

1912

The Whitworthian 1912

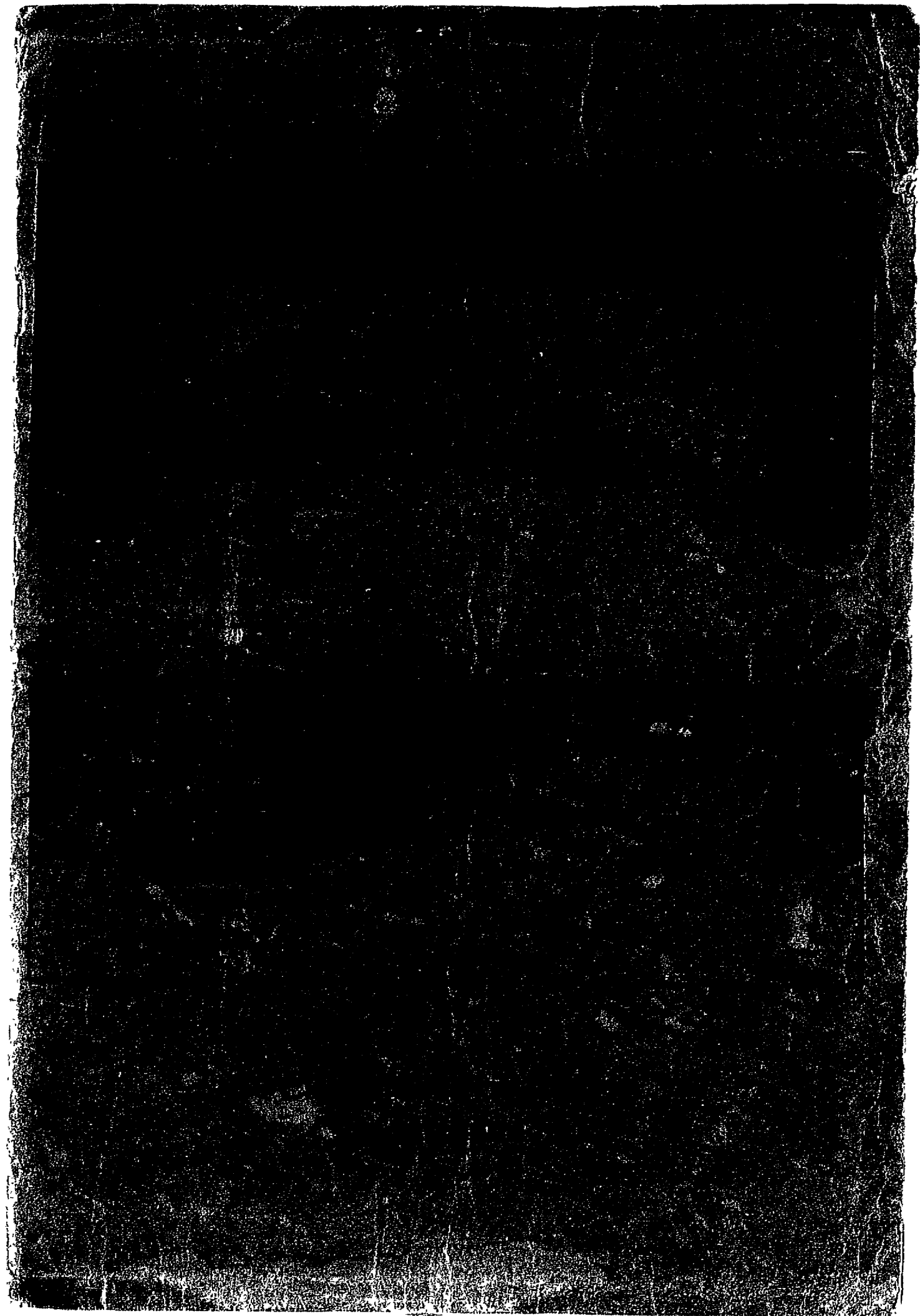
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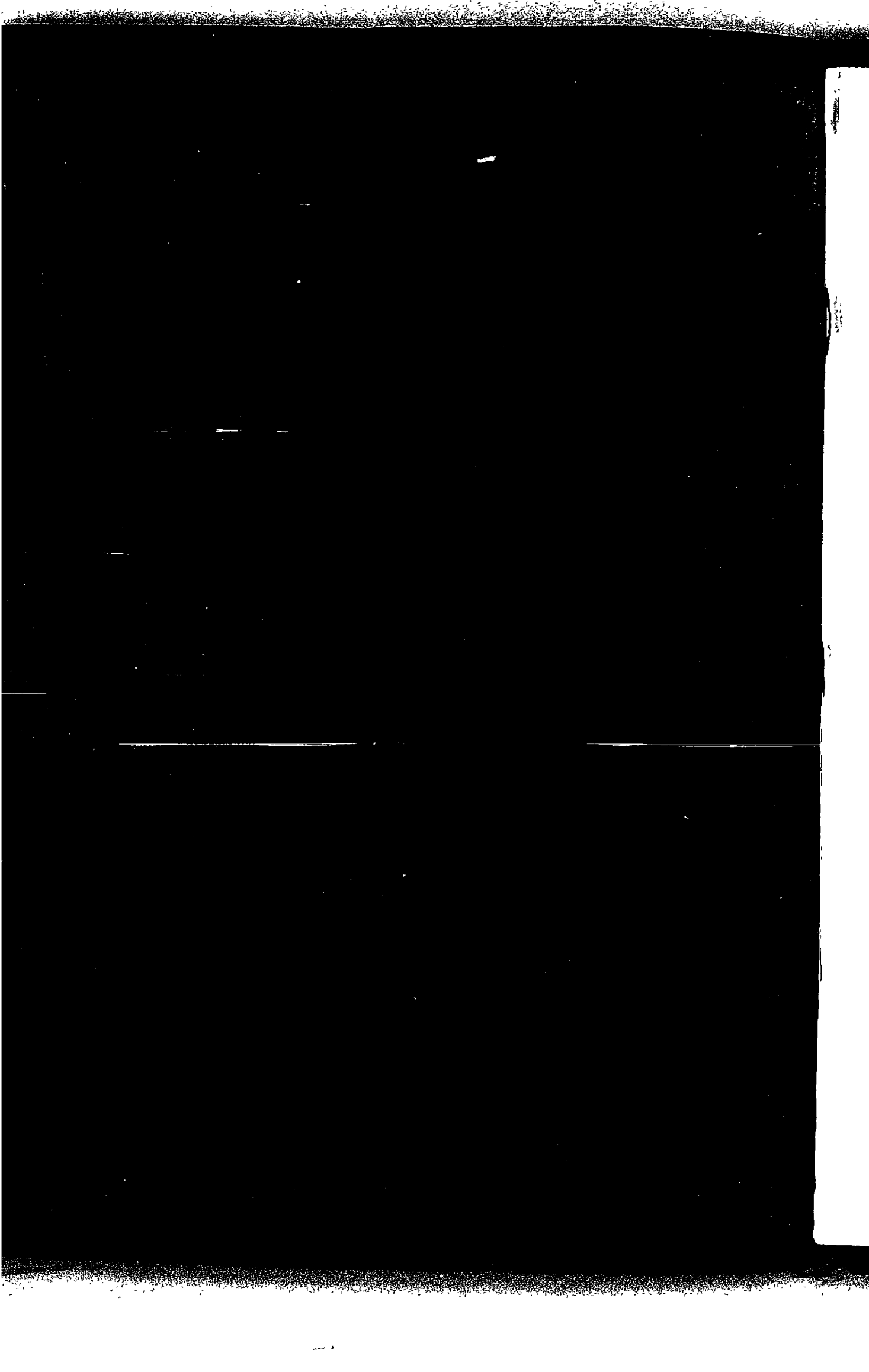
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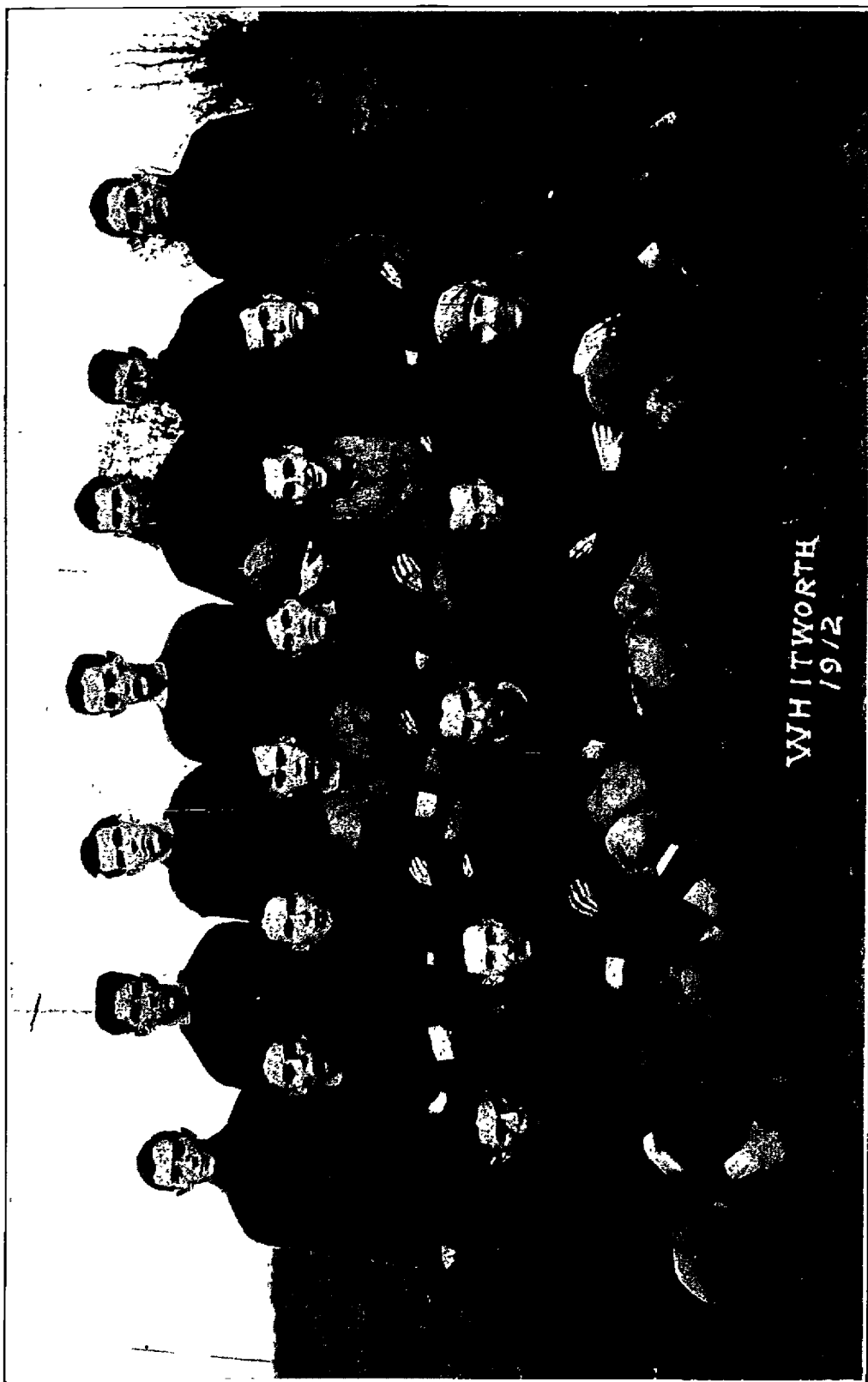
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The Good Angels of Halaway

In the fading light of a cheerless November afternoon, two ladies sat alone in a cozy room of an old country house—a very gem of a room for comfort and prettiness; but the ladies were not at all in armony with their surroundings. The glowing firelight played upon them, it revealed faces about as miserable and discontented as could be found in the entire village of Halaway.

Augusta the elder of the two Misses Smithson, the tall dark lady with pale face and haughty mien sat erect before the fire, looking into its ruddy depths. This proud looking woman had suffered what is usually called a "disappointment;" she had loved and lost through the baseness of a creature, calling himself a man. Blanche the younger of the two, a shorter and less dignified looking woman than her sister, was a grey eyed, sensitive little body with chesnut hair and a somewhat plump figure. She had reached the thirty-eighth year of her life without having been loved; in other words she was what we call an "old maid." She had been reading, but in the growing dark had laid her book aside and looked out into the garden with its mass of evergreen and the tears crept into her eyes.

After repeated questions, Augusta finally learned that the cause of her sister's sorrow was a conversation she had heard that morning between two young boys who were looking longingly at their holly and other greenery. She heard one say to the other "they're crabby old maids and they'd as soon cut off their noses as give us a bit for Chrsitmas."

"And do you mean to tell me that you allowed such a trifle as that to disturb you all day," said Augusta, rising slowly from her chair.

"Oh! Aug!, I do feel so miserable and lonely sometimes and now that Christmas is approaching, I feel worse than ever. It seems to me that everybody is looking forward to it and that hearts are growing warmer and happier as the time draws near; but what have we to look forward to? Nobody will come to see us, nobody wants us, because, just as Tom says "we are just crabby old maids."

"I am ashamed of your womanish weakness, do be more dignified."

"I should really like to remedy this state of things—to feel that life was worth living."

"How could you remedy it?" asked Augusta grimly

"As the little book, which I have been reading says, 'The way to be happy is to make others happy'"

The two talked matters over for a long time that night and both decided they craved a different life and that they would immediately try to help some one else and make other people happy.

Young Tommy was the means of working a great transformation within these ladies, although he was as unconscious of it as of the fact that he was to be the object of their particular regard at Christmas.

So every afternoon during the week preceding the blessed day, they went around to the stores of the village, and purchased various articles from their tradespeople, who were surprised at the way in which they gave their or-

ders, and more so when the sisters condescended to ask kind questions on family matters and to notice any children who came their way.

Their general servant, a middle aged woman, betrayed surprise and curiosity, when package after package arrived at the house for her mistresses, that they had compassion and finally took her into their confidence.

"You see, Sarah, we are getting in for more things than we can possibly use; but the fact is that we have discovered a few poor people who are in need of little Christmas comforts and we shall want you to help us take these things to them without letting them know where they came from."

"Yes ma'am" said Sarah; and her dull eyes kindled as if she were about to begin to take an interest in life.

Christmas day came on Thursday and by Wednesday the misses Smithson were so busy they scarcely knew how to get through the day. The evening before, Sarah had been sent to deposit a huge bundle of evergreens at Tommy's home; and it was with a feeling of girlish delight that she knocked at the door and then hurried away to watch for its being taken in. The light behind revealed Tommy in him say the doorway tugging at the precious godsend and Sarah distinctly heard him say "there ain't no one here

mother, so it must just ha' tumbled out o' the sky—jist what I wanted!"

On Wednesday Sarah was more of an errand girl than a maid of all work. She was kept busy delivering parcels at various homes with instructions to hurry away before any questions could be asked. She did this until all the people visited were forced to arrive at Tommy's conclusion, that the things had tumbled out of the sky.

Chrsitmas eve they bundled up warmly and went for a stroll through the village, where a miniature Christmas tree was lighted up in a show window and many little faces were pressed against the window in happy wonder. The ladies took these little lads into the toy shop and gave each one something by which to remember this Christmas above all other Christmasses of their lives. It was a grand event.

What a red letter day the was the following one to them! One after another discovered who the good angels were who had sent them gifts, and promptly went to make acknowledgement, so that visitors were very plentiful and the complaint of solitariness could by no means be made. And hence they came to be called by many a cheered and grateful soul. "The good Angels of Halaway."

ELLA HOSKA '15

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Down in Alabama

"O jes, O jes, O jes' to be in Hebbin settin' down!" Aunt Mandy's arms kept time with her song. A big stack of snowy linen lay on the table, but there still remained a great pile in the basket beside her.

"Dere, Liz, yo' lazy nigger, tak' dese clothes an' put 'em on the pile. Ras, you lim o' satan, come heah an' dump dis bunch o' clothes in dat blue water an' step lively. Ef we don't get troo terday, you'll have to work termorrer an' you kyant drive down fo' to git Mis' Sallee's trunks. Rastus, heah yo' Ras! quit dat an' go fetch Ramsis. Lawd! I wish I wuz in Hebbin settin' down!" And the song went on more vigorously than ever.

Mrs. Stephens rounded the corner of the wash house and slowly approached, carefully picking her way between buckets, tubs and baskets.

"Well, Aunt Mandy, how are you getting along?"

"Lawdy, Mis' Sal, what yo' doin' down heah? Jes' set yo'self right down. G'long Closynthy, don' yo' know yo' musn't hang round quality dat away; drat dese cabin niggers! How many did yo' say was comin', Mis' Sal?"

She hastily wiped her hands and up-setting a little darky from a chair, she carefully wiped it off.

"I'm not sure, Aunty, but Sallie expects to bring about eight or ten girls and about as many boys. Don't forget that Ramsis is to go for the trunks tomorrow. Reuben and Aunt Cleo are attending to the house and you take time to fix Sallie's room, she won't feel at home unless you have

arranged her pillows for her."

"Yas'm, I will, Mis' Sal." And Mrs. Stephens departed for other regions.

It had been Sallie's last year at the school and she was coming home to prepare for her "coming out" which was predestined to be a wonderful affair.

"How could it help but be?" said the neighbors, "for a girl so pretty and winsome as Sallie Stephens?"

So, indeed, thought Daniel West, Jr., artist, an absolute stranger to the Stephens, whose father's father had been apparently unknown to the father's father of this Southern girl; in short, just Daniel West, Jr., artist and Yankee. He felt very much alone as he stood, tall, straight and aloof, on the outskirts of the crowd. He was watching the gay young people tumbling into the arms of those waiting on the ramshackle landing. Moved by impulse, Danny West, the easy-going quarter for the Old Gold and Black, stretched his neck to catch a glimpse of the girl with the curly brown hair. At this juncture Sallie looked straight over the heads of her friends, squarely into the eyes of a person whom she knew not. A slight tinge of red crept up to her temples as she turned to her friends.

"Gordon, will you please give these checks to Ramsis there? And Tom, start those girls towards the carriage, won't you? Mommy," and here she lowered her voice, "who is that splendid looking fellow in dark blue by the wagon over there?"

"That's the Yankee artist who is painting Col. Ferrars portrait. He's a

graduate of the "Varsity and has spent several years in Paris. He is nice looking, isn't he, for a Yankee? But come, we are keeping these boys and girls."

"Lordy." Mr. Daniel West whistled softly, looking at the invitation in his hand. "A moonlight excursion on the water and I can't begin to handle one of those blooming punts. But aha, Miss Stephens, I'll take a chance."

Had he realized how great a risk it was he would hardly have accepted the invitation. All the way up to the lake the young Southerners insisted upon displaying their skill in handling the boats, so he considered himself in luck, although he had been handed over to the reserved Miss Conwell. Because he had made the best of things he was rewarded coming back by a place in the punt with Miss Sallie.

"Who's going to punt?" asked Miss Sallie, as she gaily settled back in her cushions.

An ominous silence followed the query. All eyes turned to West

"Why, why, its my time to punt, isn't it?" he stammered, and since no one answered him he cheerfully took up the pole. It was an easy matter for him to push the boat off the bar, and after bumping it into everything within reaching distance, he finally got a good start.

"So far, so good, Old Sport," he said to himself. "Ah, its easy." So he turned to Miss Sallie.

"Look out there, West!"

But the warning was too late, and overboard went the Yankee.

"Quick, Gordon, help him, he'll

drown!"

"Aw, let him soak! Here, West, give me your hand."

But before he spoke Danny West was back in the boat, limp and dripping. For the rest of the trip home he sat apart, forlorn and savage, listening to the merry chatter around him and the soft, clear notes of the college songs as they floated over the water.

"Aw, you bletherin' idiot," he muttered to himself, "you might have known you'd make a laughing stock of yourself for these youngsters. You could never be anything to her but a Yankee artist chap, anyway, so you'd better quit the game. Thank the Lord there's the landing."

Miss Sallie, very dignified and gracious, was speaking to him. "Mr. West I'm certainly sorry this accident happened, I hope you won't take cold from exposure, for we shall expect to see you at the house soon"

On the way back, in the depths of her brown eyes, danced a light of mischief. He did look funny, the ignified Mr West—all soaked and limp.

"Thanks, Miss Stephens, I shall learn to handle a punt before I attempt to pole one again. The picnic has been very enjoyable, any way, and again I thank you. If you will excuse me I'll take a short cut to the Colonel's.

"He might be a fairly good fellow if he weren't such a Yankee. But what's the excitement?"

"Sallie, it's Jack!"

Quickly past them and straight into the arms of her big brother rushed Sallie, the dignity of her nineteen years for the moment forgotten.

• • •

"Oh, you should have seen him,

Mrs. Stephens! It was perfectly killing. He looked more like a drowned rat than he did like a dignified artist. And really, I think Sallie was violently smitten with his dignified reserve or his Yankee snobbishness, as Gordon calls it!" Virginia Davis' merry laugh rang lightly across the table.

"Now quit jollying," Sallie interposed "I don't think you can plead entirely guiltless yourself, even if he is a Yankee. Of course," she confided to the atmosphere in front of her, "Aunt Mandy says he's a Trevillian from Virginia, so therein might naturally lie a preference. But look here, Virge, I've picked you out for that good looking brother of mine—why, Momsy, where's Jack?"

"He'll be here soon. He knows we have huckleberry pie tonight."

"Coming!" Jack's shout rang merrily down the hall. "Save two pieces of that huckleberry pie for me, Sallie," and he burst into the room with a bang. "Why didn't you tell me that Danny W. is here?"

"Our Danny W.! He isn't, is he, Jack?"

"Isn't? Why, he was out with you all last evening, wasn't he?"

"Not that impossible Yankee artist?"

"The same, little one. Why, he's a man of fame. Has he been getting himself in bad as an artist? I told him he would."

"But who is he? Tell me, quick."

"Now don't be in a hurry. Pass the pie, please. Well, D. W. Jr. is the son of D. W. Sr., which is, peraps, news. However, he, the Sr., made a fortune in gold in Colorado. Related to the Trevillians of Virginia and the Calhouns, too. No, not news? Where?"

"Aunt Mandy told us. Go on." ..

"All right, Sis. Danny was raised out West. Came East to the 'Varsity and was the whole cheese when I was there. Why, he could do anything. He would go digging down the field with twenty men after him and about sixteen more hanging from his legs and ears. And in track! Oh, Lordy, he had enough cups to give every fellow in the frat one and have an exhibition besdies. But the last year he decided to do something worth while in the world, so he tackled art. Great on caricature. Anyhow, he said goodbye to America and Danny went to Paris and instead of setting up as a prosperous studio de flunkey, the kid worked. Result, French decorations. Oh, I'm plumb gone on Danny. Can't help it. Got the habit."

"But, Mr. Stephens, what's he doing way down here?"

"Looking for picturesqueness and pretty girls, I reckon."

"But why can't he punt a boat?"

"Say—tell me the joke, what's up?"

No one spoke. Finally all eyes were turned to Sallie. She was looking very carefully at her napkin.

"Well, Jack, I acted rather mean, that's all. Here have some more pie, do."

But she failed to pass it and as Virginia reached for the plate she looked around her neighbor's head, a little surprised.

Sallie sat gazing out of the window past the orange blossoms and magnolias—past the horizon—and upon her lips played a half smile.

"In 'Hebbin' setlin' down? What is yo' ta'king 'bout, Liz? Aint dis enuff

(Continued on Page 26)

The Whitworthian

Published by the Students of Whitworth College for the broadest interests of the Student Body and especially for the advancement of literary work. Issued Monthly.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

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Business Manager	GERALD LONGSTRETH—'16

NOVEMBER, 1912.

Sometimes among those attending a small school there is a feeling of dissatisfaction, a feeling that if they were in a larger school of older standing they might make so much better use of their abilities. While we hoped that this is not true of any student attending the college this year, few of us know much concerning the former graduates of Whitworth and it might make our affiliation with the school stronger and deeper if we took a little time to glance over the list of alumni members, noticing especially their present professions or positions. Neglecting to mention those who have entered upon a matrimonial career, we see upon the list of names of seven doctors, five lawyers, twenty-four teachers, three editors, a librarian and three principals of high schools, beside the number of those entering a business life in other capacities. It is not necessary to remind any Whitworth student, old or new, of our representative at Oxford and the honors that he

won there. If we inquire into the matter still more carefully, we will discover that the great number not only stood high in their college life but have made the most of their opportunities since leaving college.

Whitworth students are found scattered through ten states of the Union with representatives in Alaska, India and Japan. We become aware, after studying the facts, that a fine preparation can be obtained in a small college and that many benefits may there be acquired which one could not acquire in a large University. Let us try to remember a few of these facts concerning our alumni, so that when we are asked what our college has done, we will be able to answer in an intelligent manner.

To have a foot ball team with the spirit that ours has displayed, means a great deal to a student body. A year ago when the team was disbanded early in the season. We all felt

most deeply discouraged. In these days when athletics hold such a prominent place in student activities, a school without some foot ball team is considered as holding a position far below the first rank. This year when our coach took charge of affairs, our prospects seemed to brighten and soon we began to take interest in what was taking place on the campus. A team was being organized which would do Whitworth credit in the season just begun. Then came the game in the Stadium, a game in which we were more deeply interested than we could have been in any other. We felt that the honor of our college was at stake. We saw then what spirit and determination could do in a game in which odds were so greatly in our

disfavor. On that rainy afternoon, we left the stadium, not only with the greatest joy over our victory, but also, down in our hearts, a deep respect for the boys who had fought and conquered.

Doctor McKay has once more set out on his yearly trip thru the Eastern part of the country and we are watching with great interest his work there. Last winter many men of affairs were brought into a closer association with the college and showed their interest by financial support. The endowment fund seems more nearly a fact of the present history of the college than ever before, and with this object attained, the future of Whitworth seems very bright indeed.



EXCHANGE



Read "Requisites and Obligations of the Successful Student" in the College Chronicle for October fifth.

The Kodak from Everett is one of the most progressive little magazines we have received.

Washington State College has some splendid departments. We are interested to know of the high places taken by the dairy department in the International Dairy Show at Milwaukee.

A new college, known as Reed Institute, was recently opened in Portland, Oregon. It is said that the school is thoroughly organized and has an endowment of \$3,000,000.—Ex.

The Coe College Cosmas is certainly overflowing with school spirit.

John Willis Boer, president of Occidental College, has recently received a call to the secretaryship of one of the National boards of the Presbyterian church, but has signified his intention of remaining with the local institution.—Ex.

A London dispatch states that the Prince of Wales has registered at Oxford University. Quarters have been fitted up where he will get much more of the undergraduate life than did his grandfather, King Edward, but he is not to take part in any of the college games on the ground that such participation would be altogether too

democratic for the future ruler of the British Empire.—Ex.

The girls at the Ohio Wesleyan, on their own initiative, have abolished their ten sororities. It was decided that they did not represent the interests of the girls and caused too much "rushing" and rivalry. They were abolished by a score of 56 to 5. Ex.

A freshman, according to President Welsh of the Wesleyan University, is one whose college course has not been spoiled and whose opportunity is still open.—Ex.

The new physics building at the University of Iowa costing \$225,000 exclusive of equipment, is now completed and will in use from the beginning of the college year.—Ex.

We are glad to learn the Odessaite is going to be published again, after an interval of two years.

"Have you any references?" asked the lady.

"Yes, ma'am, at home."

"Why didn't you bring them with you?"

They're like my photographs, ma'am. My friends say none of them does me justice."

Mr. Suburb:—"Does the hen sit or set?"

Mrs. Suburb:—"I don't know or care; but what I want to know is, when she cackles, whether she is laying or lying."—Ex.

Boys, have you got TWO tickets to the football banquet? Better hurry and avoid the rush.

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Society



Back to the old days!

The wise Sophomores forgot one whole evening that they were wise and dressed and played as they did years ago. Some of the boys were dressed in their Sunday best and some of them had their play clothes on. Mr. Parker couldn't forget even for that evening about football, and wore his shoulder pads. All of the little girls wore their very best party dresses and carried their nicest dolls and playthings. The Sophomores discovered hidden dramatic ability in their members when the speaking class recited. No tables or chairs were needed all evening. The floor was more suited to their infantile tastes while they ate their lunches or popcorn and candy, sandwiches apples and cider. The party was held at the home of Henrietta Burmeister.

Miss Pansie Lawrence entertained the Junior class at her home on North Alder street. Those present were

Misses Lee, Lawrence, Corey, Wakefield, Spinning, Hoska and Messrs. Ghormley, Pike, Turnbull, Parker, Murdock and Williams. The audience of two or three fully appreciated the little skit presented by the talent of the class. Bertha Lee kindly helped them out of the dilemma in the absence of a flag. Ice cream and cake were served after many entertaining games were played.

Miss Clara Young, who is now teaching near Olympia, was in Tacoma to attend teachers' institute. She was here in time to see the game with U. P. S., and came out to college and spent Monday with her old friends.

Miss Emilie Arntson attended the institute, coming to Tacoma from her school near Hoquiam. Both Miss Arntson and Miss Young have had no cause to apply the rod yet, but Clara isn't quite sure but that she will have to very soon. One of her disarming smiles would eliminate any such necessity.

The promised Hallowe'en party at the girls' dormitory was a great success. The committee read the crowd aright and understood how much more free the guests would feel below stairs, where there would be no furniture or woodwork to be marred. Before taking them down, tho, everyone tried to find out who everyone else was under their makeups. There were many good costumes and varied nationalities and types represented. Miss Douglas and Miss Conaway in their Indian costumes, and Mr. Walmsley in a beggar's disguise, were hard to recognize. Two gypsies read one's' past, present and future for the mere

asking. They read the palms by the weird light cast from a fire in a big iron kettle. Everyone enjoyed the nicely planned entertainment and the informal evening.

. . .

There are rumors of a Sophomore Junior party that is to come off soon. There is sure to be a good time to report in the next issue, so watch for it.

. . .

Dr. McKay has gone East again in the interests of Whitworth college. The student body and faculty join in wishing him success and a speedy return.

. . .

Mrs. McKay has been quite ill, but now we are glad to see her around again. She has been in Seattle for some weeks.

. . .

The Y. M. C. A. boys of the college had a get-together dinner Friday evening in the dining hall in the Residence at the usual dinner hour. Mr. Gale Seamore their coast secretary spoke to them.

. . .

The Kappa Gamma sorority had it first regular meeting last Tuesday evening in the Residence parlor.

. . .

The Criterion literary society is active and has had two meetings this fall.

. . .

Miss Flora Matheson went to North Yakima to act as bridesmaid for Miss Alma Lesh, who graduated from Whitworth in 1911. Miss Lesh married Mr. Moren, state representative to Olympia.

. . .

Mr. Walmsley proved his ability as an entertainer when he gave his ex-

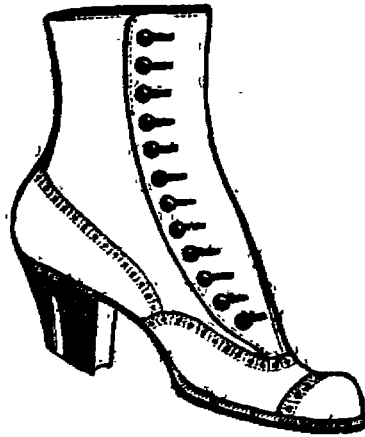
cellent lantern entertainment for the students. It was fully appreciated because everyone was anxious about the game in Astoria, and he helped to make the time pass more quickly.

. . .

A score of 63 to 0 seems enough to dampen the spirits of the defeated school, but not so Saturday! The day was entirely too grand not to be enjoyed, and the whole body of students went with that purpose. At least 80 people went in the tug sent out by the "Sotoyoma" to take the Whitworth delegation to Bremerton.

. . .

At a meeting of the Varsity squad "Dub" Williams was re-elected captain for next year.



STUDENT

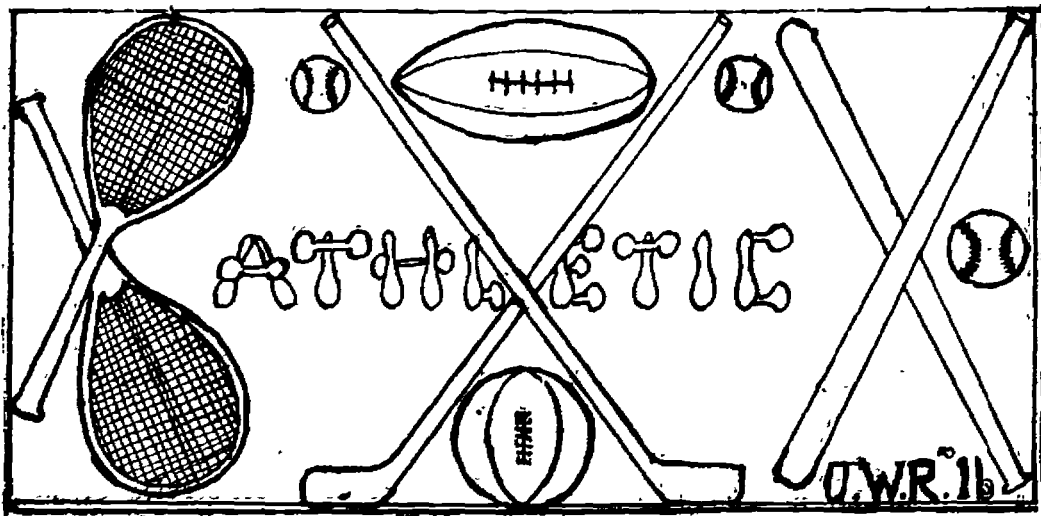
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TACOMA



WHITWORTH vs. WILLAMETTE

(By Mgr. Murdock.)

Whitworth met a rather decisive defeat at the hands of Willamette University in Salem on November 15. In spite of the fact that the Whitworth boys played the strongest game that they have played this year, they were continually pushed back.

Whitworth met with terrible odds, being outweighed by about 20 pounds to the man, and having had to play in mud such as few of them had ever seen. At first they stepped as light and high as spring roosters after a shower, but they soon found that under a foot or two of mud there was a solid footing and their steps became firmer. But this did not overcome the difficulty, for as soon as the ball hit the ground all chances of a forward pass were checked, for the grounds were covered with a slimy day which could not have been counteracted with pitch.

It would be impossible to make a note of the individual plays, for after the first five minutes the players were a line of mud images. During the

first quarter Whitworth held them to 0 to 0, but in the second quarter the score ran up to 34. Talbot played hard, but his massive opponent kept him so employed that his usual brilliant playing was checked. Bacher, Pike and Thompson made good gains but were always hurled back. Six times Whitworth held them on their one yard line and punted out, only to have them charge back and repeat the assault.

In the second half Beltz was put in as guard and as long as his clean suit could be distinguished he was fighting like a tiger, but a rolling fall made it impossible to distinguish him longer.

Willamette had a right end by the gridiron who was their mainstay. He could be recognized from under the mud by his size, and it seemed to be his duty to carry the ball wherever it was taken.

He would start out with the ball and one after another of the boys would tackle him and slide off. Once he made a long end run, and just near the side lines one of our men attempted to tackle him, but coming in con-

Men's Suits and Overcoats

BETTER THAN ORDINARY



THIS IS THE CHRISTMAS MONTH. If you haven't your winter Clothes yet, you surely need them now. And you surely cannot go wrong if you look for them tomorrow in Rhodes Brothers Store for Men.

No better ready-for-service Clothes for men will be found anywhere in Tacoma than you will find at Rhodes Brothers. Men who once wear Rhodes Brothers Clothing almost without exception become regular patrons—and satisfied patrons.

Rhodes Brothers Clothing shows the right styles in broad variety. The man who likes bright colors and the man who likes the quietest color tones, the man who is hard to fit as well as the man who can be easily fitted—all will find that Rhodes Brothers Clothing suits their needs and their tastes exactly.

Yet this clothing is marked at very moderate prices—at LESS prices, quality for quality, than you are likely to find outside of this store at regular or at so-called special prices.

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MEN'S STORE MAIN FLOOR.

Rhodes Bros.

When Buying Please Mention "The Whitworthian."

tact with the slippery clay on his suit, slid headlong off the field and plowed a furrow in the mud. When he unearthed himself and started back to his position we recognized Bacher, by his position rather than by his appearance.

Robinson was injured during the third quarter, but came back again and played a good game.

Between the halves the Willamette boys were compelled to change their suits, but Whitworth was not prepared for this so could only stand under the shower and wash off the outer layer of mud. In spite of the large score, our boys left a record behind them, since all the opponents and spectators joined in a hearty statement that the Whitworth team outstripped anything they had seen for sheer grit and determination.

The lineup was as follows:

Robinson Right End.
 WilliamsRight Tackle
 ParkerRight Guard
 Ghormley Center
 Beltz, Waite Left Guard
 MacArthur, Billings Left Tackle
 Talbot Left End
 Watkins, Pike Quarter
 Pike, MacArthurLeft Half
 ThompsonRight Half
 Bacher Fullback

WHITWORTH vs. ALL STARS.

Whitworth went down to defeat at the hands of the All Stars of Bremerton Navy Yard at Bremerton on Saturday, November 23.

We were outweighed 40 pounds to the man, but every man played a good game from start to finish. Everyone on the side lines praised our team for the way they were playing against

such great odds. No slighting remarks were made about Whitworth failing to defeat the old warriors, and it was the universal opinion that our boys were the best fighters of the two. About sixty-five rooters accompanied the team and all enjoyed a delightful day.

The lineup of the players was as follows:

Whitworth	Position	Navy
Robinson, Weisbach	r. e.	Stone
Williams	r. t.	Armstrong
Beltz	r. g.	Finn
Ghormley	c.	Lowrie
Parker	l. g.	Bowman
Billings	r. t.	Oglivie
Talbot, Bacher	l. e.	Stuart
Watkins	q.	Reed
MacArthur	l.h.	Reber
Thompson, Pike	r. h.	Harrigan
Bacher, Thomas	f. b.	Whilligan

CHRONOLOGY OF OUR "W" MEN

Armour Murdock, '14, of South Bend, Wash., has managed us through one of the best football seasons Whitworth has ever had, procuring us three fine trips away from Tacoma, those to Olympia, to Oregon, and last, but not least, to Bremerton. He entered Whitworth college in the fall of 1910 and since then has held down the following offices: Baseball manager, '11, football manager '12, editor of Whitworthian '11, secretary of Student association '12, member of the executive board '10, '11 and '12. He is a member of the Y. M. C. A. and the Criterion Literary society and holds down the position of right end on the S's with 114 pounds.

"Dub" Williams, '14, of Rushville, Ind., is one of the many men of the team of whom we are proud, and a

man whom the team is fortunate to have as captain. "Dub" entered Whitworth in the fall of 1909. He played guard on the '09 football team, tackle in '10 and '12 and forward on the '10 basketball team. He was elected president of the Student association for last year, but did not return. On his return this year he was re-elected president for '12, member of the executive board '10 and '12, member of the Y. M. C. A. and the Criterion Literary society and president of the latter '10.

Norman Pike, '14, hails from Ridgefield, Wash. He is one of those rare men who can always be depended on to do exactly the right thing at the right time. On the football field as well as in all other school activities he always appears just where he is most needed. His ability can be easily summed up in a personal quoted from the Whitworthian of November 1912. "If we had another Pike we would go some." Mr. Pike entered Whitworth in '08 and played his first year in the second football team. In '09 he played on the "varsity team and in '10 he was made captain, during which year he met with an accident which kept him out of athletics for the following year. He played basketball and baseball in '08, '09 and '11 and always starred. He was president of the Criterion society and the Y. M. C. A. in '11 and held a place on the executive board for several years. Weight 144 pounds.

Charles Parker, the jester of the team, is a product of Puyallup, Wash. He plays football as he does everything else, by sheer force, having held

the same position for three years, '10, '11 and '12. Parker is a very enthusiastic Y. M. C. A. worker and has identified himself with this work not only in Whitworth, but in the city association and in that of Spokane. He is our Y. M. C. A. president and drives it with is full 163 pounds in the same way he pounds the line of a scrimmage. As yet he is single.

James Robinson comes from Cuba. He played on the Freshman class team in Emery college, Georgia, in 1911 and entered Whitworth in the fall of 1912. He holds down the position of right end with a weight of 148 pounds. He is now a member of the Y. M. C. A. and of the Criterion Literary society. He is vice-president of the class of '16 athletic editor of the Whitworthian and baseball manager-elect.

Ralph Ghormley, '14, entered Whitworth college in 1910 as a graduate of the Tacoma High School. Ghormley is a strong football player and the "Red Mike" of the team. He is one of the few who went through the season without a scratch. He played on the line of the '11 team and is a member of the Y. M. C. A. Ghormley holds down the position of center with 170 pounds.

Noel F. Thompson, '15, comes from North Yakima and is one of Whitworth's most promising football players. This is Thompson's first year on the gridiron, but to see him in action one would take him to be an old veteran at the game. He was manager of the '11 basketball team, as well as member of the same. He was a mem-

ber of the executive board of 1912 and also of Y. M. C. A. and the Criterion Literary society. He holds down the position of right half with 164 pounds.

Oscar Billings, '13, looms up from the wheat fields of Harrington, Wash. He entered Whitworth in 1909 and played football in '10, '11 and '12. His position is left tackle, at 162 pounds. He was president of the Jefferson Debating society in '10 and was a member of the Criterion in '11.

Billings holds the record in pie eating and in sleeping, having been known to eat four pies and then hibernate through the spring vacation.

Dougal MacArthur, '16, comes from Wenatchee, where he played left tackle on the Wenatchee High School team of last year. "Mac" entered Whitworth in the fall of 1912. He is a member of the Criterion Literary society and captain of the Freshman football team. He holds down the position of left half with 160 pounds.

Harry Talbot, '16, entered Whitworth college in '10. He is one of the hardest hitters on the line and when called upon he always shows his fighting spirit. He is president of the "preps" and plays left end, at 144 pounds. His strong point as a football player has been his ability in completing forward passes.

Vernon Bacher, '16, who plays fullback at 146 pounds, hails from the Union High School of Bremerton and Charleston, where he played fullback last year. He entered Whitworth in the fall of 1912 and has proven himself a player of great ability. William-

ette's fullback said: "He is the hardest man I ever played against for his size." He is a member of the Y. M. C. A. and the Criterion Literary society.

Alvin Watkins '17 entered Whitworth college in the fall of 1912 from Tacoma High school. He is one of the grittiest players on the team and has done some fine work. He is very light, weighing only 132 lbs but has maintained the position of quarterback without great opposition.

Wallace Waite, '16, came to Tacoma from Puyallup and entered Whitworth in the fall '12. He is a member of the Y. M. C. A. and the Criterion Literary society and has played on the team for some time in position of sub guard.

At a meeting of the board last week, Jas. Robinson was elected base ball manager for 1913.

At a meeting of the Freshman class, Dougal MacArthur was elected Capt. of the freshman football team.

Prospects for a winning basket ball team this year seem very encouraging. Of last year's team we have with us four star players, namely, Pike Benson, Hoke and Thompson. Among the others turning out for the team are Williams, MacArthur, Ghornly, Bacher and Parker. It seems very probable that Paul Evans will return.

Since L. G. Waite has learned that the team was going to get their "W's" this year he has been going around with a smile that won't come off.

There is no reason why we should not have a good girls' basket ball team

this year and schedule some good games. Miss Alice Hayden has been elected manager of the team.

FRESHMEN vs. PREPS.

The last game of the season was Played Monday November 25 between the Freshmen and the Preps., and would have been a 0 to 0 game but for a blocked punt which went over the goal line and was recovered by Talbot, which counted as a touchdown for the Preps. Watkins failed to convert goal. The first half of the game was the "Freshies" but in the second half the Preps came back strong and outplayed them, Talbot carrying the ball for yardage time after time. Stuart played a good game for the "Freshies"

The line up was as follows:

Robinson	r. e.	Douglas
Waite	r. t.	Beltz
Smith	r. g.	Taylor
Gunn	c.	Messler
Longstreth	l. g.	Parker
Hunter	l. t.	Sylvester
Gunn	r. e.	Hill
Welsback	q.	Watkins
MacArthur	l. h.	Benson
Stuart	r. h.	Long
Bacher	f.	Williams

Referee: Ghormley. Umpire: Williams. Time of halves, 1:20.

Thus closes one of the best football seasons Whitworth has ever had. This year's team has placed Whitworth back in the realm of athletics in which she stood a few years ago. The team has made a name for its self by its grit and hard playing, under the guidance and direction of its general, "Coach Ghormley."

Dub—I love you Bi—gee!

Miss Hicks—Now you just stop, I'm not used to boys.

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For Young Men

And Men Who Stay Young

Our position is unique. We are specialists. We devote our entire energies to the Outfitting of young and progressive mature men. We handle the better grades of merchandise for this class of trade and aim to give a service that is refined and courteous. You will find pleasure and satisfaction in trading here.

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PERSONAL



WANTED TO KNOW

Will Pike Mary Gunn, or
Will Mary Gunn Pike?

—Why Ruth and Pansy are such
good friends? Is it because she is a
Lawrence?

—Why Smith goes home after classes
and returns home in his runabout?

—Why Hoke is called "One Wing
Hoke?"

—Why Benson, Long and Weisbach
did not play foot ball at Willamette?
Dear Miss Cynthia Grey:

—Why does Clinton Douglas make
semi-weekly trips to Seattle?

—Where, oh where, is my little dog
gone? Ask the pound-master.

—How Ella Hoska got to the Junior
class party?

—Has "HE" asked "HER" to go to
the football banquet yet?

Students wanting information on
Trig Lesson, see Lois Campbell.

IN ENGLISH CLASS

Miss D.—"Explain the difference
between Exposition and Argumenta-
tion."

Mr. Bacher (not sarcastically):—
"Your ideas are not of facts."

Prof. Jackson (as Miss Hill called
Mr. Murdock to the phone for the
third time in recitation):—"I wonder
how much Mr. Murdock pays Miss
Hill for that?"

Lives of Seniors all remind us,
We can do our level best,
And departing leave behind us,
Notebooks that will help the rest.

SO SOON

Prof. Holcomb (to the jailor):—Can
I see that burglar who was arrested
for breaking into my house last night?

Jailor (hesitatingly):—"What do
you want to see him for?"

Prof H.:—"Oh, I just wanted to
find out how he ever managed to get
into the house without waking my
wife."

THE MODERN AGE

Would-be--Employee to railroad
Man:—"Any chance for a position,
sir?"

Railroad Man:—"What is your
name?"

W. B. E.:—"My name is Wood."

R. R. M.:—"You want to be a con-
ductor, I suppose?"

W. B. E.:—"Yes."

R. R. M.:—"Can't use you then."

W. B. E.:—"Why?"

R. R. M.:—"Experts tell us that
wood is a poor conductor."

COMPLIMENTARY

Mrs. Jackson (to class in public
speaking, after a lecture the previous
day):—"I feel justified in saying as
Mrs. Ruggles did: 'A cleaner, better
behaved bunch of kids, I ain't' never
seen.'"

THE EXCLUSIVE FEMININE

Teacher:—"What is the feminine of friar?"

First Bright Boy:—"Hasn't any."

Teacher:—"Next."

Second Bright Boy:—"NUN."

First Bright Boy:—"That's what I said."

ONE FOR PROF. EELLS.

If two things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other, why don't two boys that like the same girl like each other?

Dust:—"Mud with the juice squeezed out."

A Fan:—"A thing to brush warmth off."

Ice:—"Water that stayed out too late in the cold and went to sleep."

A Sob:—"When a feller doesn't mean to cry and it burst itself."

Wakefulness:—"Your eyes are all the time coming unbottomed."

CANNED PARAGRAPHS

Teacher:—"This paragraph on cream might be condensed."

Miss Spinning (at dinner table:—"We certainly get fine milk here. It's fine, delicious—why, cream, isn't in it.

"I think you are a lemon dear"

He said it just to tease her.

"Well then," said she

"If I'm a lemon, you're a lemon squeezer."

Who will dare to say that the theory of evolution is false after seeing Parker (the rooster) and Ware (the dog) in the Endeavor Play?

Heard Confidentially: "Mary, has he asked you to the football banquet yet?"

Mary: "Which one?"

Laura P. (translating German)—I have great fear that I shall weep.

Teacher—Please wait until class is over.

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5 Cents a Dozen

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The reason I put ads in your paper is to get business. Do I get business from Whitworthians?

**Sheldon's
Lunch**

Open Day and Night

CORNER 11TH AND COMMERCE.

BRANCHES

Municipal Dock and Y. M. C. A.

Strains of "on Moonlight Bay" (heard in the Library)

Miss Hill (entering):—"Miss Grinnell Who's playing the piano?"

Miss G.:—"Why-er-er-nobody."

Terrified Tourist (peering over the edge of a precipice):—"I suppose people fall over here many times?"

Composed guide:—"No M'sieur, once is enough for most people."

Miss D. (to a group of students conversing rather loudly outside her classroom):—"Will you please take a tuck in your voices?"

Scene: Street in front of Mason Library.

Characters: Two maidens, a man, one dog.

ACT I

A thin piping voice from the middle of the road:—"Please Mr. Dobel we are afraid of that crazy animal, Oh call him quick (they grab each other frantically)

ACT II

A wildly flying figure, making an acute angle with the ground, clapping over the hill.

ACT III

With the bombastic pride of a hero, he lifts his hat and bows to the fair ones.

EXIT

Miss Tanner:—"What does campus-ed mean? I heard one of the girls talking about it today?"

Miss Clark:—"Ask some other girl, I don't know."

Talk about "old ladies 'gab' societies. Just come to Mary Gunn's

room on Friday afternoon and hear a general discussion of school life, from football to hair dressing. This is a very good place to spend the afternoon and we hope that every girl will be present from now on. It is too good to miss.

Mr. Jackson is helping Mrs. Jackson in her public speaking class by making his classes pronounce their vowels correctly.

Mr Jackson (to Mr. Hunter):—"Rub your "ihr" off of the board.

INDIRECT INFORMATION

Some Freshman girls saw Miss Douglas leave the dormitory one Friday afternoon adorned in hat and coat, and immediately spread the information that she had gone to Seattle. But the older girls who were better acquainted with "Dorm" life, weren't so sure, and thought that it would be wise to investigate first, before becoming too enthusiastic. One girl, being appointed as spokesman, leaned cautiously over the banister as Miss La Wall passed, and the following conversation was carried on:

"Miss La Wall, will you be here tonight," in an interested tone.

"Yes."

Again from the Senior: "And will you be here tomorrow night?"

"Yes."

And then once more from the Senior, in a still sweeter tone, "and will you be here Sunday?"

The final "yes" as Miss La Wall passed out of the door was followed by shrieks of laughter on the upper landing at the success of the "plot."

"In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thought of love"

So says the poet, and judging from the afternoon sights between Whitworth and the park, the glad spring-time has come again in all its glory.

"FUNOGRAPHS OF THE OREGON TRIP"

Mr. Parker (to the train master):—How much is the crackerjack; three for a quarter?

Trainman—No, sir, not with that stamp on. Ten cents straight.

Mr. P.—I'll take three and you can take the stamps.

Freight Agent (to Manager Murdock)—Oh, come, now, you can't work that bluff, you're the crookedest chap I ever saw; that's three times you've tried that; you're so crooked that if they'd stick a hatpin in you it would come out a corkscrew.

Get in and learn the "New Song."
Standing high by Puget's waters,
Towering o'er its blue
Rises our dear Alma Mater,
Proudly to the view.

For our love, O Alma Mater,
Time cannot outwear,
We will ever sing thy praises,
Whitworth, ever dear.

CHORUS

Swell the chorus ever louder,
Full of joy and cheer.
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
Whitworth, ever dear.

It is rumored that Mr. C. Parker has been offered a position as "Cock to Crow in the Morn" to wake all dormitory boys in time for breakfast.

Mr. Billings (on his way to Portland):—At Vancouver a stranger entered the train and slammed the door quite hard behind him. This brought forth the following remark from Mr. B.: "Say, fellow, what is the matter with you, were you raised in a barn?"

The stranger, taking the nearest seat, sat down and began to cry. Mr. B., feeling sorry for what he had said moved up to the stranger and the following conversation ensued:

Mr. B.: "I am sorry that I said what I did, I knew, of course, that you were not raised in a barn; I hope you will pardon me."

Stranger: "You are right, sir, I was raised in a barn, and every time I hear the braying of an ass it makes me homesick."

Miss D. (Acad. Eng.)—What relation did Thomas a' Becket bear to Chaucer?

Mr. Long (bluffing)—He was—er—er—a—cousin wasn't he?

ACCORDING TO OUR JAPANESE FRIEND

A Japanese boy entered the academy course of this college in the beginning of this semester. The first morning he went to the class room the professor said "fifty pages for a few days." He misheard it for five pages. He read five pages, spending a couple days, with the help of the dictionary, and a few days later he went to the class, as the professor was absent and found it was fifty pages. He was frightened. The next morning he went home and never came back to the school. In Japan they study every little by little.

Literary Organizations

KAPPA GAMMA

Although graduation and attendance at other schools have taken away some of our former enthusiastic members, those who were fortunate enough to be present at the opening of school met and organized for the fall work. With the new officers, Margaret Longstreth, President; Bertha Lee, Vice-President; Ella Hoska, Secretary and Flora Matheson, Treasurer, we are expecting great things this year and hope to make Kappa Gamma worthy of its name.

As has probably been apparent to outsiders, we have added a number of new members to our society. Initiation day is one never to be forgotten, both by the candidates and their "tormentors," as the old girls have been appropriately called. After a somewhat strenuous afternoon, we all journeyed to the hotel Bonneville, where a five course banquet was served, suitable toasts given and the members welcomed and comforted.

One feature to be especially emphasized in connection with this day is that it affords an opportunity of meeting with our associate and alumna members and receiving the benefit of their experiences. It both pleases and encourages us to see these girls, who are no longer attending school and have many outside interests, take enough interest in us and their sorority to come back and renew their relations.

Our first regular meeting held Wednesday evening, November 6th, con-

sisted of a dainty spread and the following program:

- What Kappa Gamma Means to Us Jessie La Wall
- Vocal Solo ... Henrietta Burmeister
- Reading Ruth Spinning
- Vocal Solo Mary Campbell

Our second meeting, November 19, was a very attractive and instructive literary program:

- Roll Call ..Quotations on Friendship
- "My Impressions of Initiation"
- Ruth Lee
- "The Platform of Our New President" Mary Gunn
- Reading Viva Baldwin
- "The Turkish-Balkan War".....
- Bertha Lee

Both these meetings have been attended with interest and enthusiasm and a very promising year is in view.

Criterion Literary Society

The first regular meeting of the Criterion Literary society was held November 9th, in the society room at the gymnasium.

The following program was rendered:

- Roll Call Current Events
- Piano Solo Jeanne Pierson
- "The Platform of the Elected President" Mr. Williams
- "The Life of the Elected President" Miss Rambo
- Essay on Turkey and Her Present-Condition Miss Landis
- Reading Mr. Murdock

After the program a short business meeting was held and the new members were received. These were:

