

1913

The Whitworthian 1913

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The Whitworthian



Commencement ————— June, 1913

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When Buying Please Mention "The Whitworthian"

The Whitworthian

TACOMA, WASHINGTON

JUNE, 1913

"The Best Laid Schemes of Mice and—Girls"



WELL, if we have to tell whom we're going to ask, I'm not going to ask a soul, and that's all there is about it."

"That's what I say! It's enough to have to ask one, anyway, without shouting on the housetop who it's to be."

"You don't suppose the boys all have to tell each other who they're going to take to other parties, do you?"

"What difference does it make, anyway? Let's not squabble over that any longer. Girls, listen!"

Marcia stood with the spoon in her hand, trying vainly to make herself heard over the chorus of protest and argument.

"Oh, Marcia, look!" shrieked Helen Mayhew, making a dive for the chafing-dish, over the sides of which the bubbling, seething mass of boiling fudge was foaming, and dropping in a sticky, fast-widening lake on the table.

When the excitement and the boiling fudge had both subsided suf-

ficiently to permit the subject in hand to be resumed the girls all agreed that they could ask anyone they liked and tell or not, just as they chose. That point settled, the discussion drifted to refreshments and decorations, and all the absorbing little details that must be considered in "getting up" a leap year party.

"Someone else beat this fudge a while. I'm simply dead. Here, Kate," said Marcia, depositing the hot pan and spoon on the indolent lap of a young lady reclining on the lounge.

"Oh, you horrid thing!"

"Haven't you got those nuts cracked yet? Piggy! I believe you've eaten more than you've put in the bowl."

The leap year party was certainly going to be a lark. Each of the eight girls in "the bunch" was to assume for that evening all the duties that usually fall to the other sex; each was to ask to escort one of the fellows, send flowers, and take the initiative in everything throughout the evening.

"And won't it be bliss, just for

once, not to have to sit 'round and pretend you're not a wall-flower till one of those stupid masculines makes up his mind to ask you? We can pay off a few old scores," exclaimed Kate, malice gleaming in her black eyes.

As the plates of scarce-cool candy were soon circulating, "perfectly stunning" ideas began popping out with gratifying frequency, and the plans for the party went merrily forward towards completion till dinner time began to loom large on the horizon. With much chatter and laughter the "powwow" broke up at last and the clan scattered to its respective homes.

Malcolm Hayford frowned disapprovingly as the imperious sound of the telephone bell penetrated to his sanctum, but he continued gently steeping a long strip of film in its bath of developer. Another long, insistent ring!

"Heck!—hello!—yes—oh, hello! Theodora—I'm flourishing; how's yourself?—What's that?—invitation?—Yes, I got it this morning. Escort me?—Why, delighted, I'm sure! This is so sudden, Miss Har-mar!—Beg pardon?—Yes, that'll be all right; call, say, about quarter to eight—Yes, I think I can be ready by that time—Good-bye."

Malcolm hung up the receiver with a broad grin.

"Well, what d'you know about that! Wonder if I was coy enough. Call me early, mother, for I'm to be queen of the May," and whistling briskly, he settled down to his developing again.

Malcolm was certainly a nice fellow. Added to the undeniable ad-

vantages of wholesome good looks, engaging manners, marked athletic powers, and a frank liking for girls in general, his comparatively recent arrival in the neighborhood ended his unconscious person with a wholly unsought and undeserved glamor, in the girls' eyes, at least.

"Guess I'll go over and see how Stead's films are coming out," he said to himself, when his own lay out in neat rows, drying.

Marcia opened the Steads' front door for him.

"Walton? Yes, he's in his little old cubby-hole, developing. You can go right in," she smiled, already mounting the stairs again.

"Oh, Malcolm," she called, leaning over the banisters, "just a minute. I almost forgot. Why—er—I'd like to have the pleasure of escorting you to the leap-year party next Friday evening. I'll call for you at about a quarter of eight. You be ready," and giggling, blushing a little, Marcia ran upstairs with only a backward glance at his blank face as she disappeared.

"But Marcia—listen," he stammered, but she was gone, quite overcome with embarrassment now she had accomplished the daring deed.

"What a fix! I'll have Walt tell her, and straighten it out—Hello, old top, how are they turning out?" he greeted as he carefully let himself in to Walton's dark room.

"Great! Just look at this one, will you?" and the two were soon absorbed in photography and dead to the outer world.

"What do you know about the girls! Has anyone asked to take you?" asked Malcolm at last.

"Not yet," grinned Walton. "Did Marcia make a date with you? I thought she seemed rather nervous and giggly at supper."

"Exactly. But the fact is I'm in something of a fix, and you'll have to get me out with Marcia. She took it for granted that I'd accept her escort, and beat it upstairs without giving me a chance to say I'd already had a bid. Theodora Harmar called up just before I came over and made the date.

"Theodora?" Walt looked surprised and pained. He had been a faithful worshiper at that young lady's shrine this many a day. And now that she had her choice in the matter—well, girls were a fickle lot, anyway. A sudden flash of devil-may-care mischief crossed his face.

"You should worry," he growled. "Let 'em go ahead. If she didn't have sense enough to wait for a proper answer, let her get herself out. We'll see some sport. Dollars to doughnuts those girls make a glorious mess of the whole thing. Just you be low and say nothing and see how it comes out."

So after some misgiving on Malcolm's part, they agreed to let matters take their course and see what happened when both the girls came for Malcolm the evening of the party.

The college bell was ringing 8 o'clock next morning when Malcolm turned into the campus and saw Helen Mayhew hurrying along ahead of him. He caught up with

her and the two made for Cartwright Hall together.

"Malcolm," said Helen, hurriedly, "I suppose you received an invitation to the leap-year party, didn't you? I should like to have the honor of—e—taking you," she finished lamely, then dashed on. "I'll come for you a little before 8. Gracious! there's the 8:10 bell and I'm late for French class again," and she made a dive for one of the class-rooms as she caught sight of the professor sternly closing the door.

"The plot thickens! That makes three," chuckled Malcolm. "I'll let the other fellows in on this. It's too good to keep.

During psychology class a many-times folded note reached him from some mysterious source. It's diction was courtly and elaborately ceremonial, the writer requesting the honor of accompanying him to the leap-year function on such-and-such a date, and signed "Katherine Fairfax," with a flourish.

Malcolm bent over the note long enough to suppress carefully all traces of the look of downright deviltry which had grown in his face as he read it, then he looked up innocently, caught Kate's eye and nodded pleased assent, receiving in return a radiant smile.

"Beginning to look serious for the other fellows," he muttered to himself mischievously, when two more shy invitations had followed each other in quick succession before noon. He received them both with guileless pleasure and surprise, as if each was the first which had been bestowed upon him.

"Hang it all! what could I do? I was in the hands of Fate, and merely received the favors bestowed upon me by a bountiful Providence," he explained meekly to Walt Stead and the other fellows, who, up to this time, had fatuously considered themselves permanently established (for the time being) in the good graces of certain of the girls of "the bunch." When he had received and accepted two more proffered escorts late that afternoon, he found himself unable to hold the delightful knowledge any longer, and had sought out the fellows.

A roar of indignation greeted his pious observation about Providence, and a ponderous and valuable work on political economy barely missed his belt as he dodged agilely to one side, only to receive a well-aimed leather couch-ushion squarely upon the side of the head.

But though the matter undoubtedly had its tragic side for all except Malcolm, the thought of those eight unsuspecting girls, the entire feminine contingent of the party, in fact, coming simultaneously to call for him, the villain of the piece, held promise of sport too rich to be put aside for mere personal grievances, which could be settled later. So it was not only the girls who awaited Friday night with gleeful expectancy and delight.

By half-past seven on Friday evening Malcolm presented a most attractive picture of stalwart young manhood in immaculate black and white, and the seven other fellows had gathered there to "see the fin-

ish," as they announced with zest.

"Would you like to look upon the face of the beloved?" Malcolm inquired solemnly, and led the way into the dimly-lighted drawing room, where eight florists' boxes were disposed artistically about. The girls had left nothing to be desired—roses, gorgeous roses, orchids, gardenias, violets—realizing, no doubt, as never before, that example is better than precept. There was absolute silence for a full minute, then Mrs. Hayford, sitting upstairs, was startled when a perfect roar of hilarity seemed to shake the house and then quiet down again almost as suddenly as it arose. Malcolm reminded them that some of his superabundant escorts might arrive at any moment, and the climax must not be spoiled by any unseemly disturbance in the Hayford house.

"Such a touching tribute," murmured Jeff Huntley, gently dabbing at his eyes. "All we need is a wreath or two to complete the effect."

The sound of tripping steps on the front porch cut short all further remarks, and while Malcolm dashed silently upstairs three steps at a leap, the other shameless conspirators scuttled pell-mell out of the fragrant drawing room into the shadows beyond. Dim, decorous stillness reigned as the maid opened the door and ushered Marcia, blushing and radiant, into the drawing room.

"I'll tell him, miss," and the woman withdrew, while Marcia surveyed the array of flowers in complete bewilderment.

"He'll be down in a few moments. miss," informed the maid from the doorway, then hurried to the front door at another summons of the bell.

"Goodness! callers?" exclaimed Marcia, a little wildly. "How embarrassing!"

Then the portieres parted and Theodora walked in in a faint flutter, followed almost immediately by Kate Fairfax. Pregnant silence as the three faced each other.

"What are you doing here?" burst from three astonished throats at once. Then they looked at the flowers.

Then things began to happen so rapidly that explanations were entirely lost sight of. The gasps of ultra-amazement that greeted the latest addition to the party had scarcely died on the air before the discreet maid would admit still another, until eight fetchingly gowned damsels stood in a haughty circle and glared at one another as if they were absolute strangers. The tension was approaching perilously near the breaking point when Malcolm walked blandly in with murmured apologies for keeping "her" waiting. The air grew perceptibly

electric as he got into his overcoat, gathered the contents of the boxes in his arms in one huge bouquet and placidly waited for them to start. Then the storm broke!

Malcolm, aghast at the small tempest he had brought rushing about his ears, patiently reminded each young lady, in an injured tone, that she had asked to take him, and what was all the fuss about, anyway?

"I begin to see a great light," said Kate softly. "That comes of keeping whom we were asking such a deep, dark and deadly secret. But, Malcolm, why, oh why couldn't you have told each little idiot that you had already made a date?"

"Didn't get a chance in the first three cases, and didn't want one after that," he stated succinctly, with a disarming grin.

As the girls contemplated the awful joke on themselves and looked at Malcolm in chagrined, exasperated silence, a sudden, uncontrollable explosion of hysterical laughter, stifled instantly, from the dark hall caused them to gaze at each other with despair.

"Those awful boys! We'll never hear the last of it!"

M. C. C., '15.



Nature Sketches

Taken from Whitworth Correspondence

A Day in the Woods.



I AM sitting in my window, surrounded by pillows, all cozy and comfortable, in my pretty blue kimona. I always like to be cozy in some solitary place where I can look out at a bit of sky when I write to my friends. The robins are fitting about in the budding trees, and skipping along on the grass after big, fat worms and bits of straw for their nests. And now and then a little meadow-lark breaks the quiet with a burst of joy and the drowned chug! chug! of the launches comes up from the water.

I want to tell you about yesterday. I wont tell you anything about my work, but it was such a happy day and such a tonic I want to share it with you if I can. It was a day when one forgets the world and lives simply to wander at will. to breathe the sweet freshness of the woods, the odors, the sounds, the beauty, the silence until one is drunk with it. It was the Sophomore launch picnic. Tho I am usually a Freshman I was a Sophomore for the day.

It was a regular violet day! Not a breath was stirring as we glided over the quiet blue waters. About noon we disembarked with coats, pillows and lunch baskets, climbed a rickety old stairs and found our-

selves in front of the dearest Japanese house. It is the Y. W. summer camp. It was at one time the Japanese exhibit at the Yukon Exposition, but was carried in pieces to this enchanting spot and rebuilt. I wish you could see it, nestled there in the edge of the woods. It is the most romantic, airy-fairy, artistic thing in the world. Of course we were hungry, as hungry as could be, but after dinner we scattered off into the woods like starved city children.

Oh, how I love just to stand in the midst of the big trees, with their new feathery green leaves overhead and the moss and violets beneath my feet; just to stand and listen to the silence and draw big, deep breaths of woodsy odors. We climbed over stumps and logs and under trees until we came out on "The King's Highway." Now and then on "The King's Highway" we passed a farmhouse nestled among the trees and smelled the balmy fragrance of fruit blossoms. As we wandered on and on, the way narrowed to a foot-path. We were so full of the out-of-doors and the philosophizing of youth that often we had to sit down, our conversation became so absorbing.

There was a magic that followed us as we wandered; a something that lured us on, here to pick a violet; there to pluck a lily, down the hill to try some particularly at-

tractive resting place, up the hill to see the outlook over the bay to the mountains beyond or just to the bend in the path to see what new wonder lay ahead. So we wandered on and on, happy and carefree just to be alive and feel, and think, and hear, and smell, and see. It was dark when our appetites drove us back again to the others.

I wish I could go on and tell you how we walked thru the dusk to the little village where we found our launch waiting for us. Over the hills, across a mystic bridge, where the shadows lurked in the deep, still pools, thru blossoming orchards, past the village church nestled in the trees, where the village people were gathering. And over the moon-path home, but I must stop this wandering. I dare say I am entertaining myself instead of you.

A Summer Vacation

We are spending a month, delightful month, at Neah-kan-hie mountains beyond, or just to the Country." It is the most beautiful stop in the world to me. From our camp we can see the ocean always. We never allow a ship to pass without our close inspection thru the glasses. From our hill-top we can watch the green mountains as they swell and break, dashing the foaming spray against the old cliff with its changing lights and shadows. I wish you could see the rosy sunset glow behind its soft brown tones.

The weather here, except for a few days, has been ideal. The sky has been blue and serene, and the air without chill even at evening. At night the ocean is alive with

phosphorescence and the wet sand sparkles beneath one's feet as a mirrored reflection of the starry sky. The sand fleas are out with their lanterns. By day one can find hundreds of orange and red and purple star-fish and beautiful peri-winkles and sea roses and mosses among the rocks. On the sand beach little crabs play tag.

This is my first acquaintance with the ocean among the rocks. Yesterday I had the great god fortune to see a storm on "Old Ocean." About noon the sky brightened so that I was able to take some pictures of the boiling, seething mass. The ocean was frothing and churning as far as the eye could see, and the green mountains of water broke, completely submerging the huge rocks and leaping high up the side of the cliff. Great logs were tossed about as if they had been splinters. We spent six hours on the rocks as if they had been so many minutes.

I'm so glad you are a child of the woods, and the waves, too. I wonder if you love it as I do? I used to dream happy dreams of sometime being a greate artist, but I have come to be content to gaze and wonder at the masterpieces around me. I'm so glad that I can be here to enjoy all this wonderful beauty. I have done nothing but live with nature all month. In the early morning I dig clams with my fingers in the wet sand. During the day we usually take long tramps over the mountains, out to the cliff, along the rocky beach or thru the woods.

Monday morning we started early up the mountain, climbed along the ridge over its five peaks and slid

down the other side thru salalle to our waists. When we get home from our long tramps we have the loveliest cold, salty dips in the ocean. Then we watch the sun set, stroll on the beach and watch the glow fade and dusk deepen to darkness, while the moon looks into her looking-glass and the waves light their lanterns. Sometimes we sit

and toast our toes around a camp-fire and tell stories and sing songs.

I have just one more week here, and then only two more precious ones at home. Will you be big sister to me until I get over being lone some for my mamma and my very own desk and morris chair? Oh, I know I'm going to love Whitworth, but I wish it were already done.

G. W., '16.



G. W.

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.

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Personal Editor	BERTHA LEE—'14
Exchange Editor	FLORENCE RAMBO—'15
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Editorial

The school year is once more drawing to its close, and, after the events of commencement week, the students will separate and scatter to their various homes, thruout the state. There is always a feeling of sadness, at this time in the year, when we think of those who will be unable to return in the fall, but along with that is a feeling of pride in the thought that the work of another year has been successfully completed.

The time has come for the appearance of the last issue of the Whitworthian. In many ways the paper has fallen far below our expectations, but we feel that some ends have been accomplished by the year's work. The students feel, a little more than they did in October, the responsibility that devolves upon them for the maintenance of a wide awake school paper. We have discovered quite an amount of talent along various lines, but talent so concealed by modesty that it has

been well nigh impossible to bring it to the front. We hope the time will soon come when the students will feel capable of supporting a weekly paper containing topics of current interest for college students, but until that time comes they should do their best to secure a monthly issue which will reflect credit on their college.

At this time we wish to thank those members of the faculty and student body who have done so much to make the paper what it has been. We have also been especially fortunate in our cuts, which have added so much to the outward appearance of the paper and for which we are indebted to a few loyal and talented students. There were certain people from whom we were certain of receiving aid, when most discouraged.

As we scatter for our summer vacation, let us remember to advertise our college. Few of us realize how much we can do to help or

mar her good name. When students are trying to decide what college to attend, the opinion of former students will do more effective work than any amount of written material. We want our college to

take the lead and we have a great deal of power in our own hands. Be loyal to your college and it will be impossible for you not to be enthusiastic.

EXCHANGES

In the course of a recent address, Prof. F. M. McMurray, of Columbia University, expressed a poor opinion of women's colleges, chiefly on the ground that they do not teach anything useful or important in the twentieth century. "They are dealing," he said, "with stuff that never counts in life." In fact, the farther you get from real life and usable knowledge, the more cultured you become.

Country school children generally are less healthy than children in city schools, according to the United State Bureau of Education. The Bureau has been investigating, but apparently only in Minnesota. One cause is the poor ventilation of the average country school. Another is the country ignorance or, or indifference to rules of hygiene. Dr. Hoag, who investigated for the Board, found that 80 per cent. of country children drink tea and coffee; that 40 per cent suffer from almost constant toothache, and that from 19 to 23 per cent have frequent headaches.

Foreign Students in United States

Among the regular students at American colleges and universities during the year 1911-12 were 4,856 from foreign lands.

Of this number 3,983 were undergraduates; 249 had been graduated here and were pursuing further studies; 624 were graduates of foreign universities doing graduate work here.

The constituency of this group of young men who had come to the United States to study is interesting. Naturally, we find that the neighboring countries sent many: Canada 898, Mexico 294, the West Indies 698. It is gratifying to know that 549 came from China and 415 from Japan. There were 123 Filipinos who ought to take back to their countrymen a better understanding of the United States, whether or not they acquiesce in its policies toward their native land.

The 21 Koreans who will return to their unfortunate land ought to be equipped to do something for its elevation. These are all understandable. But what are 143 young Ger-



FLORA MATHESON.

"Up! Up! my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double
Up! Up! my friend, and clear your looks,
Why all this toil and trouble?"
—Wordsworth



VIVA BALDWIN.

"I always say just what I think
And nothing more or less"
—Longfellow.



HAZEL SPINNING.

"Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one"
—Longfellow



MARGARET LONGTEETH.

"Men may come and men may go,
But I stay on forever"
—Tennyson



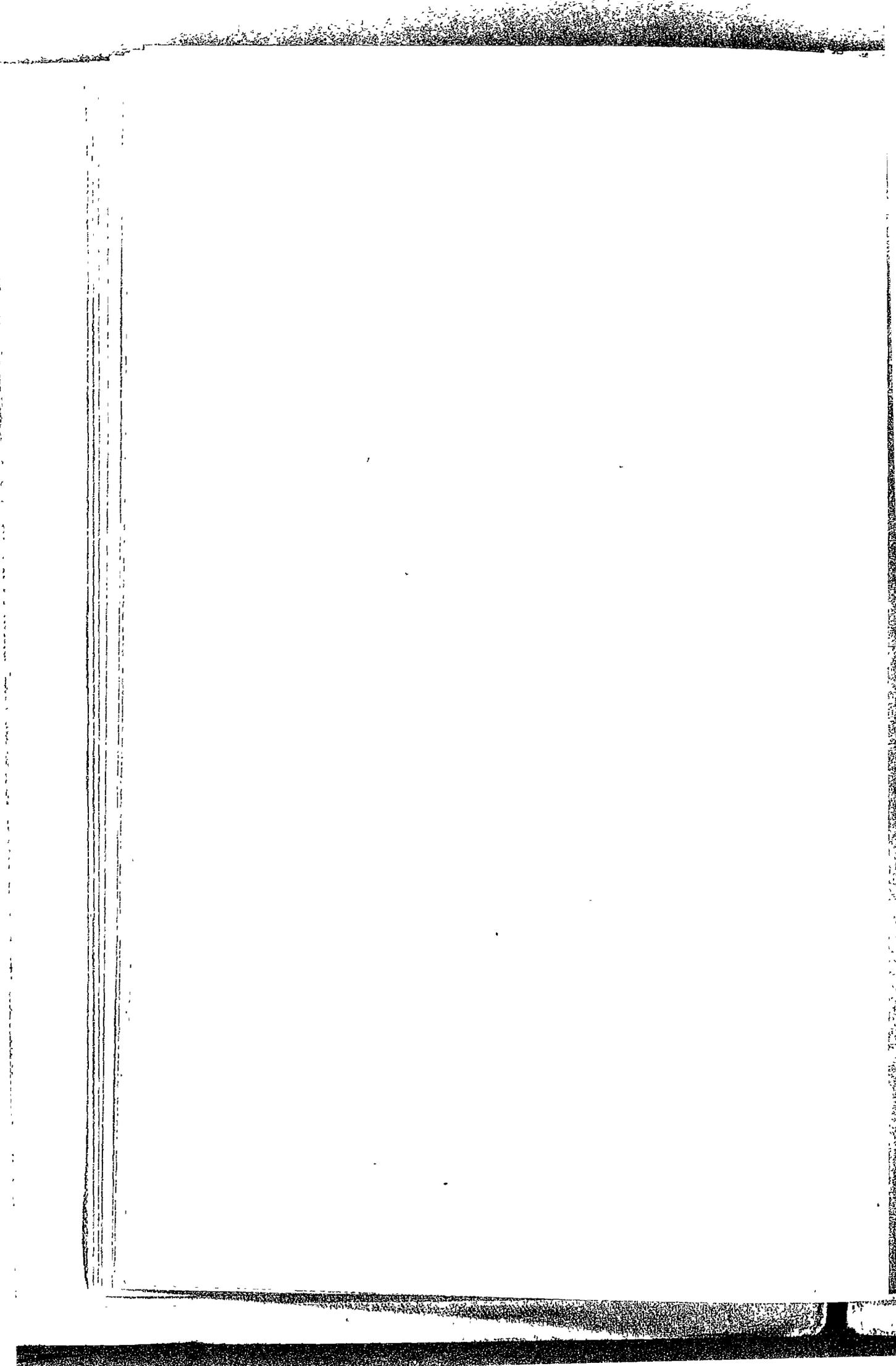
RUTH SPINNING.

"Dark tresses man's imperial race ensnare
And Beauty draws up with a single hair"
—Pope



DAVID JOHNSON

"Doubtless there are men of great parts
That are guilty of downright bashfulness"
—The Tatler





OSCAR BILLINGS.

"Cheerful at morn he wakes from short
repose,
Breasts the keen air and carols as he
goes"
—Goldsmith



MR. MATSUOKA.

"Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough"
—Shakespeare

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

mans doing away from their own universities, popularly reputed the world's most enlightened centers of science and philosophy?

It is probable that a few hundred of the foreign students in our schools are here through chance, but, these eliminated, the number, probably four thousand, who come to the United States to equip themselves for work in their own countries, promises much for the influence of our ideas upon the rest of the world, a better understanding of this country abroad, in Europe and in the Far East.—The World's Work.

A lock of John Milton's hair was sold at auction the other day in London for \$13.75. It is almost as much as he was paid for writing "Paradise Lost."

The use of motion pictures as aids to education is increasing all over the United States and schools are buying moving picture machines to aid in instruction. In Colorado moving pictures are proving their usefulness in the School for the Deaf by teaching mining and farming. Classes in botany see unfolding before their eyes the whole wonderful process of plant growth, from the sprouting of the seed to the harvest. In a hundred ways the moving picture can be made to serve the purposes of real education and probably it is to be one of the great educational forces of the future.

Outing Shirts

In Kahki or Wool

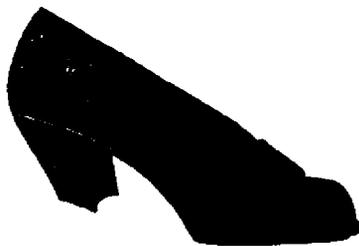
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Shoes and Hosiery must be selected with care—hosiery especially.

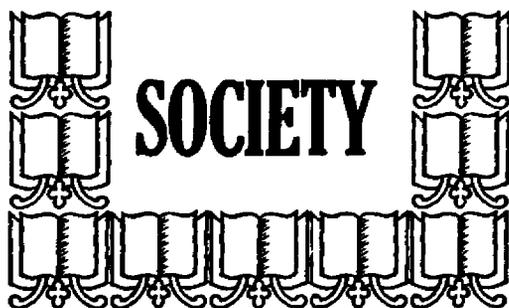
Who likes to show poorly matched or poorly made hosiery above a pair of low shoes?

IN OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT we have the shoes — striking shapes in all good leathers. We are careful that every shape we show is a shape that spells comfort to the foot, as well as satisfaction to the eye—and every pair of shoes we offer you is a good pair of shoes, rightly priced.

HOSIERY—Whether you want cotton or mercerized or lisle or silk, whether you want this shade of tan or that shade of tan, whether you want black that stays black or the always dainty white—we have them. The range of prices satisfies everyone.

RHODES BROTHERS

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Leading Retail Establishment**



One of the prettiest and best attended affairs of the college year was the Kappa Gamma May party, given May 2nd in the gymnasium. The large room was made comfortable and inviting by fir trees, hiding cozy corners. Hanging from the center of the ceiling to the balcony were purple and white streamers caught and held by ivy and dogwood blossoms. A May pole with purple and white streamers and banked with ivy and white blossoms entirely filled the center of the floor.

Twentl girls, the members of the sorority, took part in the evening's program, the May pole dance and the crowning of the queen. Little Robert and Margaret Haley preceded the train of girls strewing flowers and carrying the crown.

Miss Matheson made a beautiful queen on the throne, surrounded by baskets of flowers. Miss Hoska was the maid of honor and crowned the queen with a wreath of smilax and

sweet peas. Following the crowning several members of the sorority gave readings and a solo.

About one hundred and twenty-five guests were present and took part in the minuets and Virginia reels. The girls served ice cream and cake in the latter part of the evening.

Ending a college course of four years is not always as despondent a task as many picture it, at least until those graduating have really gone. There are rumors of many entertainments, dinners, luncheons and parties to be given for the Senior girls. The first of these is to be given Saturday by Mrs. Day, formerly Miss Crandall. Mrs. Day has issued invitations for a one o'clock luncheon to honor Miss Longstreth and Miss Matheson, both Seniors.

The launch ride to Shelton would usually be classed under athletics, but as there was no game played

perhaps it would be called a society event. Seventy people started on the "Foss berge" at eight o'clock Saturday morning for Shelton, and arrived there at six p. m. that same evening. A great many things conspired against us, but most of all the various elements, water, sun and rain, and sand, too, if that can be called an element.

Richard Windsor has moved from Vancouver, B. C., to Seattle to live permanently.

Miss Dorothy Bronson, who is attending the Northwestern University this year, ranks ninth in a class of two hundred and seventy-five students. She will be in Tacoma June 12, and expects to visit here during the summer.

The temperance oratorical contest which was held in our chapel Friday evening was creditably represented for Whitworth by Mr. Victor Johnson. The decision was a disappointment to everyone from Tacoma. Mr. Johnson displayed originality in the matter of composition and was true to his character in his delivery. We are all proud of our representative and feel that, altho publicly he was not chosen as the winner of first place, he is such in our minds anyway.

Donna Elder Jackson presents her pupil, Miss Marta May Acheson, in graduation on the evening of June ninth. Miss Acheson has been studying a number of years and is a charming reader. The recital will be held in the chapel. Misses Fan-

Commencement

Week

and it's various festivities will soon be here.

You will need

New Long Gloves

New Slippers

A New Party Dress

New Silk Hose

New Undermuslins

Or the Material for a Graduation Gown.

You will find best assortments in everything for every purpose at

The

Stone

Fisher Co.

nie Acheson, Ella Hoska, Henrietta Burmeister, Lena Grass, Edna Johnson and Gladys Doud will act as ushers. Miss Acheson will read the following group:

1. Two Gentlemen from Verona..
..... Shakespeare
Assisted by Miss B. Hicks
2. Mon Pierre..Wallace B. Amsbary
3. The Lost Word..Henry Van Dyke
4. The Littlest Rebel
5. A Group of Spoken Songs....
6. Their Last Ride Together....

Miss Pansie Lawrence entertained the Kappa Gamma sorority at her home on North Twenty-eighth and Alder, Friday evening, May 16th.

Miss Metzger has issued invitations for a luncheon May 31st, in honor of Miss Longstreth, who will leave soon after graduation for Europe.

The Ballard contest, to be held the 6th of June, will be taken part in by Mr. Waite, Mr. Murdock, Mr. Billings, Mr. A. Gunn and Mr. Victor Johnson. It is offered only to Whitworth College students, by Mr. Ballard, and the prize is well worth trying for.

Miss Hankins will give her piano recital Friday evening before Commencement.

Mrs. Jackson has charge of the class play this year, and with her training we feel sure that the 1913 class will present an excellent performance. The old comedy "Ralph Royster Doyster" has been chosen

Whitworthians!



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lacking style, fit
and wearing qual-
ities, or one of our
hand tailored gar-
ments, built by the
highest salaried
cutters in the world**

**It is for you to de-
cide.**

Summer Models Now Ready

\$25⁰⁰—\$30⁰⁰—\$35⁰⁰

Strain & Conant

1154 Pacific Ave.

and the Senior class, without any outside performers, will play it. The characters are:

Ralph Royster Doyster.....
 Mr. Billings
 Mathew Merygreeke
 Mr. D. Johnson
 Gawyn Goodluck.....Miss Baldwin
 Tristram Trustie...Miss R. Spinning
 Dabinet Doughtie
 Miss H. Spinning
 Tom Trupenie.....Miss Baldwin
 Sym Suresby.....Miss Spinning
 Scrivener Miss Spinning
 Harpax Miss Matheson
 Dame Christian Custance
 Miss Longstreth
 Margerie Mumblecrust.....
 Miss Baldwin
 Tibet Halkapace...Miss Matheson
 Annot Alyface Miss Spinning

The Graduation this year will take place in the afternoon of Thursday, June 12th. Dr. Boyd, of Portland, has been asked to deliver the Commencement address. The exercises will be held on the campus instead of in the chapel as has been the custom. Graduating in the day time has been and is the rule in most of the colleges and universities. There are eight in the 1913 class—

Miss Hazel Spinning.
 Miss Matheson.
 Miss Longstreth.
 Miss Baldwin.
 Mr. Matsuoka.
 Mr. David Johnson.
 Mr. Billings.
 Miss Ruth Spinning.

Drury, the Tailor

114 12th STREET

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\$25.00, \$30.00 and \$35.00 Suits

Try one and you will never wear
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DRURY, THE TAILOR

114 12th Street



Stadium High 5, Whitworth 1.

The Stadium High School defeated Whitworth with a score of 5 to 1 in a seven-inning practice game. Until the fifth inning the chances were very even, each side having scored one run, but in the sixth inning the High School made four runs on Whitworth's errors.

In the fifth inning Coen reached first through an error by Benson, went to second on a balk and came home when Watkins fumbled Cozza's grounder. In the sixth Coen hit a fast ball through third and left field, letting in four runs.

WHITWORTH.

	AB	R	H	P	O	A	E
Harwood, c.....	4	0	1	3	0	0	0
Thomas, 1b.....	3	0	0	6	0	3	
Howard, 3b.....	3	0	1	1	0	1	
Hoke, cf.	3	0	0	2	0	0	
Watkins, 2b	3	0	0	3	2	2	
Benson, ss.	3	0	0	0	2	1	
Robinson, lf.	3	0	1	1	0	0	
Pickett, rf.	3	1	0	1	0	0	
Totals	25	1	4	18	6	7	

STADIUM.

	AB	R	H	P	O	A	E
Johnston, 1b	3	1	0	4	0	1	
Coen, ss.	3	2	0	0	2	0	
Cozza, rf.	3	0	0	2	1	0	
Hall, 3b.	3	0	0	2	0	0	
Gilbert, 2b.	3	0	0	1	1	2	
Daily, c. ...N....	3	0	0	10	1	0	
Crane, p.	3	0	0	1	0	0	
Espland, lf.	2	1	1	1	0	0	
Dugan, cf.	2	1	0	0	1	0	
Dahl, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0	
Totals	23	5	1	21	6	3	

Summary: Two-base hit—Esp-land. Sacrifice hit—Hall. Hit by pitched ball—Benson, Watkins. Balk—McArthur. Struck out—By Crane, 6; Dahl, 2; McArthur, 3. Bases on balls—Off McArthur, 3; Crane, 1; Dahl, 1.

Parkland 4, Whitworth 0.

One of the hardest and most interesting games of the season was played on our grounds when Parkland beat us 4 to 0. There was something doing every minute, and up until the eighth inning it was a 0 to 0 game. But in the eighth McArthur weakened and the visitors

scored two runs, and two more in the ninth.

McArthur pitched great ball, pulling himself out of several very serious-looking holes. Harwood's spectacular catching was the feature of the game.

Whitworth gave one of the best exhibitions of baseball she has given this year.

WHITWORTH.

	AB	R	H	P	O	A	E
Harwood, c.	4	0	0	16	0	0	
Hoke, cf.	3	0	0	1	0	0	
McArthur, p.	3	0	0	1	12	0	
Howard, 3b.	3	0	0	1	1	1	
Thomas, 1b.	3	0	1	4	0	1	
Pickett, rf.	3	0	0	1	0	0	
Benson, ss.	3	0	0	1	1	1	
Watkins, 2b.	3	0	0	1	1	2	
Robinson, lf.	3	0	0	2	1	0	
Totals	27	0	1	28	16	5	

PARKLAND.

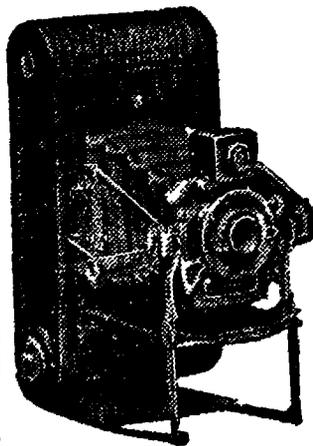
	AB	R	H	P	O	A	E
Johnston, 3b. ...	4	0	2	0	0	0	
T. Brottem, c.	5	0	1	17	1	0	
T. Harstad, p.	4	1	0	5	17	0	
J. Harstad, ss.	4	1	0	1	0	0	
L. Brottem, 1b.	4	0	0	2	0	0	
Benson, 2b.	4	0	0	2	1	0	
Hanson, lf.	3	1	1	0	0	0	
Storasli, cf.	3	1	0	0	0	0	
Sinland, rf.	5	0	0	0	0	0	

Totals36 4 4 27 19 0

Score by innings:

Whitworth ..	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	—4
P. L. A.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Summary: Hits—Off McArthur, 4; off Harstad, 1. Struck out—By McArthur, 10; by Harstad, 16. Hit by pitched ball—Robinson by Harstad; Storasli, by McArthur.



IT'S TIME TO THINK

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Ghormley and Mesler, 6—3, 6—1, and Weisbach and George Parker, 3—6, 6—1, 7—5. The other singles to be played are: Billings vs. C. Parker and Howard vs. Thompson.

Those entered for the doubles are Ghormley and Weisbach vs. Sylvester and Hunter, Howard and Thompson vs. Mesler and Parker.

All Navy 18, Whitworth 9.

Whitworth went down to defeat at the hands of the All Navy team Saturday, May 17, but, with few exceptions, our boys played a very good game of ball. A government tug carried the team, with about sixty rooters, to Bremerton, arriving there about 12:30.

The game was called at 2:45, our first three men fanning. The Navy then came to the bat and made four runs, eight men coming up to bat. In the third and fourth innings the Navy was held to no hits and no runs, with the same record for Whitworth. In the fifth and sixth innings the Navy hit McArthur pretty frequently, scoring eight more runs.

The seventh inning was in Whitworth's favor, Hoke starting it off

with a two-bagger. Howard followed with a one-base hit, putting Hoke on third. Harwood then came to bat with a two-bagger and sent Hoke and Howard home. This was followed by Robinson's single, Harwood being put on third. Robinson then stole second and, with Thomas' single, went to third. Then Watkins came to bat with one man down and two men on bases. Thomas tried to steal second, and on the catcher's peg to second, Robinson scored, while Watkins fanned. In this inning the Navy was held to not hits and no runs once more. In the sixth inning Watkins was replaced by Weisbach, and in the eighth Benson met with an accident and was replaced by Watkins.

In the eighth inning the Navy was held to one run and Whitworth was on the verge of scoring. Weisbach and Pickett both hit out, McArthur followed with a single, getting on first. Hoke's single sent McArthur to second, while Howard's sent him to third and Hoke to second. The team now had two men down and three men on bases. Harwood came up to bat but failed to make connections and fanned. In the ninth inning Whitworth again

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had a chance to score when Pickett came to bat with two men down, Watkins on second and Robinson on third; but fortune was not with us and Pickett fanned.

Score by innings:

All Navy.. 4 5 0 0 5 3 0 1 0—18
Whitworth 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 0 0—3

WHITWORTH.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Hoke, cf.	4	1	2	0	0	0
Howard, 3b.	4	1	2	4	2	0
Harwood, c.	4	0	1	9	2	1
Robinson, lf.	4	1	2	2	1	0
Thomas, 1b.	4	0	0	5	0	1
Benson, ss.	4	0	0	1	0	1
Watkins, 2b. ...	4	0	0	0	2	2
Pickett, rf.	4	0	0	1	0	1
McArthur, p. ...	3	0	2	1	1	1
Weisbach, 2b. ..	1	0	0	0	0	2
Totals	36	3	9	23	8	9

ALL NAVY.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Freels, cf.	5	3	1	0	0	0
Allan, rf.	5	1	1	0	2	1
Reid, lf.	5	2	1	2	0	0
Lenhalf, 1b.	5	3	2	7	0	1
Snyder, c.	5	2	2	9	2	0
Reiber, 2b.	5	3	3	1	0	1
Peterson, 3b. ...	5	1	3	1	1	0
Meeker, ss.	5	2	2	0	0	1
Gifford, p.	5	1	1	1	2	1
Totals	45	18	16	21	7	5

Summary of game: Two-base

hits—Whitworth: Harwood, Hope; Navy: Allen, Reid, Snyder, Peterson, Meeker. Sacrifice hit—Whitworth: Watkins. Balks—Whitworth: McArthur. Struck out—By McArthur, 7; by Gifford, 9. Stolen bases—Whitworth: Robinson. Bases on balls—McArthur, 2; Gifford, 1. Hit by pitched ball—Benson, by Gifford, Meeker and Gifford by McArthur.

Annual Report of Treasurer of Student Association.

Receipts—

From Pacific University.....	\$100 00
From Student Assn. Dues paid..	356 00
From minstrel show.....	30 00
From minstrel show 1910.....	1 00
Refund Thomas (minstrel show)	5 00
Refund Hoke (basketball).....	3 80

\$495 80

Disbursements—

Football	\$264 25
Baseball	135 00
Basketball	28 00
Printing	7 00
Whitworthian	5 00
Tennis	5 00
Football	27 50
Thomas for minstrel show.....	5 00

\$476 75

By bank balance..... 19 05

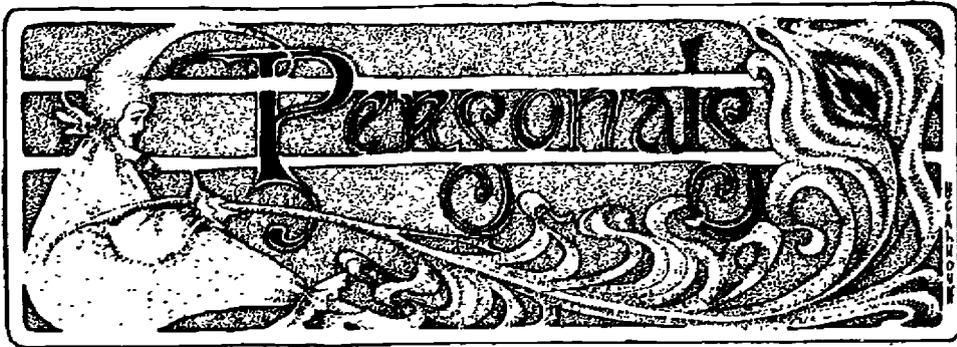
\$495 80

(Signed) FLORA M. MATHESON.
Treasurer.

May 22, 1913

Satisfactory Service, Courteous Treatment, Equipment and a Proven Ability to Use that Equipment, together with Prices that are not mere guesswork, are some of the reasons why it is safe to deal with

THE ACORN PRESS AT NINTH and COMMERCE
"The Shop of Quality"



Wink at me only with thy eyes,
And I'll wink back with mine;
And if you get me on the string,
Why, I'll not break the twine.

Prof Hewitt (ordering hay for his horse): "Hello, Feed Store?"
Storeman: "Yes."

Prof.: "Well, send me up a ton of hay, will you?"

Storeman: "Sure; who is it for?"

Prof.: "Don't get gay; it's for the horse, of course."

One on Mr. Pike.

Scene—Time, 7:30 P. M. Place—Stevens street.

Pickup: "Well, Miss Gunn, where have you been?"

Miss G. (innocently): "I've been out with Grandpa."

Pickup: "Yes, I saw you leave him at the last corner."

We take great pleasure in announcing the formal opening of the Erwin Hall barber shop, which occurred Monday afternoon, May 12. Mr. Murdock is ready for all customers now, and comes to us with a wide experience.

Overheard as we "steamed" into

Shelton Saturday at 6 P. M.: Alice—"What are all those posts in the harbor for?"

Ed: "This must be where they raise telegraph poles."

Was He Blind?

"Beautiful lady," cooed the tramp with the "I am blind" sign about his neck, "will you please give me a dime?"

The girl addressed blushed and tossed a coin into his cap. A few steps further she turned and said to her friend:

"Do you suppose that man was really blind?"

"Certainly," sniffed her companion.

"Why—er, what makes you think so?"

"He said 'beautiful lady,' didn't he?"

Bergen Messler was heard to remark that it wasn't his fault he had to be an unsteady. Too bad, Bergen.

Percy D. (in Bible class): "Cities of refuge were established so that when people were murdered they could flee to them."

In German Class.

Class H (translating): "My best man——"

Prof. J.: "You don't mean to say you are ready for the best man?"

Once upon a time

There was a boy, I'm told,
Who wore a brush pile on his head
To keep away the cold.

This crop of hair did flourish,
Both thick and fast did grow,
And all the barbers turned and fled
At its approach, I know.

But now a great catastrophe
Caused all this hair to go;
And where the rest of it is now
I'm sure I do not know.

Millard Thomas at Mrs. Chapman's bakery, after ordering a ham sandwich:

"Where's the ham in this sandwich?"

Mrs. C.: "You haven't come to it yet."

M. T. (taking another bite): "I can't find any ham in this sandwich."

Mrs. C.: "Why, you passed it a long time ago."

Conversation overheard at the faculty table several weeks ago when one of the teachers was telling her troubles:

Miss Hankins: "Oh, well, you should worry."

Miss Douglas: "Better you stop that."

Miss La Wall and Miss Conoway (in same breath): "I guess not stop that."

'Twas on the top of the launch coming home from Shelton. Every half hour or so a few sprinkles would fall from the heavens, so umbrellas were a great necessity (?). From under one of the umbrellas, all of which looked just alike from the outside, came the voice of Mr. Holcomb: "Hey, Dub, how are you making it?"

"After you get an umbrella and the girl what do you do next?" asked the young man in question.

"Pshaw," answered Mr. Holcomb, "none of the rest of my pupils ever needed instructions beyond that point."

Bargain—"Round trip to Shelton for 35c."

**We have enjoyed
your patronage
this year, and wish
you a pleasant
vacation.**

**We hope to renew
our acquaintance
next year.**



SHELDON'S

Cor. 11th and Commerce

Prof. Holcomb's motto for launch rides: Don't do as I do but do as I do tell you.

Geo. Douglas to Miss Matheson: "People ought to have more regard for the feelings of us Seniors."

Little Ethel (at the matinee): "Mamma, when are the Indians coming?"

Mamma: "Hush, dear; there are no Indians."

Little Ethel: "Then who scalped all the men on the front row?"

Hostess: "Why, professor, you didn't bring your wife?"

Dr. Roe: "There, I knew I'd forgotten something."

I wonder why all the girls decided to go to Shelton in a bunch. Ask Daisy.

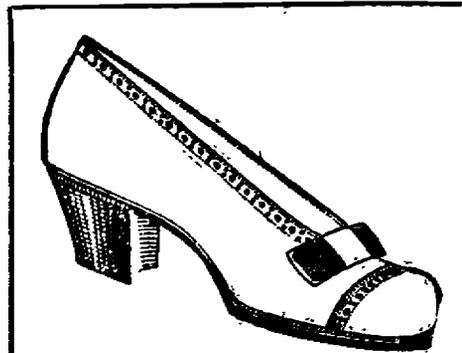
In a Sunday school class the lesson was about Simon Peter. The teacher asked little Johnny what Simon said.

Johnny answered: "Simon says 'Thumbs up.'"

Dr. McKay: "Didn't you play Shelton a game, Mr. Ghormley?"

Coach: "No, how could we play ball when we spent the day at the bar?"

Mr. Editor: I was very much amused by the title of Mr. Waite's new story, "Joined by Fire."



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at this popular store
very much less in price
than they usually pay
for this grade of foot-
wear. Call and let us
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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Preparatory Department Commencement

The Preparatory Department has seven graduating—George Parker, George Douglas, Charles Ware, Virginia Clark, Amy Easton, Harry Talbot, Kathleen Davis. George Parker is the valedictorian of the class. George Douglas will give the prophesy, Amy Easton will sing two songs, Kathleen Davis gives the class history, and Miss Prosser will play a violin solo.

On the evening of Thursday the Senior class will be given a reception at the Residence. The faculty will make up the reception line.

Miss Ruth Lee, who has been ill at her home in Seattle for some days, has returned to Whitworth and will resume her class work.

*Jack and Jill went up the hill,
So the story goes.
When Jack fell down and broke his
crown,
He also spotted his clothes.
Now if this same Jack had lived in
this day,
He'd have them made new in the
PANTORIUM way.*

935 Commerce

Young Fellows

*Who care about their dress
will find the right apparel
at the big store—*

DEGE'S

*See those elegant spring and
summer suits at*

\$15 and \$18

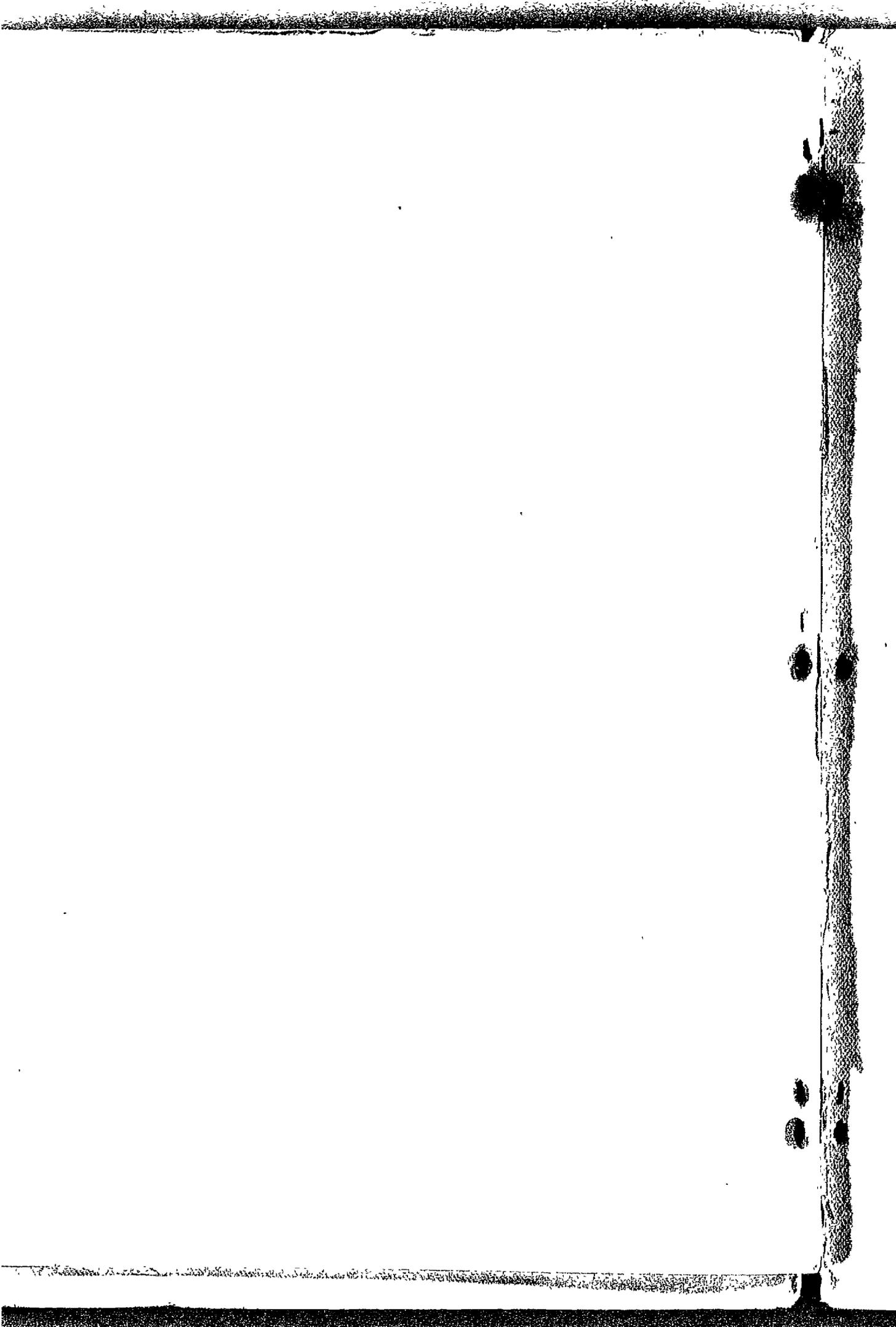
*Better have one before going home.
They are all that is required in
style and quality.*

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\$15 \$20 and \$25

Try on a few of the new models; inspect the work and see how well they fit.

You will be pleased, I'm sure.

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Flour

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**It solves
the bread
question**

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We have put PEARLS OF WHEAT on the market with the pleasing knowledge that we are giving the public just what they want---a wholesome, pure food breakfast dish.



A DAINY BREAKFAST

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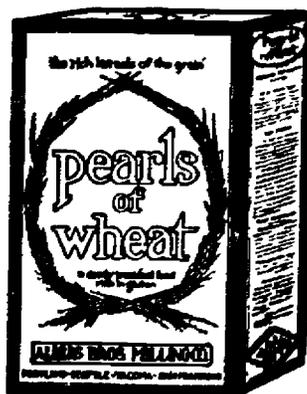
Pure Food Cereal Millers

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