

1906

The Whitworthian 1905-1906

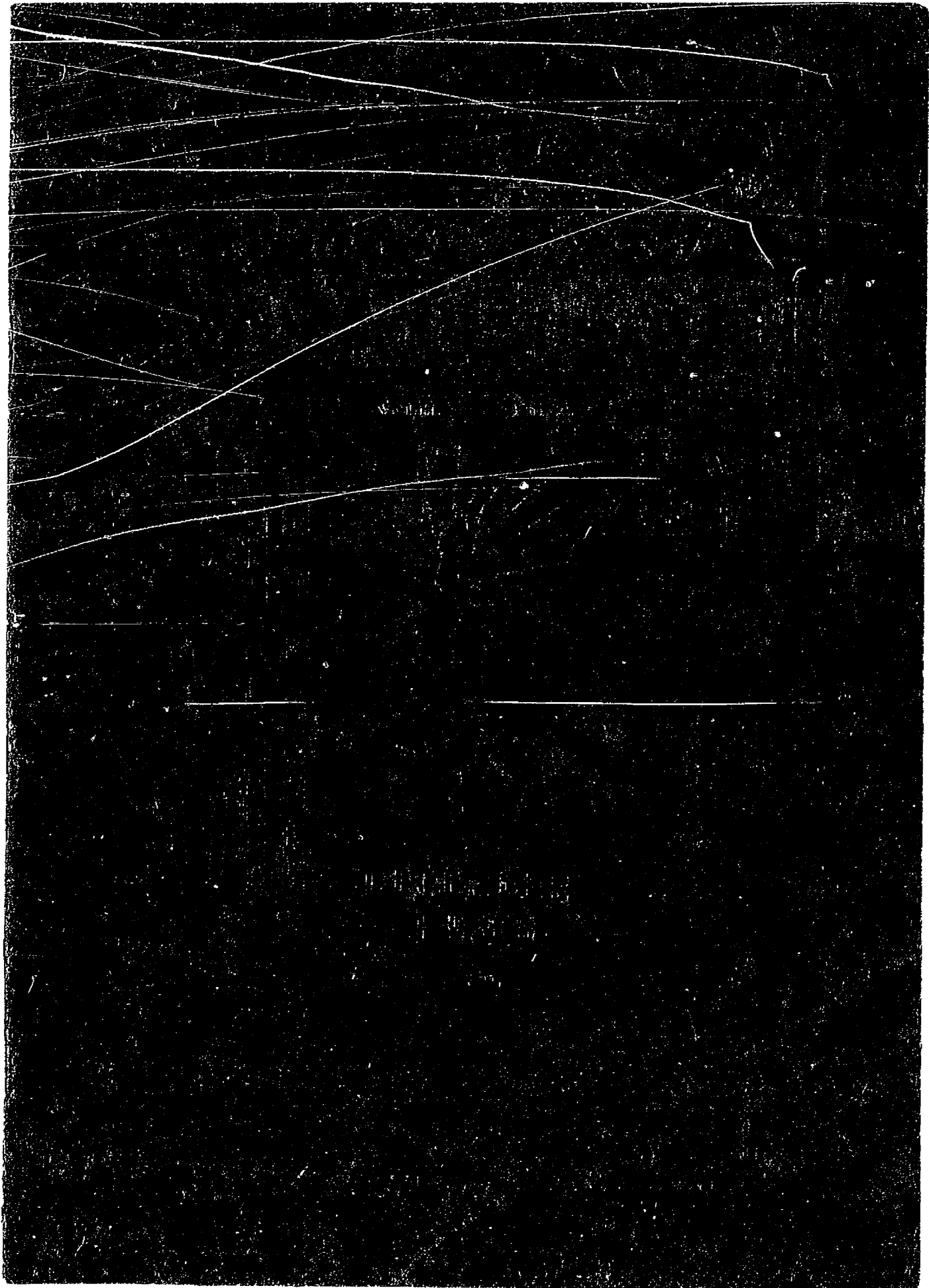
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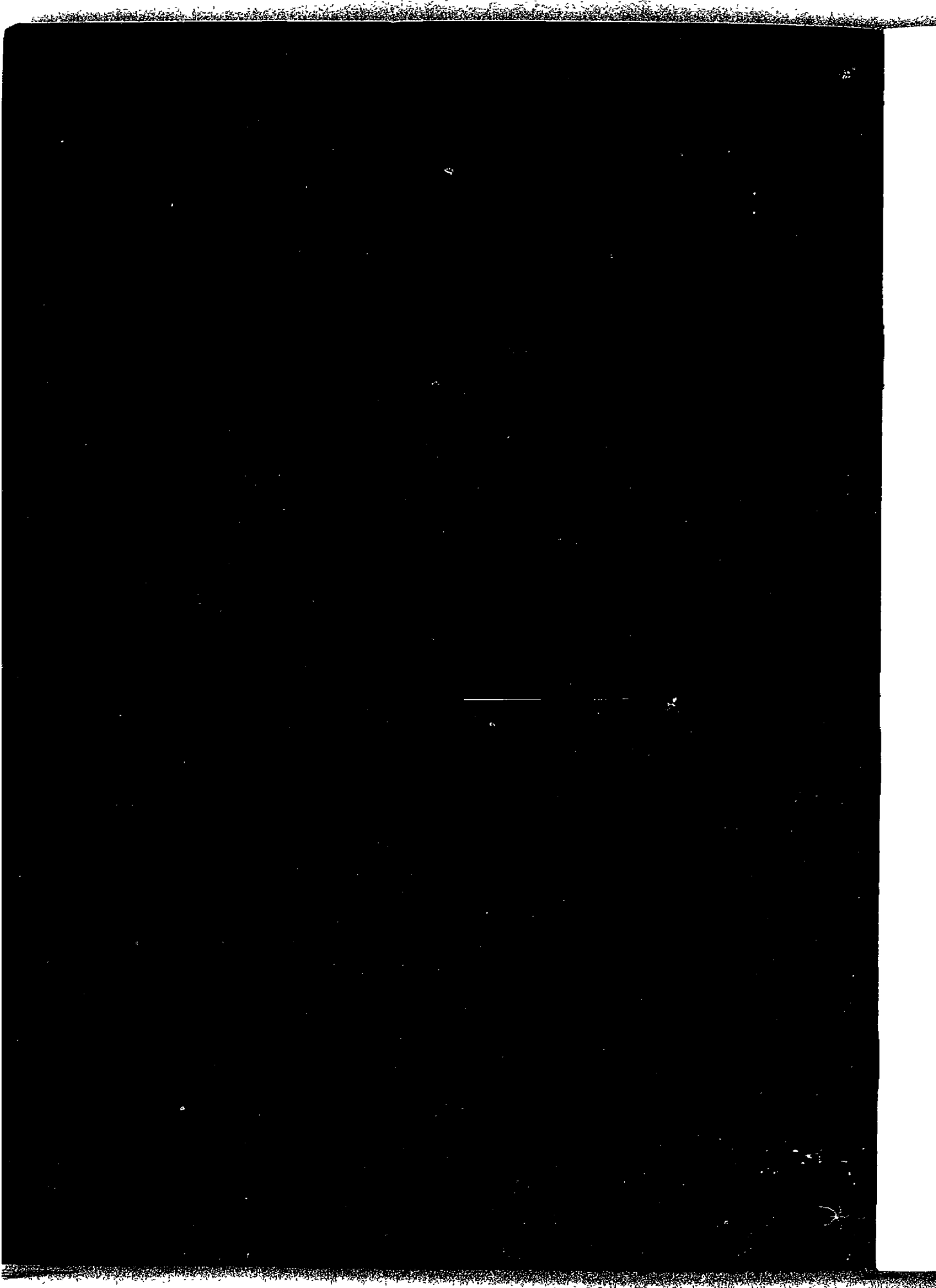
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The Whitworthian

VOL. II,

TACOMA, WASH. DECEMBER 1906

No. 2

Thanksgiving off the Horn.

Baby Alice opened her eyes very slowly and stuck out a tiny fist. The queer groaning noise that had rung in her ears so long was gone. The ship was still rolling heavily, but the awful creaking of the rigging, the training of the masts, and the roar of the waves had ceased. Through the port hole she caught a glimpse of something bright on the water—it was sunshine. Alice rubbed her eyes to be sure—it had been so long since the kindly sun had greeted her.

She remembered that for a long time she had lain in the bunk with her mother's arm around her—that it had been very dark and cold—that everything seemed to be jumping about and rolling over and over, that ever so often there would be a great shock—the ship would stand still and quiver and then pitch forward to meet another shock. Once her father very wet and cold had stooped over her and kissed her and then had gone away again. And then there had been a great crash, her mother had screamed and then lay quiet still holding her very close.

"Mamma, mamma," called Alice but her mother was not there. She crept very cautiously to the edge of the bunk and peeped over. She gave a little squeal of joy—for there just below was Angeline, her precious Angeline. Quickly scrambling down she clasped her darling in her arms. Now an ordinary doll with a bisque body, who had

gone through all the trials and vicissitudes that Angeline had, would never have survived to tell the tale. But Angeline had fallen down the hatch, been washed the whole length of the deck to the fo'castle, had been tossed in the galley and lost in the half deck, but had come back happy and smiling. For any sensible English woman who sails the seas as the "old-man's splice" knows better than to buy a doll of destructible material and so the proud Angeline was only a rag baby.

By a series of small kicks Alice opened the door and toddled out into the cabin. She caught hold of the handles along the wall and made her way unsteadily toward the passage way. Generally the great door of the cabin was securely fastened but by some chance it had not caught and swung back and forth with each lurch of the ship. In one of these backward swings Baby Alice slipped through, and tumbled fair against Sambo.

"Lo' little miss, how yo' come here?" he ejaculated as he picked her up. "Doan' yo' know better 'n to go toddling round by your self?" He stepped into the pantry and set her down on the work shelf. On board ship room is strictly economized, but as Baby Alice was rather diminutive she was not at all in Sambo's way as he moved up and down.

This was the store of the captain's goodies, the source of all good in the greedy apprentices' eyes. Sambo, the steward, was a

privileged person and to be on the good side of him meant extra allowances of sugar and cabin biscuit. Now he took down one of the panikins with a great white life buoy enameled on the side and "Br Barque Dumfrishire, Liverpool," in blue letters.

"Now little miss," he said, "'yo jest set real quiet while Sambo go and tak' you' poor dada some nice hot tea, door dada near got drowned, honey, near got drowned," and shaking his head he filled the panikin with steaming tea and took it to the cabin.

He came back soon and began settings things to rights. Although pretty well secured against the usual rolling of the ship, a good many dishes had been broken in the recent storm.

Suddenly he gave a start, ran his fingers wildly through his kinky wool, and stared at Alice so fiercely that she cried out frightened "Sambo!"

"O Lor'," he gasped, "O Lor' today done be Thanksgibin' day, and this here chicken came nigh forgettin' it Lor,' Lor'! to think of this here coon, Sambo, Abraham Lincoln Johnson being on a British 'ship, under a British flag, on Thanksgibin' day, wid niber a turkey in sight or sound for a thousand miles

"Chickens! nary a chicken! All dem fine critters dat I been feedin' up so fine, till dey looked so fat and perkey, and dat cruel big wave comes along and dis washes dem right off with the poor things craning der necks out of de coop and squaking so," and Sambo stood there the picture of misery.

Suddenly his face brightened. He put his hands on his hips and began whistling:

"Dem lay down de shobel and de hoe. Hang up de fiddle and de bow," for his eyes had fallen on a tin which bore the inscription "Reed & Co., canned chicken 12 Market St Portsmouth

He lifted Baby Alice off her perch and set her safely down inside the cabin. "Now honey, you jiss run along to you ma, for Sambo, he got to work mighty hard to concoct a turkey for little missey's dinner.

At eight bells the mate went below, took off his oilskins, shook the water out of his boots, and went into the cabin.

The captain came into the room with a bandaged knee. He was leaning on his wife's arm, and at every step his face twitched with pain.

He sat down heavily at the table. Although generally jolly and agreeable, just then the "old man" felt pretty grumpy, with a dull ache in his back, a sharp pain in his knee, and a gnawing feeling that three days and nights with nothing to eat but sea biscuit creates in a man's vitals.

For the galley had been flooded and it had been impossible to start a fire.

Baby Alice clambered into her chair and dragged Angeline after her. She felt very nice and "comfy" in a clean pinafore, and was full of high expectations. For from the way Sambo was bustling about she knew he meant plum duff or cracker jack or something equally fine. Her mother and the mate noticed something unusual too.

Sambo had done his best to create a festive air. He had decorated the table with some old paper flowers, given him by some long forgotten sweetheart. A pot of jam was in the center of the table, and the tea was poured out in the best cups.

Just then Sambo appeared, majestically bearing a platter. He placed this in front of the captain with a dignified bow, and stood off to admire his handiwork.

From a flat body too impressyie drumsticks arose.

At closer inspection they proved to be small sticks cleverly concealed by bread crumbs and dressing. By means of the

canned chicken and some ingenious inventions of his own Sambo had molded out a turkey.

"Hello Sambo! what's this" said the captain gazing with wonder at the strange concoction.

"Why suh, dats a turkey suh, sure."

"Hum, and what's the occasion for this extravagance.

"Lor' sun, doan yo' know dis be Thanksgiving, suh.

"Oh, don't-cher-know," joined in the mate, "when I was a apprentice lad and we were lying alongside at New York they gave us a jolly fine feed up at the Institute. Ah to be sure we had a bully time and they said it was Thanksgiving.

"Thanksgiving may be well enough for those who have something to be thankful for, but when it is snowing and blowing off the

Horn, the mainmast carried away and the fo'castle stoved in and—

"There suh, yo' jes' stop there," said Sambo, for a steward aboard ship is a privileged person, "doan yo' go on sich like suh, didn't you sight de Horn tree times suh, and ant dat a sure sign ob destruction, didn't the mainmast carry away, didn't a big wave nearly carry yo' off, but here yo' are safe and sound, wid little missy smiling and old missus smilin' on yo', and a warm cabin and a steaming dinner, Lor', captam if I was yo', I wouldn't talk 'bout nothing to be thankful for."

The captain's face had begun to expand, he forgot the pain in his knee and looked fondly at his wife and daughter.

"Pretty good, Sambo, pretty good," he said, "you might bring in another tin of marmolade and O Sambo just call the lads in and we'll have a cup of tea all around."

Life's Little Pleasantries.

They were seated on the sand of the shore beneath the low hanging branches of a great fir tree, whose shade seemed most pleasing. The clock of conversation had almost run down and she, a pretty little dark haired miniature, was saying, almost wearily, "What shall we do?"

But to him, a tall slender fellow and not over-bright in appearance, there came a sudden thought, "I know," he said, "we'll play we're millionaires and just back from our honeymoon. I'll take a handfull of sand and let it sift into yours and you can let it fall from them as fast as you please but while it's falling you must tell of our experiences at some place. Then you sift the sand into my hands "

"All right," was her answer, and they drew closer together to begin their game.

"You must start, you proposed it," and he did without a murmur.

"We'll play we're at New York and we're just going aboard our private yacht to sail for Europe. There she lay in the stream, the prettiest little white steam schooner in America. You remember how swell she she looked out on the water?"

A nod was her only reply.

"Then we went down below and how pleased you seemed with everything. I was so glad."

"How could I help but be pleased? That neat little cabin and the tiny box of a dining room with the racks full of dishes. It was all

so cozy and snug.

"Well then" continued the gentleman after a moments pause to stretch his legs which were long and somewhat hard to manage, "we sailed away and how well I remember how we watched the land fade away in the distance. Then that night we sat together on the deck and watched the stars come out and the moon as it rose over the water. It was a glorious day, wasn't it?" And then suddenly dropping all the sand which he had in his hands he said; "Now it's your turn, hold out your hands and go ahead."

She began slowly as if it were hard for her to play up to his lead, when on her own hook, but gradually she seemed to warm to it and continued earnestly "And then think of that beautiful drive around the lakes in Scotland* Those rough, hilly roads with their continual jolting and then the glimpses of the lakes far

below, again spread out on a level with us. How blue and sparkling they were and yet how cold they seemed I can see it just as if it were yesterday that we went through there."

Here she stopped and for some little time both were silent. He was busy thinking of what he should say and she busy also in watching and waiting for him

At last he began. "You remember that little time we had after we visited Paris? When we had the Count aboard and the one hundred and fifty cases of champagne."

She looked up at him. When he had begun speaking she had dropped her eyes. But his story was to remain unfinished for just at this point the chaperon appeared and said to the two. "Come now we must go, it's getting late and you've a long row home, Carrie, before dinner." And they loaded their boat and pushed off.

TO LONELINESS.

Thou stealest on me like a summer storm
Doth steal upon a bright and cloudless
sky;

Thou comest in so dark and still a form
That ere I even know that thou art nigh
Thy shadow falls upon my heart.

'Tis thee and thee alone who knows how
best

To hurt a tender soul; yet mak'st our
friends

Far dearer to us than before thy test,
Which more than once our strength of
purpose bends,

Until our will has done its part

Indeed, thou art an angel in disguise,
For though thou woundest and our
hearts are sore,

When next we look into our dear one's
eyes

We'll truly love them more than e'er
before;

And that is worth thy stinging dart.

My Sister's Keeper.

MARY COX.

CHAPTER II

Overcoming the terror which had for a moment held her, Helen made her way to her father and quietly told him what had happened. In a few minutes he had sent word to the college and police, and had taken the girls home. Constance, overcome with grief and upbraiding herself bitterly for her carelessness, sobbed hysterically in Helen's arms.

The two days that followed were dreary ones for the college. The efforts of the detectives seemed to be in vain. The clues were indeed slight, merely a young girl with a reputation for carelessness lost in the neighborhood of the Vendetta Tenement. A dozen theories were advanced but without result.

After the first shock of Tony's loss had passed away, the girls had slowly felt themselves turning against her. Even Constance began to waver in her loyalty. "I can't explain it," she said to Helen, as she sat in her room two days after Tony's disappearance. "I try to fight against it, but there is some thing within me that seems to tell me the child deliberately left us to follow in her poor mother's footsteps. I wish I had never known her mother's history. If she had been lost under ordinary circumstances, the girls would have forgotten all of her little faults and loved her more than ever, but when she deliberately left us, well, that makes it so different, Oh, Helen! I don't want to stop loving her, even if we never find her."

Helen possessed one of those strong natures that ignore superficialities, and "strike straight from the shoulder." She showed her worth now as she turned and looked at Constance, her clear eyes flashing.

"Constance, how can you speak against her? Are you going to be like the rest of the girls? Why she's a mere baby! Talk about school-girl's loyalty! If this is what it is I'd prefer a good dog that knows how to be faithful. I never liked her until that night when we found we had lost her, I thought my heart would break. They may all turn against her if they want to but I'll never give up the hope of finding her. Oh Tony; Tony! My poor girl!" and with a sob that was as rare a thing with Helen as with a boy, she turned abruptly and left the room.

With Helen to will waste do, and when once aroused she spent little time in talking but a great deal in thinking and acting.

The next day she resolved her kindergarden into a miniature detective agency and the older children understood thoroughly what "Our Miss Helen" wanted them to do.

Her greatest comfort now was Manuel, a sturdy little fellow to whom she talked of her grief and who wiped away her tears with his chubby fist and then stalked home with his hands in his pockets, vowing in righteous indignation that he'd "finda de mees dat made Mees Helen cry."

CHAPTER III.

Tony glanced behind her to see that no one was looking, and then skipped through the open door into the alley.

She looked quickly about her, at the tall buildings and the narrow dirty alley that led between them. She heard a man's voice singing a part of an Italian aria that she knew. It was a rare voice, probably belonging to some unfortunate singer who had fallen and hidden himself in the "Vendetta."

The girl's blood was on fire. Some reckless spirit seemed to possess her. With a feeling of exultation she tossed back her curls, flung out her arms, and started to run, anywhere, everywhere, only to go, to see, forever!

On she sped, forgetting everyone and everything, thinking only of the joy of her freedom.

Suddenly she stopped, terrified. Close behind her were a group of half-drunken men, singing a wild song as they lurched and stumbled along.

The glamour was gone now. The realization of where she was, alone and helpless, suddenly seized her. It was well now that she was a swift runner. She sprang lightly among and over the debris, always keeping in the shadow of the tall buildings.

One of the men had caught a glimpse of her and with a curse started in pursuit. But his nerves were not as steady nor his brain as clear as were those of the girl ahead of him, and soon he stumbled and fell, amid the uproarious laughter of his companions.

The minute thus lost to the man was a fortunate gain for Tony. She dashed into the nearest doorway and crouched panting in a corner. Only a moment could she remain there, however, for she heard the men rapidly approaching. In another moment she was running down the dark hall breathing heavily now from the unaccustomed exertion.

She heard the men enter the doorway and come on down the hall. Before her was a flight of rickety stairs, and up these she fled.

"Hal!" cried her pursuer in his native language, "I catch a glimpse of the little light dress! She has been to a party, yes. But I will catch her!" and he stumbled up the stairs, calling to her to stop.

Tony ran on, down another long hallway, and then as she heard the man calling to her she turned to the first door she saw, and sobbing with terror, flung herself inside and turned the lock.

She heard the man mutter his disappointment and move heavily down the stairs. And then she fell, a little forlorn mass of black curls and dainty ruffles, and sobbed herself to sleep. Was she alone in the room? Ah, no! but in her fright she had not been able to distinguish any object in the darkness, thus feeling secure for the moment.

When she awoke the gray dawn was stealing into the room through the narrow panes of a little window, rather high up on the wall. For a moment she felt dazed, but soon the memory of the night before came to her with overwhelming force. She sat up and looked about the room. Near her was a small broken stove and beside it a tiny table, made of rough boards but covered with a spotless cloth. On the wall opposite hung a dress, shabby but clean, and then as her eyes became better accustomed to the light she saw a geranium blooming bravely on the window-ledge, and below the window—she caught her breath and crept noiselessly across the room—a dilapidated bed on which lay a woman, not beautiful, but with traces of former beauty, her pallid face surrounded by a mass of dark hair, her lips moving carelessly, her white fingers clutching at something she could not see.

She was ill, unconscious, and alone, and as Tony realized this a wave of pity swept over her. She tore off her dainty gown, soiled now from the trash in the alley, donned the clean one hanging on the wall, brushed back her curls and then boldly unlocked and opened the door and went out into the hallway.

Something in the girl's nature had suddenly changed. She was a woman now, a tender-hearted but fearless woman.

She walked steadily down the hall until she saw a light streaming out from the crack beneath a door. She knocked. There was no reply. She knocked again. This time a

woman opened the door, a blear-eyed, heavy-jawed woman who stood open-mouthed, staring at the strange girl.

"Well," she growled, "whatcher want?"

Tony, perfectly calm, looked up

"I want some coal," she said steadily, "and some meat for broth and some milk and bread. I have a sick friend here, and I must get some food for her. Can you help me?"

The woman swore softly.

"Well, my fine lady," she sneered, "you know it wouldn't be safe for you to go and beg them victuals so anly in the mornin', you bein' so young and pretty, you know, so I reckon you'll have to do without," and she started to close the door.

Tony stepped forward quickly and caught her arm. She felt herself growing strong and calm

"Listen to me," she commanded, "I have the money to buy the things, but I can't go to get them and you must go for me. You've got to go!"

The woman's eyes flashed

"And who are you, so fine, to come and order me to do this and that? Now leave holt a' my arm or I'll shake ye off. D'ye hear?" she thundered.

"Yes, I hear you," Tony replied, her head high, "but you're going to do what I say, nevertheless. Now, come with me while I get the money. It's lucky I brought some in my pocket. Do you hear me?"

The blear-eyed woman stared a moment in speechless astonishment, and then turned and followed the girl without a word.

It was not long before she returned with the provisions. As Tony thanked her she looked down with evident admiration

"You're a game 'un, you are, an' got some spunk," she volunteered, "me name's Moll, ane if ye want some more help, just come after me."

Meanwhile the sick woman had awakened. When she saw Tony she was too weak to wonder who she was, but only lay and watched

the girl as she moved quickly about the room. But despite Tony's efforts, she steadily refused to take any nourishment.

"I must make her eat," Tony thought, and then going up to the bed she pushed back the hair from the sick-woman's forehead.

"Now, dearie," she coaxed, "take a little broth, just a little to please me. There! just a spoonful! Ah, how sweet of you! Now one more! There! you have almost finished the cupful! Now you can rest."

The woman smiled and closed her eyes. "I wish she were French," Tony said to herself, "and then I could coax her into obeying me. At any rate she said a couple of French words just before she woke up. While she's asleep I'll tidy things," and she hummed softly as she busied herself about the room.

Soon she was startled by the woman calling frantically for help. Tony ran to her and saw that she was delirious. She hurried through the hall and called to Moll to help her.

Through the long night they worked beside the suffering woman, with no one to help them. The morning found Tony still at the bedside, pale and anxious.

There was no doctor near and no way of reaching one. Neither she nor Moll could leave the helpless woman and they were compelled to wait for the return of Moll's husband, Bill. Yielding to Moll's entreaties Tony slept a little

When at last Bill did stagger in, maudlin drunk, Moll took him by his collar and dragged him into his room

"Never mind, small 'un," she whispered to Tony, "I'll sober my man up as soon's I kin, and then he'll go. But we'll have to wait till mornin'. Anyhow the woman will last longer'n that," and she nodded toward the bed

And so it proved. Moll's "man" could not be trusted on the errand until morning. Then he was given two messages, one to Doctor Johns, whom Tony knew, and the other to Helen at the kindergarden

Tony repeated each message slowly, emphasizing the addresss, and Moll went over them in her own vernacular, shaking her fist at her husband and threatening dire punishments should he not safely deliver them.

After his departure, Tony went back into the room with a light heart. All was well now. The doctor would come and save the poor woman, and Helen would send for her.

Through the day she worked and waited, sending Moll often to the doorway to look for Bill. At night he had not returned, but still hoping she and her friend worked and rested in turn. When morning dawned no message had come from Dr. Johns or Helen.

Another dreary day dragged on. At last, the messenger came, just as night was settling over the tenement. Tony ran out to meet him.

"Are they coming? Oh!" she cried, as he muttered something and fell sprawling at her feet.

He had met some friends, been "treated," had forgotten his messages and returned.

He's good fer two days in bed," Moll told

the poor girl. "There aint another critter here as ye could trust unless it's an Italian on the first floor, an' he don't git home from the sweat-shop till mornin' "

She caught her unfortunate spouse by his hair and dragged him along the hall.

Tony was tired and discouraged. White with disappointment and fatigue she stumbled into the room and knelt beside the bed.

Suddenly the sick woman screamed and clutched at her throat.

"Oh, I choke! I choke!" she cried.

Tony sprang up, unfastened the neck of the woman's dress and took off a small gold chain and locket that hung about her throat.

As she put her arm around the woman the chain fell, and the locket, striking against the side of the bed, flew open. Tony glanced at it, then catching it up ran to the window.

She pressed closely against the pane.

With a frightened cry she threw out her hand to steady herself and then, as her slender strength failed her, she fell forward senseless just as Moll hurried into the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Who is He?

While walking across the campus the other day, I met a bunch of fellows discussing the banquet given to the football team. A fine looking lot they were, well dressed and neat, but one, who seemed to catch my eye and hold it, was my old friend Bill. I could not tell why it was, at first, but upon coming nearer I perceived that a swell new pair of shoes adorned his feet. Going up to him I slapped him on the back and said: "Hello, Bill! That s a pretty nifty pair of shoes you have there., iWhere did you get them?" "Oh," he said much pleased, "they are the real thing. They call them "Packard's", and I bought them of Fisher, the Shoe Man, 954 Pacific Ave.

Miss R.: "Scientists are beginning to tell us that electricity is a fluid."

A voice: "Yes, we even go so far as to call it juice "

Miss R: "All superstitious people are ignorant."

L. D.: "Oh no! I'm superstitious, and yet ——"

Ph---s, translating—"A tender calf will absorb me, raised on luxuriant grass." We'll turn you out on the campus if that is your proper element.

their rooms at the Residence. Special interest centered around the chafing dishes and the fun of the evening was in assisting in the preparations of the various concoctions. Everyone spent a most pleasant evening and the young ladies proved themselves gracious hostesses.

Football as a Social Factor

There are rumors of a football banquet to be given on Friday the fifteenth at the Residence. The ladies of the faculty are taken this in charge. All the students must be there to show anew their school patriotism and spirit in making this an even greater success than last year.

Y. W. C. A.

Miss McCorkle, the Y. W. C. A. secretary of Washington, visited Whitworth Tuesday, Dec. 5th. She was present at the girls cabinet meeting and gave them a very helpful talk and some timely suggestions.

At the regular Y. W. C. A. meeting Wednesday, Dec. 6th the chairman of the different committees read their policies. This was done so that all the members would know what the committees are trying to do and what their purpose is. Miss Susie Gauetson presided and Miss Roberts sang an appropriate solo in her usual charming manner.

ATHLETICS.

RESUME.

Now that the football season is over, it might be well to review briefly the record of the team for 1905. And it is a record of which we have every reason to be proud. Great credit must be given to Captain Colbert and to some of the older players, who are in a large measure responsible for what the team has accomplished.

From a small number of men a team has been selected which easily defeated Vashon College, Tacoma High School and Olympia High School, and played two heavy games with the strongest college teams of the Northwest. For the first time Whitworth met the University of Washington on the gridiron and made a remarkable showing against them, scoring on a difficult place kick by McMasters. In the O. A. C. game, Whitworth was defeated, yet the large score was in a measure due to the absence from the game of Colbert, the star fullback, and to the strain upon the men from the long railway journey.

The record of the team is as follows:
Whitworth 35, Vashon 0.

Whitworth 12, Tacoma H. S. 0.

Whitworth 4, U. of W. 18.

Whitworth 0, O. A. C. 58.

Whitworth 23, Olympia H. S. 0.

Whitworth 0, Aberdeen 0.

Whitworth 23, Olympia H. S. 0.

On November 25, accompanied by a
Whitworth v. Olympia.

delegation of rooters, the team went to Olympia to play the High School team. The steamer Crest had been chartered for the occasion. On arriving in Olympia the team was sent to a hotel for lunch.

The Olympia team had defeated Tacoma High School and were nearly as heavy as Whitworth. Knowing this, our team expected a low score game. Whitworth was strengthened by Paul, a player of considerable experience at Carlisle, who took Delaney's place at half. Mitchell had been placed at end in place of Holt, who had also left school.

The afternoon was cold and rainy, and the field was very wet and slippery. The game was called at 3 o'clock sharp. Col-

ter, of Olympia, kicked off to Huffman, who ran it back 10 yards. Then, steadily but surely, Whitworth started down the field. Once the ball was lost, but Olympia was unable to advance, and again Whitworth started toward the goal. By a succession of bucks and short end runs the ball was brought within striking distance of the goal. Here Paul was given the ball and he went through for a touchdown. Colbert kicked goal.

Colbert kicked to Olympia, who soon lost the ball on downs. Again Whitworth started for the goal, and again Paul made a touchdown. Colbert kicked goal. The half ended with the ball in the center of the field. Score: Whitworth 12, Olympia 0.

The second half was but a repetition of the first. Whitworth was playing a faster game than Olympia had met before, and McCauley was reeling off the plays with clockwork precision. Every man was playing the game, and the interference was perfect. Short end runs by Paul and Sander, once in a while a quarterback run by McCauley, and fierce line plunges by Colbert, carried the ball down the field. Colbert, by brilliant work, made two touchdowns and kicked one goal.

Olympia played desperately, and fought for every inch. The play was fierce and time was repeatedly taken out for members of both teams. McCauley, of Whitworth, and McIntosh, of Olympia, retired from the game near the end of this half. Olympia gained their yardage but three or four times during the game, while Whitworth was forced to punt but once.

Final score: Whitworth 23, Olympia 0.

The features of the game were the playing of McCauley, Colbert and Paul, for Whitworth, and the defensive work of Hartsuck and McIntosh, for Olympia.

Whitworth's lineup was as follows: L. E., Norton, L. T., Doseff; L. G., Metzger; C., L. Doud; R. G., D. Doud; R. T., Huffman; R. E., Mitchell; Q. B., McCauley, Phipps; L. H., Paul; F. B., Colbert; R. H., Sander.

The Aberdeen Trip.

The last game of the season was at

Aberdeen on Thanksgiving day. The team left Tacoma November 29 at 4 p. m. and arrived in Aberdeen at 9 p. m. They were met at the station and were taken to the best hotel in town. The next morning was spent in seeing the town, and a short signal practice was run through. The team was crippled by the absence of Huffman, the big tackle, who was unable to make the trip. Metzger was shifted to tackle and Rodman placed at guard. Sander was placed at right end and Williams at right half.

At 2:45, Whitworth arrived on the field and ran a few plays. Aberdeen then went through a short practice. They were very much the heavier, having three men of over 200 pounds each, one of whom was a former Northwestern University player. Whitworth, however, was not dismayed, having had experience against heavier teams, and every man went into the game determined to win.

The game was called at 3 p. m. Colbert kicked over the goal. Aberdeen punted from the 25-yard line. Whitworth lost on downs, but Aberdeen could not gain. Whitworth then slowly but steadily began to go down the field, Colbert and Paul doing most of the heavy work. On the 10-yard line they fumbled, Metzger falling on the ball on the 20-yard line. Here Colbert tried a place kick for goal but missed by a small margin. Aberdeen punted back and Whitworth again, by a succession of short gains, were advancing toward the goal. McCauley here made a sensational run of 30 yards, being downed on the two-yard line. Braced on their own goal line, Aberdeen fought desperately and held for downs. They then punted out of danger, and the half ended with the ball in the middle of the field. Score: Whitworth 0, Aberdeen 0.

At the beginning of the second half Aberdeen kicked off. Whitworth advanced the ball about 30 yards, but lost on a fumble. Here Aberdeen made her only consistent gains. By pulling Phillips, their 200-pound guard, back and sending him through the line, they made short gains. They also used a tackleback formation. After advancing the ball about 20 yards, they were forced to punt. Again Whitworth advanced the ball, only to lose it on downs. Aberdeen punted

and it was Whitworth's ball. Colbert tried a quarterback kick. Aberdeen secured the ball and punted. McCauley advanced 10 yards on a quarterback run. Colbert and Williams made good gains through the line, but time was called with the ball in Whitworth's possession on Aberdeen's 35-yard line. Score: Whitworth 0, Aberdeen 0.

The game was remarkably clean and devoid of rough playing of any kind, the best of feeling prevailing between the members of both teams.

The sensational work of the day was done by McCauley and Paul, while Colbert shone at line plunging and on the defense. Sander and Mitchell played a strong game at ends. The linemen, especially Metzger and D. Doud, played a good game, these two playing against two of the heaviest men on the opposing team.

Whitworth lined up as follows: L. E., Mitchell; L. T., Doseff; L. G., Rodman; C., L. Doud, R. G., D. Doud; R. T., Metzger; R. E., Sander; Q. B., McCauley, L. H., Paul; R. H., Williams; F. B., Colbert (captain).

The team was royally entertained and the men speak only words of praise for the Aberdeen men. The team returned to Tacoma the next day.

Second Team.

Although organized late in the season and playing a short schedule, the second team made a good showing and developed some good material. The back field was heavy and consisted of first team subs. The line was light and composed principally of inexperienced players, yet

they developed wonderfully in the first two games and played like veterans against the heavy Vashon team. Credit must be given to McCauley, of the first team, for his able assistance in coaching the team, and it is due to him that the team was so successful!

Three games were played, the scores being: Whitworth 0, Reliance 0; Whitworth 41, Puyallup H. S. 0, Whitworth 5, Vashon 0.

Doud McCleary and Mitchell played a strong game in the back field, while of the new men Rodman at tackle, Rummalls at center and Schaal at guard showed up well.

BASKETBALL.

The football season having been finished, attention is now turned to basketball. Practice has not started as yet, but everyone who knows anything of the game should turn out and make the season a success. We are handicapped by having a poor place in which to practice, but are to use the Y. M. C. A. gym. for our games.

Through the efforts of Director Booth, of the Y. M. C. A., a league has been formed, consisting of teams from Vashon, Parkland, University of Puget Sound, Tacoma High School and Whitworth. Whitworth's first game is at Vashon January 12, and games will be played at short intervals from that date until March 30. The schedule is a satisfactory one in all particulars, and if all the men turn out for the team Whitworth cannot fail to make a creditable showing.

The First Northwest Conference of Y. W. C. A.

For over a year the National Committee of the Young Woman's Christian Association has been working and praying for a Northwest Conference, and this fall their hope was realized.

On September 5th trains from Portland began unloading girls. They came on the morning train, the noon train and the evening train. When the call, "Hotel Moore! Free bus to the Hotel Moore!" rang out, they set down their luggage thankfully and knew they were at the right place. The bus went bumpety-

bump over the gravel road, through the little town of Seaside, over the bridge across the Necanicum, through a grove of seacoast pines and drew up at a pretty hotel built not a hundred yards from the great white breakers.

At the end of the third day there were 95 girls gathered together, all with the purpose and intense desire to learn about the Y. W. C. A. work, and also to get a truer meaning of what it means to be a Christian and to have a personal Savior.

A hall near the hotel was used for an

auditorium. There at 8 30 a. m. was held the morning prayer service, conducted by Mrs Park, of Salem. From 9 to 10 were held the Bible study classes, conducted by Rev. Dean, of Seattle, and Mr. Hutchenson, of Portland. From 10 to 11 the Student Conference was led by Miss Kyle, the national student secretary. Here the college girls received the most helpful ideas and suggestions about how a Y. W. C. A. ought to be conducted. One beautiful evening vespers were held on the sand dunes at Gerheart. This service was very beautiful and impressive.

It was on those very sand dunes, sitting among the tall salt grass, biting pencils and wrinkling brows, that the Whitworth girls received the inspiration of what they should do on Delegation day. Delegation day was Saturday, the 9th, and then every delegation sang a song or gave a pantomime, to illustrate the name of their college or city association. This program was very ingenious and thoroughly enjoyable.

Every evening at 7:30 addresses were given in the auditorium. After this the girls collected in groups of six or seven and held a good night prayer service. Sunday morning and evening services were held, to which all the people of the town were invited.

Monday, the 11th, was the last day. Mr. Moore, the proprietor of the hotel, gave a banquet in honor of the Conference. Miss Webb, of Portland, was toast-mistress and the clever toasts were received most enthusiastically.

After the banquet the girls all gathered around the great fireplace in the hotel parlor. Miss Barnes led and then each girl told what the Conference had meant to her and what help she had gotten out of it. Every one expressed her determination either to come herself next year or to send someone else. Good-byes were said that night, and early Tuesday morning the Y. W. C. A. girls left Seaside.

In every respect this first Northwest Conference was a success. Washington, Oregon, Montana and Idaho were represented. This success is mainly due to Miss Barnes, Miss Kyle and Miss Kratty, our national secretaries, and also to Miss Barnes, of Portland, the business manager, and to Miss McKorcle.

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AN EPISODE.

Ruthie had a little dog;
 Its hair was black as coal,
 And everywhere that Ruthie went
 It came and took a roll.
 It followed her to class one day,
 Which was against the rule.
 It made the children laugh and play—
 Wrought havoc in the school.
 It wandered idly thro' the room,
 Lay down at Ruthie's feet
 Miss Lay's bright face was filled with
 gloom—
 She is so awfully neat.
 "Herr Doud," she said, an frowned the
 while,
 "Remove this canine quickly!"
 "Auf Deutsch?" he asked, with beaming
 smile.
 "I fear his teeth are prickly."
 Up strode the hero, tall and strong,
 And seized it by the neck.
 It whined and squirmed both loud and
 long—
 Caused laughter by the peck.
 Thus did that doggie disappear;
 'Twas never heard from more.
 Herr Doud declared if it came near
 He'd kick it out the door.
 And Ruth now comes alone to school,
 And mourns her doggie's fate.
 She says Miss Lay is very cruel,
 And comes to class "sehr spat."

Two lonely skunks by the roadside stood
 As an automobile passed by;
 It left an odor far from good.
 And a tear was in one's eye
 "O why do you weep," asked the other skunk,
 'Why do you sob and quake?'
 "Because that smell," said the other skunk,
 "Is like mother used to make."

Miss B. (to P——Class): "I want you all to get 95 in the test, so you can all be exempt from the final exam., but I shall not cheat to get that standing for you.

Class (with one accord): "Well, we'll have to do the cheating then."

The S. M. C. Dance.

A most delightful dance was held by the members of the S. M. C. club at Tacoma Music hall last Tuesday evening. Many invitations were issued. Among the girls a finer lot of dancers could be found nowhere. But one seemed to eclipse them all in her graceful and easy style of dancing, a young lady from Whitworth. When asked as to the secret of her success' she replied: "Oh, that's easy. I wear Queen Quality shoes, sold by Fisher, the Shoe Man, 954 Pacific Avenue. They don't hurt my feet."

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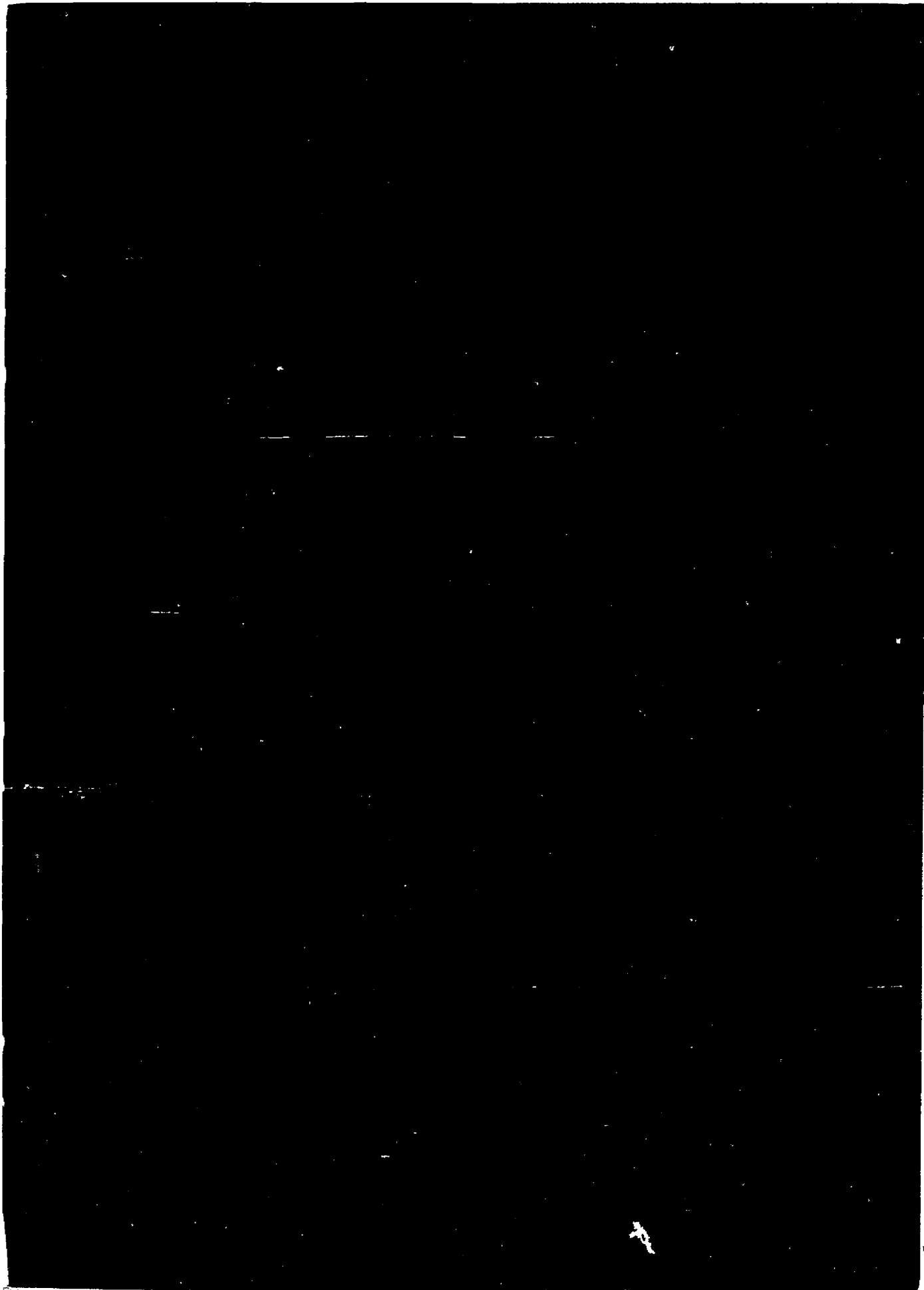
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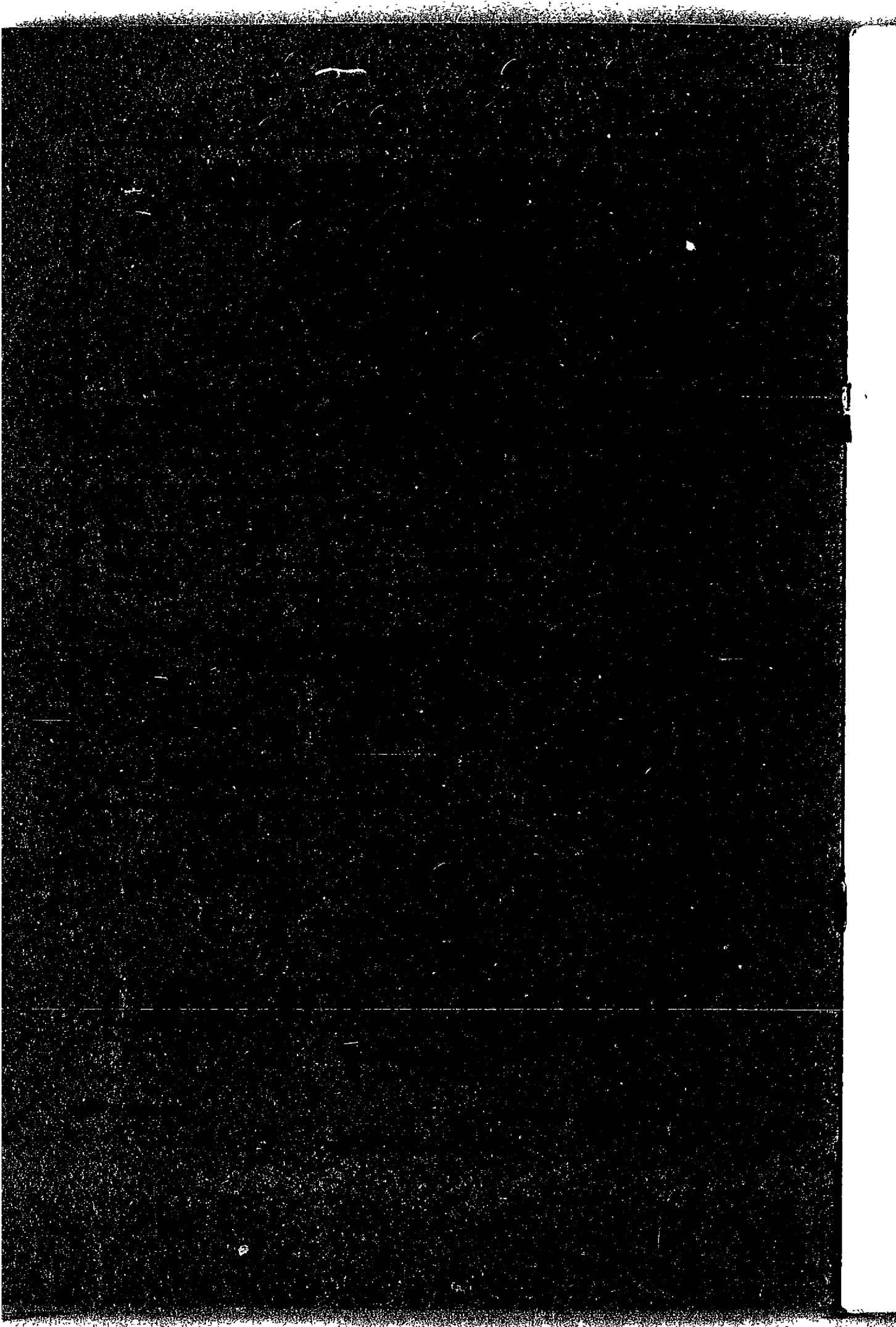


WHITWORTHIAN

Vol. II. No. 3.



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The Whitworthian

VOL II,

TACOMA, WASH. JANUARY, 1908

No. 3

By the judges decision and in accordance with the conditions governing the Short Story Competition, the following story has been awarded the prize.

A Story of Fifty-Five.

NOTE—The main incidents and "locality" of this plot are true.

My great-uncle leaned forward in his arm-chair and gazed at the flames dancing in the huge fire-place. His soft white hair framed a face of unusual strength and gentleness. His fingers absently stroked the fair curls of little Dorothy.

The huge oaken clock on the other side of the room ticked steadily. We waited for him to begin his story, a story of his youth which we had heard many times, but which was ever new, ever thrilling.

"The Puget Sound country was wild indeed, when we came across the plains in our prairie-schooners and braved a thousand dangers for the sake of a western home.

"I was scarcely more than a boy then, but I had seen twenty summers and felt twice as old, and consequently was twice as reckless. But even the most daring of the boys who came across the continent in those early days, got sobered down a little as time went on and hardships increased.

"I had settled on a patch of land near the banks of the White river and by dint of constant labor cleared a few acres and built a cabin and barn.

"My nearest neighbors, the Strattons, were two miles away, across the river. Any sort of neighbors were most welcome in this wilderness, but these were especially so, hardy New Englanders with a daughter, Melissa, a regular 'apple-blossom of a girl.'"

Great-uncle paused a moment, and smiled.

"Well," he went on, "my next neighbors lived in the little settlement at Seattle, twenty miles away, which was then a tiny village but nevertheless a sort of stronghold against our

common enemy, the Indian.

"The months flew by, and the Strattons and I worked away on our two little clearings, managed to raise sufficient grain to keep the stock alive, and thought hopefully of the time when the land would all be settled and we should no longer fear the Indians.

"Up to this time I had seen very little of my red neighbors. Perhaps half-a-dozen times a group of warriors or squaws had passed through my land, but nothing more than a friendly "Klahiya!" had passed between us.

"One Friday night, I finished my chores early and started down to the river. I felt particularly lonely that evening, for somehow thoughts of home kept pushing themselves into my mind. After all, western life was lonely at best. Home had never seemed particularly attractive to me when I could enjoy its blessings, but now—well, it was different.

"The thought of mother, churning under the apple-tree while she rocked the baby's cradle with her foot, made a pretty picture in my mind's eye, and set me to thinking.

"I wonder," I thought to myself, if Melissa would—well, I'll ask her tonight, if she's as kind as usual."

"Having settled that little matter, I hurried down to the raft of logs that served as a ferry. The river was very narrow at this crossing-place and I was soon on the other shore.

"Before very long I was eating a piece of Mrs. Stratton's vinegar pie, a great luxury on the White River, and listening to Mr. Stratton as he told me of rumors that a massacre near

Porter's Prairie had reached him. But these did not greatly disturb me. I was like a miner, who thinks that because he has gone down into a dangerous part of the mine a dozen times, he can safely do it again, and so goes, perhaps never to return."

Father picked up Dorothy, who was nodding drowsily, I crept a little closer to big brother, and slipped my hand into his. The thrilling part of the story was coming now, and it always made me a wee bit nervous.

"About ten o'clock I started home. I had asked the all-important question, and Melissa had told me in her sweet way to go back to my cabin and forget about her. I didn't care much about what happened just then. As I made my way across the river, my heart was in my boots, in the very bottom of them.

"Suddenly I forgot Melissa, forgot everything save the horrid glare that rose against the black firs, the myriads of little flames that seemed to dance and cackle like a thousand infernal imps.

"My barn was on fire! My hard-earned barn that held the food which was to keep me and my stock alive during the winter!

"Wild with excitement I ran on, straight to destruction, I dashed into the clearing and then stood stiff with terror. Running in and out of the house, dancing about the flames and yelling like demons, were ten or twelve Muckleshoot Indians.

"Instinctively I turned and started to run through the brush, but not before I had been seen by one of the cunning fellows. With a whoop of savage joy that whole pack of human dogs started in pursuit.

"For a quarter of a mile beyond my clearing there stretched a bog of thorn-brush, growing so closely together as to form a barrier, almost impenetrable. My one hope was to force my way through this brush, at any cost. Perhaps after all the Indians would be satisfied when the cabin and barn were destroyed.

"I dashed into the mass and worked my way blindly through it. The thorns lacerated my flesh, caught my hair and pulled it out. Gradually my clothing was torn from me. My arms and legs were bleeding, but behind me were the yells that goaded me on.

"I was young and fleet, and the tough muscles bred of a pioneer's life stood me in

good stead now. To stop was to die, and so I pressed onward with strength born of desperation.

"At last! I drew a long breath of relief and stumbled into an open space, a poor mass of bleeding flesh and half-demented mind.

"You have heard that a man who is partly insane has the strength of ten ordinary men. So it was with me.

"Through the long black night I sped on, scarcely knowing what I was doing, with only one thought before me—the settlement!

"I did not know that the savages had believed me still in the thorn bog, and had taken their time to send for the rest of the band to share in the killing when I should be caught.

"At early dawn I ran into the little street of Seattle, a half-crazed creature, that would have seemed a strange sight to you. But in the minds of these good people, accustomed as they were to such horrors, I awakened no great surprise. The men gathered about me, heard my half-intelligible news of the Indians, and understanding everything, turned me over to the care of the women.

"For days I lay in a stupor, but at last I awakened, 'in my right mind,' to see Melissa bending over me.

"That night of terror had done its work. There were lines in my face never to be removed, and what little hair the thorns had left me was as white as hoar-frost. They say nowadays that hair can't turn white in a single night, but I can speak from my own experience.

"How did Melissa get there?"

"Well, heaven took care of the dear girl and brought her to me. But it would make too long a story to tell you about that, children."

Little Dorothy had awakened and reaching over, she touched the old man's hand.

"Me see Aunty's picture?" she asked softly.

Slowly the feeble fingers drew out from an inner pocket the faded daguerreotype of a lovely woman. We gathered about the arm-chair and looked at the familiar face almost reverently.

The great clock struck nine. Father picked up little Dorothy, and big brother lifted me to my feet. We kissed the old man quietly and started for the stairs. As I reached the door-way I turned and looked back.

My great-uncle still sat before the fire, his head bowed in revery, the faded picture in his hand.

JEAN LANE.

My Sister's Keeper.

MARY COX.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a pleasant morning, clearer and brighter than usual. As Helen started for the kindergarden she felt buoyant, with that buoyancy which is best understood by a strong girl with a good digestion and clear conscience. She thought she had cause for happiness, for the kindergarden tots had been exceptionally good the day before and there would be two hours before noon to spend on Greek.

She threw back her head and filled her lungs with the fresh air.

"It's a grand thing to live," she thought, "just the power to breathe God's air and know that people love you are causes enough for happiness. Hello! Here's Manuel!" as a brown faced lad dodged out of a doorway and caught her hand.

In another second there was a flutter of a little red pinafore and Miss Mercita Sarumbucetti, aged four, made her way across the street, alternately falling down and screaming to Helen to wait. Helen laughed merrily and picked her up, as with a joyous scream the little girl made a last frantic effort, lost her balance and fell in an ignominious heap at her teacher's feet.

Manuel pulled off his cap and bowed very solemnly, for he was Helen's star pupil in the "manners" lesson. Miss Merita bowed in return. Never would she live through the humiliation of having "teacher" chide her for forgetting to be polite.

"Miss Helena! Miss Helena!" screamed half a dozen voices, and during the rest of the walk to the Tenement, Helen made the best progress she could, surrounded by twelve sturdy sons and daughters of Italy.

As they entered the kindergarden hall Manuel whispered to Helen.

"When you are no so beezy, I wish to something tell."

* * * * *

On the same bright morning Constance rose early. She was pale and nervous. Although she had retired early, the night's sleep had not rested her, for from twilight to dawn she had dreamed of Tony, her little lost Tony. The bitter feelings that had come into her heart were gone now.

She had dreamed of Tony's first day at school when she had run to her, begging her not to scold because she had been disobedient to Miss Gray. And then there was another day when Tony had quarreled with the girls and had come to her room, sobbing with anger. Constance had comforted her and had told her that no matter how the other girls treated her, she would always love her. Had she always loved her?

For some reason she felt unusually troubled and the little girls who always came to her for help could not understand her.

All during the morning she studied and recited with her thoughts far away from the college halls.

It is written: "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." The heart of Constance was in the slums about the Vendetta Tenement, for her treasure was there.

At the end of her Latin recitation, Constance went to the dormitory. At a landing of the stairway she saw the chums called Baucis and Philemon, bound together like Siamese twins, singing at the tops of their voices which were both feeble and tuneless, much to the meritment of the girls who were "putting them through the paces." Baucis was vainly endeavoring to render "Green Grow the Rushes O!" while Philemon struggled with the refrain of "The Wearing of the Green."

"Well," Constance thought to herself, "it won't do any good for me to mope around and seem horrid while the other girls are so jolly. I'll get permission to go down and talk things over with Helen."

And so it happened, that just as Helen gathered her little circle about her for their good-bye song, she looked up to see Constance smiling in the doorway. The little flock filed out into the open air and Helen touched Manuel's shoulder.

"If you want to tell me your secret now, little man, I will listen. I have been too busy before."

The boy flushed and seemed so confused because of the strange girl that Helen took him across the room where he could whisper in safety. Constance amused at the boy's shyness, watched them talking together.

Suddenly Helen's manner changed. She seemed greatly excited. Catching the boy's hand she hurried to Constance.

"Oh, come!" she cried, and before Constance knew what happened she found herself in the alley almost running to keep up with Helen and Manuel.

CHAPTER V.

When Tony at last opened her eyes Moll was bending over her. The moonlight streamed through the little window and lit up the woman's face, so tender now, and the hands that had been so unaccustomed to gentleness.

"Why, Moll," she said in a very weak but determined voice, "I'm not ill. Why! you've put your best shawl on the floor for me to lie on! Please help me to get up. I — I want to see my mother"

"I'm feered ye aint got the strength to be jumpin' around," the woman replied, but she smiled as she helped the little girl to rise.

"I allers said ye was a game un. Yes, I knows the sick woman's yer ma, fer ye was talking about her and findin' yer picter in her locket afore ye come to."

Tony slowly walked over to the bed and looked down at the sleeping woman. The face that lay on the pillow seemed so white and drawn in the moonlight.

"She's my mother," Tony whispered, "my precious mother. Nothing else matters," and stooping over she kissed her.

After a little Tony went to the window and looked down at the city that lay beneath her. The great black city with its myriad lights and shadows hiding thousands of hearts that rang and sighed. She wondered if any heart was

as happy as hers. The one thing that she had most longed for she had found at last. She pitied motherless girls. They never could be as happy as she.

As the first ray of the morning light stole into the room the woman stirred and opened her eyes. They were clear, calm eyes now, and as Tony looked at her she knew that her mother was entirely conscious and that she would, with care, recover.

Tony brought her a glass of milk and said very gently:

"I want you to take this, dear, and then I have something nice to tell you. I want you to grow strong, you know, and the milk will help you."

The woman looked at her wonderingly

"Why should you care petite? No one cares for me. It has been the sad, sad life I have lived. My heart! Ah! I wish it had stopped beating in the night! You are so kind, like my angel child if she had but lived. You must not stay longer. You have the youth, the beauty, the life before you. Ah petite, my life is so lonely these many years."

Tony could scarcely restrain her emotions, but she knew that she must tell her news very gently. She sank on her knees beside the bed and took the thin, white fingers in her own.

Speaking softly in French she said:

"Tell me about your little girl. You said she was your angel. Is she dead?"

"Yes, little one, she has gone to the good God, my pretty one, my sweet baby. She would perhaps look like you, for when I saw her last I smothered the black curls and kissed the little white lids over her dark eyes.

"But I was ill, very ill, once, and when my mind was not with me and I knew not what I did. I left her, my precious one.

"After that I know not what I did until I found myself here, in oh! so strange a hospital. When I stronger grew, I begged for news from my loved Quebec, only to learn that my husband, my Pierre, had turned bitterly against me. Then pride rose in my heart and for many bitter days I could not think of returning, for I knew how stern Pierre would be. But one thing called me back. The little baby fingers of my Antoinette were pulling at my heart strings.

"At last I started to return, but before I

had left the city I heard from a French woman, who did not know who I was, that my baby was dead. Alas! from what she said I knew it must be true. Then my heart broke. There was nothing to take me back. I was not strong, but I must work, and all I could do was to teach French and to make the delicate lace.

"I could not find a place to teach, and so I sewed through the many days and nights. But few wanted the lace and so I became poorer and poorer.

"Ah, petite! the weary days and dark nights! May the good God never let you know them!"

For a moment Tony did not reply. Then she asked:

"Are you sure that your little girl died? I think you should have asked more about it. Your friend may have been mistaken. I knew a little girl once who seemed very like what yours might have been and she came from Quebec. Don't you think she might have been yours? There! there! If this excites you I cannot talk about it, so you must be calm. And then this little girl's name was Antoinette. Shall I speak more of her?"

"Ah speak! Tell me all," the woman cried, "Do you know of my darling?"

"Well," Tony went on, "you said she would have looked like me. Do you really think so? Look at me, dear heart! I was born in Quebec and my mother left me when I was a baby. I have longed for her all my life, and now, at last, I have found her. Oh, mother!" And with a sob of great joy she crept into the trembling arms, outstretched to receive her.

Lost in their great happiness the hours slipped by them unnoticed. Just as the factory whistles called back the workmen from their noonday rest, Tony heard footsteps in the hall and Moll's voice raised excitedly. Before she could reach the door Moll had flung it open, and Constance and Helen with little Manuel stood in the doorway.

"O Tony!" Constance cried, "we've found you at last!" and in another moment they were in each other's arms.

Manuel hid his face in Helen's skirts and wailed with excitement.

"Dear little girl," Helen said, "why are you here and why have we not heard from you?"

Tony gently freed herself from the loving arms. She smiled at the pale face among the pillows. With a sweet new dignity she let her friends to the bedside and said,

"I can explain everything. Girls, this is my mother, and that is why I am here."

THE END.

From Social Heights.

Society

With the troubles of the mid-year exams, and the hurry and scurry in the Christmas air of many scattering to their homes, social pleasures were scarce thought of at Whitworth. But in this new year 1906, whispers are already heard as to good times and jollities coming. Past memories of the annual February events, the Washington birthday party, Valentine's day and the College Blacks are being recalled exciting interest and enthusiasm to out-do former successes.

Miss Helen McCreavy, a former student,

called on friends in the Residence one afternoon last week.

Mr. Horton Dennis, formerly of the class of '07 and now at Stanford University, was here during the holiday season.

The Football Banquet

The great event of the fall term coming just at its close was the annual banquet, complimentary to our football team, and given by the Student Association assisted by the Ladies of the Faculty, on Friday, December fifteenth. The spacious dining-room was de-

lightly arranged, seating one hundred and thirty. The artistic decorations of foilage and the festive boards heavily laden with good things appeared most inviting to the guests assembled.

Full justice was done to the elaborate repast and as the coffee was being finished William E. Sander '06 presided over the following toasts:

"Proven".....Percy Colbert, '08, Capt. 1905.
 "The Unknown Quantity".....
Carl Norton, '07, Capt. 1906.
 "Get Rates".....
Charles R. Rodman '08, Mgr. 1905.
 "King Colbert's Knights".....Miss Reynolds
 "A Newcomer's Impression".....
President B. H. Kroeze.
 "The Faculty".....
Miss Shaffer '06, Pres. Senior Class.
 "We Need the Money".....
George Rossman '08, Treas. Student Ass.
 "Give us Your Add".....
F. D. Metzger '06, Ed. WHITWORTHIAN.

Following these all repaired to the reception hall above where the evening ended with class songs and yells.

Cap and Gown Day

Another memorable day has been added to Whitworth's history and a long, long mark recorded in the records of the class of '07. Cap and Gown day is come and gone and the deep laid plans and the most carefully guarded secrets of the junior class have come to a most glorious fruition.

Long before the Christmas vacation began, excited groups of that terrible class of '07 could now and then be overheard discussing details of what they had in store for the poor seniors on Cap and Gown day. From all they let fall, and this was considerable, there was expected by all a rattling good burlesque—produced by the inimitable talent of the Junior class.

The day came. The exasperating Juniors maintaining an excellent self-composure gave great credence to the belief that their plans were so carefully laid that no possible way was open for mistakes or blunders.

After the school had assembled in the chapel hall the Seniors made their initial appearance in their full regalia. They were escorted to their places by the Junior class—Mr. Norton, Pres. '07 with Miss Shaffer, Pres. '06 leading. The regular chapel service

followed and then the rest of the day was placed at the disposal of the Junior class.

Immediately the hall was darkened and when the curtain of the stage was drawn there was disclosed to view a large white screen. Hereon were thrown stereopticon views representing different phases of the student life of each of the Seniors. The whole idea was beautifully conceived and even more beautifully carried out. The monuments to Miss Shaffers winning (?) personality the "before and after taking," likeness of Metzger, the prowess of Miss Dennis, the time the fur flew with Mr. Sander, and Miss Sander's praiseworthy rejection of a life of social triumphs for the simple life were all excellently portrayed.

When the utmost that could be done to brand vividly the freaks and foibles of the worthy Seniors had been done the picture of our president with a stubborn infant was shown pacing away the wee small hours of the morning. Then his real likeness was thrown on the screen.

After him came Miss Reynolds and while her picture was shown a large graphophone played "She's the Sweetest Flower I Know." Next came Prof. Fox and his picture was greeted with round after round of applause so that the very building shook. Here was rendered that well-known ballad entitled "The Preacher and the Bear." His picture faded. "When what to our wondering eyes should appear but a miniature face of Miss Lucia M. Lay" to the accompaniment of "Nach Lauterbach hab' ich mein' Strumpf verloren." Prof. Whitely's likeness followed and with it came that very appropriate melody "Pretty Mary." Then came Miss Dunlap with "I'm the Only Star That Twinkles on Broadway," and lastly the clear cut countenance of Prof. Wilson came into our sight and the graphophone played "Put me off at Buffalo."

Then the Junior class in a body swarmed on the stage and gave their song and yells which follows:

'07.

(TUNE: "Would You.")

The wittiest, prettiest, the one with the mon,
 Oh the Seniors, the Seniors, we adore everyone,
 There's the boy, with the hair, so exceeding-
 ly fair

And the one who don't give a care.

Oh the Freshies, the Freshies, wear caps of
bright green

The best on the campus. the best to be seen
Now the Sophs. wear none, for they have none
to wear

Oh the Freshies, the Freshs will get there.

Oh the Sophs. oh the Sophs. how very tame,
Oh why aren't you bold and why aren't you
game

Now the Freshies wear caps, while you take
your long naps

Oh snore SNORE Sophomore.

Oh the Juniors, the Juniors, the best under
heaven

How we will lament, when we leave in '07.
Of course it's well known that we run the
school

And that's by our good rule.

Ricka, coax, coax, coza
Razzle, dazzle, sis-boom-ba—
Heighty, skiety, ten, eleven
Wer'e the mighty naughty seven.

Then came the Sophomore class with their
stirring song and rousing yells which distanced
all the rest. The bare repetition may seem
tame in comparison with the actuality:

SOPHOMORE CLASS SONG.

I

Poor little Freshies
Poor little Freshies
Poor little Freshies
They are so very green.

II

Bum old Juniors
Bum old Juniors
Bum old Juniors
They're not fit to be seen.

III

Dear old Seniors
Dear old Seniors
Dear old Seniors
You'll win as sure as fate.

IV

But you can't beat the Sophomores
You can't beat the Sophomores
You can't beat the Sophomores
The class of Naughty Eighty

Alpha, Beta, Gamma Delta
Cis, boom-bah.
Naughty eight, naughty eight
Rah! Rah! Rah!

V

You may wear your green caps
You may wear your green caps
You may wear your green caps
They suit your countenance.

VI

If you'd hide them from the light
If you'd hide them from the light
If you'd hide them from the light
You'd show some common sense

VII

Wise old Kroeze
Jolly Whitely
Classical Wilson
Do Freshies bother you?

VIII

They don't bother the Sophomores
They don't bother the Sophomores
They don't bother the Sophomores
We just say "Shoo, fly, shoo!"

Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, ratel
The class that runs this College
Is the class of Naughty Eight,

Last but in numbers not the least came the
green topped Freshman. They did exceed-
ingly well considering their age and know-
ledge.

THE CLASS OF '09.

(TUNE: "Son of a Gambolier.")

I

In 1902 to Whitworth came a band of bright
young Preps.,
They toiled and strove and labored on and
took a higher step,
So there they stayed for quite a while and
learned it all by heart
Another year of just such work and now we're
awful smart.

CHORUS.

The class of '09 boys, the class of '09
The class of '09 boys, the class of '09
There's not a class in all the school that's
nearly half so fine,
As this rattly banging class of ours,
the class of '09.

II

We paint our 9s on every roof and work at it
quite late
We never stop for anything as long as there's
an 8
We have our fun and play some pranks, but
always toe the line
The Freshman class of '05, the class of '09.
[Concluded on Page Thirteen.]

The Whitworthian

ISSUED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR.

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In accordance with the announcement of the conditions governing the ten dollar prize story competition we print in this issue both the winning story itself and the decision of the judges as handed to us. The competition while not as lively nor so generally entered into as we had hoped was nevertheless quite a success as a starter. Those which we hope will follow will have a mark to surpass beside the mere object of winning the prize. The author of the winning story is Mary Cox who wrote under the name of "Jean Lane" and the editors of the WHITWORTHIAN desire to extend their hearty congratulations to her on her success and wish her many more returns of the same kind of fate.

—†—

We will publish in the February issue of the WHITWORTHIAN "Isaac Walton's" otherwise known as Dougald Judson's story of "The Two Fisherman."

It is to be regretted that in the recent cap and gown day celebration the rest of the faculty could not have been so successfully caricatured as was the president. Perhaps the rest of the circle were not deemed worthy of so great an honor or may be their lives are so lived that no opportunity for any such caricature is afforded. Who can say?

—†—

A Good Fellow.

In a college man's vocabulary the phrase "a good fellow" finds a very important place. But how many of us are there to whom those three words used to describe a fellow student mean more than that he is "passing fair." Mr. Chas. F. Thwing of Western Reserve University has written a very good answer to the question "What is a good fellow?" "It is easy to tell what he is not. He is not a prig; he is not a snob; he is not a cad; he is not a dunce; he is not usually a genius, although he may be. It is not easy to tell what he is, although it is very easy to recognize him when you have seen and heard and been with him for a quarter of an hour. The one word it seems to me interpretative of him is the word "sympathy." A good fellow puts himself in your place. He understands you. He feels with you. He smiles in your laughter and is sorrowful in your tears. He can trifle when you trifle although he is not a trifier. He can be serious in your seriousness, but he is not by nature solemn. The good fellow of the worthiest type is a great fellow out of and by means of his sympathy—intellectual, emotional, volitional—he leads his associates into the noblest sort of life; but his persuaviness is so gentle and his influence so unconscious that men often find themselves better men without knowing the process or ever dreaming of the result, until the result has been secured." How many of us can fill out the definition and be one in actualty?

—†—

The Judge's Decision.

The short stories, entered in competition for the ten-dollar prize, offered by the WHITWORTHIAN last month, were handed to the judges December twentieth. In accordance with the rules governing the contest the narratives were signed with fictitious names while envelopes containing the real names of

the writers were deposited with the editor-in-chief so that the judges have not yet been informed who the different aspirants are.

After carefully considering the merits of the productions, the conclusion was reached that "Jean Lane" deserves the prize. Her plot is founded on fact; she wrote simply without attempting to describe scenes of which she knew nothing, without attempting to enter into emotions of which she had no conception.

She had something to tell and she told it.

"Isaac Walton" also gives promise of writing something worth while later. While his story was carelessly written and indicated lack of training and he failed to sustain the interest that he aroused in the first part, the spirit and the atmosphere of the artistic story-teller are made apparent in his well conceived production.

Exchanges.

In the exchanges received thus far, we have looked for criticism of our paper, but in vain. With one exception, not a word has been said either for the good or for the bad, of any issue of THE WHITWORTHIAN. Tell us of our good points if we have any, Exchanges, and if we have none we would be glad to hear how THE WHITWORTHIAN could be improved.

The U. of Oregon has decided to do away class rivalry and has begun by prohibiting class caps to be worn. This year day, usually spent in class scraps, was devoted to beautifying the campus—Ex.

Perhaps the U. of O. has seen some such scraps as we had last year when the '08s appeared with their Freshman caps. A good deal of indignation was felt among the students here at the supposed ruling of the faculty that no young lady should accept the attention of the same young gentleman as escort for three consecutive terms, but since it has been explained that this was a recommendation and not a rule, the temper has calmed down.—Whitman Pioneer.

On account of the trouble arising from the painting of Freshman J. Jellick's face, the Sophomore class of the U. of Idaho has resolved to eliminate all hazing from the University.

"Be sure you are right, then go ahead.—But be sure."—Ex.

A welcome exchange has come to us this month from Tarkio College, Missouri, which publishes a good monthly called "The Phoenix."

Pupil, translating:—"And he led her to Hades."

Teacher:—"That's far enough."—Ex.

College Classes.

Frivolous, flighty Freshmen from father's farm, fighting for fun. forces foraging for feed, frequently flunking.

Swelled-up Sophomores, strutting stiffly, scrapping, smashing seats, scorning superiors.

Jolly, jaunty, juvenile Juniors, joking, jesting joyfully.

Sagacious, serious, solemn, sentimental, self-satisfied Seniors, sailing serenely, sometimes studying.—Ex.

A 1905 Maid.

BEFORE.

There are meters of accent
And meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.

AFTER.

There are letters of accent
And letters of tone,
But the best of all letters
Is to let her alone.

Ex.

"The Whitworthian is a good paper.—The Phoenix.

Salt Breezes From Inspiration Point.

Hello, "Joseph!"

Which is which, and which isn't?
Ask Planchette.

Sunshine is back. Dear old girl!

Ask Myra if great bodies move slowly—
down the corridor after ten o'clock.

Over the Telephone.

A manly voice:—"May I have the pleasure
of taking you to the party?"

A.—C.—:—"Oh! certainly, I'd be de-
lighted?"

He:—"All right, thank you."

A.—C.—:—"Well, who is this?"

Ethel Leach (getting provoked during a
music lesson):—"Oh, gee!"

Miss Monroe:—"No, that's F."

In Physics Exam. 1 Define work.

Anna Mc—:—"Work is the ability to do
work."

Who bought stockings (?) for fifty cents.
Planchette will tell you.

P.—K.—:—"Won't you change seats with
me, Madge?"

Madge:—"No, I want to sit by 'Tish,' my-
self."

Huffman (to young lady at the table:—
"Oh, my heart is big enough for two—of
course it's just a brotherly affection."

W-e-e-e-l-l, Bud!

Phipps wants his little chicken.

Miss D—likes hokey-pokey ice cream.

U. B.:—"Don't look at me that way."

C. H.:—"Why, I can't look at you any other
way."

Do be quiet, Mitch, children should be
seen, and not heard

Why do they use so much salt at the Fresh-
man table?

The Freshmen girls have been doing
pennance (pennants) for the last few days.

Girls:—"If you don't behave, Carl, we'll
throw you out the window."

Carl:—"Miss Reynolds doesn't allow you
to throw rubbish on the lawn."

The following remarks were overheard at
the Residence before the football banquet:

"I felt quite flattered, because he asked me
first."

"H'm! That's nothing to be proud of. I
was his fourth choice, and third with two
others."

"Do you think he will ask me? Oh! I know
he would rather take someone else!"

"Of course you will be asked, but I know I
won't get to go."

"Vice President":—"How can you expect
us Sophs to do anything, when you Freshies
always hang around in bunches?"

We might file out of the library, one every
five minutes, and give the Sophs a chance to
muster their courage.

Free Exhibition daily in Pearla's room.
The public is cordially invited.
Make your wants known.

A Two Act Tragedy

ACT I SCENE I.

Carl carries Edna's suit case to the train.

SCENE II.

Edna boards the train—Carl leaves—is suddenly recalled—and disappears in the car.

SCENE III

The train leaves—Carl supposedly on board.

SCENE IV.

Auburn—train standing at depot—Carl again in evidence.

ACT II.

Good bye. (The acts are of an equal length.)

J—K.—:—"Well you can meet people and shake hands with them but you don't always have to tell them to let go."

A third year Prep:—"Who are the Sophomores this year? Are there any?"

Athletics.

Basket-Ball.

The basket-ball season is now fairly started and Whitworth's first game is to be played January 12, at Vashon. Arrangements are being made for an excursion in order that a body of rooters may accompany the team. Efforts should be made to have as large a number as possible go, for this, the first game of the season, will be in a strange gymnasium and the team will need all the encouragement that the students can possibly give.

The schedule of the Basket-Ball League begins January 12 and ends March 30. Whitworth's games will be as follows: January 12, Vashon at Vashon; January 19, Parkland at Y. M. C. A.; January 26, University of Puget Sound at Y. M. C. A.; March 9, University of Puget Sound at University of Puget Sound; March 17, Parkland at Parkland; March 23, Highschool at Y. M. C. A.

Our home games will be played in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, as our own is not suitable for a league game, there being no room for spectators. The schedule is a good one and all the teams have an equal chance for the championship. Our team is somewhat handicapped by being compelled to practice in one gym and play in another, but all the men are working hard and our chances seem

very good. About a dozen men have turned out for the team and hard practice is gone through every night. Some of the men who are showing up well at practice are Messrs, McMasters, Mitchell, Paul, McCauley, Briggs, Colbert, Runnals and Ask.

Gymnasium Work.

On January 9, classes in gymnasium were inaugurated by Mr. Booth, the physical director of the Y. M. C. A. A large number were present for the first lesson and many more have signified their intention of joining. This work is a required part of the college course and is something which no one can afford to neglect. The advantages derived from it are many, both in the exercises for body building and in the instructions the student will receive in basket-ball, hand-ball and other indoor athletics.

The class will meet twice each week at 4 p. m. in the gymnasium. Mr. Booth is an experienced instructor, and each man will receive the closest attention on his part.

Classes in Gym work are also being organized for the girls and it is to be hoped that they also may all take advantage of this and that the girls may put out a basket-ball team that shall be worthy of the school.

The Presentation of Caps and Letters.

The final termination of a more or less successful football season was witnessed at Whitworth College on Thursday morning at a meeting of the Student Association, held immediately after chapel, when the W's were awarded to the team of '05. These W's are given each year to the men who come up to the requirements of having played in three big games. The honor of wearing the college letters is and should be highly prized by Whitworth students. As a further appreciation of the effort and success of the football team, monogram caps were given by the association. Professor Whitely, at the request of the Student Association, presented these tokens in his own pleasant and characteristic manner with a happy and fitting comment on each man.

There were eleven men to receive their W's. In referring to Percy Colbert, captain of '05 team, Prof. Whitely spoke of his ability to "use his head." Colbert has made a faithful captain and much of the team's success has depended on his leadership and playing. With the graduation of the class of '06 Whitworth will lose two of its best and most faithful men, Will Sander and Fred Metzger. During his connection with Whitworth football, Metzger has played almost every position on the team and during the past season his increased weight and former experience made him possibly the most useful man on the team. Sander at right half has shown his loyalty many times. Although lighter in weight than most of his teammates and often times suffering from injuries that should have kept him on the side lines, Sander has a record worthy of a football man. Carl Norton, captain-elect

for '06, played in his old position of left end. Norton won his place and honor by his fine run in the game with the University of Puget Sound last year. Norton hopes to have a superior team next fall and with the aid and support of true and loyal Whitworth men will be able to do so. Another man worthy of special mention this year is McMaster. Besides his consistent all round playing his splendid place kick in the University of Washington game was one seldom equalled on the football field. Individually speaking, each man on the team played good, clean, consistent football and, under the direction of Professor Whitely as coach, made up what is generally considered Whitworth's best football team. Whitworth College feels proud of her "little Presbyterians" and gladly awards them these evidences of its appreciation of their efforts and success.

The men to receive this honor were: Capt. Colbert, Sander, McCauley, Doseff, Mitchell, McMaster, L. Dand, Huffman, Norton, D. Doud and Metzger. Captain Colbert, on behalf of the team, responded in a few well chosen words. The team, then, showed their appreciation of the honor by a rousing college yell, which was answered by the entire association.

College Caps.

At this meeting a spirited debate took place on the question of college caps, which may be worn by any member of the college. After considerable discussion, the executive board of the association were appointed as a committee to select various designs for a college cap, which will be voted upon by the entire association.

Vacation Days at the College

The beaming countenances and merry voices of the returned students make it unnecessary to ask how the vacation days were enjoyed and the deep sigh at the thought of new tasks to be taken up for the next three months speaks volumes.

You, who spent Christmas with pa and ma, upon your return to school wondered how we

spent the long wearisome days at the college.

But my friends do not pity us for it is you who have missed the time of your life in absenting yourself from our company. It is true that our peaceful slumbers were disturbed by the early rising of Mr. Runnalls when he got up between the hours of eight and nine to milk the cows. By the way, Tommy, is a good hand with cows, too. He was giving one of the

bovines a pugilistic lesson one day but unfortunately Tommy was knocked out in the first round and as a result we had no milk to drink that evening but Tommy said he felt well repaid as the cow was learning rapidly.

The names of Mr. Paul and Mr. Wildt will go down in history for their great accomplishment in completing the canal and tunnel extending to Stevens street and the excavation of the hill south-east of Erwin Hall.

Mr. Paul distinguished himself again by winning the championship from the great bowler of the North-west, Mr. Runnalls. The game was a hotly contested one and the music furnished during the game by Miss Dunlap was highly appreciated.

There was great excitement manifested one morning by the fire alarm. The ladies in the Residence especially were worked up to a very high pitch and it was with great difficulty that we persuaded Miss Livermore that the supposed fire alarm was only the gong sounding for breakfast for it was at the early hour of eight o'clock. It was very kind of Mrs. Rolleston to secure meals at all hours for the accommodation of the few favored ones who enjoyed those few days of happiness.

Mr. Towne decided to improve the days of vacation in learning the carpenter trade.

Miss Rolleston made all feel happy by her customary cheery manner. One and all seemed to enjoy themselves immensely and Tommy says there is no game quite so good for him as "Forfeit." — NIXY

The following is an extract from a bonafide letter from a young man to his aunt at Whitworth college:

"I have been actually compelled to go through the most painful ordeal this winter. It is a Friday evening dancing class. Of course I must have a dress suit and patent leather shoes, and I must look nice, be attractive and sociable. That's where I'm up against it. If there's a fellow more entertaining than I am, show him to me. I always keep still until the girl speaks to me, and then I answer in a vague sort of way. Father says I ought to sail into a bunch of girls and say something like this: "Hello! what are you talking about, neckties or turnovers?" In school some of the girls are given to think that

I am painfully sedate and no hope for me at all — wouldn't even look at a girl. At a hallo-wen party here this winter we played 'wink.' During the course of the game, I happened to be 'it' I winked at one of the girls. She escaped from the other fellow's chair and came over and sat in mine. Turning around she said: 'Why, Mr. ———, did you wink?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I think I did.' 'Why the idea,' she exclaimed. Another time when I spoke to the same girl, she said she didn't know I ever talked.

Father says I need social life, but the fellows in school tell me that it will kill me.

Father was explaining to me how girls matured sooner than boys, consequently they plunged into this high life when young. I know that's true. He showed me that girls at this age could and did think quicker than boys. I was soon convinced that that was true too, too true. Anyway the girls don't know any more than the boys — not so much perhaps — and finally the boys pass ahead of the girls in the ability to think quickly, but I wish God had given me the ability to think quicker than any girl I run against.

One will not find many girls who are interested in the Panama Canal, or President Roosevelt's Rate law fight, or the disturbances in Russia. They generally will talk about "Ethel's dress" and "Sadie's new hat," or "how do you like the new Latin teacher? isn't he fine?" ets. etc."

From Social Heights,

Continued From Page Seven.

III

We've come to stay awhile with you and we
will be well known
After all the rest are dead and their graves
are over grown
Although they heard of the '08s, it seemed
to be a sign
To sing and praise with fervent voice the
class of '09.

"AN ODE TO THE GOSLINGS."
(TUNE OF: "Seeing Nellie Home.")

I

Within the walls of Whitworth,
Is a class they call the Soph,
But we've looked and hunted everywhere
Just to give them a good send-off

CHORUS

We are looking for the Sophs.
We are looking for the Sophs.
But what or where this class may be
We are still at a great loss.

II

They were not at the banquet,
The chimmey's still our own,

We showed our caps at school one day
And proudly wore them home.

III

O! Sophs do rouse yourself
Break from this stupid trance
We'll take our seats at once dear Sophs
And give you another chance

YELLS.

I

Wienerwursts, sauerkraut, pretzels and
beer

Let're her go galliger, we're all here
Hoo-ra-hoo-ra, sis boom ba
Freshman! Freshman! Ra! Ra! Ra!

II

Razzle, dazzel, ka zips, ka zine
Freshmen! Freshmen! '09.

III

Whang! Bang! sis boom ba
Freshmen! Freshmen! Ra! Ra! Ra!

THE FRESHMEN.

Then the procession formed and marched
to the Residence where an informal reception

was held. Speeches were made, all of a more or less congratulatory nature, by Pres. Norton of the Junior class, Mr. Ayers Pres. of the Sophomore, Mr. Phipps of the Freshmen class, Mr. Carson representing the Preps. as a whole and then followed by Miss Wade, Mr. Runnalls and Miss Fox. Here all formality ended for the morning. Each and every one resorted to the well-filled punch bowl with its abundant supply of red cherries of which Mr. Whitely was caught eating his thirty-second.

The next event on the program was the luncheon. It was served in the Residence dining room and was as great a success as the rest of the day had been. After the meal the two upper classes retired to rest up for the festivities of the evening.

These consisted in one, a theatre party to see the farewell appearance of Mme Modjeska in Lady Macbeth. No more fitting or enjoyable climax could have been added to a day full of pleasant surprises for the Seniors and deservedly won triumphs for the Junior class

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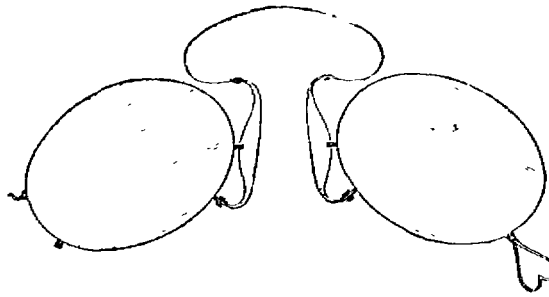
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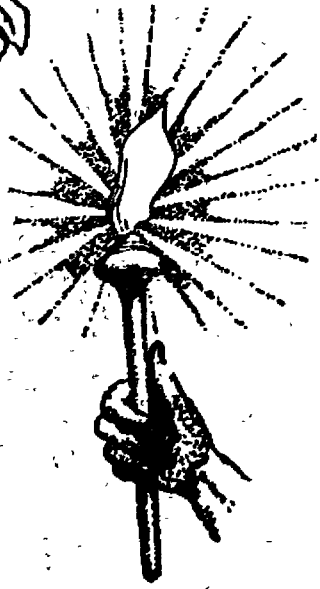
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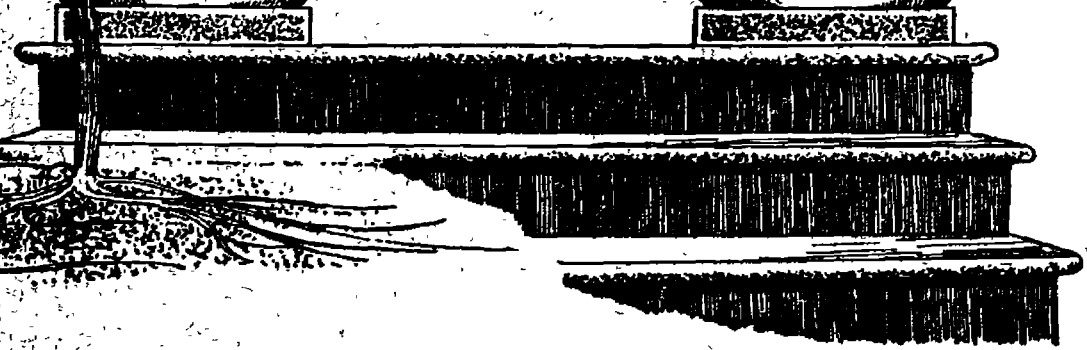
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Vol. II. No. 4.



FEBRUARY
1906



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The Whitworthian

VOL II.

TACOMA, WASH FEBRUARY, 1908

No 4

Two Fishermen.

On a warm day in July just as the sun was creeping over the craggy peaks of the Olympic range, an Indian was seen slowly wending his way down the steep bluffs to the Skokomish valley. He was a typical Siwash from the Skokomish reservation. He wore an old pair of pantaloons, which were torn and frayed at the bottom. A cotton hunting shirt, loose at the neck, disclosed a brown, broad and sun-burned chest. He wore no hat, and his long straight black hair fell in a tangled mass about his broad shoulders. In his hand was a big repeating rifle, around his waist an old leather belt, blackened with age and dirt; in this, suspended by two leathern thongs, was a long, keen looking knife, for which, two seasons before, Skokomish Joe had traded many furs to a big bearded man who came up Hoods Canal in a puffing little dingy red gasoline boat called "The Trader."

A few feet behind Joe was a broad, thick little squaw. She carried an enormous bundle wrapped in a dirty red blanket. This burden at various times she shifted from one shoulder to the other; around her waist were two of the usual Siwash baskets full of pots and kettles, which were continually rattling and scraping together. She trudged patiently in the rear of her lord, who was

stumbling down the steep path toward the river.

John Wilson was toiling along the hot sand of the Johnston bar. This bar was about one and a half miles long, and a few hundred yards wide. It was covered with a thick growth of scrub willows. On the left the river made a semi-circular turn around the bar, and then flowed back in its old channel. Wilson was a man of medium height, broad of back, and his whole appearance was one of strength. He was dressed in a curious and unmatched manner, which immediately proclaimed him a fisherman. He wore a loose flannel shirt, a broad-brimmed slouch hat; his trousers were tucked in his shoe tops, and over them a pair of thick Klondike socks, pinned with immense and shiny safety-pins. Over his shoulder was strapped a big fish basket. In one hand he carried a long, thin, glimmering fish pole, with a reel. Every few moments he stopped to mop his face, and once to wade out waist deep in the icy waters and make a cast. Taking a drink of the clear mountain stream from a clean looking little aluminum cup, and then continuing on his way, he came to a sort of lake or pool into which two forks of the river flowed, the south from a canyon of clay banks, the north rippling over the stones, the

two joining in one to form this immense pool.

Wilson arrived here just as the sun was at its highest, and his body and limbs were dripping with water, for he had waded in and out many times. Wilson's heart came up into his mouth when he saw an Indian sitting bow-legged in a canoe and taking great fish from a net in this pool. Now he remembered tales he had heard of this double murderer, for he at once recognized Skokomish Joe, the bad Indian of the western country; he also remembered that but yesterday he had reached under water and whittled these stakes that held up the nets to pieces; but, putting on a bold front, he said:

"Joe, you have no right to fish in there with a net."

"No?" replied Joe.

"It is a warm day," said Wilson.

"Yes," said Joe, "but cold in there," here pointing to the river beyond the pool, which flowed black and deep.

Wilson again warned him against fishing in the river with nets, adding:

"If you continue I shall report you to the game warden."

Joe said gently: "I have this," tapping his Winchester significantly. Wilson was not a little frightened, though he strove to appear calm. He thought "now my time has come; his tapping his gun is as good as a threat that I shall never have a chance to tell the game warden or anyone else of his misdeed." He could expect scant mercy from this Indian, who for the slightest pretext had shot men.

Wilson then waded out to the edge of the pool, making a cast. Being unsuccessful, he came back, and started to climb the steep bank, aiding himself with the bushes which grew there, every minute expecting to feel a bullet in his back, but Joe's unerring rifle was silent, "due," thought Wilson, "to the fact that

he also had a big revolver hanging from a belt full of cartridges."

Wilson continued down a sandy road which led through an old bed of the river now grown up with tall slender poplar trees, whose green leaves shivered in the slight breeze, bringing a grateful cool. He stayed here in the shade for a long time with his head between his hands, pondering on the conduct of Joe. He was truly a strange Indian, morose and sullen, with a hatred, not common among the Siwash. This was an outcropping of his French-Canadian blood.

Deciding to return to the river, Wilson went around to the other branch and going out on a log which hung over the water he opened a bag and drew forth two eggs and a big thick sandwich. This he ate with evident relish, for food, however plain, is "the best you ever tasted" when eaten in the woods.

Wilson resumed his journey after making his hook fast in the far of his reel. His boots, wet inside and out, sucked water at every step, causing them to be covered with a coating of muddy sand and making hard walking. He was now going down an old "tote road" or grooved log road, over which logs had been pulled by a little grumpy, cranky donkey engine out on a sand bar, then dumped into the river in an early day, to be floated to Hoods Canal. Catching his rod on some thistle bushes, he spent an unprofitable half hour endeavoring to untangle it, ending in cutting off part of the line. He found a stretch of good pools and in a few hours filled his basket with gamey trout. Again wading down the stream he crossed the big bend up the Clifford bar, and back to the house where he was staying.

After supper Wat and Ike Kenton got out their pipes, and Wilson related the principal event of the day—his trouble with Skokomish Joe.

* * * *

All was still save the rushing of the river and the crackling of a fire, beside which sat Joe and his squaw; she had pitched a small patched tent, brought wood and water, made the fire, cooking the fish and beans. This with coffee and sometimes a little bad whisky, when they could get it from "The Trader," was their main diet.

After a long silence Joe remarked in the absent-minded way, as men who are much alone do:

"White man he get varry mad."

The squaw did not even look up from her basket, for she knew her lord rarely addressed anything but a command to her. Joe mused on: "P'haaps ma trap she get big bear maybe. I take one big rast. Willuguwachi" (daughter of the hops).

She rose quickly and walked into the tent. He followed, and taking off his boots laid down on a pile of furs, selecting a few, he pulled them over his body, for the nights on the mountains are cold, throwing her those that were left, he turned his face to the tent wall and went to sleep. Willuguwachi stole noiselessly out of the tent and into the open, where the soft piney breezes stirred the night air. On she went until she came to Eagles Hook, where from a high cliff one could look down into the moonlit waters which flowed noiselessly from a great pool. The trout showed a gleam of white as they leaped in the moonlight, and in her simple way she thought "all is good." Not looking into the future, but into the past, she gave not a thought to the morrow. Back through the trees she crept, and taking off her mocassins stole quietly between the furs thrown to her.

Waking early from a peaceful sleep, the simple duties were soon done; a bite cooked and then Joe called. He arose and completed his toilet by pulling on his boots. They ate in silence. Taking

his rifle and some heavy traps he started the round of traps and nets. As he approached the Eagles Nook he heard a queer splashing noise which sounded like an animal in the water. He listened a moment. As the noise ceased he proceeded around the narrow ledge upon which his patch lay.

* * * *

John Wilson awoke after a night of troubled sleep. He had dreamed of Joe, and wondered if Joe's sullen anger would lead him to shoot from some ambush, where he might fall and his body never be found.

Banishing gloomy thoughts after a hearty breakfast, Wilson set out with rod, reel and basket. After a short time he was nearing the great pool. His basket was already heavy with fish. As he trudged the last half mile he wondered if he would encounter Joe. As he came around the bend of the lower road in sight of Eagles Nook he saw the broad, tall form of a man slip, stagger and fall from the narrow path of shale rock, headlong into the pool. A column of spray arose as his body sank.

Wilson, hardly knowing what he was doing, threw his rod and basket from him, and taking off his coat as he ran, plunged into the water, for weighted as he saw Joe was, he knew he would never come to the top unless he had help. Wilson dived and missing Joe came up, and feeling himself being carried down stream by the swift current he dived again. This time his muscular hand closed over Joe's big, black belt; but struggle as he might, he could not have reached shore, and they would have been carried out into the deep channel of the river had not Willuguwachi here appeared and thrown him the end of the old red blanket, which he grasped with one hand, while the short, stout little squaw exerted every bit of her strength to help them to shore, where the two men finally lay, panting in each other's grasp.

As soon as the Indian could speak he held out his hand, saying: "We friends."

"IZAAK WALTON."

From Social Heights.

A Barn-Storming Company.

The Lodge was thrown open on Saturday evening, January 20th, by the young men to the young ladies of the Residence and their neighborhood friends. Bright cheerfulness was evident the moment you stepped into the reception hall, hung in the college colors, intermingled with fir boughs, and strolled through the halls and corridors, stopping to chat here and there in the different rooms, which were filled with numerous college trophies, recalling many a fray fiercely won or perhaps memories of happy and jolly times past. Good cheer was abounding as the guests passed from room to room and accepted the hospitality of fruits and confections awaiting them. Later in the evening refreshments of ice cream and wafers were served in the reception hall. When all departed the feeling was widespread that the evening had been most delightfully spent.

Pupils' Recital.

The music pupils under the instruction of Miss Alberta V. Munro held a recital on Friday, February 2d, in Mason library. A crowded house evinced great interest and enthusiasm in the numbers so well prepared and rendered. The following is the program for that evening:

Rondo for two pianos.....Gurlitt
Iva and Silvy Loughlen.
Echoes from the Ball.....Gillitt
Catharine De Baun.

- Valse AerienneSpindler
Mildred Leach.
Spanish CapriceWachs
Fay Ruddock.
Valse CapriceTheo. Lack
Neva Doud.
(a) 'Jy PenseeMeyer-Helmund
(b) Wedding DayGrieg
Mary Kilpatrick.
Shadow DanceMacDowell
Miss Gertrude Rolleston.
Mazurka Godard
Miss Vera Eshelman.
Concerto, Larghetto (Orcestral parts
played on second piano by Miss
Munro) Haydn
Vivace.
Miss Sara Fox.
(a) SerenadeJefferys
(b) Pierette Chaminade
Miss Bernice Wilson.
Rondo, e b majorWeber
Miss Winifred Lewis.
(a) By the Brookside.....Karganoff
(b) The FaunsChaminade
Miss Anna McDonald.
Mozart Sonata, with second piano part
by Greig.
First Movement, Miss Gana Balabanoff; Finale, Miss Edna Lytle.
(a) La NaradesSt. Heller
(b) AveuSt. Heller
(c) The MessageSt. Heller
(d) Moment MusicalSchubert
Miss Ruth Hoyt.
Under Bright Skies.....Whelpley
Miss Ethel Leach.

Impromptu, e b major Schubert
Miss Madge Phelps.

"Coronation Concerto (Orcestral parts
played on second piano by Miss
Munro) Mozart

Larghetto-Allegro
Miss Margaret MacLean.

March Heroique (Orchestral parts
played on second piano by Miss
Munro) Saint-Saens
Miss Vera Earle.

January, the dark month of the year, how true it has proven in Whitworth social circles this past month. Aside from the two events above chronicled, little or nothing has been doing, except the weekly basket ball games. And yet has January been slow in passing? Hardly, for it has been a month of good, hard application, such as comes before the general relaxation bound to spring into being when Phoebus Apollo gets a little warmer. Yet from rumors and plans already afloat February will be a brilliant offset to its forerunner. The Prep Valentine party, the Colonial party with a big recital between, are the leading attractions billed for this month's bright side.

College Day of Prayer.

Thursday, Jan. 25, was the annual day of prayer for colleges, and as such was duly observed at Whitworth. Dr. Wilson, of Seattle, had been expected to speak, but because of serious illness in his family was unable to be with us. Mr. Barnhisel filled his place most admirably, and it is with great pleasure that we are able to print his address entire. The chapel service of Thursday morning was held at the usual time, but the services were of a somewhat special value. The school listened to two very pleasing solos, one before the talk by Mr. John

Crandall and one following by Miss Pattie Roberts. Classes were suspended for the rest of the day.

Mr. Barnhisel's most excellent address follows.

This is the day of prayer for colleges, and it is appropriate to discuss some phase of the religious problem as you must face it in your college life. This is a Christian college not because it requires attendance at the chapel service, not because the Bible is studied as part of the course, not because the officers of the college are identified with some Christian church. This college is Christian because there is ever held in honor the ideals of the Christian faith and life.

Other institutions may teach the Bible and provide for religious service and instruction, and yet may fail to be Christian because the Christ ideals of faith and character are not assumed or honored in the lives of the men and women whose influence controls. And a "Christian college" will fail to be Christian however it teach the "standards of faith" if the personal influence of the leading spirits of the institution be not positive inspiration for all that is essential in the religious life.

The object of education is not merely to train the mind, but to develop the man. Not to sharpen the wits, but to enrich the whole life. Not to fit men to make a living, but to fit men and women to live the truest life.

This cannot be done but by the reverent recognition of the higher laws that rule the life.

There is much confusion concerning the meaning of the so-called spiritual life, and I wish to speak briefly on a phase of it taught by Paul in Romans viii.6: "The mind of the flesh is death. The mind of the spirit is life and peace."

This statement of the revision is suggestive and instructive. We have been

accustomed to read in the old familiar version, "to be spiritually minded is life and peace" We have been accustomed to think that a spiritual mind is extraordinary endowment which belongs to very advanced Christians, which manifests itself in a deep concern for other worldly interests, and which is quite superior to the various present demands of this life which we live in the flesh.

But this new statement of the old truth brings added light. It speaks not of the spiritual mind—for all mind is spiritual,—but it speaks of "the mind of the spirit"

There is a two-fold nature in man. There is body with its needs and demands. Most of our time is spent in providing for the many wants of the mortal man. It is that part of our individual equipment which is most tangible, most clamorous in its demands, most keen and intelligent in providing what it needs. It is not a matter of theology, but of practical experience which tells us that the mind of the flesh is death. Let the instincts, the demands of our purely physical being have their way unrestrained and ungoverned by any higher will or law and the liberty of the flesh becomes a license which ends inevitably in self-destruction. Let the flesh consult only its own will and pleasure and there is but one direction toward which it tends—for the mind of the flesh is death.

Spiritual Personality.

It is the province of religion to awaken in us all a consciousness of the other self, the spiritual personality, and to set the spirit of man in its rightful place of sovereignty over all the mental, moral and physical forces which we are given to command. The spirit of man has a mind of its own, has a will of its own, has a tendency of its own. Its tendency is counter to the tendency of the flesh.

But one is toward life and peace, while the other is toward death.

To be spiritually minded, according to the text, is to live a life in which the spirit of man, rather than the flesh of man, controls what one does. Whoever lives a life controlled by the higher, rather than by the lower reason, led by the mind of the spirit rather than by the mind of the flesh, is in the way of inevitable life and peace. The intelligence of the flesh is blind instinct, the intelligence of the divinely imaged spirit of man is controlled and governed for a purpose.

We may see an illustration in the wild, untamed forces of nature. The mad waters of Niagara are controlled by an instinct that seeks only to bury themselves in the lowest levels of the lakes. They are cruel to everything that happens in their way and yet possessed of powers for life and service which the river of its own will and impulse would scorn to give. The end of those mighty powers is death.

Master From Higher World.

The fault is not that the river is blind and furious, but that it should be left to govern itself; it needs a master from a higher world. Its very fury is its virtue when it is turned to a worthy end.

The fault with men is not that we are possessed with carnal natures, whose instincts is like the river's, blind and rushing to its own destruction, but the fault is that the lower nature should be left to govern itself. It needs a master from a higher world, the mind of the spirit that rules in knowledge and fear of God. The very force and fury of the flesh is its virtue when it is tempered and sanctified by the spirit's mind.

There has been too restricted a meaning placed on the term, the spiritual life. We speak of spiritual-minded men and we think of those whose thoughts are much on heavenly themes and whose

very presence rebukes us for enjoying a very wholesome meal or indulging too much in the affairs of today.

The saints of church history and the sentiment of religious poetry and hymnology emphasize this other worldly quality of the spiritual mind.

Often a man's type of religious life depends on natural temperament. There are those who easily and naturally give expression to their emotions in speech, others can only give that expression in action—the true test of the spiritual life comes in controlling the lower nature by the higher—scorning the base, untrue and impure action—but mastering the whole life by the mind of the spirit within.

But here is the problem. We all know better than we do. We are conscious of

duties that remain undone, of ideals which we fail to reach. If we are honest in our purpose to be our best we will learn by our many failures to understand what Paul meant when he cried out, "Who can save me from the body of this death? I thank God through our Lord Jesus Christ." It is in the help of Christ that every sincere life will find the re-encouragement that will win the victory. "Ye believe in God; believe also in Me."

Miss Lay spent Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 3 and 4, with her mother at Rosedale.

Misses Edna Lytle and Etta Sander visited friends at the University on last Saturday, Feb. 3, 1906.

I.

Freshies they are silly,
Freshies they are green;
Freshies came to college
And wanted to be seen.

II.

Freshies wear their little caps
Upon their noodle heads;
They paint '09 upon the roofs
When they ought to be in bed.

III.

Freshies waved their little flags
Upon cap and gown day;
They thought it fun to play with sticks
And make a fine display.

IV.

They rushed upon the platform
To sing their little say,
And then they all rush back again—
The Sophs had won the day.

IV.

Go to! You silly Freshmen,
And frolic while you may;
The other things I think of you
I'll say some other day.
A "Sophomore."

The Whitworthian

ISSUED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR

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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"Don't Knock, Boost."

WHITWORTH! take a brace! make a stand! Let's have a revival, a revival of the old Whitworth spirit! Everyone working and everyone working hard. We've had a slump and no one seems to be particularly interested in anything. Get interested yourself, arouse interest in others and get back where we belong.

Boost Minstrel Show, Basketball, Baseball!

Not only do we need a reform in spirit, an awakening from a sort of dull lethargy, but we need a reform, and the need is pressing, in our conduct at and in the conducting of many of the public affairs in which we all are interested. Dignity on such occasions can never detract from the excellence of the performance and often enhances its charm and pleasing features. Much of the dignity can be

gained by the students and by them alone. None of us would particularly relish being called boors and ill-mannered, and yet would either of those live names be out of place if applied to some of us. Ask yourself and see. Let's get back where we belong here. Lots of spirit, more applause—It's the easiest way to show our appreciation—but still more dignity.

Exchanges.

We are glad to receive "The Arrow," the official publication of the United States Indian school, Carlisle, Pa.

Heard in the library concerning "The Mount Holyoke" from South Hadley, Mass.: "Now, this is a paper worth reading."

Pullman College recently secured a victory in basket ball from the University of Idaho. This success means much to their team, as the game was the first contest of its kind ever held with Idaho.

"He sent his boy to college,
And now he cries, "Alack!
I've spent a thousand dollars
And got a quarter-back."—Ex.

The shade of the January cover of the "Pioneer" could be improved.

You may think this is
Poetry, but it is
Not. The printer just
Set it this way to
Fool you once.—Ex.

Whitman boys are indignant over what they consider an unjust accusation, viz.: That they do not lift their hats upon meeting the girls.

Salt Breezes From Inspiration Point.

(With apologies to two members of the faculty.)

"Mary had a little lamb,"

So they always say,
But this girl's name's not Mary;
In fact, it's Lucia Lay;

This lambkin isn't little;
Indeed, he's rather tall,
But when it comes to a matter of years,
He's not in it at all!

He doesn't "follow her to school,"
But stays there all the while;
They call him "Classical Wilson,
With the most bewitching smile."

Go on, ye frisky lambkins,
And frolic while ye may,
When you're a few years older
You won't be quite so gay!

Notice—Any statements or questions relative to the above verse are to be sent sealed to the editor of the Whitworthian, who will endeavor to meet all complaints.

Vashon is all right—in the dark.

"Oh, papa, get me a red cap, too!"

And Jake said any old thing would do for vice president.

Miss Dunlap (coming home from Vashon)—It's a shame about that score, isn't it?

Agnes—Why, I'd forgotten all about

the game!

"Bah, Jove! I believe Lola—" The rest is a mystery, but we are told that Votaw can solve it.

Miss Brown—"What is the main verb in that sentence?"

Class—"Gessit."

First Freshie (looking at our exchange)—"It seems that the Soph class of that school is about the same as ours."

Second Freshie—"What is it?"

First Freshie—"It isn't."

The boy with an artistic taste, quite superfluously announced in French class that he never had but one love.

Anna—"I will wear my hair a different way, if you will."

Agnes—"All right, then, and Tuesday we will come together parted."

MacDonald (in Latin)—"Gee, whiz!"

Miss Brown—"Mr. MacDonald, this is a Presbyterian college."

Mac—"Yes, that's why I didn't use something stronger!"

Professor Whitely—"A meandering river—do you know what it is to meander?"

R—th H—n:—"O, yes, Professor."

Who says "O pal, o' mine," at the Lodge, why did he happen to know the life of Samson in Bible class?

A. C.—"I have no gym suit, so I'll just have to look on this afternoon, Miss Dunlap."

R—n D—s:—"Oh, Miss Dunlap, may I go over and look on, too?"

Birdie:—"So Mr. Paul is just 'interested' in Oberlin?"

Prof. Fox:—"Oh, no, no! We don't consider **one**. **Two** is the number that usually amounts to something."

Who blushed?

Mr. Butler (at "Our College Store":—"Yes, these are soft chocolates."

P—a R—ns:—"I don't like soft things."

Mr. Butler:—"You must have it in for yourself, then."

A new discovery in chemistry.

According to Mr. Brown, "fluorine" is found in camel's teeth.

Bernice:—"I'll get even by heaping coals of fire on your head."

E—l H—th:—"Gracious! Can't you see that that would be a case of spontaneous combustion?"

For instructions in catching fish, apply to Anna Mc—; no commotion or excitement necessary.

Miss Lewys:—"Professor Wilson is studying under me now. He has such a sweet voice; don't you think so?"

A—Mc—, M—B—ns—, and M—y C—. (looking at each other rather doubtfully):—"Well, you see, we are studying under **him**, and that makes a great deal of difference."

Miss B—n (to Mary C.):—"And the Professor said such mean things to **you**, who are old enough to be his grandmother?"

S— G—w—n:—"I prefer Interurban conductors, don't you?"

A—Mc—:—"O, I don't know, I never acted fresh with **any of them**."

Why did Lee Doud change his classification just before the Prep's party?

You must not take any girl from the Residence without asking Miss Reynolds. Now don't forget that again, Mickie.

J—k L—: If I let you read these personals now, you won't laugh when you see them in the paper."

Carl:—"She probably won't laugh any way, so what is the difference?"

Sander would be devoid of neckties if the boys give many more house-warmings.

Mr. Paul (at the musicale):—"Short and sweet—(hastily)—oh, I mean the piece is."

Ruth F has exercised her good influence already. Mr. Patterson went to C. E. last Sunday night.

A Young Lady:—"I have two splendid compliments for you, and both from girls."

Wh—g B, M—l: "Oh, that's nothing unusual."

Did we hear that one of the U. of W. boys has "pink" hair, Etta?

A Problem for the Logic Class:— dandy beaux as Vera Earle.”
When the Freshmen gave a party, Lee
Doud was a Freshman.

The second Preps are going to give a party, and Lee is now a second Prep.

If the Seniors gave a party, would Lee be a Senior?

Tish couldn't go walking with the girls because she had to study Dutch—but Palmer says she didn't study.

One of the faculty was overheard saying: "Well, I wouldn't have such a

Prof. Whitely:—"It will take a day to go through the new tunnel under the Bering sea"

R——th H——n: "What would you do all that time in the tunnel?"

Malaspina seems to be a favorite at the Residence; even Puss and Edna have been found rehearsing the well-known balcony scene from a window in the Y. W. C. A. room.

Athletics.

In basket ball we have not been as successful as we have in some other branches of sport, but, considering that the game is new here, this being the first year we have had a team, the men have done remarkably well. We have practiced in a poor gym and played all our games in others. The men have worked hard, and we expect that success will be theirs soon.

Vashon vs. Whitworth.

Friday, Jan. 12, accompanied by a bunch of about fifty rooters, the team went to Burton to play the Vashon college team. The steamer Vashon had been chartered for the occasion, and everyone enjoyed himself, although we lost the game. It was evident from the first that Vashon had much the advantage. They

had been practicing since last October, and knew every foot of the floor. Our men were lost in the large gym, and their lack of practice was very evident.

Vashon threw baskets almost at will, Reynolds and Tolman being their particular stars. Mitchell, at center, played the best game for Whitworth, throwing a very difficult goal from the center of the floor. The final score was: Vashon 33, Whitworth 4

Whitworth vs. Parkland.

The game with Parkland Academy at the Y. M. C. A. gym was the next on the schedule, being played Jan. 19. Our men had improved much in team work during the week after the Vashon game and, although Parkland was known to be very strong, everyone was hopeful. Park-

and places no football team in the field, and the time of the entire fall and winter is given to basket ball. Their team is composed of experienced players, three of them having played together for two years.

The game was hotly contested from start to finish, although in the second half Parkland obtained a good lead. Mitchell was out of the game on account of illness, as was Capt. McMaster. L. Doud was placed at center and Runnalls of the second team took McMaster's place.

Parkland played a steady game at all times, and their team work showed hard practice. Colbert played a star game for Whitworth, while McCauley and Paul were faultless in their guarding. Their goals were made mostly by the center.

In the second half Doud was relieved by Doseff, while Ask took the place of Runnalls, who was injured in the last few minutes of play. The final score was Parkland 26; Whitworth 12. Whitworth lined up as follows: Colbert, Runnalls and Ask, forwards; Doud and Doseff, center; McCauley and Paul, guards.

Goals—Colbert 4; Paul 1.

Goals from fouls—Colbert 2.

Whitworth vs. U. P. S.

On Jan. 26 we played the University of Puget Sound at the Y. M. C. A. gym. Our men were confident, perhaps too much so. The game was very evenly contested throughout, and the issue was in doubt until the last minute. This team is perhaps the nearest to our own strength of any we have yet played.

McMaster was back in the game and played the best game for Whitworth. The game was marked by many fouls on both sides, Whitworth being perhaps, the most frequent offender. The teams lined up as follows: U. P. S.—Forwards, Nicol and Wright; center, Crockett; guards, Olson and Siler. Whitworth—Forwards, McMaster (captain) and Colbert; center, Sander and Mitchell; guards, Paul and McCauley.

Second Team.

A second basket ball team has been organized and is working hard under the leadership of Capt. Runnalls. The men who have made the best showing on this team are Runnalls, Ask, Votaw, Dennis Briggs Doud, Hoke and Crandall.

The team went to Spanaway Feb. 3, and were defeated by a score of 14 to 11. They played against older men and in a strange gym. to which was largely due their defeat.

Games have been arranged with the second teams of the Tacoma High School and the U. P. S., and with good practice the team will surprise some of its opponents.

Gymnasium Work.

The interest in the gym classes under Director Booth is very strong, and a large number of men are availing themselves of this privilege.

The classes have various calisthenic exercises and work on the different apparatus. The class has also been divided

into two squads for competitive work. This consists of basket ball, high and broad jumping and weight events and other work may be taken up later. The rivalry between the two squads is very keen, and every man is working hard.

The classes for the girls are under the direction of Miss Dunlap, and they are taking the regular work in calisthenics and in basket ball.

A New Gymnasium.

At last comes the welcome news that we are to have a new gymnasium. Pres. Kroeze reported in chapel that the board of trustees had passed a resolution calling for the preliminary plans for a new gym to be erected down on the campus near the football field. The students have subscribed various sums, and some of the classes have subscribed amounts. It is to be hoped that this building will be completed as soon as possible, for the benefit of the football team next year, and especially for the basket ball practice later. Then perhaps we can successfully contend with other colleges in this sport.

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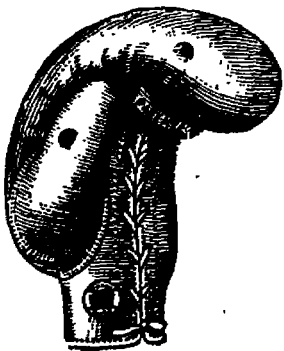
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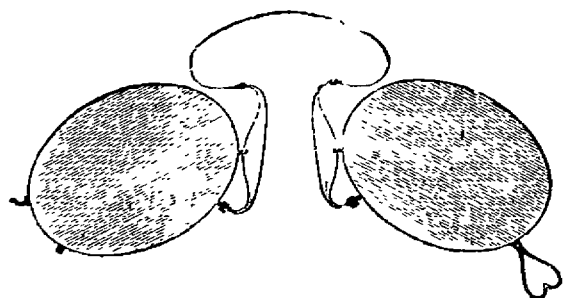
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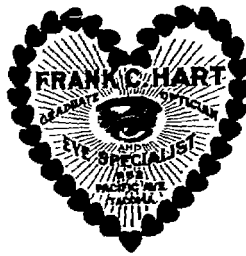
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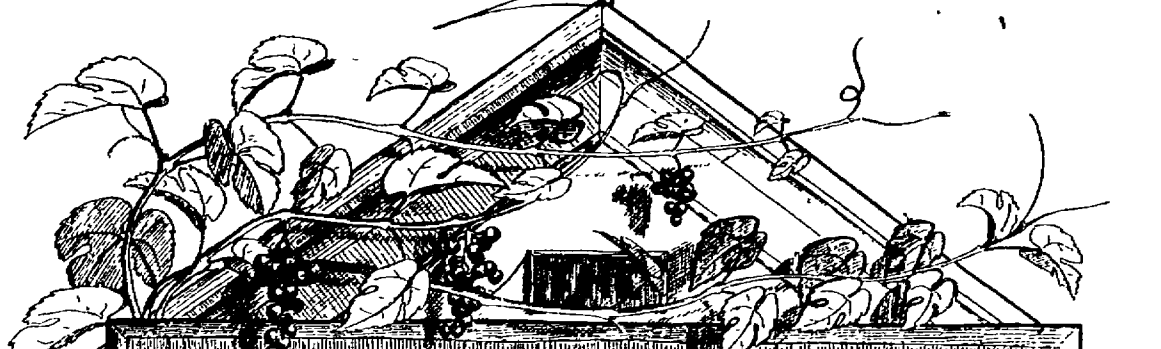
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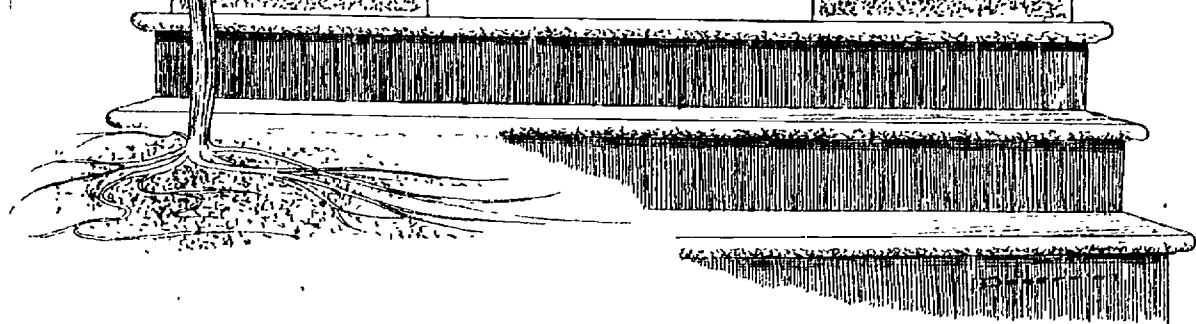


WHITWORTHIAN

Vol. II. No. 5.



MARCH
1906



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The Whitworthian

VOL II.

TACOMA, WASH. MARCH, 1906

NO. 5

The Successful Failure.

Louise Landen lived in a suburb of Trenton, a beautiful little city of Ohio. She was one of a large family who were not blessed with much of this world's goods, but had what was better—an abundant supply of good cheer and love. In addition to this, Louise had another gift—a sweet sympathetic voice. For a year now she had been studying with a teacher in the city who had done a great deal for her but who told her several times that she ought to go to New York where she would have better musical advantages. But Louise knew this was impossible unless something unexpected would turn up.

One day about the last of November she went in to take her lesson and after she had sung a few exercises her teacher, Miss Hamilton, sang a beautiful Christmas carol for her. Louise was delighted and said, "Oh, when will I be able to sing things like that?" Well, I would like to have you sing this very song at St. Mark's on Christmas eve." Louise's breath was almost taken away, but her eyes sparkled and her joy fairly bubbled over. Wasn't that the very opportunity she had longed for? She felt sure that if she had a chance to sing a few times some way would open for her. The next few weeks were weary, trying ones for her. Sometimes after a particularly poor lesson she would be completely discouraged and again she would be so entirely carried away by the very joy of her glad carol that it seemed as if she couldn't wait till Sunday. On the Saturday afternoon before Christmas she went with her teacher for her final rehearsal at the church. As they entered the organist had just commenced to play a beautiful processional that seemed to lift one to heaven. As the last note died away, Louise sighed and said, "Must I sing after that?" But by the time she was in

the chancel all her timidity had departed and she did her best. The last note was high and difficult but she took it with the greatest ease and felt that she deserved her teacher's commendation when she was through.

Sunday was a day of anxiety for Louise, which was only enhanced when she heard that Herr Professor Helne was in the city and always went to St. Mark's. He was a professor in a conservatory in the East, which gave two scholarships to Trenton every year—one in piano and one in vocal. Oh, how Louise longed for that scholarship. If she could only do her best tonight!

Her father and mother went with her, for, as she said, she did want to be sure of one friend in the congregation. A friendly girl helped her put on her vestments, and at the last moment her teacher came in to give her a word of encouragement. Then the solemn, awe-inspiring music began and they marched in. It seemed to her that they walked miles before they reached their seats and then she didn't dare to look at the audience for fear she would lose every bit of courage she had. She had a wild notion of crawling under the seat or out of the window—anything to get away from that crowd of people. She tried to follow the service, but she would catch herself going over every word and note of her song and wondering how many hours the service would last. Finally her turn came and she stood up some way and commenced to sing—at first rather uncertain of herself, but she gained confidence and her voice rang out sweet and clear, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." When she was within a few bars of finishing the thought flashed through her mind that she was almost through and had made no mistake. It seemed to make her dizzy for an instant and she lost

that grasp of her voice and that last, beautiful, triumphant, high note was miserably flat! She sat down dazed and bewildered. What had she done? What would her teacher say? And poor mamma! She expected so much from her Louise felt that everybody was looking at her with pity in their faces and a touch of scorn. How absurd for her ever to think she could sing! She slipped out as quickly as possible and found her father and mother—dear, kind, sympathetic mother—waiting for her. She could keep back the tears no longer and her mother, after kissing her "good-night" left her alone, thinking that a good night's rest would be more beneficial than any sympathy she could give her.

The joys of Christmas partly dispelled the disappointment from Louise's mind the next morning, and she was, to all appearances, the same merry, light-hearted girl, but after the first excitement of opening the Christmas gifts the pain came back and it was a great effort for Louise to put on a brave face. In the afternoon a beautiful little leather-bound book came from Miss Hamilton and a note reminding her of her lesson tomorrow and asking her to bring a certain little German slumber song with her.

"Oh! how dear of Miss Hamilton. But I do dread to see her just awfully."

The next morning was clear and cold, so Louise walked part of the way to take her lesson and was in a glow of health and spirits when she reached the studio. When she came in she noticed a little old man in one end of the room closely examining some music, but he seemed so entirely absorbed that he paid no attention to her. Her teacher merely said that he was an old friend of hers and proceeded at once to her lesson.

After a few exercises she began to sing the German lullaby. It was a tender, pathetic, little song, and was a favorite of Louise's. She sang it with her whole heart, utterly forgetting her surroundings and seeming to see only the sweet-faced mother crooning to her child, whose lids were drooping lower and lower.

The little old man in the other end of the room held his breath and listened intently to the end. "Ach! schon, schon," he murmured to himself.

Miss Hamilton smiled approvingly and said "That is quite an improvement, Louise."

After running over a couple of new songs Louise left. Not a word had been said about her failure! She felt relieved in a way, but still she could not help but wish that Miss Hamilton had said something about it. Could

it be that she had forgotten about it? No, that was impossible. It was more likely that she didn't want to scold her while that strange gentleman was there. Well, no matter, she wouldn't worry any more about it, but would go right on as if nothing had happened, although her hopes of getting the scholarship had vanished entirely.

As she was waiting for her car she saw Mary Griffin coming down the street. She was almost running, so great was her haste, and when she saw Louise she exclaimed

"You're just the person I was looking for. I've been phoning to your mother for the last half hour, trying to get you, and she said I might find you on the way. You're to stay to lunch with me and then go to the musicale this afternoon."

What a glorious afternoon they had! Mary was always bubbling over with fun, and her good spirits were so contagious that Louise soon forgot that there were such things as tears and heartaches. After she came home in the evening she sat down at the piano and sang her father's favorite songs for an hour or so, feeling that that was a suitable climax for such a happy day.

The next day the postman brought a note addressed in Miss Hamilton's handwriting, and Louise opened it hastily, wondering what was in it. It ran something like this:

"My Dear Louise: I have a happy surprise for you, dear. The quaint little old gentleman who was at the studio yesterday was none other than Prof. Heine. He heard you sing on Christmas eve and was delighted with your voice and wanted to hear you once more before he made his decision, so I arranged that he should come to the studio during your lesson. Hence, my apparent rudeness in not introducing you, for I wanted you to do your best, and you did—even beyond my expectations. He was enthusiastic and said at once that you should receive the scholarship."

When Louise started to read the letter she dropped down on the couch, but by the time she finished she was crying with joy. Her mother came in and, after hearing the good news, rejoiced with her. Soon the whole family gathered around, talking about the good fortune, and when Louise's sixteen-year-old brother tossed up his cap and said:

"Bully for you, sis. I knew all the time you'd get it," her cup of happiness overflowed.

Sonnet on Apple-Sauce.

Oh Appel-Sauce! Oh wholesome Appel-Sauce!
 That's set before us on the noon-tide board,
 For this is all that Whitworth can afford,
 And if it is not eaten we're at a loss,
 For every month we have to pay the cost,
 And this is what we get for our reward.
 So solemn thanks are given in one accord
 To find before us sweet old Appel-Sauce.
 One dish to us is given every meal,
 A dish so rich with appetizing strength,
 When we're aware its that we're forced to eat
 It has the tendency to make us squeal,
 Which often is of an unusual length.
 This little squeal shall end my little speel

Ballad on Mice,

The lights go out at half past nine,
 And all is dark within,
 When suddenly we hear a sign,
 Of mice approaching.
 We very quickly seek a light,
 And soon a mouse appears;
 We do not wait to have a fight,
 So great become our fears
 No more shall we sleep in our beds
 Until that mouse is killed,
 We may have very foolish heads,
 But certainly well filled.

Hash.

To eat or not to eat that is the question.

O hash! most rich and savory juicy hash!
 How oft we see thee on the festal board,
 For this is all the college can afford
 And to eat this trash is very very rash.
 Fourteen dollars is what we pay in cash,
 And this is what we get for our reward
 At every meal we thank with one accord
 That we can still enjoy the same old hash
 But what this awful mystery doth contain,
 Has often puzzled keen and wise old mnds,
 For no one has been able to explain
 The things that have been found in numerous
 finds.
 This is a thing none will investigate
 And never has it been known to digesticate.

From Social Heights.

Miss Alberta V. Munro, assisted by Mr. Blackmore, gave her first concert this year in Mason Library February 16th. Her many friends who were present were given a delightful and well chosen program. While some of the numbers showed to advantage technique and execution, others pleased in their sweet melodies played with great expression.

Sonata, Op. 53.....	Beethoven
Allegro con brio.	
Introduzione.	
Rondo	
Italian Etude	Martucci
Japanese Etude	Poldini
Minuet	Weber
"Love Song"	Nevin
Rondo	Beethoven
Serenade	Bowdin
"Snowflakes"	Cowen
"Witches' Dance"	MacDowell
"Hark! Hark the Lark!".....	Schubert-Liszt
"Gondoliera"	Liszt
Waltz	Paola-Gallico
Concerto—F Minor, Op. 21.....	Chopin
Second piano part played by Mr. John Blackmore.	

The young ladies domiciled in Erwin Hall threw open their rooms to their friends Saturday evening, the 17th. And what a good time every one had. On entrance in the reception hall the monstrous sign of "Waiting Room" met the gaze. Here was found the Depot Matron anxious to help you, and the Ticket Agent, indeed amiable, as he made out your ticket as to name and time of departure. Through all the journey mapped out obstacles loomed up at every turn as you went from room to room. The object of the game was to make the complete round of the rooms in the shortest time.

Later in the evening all met in the art studio for general conversation and where in the room adjoining the lunch counter had been fitted up. Delicious chocolate, sandwiches and

cake were served to the exhausted travelers, so that at last they were able to depart homeward with satisfied smiles.

The colonial party given on Friday, February, 23d, by the Whitworth Club and Kappa Gamma Society is the one distinctly college affair of the year. Nearly two hundred guests, many from out of town, were welcomed in Mason Library. Costumes of the 1776 period with powdered hair and tiny spots of courtplaster so coquettishly placed, with the courtly manner of "ye olden tyme" added much to the charm of the evening. Miss Lay and Mr. Wilson led the grand march through some new and pretty figures, after which came the stately French minuet. Later the Virginia reel found on the programs daintily done in a cluster of cherries, was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. The hall, decorated in green and quantities of flags from every nation, was made particularly attractive under the skillful hand of Mr. Gush. A little light society comedy, "A Lesson in Elegance," given while the refreshments of ice and wafers were being served, was entertaining to all and ended the evening, having fully sustained the reputation of past successes of the annual party.

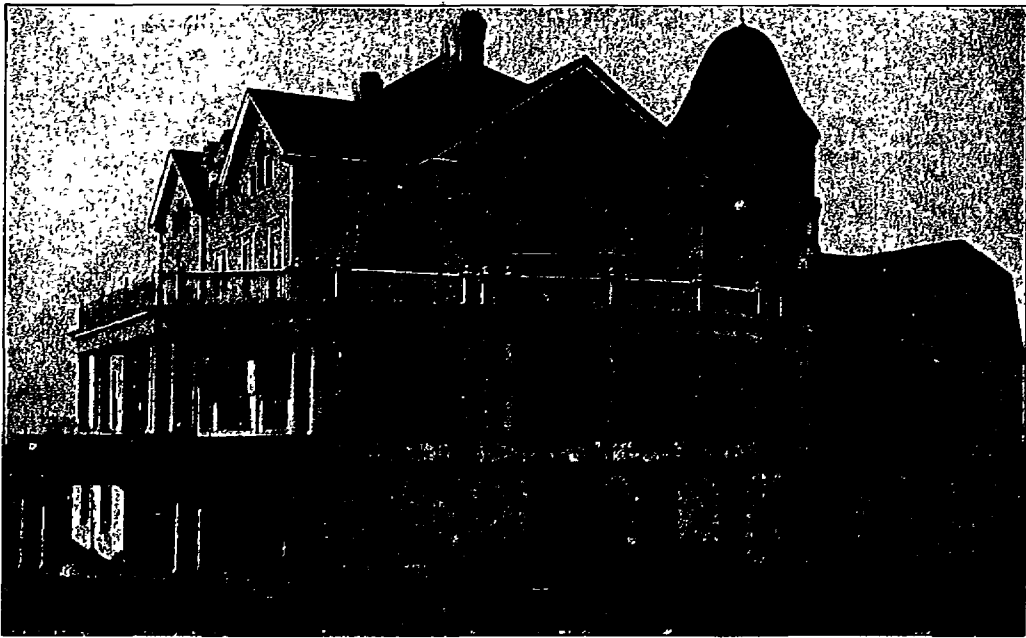
The annual valentine party given by the Preps is an event which always arouses great expectations among all the students, and this year was no exception to the rule. The chapel was tastefully decorated in evergreens and hundreds of hearts hanging in festoons about the hall created an appropriate atmosphere for the sports of the evening. Many games were played, but the old reliable Virginia reel still holds first place. Later in the evening delicious refreshments were served and dainty souvenirs of the occasion were given each guest. But this, like all good times, came to an end and all went home declaring this party the best yet.

Misses Gertrude Canbes, Katherine Deland and Phoebe Parker of the University were entertained at the residence for the colonial party.

Miss Edna Lytle visited in Hoquiam over Sunday, the 4th.

Miss Lucia Worl and brother of Seattle came over for the colonial party.

Masters Edwin Carleton and David More, nephews of Miss Reynolds, came up from Roy for the minstrel show last week.



THE RESIDENCE—LADIES' HALL

The Whitworthian

ISSUED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR

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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Exchanges.

The H. S. Record, Wheeling, West Virginia, has a good exchange column

We are doubly interested in the Phoenix, for besides being a good paper, it comes from Tarkio College, which one of our professors attended. The February number has a cute short story, "A Modern Courtship."

Among other good things in the February Kodak are the poem "Our Future" and a "Sophomore Soliloquy."

If we couldn't be present at their class day exercises, it is interesting to read in the February Tahoma the addresses, class history, propbesy, poem and will of the '05½ H. S. class.

The Phoenix has a pretty cover design.

Although the U. P. S is so near, yet the February Maroon is the first copy of their paper that we have received this year. It is a good paper and we shall be glad to have it among our regular exchanges.

Among the columns in the H. S. World, Topeka, Kansas, is a page of book reviews. This is a good idea, and is it a regular column in your paper, World?

Your Monthly is good, Marysville College, but we miss an exchange column.

Rock-a-bye, Senior, on a tree top,
As long as you study, the cradle will rock;
But if you stop digging, the cradle will fall,
And down will come Senior, diploma and all

—Ex.

The Whitworthian's "Story of '55" is worthy of a prize and it is quite a complete paper.—The Kodak.

"Could anyone, love, between us come?"

He asked in accents tender

"Well, if they do so now, my love,

They'd have to be mighty slender."—Ex.

We wish to acknowledge the following new exchanges:

The Record, Wheeling, W Va

H S World, Topeka, Kansas.

Pedestal, Walla Walla.

Marysville College Monthly, Tenn

Maroon, U P. S, Tacoma

Jayhawker, Kansas City.

Salt Breezes From Inspiration Point.

Are you a piker?

Phipps took a drink of water.

And Mitchell asked for the bread

Miss Dunlap (absent-mindedly looking at Louise)—Miss Crandall, will you please lead the line?

P—a R—s (rushing up to Edna with a musical show ticket)—“Oh, gee! I'm going to sit in G, with G. G.”

“Oh, I wish I had about a million dollars!”

The girls may have astonished you by wearing each other's dresses lately, but just wait until you see Mickie and Blondy Doud in each other's clothes

E—l H—h—“I'm afraid Henry isn't well, he looks so emancipated.”

Miss Brown (in Vergil)—“If you would pay attention, you wouldn't find this nearly so bad as it is.”

Miss Hanse —“When did the Roman year usually begin?”

K. I. G.—“At the end of the other year.”

Keep it up, Kenneth, you are improving wonderfully.

Miss Dunlap—“Miss Garretson?” No reply.
“Miss Garretson!” Susie (sleepily, as John pokes her gently on the arm)—“All right, mamma! Did the alarm go off?”
When the Whitworth Preps give their banquet
They are rough-housed by the college set,

What Preps are they that get over het?

—Everybody.

When the time comes round to buy the ice cream

Things are not as they ought to seem,

Who pays for the college's dirty scheme?

—Nobody.

“Say! I haven't found that million dollars yet.”

If unsophisticated means “guyle”less, is Pearl a unsophisticated?

Prof. K—Miss Phelps, why did Paul want to kill Jonathan?

Madge—“I don't know, I didn't see it.”

Prof. K—“We hardly thought you were that old.”

Miss Dunlap (as Mel, McCleary, and Alice pass through her class-room)—“We might as well wait until this street carnival goes by.”

D—n W—c—“What effect has the moon on the tide?”

R—h H—n—“It has no effect on the tied, but it makes the untied spoony.”

Ross Carson—“One million dollars and away we go!”

Who?

Sarah Crandall (in art class)—“I'm not a bit good at making eyes.”

But we're from Missouri, and—

Prof. Fox (illustrating a prop in geometry)—“There's a boy and a girl twenty feet apart, and they wish to come together—

J—a L—se—“That's very natural!”

Prof. Whitely—"Carpenter-bees don't sting
There's one on the window now! Mr. Doud, you
catch it and we will examine it"

Lee obeyed, and discovered without further
investigation on the part of the class, that it
wasn't a carpenter-bee.

R—h H—n—"Yes, 'du lieber' is a man."

Ruth (as Edna and Carl leave the library to-
gether)—"Touching, isn't it!"

Jack—"Not yet, but it's going to be."

The most doleful of ditties
Is the calling of kitties,
Without any warning,
At three in the morning.

Rodman—"Look out! If I'd lose my nose,
there wouldn't be much left of me."
How true!

L—e M—m—"John and I took a chaperone
but she left us."

The girls—"Why did you let her go, if you
were so particular about having one?"

L—e M—m—"Well, we didn't know when
she went"

Why is a college professor whose name is
Fox like a hound?

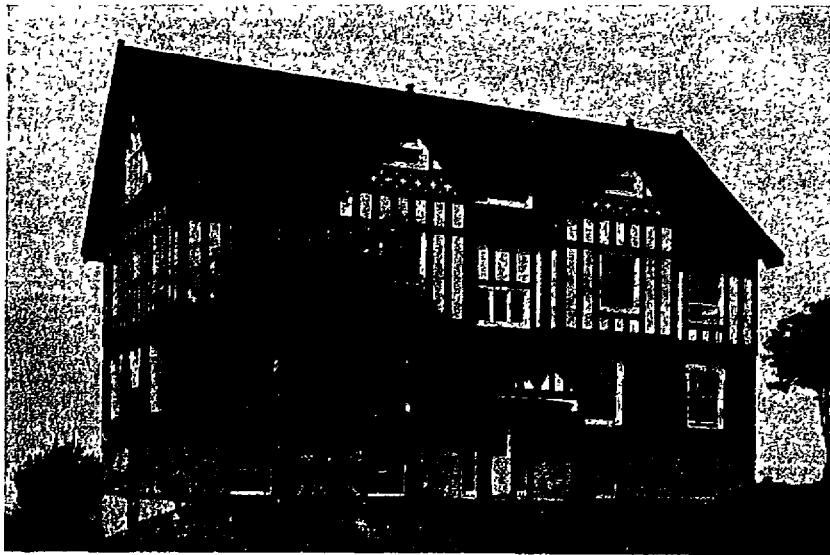
Because he makes hare (hair) go a good way.

L—e P—s—"I don't think its bad luck to
break a mirror, I've broken plenty of mirrors
and—

J—k B—n—"I don't doubt it!"

C—rl N—rt—n—"What if the President
should be sunstruck this afternoon—then there
would be no recitations."

J—ck Br—t—on—"Don't worry His son is
not old enough."



THE NEW HALL—ERWIN HALL

Athletics.

BASEBALL

Baseball season is almost here and the men are beginning to practice. A good schedule of games is being arranged by Assistant Manager Crandall, and it is to be hoped that Whitworth will keep up the standard set by last year's team. Many of the team of last year are in school, including Colbert, McCauley, Sander, McMaster, Metzger, Crandall and Doud, and with men of last year's second team and new men in school, the team ought to be a good one.

At present we have no suitable place for in-field practice, but it is to be hoped that a good diamond will be put in on the campus, or some other grounds secured. Without this our baseball team will suffer as the basket-ball team has this season.

BASKET BALL

Whitworth vs. High School.

On February 9, at the Y. M. C. A. gym, Tacoma High School easily defeated us by a score of 53 to 12. It was evident from the very first that we had no show whatever. High School was especially strong in team work, and their passing and basket throwing was marvelous. Their practice in the Y. M. C. A. gym and with the Y. M. C. A. team helped them to a great extent.

Cook was the particular star of the game, never missing an opportunity to score whenever he was left unguarded. He scored thirteen baskets from the field and seven from fouls.

For Whitworth, Mitchell played the best game. Although playing against Duryea, the High School captain, he showed up fully as well as did his opponent, each man scoring two baskets.

The lineup was as follows:

High School—Cook and Turner, forwards; Duryea (captain), center; Brown and Collier, guards.

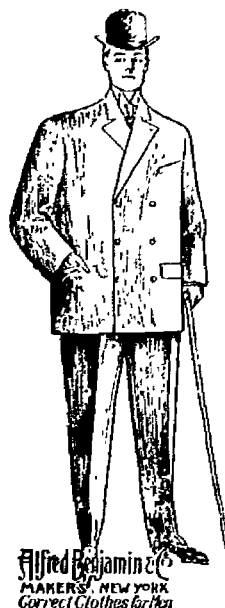
Whitworth—Colbert and McMaster (captain), forwards; Mitchell, center; Sander and Paul, guards.

Score—T. H. S., 53; Whitworth, 12.

Vashon vs. Whitworth.

Whitworth again met Vashon on March 3, this time at the Y. M. C. A. gym. Our men

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were confident of avenging their former defeat at the hands of Vashon, and the game started as if their hopes were to be realized. Vashon, however, rallied and the first half ended with the score standing Whitworth 8, Vashon 8.

In the second half Vashon, fearing defeat, began to abuse the officials, to play for time and to use dirty methods of playing. The frequent delays and the rough tactics of the Vashon players broke up our team work and the game ended with a score of 21 to 18 in favor of Vashon. Even then they were dissatisfied and showed themselves very unsportsmanlike in their criticism of the officials and our team.

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Vashon—Tolman and Thompson, forwards; Reynolds, center; Sticklin and Churchill, guards.

Whitworth—Paul and McMaster, forwards; Mitchell, center, Doud and Sander, guards.

Whitworth Girls vs. U. P. S. Girls

The honor of winning the first game of basketball has fallen to the girls. February 1, the U. P. S. gymnasium, our girls' team defeated the girls of the University of Puget Sound by a score of 9 to 6. The girls have been working hard in practice and deserve all the credit which can possibly be given them. The lineup was: Miss Holt and Miss Dennis, forwards; Miss Eatle and Miss Lewis centers; Miss McMaster and Miss Francis, guards.

Vashon vs. Whitworth.

Whitworth was again defeated by the U. P. S. on March 13 in the University gymnasium. The U. P. S. team has improved greatly in team work since the previous game, and their playing was very fast. From the beginning of the game it was evident that their superior passing would win for them. They were very quick and accurate in shooting baskets.

Whitworth seemed to be unable to get together and their passing was poor, the ball usually going to the opposing players. Nicol and Olson played a fine game at guards for the U. P. S., while Wright played a good game at forward.

The final score was: U. P. S., 21; Whitworth, 8. Lineup:

Whitworth—McMaster and Paul, forwards; Mitchell, center; Doud and Sander, guards.

U. P. S.—Crocket and Wright, forwards; Donaldson, center; Olson and Nicol, guards.

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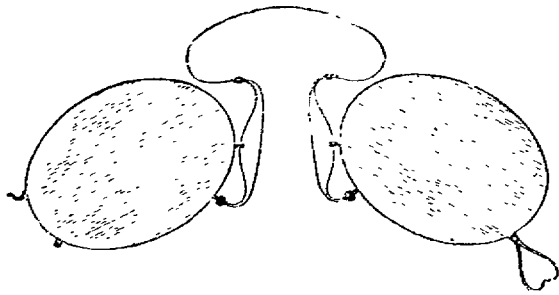
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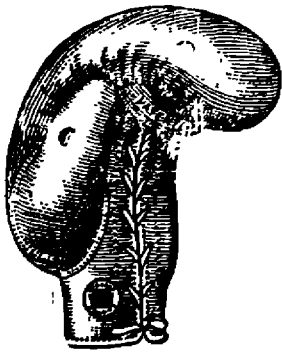
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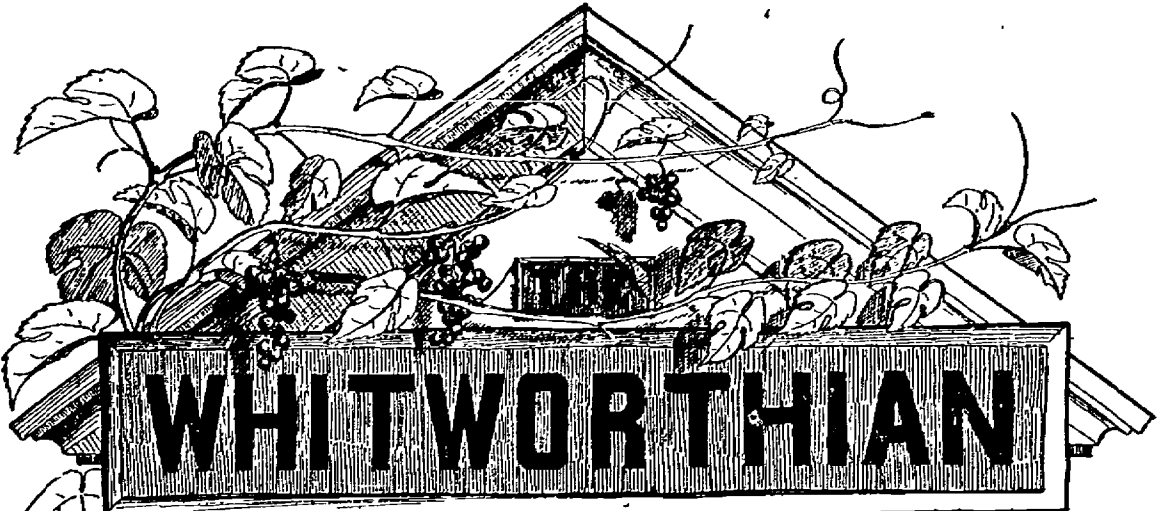
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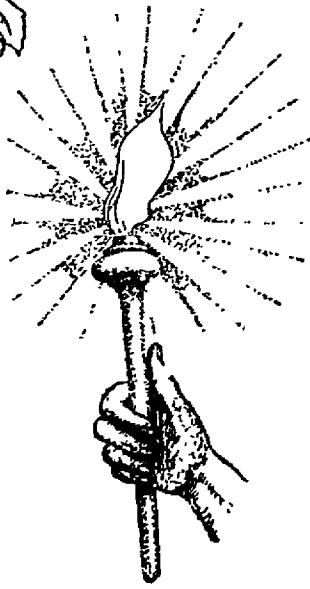
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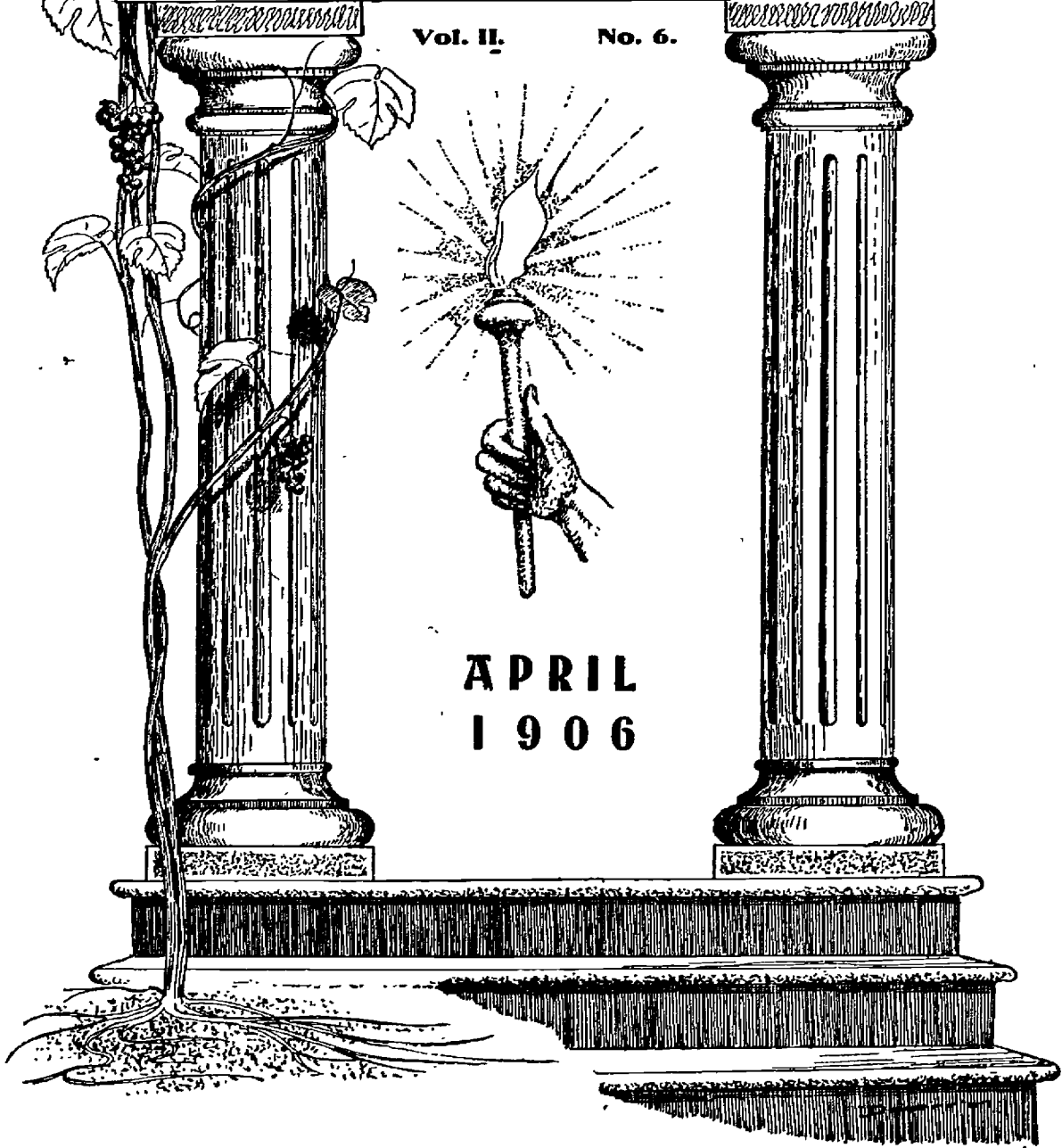


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The Whitworthian

VOL. II.

TACOMA, WASH. APRIL, 1908

NO. 6

April Showers

The mighty Oak and the clinging Vine were trudging up stairs.

"Who was that at the door just now?" asked the Vine.

"The fifteenth box of flowers for the Angel from one of her many admirers," came the answer in a disgusted tone. "I should think she would get tired of so much popularity."

The Vine made no answer for fear of hurting her companions feelings, for the Oak was not popular, decidedly not. She had a sharp tongue, which is a dangerous thing in a woman, besides, she was very plain and that didn't help matters any. Most folks thought the Oak didn't care, but the Vine knew better. Three years as her roommate had taught the Vine that underneath her gnarly exterior the Oak was a veritable sensitive plant, and envied the Angel and the other girls their popularity

* * *

It was pouring rain as the students came out from Chapel and for a few moments everything was in confusion while each tried to find the right umbrella.

As the Oak was going down the stairs she heard a very emphatic voice at her elbow

"Well I'll be—" and the voice stopped short. "I beg your pardon, what did you say?" The Oak was not exactly what one might call conventional. Besides she knew the voice. It belonged to one Jack Woods, a Senior and a good fellow. She had met him in the woods two years before.

"I didn't say, but where did you get my umbrella?"

The Oak looked down; the umbrella was certainly not her own, although very much like it. Then she looked at Jack Woods and

her eyes began to twinkle.

"In the rack, I suppose, but how did you happen to run off with mine?"

"Is this yours? Well I'll be—"

"Yes, sir," she answered demurely.

Woods looked surprised. The girl certainly had changed since that summer in the mountains. She was nothing but a tom-boy then. In the end the Oak had a new experience, she walked over to class under the same umbrella with a very good looking young man and he carried her books.

After that Mr. Jack Woods seemed inclined to renew his acquaintance. The girl was not so bad looking after all. Her features were plain of course, but her hair was soft and wavy and her eyes,—why Mr. Woods could not understand why he had never noticed her eyes. On the whole he was rather pleased with his discovery, so he did not hesitate when one rainy day he saw the Oak struggling with an umbrella and a tall Easter lily as she tried to board the car.

When the Oak saw Mr. Woods she was annoyed and blushed ever so slightly. Some way Mr. Woods wished she would do it again.

"Can't I take that lily off your hands?" he asked.

"No, you can't," she answered pettishly, "but I would be obliged to get rid of this umbrella."

Once on the car, Mr. Woods seemed lost in deep thought. The Oak looked at him curiously several times and then remarked, as if to the landscape:

"I wonder what he is thinking about."

Mr. Woods awoke with a start. "Would you really like to know?" he asked gravely.

"Certainly, I said so once, didn't I?"

"I was wondering to whom you were taking that lily."

"To myself with my own compliments, thank you," she answered without turning her head. But Mr. Wood was happy. She had smiled again.

The Oak was in a quandary. Mr. Woods had asked her to go the big May party with him and she did not know what dress to wear. The Vine could hardly keep from laughing, it seemed so strange for the Oak, of all people to worry about dress; and yet the Vine was glad

Just then there came a knock at the door

and a maid handed in a large box of flowers. The Oak took no interest, they were for the Vine of course, but the Vine made a grand bow and presented them to her roommate.

"I here, I hope this will decide whether you shall wear your white or your blue dress," she said.

"Oh, aren't they beauties!" cried the Oak as she lifted the delicate pink and white roses one at a time. "Who would have thought of anyone sending me flowers!"

"Well, laughed the Vine, "April showers always bring May flowers, you know."

C. V. S.

Dawn

When o'er the earth there broods the dawning gray,
 And all the world is waiting for the morn,
 The hush that always comes before the day
 Is pierced by the sun-shafts just new born
 The water-lilies sleep upon the lake,
 The downy birdlings have not opened their eyes,
 And wee fair bairns most tender dreams do make
 Of things they lately saw in Paradise.
 O come sweet day, and bless us with thy light!
 Pour forth the sunbeams and the songs of buds,
 Break down the dismal ramparts of the night,
 Bring childhood's laughter and its prattling words!
 So shall I know another lovely day,
 A day to work and rest and sing and pray,

M. C.

From Social Heights.

Mrs. Crandall with her students received in the Art Studio, Erwin Hall, on the afternoon and evening of March 17th. The many guests were interested and entertained with the work displayed in that the scenes were taken from our own Western Washington that we see about us every day. Bowls of yellow tulips with green backgrounds in relief heightened the artistic effect of the hall. Punch was served and Miss Osberg sang delightfully during the afternoon.

Miss Julia Fraser, traveling secretary of the Presbyterian Pacific Coast Home Missionary Society, spent the Sabbath at the College and conducted the Vesper service. Her talk on Nez Perce Indians was one of the best we have had this year.

Miss Munro is giving a series of Pupils' Recitals this spring. Miss Margaret McLean, assisted by Mr. John Crandall gave the following well-rendered program on March 13th:

Fantasia and Sonata	Mozart
Fantasia	
Adagio	
Allegro Assai	
My love is like a red, red rose	Hastings
Mr. John Crandall	
By the Brookside. Op. 27	Karganoff
Shadow Dance. Op. 39-No 8	MacDowell
Romance. Op. 51-No. 5	Tschaikowsky
Gondoliera—G Minor	Moszkowski
Polonaise. Op. 71-No. 1	Chopin
Kammenoi—Ostrow. Or. 10-No. 3.	Rubinstein
Butterfly	Levallee

Don Juan Serenade	Tschaikowsky
Mr. John Crandall	
Coronation Concerto	Mozart
Larghetto—Allegro	
Orchestra parts played on second piano by	
Miss Munro.	

Miss Sarah Fox, assisted by Miss Erma Louise Biggs, violin, entertained her friends at Music Studio on April 16th.

Invention. No. 15	Bach
Along the Brook	Hofman
Serenade. Op. 29	Chaminade
The Butterfly	Denee
March Populaire	B. Cutter
Miss Erma Louise Biggs	
Dance of the Gnomes	Whelpley
Etude—"Le Raynoi"	J. Alden
Valse	Jos. Hills
*Concerto	Haydn
Larghetto	
Vivace	

*Orchestral parts played on 2nd piano by Miss Munro.

President and Mrs. Kroeze entertained the Freshman class at their home on the evening of April 11th. The time was delightfully spent in playing progressive games, Miss Rolleston and Mr. Phipps winning first prize while Miss Roberts triumphantly carried off the consolation. The dainty favors were suggestive and appropriate of the Easter season. The class added one more verse to their class song in honor of their "Little Freshman".

"Here's to the youngest of all,
 the Mascot of our class.
 His color is like the rest of us,
 the hue of bright green grass
 He cannot scrap' he cannot yell,
 he cannot sing a line,
 But he's alright for all of that,
 for he's a naughty 9."

Miss McCorkle, city secretary of the Y. W.
 C. A., of Portland, made a short visit at the
 college on Wednesday, April 18th.

Miss Lay spent the week ending April 8th
 with Miss Dunbar at Olympia.

Mrs. E. F. Benson, of Prosser, visited Miss
 Myra at the Residence during the first week
 of April

Madame Tripple, of Seattle, was the guest
 of Miss Lay at luncheon April 4th.

Miss Dunlap spent two days in Seattle this
 last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Todd, of Aurora, Ill.,
 visited the College on Tuesday, April 17th.

Miss Reynolds attended the State Board of
 Y. W. C. A., in Seattle on last Saturday.

The Whitworthian

ISSUED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR

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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Another year has passed and gone in the history of the Student Association of Whitworth College. It has been a year of beginnings, of failures and yet of successes. During the year which closed with the annual election two weeks ago, the Students of Whitworth have taken up anew basket-ball, a sport which for four years had been left in the background; they have played their first college games of base-ball; they have sent their football team on two trips which were of sufficient length to be called trips, not excursions; they have, through the Whitworth Club, held their first intercollegiate debate.

In all these new undertakings there have been many discouragements, many failures but the WHITWORTH SPIRIT has remained undaunted, it has triumphed over all reverses and has won the greatest success of all. May it ever be so, may the students ever accord their

representatives a cordial and hearty support and stay with them to the end.

The staff of THE WHITWORTHIAN wishes at this time to extend its heartiest congratulations to the newly-elected officers of our Student Body and wish them the best of success during the coming year

" May all good fortune prosper you,

May you succeed in all you do "

May you have luck and victories too

Good will, bright hopes we have for you.

Six weeks more of school. How good it seems, especially to the undergraduates. Then books, thrown aside, the daily grind of study and recitation will be forgotten until once more the month of September comes upon us. Yet to the senior these last six weeks seem any thing but good. He has visions of orations, and long theses upon deep subjects all left to be finished to the very last minute. The remedy for procrastination is something which even Seniors have not found, at least not all of them.

Six weeks and then good-bye for the Seniors. Six long wearisome, troublous weeks how they wish they were past, how they wish they were still years in the future.

Rules for the College Student.

Says Mr Chas. F. Thwing, a college student, to college students,

" If I were a college student I would—

(1.) Care for my health.

(1.) Try to cultivate the major graces.—

I say major graces. Usually we speak of the virtues as major and the graces as minor. I have no wish to depreciate virtue or the virtues. But I do wish to make significant the place which the graces play in the life of the student. The graces constitute the lady or gentleman. These elements are far more contributory to the happiness and success of the career of the student than he usually believes. There are many men who are honest, faithful, able, who yet fail to secure the results which honesty, faithfulness, ability ought to secure for the simple reason that they are not gentlemen. They are not LIKABLE and they are not liked.

(3.) Seek less for the knowledge and more for the significance of knowledge. I would care less to be a scholar and more to be a thinker. If I could be a great scholar I might be content with being a scholar; but as this would be impossible I would try to be a thinker. For the thinker is needed in American life, his presence and his power are its greatest need."

Exchanges

Oratorical contests between the different colleges and universities have been frequent of late. In the contest between the principal colleges of Oregon, held recently at Albany, was won by the speaker from Albany college, who excelled. the Oregon Weekly tells us, both in his delivery and in the composition of his oration.

At Moscow, Idaho, on June 1st, Oregon, Idaho, and Washington, will compete for the interstate oratorical prize

The March number of the Pioneer (Whitman College) is given over to the interests of the Sophomore class and is an excellent number. The selections of poetry in it are, particularly good.

The Eugene High School News is made interesting by its many storiottes.

The Phoenix, of Gaskino, Missouri, is making an appeal for financial aid through its columns. It seems that Whitworth is not the only college whose treasury needs replenishing. Misery loves company.

The Walla Walla High School send us a very unique number of the Pedestal for last month.

The Sofa held the twain
Miranda and her love sick swain
He and She.

But hark! a step upon the stair
And papa finds them sitting there
He and She.

Ex.

Latin.

All the people dead who wrote it,
All the people dead who spoke it,
All the people die who learn it,
Blessed death! they surely earn it.

Ex.

The High School Pedestal has a cute cover design.

The April Maroon is a Y. W. C. A. and a Y. M. C. A. number and is well gotten up and illustrated. But the looks of the paper would be improved if the advertisements were not scattered throughout the reading matter to such an extent.

We welcome the Black and Red from Watertown, Wis., a new exchange for this month. The editorials are especially good, as are the criticisms in the exchange column. We thank you for your suggestions. Black and Red, and shall try to profit by them.

Salt Breezes From Inspiration Point.

Camping for us!

GUM on the wall; under the tables and chairs and in the boat.

Back to the woods and embrace nature (?).

The only trouble with Mitchell was his "capacity".

Join the Amalgamated Association of Rosedale Benders.

Carl (as Lemon and Pande go by) :—"This boat is stuck. Let's ask Lemon to help us."

Rough sea! Poor Nolga!

Charlie R.—"That would be Lemonade, wouldn't it?"

And Aggie and Speck won first and second prizes respectively as being the champion beaneaters of the A. A. of R. B.

"Car-rul, what're you talking about?"

Anna Otto Speculate.

J—ke:—"There's to be no Mr-or-Miss-ing in this camp."

She:—"That girl's bathing suit fits you fine, Ivan."

C—rl: "Well, all right, see that we never find you MISSING, then."

How was the moon Friday night, Harriet?

Pearla;—"I left a dimity dress out here last summer, and I can't find it anywhere."

Sprain, pain, gone again.

Phipps—"I guess maybe this is it, I've been wiping dishes with it for three days."

Miss Aggie Streeter was seen donkey-riding last week. Poor Tiny!

Jessie:—"You Rosedale people shock me! We behaved out at our camp."

Harriet:—"Why, Jessie, how could you!"

"Don't be so pensive, Harriet dear, I'll do the cooking."

The tide took a sudden rise April 2nd. Andora was the cause.

For Sale - One Curl, \$50.00. Sara Ghormley.

Why did everybody look at Votaw and Lola, when a match was lit on the boat, coming home from Stone's Landing?

Left at Magnolia Beach by "The Family"—

Mickie (who has been repairing the bell) "Is the bell going down at the Residence, Professor?"

Prof. Wilson:—"I thought you usually knew where the Belle was going."

Louise (to John)—"I'll meet you above."
That's taking a great deal on faith.

Why does Mickie sing down at the Dorm. a little song entitled, "Wait till the sun shines, Nellie."?

Have you noticed Met's new ring?

Huggie: "I can understand Carl better Mr. Doseff."

Who saw Metzger with a BURR hanging on his coat at Stone's Landing? NOBODY.

Prof. Wilson (in Greek):—"I wish you boys would pay attention. You can't find it out the window, Mr. Crandall.

Palmer: "No, but he can find it in the next room."

Miss R.:—"This is a Domestic Novel, and I don't suppose you boys cared much about it. How do you like it?"

Palmer:—"I could hardly wade through the thing."

Mr. Towne:—"Now, I rather liked it.

Miss R.:—"Well, of course, Mr. Towne is in a better position to appreciate it than the rest of you, but maybe you'll get there some day, Palmer"

K. R.:—"At the table this morning when Walter and Myra were talking about getting married—oh! I mean "

K. -nn-th: "When can we play that game Lola? 'Sometime when the boys aren't around?'"

Lola D.:—"I guess we'll never play it then "

For subscriptions to churches, Deaf and Dumb Schools, or other charitable institutions, go to E. McM——. A cheerful response guaranteed

D—n W—de (looking at an exceedingly plump young gentleman):—"And the length and the breadth thereof was thirty cubits "

Don't get so Foxy, Cizek.

Why is it that well known song "Would you care if we should part?" affect our girls so? Aggie giggles and says "Quit!"—Pearla calls, "Car-rul! Please don't sing that!"

It isn't difficult to tell when a boy gets a letter from home these days. The result is the appearance of the regulation gray suit the next day

The reappearance of the Yellow Kids! They look familiar.

Ask Miss D. why she is always declining "hic, haec, Hoke".

What is Magnolia's favorite color? Brown.

Sander has fallen into the habit of making flying trips to Seattle, which he says have been "on business". Of course we believe they were on business, but of what kind, is the question the upper class table is trying to solve.

Prof. W. (in Botany):—"If a seed should be bottled up in a bottle"—(?)

Miss Brown:—"Go down and get your verb "

While some girls were counting the buttons on Ruth Francis' skirt, "Rich-man, poor-man, beggar-man, thief, doctor—" Ruth suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, don't count any more, that's far enough! "

The Assistant Cook has pretty brown hair,
 And when she smiles
 A dimple says,
 "Come, kiss me, if you dare".

Who saw Stars when he hit the floor? Mac-Donald.

To H—ry L—ng—th.
 Henry has a little girl
 Whose ambition is so high,
 She has to perch on Henry's knee
 To look straight in his eye.

Where did Tommy get his cold?

Wanted: The point to this joke:
 C— —"Isn't that lovely?",
 H—:—"O, that's nothing."

Who goes walking after dinner in the evening? ASK Heath.

Athletics

Baseball.

Baseball practice started in earnest in earnest during the last year in March. Captain Sander has been working the men hard and they have shown up very well.

Of last years team we have Capt. Sander, Colbert, McCauley, McMaster and Crandall. Sander will again play center field, Colbert, last years star catcher is to do the pitching this year; McCauley will play short stop and that position could not be in better hands; McMaster is playing first and Crandall is in the outfield.

Of the other men, Mitchell, an experienced player will catch, while D. Doud of last years squad will be the the other member of the pitching staff. Lee Doud is trying out at first base and in the outfield Young and Phipps, both new men this year, are working out at third and second third respectively.

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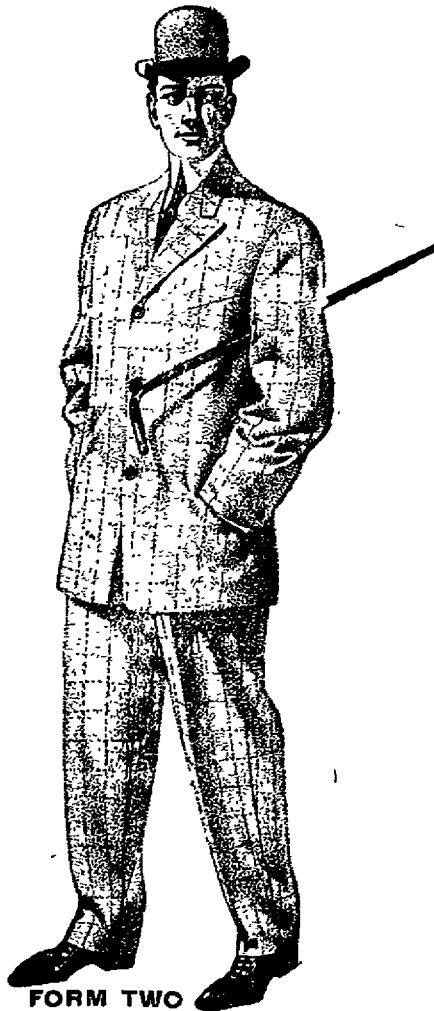
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A schedule of games has been arranged which includes the following teams.—University of Washington, University of Puget Sound, Seattle High School and Tacoma High School. Other games are in sight but have not been definitely scheduled as yet.

T. H. S., 5 WHITWORTH, 4

Whitworth opened the season with a defeat by Todoma H S, April 11, at the Y. M. C. A. Park. Tacoma took a commanding lead early in the game making all their runs in the first three innings. After that they were unable to score. Doud pitched a beautiful game for Whitworth, allowing no hits and deserved to win his game. Poor support, however, allowed the High School to gain a safe lead in the opening innings, which could not be overcome.

High School played a good game and deserved to win. Their pitcher was in fine form and let us down with three hits. Whitworth made a desperate attempt to tie the score in eighth and ninth innings but in vain. Whitworth's line up was:—Mitchell, c; Doud, p; L. Doud, 1 b.; Phipps, 2 b.; McCauley, s. s.; Young, 3 b.; Colbert, l f.; Sander (Capt.) c. f.; Crandall, r. f.

Track.

Under the direction of Coach Booth a track team is being organized. A number of fellows are training hard for it and a meet is being planned. This will be Whitworth's first year in track athletics and in all probability no meets with other schools will be held this year. The team is handicapped by the fact that some of the best track men are also on the baseball team, so that it is impossible for them to turn out for the track.

Basketball.

The basketball season is over and we have lost all our games, yet we feel that it is not a bad showing for the first year and that we are just so much stronger for next year. The past season has brought out some good players, and with lots of practice we should be able to hold our own with any school teams next year.

The last two games of the season were played with Parkland Academy at Parland and with the Tacoma High School at Y. M. C. A.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE TREASURER'S REPORT OF THE FRESHMEN CLASS FOR THE TERM ENDING MARCH 22, 1906.

Fall Term:

Oct. 3rd, Paint and Brush	-	\$1.65
Dec. 2, Clothes Line for Chimney		.30
Total Expense	- - -	\$1.75
Dec. 20, Bal. from former Treas.		2.55
" 22, Spoon for Kroeze baby		2.00
Bal on hand	. - -	.55

Winter Term:

Jan. 6, Goods for Pennants	-	\$3.15
Poles for same	- - -	.40
Total Cash Collected	-	5.50
Total	- - -	8.05
Total Expenses	- - -	7.30
Balance on hand	- -	.75

These figures are taken from the Treasurer's books. Kindly report any errors noted.

Yours Respectfully,
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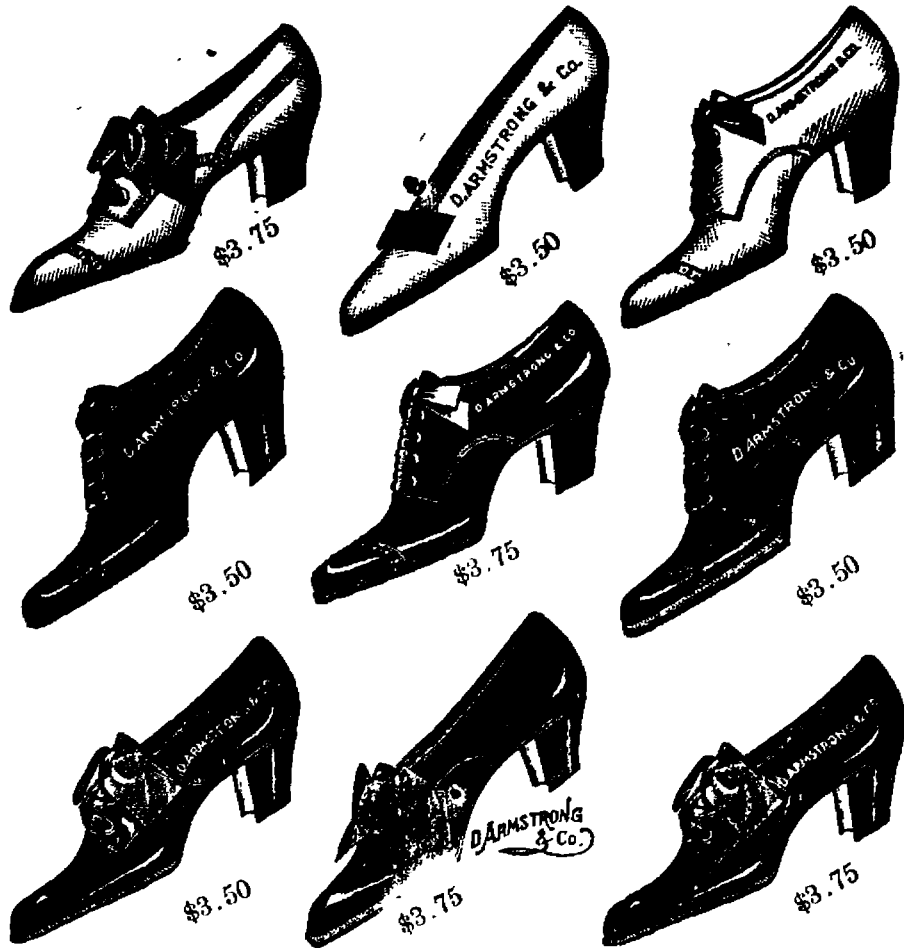
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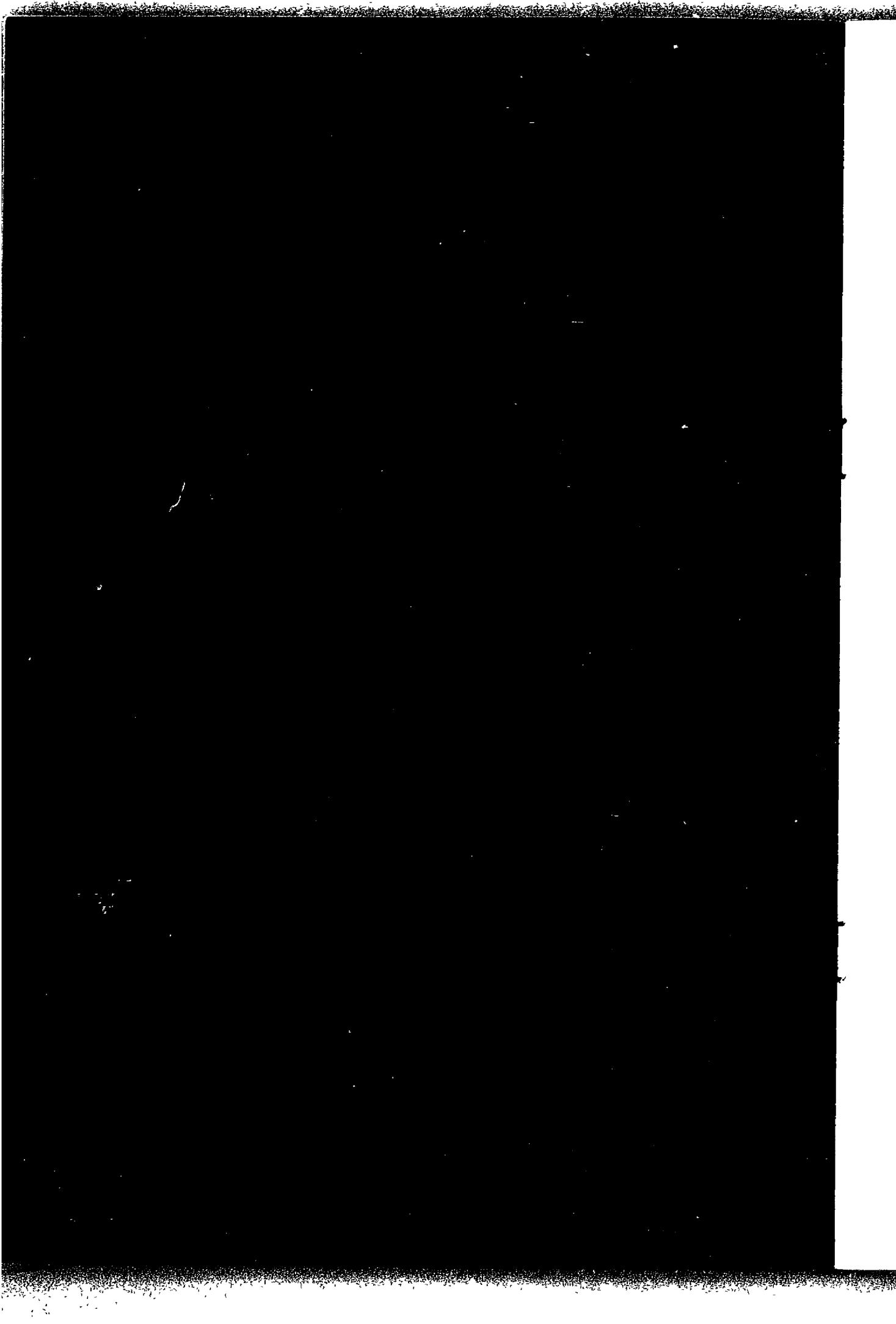
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RHODES BROTHERS

TACOMA, WASH.





Reed

Commencement Number The Whitworthian

VOL. II.

TACOMA, WASH., JUNE, 1906

NO. 7

The Gray Cliff

Margaret Trently had just passed her fourteenth birthday. They had given a splendid party for her up at the spacious "cottage," which was her summer home; but, to her mother's chagrin and her father's secret delight, the girl had not seemed pleased. "Parties are so stiff," she had said.

Margaret was an ordinary girl with the exception of one thing. That exception was her unusual fondness for reading. All girls like to read the current books, but Margaret had passed that stage and was reading Cooper, Dickens and Scott with as much zest as the average girl displays in "St. Elmo" and other books of the same class.

The Trently cottage was built in the woods just back of a great stretch of sandy beach, but about a mile and a half away giant cliffs reared themselves out of the sea, a menace to mariners in time of storm.

On the day after the party, Margaret packed a lunch, gathered up two or three books, mounted her pony and started off in the direction of the cliffs. Like most of the visitors to the beach, Margaret had found a nook. It was half way down the face of the Gray Cliff, which was regarded as dangerous and also devoid of attractions. For this reason it was seldom invaded by "those people," as Margaret termed the summer visitors, and this was why she had chosen the cave on the Gray Cliff for her nook.

The nook was under a projecting ledge and was like a room enclosed on three sides by solid walls of rock, the open side giving a magnificent view of the breakers. The floor was covered with a natural carpet of soft green moss and lichens formed a kind of tapestry over the walls. Piled in a crevice on one side of

the wall were numerous books, both useful and interesting, which Margaret had brought from the house on her various visits.

Today she was restless and tired, so she simply lay back among the sofa pillows and watched the waves dashing against the rocks below. As she gazed, she dreamed. She did not fall asleep; it was as if she saw a vision. It seemed that she was a woman grown, and she pictured to herself the man for whom she would some time be willing to give up everything. Hitherto, her ideas of this wonderful person had been changeful. One day he would be tall and blond with blue eyes; at another time he appeared as a jolly little fellow with dancing eyes and hair almost red, who would keep her laughing all the time; and yet again as a tall, broad-shouldered man with black hair and eyes that sparkled like jet. But today a new ideal formed itself in her mind, and in some way she knew it would be the lasting one. Now she thought of the character of the man rather than his personal appearance.

All day she dreamed and when she returned to the cottage that afternoon she found things in a turmoil. It was during the panic year of '94 and her father had invested a large part of his fortune in stocks which he deemed perfectly safe. That afternoon he had received a brief and pointed telegram from his broker: "Seattle Traction Co. busted; everything lost."

The family was left in very moderate circumstances by this reverse and, since it was necessary to raise money at once, they rented their summer home and returned to the city. For several years the Trentlys disappeared from the life of the beach. At last, however, another unex-

pected change in stocks brought to Mr. Trently all that he had lost before and a neat little sum besides. The following summer found the Trently family back at the cottage.

The personnel at the beach had changed considerably in the years when they had been absent, so that for some time the Trentlys had few social obligations. They had come to the beach rather earlier than usual in order that there might be time to make the necessary repairs in the place.

Margaret was now a girl of twenty-one and she had often remarked that Jean Ingelow's "Seven Times Three" was not likely to be true in her case. She was tall and graceful, a complexion somewhat pale but clear as cream, together with a mass of chestnut hair as fine and soft as silk, made an impression on all beholders (especially those of masculine gender) that was not readily forgotten. But Margaret was as yet heart-whole. The man who corresponded to the standard she had set that day in the cave had never come within her vision.

As soon as possible after the family came back, Margaret visited the cave. Everything was as she had left it that day seven years before, except for the dust and cobwebs. She fancied that no one had visited the place since that memorable afternoon. She cleaned out the cave and set it to rights, then made it her refuge and retreat as before. When she became acquainted with the people of the beach, she noticed that everyone seemed to be talking about "Max." Finally her curiosity overcame her desire not to be thought too forward and she asked who this universally popular "Max" might be.

"Max," her chum told her, "is all right. We have dubbed him our beautiful bachelor, because there isn't a girl at the beach who isn't in love with him, and he doesn't care a row of pins about any of us. We are all very well as far as we go, but you see Max is a man with ideals and nothing short of an archangel or the incomparable Maggie," she added with a grand bow, "will ever have the ghost of a chance with him."

Margaret was annoyed and made up her mind that this superior young man should receive a severe lesson. She'd teach him

to turn up his nose at really nice girls (Margaret was fully conscious that she herself was a nice girl) just because they didn't happen to come up to his crazy ideals. What did he expect anyway? Did he think they ought to spend all their time acting like ideals? Well, she wasn't much at flirting, but she would fix him, that arrogant dude! Just you see!

About two weeks after she had determined to take the conceit out of the unknown "Max," Margaret was sitting in the cave reading and thinking. Mentally she was contrasting the "Max" whom she had never seen with her ideal, and it must be admitted that the comparison was by no means flattering to the first named gentleman.

Just then the rattling of a stone rolling down the incline arrested her attention; soon others came clattering down, and then she knew that someone was descending. Margaret was extremely annoyed, for she wanted the nook to be a secret, and no one could come down that path and not see her. Quietly she waited while the footsteps drew nearer, and the stones rolled down close at hand. The first glimpse she caught of the intruder was a foot neatly clad in calf oxfords. She remembered noticing that the foot was shapely and had a very high instep. Next a leg clad in knickerbockers and cycling stockings appeared. It looked as if the owner of the foot and leg had braced himself and was tying his shoe. That operation finished, the rest of the intruder stepped into view. He stood for what seemed to Margaret an interminably long time watching the breakers; then turned slowly round and saw her. Margaret was completely at a loss. She did not know what she had expected, but it certainly was not this. There stood her ideal in the flesh and blood.

The Ideal acted in a most unidealistic way. He whistled and stared. Margaret thought at the time that it was not exactly what she would have expected from her ideal, yet altogether it seemed the most natural thing in the world to do under the circumstances, and there was nothing ungentlemanly in the stare with which he regarded her, so Margaret simply sat and stared back. She noticed that his hair was brown, darker than her own and

curly. His eyes (she had a splendid opportunity of observing them) were a deep, rich brown. Way back in their depths they seemed to be laughing even though the face was perfectly grave. He was strong and manly looking, yet slender and supple. Noticing that he wore the crimson II, Margaret came to the conclusion that he must have been on the Harvard track team or crew. He was too light to have played on the gridiron.

At last the Ideal found his voice. "So you have come at last," he remarked in a pleasant voice.

Margaret's curiosity got the better of her surprise and she answered, "Yes, but who are you and how did you know about this cave?"

"My name is Maxwell, John Maxwell," responded the Ideal, "commonly know in these parts as Max. About the cave, you see I found it the summer you left. I didn't know but I had invaded someone's private dominion, but no one claimed it, so I stepped in and took possession. You wonder about the pillows and things? Well, I was always a sentimental sort of fellow, so I kept things just the same. It seemed as if I might find the real owner of the cave here any day. In summer when it got tiresome at the hotel I would come down here and just be quiet and think. But I didn't expect to see you here today. Glad you came."

He spoke like an old friend, and while he was speaking had seated himself, put a sofa pillow behind his back and settled down as if for an all-afternoon talk. It almost seemed as if he regarded Margaret in the light of a person whom he had met somewhere before and with whom he had been the best of friends. Margaret also felt perfectly free and easy, just as if she had known him for years.

After talking for a time on the relative standing both in scholarship and athletics of the various colleges, the conversation turned on books. Both Maxwell and Margaret were well posted on this subject, and the rest of the afternoon passed swiftly and pleasantly in a discussion of their favorite books and characters. They found that their tastes were very similar.

As they left the cave, Maxwell asked, "Are you coming again soon, Miss Trently?"

Margaret thought not sooner than the next afternoon.

"May I not come, too, and bring 'Richard Carvel'?" he asked. "You said you had not read it and we can enjoy it together."

Margaret was perfectly willing, so the next day and the next and many days after that, they spent together in the cave reading and talking. It seemed to Margaret as if her dreams had at last come true, and when in the latter part of the summer, Maxwell popped the question, Margaret learned that he had dreamed of her even as she had dreamed of him.

Maxwell is still a man with ideals, but he is no longer a bachelor. He and Margaret date all their happiness from their first meeting that day at the cave in the Gray Cliff.

Commencement Calendar.

As usual, Commencement Week at Whitworth College will be brilliant. Following is the official calendar:

Saturday, June 9, 1 to 6 p. m., art exhibit Art Studio, Erwin Hall
 Sunday, June 10, 3:30 . . . Mason Library
 Baccalaureate Sermon, by the President.
 Monday, June 11, 8 p. m. . . Mason Library
 Recital, Advanced Pupils School of Music.
 Tuesday, June 12, 8 p. m. . . Mason Library
 Annual Concert, School of Music.
 Wednesday, June 13, 8 p. m.
 Mason Library
 Senior Class Night.

Thursday, June 14, 8 p. m. Mason Library
 Convocation Address, Gov. A. E. Mead;
 Conferring of Degrees, A. L. Hutchison,
 President of Board of Trustees.
 10 p. m., President's Reception to Class,
 The Residence.

The members of the class of '06 and the degrees to be conferred upon them are as follows:

Cevilla Stowe Dennis, B. S., Chehalis.
 Frederic Dan Metzger, A. B., Tacoma.
 Anna Sander, B. S., Ellensburg.
 William Edward Sander, B. S., Coeur
 d'Alene, Ida.
 Leila Frances Shaffer, A. B., Angeles, Cal.

In the Watches of the Night

"It's the first time they've gone out of this dormy with boys," remarked the hostess, with a superior air, as she poised her marsh-mallow on a hat pin, "and I don't think we should let such an occasion grow cool in their memory. Now, I shall never forget my first venture of that sort. A Senior helped to dress me, and after I got home that night, I think I spent a solid hour cutting myself out of my best party dress."

"Well, it's too late to sew them into the clothes, and they'll expect dummies and apple-pie beds," quoth an apparition in curl-papers and a purple bath-robe.

"And I know Lucille locked all her bureau drawers and Beatrice hid that pet photo of hers," observed the Scarlet Kimono, reaching for the pickles. "We'll have to do something different. What do you say, Sam?"

Four forms in a various assortment of negligé, gathered more closely around the candle on the floor and looked expectantly toward a little bright-eyed girl, with her black curls loosened and falling over her shoulders, the hostess' room-mate.

Sam considered. "We might have given them a shower-bath," she said, "but Lucille was here the other day, when I told about the time I took my new dress off out in the corridor because I expected a rough-house and didn't want it torn, and how I yelled 'Goody' as I got doused, because the first thing I thought of was that I didn't have my dress on. She laughed so hard she's sure to remember that. But that's just it; they'll be expecting something when they get home! Let's just fool them in that quarter. O-o-o-h!" she drew in her breath excitedly, "you know how worried Beatrice was for fear they wouldn't hear the rising bell—" and the approval of her audience was expressed in delightful giggles, as she unfolded her plan.

"Roomy and I," she concluded—Roomy was the hostess, so dubbed by Sam, who declared that was the only adjective that could describe her—"Roomy and I will do the deed. They have to pass our door, so we'll know when they get home."

* * * * *

Way down the stairs a clock struck one, as a tiny figure with a tousled head crept stealthily down the corridor toward 137, followed by one of generous proportions smothering something under her arm. The first figure turned the knob with a deftness born of long experience, and paused on the threshold, listening intently as she waited for her colleague. In 137 darkness reigned supreme, so they took courage, and after a few minutes of risky groping these two midnight wanderers again emerged into the corridor carrying Lucille's alarm clock. And once more in 137, silence prevailed, but somewhere in the room a clock ticked away the long hours of the night.

B-r-r-r-r!! An alarm clock pealed forth its warning summons, accompanied by two sleepy groans, and Lucille wondered vaguely as she reached down to shut it off why the night seemed so short.

"Lucille, for mercy's sake, shut that thing off; you'll wake the whole building!" cried Beatrice, peevishly.

"Well, Trux! where did you put it? I can't find the blamed thing!" scolded Lucille as she groped desperate and tried to tell where the sound came from.

"Where's that light?" she demanded, more fully awake and correspondingly cross. "I wish you'd leave my light where it belongs and use your own."

It seemed hours to her, with that racket assailing her ears from every corner of the room, before she reached the table and turned on the study lamp. But the light from the study lamp failed to disclose the source of this outburst.

Then, as a last resort, bruising her knees and cracking her ankles, she stumbled around the floor on her hands and knees. At last her hand closed over a small clock hiding behind the rockers of a chair—she breathed again.

As she read the note attached—"If you begin right away, you'll probably get down to breakfast"—a startled glance at the hands of the clock revealed to her the unearthly hour of three! With a light of comprehension beginning to dawn in her

eyes, she gazed around the room, and discovered her light hanging on a picture-nail well up toward the ceiling.

Beatrice reached for the clock, and, striking a Sherlock Holmes attitude, she spoke in measured accents:

"Where have I seen that clock before? Ah, its very expression bears resemblance to the features of Sam Newport! Comrade, there has been foul play here; do'st accept the challenge?"

"My clothes all tied up in knots, too," meditated Lucille, listing her injuries. "Roomy spent a month learning to tie sailor knots. I'm only surprised that they're not soaked in water. Lead the way, Trix; you can just count me in on anything you do," she added.

Beatrice looked slowly around the room. "There'll be somebody else on this floor that will have a mighty hard time getting down to breakfast," she announced in fine scorn.

And for the second time that night two white-robed figures crept stealthily down corridor B, on mischief bent.

* * * * *

"Don't wake me up; I don't want any breakfast," moaned Sam, as her room-mate shook her into sitting posture and tried to make her open her eyes.

"From all appearances you're not likely to get any," announced Roomy, in a tone that made Sam's eyes fly open wide. "The girls evidently found it necessary to return the compliment. Will you be so good as to look at that door?"

Sam looked blank, so she went on without waiting.

"It's locked!" she exploded, "and the key's gone! Why didn't we—"

But Sam was out of bed, looking the situation over. She surveyed the door critically, shook the knob and peered through the key-hole, when—

"Oh, rapture!" she squealed, as she danced around the room, hugging herself delightedly. "Never again will I scold you for getting up early to study. Think what you've saved us!" She stopped to shake the astonished girl. "The key's on the outside! They left it in the door!"

She tore the sheets off the beds and started to tie them together.

"Well, Sam Newport, are you crazy?" demanded her chum. "You can't go

through the key-hole after it!"

"No, but you can let me down from the window and I can get in through the kitchen, for the cook's up. Oh, I thank my lucky stars for the day I chose the champion basket-ball player and star heavy-weight for the partner of my student joys! How romantic!" she soared on wildly. "'Fate in the Balance'—do I look like Fate?—or 'A Life Hanging by a Single Thread'?"

Roomy looked askance at the white-robed figure. "You certainly don't intend to perform the feat in that garb," she remarked and brought her back to earth with a thud. "You get your clothes on while I tie these knots; that's one thing I know how to do," and she applied her art well, while Sam struggled into some clothes, so well that the undoing of them afforded these two an afternoon's employment later on.

"Sister Anne, Sister Anne! Do you see anybody coming?" Sam inquired, perching in the window and cocking her head like a saucy sparrow, while Roomy tied her into one end and fixed the other securely to the radiator.

"Naught but the early worm and the sprinkler on the lawn," the irrepressible one went on, as she slid over the sill, and the star heavy-weight, applying all her strength to ease the descent heard her squal, "Oo-oo-oo! I do believe you've tied me in a slip-knot! It's tearing me asunder, so to speak; if it gets much tighter, I'll reach the earth on the installment plan! Untie it from up there," she called, "I can't undo this end."

Roomy obeyed—it was a habit with her—and hurried to the window in time to see the last shee disappear around the corner.

* * * * *

"Well!" ejaculated the Scarlet Kimono, when the conspirators convened that evening for an after-session, "why on earth didn't you reach around to my window and have me go out to unlock the door?"

Sam withered her with a look. "You don't know high art when you see it," she remarked scornfully. "I'd like to see it improved upon. As Tom Sawyer says, 'It was all done according to the very best authorities.'"

From Social Heights

The girls of the Y. W. C. A. gave a dainty and exceedingly pretty Kimona tea in their room at the Residence, which had been arranged in Oriental manner. All guests were instructed to come with their cup and saucer and "properly apparelled" as a Jap, or pay the fine. The many light and picturesque costumes enhanced the pleasure and fun and made the tea and wafers doubly good in the fashion.

A jolly crowd of students from the different departments May 11th boarded a Steilacoom car at 2 o'clock, going up to the Asylum and then down to the beach. At 6 o'clock all partook of a hearty supper at the Sanitorium. Later there were boat rides beneath the moon-beams and the return trip home. The crowd was chaperoned by Miss Lay, Mr. Whitely and Mr. Wilson.

The Freshmen betook themselves in a launch to Stone's Landing on May 11th, starting at 5 o'clock and taking supper, which they served later on the beach. The delightful moonlight enhanced their pleasure in their journey homeward.

Mr. William Sampson gave a party for the Juniors and Seniors May 12th at his home near the Library. Mr. Sampson was a former student of Whitworth and member of the '07 class. There were a number of old students present, which made the party like a reunion. The evening was enjoyably spent in games and old time stories.

The upper classmen were entertained in Japanese style at the home of President and Mrs. Kroeze on Wednesday evening, May 2nd. A delightful time was spent which endeared Mrs. Kroeze as a charming hostess. In the progressive games Miss Cox '08 and Mr. Sander '06 carried off first prizes, after which delicious re-

freshments were served, following by the songs dear to our hearts, and these in turn brought on adieus at a late but merry hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Heath and Miss Dunlap chaperoned the Preps on a launch party to Stone's Landing May 11th. The affair was a very jolly one.

On the afternoon of May 11th a jolly tally-ho party of twenty-four young people drove out to American Lake, accompanied by a bodyguard of two young ladies mounted on fleet horses. After reaching the lake coffee was prepared over a rousing bonfire and served with a lunch which was enjoyable to a crowd of hungry picnickers. As usual the crowd dispersed in different directions; some took to the woods, others to the water. At 9 o'clock all returned at the call of the tally-ho horn, except the usual stragglers who wandered in fifteen minutes late. The jolly ride home was the best part of the excursion.

The Psychology Class was entertained on Wednesday at a 6:30 English tea by Dean and Mrs. Heath. These kind hosts were most cordial in their hospitality, making the evening pass quickly in fun and stories and all departed with pleasant thoughts not soon to be forgotten.

A Senior house party with a few other congenial friends is being chaperoned by Mrs. Dennis at Long Branch. Rumors of all sorts of larks come drifting back which all summed says "'Tis the best time ever."

Miss Reynolds' mother has been staying with Mrs. Leach for the past fortnight enjoying our mild spring weather.

Miss Heath, of Bellingham, has been with Dean and Mrs. Heath during the last week of May.

Mrs. Rodman visited her son Charles Rodman for a few days last week.

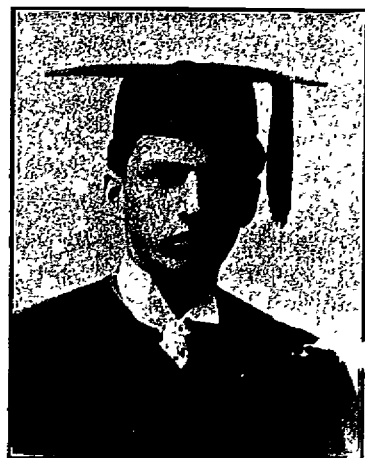
Miss Florence Dayton was a recent guest at the college. While here a few of her friends served a jolly picnic lunch in her honor. The young ladies were Edna Huggins, Myra Benson, Mary Cox, Audora Cox, Jasmine Britton and Agnes Streeter.



Class of



'06



The Whitworthian

ISSUED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR.

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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With this issue the new editor-in-chief "takes her pen in hand" and makes her bow to the public, with the hope that the "Whitworthian" may not be forgotten during the coming vacation, but that every one may enter upon the new school year with an immense fund of information and enthusiasm to help her make next year's college paper a banner one.

If you haven't any enthusiasm you might as well be a lizard or any other cold-blooded animal. Hurry up with your enthusiasm! The "Whitworthian" staff wants it.

Our college has been very fortunate during the past year, especially in financial matters. A large number of private donations has helped to swell the treasury, new apparatus has been secured, a splendid gymnasium has been pledged and soon will be constructed, and, last but not least, an endowment fund of twenty-five thousand dollars has been presented by Carnegie. In the words of the hymn, "Count your blessings!"

Everyone admires school and class spirit, nearly every one is possessed with the souvenir-collecting spirit, but few reasonable people can honestly sympathize with the spirit that prompts a student to steal a poster that some artistic and conscientious girl has spent three or four hours in making. The result is especially discouraging when she finds that it has disappeared from the bulletin-board before it has served its proper purpose. We don't blame you for admiring the posters, but please wait for the big poster sale, that the girls will give shortly before the close of school.

Let us say just a word to the class of '06. Remember that wherever you go the best wishes of all Whitworth go with you. Work hard, stick to your ideals, and God bless you!

Exchange.

Perhaps owing to the approaching close of the college year, comparatively few of our regular exchanges have been sent to us this month.

On account of the fact that some of the editorials in The Black and Red from Watertown, Wis., are written in German, we cannot appreciate the paper in full, but the rest of it is certainly up to its usual high standard.

The story entitled "Billy—Senior," in the April number of the Whitman Pioneer is a cute one.

The State College at Pullman is overjoyed at their victory over Montana in a debating contest held recently.

The Eugene High School News has a number of good stories in its April number.

Roll 7, Film 7 of the Everett High School Kodak is quite poetical.

President **Kroeze**, of Whitworth College, gave an interesting address on "Life" at Assembly Hall. Prof. **Kroeze** is a very interesting speaker, and it gives us much pleasure to hear him.

STEP LADDER.

Salt Breezes From Inspisation Point

"When we were little freshmen, we looked forward with joy to the day when we should stand upon this platform to say our last farewell. But it is tinged with sadness, etc., etc., etc."—

There will be a big Hole left when Leila goes.

Who says no good came of the 'Friseo earthquake? Not Anna.

Agnes (translating in German class): "Wives are wonderful—"

Miss Lay: "Say 'women,' don't limit it just to wives."

Can any one tell why Harriet is so shy of a white sweater?

An item quoted from the Sunday Ledger, April 15th:

"Mr. John Crandall was an Easter visitor at the home of Mr. Markham last Sunday afternoon and evening."

Anna (writing her psychology paper on "Self"): "Mr. Rossman, have you your 'self' made up?"

Mr. R: "Well—er—not so that I thought you would notice it."

Look out for Young, he can't get enough to eat.

Enter K—th Gh—y

Pearla, Madge, Rita and Ethel (in chorus): "Our Mutual Friend!"

A new discovery: Mercury is now used for good.

The Doudsmobile.

Get in my auto for a spree,
And away we'll swiftly flee;
Down Pacific will we glide,
Nor our feelings will we hide,
For this auto's built for fun,
When papa lets Dick run
The auto by himself, you know,
It is not built by Dick for show.
—Nobody.

Sara: "Professor Heath, Mr. Norton said that blackboard was black; well, I just want to tell you that it looks green to the rest of us."

We can always tell when Aggie goes to Seattle. Look at her face.

You preps. ought to know that the shortest distance between Stone's Landing and the Old Town wharf is measured on a straight line.

A reward of twenty-five cents (\$0.25) will be paid for the conviction and punishment of the party or parties who put that disgraceful, insulting and personal slur on Elwin Brown in the last issue of the Whitworthian.—Brown.

Kenneth (translating): "He jumped from the chariot with his arms"—seems to me that's a funny way to jump."
There is a boy at Whitworth

Whose enjoyment is complete;
When he gets up to show himself
The fellows clap him to his seat.
His name is—we all know it—
Everybody knows his yell,
For when the boys night-rough-house him,
Says, "You fellows go to hel—p me,
Uncle!"

That was a ruthless temptation offered to Tom R. wasn't it? Yes, but it proved a Ruthful salvation.

Prof. Whitely: "Why, in Iowa I have often walked along and heard my own footprints." Poor professor!

MacD. (in Greek History): "The happiest man living is a dead man."

Ayres: "This is a peach of a day for pairs."

Prof. Krocze: "Next week you will please hand in a map of Paul's journeys.
Ph—ps: "Most of them are between the Lodge and Erwin Hall."

P—le (seeing Mitchell's chair at the table vacant): "Why, where's everybody?"

But the freshmen stand by the old proverb, "The longest way round is the shortest way home."

P—rla (studying Latin conditionals): "If he were here, it would be well"

Miss Lay: "I won't let you leave this room until you get this rule in your brains."

Carl: "Why, Miss Lay, I haven't any more room in mine."

The next party to take the launch "Liberty" will please hunt around in it for Carl's nerve. He lost it again.

A Gym. Girl: "I want to play tennis, and I can't find a racket."

Aggie: "Well, you're making a pretty good one; won't that satisfy you?"

Can anybody tell E— McM— who the girl on the black horse was?

Why Tom is leaving, is quite a "sell,"
Of Schaal and Ask it is easy to tell;
The reason must be—for he is no toy—
Because he's a Ruthless Alaska boy.

But he'll sail away for the North some day,
Leaving behind him'a gleaming ray
Of the plenty he'll have of '06 joy—
For then, he's a Ruthful Whitworth boy.
—Nobody.

Miss D.: "Mr. Judson, will you tell me why infamous criminals should not be allowed to vote?"

Mr. J. (taken unawares): "Infants and criminals?"

We're awfully sorry that Ruthie H— hasn't said anything cute for the paper, but we waited one month for her, and we're obliged to go on now without her.

Athletics

The baseball season of 1906 began with prospects of a successful season. Many of last year's team were in school and there were many new men to choose from. Colbert, our star pitcher, however, left school and all the work in the box devolved upon Doud, who is pitching his first year on the first team. The responsibility and hard work of pitching all the games is too much for any man. He, however, has done good work and has shown all the requisites of a good pitcher. He has been greatly aided by Mitchell and McCauley behind the bat.

The infield has not done particularly good work. It has been changed from time to time. The season started with McCauley and McMaster of last year's team at short and first base, respectively, and with Young and Phipps at third and

second. Young was soon shifted to the outfield and Paul placed on third. McCauley, however, was forced to go behind the bat and take the place of Mitchell, who left school. McCleary was placed at short and he has done good work at that position.

The outfield has consisted of L. Doud, Sander, Young and Crandall. Sander, at center field, has played the most consistent game of anyone on the team. He has played a good game in the field and at the bat, and as captain has run the team to good advantage.

As a whole, the team has been weak in batting, although Mitchell, McCauley and Sander have done good work, and McCleary who has only played two games has been hitting well.

The schedule called for games as fol-

lows: Two with Tacoma High School, two with University of Washington, two with University of Puget Sound, two with Puyallup High School, one with State Business College, one with St. Martin's College, and two with Seattle High School. This was originally a good schedule, but it has turned out unfortunately. University of Puget Sound disbanded her team. One game with University of Washington was called off, as was one of the Puyallup games and the one with St. Martin's. The games with Seattle are yet to be played.

T. H. S. vs. Whitworth.

The first game with Tacoma High School was lost by a score of 5 to 4. McMaster was out of the game and L. Doud was placed on first. This hampered the work of the infield and some ragged playing was the result. The fielding of the High School was sure and consistent, if not very fast.

Doud pitched a great game for Whitworth, allowing no hits, poor support being responsible for the loss of the game. Mitchell caught in fine form, and was sure in throwing. Sander played a star game at center field, making two sensational catches. Our batting was also very light, only three hits being secured. In the ninth inning Phipps reached third, but the last man went out on an easy chance and the opportunity to tie the score was lost.

For the High School, Geehan and Mauseth played the best games. The line-up was as follows:

High School—Brunell, c.; Geehan, p.; Robbins, 1b.; Johns, 2b.; Mauseth, ss.; Bader, 3b., Sweeney, rf.; Woodruff, cf., Wegener, lf.

Whitworth—Mitchell, c.; Doud, p.; L. Doud, 1b.; Phipps, 2b.; McCauley, ss.; Young, 3b.; Crandall, rf.; Sander (capt), cf.; Colbert, lf.

Whitworth vs. U. of W.

The game with the University of Washington was played at Recreation Park, Seattle, and was a poor exhibition on the part of both teams. Colbert and Smith both pitched good ball, but their support was of the poorest. The score was: U. of W., 19; Whitworth, 8. The game was poorly attended, there being nearly as many Whitworth people there as from the "U." The team was royally entertained at the different Fraternity Houses while in Seattle.

Whitworth vs. Puyallup.

The next game was at Puyallup with the High School of that place, and proved an easy victory. Doud pitched a good game, but did not let himself out at all. The Puyallup team, while good players, were nervous and showed it plainly. With a little more confidence and practice they will play a fast, snappy game.

It was only a question of how many runs Whitworth could make in nine innings, and the score showed 23, against 5 for Puyallup. Whitworth lined up as follows: Mitchell, c.; Doud, p.; McMaster, 1b.; Phipps, 2b.; McCauley, ss.; Paul, 3b.; Crandall, rf.; Capt. Sander, cf.; McCleary and Young, lf.

Whitworth vs. State Business College.

The game with the State Business College was a disappointment. Through a misunderstanding as to the date of the game, we were forced to play without McMaster, Sander and Crandall, and second team men were used.

The Business College had some of the High School players as well as a semi-professional pitched. The game was close and exciting, both teams fighting for the lead throughout the game. The game ended with the score: Business College, 8; Whitworth, 6. Whitworth's line-up was:

Mitchell and McCauley, c.; Doud, p.; McCleary and Mitchell, 1b.; Phipps, 2b.; McCauley and McCleary, ss.; Paul, 3b.; Runnalls, rf.; Dennis, cf.; Young, lf.

Whitworth vs. Tacoma High.

The second game with the High School was lost by a score of 12 to 10. Both teams were there with the stick and the pitchers were hit freely. Several errors in the opening innings gave the High a commanding lead. In the seventh inning, with two out, McCleary connected with one of Geehan's curves and stretched it into a home run. This tied the score and Whitworth breathed more easily. That ended the run-getting until the ninth, when Tacoma took kindly to Doud's pitching and hammered in four runs. In our half we made a desperate effort, but only scored two runs, these also being due to a timely hit by McCleary.

The High School played in hard luck

at times, but they hit when hits meant runs and runs were needed to win. The line-up was:

High School—Davis, c.; Geehan (capt.), p.; Bader, 1b.; Johns, 2b.; Mauseth, ss.; Robbins, 3b.; Sweeney, rf.; Babbitt, cf.; Woodruff, lf.

Whitworth—McCauley, c.; Doud, p.; McMaster, 1b.; Phipps, 2b.; McCleary, ss.; Paul, 3b.; Crandall, rf.; Sander (capt.), cf.; Young, lf.

Second Team.

For the first time in the history of the school, a good second team has been organized. Ross Carson is captain and the fellows have been practicing faithfully. They have, as yet, played but one game, being defeated by Sumner High School by a score of 10 to 6. The team lines up as follows: Briggs, c.; McDonald, p.; Schaal, 1b.; Carson (capt.), 2b.; Dennis, ss.; Runnalls, 3b.; Ask, rf.; Hoke, cf.; Bisson, lf.

STUDENT ASSOCIATION OFFICERS,

1906-7.

President, Charles Rodman.
Vice President, Carl Norton.
Secretary, Agnes Streeter.
Treasurer, Lawrence Phipps.

Whitworthian Staff, 1906-7.

Editor-in-Chief, Mary C. Cox.
Business Manager, D. J. Williams.

Asistant Editors.

Literary, Kenneth Ghormley.
Society, Jessie La Wall.
Exchange, Sara Ghormley.
Athletic, Whiting Mitchell.
Personal, Edna Huggins.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. work throughout the whole year has been in a satisfactory condition both spiritually and financially. Those who have been interested have found something worth while being interested in. Many of the men have not been reached at all, but these we hope to reach in the future.

The meetings have been full of interest and in the course of the year several strong men have spoken. Secretary Hill spoke at one of the meetings during the fall term. Several meetings were held during the Week of Prayer, at which different men spoke. Rev. White, of the First Baptist Church of Tacoma, spoke very forcibly at two of them, and Rev. Ford, of the First Congregational Church, spoke once. C. M. Rood, secretary at the University of Washington, spoke in one of our regular meetings upon the Gearhart conference. Probably two or three men will be sent. Our meetings have been greatly hindered by the shortness of the time, but we hope next year to get a full hour set aside for them. The reception at the first of the year has been our only social function, but it was a good one. All debts are paid and there is some money in the treasury, so we feel that we have been prospered.

Aside from the meetings a class for Bible study has been kept up throughout the whole year, meeting every Sunday morning at 9 a. m. at the Lodge. The number attending this class has been from four to ten, all coming from the Lodge and community. Walter Briggs has proved a very efficient leader. A class for the day students was started and maintained for a time, but on account of the lack of a suitable hour this class had to be abandoned. We hope in the future to

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have a preparatory class which will prepare the younger boys for the higher class. The interest has been genuine and a large class is expected next year.

With the co-operation of the Y. W. C. A. a five-minute prayer meeting has been held each noon at 12:20. A great deal of interest has been shown in these meetings and a continuance of them is expected.

A part of the work which very few know about is the smelter work. Here with the help of the Tacoma Y. M. C. A. meetings and entertainments have been held all winter. The smelter men have become interested and are now preparing to put up a building. Here is a practical piece of work. Let us all help it along. The officers for the next year are:

President, R. E. Ayers.

Vice President, Charles Rodman.

Secretary, Carl J. Norton.

Treasurer, Kenneth Ghormley.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. work has been very successful this year in every department. The association was given a room of its own, one of the prettiest in the Residence. The delegates came back very enthusiastic from Seaside and every one set to work with a will to strengthen the association. The membership has been larger and the attendance better than ever before.

Early in the fall an afternoon reception was given to new members, and this spring a delightful kimono tea was given, and now the shelf is filled with a dainty assortment of teacups. A Bible study class has been organized and although small the girls are very much encouraged and are doing good work.

One delightful feature has been the cabinet luncheons. These are held every month and while enjoying a jolly spread the girls talk over the business of the

association. Every girl should belong to the association, both for the training and the good fellowship which she is sure to find there. With this year's success to encourage us we are working and hoping for great things in the Y. W. C. A. next year.

The Kappa Gamma Society.

The Kappa Gamma has had a very interesting and instructive year. The girls have taken a deep interest in their work and each meeting has been well attended. The programs have been very entertaining and some of the members have displayed marked ability in preparing their papers. The officers and committees have been doing excellent work. The program committee has prepared some very instructive and interesting programs. "Current Topics," given during the spring term, was probably one of the best. The "Panama Canal," the "White House Wedding" and all important events of national interest were discussed. Yet the society does not always deal with such serious and weighty questions. An amusing "Camping" program was given three weeks ago, and many phases of outdoor life were brought to light. Not long ago a "College" program was given and the merits and demerits of the four college classes were expounded and criticized. On the 25th of May the Kapa Gamma will assemble and discuss "The Nineteenth Century." Papers will be read dealing with the progress of the nineteenth century, such as "Art," "Literature," "Music" and "Inventions." The present officers are:

Leila Shaffer, President.
Edna Huggins, Vice President.
Retta Willert, Secretary.
Agnes Streeter, Treasurer.
Harriet Fraser, Critic.

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