appears! It would be a delightful day for a row or a sail. So I am overcome by the charms of nature and I forget all my lofty ideals and throw down my books. This would be very well if I did not become so fascinated with enjoying the beauties of nature that I forget that I am a student. Again and again do I give up to the impulses within me to seek pleasure what ever may be the cost, until I am suddenly brought to the realization of the fact that it is almost impossible for me to again acquire my studious habits, and I am compelled to ask myself the same old questions. I know that to get the most out of college life I must go through the daily grind of study and recitation and other daily duties for it is the "line upon line and precept upon precept" after all that really counts. Nor is it simply the knowledge that we get from the class-room that counts. It is the wide awake, self-reliant student, the one who studies mankind as well as books, who becomes the scholar.

If one is to judge from the conduct of some students he certainly is compelled to believe that some do not in fact realize the meaning of a college course. A short time ago I heard a student remark that he had read a lesson twice and still did not know what he had read. That certainly was no fault of the author of the text, but there most emphatically was something wrong with the will power of the student. A brain was given that student to use, but unfortunately it was not the kind that could be wound up like a phonograph and set going. It required strenuous effort and application to make that organ perform its functions and that is just where the difficulty was and that is where the difficulty is in the case of a number of students whom we know; it seems against their moral principles to commit such a crime as to work their brains.

Another fault which I notice is the waste of time. Twenty minutes is taken in which to go to a class when five would be ample time. He who complains most of long lessons is usually the one who spends the hour before class in visiting and talking with his chums. Five minutes is spent here and five there until the total of wasted minutes in a day amounts to hours. It is these lackadaisical methods of study that go to prove that some students at least do not realize the object of a four years course of training in college. We are often told that the college course is meant for a foundation for one's life work, but this foundation is not a firm one unless we learn to think and to think clearly and logically. That this training of the mind cannot be acquired in a short time has been proven by the fact that our educators have decided that a four year course is short enough time for the college course. Yet the utilitarian student is continually asking the question, "Of what practical use in life will this or that be to me?" He shuns Greek, Latin and everything that does not seem to promise him dollars and cents and when he is starting on his technical course of study he is building a marble structure upon a foundation of wood. The line of study that he rejects, those studies which develop concentration of mind and systematic habits of study, is

just the material out of which a good foundation is made. Why does the base ball captain insist that every man on the team turn out for practice every day? Every athlete knows that only continuous training produces skill and physical endurance. Why does the foot ball team concentrate its strength upon one point in order to

break through the opponents line? Common-sense answers the question. Why not use the same reasoning in study? These same laws of the physical world when applied to the mental world will certainly accomplish greater comparative results since the brain is made capable of a much higher development.

With the Music Lovers.

That college work is truly one of gradations and climax is clearly evidenced in our musical department.

First, in the vocal department, our able instructor, Mr. Gray, has been invited to take part in the May Festival in Bellingham, on the 29th and 30th of May.

In the first week in June, in the Masonic Temple, Mr. Gray has planned to give another recital. Besides several soloists, he is to be assisted by a chorus of about fifty of his pupils. Those who heard the last recital of Mr. Gray will look forward to this concert with the greatest of pleasure. It is a rare privilege to hear music of recognized classical standard rendered in a truly artistic manner, and Whitworth College is to be congratulated in the possession of such an excellent vocal department.

On May 17, a general recital will be given in Mason Library by the pianoforte department of our college, at which the following program will be rendered:

- March Heroique. *Saint Seens*
Miss Meldal, Miss Robinson.
- a. The Little Party. *Burgmuller*
b. Innocence *Burgmuller*
c. The Chatterbox *Burgmuller*
Margaret Ghormley.
- a. Ballade E Minor. *Burgmuller*
b. La Styrienne.
c. Alpine Song. *Ducelle*
Louise Craig.
- Idilio *Lack*
Dorothy Crandall.
- Buonne Nolte *Nevin*
Mildred Leach.
- a. Prelude *Heller*
b. The Nightingale *Hoffman*
c. Berceuse from "Jocelyn" *Godard*
Marjory Greig.
- Concerto C Major. *Mozart*
Mary Kilpatrick.

- a. Scherzino *Moszkowski*
b. Scherzino *Scharwenka*
c. Etude *Wollenhaupt*
d. The Doll-Waltz. *Poldini*
Idine Howe.

Concerto G Minor. *Mendelssohn*

- a. Molto Allegro.
b. Andante.

Miss Madge Phelps.

- c. Presto.

Miss Ethel Leach.

- a. Poem d'Amour *Heuelt*
b. Silhouetten *Dvarak*
B Minor. A Major. C Minor.
Miss Katharine Robinson.

- a. Am Meer *Schubert*
b. Solfeggietto *Bach*
c. The Raindrop Prelude *Chopin*
d. Staccato Caprice *Vogrich*
Miss Anna MacDonald.

Concerto G Minor. *Moscheles*

- a. Adagio. b. Finale.

Miss Margaret MacLean.

The following piano recitals will be given in the Ladies' Residence, and are to be invitation affairs:

That of Miss Ethel Leach on May 20th, Miss Anna MacDonald on May 27th, and Miss Katharine Robinson on June 3d.

The principals are musicians of known ability and all who come will be assured an excellent musical treat.

Whitworth College and her friends are to be given the best and most advanced recital ever attempted by the College of Music, in the Commencement recitals, which will take place in the Temple of Music, on the evening of June 11. The work is to be entirely that of the advanced pupils and will be more strictly a Commencement program than has ever been given. Concerted work will be a feature.

The next month will be crowded with good things for the music lovers.



In this issue we present an article on Ely Cathedral, written by the Dean of our College, which, we are sure, will be a source of enjoyment to our readers. The fact that Dean Heath is an Englishman both by birth and breeding and hence very familiar with the historic old cathedral, makes it of especial interest. We desire to thank Mr. Heath for his very kind contribution.

* * *

OUR ATHLETICS.

Whitworth has made a splendid athletic record this year. The foot ball team was an unusually fine one, and did excellent work. At this season we are especially interested in base ball and a complete account of our latest base ball victories will be found in the athletic department of this number.

* * *

STAFF NUMBER.

This month we give our readers an exceptional opportunity of seeing how handsome we all are. A staff that combines such literary and financial ability with such perfection of physiognomy, should be a source of great pride to Whitworth!

Speaking seriously, we have had difficulties to contend with during this year that have greatly handicapped the work on the paper, and for various reasons we have not been able to carry out all the plans we had made for its improvement. This has been a grave disappointment to

the editor. But on the other hand we have done our best, have worked faithfully and gained much practical experience that will be of benefit to the succeeding staff.

Patronize your paper, fellow students! We can work harder and accomplish more if we know the whole student body is behind us. After all, it is your paper, not ours. Be loyal to it. Subscribe, write, and above every thing else, "Boost, don't knock!"

* * *

COLLEGE SONG.

We ought to be ashamed of ourselves. We have no distinctive college song. Why this matter of obtaining one has been neglected for so long a time is a mystery. The only real Whitworth song is one written and sung by the members of the Young Women's Christian Association. Students who are so unfortunate as to be capable of occasionally criticizing this worthy organization might employ their time to better advantage by doing a number of things, one of which might be writing a college song.

A college without a song is like a small boy without a pocket. It can exist, to be sure but it lacks an essential attribute.

We have an abundance of literary ability, although our ready writers are possessed of a false modesty that makes them "hide their light under a bushel." The trouble isn't caused by excessive timidity or humility, but by a foolish fear that somebody will think they are "trying to

show off." Well, if Fulton and Bell had been too modest to "show off" what they had invented the human race might have been deprived of the blessings of the steamboat and telephone for many years. The moral is obvious.

We have a very large number of music students who are quite capable of setting the words to appropriate music.

Now is your chance to win a laurel wreath and hand your name down to future generations of Whitworth students. Brace up! Don't let another year pass with the no-college-song disgrace hanging over us.

"Why do you punch that hole in my ticket?" asked a little man of the railway official. "So that you can pass through." was the reply.—*Watchword*.

To the Girls of '07.

Look heah, Anna, quit yoh flirtin',
'Co'se Ah knows yo're mighty smart,
But yoh ought to know his niggah
Hasn't got a *leathah* hea't,
Oh, I knows yoh dancin's scrumptuous
An' yoh got a dandy smile;
See heah, Anna, while you're flirtin'
'Spouse yoh flirt with me a while.

Tell yoh what, ef yoh wants roses,
Roses, that are red an' sweet.
Jes' yoh look at Agnes' cheeks, sir,
She's all right from head to feet,
She can sew and coach in Latin,
There ain't a thing that she caint bake,
Lawdy! when I gits to heaben,
I hopes I'll hab some ob her cake.

Nevah was a gal lak Susie,
Nevah was such puffy hair,
When she smiles at me a minute,
Ah feels lak walkin' on de air;
Now she's got a Eastern felah,
Hope she'll drop him mighty soon,
Look heah, Susie, don't get mad, hon',
Don' yoh 'kind-a lak dis coon?

Harriet! my! she's a daisy!
Sweetes' thing yoh ebah see!
When she raises dem long lashes,
Ah feels as silly as can be.
Now she'll soon be off a-teachin'
Where de Puyallup lazes by,
Well, Ah guess mah hopes is ended,
Might as well go off an' die.

Sara, when Ah heah yoh singin'
In de ebenn' kindah low,
Den Ah floats away to heaben,
'Cause Ah lub yoh music so.
Big blue eyes an' yellow ringlets,
An' a heart as good as gold,
Honey, will yoh always lub me,
When Ah'm feeble an' Ah'm old?

My! but they're a set ob dandies,
Fines' gals in all de world,
My pore heart is all bound up, sir,
Where dey's got dere tendrils curled,
Wisht that Ah could be a Mormon,
Den Ah'd get 'em, mighty soon,
An' if none ob dem'll hab me
Death is welcome to dis coon.

PANTS, BREECHES AND REVENUES.

Former Representative Gibson, of Tennessee, had a voice when he was a statesman that played tricks with him. It would work all right for a few minutes, and then it would stop entirely, and Gibson would be left gasping for a moment or two, high and dry in the middle of his argument, until his voice came back again.

He was making a tariff speech one day, sailing along in fine shape. "Why, Mr. Speaker," he shouted, "the tariff is like a pair of suspenders. Uncle Sam needs it to keep up his —"

Right there his voice broke. Gibson couldn't say a word.

"Trousers!" yelled one member.

"Pants!"

"Breeches!"

By that time the voice came back—"to keep up his revenues," said Gibson, glaring around at his tormentors.—*Sat. Even. Post*.

STARTING OUT WELL.

Editor: "For a beginner the young reporter seems very particular not to make any mistakes."

Assistant: "Yes, I told him to write on one side of the paper, and he wanted to know which side."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Mistress: "Jane, I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. In future I will take the milk in."

Jane: " 'Twouldn't be no use, mum. He's promised never to kiss anybody but me."—*Illustrated Bits*.



JESSIE LA WALL
Society Editor

Mrs. B. H. Kroeze entertained the girls of the Residence and Erwin Hall at her home, 4202 North Stevens, Friday afternoon, May 10th. A charming feature of Mrs. Kroeze's parties is, that there is always "something to do next," and this did not prove an exception. First the girls went fishing for souvenirs, then each girl was asked to write a short poem about her trophy. After some arduous labor the reading of these afforded a great deal of merriment. Delicious refreshments of ice cream, cake and strawberries were served. The rooms were tastefully decorated with apply blossoms, ferns and early Scotch broom. The guests departed very enthusiastic about their good time, as they always are about Mrs. Kroeze's delightful affairs.

An exceedingly interesting lecture on "A Tour of Southern Greece," illustrated by stereopticon views was given by Dr. Armstrong, to an appreciative audience, Friday evening, May 10th. The fact that these views were all taken either by Dr. Armstrong himself or his friends added a personal touch that is lacking in ordinary stereopticon lectures. When at the University of Michigan, Dr. Armstrong obtained a fellowship in the American School at Rome. This included a tour of Greece,

which he made in the spring of 1903, and collected many photos and postal cards of the country.

The girls of the Y. W. C. A. entertained the boys of the Y. M. C. A., at dinner in the Park, Thursday evening, May 9th. The weather was rather cold, but that only made the bonfire seem more cheerful and the broiled chops taste better. Dr. and Mrs. Kroeze, Miss Belden, Miss Brown and Miss Hansce, of the Faculty, were guests, which proves there must have been quite a crowd to need so many chaperones.

Miss Susie Garretson and Miss Harriet Fraser gave a dinner to the Seniors, at Miss Garretson's home, on G street, Friday evening, May 10th. The class colors were predominant in the decorations. The room was bright with pomants of the "mighty '07." The place-cards had a hand-painted cap and gown design and were attached by satin ribbons to the mass of violet bouquets which formed the centre piece. This is the first of a series of affairs to be given by the girls of the Senior class.

Ethel Strout, Pearl Robbins, Frances Beaven and Jessie La Wall entertained some of the Sophomore boys at the Park, April 26th. A picnic dinner was served on the beach, after which some took to row boats and others to the baths, where they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Miss Brown and Miss Dunlap were the "honorary members" of the party.

The splendid weather April 26th, had to be enjoyed so a crowd of Freshmen and Preps took a tally-ho to American Lake, where they enjoyed a picnic dinner. The ride is beautiful and everybody knows what fun a tally-ho is.

The Dramatic Club is working hard on a bright little play to be given May 24th. Those who have seen their plays in former years will remember that they were exceedingly popular. The Club loses some of its oldest and best members by the '07 graduation, Anna McMaster, Susie Garretson, Agnes Streeter and Harriet Fraser.



SARA GHORMLEY
Exchange Editor

You can always tell a Sophomore, but you can't tell him much.—Ex.

The Chimson Rambler for April has several excellent editorials.

W. S. C. has defeated both Montana and the Univ. of Oregon in base ball.

Work will begin soon on the new administration building at the Univ. of Idaho.

The Seniors at the Topeka High presented "The Rivals," as their class play.

The track meet between Whitman and the Univ. of Washington will take place at Walla Walla, May 15th.

The poem entitled "Memories," in the Phoenix is well worth reading. The grave and reverend Seniors can appreciate it.

We wish to second the suggestion of the "Jayhawker," that your addresses be placed in more conspicuous places.

Miss Fern Healey, the W. S. C. representative, won the oratorical contest between W. S. C., Whitman and O. A. C.

On their recent trip through Washington and Idaho, the Univ. of Oregon base ball team won two games and lost five.

The Seniors a O. A. C. will have a big excursion to the Coast on May 18th. It "reads" as though it would be mighty jolly.

May 17th will be observed as University Day at the Univ. of Oregon. The men will work on the campus and the girls will furnish dinner for them at noon.

The literary department of the "Black and Red" is splendid. The first article on "The Jesuits among the Hurons" is of special interest to those of us that took the History of Missions this year.

We are getting out this issue a little earlier than usual and consequently we haven't the usual number of exchanges to look over. Those that we have received, however, have been very good indeed.

Observances of May day were instituted at Willamette this year and judging from the write-up in the "Collegian," they must have been very charming and beautiful. The early part of the day was spent in improving the campus and the closing events were the crowning of the queen and the May-pole dance.

MY CREED,

I would be pure for there are those who trust me;

I would be true, for there are those who care,

I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;

I would be brave, for there is much to dare;

I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;

I would be giving and forget the gift;

I would be humble, for I know my weakness,

I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

—Howard Arnold Walter, in Harper's Bazar.



WHITING B MITCHELL
Athletic Editor

The base ball season at Whitworth opened on April 20th, with St. Martin's College, at Lacey, Wash. The team was not in the best condition and a hard game resulted. As the diamond had not yet been completed the boys were lost when they got on the hard clay field at St. Martin's. From the start the game promised to be a good one, for both sides were blanked the first two innings in almost one, two, three order. McHugh for Lacey completely fooled our boys and it looked as though he was going to have a shut out to his credit. In the third the Catholics jumped on to Cornish's curves for three hits which combined with as many errors, netted them two runs. They came back again in the fourth for two more. This looked bad for the boys, but in the sixth they braced up; one man got hit, another walked and the next one hit, bringing in one run. Then there was no more scoring on either side until the ninth, although the boys had begun to find McHugh oftener, generally having two or three men on bases when the third out was made. The ninth proved to be fatal for St. Martins. Grosscup started with a hit, stole second and came home on Colbert's hit. Colbert in turn stole second and came home on McMaster's hit. Then two men were put out, but the next two got on bases, stole second

and third and came across the plate on Dennis' pretty single, making the score 5-4 in our favor. This was not enough, and they did not stop until four more runs had crossed the plate, thus making a total of eight runs in the ninth inning. A better batting rally was never made by a Whitworth team. It was well they made it so large a lead too for the Catholics came back in the last half of the ninth for three more runs, making a final score of 9-7. The game was a hot one from start to finish, there being several men caught sliding at the plate on both sides. The game was earned by Whitworth not because they got more hits, but because they bunched them and because their base running was superior. St. Martins, however, fielded the best game having the advantage of being on their own grounds.

Line up: Mitchell, catcher; Cornish, pitcher; McMaster, 1st base; Grosscup, 2d base; Colbert, short stop; McCauley, 3d; Dennis, left field, Phipps, center field; McCleary, right field.

On the 27th of April the team from Wilson's Business College, of Seattle, came over and brought nearly one hundred and fifty rooters with them. They had a good record to back them, having defeated several of the best amateur teams in Seattle and not having suffered defeat. The boys were determined, but not confident. All were in good spirits and in good condition for the game, and it was a good exhibition of ball they put up too. The Wilson team was a strong aggregation, and play fast, snappy base ball. At 3 o'clock the game was called and for the first two innings it looked like shut out ball on both sides. In the third Whitworth brought around two runs and in the fifth Wilson's get three. Then came the rub; up to the seventh inning our boys were unable to overcome the lead although the bases were generally full when the side retired. It was the lucky seventh that did the work; the first man walked and the next four hit, combining with an error forced in four runs. This was not enough and in the eighth three more were batted in. In the seventh Wilson's succeeded in running in one more tally, making a finale score of 9-4.

The game was a hotly contested one from start to finish and was enjoyed greatly by the rooters of both teams. Lee Doud,

as yell leader, distinguished himself by his loud persistent rooting.

The Whitworth line-up was: McCauley, 3d; Grosseup, 2d; Colbert, short stop; Dond, center field; Dennis, right field; Mitchell, catcher; Paul, left field; Phipps, 1st, Cornish, pitcher.

The best thing in the base ball schedule was the week trip into Eastern Washington. Manager Phipps spent much time and worry over it and it was only by the most persistent effort that it was at last secured. Dates were made with five of the best teams on the other side of the mountains: Prosser, Ritzville, Gonzaga College, Spokane High School, and Blair Business College. The team left Tacoma late Monday night, April 29th, in high spirits. They were by no means confident of success, but it was with a spirit of do or die. The first game was with a professional team at Prosser. This was considered a hard game as they are considered out of our class. It was a hard game too from the time the first ball was thrown. The Prosser team was much older and more experienced, but a surprise was sprung on them when McCauley lined the first ball out for a pretty single and Grosseup layed down a perfect bunt and took first. This looked all very well, but right there it stopped and the next three men were easy outs. For two innings no scoring was done, but in the third the boys loosened up in their fielding a little and let three runs slip over the plate. This looked like terrible odds against such a team, but they set immediately to work and in the fourth two Whitworth men crossed the plate. In the sixth Prosser by bunching two hits and by the assistance of an infield error secured in ting one more tally making the score 4-2. Again it was the "lucky seventh" for Whitworth. McCauley walked, stole second and came home on Grosseup's hit. Colbert hit and advanced Grosseup to third. He stole second and they both came home on the next hit thus taking the lead. In the eighth another run came in. This ended the run getting and the final score stood 6-4. The feature of the game was the pitching of Cornish. Never had he been in better form and never were batters swinging harder. The total number of hits off his delivery was three against eleven for us. The line up was: McCau-

ley, 3d; Grosseup, 2d; Colbert, short stop; Phipps, 1st; Mitchell, catcher; Dennis, right field; Dond, center field; Paul, left field; Cornish, pitcher.

The boys stayed all night in Prosser and left the next morning for Ritzville. The train was late and they did not arrive till 4 o'clock. They were rushed into suits and out to the grounds in a few minutes, so that not a very good exhibition of base ball was expected. The Ritzville team is considered the strongest team east of the mountains outside of the league teams and they beat the Butte league team by a score of 5-4. At the very beginning our boys took a liking to the curves offered them and two runs had crossed the plate before they could be checked. In the third inning they came back for two more making a total of four while the professionals had not been lucky enough to score at all. In the fifth they secured two and in the sixth and seventh three more by hard consistent hitting. In the fifth inning a new twirler appeared for Ritzville, he proved easier than the other one as he walked three men straight. Then a couple of pretty hits netted two more runs for us. That ended the scoring and from that time on it was a pretty pitcher's battle with the honors evenly divided. The game was as hot a game as Whitworth ever played and it was with much pride that our team carried away the honors. They deserved it though, as they played errorless ball and handled lots of chances. There were eleven outfield chances handled alone. Colbert deserves special mention for his fast, sensational work at short stop. He completed one double play unassisted and was mixed up in another. Dond in center field made a phenomenal catch; there were two outs in the last half of the ninth when the batter knocked what looked to be a Texas leaguer over second. After a hard run he picked it off the grass while still at high speed thus retiring the side and ending the game.

That night the team went on to Spokane and with hardly any sleep met Gonzaga College the next day tired and weary and badly out of condition. In the second inning Gonzaga batted in four runs, thus making it an uphill fight during the entire game. The boys rallied nicely, however, and slowly, but steadily they crept up and passed their opponents and the final score

stood 5-4. It was a hard fought and hard earned game. The hitting of Paul and the fast fielding of Colbert were features.

Although the team was still played good ball the trip had begun to tell on them, and it was a much different exhibition of base ball than they had put up at Prosser and Ritzville.

On Friday, the fifth, they played Spokane High School and although tired and worn out beat them easily by a score of 7-3. Doud did the pitching and pitched a good game, letting them down with five hits.

On Saturday the boys met their Waterloo. Blair Business College beat them by a score of 7-2. It is nothing to be ashamed of for they were a good team, picked up from the best material in the city league. They did not play good enough ball to win from Whitworth when they are in good condition. Our boys started out well by squeezing in the first run. They fielded well too, for a while, but it was plainly seen that they were tired and lacked the life and vim which had characterized them in preceding games. Soon they went to pieces and the runs began to roll in two at a time, until they reached seven. Time after time the boys would try to start another rally as they had done in every preceding game, but one measly run was the best they could do and the score was 7-2 for Blair. Although the score does not show it Cornish pitched a splendid game and deserved to win had he had proper support. The hits were about evenly divided there being about eighth on each side. This is the only defeat of the season and we still have a chance to redeem that as we have a return game with Blair on our own grounds.

There are yet to be played four and perhaps five more games. Blair and Spokane both play return games here. St. Martins plays us here, and we play a return game with Wilson's in Seattle. Another game will probably be played with the University of Washington or with Bremerton navy yard.

The second team has also been busy, too. They beat Burton town team by a large score and also the second high school. They were, however, less fortunate with Puyallup High, being easily defeated by a large score.



LETITIA CLARK
Personal Editor

Ask O-e, where her ring is.

Price is *still* looking for a little Moore.

Helen D. (playing tennis)—“This is a love set.

Charles Fray declares that Olive oil will cure anything.

Mildred—“Buddy O! Buddy O! Buddy.”

A trader in real estate; Miss Meldal has a new Platt.

Yes, Harriet reminds me much of Absalom. Why? Because he was David's son.

Fray—“O well, I won't get balled out in the paper next time anyhow. Because it will be all off by then.”

Every one patronize Dennis, the college barber. Facial treatment a specialty.

Miss Brown—“Yes, Seattle is a good thing to decline.”

Gert (in Lab)—“Who ran away with my bottle?”

Does Skirving belong to the Dramatic Club?

Harrison says there are lots of Marys floating around.

Why has Roy Schaal been getting a big desert lately?

A-l-e Co-l-s—“If you put my eye out I can't see more (Seymore).”

Pearla (after the base ball game)—Just think! Binny made two innings.

B-sson—“Where is Ravens?”
B-rley—“Up in the air.”

Have you seen Bisson's cold sore? He admits it is not his fault.

Helena H.—“Say, please get Dr. Armstrong for me.”

Wanted to know why R. C. S. kept Mable G. waiting so long at —.

Dick—“Philip of Spain would let them etaoin arms without permission.

Which color parasol does Skirving like best green or yellow?

A small girl talking to Miss Munn, pointed across the street to Bisson and said “Is that yours?”

The Puyallup B. B. team have an excellent lot of boys and an excellent scorer.

The newest song—“The Moon has his eyes on you.” Played by Madge Phelps.

Mr. Lawrence Phipps spent last Sunday at his home on Grant avenue.

Ask sings the same old song, “I've a longing in my heart for you, Louise.”

Who says Watson hasn't a Trixie suit? See his photo in basket ball from the carnation town.

Denny has quit school. Last seen at the court house, Monday. Information gratefully received

Mildred—“While I was sick Olive had to carry my books to the car.”
Bud—“Why, where was Lawrence?”

How is it that when Nobody goes to church Everybody is there. For particulars ask Lawrence Skirving.

A student in physical geography mentioned the name Steilacoom. Prof. Voris—“That's a poor example, but the name sounds familiar.”

Hr-l-g (the morning after the tally-ho party)—“Gee, but my arm is sore today.”
Ec-e—“Well, it isn't any more sore than my arm.”

Some one to Pearla—“What will you do when the team goes on its trip?”

Pearla—“O, I'll do the next best thing, go and see my brother.”

Tom R.—O where, O where, has my little dog gone.

Watson (outside bus. college)—She's in the college.

Miss Belden's remarks on a Freshman English paper—“For goodness sake do a little thinking before you begin to write. This is just flumudgery.”

Tommy—“Why don't you make up with Mary?”

Harrison—“Well, she likes Bisson best, so what is the use.”

Marguerite McMasters, of the second

Preps, and Ethel Strout, '09, have been very ill for the past few weeks.

While Grosseup was seen playing on the campus with a small boy. Miss Munn—"Julia, that is just the way you and Thad look."

Miss Hansee (in 1st year Eng.)—Who first used geometry?

Answer—The Egyptians, because they had to measure the Pyramids.

Mr. Douglass (reading in Macbeth)—"They have kiled me mother (and rolls on the floor with eyes closed)."

Miss Belden—"Well done, Mr. D."

At the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. picnie. Louise M. (while waiting for the blessing)—"O, hurry up, I'd lots rather have supper than blessing."

Rev. Chas. A. Phipps visited the college, Tuesday, May 7th, and gave an enthusiastic and charming little talk to the students at Chapel.

There was a young lady from Niger,
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger,
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

There is a big fellow named Dond,
Hiss rooting is terribly loud,
He knows how to woo
And dances well, too,
But thinks more than two is a crowd.

Mary and Harrison so they say,
Quarrel and scrap the live long day;
If black is black he declares its white,
And it always ends in a terrible fight,
He walks in front and she behind,
In this they must find a pleasure divine.

"Mother may I go swimming?"

"Yes, my dear, Louise,

But don't go near Old Town,

Or you'll get full of fle-s."

Oh, Carl is a dear little boy,
His pink little cheeks are a joy,
"Smith College is best,
I don't care for the rest,"
But when you ask why, he is coy.

Mary had a little lamb,
We have heard this fact before,
But then she passed her plate again,
And had a little more.

Kenneth Ghormley and Palmer Kennedy, of the Sophomore class, have left school early this year to fill positions on the Government Geodetic Survey in Rainier National Park under Mr. Rickseeker.

GEARHART.

The word "Gearhart" should have such a hold on every Christian man in school that he should put forth his best efforts to get to Gearhart some way. Those who go come back determined to go again even if only to strengthen their own inner lives. The conference is an affair where you may get just what you put into it. If you go merely to have a good time you will get that, but few go with only that purpose in view. The having a good time just falls in line after the more arduous duties of the day, but should not be put first. To get the best out of it one should go with some fixed purpose for himself or his school. It is a rare opportunity to get new ideas for carrying out the Christian work in school and for that reason every Christian man should try to go. It is the only way to become acquainted with all the Christian leaders in the Northwest colleges, who are going to lead the Christian cause in the future. Above all it is a place where men must do some straight thinking—thinking on the solving of this life's problems. No man ever went to one of those conferences who before he left had not done some serious thinking on the problems of life. For men who are Christians it spurs them on to higher ideals and to those who are not Christians, but truth seekers, it brings out the truth in a way in which it cannot be lightly turned aside—in a

way that appeals to college men. Here all types of life work are laid open before the delegates by men interested in each one and many men have been led to choose a life work in those meetings. This should appeal to us for we need influences to lead us ahead and more men to push on. Aside from the great good it can accomplish in the individual and college life and the great aid derived, it affords an excellent opportunity for a little vacation after the close of school and before the summer work is begun. It is a vacation where the time is not all lost, but it combines the vacation with spiritual development in a charming

manner. If you find out you cannot go then help us with your money, for no safer investment will ever be found. We want Whitworth to be represented as she ought to be represented, but we cannot do it without the co-operation of the entire faculty and student body. The conference will last from June 15 to 24. All desiring to know more about the conference can hear more about it by getting literature from the association leaders.

“Professor,” said the weeping graduate, “I am indebted to you for all I know.”

“Pray don’t mention such a trifle,” was the reply — Ex.



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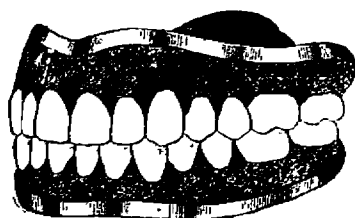
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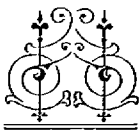
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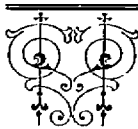
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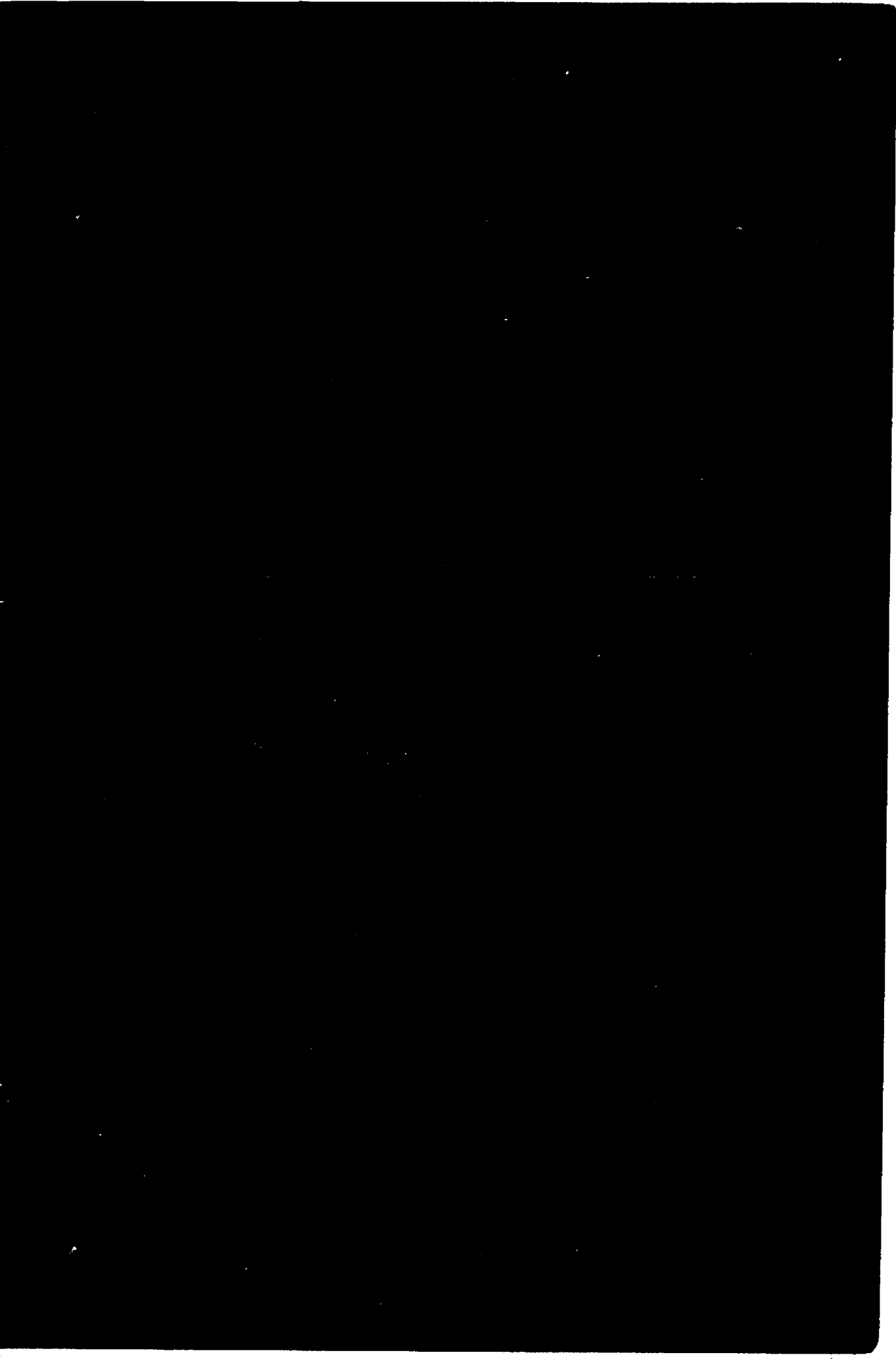


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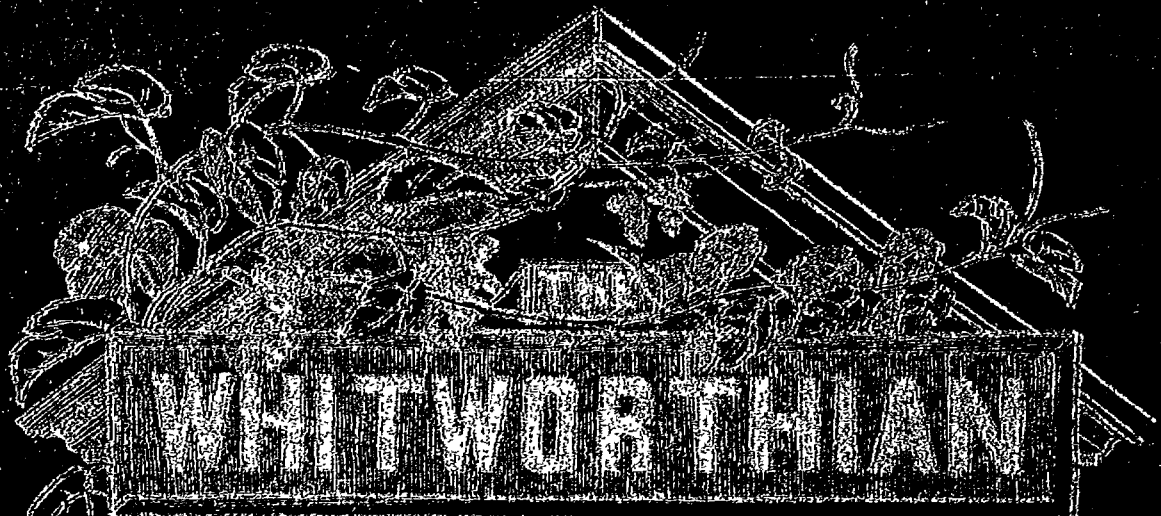
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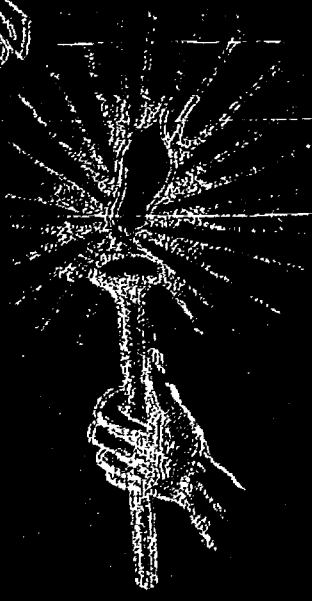
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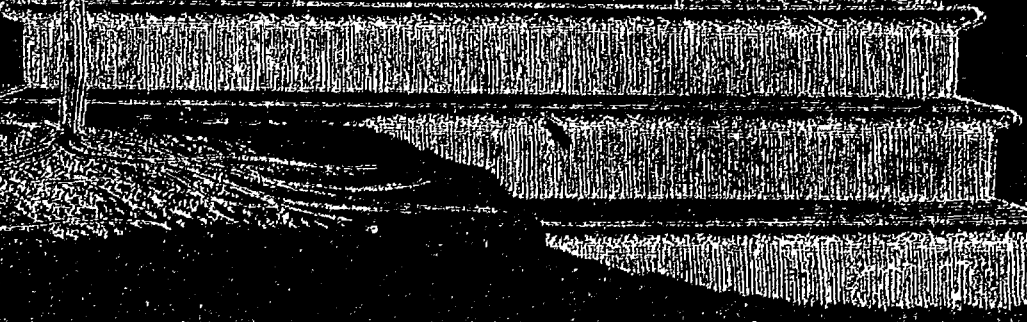


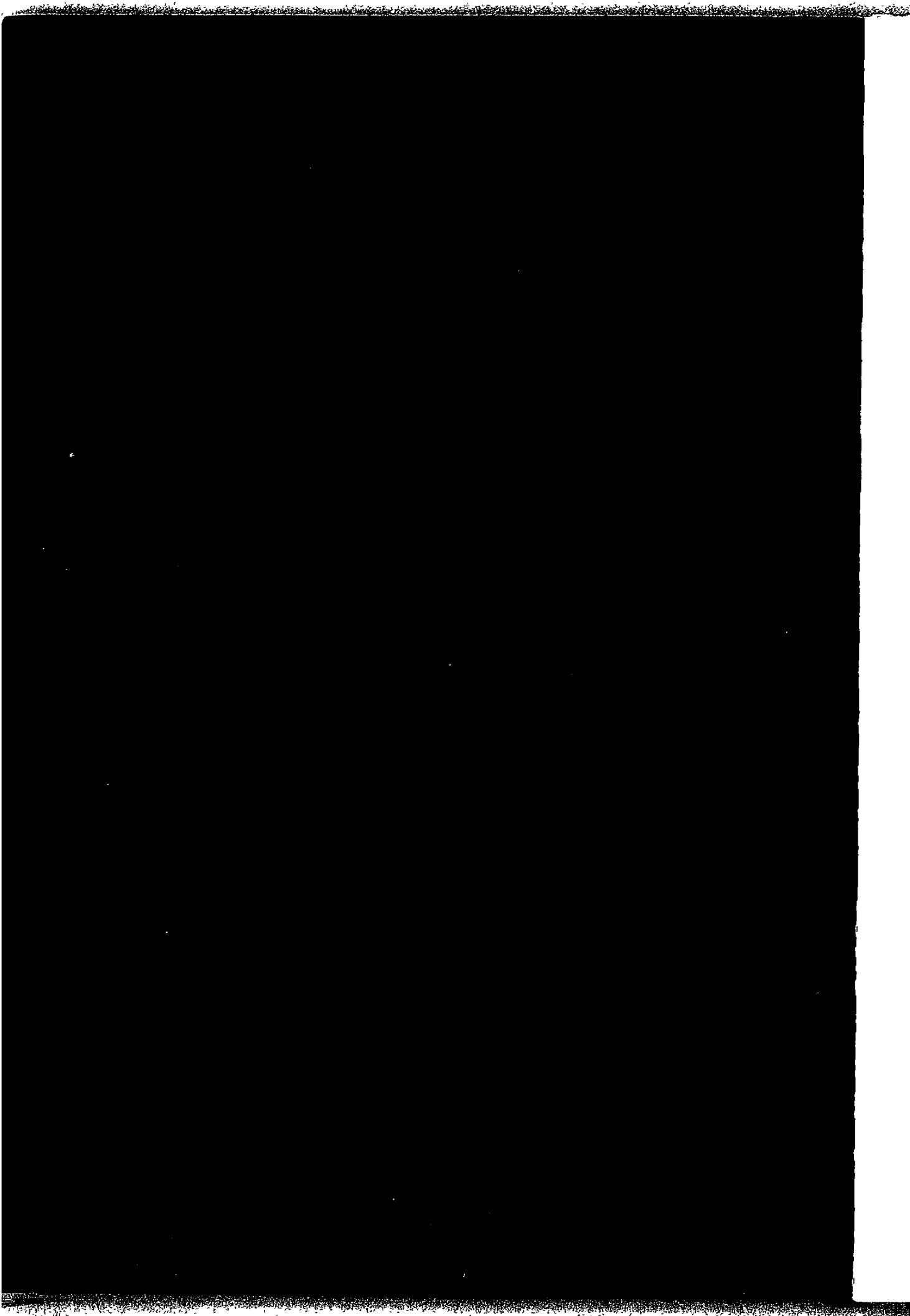
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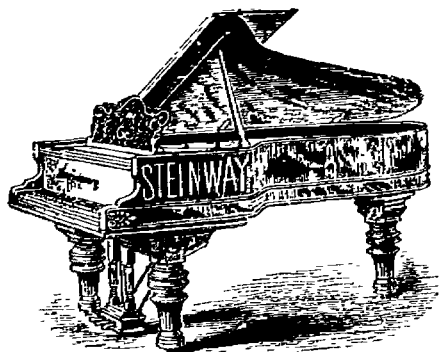
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The Whitworthian

Issued Monthly During the School Year.

Volume III

TACOMA, WASH., JUNE, 1907

Number 9

Published by the Students of Whitworth College and devoted exclusively to the interests of that institution. Students are invited to contribute literary articles and items of general or personal information.

Entered at the Post Office, Tacoma, Wash., as second-class mail matter.

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Subscription Price.....\$1.00 per Year | Single Copies.....Fifteen Cents

READ AND CONSIDER PAGE NEXT TO BACK COVER.

An Evening on the Island.

MARY COX.

Farningsworth turned to Walters, his companion, "I say, old man, we've reached the land of corn and er—I should say clams and shrimps. But, by Jove, its a pleasant bit of landscape, eh? These little islands with their picturesque features would set the Continent agape. Just look at those fishing smacks! Here we are! How do we get ashore?"

His fine face was alight with an enthusiasm that he seldom felt and almost never exhibited. He was a splendid specimen of manhood, something over six feet of bone and sinew, with the ruddy complexion and marked accent that proclaimed his nationality. For Farningsworth was an Englishman, taking a leisurely trip through "the States," and viewing their wonders with quiet indifference. He had reached Puget Sound now and for the first time seemed keenly interested. There were some things about the country that reminded him of the "green little Island," and again there were so many things that were so vastly different from anything he had ever known that the very ruggedness of the country, the vast stretches of wood and field seemed to startle him from his lethargy.

The two men stood on the deck of a small

Sound steamer, now nearing their destination, a lovely island whose green woods rose majestic above the gray stretches of beach. Here and there cottages were to be seen, some crude and massive, others modern in every particular.

"There's no dock to be seen," Walters remarked. "I suppose they'll put us ashore in a skiff."

As he spoke the little steamer blew a shrill blast. At once there was excitement on shore. Some lusty young fellows grasped the sides of a heavy skiff and dragged it down into the water. One of them jumped in and with powerful strokes drew his clumsy craft near the steamer and skillfully brought it alongside. There was a moment's confusion as the steamer backed and Farningsworth and Walters leaped aboard from the door of the engine room. Then a deck hand shouted "All clear!" and they were pushed off. In a few minutes they had landed and the puffing little steamer rounded a point and was lost to view.

"Here we are in a new world," said Walters, "this is a Swedish community and you will feel as if you were in the Northland within an hour. As soon as

possible I'll see Hegstrom about that timber and we'll be off again in a couple of days. So if you have any romance in your matter-of-fact British hide, now's your chance to indulge in it. Here, youngster, can your father put us up for a night or two?"

The boy in question, a tow headed lad of nine summers, grinned. "Ay tink fader be glad you come. Ay will carry grip."

"Oh, you needn't bother about that," said Walters, laughing. "I guess we'll manage. Come on, sonny, lead the way."

Hospitality was as common on the Island as clams at low tide. No matter who the guest might be or how inopportune his arrival, the door of the Swedish home stood wide open. If beds were scarce Olof and "Yohnny" curled up in the hay loft. If the supper table had just been wiped clean by a hungry family, Hilda and Christine set about cheerfully to cook another meal. You poor artificial city-breds, who pay your social debts with tiresome pink teas and fifteen-minute calls have missed half the joy of life that comes from an open hearted hospitality.

After supper Walters started off to find Hegstrom with whom he hoped to make a successful timber deal.

Farningsworth remained behind at the farm house, and settled himself on the rose covered porch for a quiet smoke. Soon the father of the house came out, a venerable old man, whose active upright life had made him a patriarch of the Island.

"You have a beautiful home, Mr. Carlson," began Farningsworth, "this view is ideal and I daresay you make a good living from the land. Have you lived here long?"

"Ay ban on dis Island t'irty year," the old man replied "Ay coom here strong, but not so young, near fifty year old den." He paused, "Ay seen many peoples come an' go, an' Ay ban happy and sad too. Five my children bin buried dere." He pointed away to a little cleared field where Farningsworth saw a row of small white crosses turning rosy in the sunset light.

For a few moments there was silence. The old man rested his head on his cane and gazed out over the water. The Sound was glowing and purpling in the glory of a summer sunset. The waves, all gold and crimson, swelled tranquilly and lapped on

the beach. A fishing boat rocked a little at its moorings.

A young man, straight and ruddy, appeared in the doorway, "Father," he said gently, touching the old man's shoulder, "it is getting late. Will you come in?"

The father rose unsteadily and turned to his guest. "Ay ban old man now. But Yohn, he care for you. Goodnight."

In a few moments the son returned. He was, as many of the sons of the Island were coming to be, well-educated and well-trained for the affairs of a busy life.

"There is something in the blood of our race that draws us to the sea," he said. "About eight out of ten Island boys spend their days in fishing smacks or work their way up as engineers or captains of the small Sound steamers and tugboats. One of my brothers was drowned at sea. That was only six months ago."

Farningsworth had often wondered if such lowly people were capable of real suffering. Now he noted with surprise the shadow of pain on the young man's sensitive face.

"It happened in the Straits," the boy continued, "a number of fishing smacks had been about Orcas Island for several weeks, making good hauls. The night before they were to sail down again a stiff breeze blew up; nothing serious, but rather annoying so the fishermen thought. Most of the men spent the evening in the village nearby, but my brother remained in his boat. He was ever a sober lad."

Somewhere back in the fields a sheep bleated and upstairs a young mother sang a Swedish lullaby to her baby. All else was quiet.

"Well, there is little more to tell. They have a hellish drink up there that they make out of fruit juice and a patent medicine that's almost straight whiskey. The concoction is worse than any whiskey. Some of the men drank too much. My brother's skipper came back to the boat like a madman, made them cast off and poorly rigged out as they were, they were blown on the rocks near the Cape. Some of the wreckage was found later. None of the men have ever been heard from. Mother died soon afterward, and father will soon be leaving us. He is very old and his heart is broken for the boy. He

to persuade him to make a secret compact with her in which he promised to undergo the rigid system of training during the night. It was this that made him more lazy, for he strove so hard that, although he was fast overcoming the lead of the other contestants, the effort tired him before daybreak.

It was near the time for the successful culmination of some known contestant's effort that the disgraced young man went, during the night, as was his custom, to the tree, and as he struggled to break the limb he saw standing near by a little man now old and bent. The old man asked him what he was doing there so late at night. Upon this the young man confessed his story.

"What is your purpose, then?" the aged man inquired.

"To break this limb; to show my uncle and his kind that I am a man, and also to show my aunt that her faith and confidence has not been misplaced."

At this the mysterious visitor granted and poked fun at the young fellow, and even offered to wrestle with him. The youth disdained, but being urged on, he approached his opponent with alacrity, and, to his surprise, he was thrown with the greatest ease. He was then told to continue his training, and when he could win in the wrestling match he would be able to break the limb.

So the youth resumed his routine work, and each time he visited the tree and wrestled the task of the old man became greater, until they wrestled to a draw. Joyfully the young man endured the training of one more night, after which he threw the old man, and followed this up by breaking the limb. He replaced the branch carefully, however, and returned to his ashpile, where he lay all morning in a drunken stupor, to the disgust of the women and utterly insensible to the kicks of his enraged uncle.

On this same day, as if anticipating some event, the whole village was present at the public trial. The preliminary training was gone through with, and the athletes gathered near the tree. Then, as the young chief advanced, all eyes were fixed on him. Admiration could be plainly seen in the faces of the spectators as he advanced, for his was a body to be admired. His person,

tall and copper-colored, had the grace of young manhood, and the acquired strength of rugged training; his eyes had in them the snap of confidence, and he walked with the step of a conqueror. Small wonder it was that as he approached the tree and prepared to grasp the limb a great hush fell upon the onlookers. He placed one foot against the trunk of the tree and reached forward for the limb; his muscles became tense, and as he strained the hardened muscles of his back the limb broke, as did also the voices from a thousand different throats.

Now to prepare for the consummation of all these preliminaries. Already the young chief was a great man, for he had brought about the fulfillment of a great tradition. Therefore the days of preparation were days of rejoicing, while for the sleep-loving nephew these were days of wretchedness because the joy of others only served to augment the fierce cruelty of the uncle. Anger, shame and disgust directed the fierce savagery of the youth's punishment.

At last the preparations were completed. The large canoes were brought in front of the village, and all the people, with the exception of the nephew, were embarking. It was then that the nephew begged his uncle to be permitted to go, if only to bail out the canoe. Not even that privilege was granted, and so, as the boy shoved out the canoe from the shore, he leaped in, notwithstanding the efforts of the occupants.

The journey to the seal-island was without mishap. And as they neared the rocks the young chief's canoe very properly assumed the lead. The young man, impatient at any delay, stood on the bowpoint of the canoe and when he neared the land he leaped ashore. In a moment he was on the rocks among the seals. He seized the first sealion—a small one—by the tail, and as he strove to tear its body in two it gave a mighty flip and sent the young man's soul into eternity. A great hush fell upon the awe struck Indians, and they looked about in their consternation. In the midst of this confusion, the disgraced nephew asserted his manhood, stated his case, and claimed his rights. After he had spoken, he ran ashore and seized the same seal that had killed the young chief and he tore it



THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

in two with ease, after which he killed many other seals.

* * * * *

This is really the end of the story, but, to satisfy the curiosity of any who might wish to know what followed, I will say that the anger and chagrin at the upstart, as well as sorrow for the sad end of the

young chief, caused the tribe to desert the young nephew on the island. However, after various thrilling experiences, he returned to the tribe at a time of famine. Seeing their need, he led them to an immense supply of food that he had discovered while on his return. For this and his many other excellent qualities he was made their chief.

Commencement Week.

The week opened Saturday, June 8, when the Art Exhibit was given in Erwin Hall. Mrs. Frances Crandall is head of the Art Department, and the work of the large number of Art students was shown in the various lines of artistic study.

On Sunday, June 9, the Baccalaureate Sermon was preached in the Chapel. A complete account of this sermon is given in this issue.

Monday evening, June 10, the Annual Faculty Concert was given in Mason Library, and Tuesday evening, June 11, the Advanced Music Pupils' Recital in the Temple of Music. Complete accounts of these events are found in the Department "With the Music Lovers."

Wednesday evening, June 12, was Senior Class night, and the play, "Goodnatured Man," by Oliver Goldsmith, was presented in the Chapel. All of the young people showed marked ability in a dramatic way. Mr. Chas. Rodman should be especially mentioned for his fine acting. Mr. John Crandall, Miss Susie Garretson, Miss Anna McMasters and Miss Sara Ghormley also deserve credit for excellent work. The Dramatis Personae follows:

Mr. Honeywood... Mr. Elmore McMaster
Mr. Croaker..... Mr. Chas. Rodman
Mr. Lofty... .. Mr. John Crandall
Sir Wm. Honeywood... Mr. Wm. McCauley
Leontine.... .. Mr. Carl Norton
Jarvis..... .. Mr. George Rossman
Butler..... .. Mr. Laurence Phipps
Dubardieu..... Mr. Laurence Phipps
Postboy... .. Mr. Whiting Mitchell
Miss Richland.... Miss Sara Ghormley
Ohvia..... .. Miss Anna McMaster

Mrs. Croaker..... Miss Susie Garretson
Garnet..... Miss Agnes Streeter
Landlady..... Miss Harriet Fraser

SCENE—London.

Under direction of Miss Dunlap.

The culminating event of Commencement Week was the conferring of degrees by Rev. Barnhusel, president of the Board of Trustees, and the Convocation address by Rev. Wm. Hiram Foulkes, of Portland. His subject was "The Sanction of Eternity." At the conclusion of these exercises the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Mr. Foulkes. His address was a very fine one, scholarly and inspiring. The members of the graduating class were as follows:

COLLEGE GRADUATES.

John Wiloughby Crandall, A. B.
(Honors)
Harriet Evron Fraser, A. B.
Sara Anna Ghormley, Ph. B. (Honors).
Susie Emily Garretson, B. S. (Honors).
George Ehnore McMaster, B. S.
Anna McMaster, A. B. (Honors).
William John McCauley, B. S.
Carl Jay Norton, Ph. B.
George Rossman, B. S.
Charles Rutherford Rodman, A. B.
(Honors)

FROM ACADEMY.

Francis Bisson.
I. Guy Eernisse.
John Locke Heath.
Reid W. Heilig.
Edward Dougald Judson.
Mary Smith.
Lawrence John Skirving.
Roy C. Schaal.

FROM SCHOOL OF MUSIC—NORMAL DEPT.

Evelyn Osberg.
Madge Phelps.
Ethel Leach.

At 10 o'clock the President's Reception was held in the Residence. The members of the graduating class received. The beautiful halls were filled with a brilliant company of friends eager to offer their congratulations.

Punch was served by the Misses Andora Cox, Olga Johnson, Harriet Davidson and Eva McCready of the Junior Class, assisted by the Misses Madge Phelps, Letitia Clark, Mary Cox and Edith Ware of the Sophomores.

During the reception President Kroeze announced the winners of prizes for the theses on the subject of trade and treaty relations with China. Mr. Chas. Rodman won the first prize of fifty dollars and Mr. Carl Norton the second prize of thirty dollars.

Special mention is due the members of the Junior Class, upon whom devolved the duties of decorating, ushering and serving throughout the Commencement events. The decorations were especially beautiful, and all arrangements were complete and delightful.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

Sabbath, June 9, 1907.

The students and friends of the College assembled at the Chapel Sabbath afternoon to listen to the address of the graduating class of '07, by Rev. Walter A. Stevenson, Ph. D., pastor of the Cherry Street Presbyterian Church of Seattle.

His text was taken from Paul's defense before Agrippa, Acts xxvi:19, "Whereupon, O Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." The whole sermon was a stirring discourse on the transforming power of a vision. The substance of his sermon was as follows:

"In this practical age, vision is under the ban of disapproval, yet the man of worth sees visions and dreams dreams as the men of old. God pity the man who does not see visions at the midnight hour and at midday.

"There are two kinds of visions—natural and spiritual. There are visions of the home, sculpture, landscape and the battle

scenes, but this afternoon we have a stimulating and inspiring vision—the vision of Paul, armed with documents for the persecution of the Christians, we see him outside of Damascus changed from a destructionist to a constructionist, from a narrow-minded bigot to a broadminded Christian.

"The meaning of a vision may be well illustrated by the story of a man in Scotland who had an eagle and when it became necessary for him to move it was impossible for him to move the bird along with his other property, so he decided to set the eagle free, and placed the bird upon the fence, but the eagle, instead of flying off, fell heavily to the ground, but after looking up it caught sight of the brightly shining sun and immediately it spread out its broad wings and rose higher and higher until it disappeared from sight. In like manner men are busy with their eyes upon the ground instead of upon the Son of God.

"The transforming effects of a vision are seen in the common walks of life. Copernicus and Galileo saw visions and we have our knowledge of the solar system. Columbus saw a vision and discovered the New World. To Bellamy's vision we are indebted for "Looking Backward," to Watt's observation of the teakettle lid we are indebted for the steam engine. Edison has done more to accelerate the intellectual universe than a Bonaparte or a Bismark. Marconi and Bell saw visions, John Howard saw visions, and we have our modern model prisons. The day of visions is not yet passed. Greater discoveries and inventions are yet to be made. Greater heights are yet to be reached in the intellectual world. Never before has there been such a demand for men of genius, ability and foresight in the practical walks of life. The jury, today, is a parody on justice; the yellow newspaper and such literature must be purified; the indecent and immoral theater plays must be cleansed or exterminated.

"When the English army was overrunning France, Joan of Arc heard messages and saw visions, and went to lead the French army until the Dauphin was crowned king. Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty or give me death," and the United States now is the mightiest nation on earth. Wendell Phillips saw visions, and the slaves had their shackles removed.

We have greater shackles than those of slavery, the shackles of graft and corruption, and President Roosevelt is seeing visions.

"Young men and women of the class of 1907, it devolves upon you to be leaders. You will be expected to know about politics and know how to fight victoriously, and it is expected that you shall do mighty things. Go on in the strength of the Lord and you shall do mighty things for God.

"The transforming power of a vision is especially evident in the spiritual life. Constantine determined to make Christianity the religion, of himself and his realm. 'By this sign, conquer,' was his motto, and a pagan continent was transformed. 'Just me and Jesus' replied an old negro

mummy, when asked if she were living alone. She had found the secret of a happy and successful life. This is the very pith and point of the philosophy of life. There is no toil nor drudgery if we are doing things for Jesus.

"If you are obedient to the heavenly vision you will receive more and broader visions, and be mightier men and women of valor. There is something that you can do better than any one else in the world. Be men and women of visions and prayer. Allow God to use you. Be as clay in the hands of the potter and you too will be mighty men of valor."

Miss Winifred Lewis also sang a solo, "O Rest in the Lord."

With the Music Lovers.

The past month has been literally crowded with delights for musical folk. Seven recitals have been given, six of these by advanced students and faculty members. The program of the general recital was given last month.

On May 20, in the Residence, Miss Ethel Leach, a Senior in the School of Music, rendered a very capable program. She was assisted by Mr. Grube, baritone. The program in full follows:

Sonata Op. 26..... Beethoven
 Marche Funebre
 Allegro
 Prelude, C sharp min..... Rachmaninoff
 a. Im Wunderschonen Monat Mai
 b. Die Rose Die Lilie
 c. Ich grolle nicht..... Schumann
 Kammeroi Ostrow..... Rubinstein
 Shadow Dance..... MacDowell
 Bohemienne..... Godard
 Dead March, from Oratorio "Saul"..
(arr. by Hoffman
 Ballade, G min..... Rheinberger
 a. Life..... Blumenthal
 b. Obstinat..... de Fontenailles
 c. The Horn..... Flagier
 Marche Heroique... Saint Saens
 Miss Leach Miss Phelps

On the evening of May 27 Miss Anna MacDonald, of the Senior musical class,

appeared in recital in the Residence. Her technical skill and fine interpretation won the highest praise. She was assisted by Miss Sara Ghormley, contralto. The program was as follows:

Sonata Op. 7..... Grieg
 Allegro Moderato
 Andante Molto
 Alla Menuetto
 Partita I Moderato..... Bach
 Solfeggetto..... Bach
 The Music Box..... Liadoff
 Valse Op. 10..... Rachmaninoff
 Prelude Op. 28..... Chopin
 Ecstasy..... Mrs H. H. A. Beach
 My Dearie, O..... Lynes
 Rondo Capriccioso..... Mendelssohn
 Spinning-Wheel..... Chaminade
 Love-Dream No. III..... Liszt
 Am Meer..... Schubert
 Staccato-Caprice..... Vogrich
 My lover will come today..... DeKoven
 Concerto..... Hummel
 Allegro Moderato, Op. 85
 Orchestral parts played on second piano
 by Miss Munro.

Miss Katherine Robinson gave a recital in the Residence on the evening of June 3. Miss Robinson won great praise for herself both as to her technique and power of expression. She was assisted by Miss Evelyn

Osberg, soprano. The program follows:
 Fantasia Sonata Op. 27 No. 1. Beethoven
 Adagio
 Allegro Vivace
 Matinata Tosti
 Cradle Song Brahms
 Gavotte Bach
 Silhouettes Dvorak
 B minor—A major—C sharp minor
 Liebestraume No. 3. Liszt
 La Filleuse Raff
 Berceuse Godard
 Song of the Brook Lack
 Am Meer Schubert-Liszt
 Poem d' Amour. Henselt
 Marcia Fantastica Bargiel

On the 3rd of June Albert Gray, head of the Voice Department, gave a recital in the Masonic Temple. Besides several soloists among his advanced pupils, Mr. Gray himself sang, and Edith Moxom Gray played with the power that has made her an artist of the first rank. On this program two Whitworth singers appeared, Miss Mary Cox, soprano, and Mr. John Crandall, baritone. The enthusiasm with which they were received spoke well for their vocal culture.

On June 10, in Mason Library, the annual Faculty Concert was given, in which Miss Munro, Mr. Gray and Mr. Bull of the School of Music appeared, assisted by Mr. Ernest Newell, 'celloist. The appearance of these capable musicians aroused great interest among the musical folk of the city, and the Library was filled with a critical and appreciative audience. The program follows:

Sonata Op. 13. Rubinstein
 Moderato con moto
 Ccherzo
 Finale
 Mr. Bull, Miss Munro
 Von Fielitz Cycle. Eilaland
 I. Silent Woe
 II. Freuenworth
 III. Roses.
 IV. Secret Greetings
 V. On the Shore
 VI. hChild Voices
 VII. Moonlight Night
 VIII. Dreams
 IV. Anathema
 V. Resignation
 Mr. Gray
 No. 2 from Kreisleriana Schumann
 Aeolus Gernsheim

The Witches Templeton Strong
 Gavotte Gluck-Brahms
 Music Box Liadow
 Gondoliera Liszt
 Studio di Concerto. Nartucci
 Andantino from 1st Trio. Jadassohn
 Romanza Fuchs
 Mr. Bull, Mr. Newell, Miss Munro
 Reverie Op. 22 No. 3. Vieuxtemps
 Mazurka Op. 19. Wiendowski
 Mr. Bull

The Commencement Recital of Advanced Students was given in the Temple of Music on June 11. All of the students acquitted themselves with honor. The program follows:

Concerto e maj. Mazart
 Mary Kilpatrick
 a. Scherzo Moszkowski
 b. Etude Wollenhaupt
 c. Doli Waltz Poldini
 Idene Howe
 a. Gavotte-Bonree Bach
 b. Dance of the Gnomes. Khelpley
 Sarah Fox
 Berceuse from "Jocelyn" Godard
 (Kith violin obligato)
 Miss Evelyn Osberg
 Allegro Appassionata. Saint-Saens
 Miss Winifred Lewis
 Indian Tale Reinecke
 Miss Madge Phelps
 a. Love Me if I Live. Arthur Foote
 b. In the Boat Grieg
 c. Love in Springtime. Arditi
 Miss Mary Cox
 Kammenoi Ostrow Rubenstein
 Shadow Dance McDowell
 Ballade g minor. Rheinberger
 Miss Ethel Leach
 Poeme d' Amour. Henselt
 Silhouettes Dvorak
 Miss Katherine Robinson
 Moderato from Partita I and Solfeggietto
 Bach
 Am Meer Schubert
 "Rain Drop" Prelude. Chopin
 Staccato Etude Vogrich
 Miss Anna MacDonald
 a. How's My Boy. Sydney Homer
 b. My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose.
 Hastings
 Mr. John Crandall
 Concerto g minor. Moscheles
 Adagio and Finale
 Miss Margaret MacLean
 Orchestral parts played on second piano
 by Miss Munro.



Commencement has come and gone. In this issue will be found complete accounts of the various events of Commencement week.

To the graduating class we feel that we need say only this: Remember that you represent a Christian college; that "true worth is in being, not seeming;"; that the gospel of hard work is a mighty fine one. God bless you!

* * *

VACATION EYES.

We all remember the story of "Eyes and No Eyes" that we read in our primary reader, the tale of two boys who walked over the same road, and one returned to his schoolmaster with idle hands and an empty pate, while the other came back with his pockets full of treasures and his head full of ideas. The difference was not in their eyes. It was in how they used them.

Now that vacation is ours, there are countless opportunities for us to use our eyes to advantage. If we spend our holidays in the country, suppose we read some of the fine up-to-date works on the "great out-of-doors," or as a girl quaintly put it, "the great outside-of-houses." And we will have such an abundance of material with which to work, and "Nature, the grand old nurse," will lead us into ways of pleasantness. Get acquainted with Agassiz and Burroughs and Long and Roosevelt, and while you are doing that get acquainted with the things of which these

wise men wrote, at first hand. Use your eyes. Notice things. Find out the "why." Don't let a day pass without adding a bit to the scientific and human sides of your nature.

If we must spend our summer days in town, we can study people. We all need to know more of human nature, and to find out how wonderfully the various grades of human clay resemble each other after all. Then, too, we can run away into the country at least with the "wings of thought," and gain an intimate knowledge of the things that bless our country cousins. But we must keep our eyes open and see that they don't grow shut just because it is vacation.

* * *

James Bryce, British Ambassador to the United States, in a recent Commencement address at the University of Chicago, gave some very trite advice. Himself a man of world-wide reputation on economic questions, he receives the confidence of all thoughtful men. His message, to put it briefly, was this: Every man should have something more in his life than his business or scientific work. He should have the intellectual and ethical side of his nature developed, so that he may have something to which he may turn as a rest from the arduous duties of daily life. We need to develop our "humanities." In our mad rush for scientific research we are crowding the languages and the study of literature out of their rightful places. Above all,

read poetry. It will make you a stronger man.

This advice was from a man of great practicality as well as culture. We may well consider it.

* * *
C'EST FINIS.

The year's work is over for the Whitworthian. The paper has been augmented in size and, we hope, improved generally. To the new staff we can say that our best wishes are with you, and whatever we have gained through hard experience is at your

disposal. We are hoping great things from our paper, and we think we shall not be disappointed.

* * *

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We realize that many readers of the Whitworthian were unable to leave orders for copies of the paper before the close of school. Any persons desiring copies may obtain them by sending orders to the Editor, Miss M. Cox, 4324 North Thirty-fourth Street, Tacoma.

A Trip to the Underworld.

Helma Hunter.

While devouring the great works of Virgil, especially his description of the underworld, the desire came to me to know the secrets of that wonderful region.

The opportunity came at last, when a fairy appeared a few nights ago and said: "I will take you wherever you wish to go." Of course I immediately answered "The realms of Pluto."

Flying very swiftly over thousands of miles, stopping only at a few cities to rest, we soon reached the entrance at Lake Avernus in Italy. It was midnight by the time we reached the lake and the fairy plunged into the cold water, and I, quaking with fear, followed close behind. Although there was a great distance to cover, it was no time until we were at the entrance ready to descend.

Oh how cold and dark it seemed as I looked into the entrance, begging to turn back, but the fairy informed me now that I had started I had to finish the trip.

The fairy kept guiding down a very narrow perpendicular passage with rocks projecting on all sides, with water continually flowing between them. It was so dark I could not see the fairy, although she was close by all the while, informing me that this was the most pleasant part of the journey. My teeth chattered from cold and horror as I heard the hideous cries of those below, but remembering what the fairy had said, I knew it was useless to ask to go back.

At last we entered the regions proper. An immense lion with seven heads was

guarding the doorway, and as we glided past he gave a few enormous roars which shook the earth for miles around, opening his mouths as if to swallow both of us.

What horrible sounds greeted our ears! The din was so great we could not hear each other speaking. Cries from every source came to us. Hideous beasts of all kinds could be seen moving to and fro.

There were men and women and little children, and those who had taken their own lives after having been defeated in some love affair, and those of all types of humanity all engaged in some wearisome toil.

After passing what I hoped would be the worst, and was speeding along, my attention was called to Proserpina, the queen of the Underworld, seated at a small desk with a pencil in one hand and a book in the other. I was perfectly astonished to recognize my old English teacher. For a while I was too overwhelmed to speak, but finally asked the cause of her coming.

She embraced me tenderly and said that when on earth she gave too long English lessons and was now doomed forever to teach short lessons in Hades.

I sympathized with her and wanted to talk a long while, but the fairy told me we would have to hurry on.

At a little distance from Proserpina was Pluto, the king of the realms. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I discovered it was Mr. Paul. I asked him what he was doing in such an honored position.

He retorted that he had held the position for a short time; that Mr. Longstreth used to hold this place, but he had beaten him in a game of football and he was compelled to surrender the throne to him.

"I am afraid I won't keep my place long," he added, "because I never agree with anyone down here, and some day I will get into a dispute with some of my companions and will have to give up my position to Mr. Mitchell, who is patiently waiting."

As we were gliding along, all of a sudden it grew so warm it was difficult to breathe, and on drawing nearer a river of fire came into view. Two haggard-looking men stood on the bank continually throwing in coal. After some hesitation I discovered they were Mr. Guy and Mr. Carson. I was anxious to speak to them and learn the cause of their wretched lot, but the flames were too hot to risk coming closer.

After having surveyed hastily the first floor, the fairy guided down a winding stairway to the next floor. Seated on the last step of the stairs was a little boy always studying. He immediately began pouring out his woes.

"I never had time to study when on earth," he mused. "The days were too short and I was sent where I would have more time." I pitied poor Sidney MacSween, but the fairy told me this was no time for sympathy and darted on.

We had barely entered the second floor when I heard someone say distinctly, "I condemn you to Tartarus." It was one of the judges sentencing some unfortunate victim. There was Mr. Kauffman standing on a large stump, waiting to send those who were lined up to their destiny.

This was quiet interesting, meeting one friend after another. The fairy next pointed out an immense clock fastened on the clay wall, and not far from it was one of my dear old friends with whom I spent my happiest hours. She seemed to be continually watching the clock. I asked the cause of her pitiful fate, and she thus rejoined:

"I have a two-fold duty. I never was known to get to class on time on account of a slow clock, and could not be quiet for five minutes at a time. I was sent here to guard this clock and never let it get slow, and I have to be still day and night.

When I learn to do that I can go back to earth."

At this point the River Styx came dashing along. The waves were so high and rough it was difficult to discern a boat with someone in it rowing with all his might towards us. The oarsman proved to be Mr. Fray, and when he recognized us he rowed all the harder. He seemed to enjoy his duties, rowing people across the Styx, because he was there of his own accord. He said that he liked the water, and as they were in need of an oarsman he volunteered to come. "Every once in a while some of my friends come along and want to go across."

The fairy now informed me that I would find the entire Freshman English class if we had time to go on—"some, I am glad to say, in Elysium. But it is now almost morning, and in the daytime the large serpents begin their hissing and it is so noisy we will have to depart immediately." As she said this she spread her wings and began to fly, and I rather reluctantly followed. As we landed on the bank of Lake Avernus I awoke, glad to know it was only a dream.

"Consider, my boy," said the Sunday school teacher, "if your father and mother should forsake you, who would take you up?"

"The police," promptly responded the young urchin.—Ex.

The poultry editor of the *Buckeye County Gazette* received this letter from a poetical summer cottager:

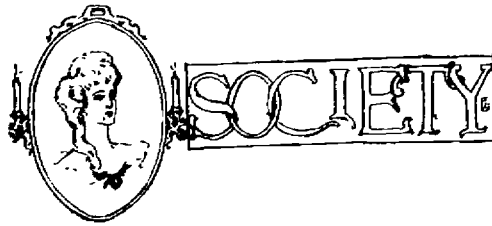
DEAR EDITORS What shall I do? Each morn when I visit my hen-house I find two or three fowls on their backs, their feet sticking straight up and their souls wandering through fields Elysian. What is the matter? Yours in trouble,

The prosaic editor replied by return mail:

DEAR FRIEND: The principal trouble with your hens seems to be that they are dead. There isn't much that you can do, as they will probably be that way for some time. Yrs resptfly,

THE EDITOR.

—Everybody's.



Miss Andora Cox was pleasantly surprised to find herself the hostess of a number of friends from the college who happened in to help celebrate her birthday, May 27th.

Miss Bertha Mitchell, of Chehalis, spent a few days at the college at the beginning of the Commencement festivities.

Mr. Claude Phipps, of Spokane, visited his brother, Mr. Laurence Phipps, Commencement week, previous to their both leaving for Portland.

The girls of the Dramatic Club appeared May 24th, in a bright little play, "Breezy Point." Everybody was delighted with the success which attended the girls in portraying their well-chosen parts so naturally. Anna McMaster was undoubtedly the star of the evening in her part of "Ashrael," a comical work house wail.

The end of the school year has scattered the Faculty as well as the students. Miss Belden, Miss Dunlap and Dr. Armstrong will spend their vacation at their homes in the east, and Miss Brown at her home in Oregon. Miss Munro intends to have a delightful summer in the mountains, while Miss Hansee will soon be on her way to Japan on the "Minnesota." Dean Heath and his family are going to visit relatives in Bellingham.

The Art Exhibit given by Mrs. Crandall and her class Saturday afternoon and evening, June 8, ushered in the pleasures and excitements of Commencement Week. The

studio in Erwin Hall was beautifully decorated in honor of the occasion. Work of the class was greatly admired by the enthusiastic friends, and showed remarkable improvement. A dainty display of china paintings was much appreciated. Miss Osberg and Miss Meldahl of the Vocal Department assisted.

A very successful Faculty Recital occurred Monday night at Mason Library, in which Miss Monro of the Piano Department, Mr. Gray, Vocal Instructor, and Professor Bull, Instructor of the Violin, took part, assisted by Mr. Newell on the 'cello. This was followed by the Advance pupils' recital at the Temple of Music, Tuesday evening, where the work of the pupils showed that they deserved the praise and the flowers which they received.

The presentation of diplomas and the address by Rev. William H. Fulkes occurred Thursday evening, June 13th. The Juniors did their very best in the decorations, to do honor to the last appearance of their Senior class. The address on the subject of "The Sanctions of Eternity," was very skillfully handled, the remarks were to the point and the thoughts came straight from the heart of the speaker. Eleven Seniors in college caps and gown received their diplomas from Rev. A. H. Barnhisel, President of the Board of Trustees, who also bestowed diplomas upon the graduates of the Preparatory Department and those from the Normal Course of Music. This was followed by the conferring of the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon the speaker of the evening. Then the Residence was thrown open for a reception for the Seniors, and the artistically decorated reception rooms were crowded with congratulatory friends.



Edited this month by Genevieve Wilcox

Your personals are fine, Whims!

"The Magaphone" is a well written little paper.

You have some bright, lively stories in your May number, Pioneer.

"The Black and Red" has some substantial critiques of "Our Contemporaries" in it.

"Pat, do you believe in fate?"
"Sure and what would we be standin' on without them?"

"The Junior Class President" of "The Monnal" shows a knowledge of what learned men call psychology.

Lucy—"Paw, what is a talking machine made of?"

Paw—"Well, the first one was made of a rib."—Ex.

"I want to buy some castor oil."
Druggist—"Why?"
Student—"The castors on my bed speak."—Ex.

Umpire—Foul!
Bright Freshie—Where are the feathers?
Umpire—This is a picked team, sir.—Ex.

"The Dream Story" of "The Oregon Monthly" has a peculiarly weird, fanciful

effect similar to the tale its describes. It is unusually well told.

He failed in German, flunked in chem,
They heard him softly hiss,
"I'd like to find the man who said
That ignorance is bliss."—Ex.

If you see a smiling phrase,
That really makes you grin,
Don't waste it just upon yourself,
Cut it out and send it in.—Ex.

Johnny ate a tablet
The family doctor gave;
Now he's got a bigger one
On his little grave.—Ex.

The Juniors are to be congratulated on their success with "The Hyak." The only advice we should give them is that they should strive for a little more virility and a little less sentimentality.

He sat with his feet out in the aisle and his mouth full of gum.
New Roll Teacher—"Mr. Noble, take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."—Ex.

Dainty maid, with golden tress,
Studies Latin, such a stress;
Learning disco, awful mess,
So irregular, great distress;
Wishes help, just more or less;
Pouting lips invite caress;
Didicissee? Well, I guess.—Ex.

"John the Baptist" in "The Phoenix" merits the title of a winning essay. It gives evidence of careful study and clear understanding of the subject on the author's part.

In "The University of Oregon Monthly" there is a sketch of the beautiful surroundings of the institution. Let some genius arise up from among us and describe our waves and mountains. They can bear comparison.

Dimick (at dinner table addressing Cahill)—"Dutch, how do you know that Caesar had an Irish sweet-heart?"

Cahill—"I don't know, do you?"

Dimick—"Why, because he went to the Rhine and proposed to Bridget."—Ex.

"Just go to my room, No. 37," he called to Boots, "on the top flight and see if my umbrella is in the corner and be quick as I have to catch a train."

Boots fled upstairs his fastest and returned within a minute.

"Yes," he said, "it's all right; it is in the corner just where you thought it was."—Pele-Mele.

To shave your face and brush your hair,
And then your Sunday clothes to wear—
That preparation.

And then upon a car to ride,
A mile or two to walk beside—

That's transportation.

And then before the door you smile,
And think you'll stay a good long while—

That's expectation.

And then you find her not at home—

That's thunderation!—Ex.

The play is the thing, so Wednesday evening June 12th, saw Mason Library crowded to the doors to witness the Senior play. It was Goldsmith's "Good Natured Man," and the characters were very successfully portrayed by the members of the mighty '07, assisted by a few of the underclassmen. Mr. Charles Rodman distinguished himself in the character of the "irate parent," Mr. Croaker. The part of jolly, light-hearted Mrs. Croaker was executed very naturally by Miss Susie Garetson, and Miss Anna McMaster made a

very bewitching Olivia, while the audience sympathized with the misfortunes of the "Good-natured Man," presented by Elmore McMaster, and anxiously watched the untangling of the situation by Miss Sara Ghormley in the central figure of Miss Richland.

While waiting for the speaker at a public meeting a pale little man in the audience seemed very nervous. He glanced over his shoulder from time to time and squirmed and shifted about in his seat. At last, unable to stand it any longer, he arose and demanded, in a high, penetrating voice, "Is there a Christian Scientist in this room?"

A woman at the other side of the hall got up and said, "I am a Christian Scientist."

"Well, then, madam," requested the little man, "would you mind changing seats with me? I'm sitting in a draft."—Selected.

"A sense of humor is a help and a blessing through life," says Rear Admiral Buhler. "But even a sense of humor may exist in excess. I have in mind the case of a British soldier who was sentenced to be flogged. During the flogging he laughed continually. The harder the lash was laid on, the harder the soldier laughed.

"'Wot's so funny about bein' flogged?' demande dthe sergeant.

"'Why,' the soldier chuckled, 'I'm the wrong man.'"—Selected.

The Rev. Dr. Twitchell, at the educational conferences at Lexington, began one of his little speeches with, "Gentlemen and ladies." He hastily corrected himself and passed his incident off with the following anecdote:

A teacher asked her class if the sentence, "The horse and the cow is in the lot," were correct. Most of the class thought it all right as it stood, but one little boy found fault.

"Now, children," said the teacher, "listen to Tommy. Why is it wrong, Tommy, to say 'The horse and the cow is in the lot?'"

"Please, ma'am, the lady should be mentioned first."—Selected.

Personals.

Madge—Yes, I sat here surrounded by emptiness.

Gertrude Boyton (quoting from Shakespeare)—I would I were a Weaver (Bob).

Madge (on reading the above personal)—“I don't see anything funny about that.”

Earl Hoke (on the Tally-Ho party)—“Oh, suppose this precious thing should tip over.”

Em-y W-ce (in Bible)—“I just must have that chair because I cannot get along without an arm.”

Mr Cizek (on Tally-Ho party)—Why do we have to drive under Arc lights all the time?

Prof. V. (talking about iron)—That would make two railroad tracks of cars reach from Tacoma to New York.

B-rl-ly—It would reach faster counting engines and cabooses.

Sara G.—Yes, I am going to be real nice to Will this summer because he has a boat.

Prof. B. you see Miss Rolleston that brings out the romantic part of it. You can *easily understand* that.

Capt. Grosseup is already getting a line on the foot ball team for next fall. From the present outlook an exceptionally strong team will be put out.

Miss Hansee—“What were knights, Mr. Ford?”

Ford—“They were guys who helped pretty ladies out of distress.”

Special request by Miss Brown in Freshman Latin, “Lets have all the girls appear in class in successive days dressed in Green, Red and Blue.

Miss Hansee (Eng. History)—What does mutiny mean?

H-rr-t D-d-n—“To rise in arms.”

Kenneth G.—Lets mutiny.

Dave G.—“I have got to go. We have a class this hour.”

Other student—“We? What is Madge teaching you?”

Dave—“That's alright.”

Bud—“How far do we go in Latin for tomorrow, Olive?”

Olive Chrio—“I don't know, but I expect to go to Hades.”

Elmore—“Lets go to the restaurant and get on oyster loaf.”

Sara—“I never saw an oyster loaf, but I have a lobster loaf

Henry L. is complaining because school is closing not from an extreme love of his studies, but from numerous out side reasons.

A college professor, noted for his concentration of thought, returned home from a scientific meeting one night, still ponder-

ing deeply upon the subject that had been discussed. As he entered his room he heard a noise that seemed to come from under the bed.

"Is there some one there?" he asked absently.

"No, professor," answered the intruder, who knew of his peculiarities.

"That's strange," muttered the professor. "I was almost sure I heard some one under the bed."—Everybody's.

"Mother," said a college student who had brought his chum home for the holidays, "permit me to present my friend, Mr. Specknoodle."

His mother, who was a little hard of hearing, placed her hand to her ear.

"I'm sorry, George, but I didn't quite catch your friend's name. You'll have to speak a little louder, I'm afraid."

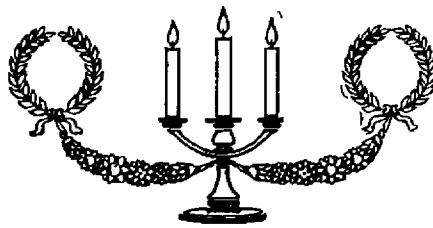
"I say, mother," shouted George, "I want to present my friend Mr. *Specknoodle*?"

"I'm sorry, George, but Mr. — What was the name again?"

"MR. SPECKNOODLE!" George fairly yelled.

The old lady shook her head sadly.

"I'm sorry, George, but I'm afraid it's no use. It sounds just like Specknoodle to me."—Everybody's.



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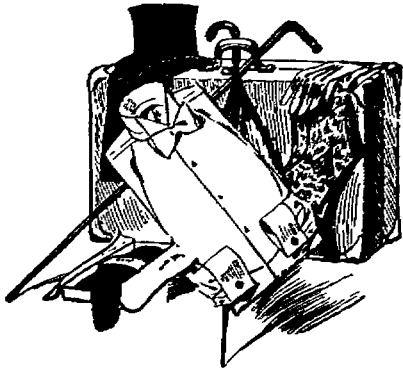
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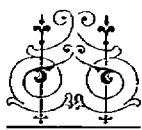
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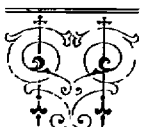
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