

1921

The Whitworthian 1921

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WORTHIAN

Editor in Chief
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APTON
Society
Bluff Artist
Muscle
Jokes
Associate Editor
Reporter
Reporter
Reporter
Circulation Mgr
Advertising Manager
Asst. Adv. Manager
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QUESTIONNAIRES

Recently someone wonders how we feel about the questionnaire used recently in the public. Now a student rarely needs anything he does not need occasionally gets questionnaires, in his instructors which are sufficient. But if he were to the matter he might suggest some perfectly useful questions about isolated or disconnected facts that the reader of a good newspaper might answer more accurately, than a person pursuing a definite, systematic line of study which did bore down heavily on a few number of things.

This recalls the platform speaker once said, that in his early college days he made it a point to the contents or indexes of books. He said he had not the books but he wanted these things were. His pupil work gives one a wide reading which, but it was somewhat for a certain time it was to be assured of his the giant of time, stepping on, from the mid-Victorian to be considered. Itly either, one might question.

LEE CLUB
assets
Here

MY GUIDE
To respect my country and myself. To be honest and fair with my fellow men as I expect them to be honest and fair with me. To be a loyal citizen of the United States. To speak of it with praise, and act always as trustworthy custodian of its good name. To be a man whose name carries respect wherever it goes. To base my expectations of reward on a solid foundation of service rendered. To be willing to pay the price of success in honest effort. To look upon my work as an opportunity to be seized with joy and made the most of, and not as painful drudgery to be endured.

To remember that success lies within myself—my own brain, my own ambition, my own courage and determination. To expect difficulties and force my way through them. To turn hard experience into capital for future use.

To believe in my proposition, heart and soul. To carry over an air of optimism in the presence of those I meet. To dispel ill temper with cheerfulness, kill doubts with a strong conviction, and reduce active friction with an agreeable personality.

To make a study of my business, and to know my profession in every detail. To mix brains with my efforts and use system and method in my work. To find time to do every useful thing by not letting time find me doing nothing. To hoard days as a miser hoards dollars, and to make every hour bring me dividends, in increased knowledge or healthful recreation.

To keep my future unincumbered by debts. To save as well as earn. To cut out expensive amusements until I can afford them. To steam clean of dissipation and guard my health and peace of mind as a precious stock in trade. To cultivate cleanliness in all things.

Finally, to take a good grip on the joys of life. To play the game as a man. To fight against nothing as hard as my own weakness and endeavor to grow in strength, a gentleman, a Christian.

So I may be courteous to men, faithful to friends, true to God, a fragrance in the path I tread.

THOMAS VAN ALLSTYNE

SEND IT IN
If you have a bit of news—
Send it in,
Or a joke that will amuse—
Send it in,
A story that is true—
An incident that's new—
We want to hear from you—
Send it in,
If it's only worth the while—
Never mind the style—
SEND IT IN!

MENTAL INDIGESTION
By June Riesenbergs
Go! the blues? Are you out of sorts? Fires out under enthusiasm? Ambition sluggish? Pep at low ebb? Have you that "What's the use" split? Just kind-of-tired-of-things? Feel like you ought to have a place as director on the STUDENT COUNCIL? The world is dead wrong, isn't it? You are having the worst time on earth, aren't you? You've got the dumps good and plenty, and slipping deeper into the SLOUGH of DESPONDENCY each day.

There is something wrong somewhere! Lets diagnose your case! Why, man, your thoughts are twisted! You've got mental indigestion. You've permitted your mental state to sap your nerve power and dissipate your concentrate powers, no wonder you've got that down-and-out-glimpse of life.

Face about! Free yourself of those blue thoughts! Self-depreciation is making a coward of you! Reverse your thought lever.

Look into the heavens and thank your Creator that you have so much to enjoy—then enjoy it.

Most of our troubles are mental! Some are the results of crooked thinking, or discontentment or strained imagination.

This is a wonderful world full of opportunity, full of enjoyment, for those that look heavenward. So let's spread good cheer, and hopeful thoughts in the remembrance that the good old world pays dividends on what we invest in it.

You can cash in on a lot of real happiness and success, if you'll measure up to your better self. Mental sunshine is what you need. Flood your mind with hopeful and good thoughts and ideas.

You've a wonderful brain, and the world is waiting for your next action. Capitalize your mental resources, invest them! Aim high and you will win.

You are a millionaire in mental possessions. Why live in a dugout?

FIVE MINUTES MORE—ONLY FIVE
Two popular boys and their shining lights, when the supper bell rang asked for five minutes more. This request was made when an interesting speech was taking place on the davenport in the boys' dormitory. We know from the amount of commotion that the speech must have been interesting. We are, indeed, interested in the future outcome of the situation as we are beginning to realize that something of a deep nature is going to take place. For future occurrences notice the next issue.

Mrs. Child: "Don't be afraid of the meat, Mr. Sherman."
Mr. Sherman: "I'm not afraid of it. I've seen twice as much meat and it didn't frighten me a bit."

Mr. Gilbert: "I see they are making collars of sandpaper now."
A Mitohem: "What for?"
Mr. G.: "Roughnecks."

Matt S. (at the phone): "Hello, hello, who is this?"
"Patty at the other end of line."
"How the Dickens do I know? I can't see you."

"HEAR YE! HEAR YE!"
A big surprise is in store for the students of Whitworth, Tuesday, December 20. A big Christmas party is planned and the faculty are hosts and hostesses. Students of Whitworth, attend this party. It is not only desired that you be there, but it is demanded. Attend this party and you will never regret it, but stay away and you will be kicking yourself the rest of your life! Don't forget! December 20. Be there.

IN THE ENGLISH ROOM
Miss Robinson: "Why, Vic, what are you doing with that microscope?"
Victor Vaughan: "Trying to find the humor in Carlyle's Sartor Resartus!"

The one who thinks our jokes poor, Would straightway change his views. Could he compare the jokes we print With those we do not use.

Says the Professors—You can lead a Fresh to midterms but you can not make him think.
Bernice Dodd: "How is your car working?"
Les: "Couldn't be worse if I had just got it out of the repair shop!"

Father: "Are you first in everything at college, Earl?"
Earl Potter: "Yes, father, I am always first out of the building when the bell rings."

Treffly: "Some one was out with Olive last night."
Goofy: "No wonder she yawns when I am around."

Mr. Wible (in Physics class): "Tell me all you know about steam."
Jack Cameron: "I don't know much about steam but I can give you a lot of hot air."

Jack Cameron: "Are your eggs fresh?"
Bortie Gilmore: "Why, Jack, if they were any fresher they'd be impertinent."

What could be funnier than Tada laughing? Have you heard him?

HOW ABOUT THIS, ROSE
A son of old Whitworth, with three other sons of the same institution were seen by the writer, stealthily going along a street of questionable reputation. Curious to know why those students should be in such a hurry, I took after them. Down one street up a side street, cross streets, down an avenue, off thru another side street, down an alley, thru a pool hall, along a dark street, down a flight of stairs into a dark and dingy looking room I followed.

On one side of the room was a small counter, one that most likely had been used for a bar in pre-prohibition days. Back of this bar stood an odd sort of a man, one of those pugnacious-looking kind. This son of old Whitworth sauntered up to the counter, motioned to the hard looking one, plunked three small coins on the counter, and in a real low voice whispered, "Three cigars, please."

Jack says I'm one girl in a hundred. Yes, dear, one in the hundred he's made love to.

A STUDENT'S CREED
I would be true,
For there are those who trust me;
I would be pure,
For there are those who care;
I would be strong,
For there is much to suffer;
I would be brave,
For there is much to dare;
I would be friend of all—
The foe—the friendless;
I would be giving,
And forget the gift;
I would be humble,
For I know my weakness;
I would look up—
And laugh—and love, and life.

St. Peter—You say you were a writer on the Whitworthian?
Treffly—Yes, St. Peter.
St. Peter—Step into the elevator, please.
Treffly—How soon does it go up?
St. Peter—It doesn't go up, it goes down.

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THE NEWS THEY'D LET US PRINT
Department to Be Edited by Cecelia Jinx
The recent talk in the chapel by Mr. W. J. Sanders, the English Department at central high school, in which the student body (the benefit many years experience in the field, the Whitworthian vened to counsel together for ovement of their wood-pulp gentlemen," said Mr. Editor Jeffrey, "you remember Mr. Jinx that the University of Idaho Daily was an excellent paper. If the Exchange Editor give me a copy of it, I will point to you so that you Exchange Editor couldn't say, search as he would censured about the paper proposed to be second best, ion could be reached, as often the one mentioned. ball rang and just as as leaving the room in a Brickbat Manager, who looking through his Exchange Editor, "Here it, you take it," said Chief his right hand assistant, Laymaker, without looking to make up the next issue "dance." But alas when the came up for the inspector's final and penciling, it was not what he had thought it. He angrily asked for the paper it was modeled after, and to his horror, found the Portfolio Carrier had slipped them the "Los Angeles Chrome Yellow Special"—the o'clock edition printed in red!

The flashlight that followed was illuminating as a picture of editorial force. All the copy ruined, and the paper due at the press! Several members have not been seen around the school since, nor has anybody reported seeing them. Consequently, a new staff had to be gathered.

One of the new members, Miss Cecelia Jinx, has been put in charge of a department which we believe will attract much attention to herself. She is to pick over the material which was gathered for the proposed edition of the Whitworthian, and run what she can of it, under the heading, "All the News They'd Let Us Print." Don't be surprised if you should see her running over the campus in the similitude of ex-Professor Walter B. Flowers! She will have a hard task finding something printable from the debris which she has at her disposal, and she may take to hunting butterflies and bugs as a means of recreation.

The Campus Co-respondent

ers for water, for light, all meters, or at night
ched from the burning he nick of time allace "Well, for once this is warm enough."

T CHRISTMAS BRINGS

Those Who Let Love Rule Their Lives.

was without mirth and love. December twenty-fifth. The each of us a heart, and in is implanted joy and love joy and love rule our lives Christmas tide, and see how er we will be." Thus, con- teacher of Psychology in before the Christmas va- tle did he dream of the vords would have upon a nber of his class.

all of the students went the Christmas holidays. oskins, who lived in an ob- untry home with her parents, an asked by a member of her and a very close friend, to go with her and spend the holi- This friend, Marion Stearns, a very attractive girl, very well and president of her class coming to Rose Seminary Eloise been home only once, and that for just a week. The other Mar- a who lived in a very beautiful home and whose folks were very en- joyable company. Eloise had not ac- cepted the invitation when first put to her because that day she received a letter from home, asking her if she would come home and spend Christ- mas with them. She was also asked to bring a friend. At the same time, she remembered the words of her Psychology teacher, "let us let joy and love rule our lives this Christmas tide." She went to her classes that day in a very thoughtful mood. That night she wrote a letter home. It was a very cheerful letter, for she had asked Marion to accompany her home, and Marion had consented gladly.

Days glided by very quickly, and then came the eventful day when the girls boarded the train for Elo- home. How happy they were! greeted joyfully and their merry could be heard to the ends. It was snowing huge now, and the ground was whiteness. As the miles ed increased Eloise and more of home. She mother, brother, and last miles went so they came to the old father was um with his fast had the cutter, led fine. They h another and Mr. Hoskins they came up house, a surprise the porch stood uthers' brother, and best handsome and her broth-

ner, and the boys, Jack and Weldon, volunteered to chop plenty of wood for them. Thus the family life would have suffered very badly indeed, were in store for a wonderful day which they will long remember. It was also a change for Eloise and Marlon, for instead of doing things just to please themselves, they tried to please some- one else, and likewise brought out the joy and love which was in their souls, for to be happy we must serve others. Christmas was a wonderful day for them. It meant just what it should mean to each of us, a day of thank- giving and happiness, in the fact that Christ came into the world not to condemn the world, but that the world might be saved through Him.

The vacation days passed very quickly, in which time Eloise and Marlon had quite a number of good times. The boys and the rest of the family were made very happy by the presence of the girls in the home. At the time of departure for the Sem- inary everybody was sorry that vaca- tion had an end; but Eloise has re- solved to spend her vacations with her family hereafter, for she found out, "there's no place like home, when joy and love prevail."

But suddenly upon my ear there fell a hideous sound, Just as if ten thousand million bil- lion Frods were around, And I looked to see from whence all the terrific racket came, But the sight I saw upon the sill did fill my soul with shame.

For there, just underneath my nose, I saw a giant frog, 'Twas his croaking that had startled me and set my nerves agog For his back was cold and slimy, with a blister here and there, While with his dreadful, bulging eyes he gave a baleful stare

At first my tongue was frozen stiff, I couldn't say a word, But then I thought, to be afraid of frogs was quite absurd. So I asked him why he'd come to spoil my pleasant reveries, Why he didn't stay at home among the lily ponds and reeds

My name," he croaked, "is Rana Amphibia, don't you see, 'Twas my father that you cruelly cut up, and slashed most terribly, with your scissors, and I was his skin, and with picks his nostrils pried.

While fierce Miss Coffey stood calmly watching by your side father was a king of frogs, the bravest of his clan, and I, his son, have but one aim, to help him all I can.

venge is sweet to those whose friends have been so basely slain, now you will never have the chance to be so cruel again

that he took from his sack a monstrous pair of shears, sharpened them until they were so sharp they looked like spears when he waved them o'er his head with many an awful curse, he there I sat, transfixed with fear, and growling worse and worse.

it as he was springing towards me with a fearful lunge, I duck my head upon the sill and took an awful plunge like me up and there I sat upon the bedroom floor, that old frog had hopped away, and I saw him no more.

"I vow I'll never touch another frog again, never will dissect them or cause them any pain, after how Miss Coffey may rave and rant and roar, She may flunk me if she cares to, but I'll cut up frogs no more

Y. M. C. A. Notes
What's Coming January 10th, 1921
Ask the Y. W. C. A. Girls
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"KINGS TREASURES," WHICH WE SHOULD HOLD DEAR

- (Selected and Arranged by P. Powell)
1. Book Lists.
 - a. Reading and Home Study, edited by Hamilton Wright Mable (Contains book lists on 18 topics)
 - b. Reference Guides, Hopkins
 - c. Guide to the Study and Use of Reference Books, Kroeger & Mudge.
 - d. A. L. A. Book Index, monthly, descriptive.
 - e. U. S. Catalogue (All books copy- righted in U. S. A.)
 - f. English Book List (All books copyrighted in England)
 - g. Publishers' Weekly Education Catalogue, (and other lists)
 - h. 2400 Best Business Books, Dana
 - i. Banker's Guide to the Best Fic- tion.
 - j. Baker's Guide to the Best His- torical Fiction.
 - k. Best Books, H. M. Wilson (8 volumes, four only published yet.)
 - l. Guide to Readings in Social Ethics and Allied Subjects, Harvard U. Press.
 - m. Bulletin of Bibliography (Monthly magazine).
 - n. Special Libraries. (Monthly maga- zine).

2. Indices:
 - a. Peoples Index, (to magazines)
 - b. Readers' Guide to Periodical Litera- ture, monthly and cumulated)
 - c. Supplement to Readers' Guide
 - d. Public Affairs Information Service.
 - e. International Index, (monthly and cumulated)
 - f. Industrial Arts Index.
 - g. Agricultural Index.
 - h. Legal Index.
 - i. Classical Index.
 - j. Classical Index, (to the Encyclo- pedia Americana.)
 - k. Classical Index, Encyclopedia Bri- tanica.
 - l. Courses of Reading and Study, (to the New International Ency- clopædia)
 - m. Index to Poetry, McClurg
 - n. Index to the Short Story, Perkins.
 - o. The New York Times Index, (A Newspaper Index)

3. Digests
 - a. Book Review Digest, (monthly and cumulative)
 - b. Authors' Digest, (21 volumes)
 - c. World's Greatest Books, (20 volumes)
 - d. The Prospector, (a Business Di- gest)
 - e. Business Digest.
 - f. The Literary Review, (New York Evening Post.)
 - g. The New York Times Book Re- view.

4. Newspaper and Magazine Lists.
 - a. Guide to Periodicals, Serences.
 - b. The Literary Year Book for 1921.
 - c. Standard Rate and Service (An Advertiser's Directory.)
 - d. Chas. H. Tuller's Directory.
 - e. General Encyclopedias
 - f. New International (21 vols)
 - g. Americana (New Edition, 1919, vols.)
 - h. Britannica (11th Edition, 1911, 28 vols)
 - i. Nelson's Loose Leaf Encyclopedia. (12 vols)
 - j. Special Encyclopedias.
 - k. Cyclopedia of Public Speaking, Funk & Wagnals
 - l. Moulton's Library of Literature Criticism
 - m. Dictionary of Painting and En- gravers, Bryan
 - n. Dictionary of Music and Musicians, Grover.
 - o. Dictionary of Architecture and Buildings, Sturgis.
 - p. Dictionary of Applied Chemistry, Thorpe.
 - q. Encyclopedias of Religion and Ethics.
 - r. Dictionary of the Bible, Scribners
 - s. Cyclopedia of Horticulture, Bailey.
 - t. Cyclopedia of Agriculture, Bailey.
 - u. History for Ready Reference, Larned
 - v. Cyclopedia of American Govern- ment, Hart
 - w. Cyclopedia of Education, Monroe.
 - x. Social Reform, Bliss
 - y. Dictionary of Political Economy.
 - z. Cyclopedia of American History

7. Year Books.
 - a. New International Year Book
 - b. American Year Book
 - c. Statesman's Year Book
 - d. World Almanac
 - e. Who's Who
 - f. Chinese Year Book
 - g. French Year Book
 - h. Whitaker's Almanac (English Year Book)

8. Best Dictionaries and Phrase Books.
 - a. Webster's New International Dic- tionary, Unabridged.
 - b. Century Dictionary.
 - c. March's Thesaurus.
 - d. Roguet's Thesaurus.
 - e. 10,000 Practical Phrases, Kleiser.
 - f. Synonyms, Antonyms and Prepo- sitions, Fernald
9. Books of Quotation
 - a. Bartlett.
 - b. Dalbiac.
 - c. Douglas, 40,000 Prose Quotations, (arranged by subject)
 - d. Edwards, Thoughts
 - e. David McKay, Encyclopedic of Quotations
 - f. Alebone, Prose Quotations, (Eng- land.)
 - g. Hoyt & Ward, Funk & Wagnals, (arranged by subject)
 - h. Willstache, Dictionary of Similes
10. Concordances.
 - a. Shakespeare, Bartlett
 - b. Pennyson, Baker.
 - c. Wadsworth, Cooper
 - d. Etc.

11. Collections.
 - a. World's Greatest Orations, Brewer.
 - b. World's Best Essays, Brewer.
 - c. World's Best Orations, Putnam
 - d. Harvard Classics, (Elliott's Five Foot Shelf Library), 49 vols.
 - e. Junior Harvard Classics, Colliers, 10 vols.
 - f. The After-School Library, Ed. by Hamilton Wright Mable.
 - g. Warner's Library of Worlds Great- est Literature.
 - h. International Library of Famous Literature.
 - i. Library of Universal Literature
 - j. Short Story Classics, Colliers
 - k. Lock and Key Library.
 - l. French Classics Series, Colliers.
 - m. The World's Greatest Classics.
 - n. Classic Tales by Famous Authors (Doddan Society, 20 vols)
 - o. Masterpieces of Wit and Humor, Doubleday (6 Vols)
12. Collection of Special Kinds of Literature
 - a. Writings of Today (Newspaper Se- lections), Cunniffe-Lomer.
 - b. Best Short Stories of the Year 1920, O'Brien.
 - c. Best Poems of the Year 1920; Braithwaite.
 - d. Contemporary Drama (1914), Dick- inson.
 - e. Contemporary Drama (1921), Dick- inson.
 - f. Modern European Drama, Brander Mathews.
13. Collections of Inspirational Biog- raphies
 - a. Men Who Are Making America, B. C. Forbes.
 - b. Leaders of Men, King Richardson Co.
14. Inspirational Literature
 - a. Works of Orison Sweet Marden
 - b. 4 Minute Essays, Frank Crane
 - c. Poems, Edgar A. Guest.
 - d. Keys to Success, B. C. Forbes.
15. Collections of, Debate
 - a. H. W. Wilson, Debater's Hand- books.
 - b. Hinds and Noble, Debater's Hand- books.
 - c. Business Cyclopedias
 - d. Cyclopedia of Advertising, Borsodl
 - e. Selling and Advertising, D. Apple- ton, 12 vols
 - f. Cyclopedia of Business, Collier, 5 vols
 - g. Cyclopedia of Business, Appleton, 10 vols.
 - h. Cyclopedia of Advertising, John- son, 6 vols.
17. Best Business Books
 - a. Alexander Hamilton Course, 20 vols
 - b. La Salle Correspondence School Texts
 - c. Harvard Business Series
 - d. National Institute of Business Ser- ies
 - e. A. W. Shaw Co Business Books
 - f. Ronald Press Business Books

18. Best New Aids Toward Knowing Books and Periodicals
 - a. Digests
 - b. Indexes.
 - c. Publishers' Descriptive Catalogues of Libraries.
 - d. Descriptive Catalogues of Libraries
 - e. Six Best Sellers, Oct., 1921, Fic- tion (Report from 200 Libraries)
 - f. Main Street, Sinclair Lewis; Har- court, Brace & Co.
 - g. The Brimming Cup, Dorothy Can- field; Harcourt, Brace & Co.
 - h. Her Father's Daughter, Gene Strat- ton Porter; Doubleday.
 - i. Helen of the Old House, Harold Bell Wright; Appleton.
 - j. The Flaming Forest, James Oliver Curwood; Cosmopolitan
 - k. Alice Adams, Booth Tarkington; Doubleday.
 - l. Six Best Sellers, Oct., 1921, Non- Fiction. (Report from 200 Libraries)
 - m. The Outline of History, H. G. Wells; Macmillan
 - n. Queen Victoria, Eytton Strachey; Harcourt, Brace & Co.
 - o. The Morrors of Washington, An- onymous; Putnam
 - p. The Americanization of Edward Bok, Edward Bok; Scribners.
 - q. The Mirrors of Downing Street, Anonymous, Putnam
 - r. Mystic Isles of the Southern Seas, F. O'Brien; Century.

Gills: "Sir, when you eat here you needn't dust off the plate."
George Mc: "Beg pardon, force of habit merely, I'm a baseball catcher"
Les Campbell: "The engine seems to be missing"
Max: "Never mind it doesn't show."



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February 7, 1922

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Glenwood 417
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Published monthly during the school year by the students of Whitworth College

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FRANK HENRY, Ast. Adv. Manager
 Miss Robinson, Faculty Director

A GROWING WHITWORTH

People of Spokane realize that Whitworth is growing but they do not know to what extent. This year we have doubled our attendance over last year. The prospects for next semester are very good. What has brought such a rapid growth to this institution is not hard to comprehend. We have a staff of professors who cannot be excelled from the standpoint of training and experience. The courses given here are broad enough so that one can specialize in any branch he may wish. Expenses are very small and this is what interests many students. The moral qualities are rated very high. Our campus is one of the most beautiful plots of ground in the Inland Empire. The athletics has been a great advertisement for the school. There should be no question as to why we have grown so rapidly when the numerous excellent characteristics of the school are presented. If the school continues to grow as it has in the past few months, there is no reason why it should not soon be one of the leading institutions of the northwest.

DO WE THINK?

Thinking is a task as you know, and requires the same amount of energy as shovelling a ton of coal into a basement. To be able to compare a subject with other subjects, to relate things to things, to see the connection and hence this makes the mind sharp. In the end the "thing" that reaped the harvest. If we believe we are not shallow in our opinions on various topics, let us read a few of Carlyle's and Ruskin's productions. Reading carefully and conscientiously, such works will no doubt lead you to say that you do not put forth enough mental energy in justly solving your own problems. It has often been said by authorities that if a rich man's fortune were taken from him, it would only be but a short period of time before he would regain it. The excellent head work is what places the great men of our country above the great mass of people. Most of us believe our superiors to be super-human because of the great abundance of wisdom they possess. Have we not the same chance as our neighbor? The fact of the matter is that he has more push and self pride than we have. It might be wise for us to think this over before the new year passes out.

A LITERARY SOCIETY IS WHAT WE NEED

Mention a literary society to some students, and immediately it brings visions of more work, mention the same thing to other students and instantly a pleased look comes over their countenance. They see chances for improvement in their literary vocabulary. Just think, a chance to improve your literary knowledge, to learn debate, and to be able to talk with anyone intelligently. And under the direction of a John Hopkins University graduate, one who is one of the seven women in the world to earn a Doctor of Philosophy (Ph. D.) degree, from that university. Professor Edna Robinson, Ph. D., is an authority on English literature, and would be pleased to organize a literary society. Whitworth must have a literary society. Why not show a little more interest in college activities? Some students say that they haven't the time. What could be more absurd? If you are interested you can always find time. A few weeks ago Mr. Marquis gave an interesting chapel talk, during which

he emphasized the fact that it was not more clothes we wanted but a better quality of clothing; that same argument can be applied to this article. Whitworth College students want to be of the best quality—the solution is an active literary society. In closing, I am reminded of a quotation I heard a few weeks ago: "The big men date and the big men do, they dream great dreams that they make come true. And the cheap men yelp at their carriage wheels, as the small dogs bark at the big dogs' heels." Boost for a literary society, students of Whitworth.

HOW TO STUDY—REASONS AND REWARDS

Before considering how to study, let us start with the reason why, and point out some of the rewards of study. To fulfill these two requirements, I have selected the following poem, and quotation by Dr. Frank Crane. To keep my health To do my work To live To see to it I grow and gain and give Never to look behind me for an hour To wade in weakness and to walk in power: But always fronting onward to the light Always and always facing toward the light. Robbed, Starved, Defeated, Fallen, Wide astray— On, with what strength I have Back to the way. "No matter what a man's work he can do it better if he is well informed." And the point here is that education while it has a larger bearing than a mere preparation for one's trade or profession, it is the very best of equipment for any sort of efficiency. What ever your peculiar calling, your expertness is more telling if it rest upon a basis of general culture. As a stenographer you will do better work and your chances of advancement are much greater if you are familiar with the names of the great authors, and the names of these or of a few of the great books. As a lawyer, a doctor, or a preacher your reputation is very likely rest upon your general business, your wide acquaintance with the inside of great books and the general impression that you are a narrow-minded specialist, as it will upon your technical finish. Culture means intellectual background. It means accumulated force behind your stroke. It increases your personality. It strengthens your influence. It keeps you from settling down to become a mere cog in a wheel, a little specialized piece of machinery to do a certain task and makes you a human being, a live, vibrant, radiating. It makes you somebody, not just anybody. Many a man has risen in the business world only to be humiliated because he has neglected to acquire that education which alone would qualify to mingle on terms of equality with well-informed people. No living person was ever sorry that he had received an education. There never was an age in the history of the world when it was so true as it is now that "Knowledge is Power." And knowledge is opened to everybody. The only things which prevent persons from acquiring useful knowledge are laziness, self-indulgence, weakness and procrastination. There is not any single thing so essential to success, in what ever calling as education. Value of education. How true it is that to achieve you must study to the limit of your resources; you must think to the limit of your intelligence, you must strive to the limit of your endurance—then you have done your best, and that marks the measure of your success. It was constant study that made Greeley and Dana the great journalists that they were. Neither wasted a minute. If at the close of the day's work Dana's final proof sheet was promised to him in seven minutes, he drew from the little revolving book rack on his desk a copy of the Greek testament, and utilized his seven minutes by reading it. With him study was a key to every prob-

lem. Never was a question of fact raised that he joined in the search for the truth of it in the most enthusiastic manner. His zeal and his interest were a source of tremendous inspiration to his entire staff.

SOME DO'S AND DON'T'S FOR STUDENTS

"Make notes in your text."
 "Make an outline of each lesson."
 "Make use of the index of each text."
 "Read. (1) to yourself. (2) aloud to someone else. (3) be read to. (4) learn to read rapidly. (5) first read superficially and then re-read carefully."
 "Talk: (1) to someone else. (2) be talked to. (3) Write something in connection with each lesson."
 "The principal things that every student should do (1) find a specific purpose (2) Supplement the thought of the author. (3) Organize the new facts. (4) Judge of the worth of statements of the author. (5) Memorize the worthwhile facts. (6) Use the new ideas in some way in real life. (7) Do not accept all or even any apparent facts as final. (8) Conscientiously develop your individuality by your new learning.

DON'T'S.
 Don't fail to have a clear aim for the study of each subject.
 Don't fail to seek a practical use for every large fact.
 Don't fail to make many associations.
 Don't fail to try to find general truth.
 Don't have a sour disposition toward a study.
 Don't spend more time in reading facts than in reflecting on them.
 Don't accept all statements as final.
 Do not memorize except when reasoning will not do.
 Do not repeat over and over in order to memorize nor memorize in large blocks.
 Don't try to remember more than that which seems most important.
 Don't let the teacher carry the ball all the time.
 Don't study when you are sleepy.

I. Students learn (1) By seeing (books, laboratories). (2) By hearing (lectures). (3) By doing (this is the modern system).
II. Students learn:
 1. Consciously:
 With interest.
 With effort.
 2. Subconsciously:
III. Physiological requisites for study (1) Good health (2) Abundant outdoor exercise. (3) Abundant air, (night and day). (4) Abundant proper food (5) Plenty of sleep, (ten hours, if possible).
IV. Requisites states of mind (1) Freedom from worry (2) Attention not exhausted. (3) Memory the greatest aid to study depends upon. (1) Inherent ability. (2) Good digestion (3) At-

Whitworth College Bus Line

Car leave	Bus leave
Town	College
8:07 A. M.	8:25 A. M.
8:47 A. M.	9:05 A. M.
12:27 P. M.	12:15 P. M.
2:07 P. M.	2:25 P. M.
4:07 P. M.	4:25 P. M.
5:27 P. M.	5:45 P. M.

SATURDAY

8:47 A. M.	9:05 A. M.
12:27 P. M.	12:45 P. M.
5:27 P. M.	5:15 P. M.

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Phone Riv. 279

(Concentration) (4) Interest (5) Freedom from fatigue (6) Numerous associations with ideas (7) Retentiveness of stimuli (8) Strikingness of stimuli (9) Repetition of stimuli
 Quality not quantity is what counts in study.

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SPICE

She: "What would you call a man who hid behind a woman's skirts?" He: "A magician"

She: "Help! Police! Stop him! He tried to flirt with me!" Cop: "Calm yourself, lady, there's plenty more of them."

Launch a boys in F. McMahon's room:
 Rose: (Coming to the door) "Can any of you gentlemen tell me what time it is?"
 No one answered
 Rose: "Well, Ennis, can you?"
 Mildred (Singing) "Oh, My Wild Irish Rose."
 Rose: "Huh? What's that?"

Mrs Wallace: "Good night, dear"
 Dorothy P: "What did you say?"
 Dorothy P (Who can scarcely believe her ears): "Give me some carbolic acid quick, so I can die happy!"

Bernice Dodd: "What do you like best about girls?"
 Henry Rose: "My arms"

Mrs Wible (In Physics class):
 "What does 10 Bergs equal, Jack?"
 Jack: "What?"
 Mr Wible: "That's right, Jack That's the first time this week you have answered correctly"

Miss Robinson in Greek giving out words "Now write O V O S"
 Galle: "That's a good one"
 Dot Farr and M Cassil look at one another not knowing meaning.
 Miss Robinson: "Carroll things I am calling him one"

He "How that talk. Wonder what she does whether tongue gets tired"
 She "She probably has her teeth chatter."

Mildred Hess cough easier this morning.
 Jette Gillette: "What a good one"
 Miss Robinson: "Carroll things I am calling him one"

"That may be," said "but you'll get your hearing morning"

Trafton: "Rose, do you believe in elastic currency?"
 Rose: "No, it's elastic enough Why not make it more adhesive?"

"What are you studying now," asked Mrs. Winans.
 "We have taken up the subject of molecules," answered her son Sterling
 "I hope you will be very athletic and practice constantly. I'll get your father to wear one on his eye, he couldn't keep it in his eye"

Whipple: "Will that new kind of collar you advertise make me look like that fellow in the ad?"
 Clerk: "Well, it might."
 Whipple: "Then let me look at your other styles, please."

By Way of a Beginning
 "I am poor," he said "It would be years before I could give my wife a yacht."
 "Well," answered the girl, "couldn't you commence with a small smack?"

Enthusiastic student: "Professor, I found a wonderful fossil yesterday and it made me think of you at once"

Rare and Well Done
 Reporter: "It was a rare sight"
 Editor Trefry: "Well, when you write the story, I want it well done"

A Classic Instance
 When Handel had insomnia, in place of counting sheep, He wrote a lullaby, and so Composed himself to sleep.

Why Doesn't Tiny Auld drink more
 "Mind of rusting her iron constitution"

A school paper is a great invention; The school gets all the fame, The printer gets all the money, And the staff gets all the blame.

Speed Cop: "Hey Whadya mean, goin' that fast?"
 Victor Vaughn (driving bus): "I gotta get home before the gas runs out."

Hypothetical
 What a strange world this would be if:
 Mr. P Powell did not say, "Very fine," with every book he mentions.
 Dr. Robinson didn't have a come-back for your joke and didn't like the girls
 Miss Robinson didn't tell her English I class what a bright student she was.
 Rose would find his Lost Lenore
 Edna would become crabby
 Helen Woodward would compliment Johnny McMahon once in awhile.
 George McMahon and Frank Henry would drop "woman" and "young lady" from their vocabulary when addressing certain young ladies.
 Dot Palmer could talk ten minutes without making a break
 Glennia Waite would go out with a boy
 Douglas would go to a party without his camera.
 Mrs Wallace wasn't willing to help us with all our troubles.
 Mr Hyde would lose his patience
 Gillie had a haircut oftener.
 Whipple had red hair
 Maxine grew up.
 This gets by the censors

Safety First
 Willie walked on the railroad track, He didn't hear the bell.
 I know where you think Willie went, But he didn't—because he was on the other track

"Heavens' Sherman, don't you ever comb your hair?"
 "Yes, Marjorie, but the boy that rooms with me, that lent me the comb, has moved away"

Zoology
 Little drops of water on a bit of glass: See it thru a microscope in the zoo lab class;
 Fiddle with the wheels awhile, and put on the brakes;
 See the waggle bug a-coming, watch the waves he makes
 What's this wild cavorting beast? Got the Vitus dance!
 Watch him hit that waggle bug and knock him in a trance,
 There's another lively one, working on a spring,
 Comes old U-44 and ends him with a bang.
 Safety first in traffic laws, nowhere on the glass,
 There's always something stirring in the zoo lab class.

There are meters iambic, and meters trochaic,
 There are meters in musical tunes. But the meter That's sweeter
 And neter,
 Is the meter that makes the eye making is like a plate
 Why?"
 Douglas S. "It takes a dark room."

Miss Goffey Miller (Tues. Evs.).
 "I feel like something is going to happen"
 Delilah B "Whatever put that in to your head"

Henry was in our Chemistry Class, But now he is no more
 What Henry thought was H₂O Was H₂SO₄.

Miss Goffey, Biology Prof. "What can you tell me about the joints?"
 One of her bright students: "I don't know much about them, I am a stranger in town."

Consolation
 Trafton: "Really, I am trying"
 Miss Peyton, "Indeed, you are!"

Kiss is a noun, though generally used as a conjunction. It is never declined. It is more common than proper. It is not very singular. It is sometimes used in the plural and agrees with me.

Dr. Meyers, in Chemistry: "Students, this experiment is very dangerous. We may have a little explosion that will blow us sky high. Come up a little closer that you may follow me better."

HEARTS BOUGHT, SOLD, MENDED
 Those Suffering From Any Kind of Heart Action Invited to Junior Party.
 Need a heart? If so, come to the Junior Valentine Party, which will be held in the College Library, February 14, for all Whitworth students. Those who remember the Big College Bonfire last year and witnessed the Sophomore Stunt Show, know that whatever this class of '23 attempts it also finishes, and that in such a way as to impart that "Grand and glorious feelin'" to all.

LOCAL TALENT IN CHAPEL
 A number of musical selections have been given in chapel.
 A delightful vocal solo, "Tommy Lad," was rendered by Carroll Pederson.
 A beautiful violin and clarinet duet, "Angels Serenade" was given by Miss Hazel Coffey and Sterling Winans.
 Mildred Hess gave a vocal solo, "The Foolish Maiden."
 Tall people are lazier because they are longer in bed.
 Dot Palmer: "What is this disarmament talk about?"
 Frank Mc "It is a movement to keep pretty girls from wearing pins in their belts"

ALL THE NEWS THEY WOULD LET US PRINT!
 Con. lacks leadership because they do not make congressmen out of leaders.
 There may be a substitute some where in the world for good nature, but I do not know where it is.
 Experience teaches intelligent people fools go on blundering to the end.
 Confidence is the one big lesson for today. Prosperity is only possible where men believe in other men.
 Dr. Robinson: "Are you afraid of work?"
 Rose: "No sir, I can lie down by it and sleep the sleep of the just."
 Hot air is all right for heating; but when you want to get somewhere you need to turn it into steam.
 The young person who has the habit of "putting off" things may not be a hopeless case—but he will be, if he isn't careful.
 "When is the marriage to be solemnized?" asked a gay young prep one day.
 "As soon as it has been financed," answered the cheerful Prosher in his blushing way.
 Between the great things we can not do and the small things we will not do, the danger is that we shall do nothing.

CECELIA JINKS
 Ye editor says that in the absence of Cecelia Jinks our "All the News They Would Let us Print" column is doomed to die an unnatural death, and so I, being one of the benevolent members of the staff, thought out the problem carefully, and at first was thinking on "let the column die." But the editor (trouble maker that he is) says to me, says he, "you've got a good 'line', why not you try it?" Of course bomb shells do upset one, but that remark was a regular "whizzbang" I says, says I, "I'm not much good for anything, but a good 'line' usually gets by." And then I am reminded of some of the things I learn (yes I do that funny thing some times).
 This is serious—Confidence is the one big lesson for this age; success is only possible where students believe in their fellow students. Let that soak in. That little piece of advice can be followed here in our own small college. The success of Whitworth is only possible when students believe in their fellow students. Some students are apt to "crab" if certain activities are not just to their taste. Lack of faith is the reason. Loyalty to one's college first, then loyalty to his fellow students. There are enough

college activities for all the students to enter. Do your duty. Do not be like the student who was asked whether he was afraid of work, and answered, "No, I can lie down by it, and sleep the sleep of the just." Which points out the attitude of some of the students; nothing but lack of interest if half the students take the "let George do it" attitude, it shifts more work to the students who are trying to make Whitworth Remomber there is a task for every student, besides his studies. You, and you only, will know when you are slighting your duty to Whitworth.
 Just keep this in mind—between the great things we cannot do, and the small things we will not do, the danger is that we shall do nothing. Truth will come with realization of the truth.
 Think this article over and see if you are a shaker.
 We are very sorry to lose Les Campbell, our former yell leader, who is leaving for California, to attend school there.
 Dr. Robinson: "Mildred is asleep Will you tap her on the head?"
 Sterling: "Don't do it, you'll flood the room."

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IN THE DEATH CHAMBER

I am the wealthiest man in B—, if worldly wealth be taken as the measurement of riches. Friends, social position, authority, all these are mine. Everything that money can buy or wealth procure, I have. Probably I enjoy my wealth to as great an extent as is possible for any human being to under circumstances similar to mine. But in reality I am not happy. Why? Because I am stricken with a guilty conscience. I have committed a dastardly crime and although I have not been apprehended by the law I must suffer the consequences. Physical punishment is as nothing compared to this. It can be endured. But what suffering is greater than that caused by the sharp arrow of conscience piercing the guilty soul?

Twenty years ago this very night I robbed a friend, a man who trusted me as a brother. His most intimate secrets were mine. Everything he possessed he shared with me. But I was not satisfied. I wanted more than this. I envied him his position and his power and finally by use of inside information I fraudulently wrested his wealth from him and drove him from his own home. Once afterward I heard of him. He was slowly dying of poverty and disease in a far off land. I made no attempt to help him. Years passed and I heard no more of him. My wealth did not satisfy the cravings of my heart and at last came remorse. I decided to find him and make restitution. But fear held me back, fear of the loss of my influence, my reputation, of my friends and of the name that my ill gotten wealth had brought me. Time after time, night after night, have I been over that same old battleground fighting that same old battle between selfishness and right, always to lose.

At last, however, the burnings of my conscience became too much for me and I decided to find my friend at any cost and return his wealth to him. But, alas! I had waited too long, and my searches were in vain. He had disappeared and with all my wealth I was unable to locate him and at last I was forced to give up in despair.

On this particular night as I sit in my favorite chair in my luxurious study, engrossed in deep retrospection, I think of my life as it might have been and remorse sweeps over my soul. But finally physical fatigue gains the mastery and unconsciousness comes over me to relieve the agony of my spirit.

But suddenly, by the lurid light of the moon shining in through the open window, I can distinguish approaching my chair the dim figure of a man, his features strangely familiar. The face is shrunken and ghastly, the eyes burn like two hot points of fire. His hair is matted and his hands are gnarled and nerveless. He comes nearer and nearer, comes to the specter and a great shudder of fear grips me. I attempt to spring from my chair but no avail. Fear roots me to my position and as the figure approaches the thin parchment-like lips move as they vainly try to form words. Over and over again, they form the words without a sound until finally my agonized brain comprehends and they assume form in my mind. "Follow me, follow me," they seem to say. I attempt to cry out but my vocal chords are paralyzed and I cannot utter a sound. Some inexplicable, irresistible power is pulling me up from my chair and forces me to follow the retreating figure of the specter.

A thousand anxious questions run riot through my agitated mind. Where am I going and why? What is to be done with me? Once and once only does the specter look back and then with such a look of pity and compassion as to shiver my very being. Now we are walking down a flight of stairs visible only to us, we descend from one to the other. Darkness is all about us, above, below, on either side. A wan light shining from some invisible source lights up our dreary way and as we go down, down into the depths, the light ever follows, always at the correct distance in front of us as though guided by the hand of some unseen spirit. Hours seem to pass as we descend step after step down that apparently unending stairway. Not a sound is audible excepting my footsteps on the stone blocks.

Suddenly the specter stops. We have reached the end of the stairway and directly in front of us is a huge iron door which of its own accord slowly moves back on its hinges and permits us to enter the room beyond.

As we pass through the door a strange sensation comes over me, a nauseating feeling, first a cold and then a hot chill. There is not audible sound in the room and the silence is oppressive. On a narrow table in the center of the room I see three lighted candles and as my eyes become accustomed to the dim light a number of motionless specters, grouped around the table become visible. Two of the figures are holding up a large parchment and as we approach the table the silence of the room is broken by a third specter reading from the parchment. In an accusing voice he reads, "Even as ye have done unto the least of these my own brethren, so shall it be done unto you." Immediately the whole purpose of the strange visit becomes clear. The room is a judgment chamber, a chamber of death where I am to be tried and punished for my sin. There is no escape. The door, the only avenue of retreat is well guarded and I am powerless to leave the

place. The silence is again broken by the same voice speaking. "Murderer, your time has come. Unless you can prove yourself innocent of this deed you shall be tortured unto death. Speak, if you have ought to say." Words, sentences rushed to my mouth but my tongue refused to utter a sound. That strange unknown power holds me silent. "Oh God! Help me!" But speech will not come. "Very well," the voice continues, "on to his punishment!"

Instantly a dozen pairs of hands grasp me and carry me over to a distant room. Here is something I have not seen before and as we near it my heart sickens within me. Close to the wall in the corner stands a huge vat of boiling oil. A nauseating stench is constantly rising from it as of the cooking flesh of others who have been here before me. Suspended from an iron hook in the ceiling is a large rubber band with a noose in the end hanging down. After tying my hands to my side they fit me up above the vat and place the noose around my neck. Then the hands suddenly leave my body and as the elastic band begins to give under my weight, I feel myself being lowered down, down into that burning, boiling oil. The heat radiated up from it is terrific and my mind can scarcely realize what the sensation will be when I am plunged into that smoking liquid. Down, down I drop until my knees are touching the bubbling surface. But suddenly the band jerks me up again up to the very ceiling. This time will end all. The impetus this time will completely submerge me. Down I go for the second time and just as I am about to plunge into the oil I hear a familiar voice speaking as from a great distance.

Consciousness returns and I find myself sitting up in my chair looking through the dim light into the eyes of my long absent friend, while he is speaking to me. "Yes, yes, take all that is yours," I cry, "only let me free." I walk from the mansion away from the sordid wealth, out into the vast world beyond, penniless and without friends; but with a clear conscience and a lightness of heart that all the riches in the universe cannot buy.

D. P.

RESOLVED, THAT JIGGS SHOULD GET A DIVORCE

I think very little introduction of my plaintiff is needed, as he is one of the best known citizens of our illustrious country, also a celebrated international traveler. Of all the people apparently most deserving of nuptial bliss, he is my mutual friend, Jiggs.

The threadbare ground of cruel and inhuman treatment could be brought to life with many new and unheard of embellishments. Jiggs' nerves are always on the edge as he lives in constant dread of bringing down the curtain on his unreasonable and irresponsible spouse. Jiggs was it not just last week she fired a hand-painted vase at him, destroying the beautiful and costly vase which, of course, came in direct contact with poor Jiggs' nose. Mrs. Jiggs being a good shot from long practice. "But why this gross injustice?" you ask. Jiggs must have been doing something; he was trying to secure permission to remain home from a certain party.

She humiliates and abuses poor Jiggs to the last inch of his life before his friends, both at home and abroad. Mrs. Jiggs holds tight the strings of the family purse, measuring out only a meager allowance to poor Jiggs after much coaxing and begging on his part. This alone is enough to break any man's spirits. Just recently he was pressed for a little money. He ventured into her presence and meekly asked for a little change. The change came in the form of crocks, fishes and a severe reprimand. Jiggs, fearing to stay at home, slept on top of a telephone pole that night. If space permitted, I could relate many other similar occasions, for a mere suggestion on any subject causes a cyclonic disturbance and dishes, crockery and furniture to begin to seek new quarters. If he returns home late at night he is accosted at the door by rolling pins, instead of the outstretched arms of a loving wife.

Mrs. Jiggs' personal appearance—Ah, but perhaps we are touching on too personal a subject, you say. No, not so, for many a divorce has been secured on these grounds alone. But perhaps Mrs. Jiggs was better looking when young and has already begun to fade. If this is true, Jiggs again deserves our utmost sympathy. Giving due credit to her remaining beauty we might approach the matter of dress. Wouldn't any man have the right to object to his wife dressing in a style that would call forth remarks from the public? And Mrs. Jiggs, being of doubtful age, makes the sad mistake of dressing as a girl of twenty, which not only brings out her defects but causes many a sly look from the opposite sex.

But of the cruel things yet told, Mrs. Jiggs' social ambitions are constantly taking Jiggs thru unknown tortures. It is the one outstanding bugbear of his life. All else could be endured, if only she wouldn't persist in constantly dragging poor Jiggs into the highbrow society of Lords and Dukes when he would prefer a game of poker in the furnace room, or some secluded spot, with "his friends," Hogan, Dugan, and Dinty Moore. Her social ambitions not only govern his amusements but reach to a more vital and personal matter which takes

away his right to eat his favorite dish of corned beef and cabbage at his own table. Corn beef and cabbage did not coincide with Mrs. Jiggs' idea of a society dish, and to have the odor of such issue forth from her kitchen would mean a social disgrace.

Poor Jiggs' only weapon is Mrs. Jiggs' brother who is constantly disgracing the family. Some time ago Mrs. Jiggs sent him to the station to meet her brother. On returning home without said brother he was in immediate danger of his life, when he explained that the Cops had beat him to her brother. For this alone, she could not punish Jiggs.

Thus we see that Jiggs' life is one continual round of eruptions. Freed from these, he could spend all his time and energy in pursuing his business career.

BIRTIE GILMORE

RESOLVED, WHITWORTH SHOULD HAVE A SPOONING PARLOR

Like many other schools where young men and young women of high caliber attend the same school or college, a great deal of love is manifested at Whitworth College. In various places about the campus or in the halls of the school may be seen couples of the opposite sex earnestly conferring with one another. To my mind it is very doubtful that they entertain each other as well as they might if they were in their home. It is also very embarrassing to entertain one another with the public as a witness to every move that is made or every word that is said. Also the entertaining of a young man or young woman about the halls of an institution has an undesirable effect upon the other students of that institution. A visitor would be shocked and would go away with a wrong impression of the college, because of the scene that had met their eyes.

My last point is this. It behooves each one of us, as young men and young women of Christian character, and upon whom the destinies of the world depend, to become broad and deep thinkers. A great deal of time is wasted in idle talk and in the gazing upon one another with such a high degree of adoration. Time is not only wasted by those who are so interested in each other, but also by the other members of this great family who gaze upon them in idle curiosity. It is a topic upon which everyone is interested, for the world is full of "love," but love is not when we infringe on another's rights, or opportunity to become what the Lord has planned for us.

Therefore, we suggest a solution to the great problem before us. The first thing we think of is, "We must furnish a means by which we would not infringe on another's rights." So the first thought that comes to my mind is a "Spooning parlor." This parlor would contain the various comforts of the home. It would also have the "cozy corners" in which a young woman or young man may entertain his or her admirer. In this way the lovers could open their soul to their hearts' content and not be interrupted, or feel embarrassed by having an audience. By no means would scandal be permitted, for in charge of the parlor would be a real Christian man from who understands the passions of young men and young women. You will say, "But that would be an awful dry place." But no, for the various means for entertainment would be provided. A piano and good music; also a glowing fireplace would add to the comforts of the room. You could look into the fire and talk of such wonderful pictures which you saw, and I'm sure you would be happy. In the meantime, you would be raising the standard of the college and creating an atmosphere of general satisfaction.

His fond mother "What shall we give Trafion when he graduates?" His father "Oh, I'll provide for that in my will."

Geo McMahon, "Do you like music?" Edna G. "Yes. Why?" Geo. M. "Listen to the music on my hat band."

Dellah Barber now has absolute charge over the book store and although she has a schedule of opening the store, you will find her there any old time unless she happens to be talking with George.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder. So they all say. That's why we love our teachers so. The days they stay away.

Boy. "Say, mother, what does ditto mean?" Mother: "Well, son, see that cabbage head there and that one over there."

Boy: "Yes" Mother: "Well, that one is ditto" Boy: "I ain't goin' with that girl any more."

Mother: "Why?" Boy: "She called me a cabbage head. I told her that I loved her and she said ditto"

True Logic Major Premise: Pupils come to school to improve their faculties. Minor Premise: Teachers are Faculties.

Conclusion: Therefore, pupils came to school to improve their teachers.

Virginia Malott "I think I've something in my eye" Johnnie McMahon: "Never mind, it's probably nothing but a pupil."

'T WAS ONLY A DREAM

But It Was Very Realistic and Exciting While It Lasted

It was the night before the Cheney game. The coach had given orders that everyone should get a good night's sleep before we went to Cheney the next day. This being the big game of the season, everyone was excited as to the outcome of the morning game. There was a little group in some of the boys' rooms until Rose finally came around to chase them to bed. With the final good night and the slogan with which our coach had been driving us on, "Beat Cheney," he left us to our dreams.

As we slowly undressed we thought of the importance of the big game. It might mean the upbuilding of the school. There was talk of the winner of this conference being sent to the coast to play a post-season game with the winner of another conference. It was this great trip that the men were counting on. I had been to the coast in the spring with the baseball team and I knew what that trip would mean. It would be something worth while to work for.

I climbed into bed but it was a long time before sleep would come to my eyes. I was still thinking of that trip to the coast. I was thinking of the greatness of that— Ah, the bus is ready to go. The students are all gathered around to watch the men. They too, will follow in a few minutes. Everybody is excited and Campbell is trying to get the bunch together to give the football men a yell as they leave the campus. "Easy, Cormier, hit those bumps easy. I'm sitting on someone's shoe." This from Matt. Is that Cheney down there? Yes, that's Cheney. And there's the normal, see that big building. Well, the gang has come and we are ready for the greatest game of the season. We are driven around to the gymnasium where we will change our clothes. How funny the place seems. It does not look at all like the same building of last spring. There are many new faces, too.

Ah, there goes the referee's whistle. The game has begun. The game wore away with no scores on either side. The last quarter had arrived and still no scores. At last our chance came. I intercepted a forward pass on our ten yard line. I started to run. That was a terribly long field!

It must have been a half mile long. I passed a hundred lines and still there were no goal posts in sight. Ah, there was the goal a little to my right. Somebody was coming behind. I must get to the line before he tackled me. I tried to run faster but was winded. It seemed that I had run miles and miles yet I could still hear those dreaded footsteps coming. Why couldn't I go faster? The line was getting closer, likewise my pursuer. I am only five yards from the line but something has hit me; I am falling, down, down. Bang, I hit the floor and Rose and Ennis were standing over me asking me if I were coming down for breakfast. They had dumped my bed as the only means of waking me.

GEORGE McMAHON

On the Face of It A watch may have a gender, But you really can't efface The fact that nearly always, There's a woman in the case. (Isn't that so, Frank Henry.)

Alfred M. "Why did you give me that awful look?" Maxine: "You've sure got one, but I didn't give it to you"

Advice to student taking English history: Eat tomatoes and ketchup

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