

1915

Natsihi Yearbook 1915

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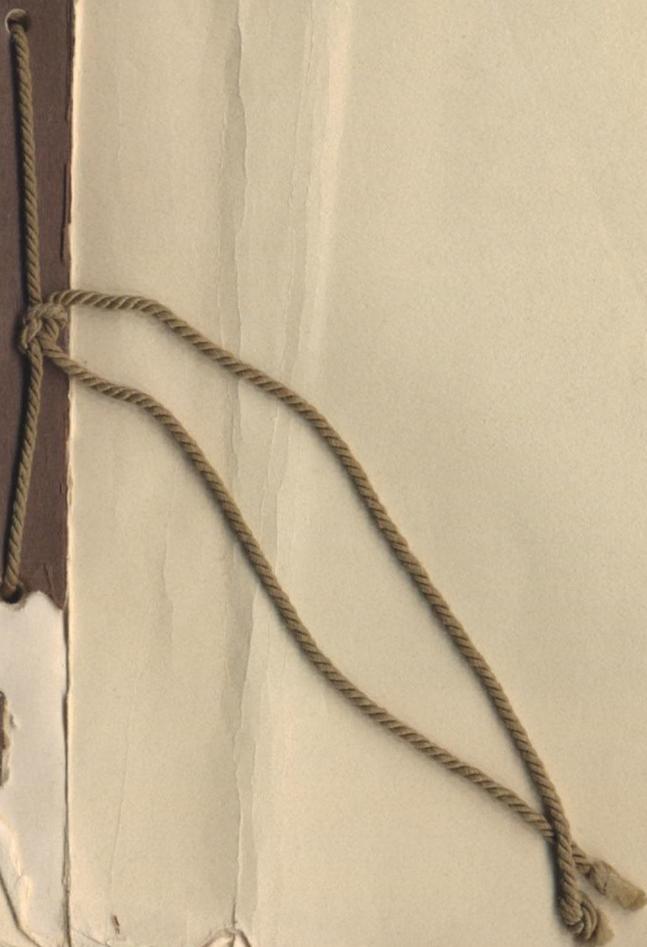
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1915

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
WHITWORTH COLLEGE





NATSIHI

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FOREWORD

TO the students, faculty, and friends of Whitworth College, the Student Association herein offers the first issue of *The Natsihi*, sincerely hoping that it may be a true and interesting record of the school year of 1914-15, and that thru its pages the readers may be able to learn something of the true Whitworth Spirit.

NATSIHI

DEDICATION

THE students of Whitworth College present this publication, dedicated to the Whitworth Spirit, which has thoroughly permeated their College life, linking the old with the new, creating an undying love for their Alma Mater, and laying the foundation for a great future.

NATSIHI

NATSIHI STAFF



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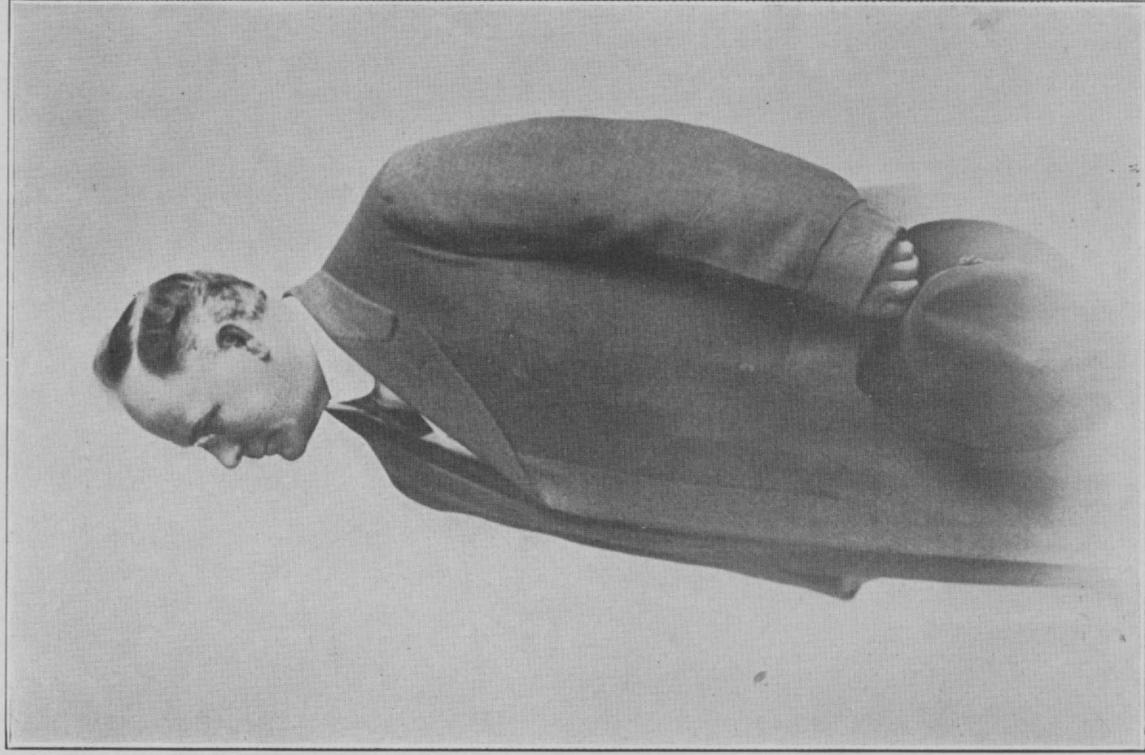
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*“ The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
and these are of them.”*



Voy Smith
Danvers, Mass.

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MAY PYLE

Huron College A.B., University of Chicago M.A.
Head of Department of English Language and Literature
"One may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

CHAS. A. BARRY

University of Michigan Honorary Degree M.A.
Professor of Modern Languages
*"Rude am I in my speech
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace."*

HERSCHEL E. HEWITT

University of Kansas A.B.
Professor of Chemistry and Physics
"Trace science thru, with modesty thy guide."

LAURETTA FANCHER

Stout Institute
Head of Domestic Science Department
*"Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet."*

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M. O. ROARK

University of Indiana M.A.
History, Economics, and Political Science
*"I am Sir Oracle
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."*

HAROLD F. HOLCOMBE

University of Washington A.B.
Professor of Biological Science
"A melancholy sound is in the air, a deep sigh in the distance."

DAVID J. GUY

Whitworth College B.S., Boston School of Technology B.S.
Mathematics and Civil Engineering
*"My only books
Were woman's looks,—
And folly's all they've taught me."*

GLEE R. LENTZ

Northwestern School of Oratory
Public Speaking and English
"In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare."

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J. EMORY HOLLINGSWORTH

University of Chicago Ph.D.
Head of Department of Latin and Greek
*"Up, up, my friends, and quit your books,
Or surely you will grow double."*

S. M. WARE

Illinois Western University A.B., McCormick Theological
Seminary D.D.
Bible
"The Devil may cite scripture for his purpose."

AUGUSTA GENTSCH

Graduate of New England Conservatory of Music
Head of Music Department
*"Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them."*

DR. H. R. FANCHER

Union College A.B., Auburn Theological Seminary D.D.
Field Secretary
*"On his bald visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage."*

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EUNICE KRECK
Instructor in Violin

"Little, but lots of music."

KENNETH I. GHORMLEY

Whitworth College A.B.
Football Coach

*"Oh, what may man within him hide
Tho angel on the outward side!"*

KATHERINE TAFT

Art Department

"Distance lends enchantment."

MARY LIVERMORE

Matron

*"Nothing lovelier can be found,
In woman, than to study household goods."*

DOROTHY SANDER

Secretary

*"Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the Bores and Bored."*

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HENRIETTA BURMEISTER is our sweet-voiced singer who has brought so much of happiness to us by her songs. She aspires to great things and we feel that she is empowered with the gift to achieve. The class has always felt "If you want a thing well done let Heine do it"—and lo, it was done. She has been a comrade to all of us and we are proud to say to the great outside world, "Here is our addition to your list of idols."

ELLA MARIAN HOSKA is the girl with the sparkling black eyes and rosy cheeks. She has a "petite guelque chose" to entertain us with all the time, and is our cheeriest, most blessed care-dispeller—not that she does not have cares, but hers is the gift that gets the best of them. "Dutch Hospitality to Hungry Neighbors" is the password when we smell popcorn. She is the sunbeam we give to the world.



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ORA IRENE LANDIS is the bright and shining light of not only the Class of 1915 but of Whitworth. Scholastic interests are always first with her. Conscientiousness for whatever she takes up is the first, last, and in-between rule of her life. She always has the kind thing to say of anyone or she does not speak. In Ora, our gift to the world is intellect.



EDITH HELEN SCHNEBLY, although at Whitworth for the past two years, was not a member of our class till this year because credits elsewhere had not been adjusted. She is true blue and we are proud to claim her. What she says goes. A pleasing frankness and decision of character are underneath those many sweet little mannerisms which baffle, somewhat, a person's impartiality of judgment. Sweetness and loveableness are the qualities she has for the world.

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ISABEL TUNNARD is our little girl. Just like a little wild thing, she moves around so quietly we hardly know she is near till it comes to the Highland Fling, or a headache which needs nursing, or a bit of a translation that refuses to be done by any other. Her scholastic success is too important to overlook, also her willingness to help and her affectionate nature. We bring to the world as our gift, her gentleness.



GEORGE K. TAKAKU is another one to join our class this year. He is the only one, however, to boast a college degree earned in three years. All his high school work was done in Whitworth Academy, which makes him our oldest old-timer. Politeness and helpfulness are second nature to him; his scholarly use of English is elegant; but best yet is his whole-hearted, cheerful smile, which reveals his kindly disposition, and this is our gift to the world from him.

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RUTH LEE. None but a moving picture can do justice to Ruth Lee. Nor can a few words adequately describe her. "Rastus" is an indispensable school asset, composed of executive ability, theories, experiences, pluck, fun, idiosyncrasies and true Whitworth spirit. She is the activating force of any and all student enterprises be they class picnics, vaudeville shows, football games, hikes or Y. W. C. A. cabinet meetings. We give to the world in Ruth Lee, a power for uplift and progress.

WILLIAM SILAS WHITSITT came a stranger to our midst last fall. His ministerial duties have taken him away very frequently, but in spite of this he has won a place in Whitworth in a remarkably short time for a late arrival in an upper class. His earnestness and sincerity are among his chief characteristics, and his influence has been felt because of his loyalty to his ideals. We offer his sermons his gift to the world.

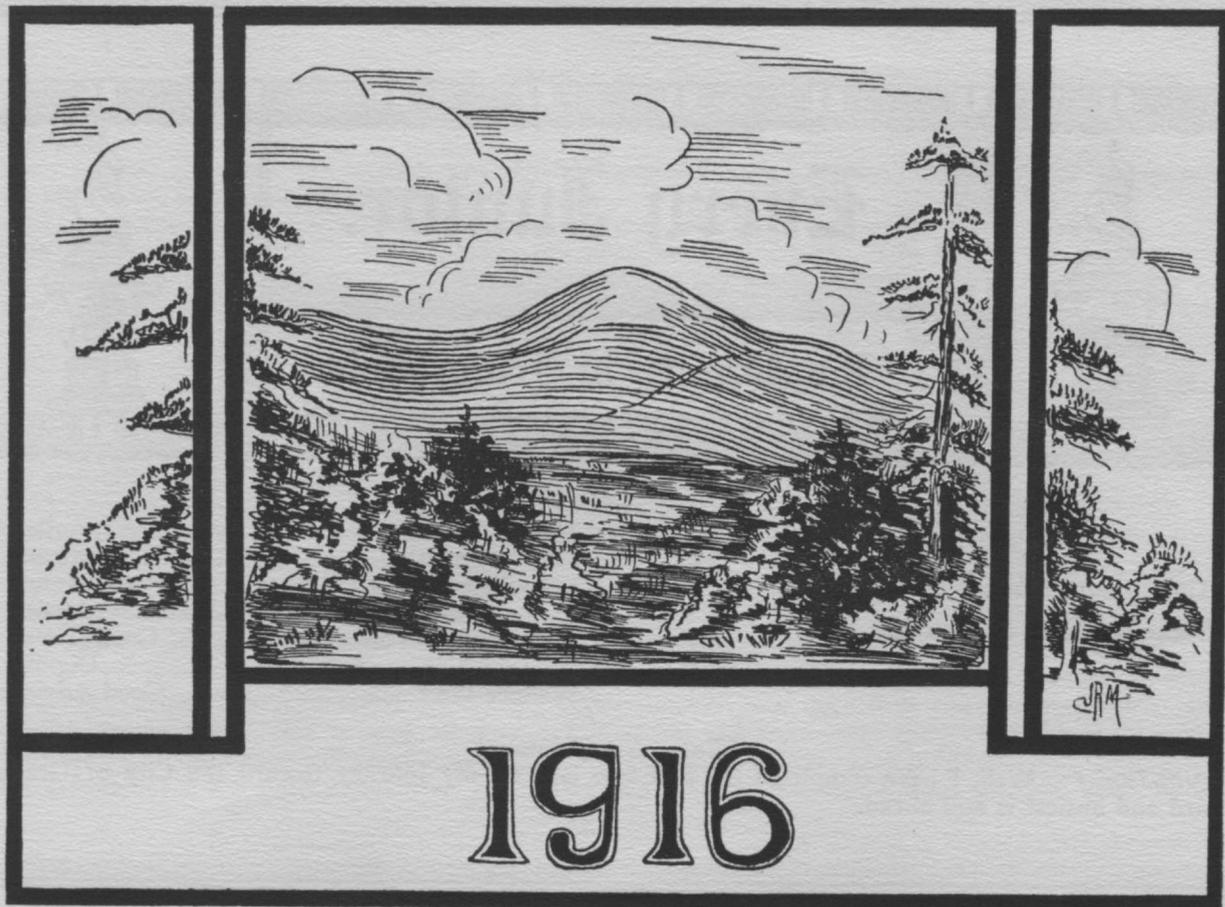


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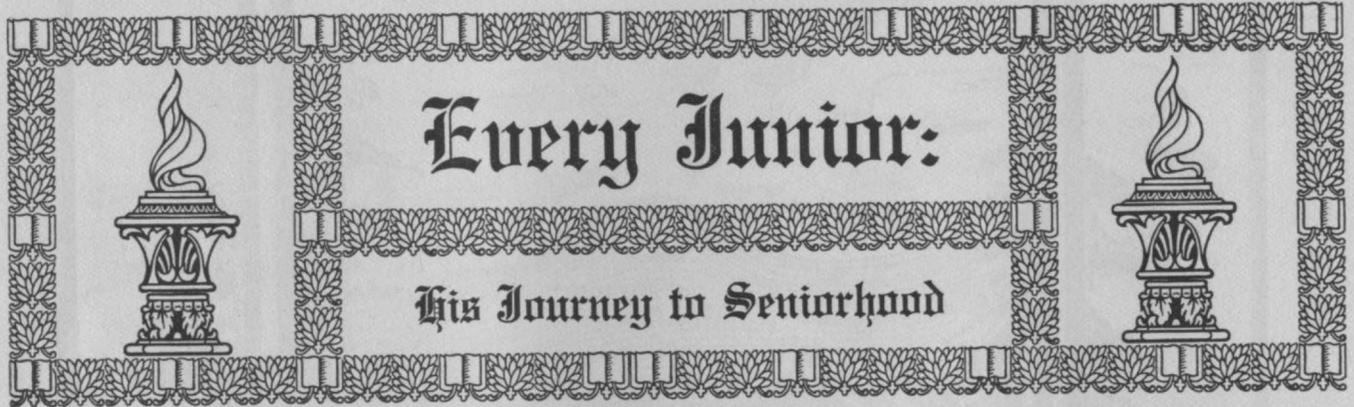
MARY GUNN. The Typical Whitworthian,—one who stands for Whitworth's highest ideals. She graduated from the Academy and has participated in all Student Activities, leaving upon them the stamp of her wholesome influence. In Mary we find that rare combination of sound judgment coupled with loveliness of face and character. She is beloved by us and will be by the world.

NATSIHI



1916

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Every Junior:

His Journey to Seniorhood

Time: September, 1914.
Scene is laid in Student Land.

Dramatis Personae:

Minnie Tanner	Student
Ella Lowman	Prudence
Lelia Price	Perseverance
Laura Pierson	Athletics
Ruth Campbell	Good Times
Iva Loughlen	Dignity
Wallace Wait	Good Advice

[*Enter Every-Junior*]

Every-Junior: Well, I have completed the first two laps on my journey toward the City of Graduation. The third and busiest is still ahead.

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[Enter Athletics and Good-Times]

Athletics: Isn't it great to be out of class-scrap and to be on the third lap? Now for some real tussles in basket-ball.

Every-Junior: I would like to meet your friend Basket-ball, but how I will ever do it unless some one helps me with my duties, is more than I can tell.

Athletics: You, Every-Junior, my friend Good-Times, and I will be very happy together.

Good-Times: Ha, ha, ha! Oh, say, what you need is Good-Times. You have been working too hard and are quite discouraged, aren't you? Good-Times should come in for a large portion of your time.

Every-Junior: I know you and your many demands of old. By the time I go with you to the Freshman-Junior Party, Cap and Gown Day, and to the Class Play, I will be falling by Examination Wayside.

Good-Times: Very well, but you will be sorry later when you see me playing tennis.

[Exeunt together]

[Enter Student, laden with books]

Student: It seems to me that I should have the greatest claim on your time, Every-Junior. The care of my gifts should be your first responsibility.

Every-Junior (petulantly): But Athletics and Good-Times promise me a more pleasant journey.

Student: Nonsense, it is only the lack of knowledge of my gifts, such as Greek and Latin, that make you turn from me. With my aid, you may catch a glimpse of that vast world where Mathematics, English, and Science reign supreme. The only reason you do not know these subjects is because, through your ignorance, they can conquer you.

Every-Junior: Here comes Prudence, she can help me if she is not too forgetful.

[Enter Prudence]

[Exit Student]

Prudence: Now, Every-Junior, I see by the expression on your face that you are perplexed. I passed Good-Times on the road. She is very alluring, I know; but you have other things to think about. With the coming of spring Good-Times will plead ever harder for your entire time. Use judgment.

Every-Junior: I will think about what you have said. Pardon me, but I must go and speak to Dignity.

NATSIHI

[Enter Dignity]

Dignity: I see that I am just in time, for you will need me all this trip, especially on the last part of the third lap. You did not wish my company before, now you must let me accompany you for you will find that I am indispensable to your safe journey. I have accompanied Good-Times in all my visits to you. I myself will be your leader and will preside for you when you entertain All-Seniors. At the completion of this lap, I shall go back to meet Each-Sophomore, for then you will have no further need of me.

Prudence (aside): I see how well my advice will be followed.

[Exit]

Every-Junior: Dignity, you bring me new pleasures, but with them so many new cares and responsibilities, that I have not the courage to go on. How shall I ever reach the city?

Dignity: My good friend, there are two things to help you. First, every morning on arising repeat slowly, "Health, wealth, beauty, happiness, serenity, sublimity." Second, just now appearing in view is my good friend, Perseverance, who will aid you to the top of the hill.

[Enter Perseverance]

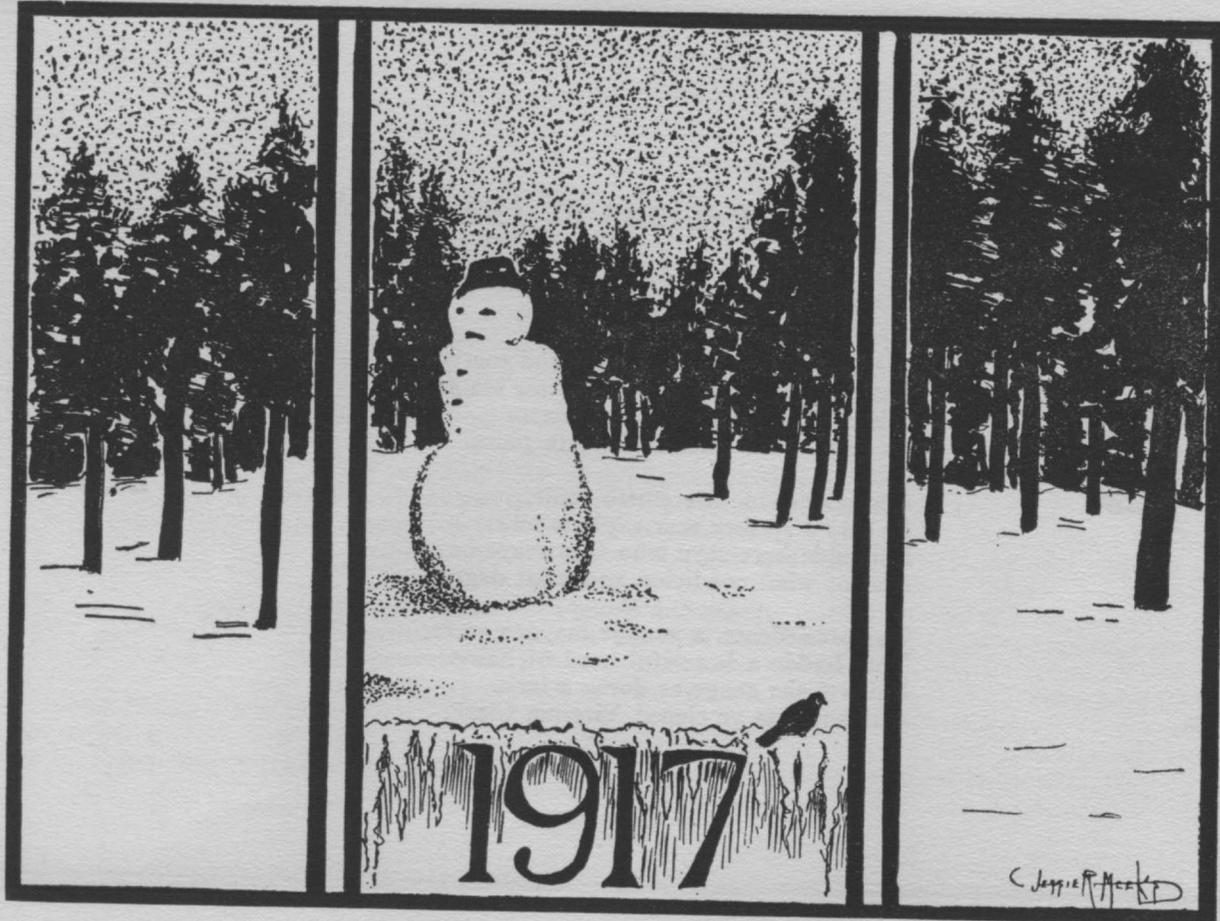
Perseverance: Oh, my word! Why should you be discouraged? Of course, the road is hard and steep but I will help you. From the top of the hill you can see the city and "you must be neat" if you plan on ever entering that place of splendor and satisfaction. You certainly must keep on.

Every-Junior: Who is this imposing young man coming toward us? He seems to be familiar, yet he appears so seldom that at first I did not recognize him.

Perseverance: Oh, don't you remember Good Advice? [Enter Good Advice] He can tell you how to unlock that Examination Gate at the top of the hill. He will show you how to open it and it will admit you into a beautiful garden where you will obtain three months of well-earned rest.

Good Advice (pompously): Well, I have made a special study of this matter and on good authority I can state, that the only way to ever reach the gate is to do each day's work, every day. It is a simple matter to unlock it if everything has been perfect in the past. If you follow this simple advice you will be a credit to your mother Whitworth and will perform your various duties nobly.

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The Class of 1917

A classe ther was ful bright and merye,
That danced and played as blithe's a faeyre.
Withal it was as worthee a classe
As ever hadde thru Whitworth passe.



And now to me it seemeth welle,
Er that I ferther ther exploits telle,
I shoulde here saye who they maye be
And of what condicion and what degree.

The presiedente, a younge mayden ware
That hadde a beautiful heed of haire.
Ful wel she sange as doeth a lark,
And she was ye cleped Virginia Clark.

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With hir was ever hir ladie frende,
That younge knight's hearte ful of'en rende.
Hazel Peth was a singinge or floyting al day
And she was sweet as is the month of May.

A cook ther was in this compaignye.
She cooked and worked and ne're was lazeye.
Hir joy was it with others to dina
And folkes called hir Mistress Nina.

Two maydens ther waren amongye this band
Nor whom non more quiet are fyond in the land.
Together they sitten at one small table
And they hatten namyes of 'Lizbeth and Hazel.

Jessie was a mayden gentil and meeke,
Of virtues that wer nat hard to seeke.
She painteth faire floures that rise to the sonne
And melodye maketh to pleasye each onne.



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But in this Sophomorich compainye
Was Ella, blest with honest modestye
Who, of hir frendes ful of'en would write
And in hir classe sperit did delighte.

A manne ther was that learned in schoole
Lessons not taughte by mayster or rule.
He'd cute his classe and say, "I don't care"
Would this younge tenor, ye clepp'ed Ware.

A hotheaded, soft hearted preacher clept Vernon
Spent muchen his tyme in teaching and learnen.
To drawn folk to heven by fairness,
By good ensample, was his bisynesse.

The lasten one, outen alle this train,
Was cleppen A. Lewis McClain.
He loved food in dayntee dishes made
And after i other oft'times stayed.



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<i>Name</i>	<i>State</i>	<i>Dubbed</i>	<i>Suggesting</i>
DONALD CLARK MACLEOD	Minnesota	"Don"	"My Hieland Laddie"
EDNA MARGARET SCHNEBLY	Washington	"Eddy"	"A Quaker Maid"
GEORGE THOMAS HOPPER	Washington	"Hi"	"Little Lord Fauntleroy"
HAZEL VIVIAN HEALD	South Dakota	"H.H."	"A Red, Red Rose"
HUGH PINKERTON ANDREWS	Minnesota	"Horse-Power"	"A phonograph"
IRENE ELIZABETH CRAWFORD	Washington	"Renia"	"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"
CHARLES WOOLLEY HARBAUGH	Washington	"Chuck"	"Hart Shaffner and Marx"
HAZEL IRENE WHITE	Washington	"Lelia's Hazel"	"Just a Dream of Heaven, in your eyes"
HARRY THEODORE OLSON	Washington	"Skyjack"	"A fish-pole"
ANNA MARY MUIR	Nebraska	"Mary Anne"	"A barrel"
FRANCIS ALEXANDER READ	London, England	"Happy"	"An inverted mop"
MARGARET LOUISE MILLER	Idaho	"Maggy"	"Little Eva"
JOHN ARTHUR PODMORE	Wisconsin	"Long John"	"Mark Twain"
JOSEPHINE EDITH MARTELL	Montana	"Dolly"	"Lily of the Valley"
ALFRED CARLSON	B. C., Canada	"Al"	"The Terrible Swede"

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<i>Hopes To Be</i>	<i>Favorite Expression</i>	<i>Specialty</i>
A heavy hitter	"Rare form"	Pen pictures of the Faculty
A suffragette leader	"Oh! Lelia, don't talk baby talk"	Writing English themes
Like Billy Sunday	"Let me alone, I must study"	Boiling eggs
A Nun	"You're a nut"	Driving Dull Care away
An All-American handball star	"We're all bears"	Teasing Hopper
Dean of Women at Vassar	"By cracky diamonds!"	Visiting the Library
Conductor on a jitney-bus	"She's jake, believe me!"	Clothes
"Carrie Nation's" successor	"Oh! now I am mad!"	Heart-breaking
Professor of dead languages	"I gotta go"	Grinning
Second Schuman-Heink	"Forty-love"	Serving (others)
German Prime Minister	"Hullo, old Top"	Singing
A.B., A.M., B.D. and Chief of Police	"Oh, glory!"	Geometry
A motorcycle cop	"Explica me la palabra"—	Putting the joy into life
A cherub, some time	"Land sakes!"	Flirting with Anna-Mary
A notorious "box-fighter"	"I didn't have time"	Cube root

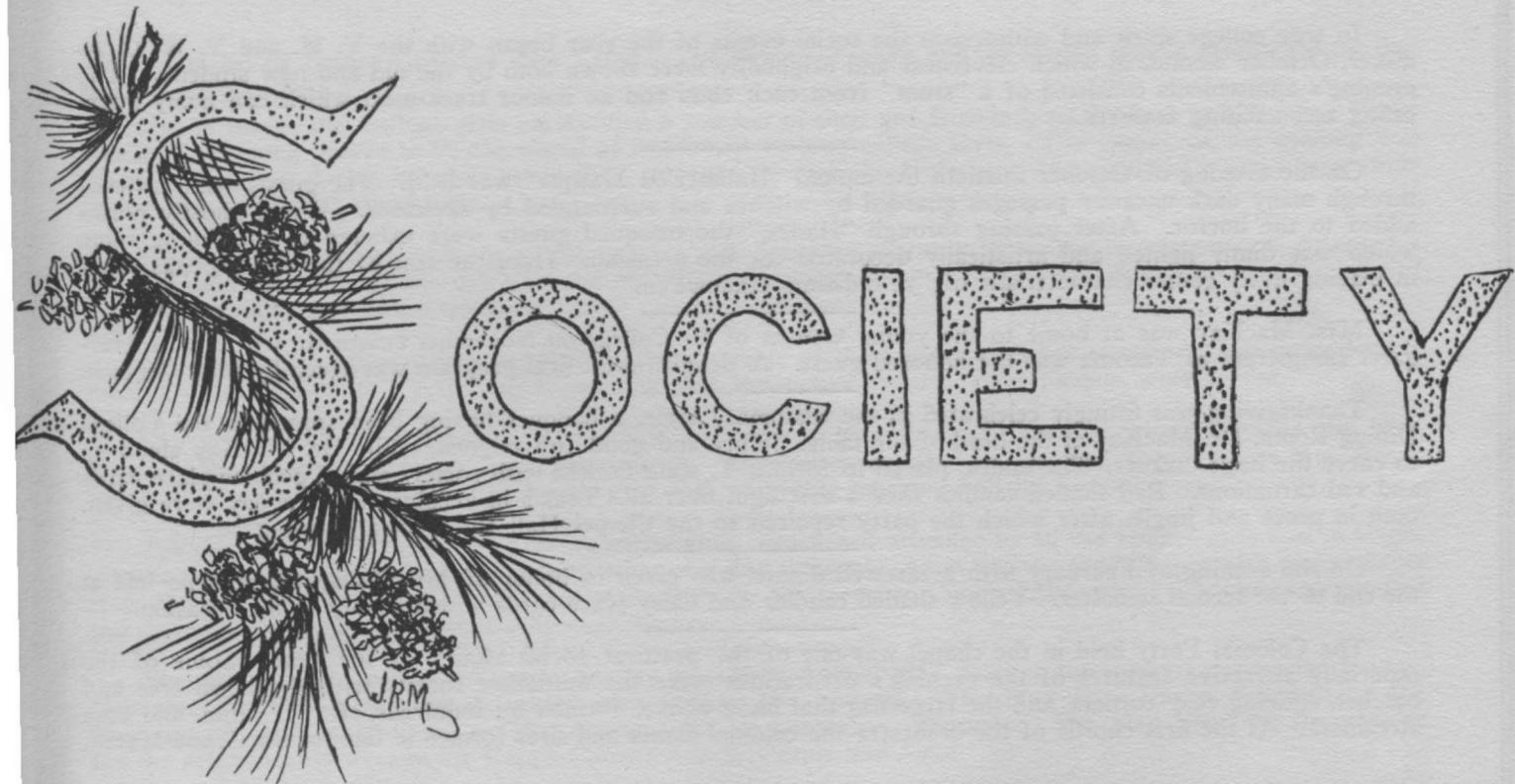
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Mary C. Livermore

The students wish to express their deep regret at the departure of Miss Livermore from the College. They have always felt her kindly interest and sympathy in their affairs, whether scholastic or social. She stood as one giving her best at all times, conscientious in her work and a true Whitworthian. She is and will always be remembered with deepest love.



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In true college spirit and enthusiasm the social events of the year began with the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. mixer, October second, in which cleverness and originality were shown both by the old and new students. The evening's amusements consisted of a "stunt" from each class and an indoor track-meet which had many interesting and exciting features.

On the evening of October thirtieth the annual "Hallowe'en Masque" was held. The guests were ushered through many dark uncanny passages guarded by witches and surrounded by skeletons. Weird ghostly noises added to the horror. After passing through "Hades," the masqued guests were ushered to the dining room which was dimly lighted and artistically decorated for the occasion. Here the rest of the evening was spent in playing lively games characteristic of "ye old time Hallowe'en."

Mrs. MacKay was at home to the young women of the College on November twentieth, where Miss Margaret Longstreth of Tacoma was the honored guest. A delightful musical program was given by Miss Gentsch.

Thanksgiving was fittingly celebrated in the customary style, a banquet having been spread in the College Dining Room, Dr. MacKay at the head of the table. Jollity and good fun reigned, while Dr. MacKay stood up to carve the huge turkeys. The tables, placed to form a T, were decked with society sticks, gobbler place cards and red carnations. Red shaded candles shed a soft light over all. Toasts in keeping with the day were given, both in prose and jingle, after which the party repaired to the Chapel Hall for a social evening.

On the evening of February fifth a farewell dinner was given in honor of Miss Daisy Chase, who left at the end of the second semester. Yellow shaded candles and daisy place cards added beauty to the occasion.

The Colonial Party held in the chapel was one of the prettiest social affairs of the year. Some of the especially attractive features of the evening's decorations were the miniature forests with the hewn tree and hatchet, enticing cozy corners, and the large flag that hung above, formed by hundreds of red, white, and blue streamers. At the first chords of the orchestra the colonial dames and sires formed in line for the Grand March,

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which was led by Squire Guy and Glee Lentz. The strains of music and the stately Minuet heightened the dignity of the occasion.

March fourth the College girls entertained a number of their girl friends from Spokane at a Slumber Party. The entire evening proved to be one round of merriment in true college style. The climax of the evening was reached when two daring burglars made their entrance through the fire-escape door, causing a great commotion among the frightened slumberers.

The Faculty members residing on the campus met Saturday morning, February twenty-seventh, to enjoy a Faculty Breakfast. The table was uniquely set. Cleverly designed place cards and a dainty breakfast combined to make the affair a pleasant memory.

Dr. and Mrs. Hollingsworth entertained the members of the Latin and Greek classes at their home Friday evening, April the ninth. After an interesting and instructive evening refreshments were served.

The Seniors were delighted when an invitation came to them to take breakfast with Professor and Mrs. Roark on North Howard Street, April seventeenth. They all appreciated the gracious hospitality of Mrs. Roark and it will be some time before the memory of that enjoyable morning will be forgotten.

The novel "Gypsy Frolic," on April twenty-eighth, which was attended by all the College girls clad in bright gypsy costumes, proved to be an afternoon without a dull moment. After leaving the building with many cheers from the interested spectators, a hike was made through the forest to Cook's Lake, where a bonfire was kindled and gypsy dinners prepared individually over the fire.

The members of the Kappa Gamma Society gave their Annual May Party in the form of a reception Friday, May seventh. The chapel was decorated with syringa and wisteria. The May Pole Dance, followed by the crowning of Miss Mary Gunn as May Queen, was an impressive ceremony. The May Pole, the decorations and the refreshments were in the Kappa Gamma colors, Purple and Gold.

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Hikes

WALKING at Whitworth has become a real pleasure and not a convenience, and, of course, that is what it should be made. Whether we have been forced to walk for lack of some different and better amusement, whether we have been attracted to the woods and fens and valleys by their natural beauties, or whether it is just our amiable natures and love of out-of-door life that has kept us wandering over the surrounding country, I do not know. Several things and much evidence would lead one to decide in favor of any one of these conditions, when considered apart by itself, so I must conclude that each has played its part in keeping the hikers in action.



In the first place I cannot but think that "walking" and "wildness" stand for the same thing. I mean walking for real pleasure. Hence the wilder the country the greater the pleasure. And so when we walk we naturally go to the fields and woods. There are always new paths to be found, new flowers in their season, new and ever-changing conditions that make every cross-country hike a new venture. The vicinity in which we live affords many good walks; and though for many months we have walked much, yet the supply of new routes is ever increasing. And what a happiness there is in an absolutely new prospect! We go up the river, or down the river; we approach it from all angles, or we take to the hills by going in almost any direction, always finding new things and giving new names. Sometimes it is Mt. Whitworth, or it's McLeod's Cave, or it's McClain's Rapids, or it's Dean Pyle's Bluff, and so the routes are referred to during the re-hashing that always follows. The proximity of wildness has induced walking.



As for natural beauty one would travel a long, long way before finding a country with more character and variety than that which surrounds the campus. As a true Whitworthian, I should be ashamed to think that

NATSIHI

Adam in paradise was more favorably situated, on the whole, than a student in this college. Of course all countries have their beautiful sunsets that are beyond description, and they have their sunshine and their mornings "furrowing all the Orient into gold," but nowhere are these blessings more abundant than around Spokane. And all this beauty is so inspiring. Just to saunter along the Little Spokane River and hear that hushed music that seems to come up from its vine-clad valley and pine-clad hills makes one feel like a Crusader departing for the Holy Land. I venture to state that our Music and Art students get nearly as much of an inspiration and as much benefit from an afternoon amid these sweet murmurings as they do at actual study. Indeed, I could give many reasons for going walking, in which profit and pleasure and companionship are combined.



Lastly I would say a word about the cheerful attitude of the hikers. One meets with few persons in the course of a lifetime who really understand the art of walking, that is, of taking walks; persons who really have a genius, so to speak, of getting all of the possible enjoyment. From the enthusiasm shown and the willingness to return to the woods, there is no doubt but that many Whitworth students are getting that joy, in absolute freedom from worldly engagements that nothing save a hike through the woods and over the hills and fields, can bring. The real benefit in walking is not in the exercise we get. That is secondary. In this absolute freedom and wildness, the heavens appear infinitely higher, the sky is bluer, the air fresher, the rivers longer, and the landscape more complete than when witnessed under any other condition or by any other means. We are broadened by coming to realize the largeness of things about us.

—A BOOSTER.



So much for the theory of the thing; now for the practical side. We had hikes and hikes this year; short hikes about the campus, and long hikes into the country; hikes of necessity and hikes for pleasure; impromptu hikes, and long-planned hikes; hikes with the crowd and hikes all alone; and yet it was the invariable rule that the more we had the more we wanted.



The jaunts were rather short and far between at first, but somehow it wasn't long before a few of us got

NATSIHI

the "wanderlust" and began to travel a little farther each time until the first real organized hike came to pass; the one up the river when we were half way there before we discovered that we had forgotten the pickles and had to send back after them. After this came an irregular series of walks, and then the last long hike before the snow. That was the time when some lost ten pounds climbing the rocks and we built the fire about a mile from water. That time also we saw Mr. Grave's menagerie and got caught in the rain. For a while during the winter skating took the place of walking, but in the spring we hit the pike with more regularity than ever. Tramping through the woods and over the roads we rounded ourselves into shape for that blister-breaking jaunt to Mt. Spokane. Then it was that the "record-breaking four" made a dash to Professor Hollingsworth's party and left poor Silas in the woods to get lost. From that time on nothing daunted us, and the consideration of such tramps as that to Medical Lake and Cheney were mere trifles.



But why shouldn't we hike and test our endurance to the uttermost, for what is more pleasant than to trudge home in the evening weary and footsore, but with one's mind content with a day out of doors and with a gnawing appetite sure of satisfaction upon the arrival at the kitchen?



Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?
—Burns: Auld Lang Syne.

Athletics

ALTHOUGH Whitworth College has this year been kept from entering into athletics in the regular inter-collegiate style, through lack of some of the essential equipment and material, yet this fact has proved a decided advantage rather than a drawback, for we have of necessity refrained from pitting ourselves against the stronger collegiate institutions which would have resulted disastrously, and we have also had opportunity to develop new material.

At the beginning of football season only two "letter" men were on hand for the turnout, but before it ended, through the excellent instruction of Coach Ghormley, nearly every fellow in school had become well conditioned and fairly efficient at handling the pigskin.

The fact that we had no adequate gymnasium of course kept us from taking active part in basket-ball, but most of the school was so busily engaged in playing tennis, hiking, and later in wrestling, cross-country running, skiing, and skating, that a gymnasium was not really necessary.

After the winter snow had melted, as usual, baseballs began to fly back and forth across the athletic field, and a season was put under way which proved to be the most successful of all. Under the efficient leadership of Coach Holcombe and Captain Harbaugh, and the able management of Professor Guy, a team was whipped into shape which could fairly represent the College. Much new material proved to be just the thing, and according to the present outlook can be counted on to do wonders next year when we will have the necessary equipment to make our influence along all athletic lines strongly felt in the Northwest.

NATSIHI

Entertainments

ENTERTAINMENTS at Whitworth this year have ranged from the impromptu vaudeville "stunts" to the more finished execution of "Ralph Roister Doister."

In November the Y. W. C. A. began to advertise a County Fair to be given December the fourth. Many people who had long been anxious to know what there was at Whitworth, took that occasion to visit us. Much originality was shown in the management of the fair. In the side-shows were Blue-Beard's Wives, an Egyptian Mummy, the Smallest Man in the World, and a Picture Gallery. The young men enjoyed themselves in throwing balls at the American Dodger. Later in the evening a short program contributed to the general fun.

On March twenty-second, the Junior Class presented "A Scrap of Paper," an interesting comedy drama by J. Palgrave Simpson. The parts were all very well taken. Iva Loughlen deserves special mention for her clever interpretation of Suzanne.

The students have decided to give a show annually during the month of May. This year the name chosen was "The College Cut-ups." The following program was arranged:

Musical Specialty	Henrietta Burmeister
The Man Next Door.....	Clark Dramatic Company
Male Quartette	Y. M. C. A. Acrobats
Cello Selections	Miss Lora Miller
Comedians	Guy and Podmore
Mr. and Mrs. Castle.....	McLeod and Harbaugh
Musical Comedy Sketch.....	Loughlen Opera Company

"Ralph Roister Doister" was presented by the Seniors on the College campus. It was especially interesting to notice the skill of certain of the young women in playing the parts of men.

Cap and Gown Day

FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH, Cap and Gown Day, had come at last. Dignified Seniors bustled here and there in tasseled caps and flowing gowns. All-important Juniors held secret conversations, and carried mysterious bundles down to the chapel. Sophomores and Freshmen hastened back and forth with a mischievous twinkle in their eyes.

Ten-thirty, A. M., chapel time, arrived and visitors sat waiting the first public appearance of the Seniors in caps and gowns. Finally they came in solemn procession, escorted by the Juniors. After the usual devotional chapel exercises, Dr. MacKay gave the opening address. Then the Seniors had the opportunity of seeing themselves as others saw them. The Freshmen and Sophomores stood in stately array on the platform, wearing mock caps and gowns, eagerly waiting to be presented with diplomas of newspaper by the "President," and to hear his personal remarks on the faithful work and excellent behavior of each make-believe graduate.

The Juniors brought back the days of babyhood. Faithful nurses visited the park with their charges and told the big policeman the traits of the present Seniors, which even in childhood manifested themselves. In the next scene the babies had grown to look quite like the June graduating class of the College, and had even donned the Seniors' clothes, and were having a class "spread." The last was a graveyard, visited by an aged Junior, and as she read the inscriptions on the tombstones, she recalled what had happened to each Senior in the many years which had elapsed since the last scene.

After these reminiscences, the Juniors escorted the Seniors to the parlor of the boys' dormitory, and the guests followed. Here Dr. MacKay congratulated the class, and spoke a kind word characterizing each member. Miss Pyle, our Dean, gave her first impression. The President of the Class of 1915 handed over the keys, the symbol which unlocks the halls of Whitworth College, to the President of the Class of 1916. Other congratulatory addresses were received from representatives of the Freshman and Sophomore Classes and the Alumni.

The Juniors and Seniors enjoyed a delightful luncheon together. In the afternoon Miss Pyle entertained

NATSIHI

the two classes. At eight p. m. the Class of 1916 banqueted the Class of 1915 at The Davenport. The table looked beautiful with red carnations and novel place cards. After the dinner, toasts were given by Dr. MacKay and members of each class, the President of the Class of 1916 acting as toastmistress.

The day was over. It had been a most delightful one, long to be remembered by all, and especially by the Classes of 1915 and 1916.

Though this is the Seniors' Coming-Out Day the Freshman and Sophomore Classes also have their festivities. In the evening, while the Junior and Senior Classes were banqueting, the Sophomore and Freshman Classes went back to the realms of childhood. They enjoyed a gay and hilarious time in the boys' parlor, romping before the fireplace in glee. The hour of retiring was the only thing not in keeping with a "Kids' Party."



The Hay Rack Ride

"Hello, there! all aboard for the hay-rack ride!" and two wagons were full and off for a good time before one could ask who was there—it's just the Whitworth spirit, that's all, and everyone jumps in.

They were out for a good time and they surely had it, riding around nobody knew where, nor cared, singing songs, telling stories and jokes, and having such a time as only college students can have.

In a few minutes (the chaperones said a few hours), they returned to the College and made a raid on the Domestic Science room. But all they found was a monstrous big kettle of oyster soup and the faculty there to dish it out. Well, this just topped off one of the best evenings of the year in the most befitting manner imaginable.

Cane Rush

CANE RUSH DAY is always one of the exciting events in the life of the underclassmen, and this year was no exception to the rule. From the first day of school up to that time, there is more brain energy used by both Freshmen and Sophomores in the pursuit of some plan which will bring glory to their class, than in pursuits scholastic.

By Cane Rush Day, each class was ready to fight to the bitter end. Early in the afternoon there was a struggle around the pole behind the chapel which resulted in the Sophomore numerals being left undisturbed at the top of the pole. More or less fatigued by their strenuous exercise, the classes repaired to the athletic field to participate in the big events of the day.

The men of each class were lined up a hundred yards apart, the cane midway between. The girls formed themselves into rooters' clubs, enthusiastically cheering the men. At the crack of the pistol, the two classes rushed toward the cane. One man from each class outstripped the others and flung himself on the cane. The others arriving, threw themselves into the tussle. This went on fast and furious for five minutes. At the end of that time, the Sophomores having the greatest percentage of hands on the cane were winners.

This event was immediately followed by the tug-of-war, which was won by the Freshmen, thus tying the honors of the day. The seizure of a Freshman pennant was made at the last instant just before the upper-classmen ordered the cessation of hostilities between the two lower classes. From that time on, Freshmen and Sophomores have dwelt in peace and harmony.

NATSIHI

Once a Week at Chapel

HE ROSE suddenly from his chair and with a few loose-jointed steps reached the front of the platform. Here he deliberately placed his feet wide apart, pointed his toes out, and thrusting his head forward he stared vacantly about the room for a second or two, taking great care not to look at the audience. Then after clearing his throat several times to let the listeners know that he was about to say something, he folded his fingers into an unbelievable tangle, stiffened his arms down in front of him, again stared wildly about, and began to speak. His speech was one of carefully thought out and well constructed advice, re-enforced by the repetition of many wise old sayings, and delivered in the same pose mentioned before except with the eyes fixed rigidly on the seat of an empty chair in the front row, and the head bent low displaying a new style of hair dressing which draws a few straggly strands of hair from the back left-hand side of the head, clear across the bald top over to a place just above the right eye. Now and then the position was varied just a mite by a wild gesture to one side or the other or when an especially clever saying was expounded by another wide stare at the ceiling and perhaps a little rearrangement of the feet. The speech was progressing splendidly when suddenly and unaccountably, but with a look of perplexed relief on his face, the speaker unfolded his hands, took a step to the left, and called for the hymn which concluded the service.



Our Faculty

STRANGE as it may seem, there is sometimes an advantage in being looked down upon; in chapel, for instance, the students by virtue of their positions get such a splendid view of the faculty. Dr. MacKay occupies the middle of the faculty stage. Rising suddenly, with head erect, chest out, he marches to the edge of the platform, halts, strikes a Napoleonic attitude and in the tones of Patrick Henry announces the hymn. After the singing he abruptly turns his back on the audience, marches back to his chair, adjusts his coat-tails and sits down.

Professor Guy usually wears white socks. With his hands shoved deep into his pockets, his lips slightly compressed, his eyes wondering indifferently about the room, he makes a picture that the students would be loath to forget.

Professor Roark always sits with his left leg crossed over the right, the toe of the crossed foot pointing directly at the ceiling and the other wandering inward as if conscious of its mate's gyrations.

Dr. Ware gazes benignly over the rims of his spectacles and smiles indulgently at all the students.

Dr. Hollingsworth sits bolt upright, both feet firmly planted on the floor. When about to conduct chapel exercises he comes slowly forward, his left hand grasping his right wrist, as if the support might balance the backward tilt of his body, places his left foot nearly a yard away from the other, thrusts his head forward and with his eyes gazing at the spot where the middle foot-light would be, if there were any, begins to talk.

Professor Hewitt just sits.

Professor Holcombe, with a resounding puff, drops exhaustedly into his chair, buttons or unbuttons his coat or vest, puffs again, and finally assumes an attitude of repose.

Professor Barry unassumingly takes his place with the rest.

The scene is rendered all the more inspiring by the presence of the fair sex.

NATSIHI

Miss Pyle always smiles approvingly at the speaker, whoever he is or whatever he may be saying. Very often unconsciously she nods assent to something that is evidently expressing her sentiment.

Miss Fancher ascends the chapel steps like a lamb being led to the slaughter. She meekly, yet with great dignity, assumes a sitting posture, twines her feet clingingly about the legs of her chair, casts her eyes in her lap—and waits.

Miss Gentsch rarely adorns the scene with her presence. When she does so it is to render a selection upon the piano. After considerable twirling and twisting of the piano stool she finally sits upon it, braces her feet against the pedals, hovers over the keys an instant and alights upon them with a sudden swoop. After she has executed a musical number she descends amidst a storm of wild applause.

Miss Lentz presents a most pathetic sight. After a beseeching glance at the students, then at the faculty, her face assumes an expression of martyrdom which lasts until the last verse of the last hymn is being sung. Then gradually her eyes brighten, her lips tremble on the verge of a smile, and oh, joy! her upper teeth show in a way that is so very contagious that all the students respond by a similar display of ivories, and make a bolt for the door.

**“A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.”**



Who Is It?

The door bangs overhead; then follows a noise as if some one were taking the stairs in leaps and bounds, when there appears in the doorway a young man of medium size, his hair disheveled, and his tie floating in the breeze. One would think that because he is late for breakfast, he would be somewhat abashed,—but no, not at all. He takes his place at the table with a broad grin and an air of assurance, and is soon busy in his efforts to catch up with his more fortunate friends. At last he succeeds and is now able to converse with his nearest neighbor, telling her that what she just said isn't so at all, for he knows positively that it isn't.

This young man in years to come will undoubtedly be some one of note at Whitworth; if not for his talent in acting, then in his regular work of engineering the heating system of the College.



NATSIHI

Organizations

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The Student Association

ALL THE students of the College are organized into a body known as the Student Association. This body promotes and conducts all enterprises which concern the students as a whole. The President and Vice President, two members from each of the College classes, and two faculty advisers constitute the Executive Board, which appoints the various committees and managers, and executes the business affairs of the Association.

OFFICERS FOR 1914-1915

Ruth Lee	President
Ella Hoska	Vice President
Virginia Clark	Secretary
Mary Gunn	Treasurer

EXECUTIVE BOARD

Senior Representatives

Ruth Lee	Chairman Ex Officio
Ella Hoska	Vice Chairman Ex Officio
Mary Gunn	Treasurer Ex Officio

NATSIHI

Junior Representatives

Iva Loughlen, Ruth Campbell

Sophomore Representatives

Virginia ClarkSecretary Ex Officio

Charles Ware

Freshman Representatives

Charles Harbaugh, Donald McLeod

This year the Association has directed most of its attention to general improvements. The ground for tennis courts was provided by the Board of Trustees and equipped by the Student Association. Apparatus for the gymnasium was purchased also. In order to stage the dramatics of the College it was necessary to buy theatrical properties, which was also done by the Association. Another one of the activities of the Association has been the support of the school paper. Not only have the Athletic and Literary Departments of the school received support but the social affairs of the College have been backed by the organization.



Y. W. C. A.

THE Y. W. C. A. of Whitworth College is classed among the strongest and best of the Student Associations in the Northwest. It has always been well represented at the Summer Conferences, thus carrying the high ideals, and splendid enthusiasm of the school among other associations and bringing back in the fall added zest and inspiration from contact with national workers.

The girls who attended this fall felt an increased responsibility and desire for the work of the Association. They were anxious that the same standards should be set and upheld. With this in view the Membership Committee enlisted every girl in the society, thus giving the Y. W. C. A. a broad hold and influence.

Following the work of the Membership Committee, the Bible and Mission Committee organized study classes to educate the members in the association work and impress its standards through study.

The Association stands, above all else, for "Service to others." And because of the magnitude of its mission has many avenues through which the work is done. From the first Sabbath of the school year, when every new girl finds a vase of flowers in her room, through all the merry social events, to the last meeting in spring, the girls know that there is a Y. W. C. A., composed of members personally interested in knowing and understanding them and giving them a warm reception into their association work.

The influence of the Association is not only within but also without. The Extension Committee has charge of carrying the spirit of good cheer to those outside of the Association—and this year has organized a neighborhood Sunday School as well as doing sunshine work at the hospitals.

Well organized under the President and cabinet, with every girl assisting, the work moves along without hindrance. This atmosphere is firmly established by the week-end Cabinet House Party held just before the opening of school in the fall, where the officers meet to strengthen their unity and renew association interests.

Many times in Cabinet Conferences of parts of the State the question comes, "How do you keep up your attendance?" Perhaps the best explanation is that every Wednesday chapel period is given to the Y. W. C. A.

NATSIHI

weekly devotional meeting, thus the girls learn to reserve that time for devotion and as a result the attendance is well sustained.

Every girl has been a member this year and each one will return next year to show the same kindness to the incoming students as was shown her last fall.

Y. M. C. A.

ONE of the important factors in the student life of every college is the Y. M. C. A. The Old Whitworth of Tacoma was not lacking in this factor, neither is the New Whitworth of Spokane. Early in the school year the men were called together to discuss the situation, several members of the faculty meeting with them. The aim and purpose of the Y. M. C. A. was held up before the men and a general discussion followed, resulting in an organization being formed and the following officers being elected: President, W. S. Whitsitt; Vice President, V. A. Bacher; Secretary, G. K. Takaku; Treasurer, C. E. Ware.

Since the organization was completed devotional meetings have been held. These meetings have, for the most part, been in charge of the students themselves, and have been a source of inspiration and uplift to those who have attended. Besides the weekly devotional meetings, daily prayer meetings have been held for part of the year. The men felt a desire to do some specific evangelistic work so, just before the Easter vacation the Whitworth Gospel Team was organized. The aim of this department of the Y. M. C. A. is to have ready a band of consecrated young men who can and will go to the mission fields and do active evangelistic work. The Burns' Addition Chapel of Spokane was without a minister, so the gospel team assumed the responsibility of the work. There are in the organization two who have pledged themselves to foreign work, and in another year the Y. M. C. A. hopes to have a student volunteer band organized.

The officers for the fall of 1915 have been elected and are earnest, upright, consecrated men. With the prospect of new buildings and a large enrollment they expect a very prosperous year in 1915-16.

Criterion

ON THE evening of November twenty-fourth, a formal reorganization of the Criterion Literary Society was effected. The officers appointed at the closing meeting of last year were unanimously re-elected. The officers were:

Miss Iva Loughlen.....	President
Miss Ora Landis.....	Vice President
Miss Ella Miller.....	Secretary
Mr. Lewis MacClain.....	Treasurer

The first regular meeting included discussions of some of the important political question which, at present, confront the national government.

Immigration was the general topic for the meeting of December nineteenth. An especially good feature of the meeting was a discussion of the Mongolian question by Donald MacLeod, and the able and scholarly explanation of Japan's attitude, presented by one of our Seniors, Mr. Takaku, in defense of his native land.

A mock session of the legislature proved an instructive and entertaining program for the next meeting.

The meeting for February twenty-fourth was purely a business session. An election of officers was held and resulted as follows:

John Podmore	President
Ruth Campbell	Vice President
Elizabeth Larson	Secretary
Donald MacLeod	Treasurer
Ella Miller	Poet Historian
Frank Read	Sergeant-at-Arms

NATSIHI

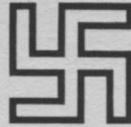
A surprise meeting was in store for the Criterion members on March tenth, when an impromptu program was given.

March twenty-fourth, the regular meeting was open to visitors. One of the students, Mr. Harbaugh, was charged with the theft of a Ford, at the mock trial conducted by the society. The jury, composed wholly of the fair sex, gave the decision in favor of the prisoner.

At a later meeting Mr. Read gave an exposition of Roberts' Rules of Order. This was followed by a practical demonstration and application in a drill on parliamentary law.

In the last meeting the comparative value of compulsory and optional vocational education was discussed.

The Criterion Society, though yet in its infancy, is steadily gaining strength and is giving valuable assistance along literary lines.



Kappa Gamma

KAPPA GAMMA is a Greek letter secret society established primarily for literary study. It was organized in 1902 and has been an important factor in college life ever since. Though subjects on literature, art, or music are discussed at the bi-monthly meetings, the interest does not stop there.

The Kappa Gamma girls are always boosting every college activity and may always be relied upon to give the very best they have to Whitworth.

The society appears as such only once every year. At the annual May party the girls make their debut. Except for the Colonial party this is the most elaborate and prettiest party of the year. The beautifully decorated hall banked with spring flowers and the picturesque May Pole Dance culminated by the crowning of the May Queen, make it an event eagerly looked forward to by the entire College.

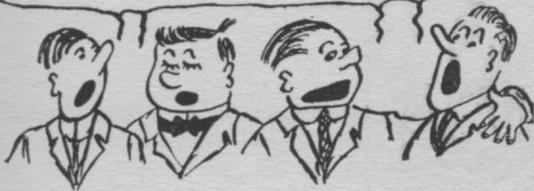
The members of the society this year are: Mary Gunn, Edith Schnebly, Edna Schnebly, Virginia Clark, Laura Pierson, Lelia Price, Hazel White, Ella Lowman, Hazel Peth, Henrietta Burmeister, Hazel Heald, Ella Hoska, Irene Crawford, Ruth Lee, Iva Loughlen, Ruth Campbell, Anna-Mary Muir, and Martha Bell.





The Quartet

IN SELLING KINDLING WOOD
TO GET ALO-O-ONG



We may not be handy,
But we get the candy.

(Tune of "Old Oaken Bucket")

"Our Quartet," having no connection with "Our Store" except in a financial way, had its origin in "Ye Old College Bus" in this way:

"Prof." Guy started singing "Roll Dem Bones," "Izzy" Ware chimed in with a gentle tenor, "Ditto" McLeod joined in with a satisfying first bass, and "Chuck" Harbaugh timidly stole second. A little harmony was the result.

The four kept at it to amuse themselves and now they are dubbed a quartet.

However, the candy mentioned in the prelude was well earned. Think of standing under some girl's window at 10:30, singing with upturned faces; a pleading look in your eyes, and listening to the crunching of fudge which drowns your melodious voices and gives you a gnawing, hungry feeling. Then think of being rewarded, when out comes a box of candy dangling from a shoe string. Imagine yourself accepting the candy with many thanks and retiring.

This is not an unusual occurrence when "Our Quartet" hears of a feed to be spread in the "Girls' Dorm." Do you wonder how they have escaped the dreaded sickness called "Fudgitis"? But they have pulled through this year and next year will hit up the old songs in the same old way.

NATSIHI



NATSIHI

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

FRIDAY, 18th. A pouring rain to welcome the arrival of the advance guard. Corps composed of Heine, Dutch, Rastus, Ruthie, Iva, Martha, Mary, and Lelia. "Ich Kann Spreche" first wafted on Spokane's breezes from the Y. W. C. A. cafeteria. First impressions of the new campus. Rastus—"Oh, girls, it's simply great!"

SATURDAY, 19th.

"Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard

To get her poor dog a bone.

But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,

For none of the food had come home."

Sadness turns into joy when dinner is served at the cook-house, well seasoned with Whitworth songs and yells. Miss Pyle makes her formal debut.

SUNDAY, 20th. Students welcomed at Centenary Church.

MONDAY, 21st. Sizing up our new home and surroundings.

TUESDAY, 22nd. Grand fall opening of Whitworth College.

WEDNESDAY, 23rd. Sophs right there. Mock Freshman manifestos posted over campus. Hurried maneuvers on part of Freshies.

THURSDAY, 24th. Beginning of social whirl. Annual comb concert for homesick girls in the smallest room available.



NATSIHI

FRIDAY, 25th. The mock wedding of Jeremiah Takemequick and Selina Takeme at Y. W. C. A. party for new girls. Elaborate refreshments served by the bride's parents.

SATURDAY, 26th. Everyone shops for new room-furnishings.

SUNDAY, 27th. First Presbyterian Church becomes acquainted with us.

MONDAY, 28th. Full speed ahead.

TUESDAY, 29th. Arrival of "The Gentleman from Indiana."

WEDNESDAY, 30th. Obedient Freshman girls appear with enormous hair bows at Sophs' command.

OCTOBER

THURSDAY, 1st. Daredevil Daisy escapes the clutching hands. A slide for life down the Chapel roof on a rope suspended from the attic.

FRIDAY, 2nd. Y. W. and Y. M. mixer. Can our dignified Seniors walk on their heads? Well, I guess!

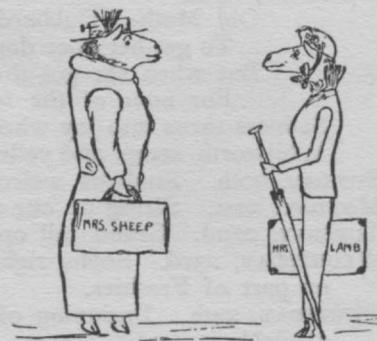
SATURDAY, 3rd. Everybody stays at home owing to the activity of J. Pluvius and his little watering can.

SUNDAY, 4th. Much stationery and ink consumed.

MONDAY, 5th. Great discussion: Miss Lentz and Donald vs. Rastus and Lewis — "In which direction is the mail box?"

TUESDAY, 6th. Izzy goes to all of his classes.

WEDNESDAY, 7th. Who's who when all the girls change dresses? Departure of Mrs. Lamb and arrival of Mrs. Sheep.



NATSIHI

THURSDAY, 8th. Turn about is fair play. The boys try it with their waistcoats and collars.

FRIDAY, 9th. "Suburban 6716? Hello, is the College on fire?" "Oh, no, that's only a little bonfire the students are having."

SATURDAY, 10th. A ten-mile stroll up the river. Our first all-day outing.

SUNDAY, 11th. Everybody all tired out.

MONDAY, 12th. "The Mission Sweets" sells out to A. Lewis. Grand opening of "Our Store."

TUESDAY, 13th. Hersheys our only diet.

WEDNESDAY, 14th.

There was a Freshman pennant
A-floating up on high,
A Sophomore, he spied it
As he went strolling by

THURSDAY, 15th. '17 and '18 numerals are seen in numerous places.

FRIDAY, 16th. Hostilities between Freshies and Sophs terminate in the cane rush, resulting in a tie; chafing dish party afterwards.

SATURDAY, 17th. Seniors are honored at a taffy pull given in the cook-house by the Sophs. They have a real sweet time.

SUNDAY, 18th. A busy day when floods of visitors descend upon us.

MONDAY, 19th. Intense strain of the day's work and of study hour lightened by a hilarious spread given by Ella Miller in honor of her birthday.

TUESDAY, 20th. Y. W. yell after chapel—"Fresh candies, bon-bons, chocolates and popcorn balls."

WEDNESDAY, 21st. "Chuck" learns to play "I Want to Go Back to the Farm" after much strenuous labor on Jerome's part.

THURSDAY, 22nd. Plans for Hallowe'en started.

FRIDAY, 23rd. "A good old time" such as only college people know. Ask Heine if she likes to play "Poison Rag!"



NATSIHI

SATURDAY, 24th. Housecleaning in both dormitories.

SUNDAY, 25th. A few judiciously written signs and quiet informal program help to brighten up a dull Sunday evening and drive away that homesick feeling. Five bells, boys!

MONDAY, 26th. Fancy dress party, the beginning of a series given by Miss Diana Dillpickle (nee Sanders) in honor of Miss Ella Cute.

TUESDAY, 27th.

"Life is such a beastly bore,
What's there to be thankful for?"

WEDNESDAY, 28th. Miss Dillpickle's second entertainment.

THURSDAY, 29th. Everybody head over heels working for the Hallowe'en party.

FRIDAY, 30th. Hallowe'en comes with its spooks and ghosts and visits to topsy-turvy land and midnight promenades. The feature of the evening, however, was Herr Professor and his blushing bride.

SATURDAY, 31st. Whitworth joins with the Sunday Schools of the city in a great parade in favor of temperance.



NOVEMBER

SUNDAY, 1st. "The Flying Squadron" in Spokane.

MONDAY, 2nd. Mr. Holcombe manages to say two words in a minute.

TUESDAY, 3rd. Whitsitt preaches a temperance sermon in Economics Class.

WEDNESDAY, 4th. All the cases and kegs around Whitworth burned in a huge bonfire for the "Drys" in Washington.

THURSDAY, 5th. The College students are replaced at dinner by five-year-olds with pig-tails and knee-breeches.

FRIDAY, 6th. Miss Pyle is initiated into the smart set at the Boys' Dorm.

NATSIHI

SATURDAY, 7th.

Wallace Wait,
You are late.

SUNDAY, 8th. A special Sunday program is rendered by our talented few.

MONDAY, 9th. We find a real ice-cave and explore it.

TUESDAY, 10th. Professor Guy doesn't care how much he pays for his curtains.

WEDNESDAY, 11th. A chance bunch pays Mr. Wilson a visit. Wonder why?

THURSDAY, 12th. Still beautiful weather and no one murmuring but the pines.

FRIDAY, 13th. May Pyle, Glee Lentz, and Lauretta Fancher give a kid party.

SATURDAY, 15th. Kappa Gamma initiation and banquet.

SUNDAY, 15th. Mr. Guy delays traffic by calling on Miss Pyle at 7:30 p. m.

MONDAY, 16th. Nobody has his lessons after Sunday's violent dissipations.

TUESDAY, 17th. "By cracky diamonds, I'll give you a Yankee dime for that!"

WEDNESDAY, 18th. Deer Park stage hold-up! Mr. Wilson loses his head. Miss Pyle calms the girls while the masculine protectors search for the villains.

THURSDAY, 19th. Mrs. MacKay gives an informal afternoon in honor of Miss Margaret Longstreth of Tacoma.

FRIDAY, 20th. Miss Pyle speaks at the Presbyterian Union banquet.

SATURDAY, 21st. Lewis gets dreadfully hungry before lunch.

SUNDAY, 22nd. Oh, the joys of country life! They missed the bus.

MONDAY, 23rd. Mr. Peterson donates the pole and Mr. Graves the flag so we have a flag-raising ceremony. A patriotic spirit is aroused by singing our national songs. Prof. Guy presides.

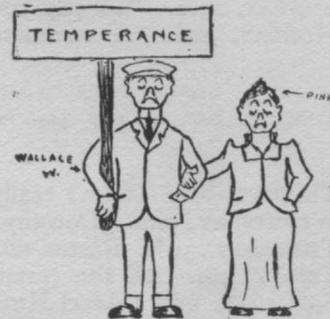
TUESDAY, 24th. First meeting of the Criterion Literary Society.

WEDNESDAY, 25th. Rakes, shovels, and axes are used rather roughly. Result: a clean campus and a happy bunch around a bonfire with a barrel of cider.

THURSDAY, 26th. Thanksgiving Day is celebrated by a banquet and a party. Remember the popular parodies.

FRIDAY, 27th. A spread given with the remains of boxes coming from various parts of Washington.

SATURDAY, 28th. A nice farm wagon ride with some other fellow's girl beside you.



NATSIHI

SUNDAY, 29th. "I'll pay you tomorrow, Mr. Welling ton."

MONDAY, 30th. A common saying, "Isn't it awful? I've gained twenty pounds."

DECEMBER

TUESDAY, 1st. It isn't really winter yet.

WEDNESDAY, 2nd. Dorothy, alias Diana, gives another of her specialties.

THURSDAY, 3rd. Rastus takes a sleigh-ride with Commodore Perry.

FRIDAY, 4th. All the countryside and then some turn out for the "County Fair."

SATURDAY, 5th. Hazel Heald likes Fords, too, she says.

SUNDAY, 6th. Vesper still at 5 p. m.

MONDAY, 7th. "Ha, ha," quoth Quiller, laughing down his left sleeve and filling it with mirth. "Ha, ha."

TUESDAY, 8th. A Christmas smile is dawning on our faces.

WEDNESDAY, 9th. The new sport, coasting behind the bus.

THURSDAY, 10th. Cook's Lake is frozen over and we have the special privilege of skating there—Ooh, it's fun! Just like glass!

FRIDAY, 11th. Kensington arrives in the girls' parlor.

SATURDAY, 12th. Whitworth adopts the new electrical dance, the "Induction Coil."

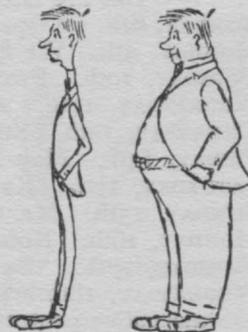
SUNDAY, 13th. Although Virginia has been here four years she still seems to wear well.

MONDAY, 14th. The Moonlight Witches meet on the roof.

TUESDAY, 15th. Frequent phone calls to the station.

WEDNESDAY, 16th. Students wrap their ink for protection against frost.

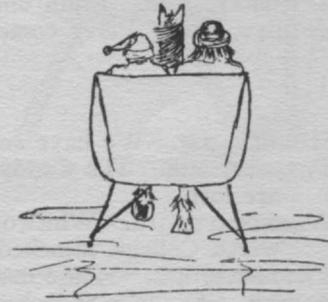
THURSDAY, 17th. The smile breaks into a laugh and with a strange intermingling of suit-cases and "Good-byes" we are off for the holidays.



NATSIHI

JANUARY

- MONDAY, 4th. "The return of the Weary Willies," illuminated by a solitaire, the first of the season.
- TUESDAY, 5th. We have here a romance which died in its youth. Two of the Weary Willies fail to catch the caboose and come on a slow freight.
- WEDNESDAY, 6th. Our noses to the grindstone.
- THURSDAY, 7th. Skees!!! **—** For lessons in skeeing apply to Prof. Guy.
- FRIDAY, 8th. Olson has a fall and nearly loses his smile.
- SATURDAY, 9th. A new addition to the College—a snow man.
- SUNDAY, 10th (11:00 p. m.). When some people get the moving bug, there's no first aid for the injured. For information apply to Dutch or H. H.
- MONDAY, 11th. Miss Pyle entertains Mr. Hudson.
- TUESDAY, 12th. Dutch celebrates her 16th birthday and Susie loses a plate of fudge.
- WEDNESDAY, 13th. A crumby breakfast—cornmeal bread.
- THURSDAY, 14th. Wallace comes in late for breakfast.
- FRIDAY, 15th. Pop-corn, popped in a popping popper on a popping popper plate in Pepin Pyle's popping room.
- SATURDAY, 16th. Iva's fifteenth birthday.
- SUNDAY, 17th. Vesper in Boys' Dorm.
- MONDAY, 18th. Lelia's fourteenth birthday party in Dutch's room. The party is "Butterless Popcorn."
- TUESDAY, 19th. First musical and oratorical recital of the year.
- WEDNESDAY, 20th. Half holiday—theater party to "The Auctioneer," starring David Warfield.
- THURSDAY, 21st. "Monkey mit dat Steek. Five cents."
- FRIDAY, 22nd. Junior Class Play. Ruthie's blushes are still in evidence.
- SATURDAY, 23rd. Everybody's Jonah Day.
- SUNDAY, 24th. One grand dinner—first of the season.



NATSIHI

MONDAY, 25th. Podmore lopes home through the snow, graceful as a deer.

TUESDAY, 26th. Scene: A snow pile, decorated with skees. Voice: "Now, I am mad!"

WEDNESDAY, 27th. Coasting—Edna cracks one of the Hazel Nuts.

THURSDAY, 28th. Isabel makes her regular evening calls.

FRIDAY, 29th. Blissful exams.

SATURDAY, 30th. Edith and Hazel buy a bob-sled. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

SUNDAY, 31st. Perry comes to Sunday evening tea.

FEBRUARY

MONDAY, 1st. We have smear-case (not a real case) for lunch.

TUESDAY, 2nd. The Candy Pull. On this eventful evening another "Nut" is cracked but none of the contents are lost.

WEDNESDAY, 3rd. Whitworth Extra! Great Accident! Morning Edition! Mr. Harbaugh, a Junior at Whitworth College, attacked on the public highway.

THURSDAY, 4th. Heine moves up with Dutch.

FRIDAY, 5th. Dinner in honor of Daisy Chase.

SATURDAY, 6th.

Snow may come and snow may go,
But our skeeing goes on forever.

SUNDAY, 7th. Whitsitt is strong on Opportunity, with a hard emphasis on Vera.

MONDAY, 8th. Appearing on the screen at Whitworth College: A weather-scarred veteran of many climes—Horse-Power Andrews.

TUESDAY, 9th. Gymnasium equipment put up.

WEDNESDAY, 10th. Laura in her element—basket-ball.

THURSDAY, 11th. Sophs and Freshmen plan for Cap and Gown Day. Ella Miller brings forth the caps and gowns.



NATSIHI

FRIDAY, 12th. Impersonations by Bacher in the girls' parlor.
SATURDAY, 13th. Mary Gunn gets her ten hours of sleep.
SUNDAY, 14th. Our valentine arrives—Hy Hopper.
MONDAY, 15th. Decoration of Boys' Dorm for Cap and Gown Day.
TUESDAY, 16th.

1. Cap and Gown Day.
2. Junior and Senior Banquet at Davenport's.
3. Soph and Freshman Kid Party.



WEDNESDAY, 17th. The boys make good models and good George Washingtons.
THURSDAY, 18th. Decorating for the Colonial Party. Donald's calling: 'To manufacture American Flags.'
FRIDAY, 19th. Colonial Party. Will we ever forget our Skip-to-my-Lou?
SATURDAY, 20th. The morning after the night before.
SUNDAY, 21st. Truly a day of rest.
MONDAY, 22nd. Washington's Birthday—a holiday. Caves are discovered by a merry bunch of hikers.
TUESDAY, 23rd. February thaw—Margaret Miller shrinks two inches.
WEDNESDAY, 24th. Peewee learns "The Hy Hop."
THURSDAY, 25th. Mr. Guy advertises that he is not a dray but a transfer.
FRIDAY, 26th. Dr. MacLeod arrives.
SATURDAY, 27th. A hike to the caves. Who paid for the films, Wallace?
SUNDAY, 28th. The Schnebly's birthday. The last day of winter.



NATSIHI

MARCH



MONDAY, 1st.

“Ah, March, we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats;
And, out of sight, art nursing April’s violets.”

TUESDAY, 2nd. The old politicians go up to the Five Mile to vote for Road Supervisors. Our Perry elected Pound Master.

WEDNESDAY, 3rd. Many attend the “Movies” and listen to Serg. Andrews, U. S. A., lecture on China.

THURSDAY, 4th. Fire on the roof of chapel—every one out.

FRIDAY, 5th. Slumber Party for girls of High Schools in Girls’ Dorm. Two burglars cause many to faint, but nothing of value lost except dignity. Sunday School Party in Boys’ Dorm. Pajama Parade.

SATURDAY, 6th. Two couples hike down the river about eight miles—general lassitude on part of others.

SUNDAY, 7th. Dr. Fancher speaks at Vesper.

MONDAY, 8th. Mr. Guy does not go walking—guess the rain accounts for it all.

TUESDAY, 9th. Baseball turnout.

WEDNESDAY, 10th. Paper says that all classes are planting gardens in class colors—“It may be so.”

THURSDAY, 11th. Baseball goods are donated by Indians and Spokane Hardware.

FRIDAY, 12th. Night of the Big Flood. Many lives lost. Water pipe in drive bursts.

SATURDAY 13th. Fence built around brick walk to keep Miss Pyle’s little girls from wandering out of the yard.

SUNDAY, 14th. Mr. MacClellan and Mr. Hollingsworth here—everyone decides to be a missionary.

MONDAY, 15th. Izzy cleans his room.

TUESDAY, 16th. All the Department Heads and Clerks of “Our Store” attend Bible Lecture given by Dr. Ware.

NATSIHI

WEDNESDAY, 17th. "The wearin' of the green." Student body turns out to see the steam roller roll by.

THURSDAY, 18th. Whitworth Gospel Team organized.

FRIDAY, 19th. Kensington in Girls' Dorm. A quiet, domestic scene—boys like pop-corn, too.

SATURDAY, 20th. Andrews says the sunset makes him think of straining milk through a sieve.

SUNDAY, 21st. Organ Recital at First M. E. Church.

MONDAY, 22nd. Some "evidence" is found on a number of the fellows.

TUESDAY, 23rd. Miss Fancher learns how many sugars and how much cream her nieces and nephews take in their tea.

WEDNESDAY, 24th. Chuck is tried for the theft of Mr. Ferris' Ford. Verdict: "Not guilty."

THURSDAY, 25th. Donald and John buy ice-cream trousers.

FRIDAY, 26th. Lewis recalled as Justice of the Peace.

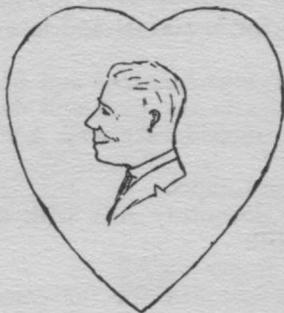
SATURDAY, 27th. Style show, fifteen new hats. Pewee and Ella Cute buy two pairs of new shoes each.

SUNDAY, 28th. Hopper returns for good, much better.

MONDAY, 29th. Edith is counting the days until vacation. Has five fingers up.

TUESDAY, 30th. Izzy answers a question in Bible Class.

WEDNESDAY, 31st. Voice in the dining room: "Oh, look at everybody, where are they all?"



NATSIHI

APRIL

- THURSDAY, 1st. One continual round of pleasure. The day begins at 4:15. Breakfast is eaten more or less slowly because of artfully concealed toothpicks. And last, but not least, you might ask Mr. Roark what he thinks of the culmination.
- FRIDAY, 2nd. "Dutch Hospitality for Hungry Neighbors" is offered in room twenty-one. Elizabeth Larsen divvies with the girls the same evening.
- SATURDAY, 3rd. The left-overs or those who did not go home for vacation entertain themselves at a theatre party and luncheon.
- SUNDAY, 4th. The Y. M. C. A. Gospel Team takes up the work at the Hope Chapel. The girls walk down with the boys. Easter Sunday.
- MONDAY, 5th. Our boys tack the tennis tapes in place.
- TUESDAY, 6th. The benefits of labor are reaped.
- WEDNESDAY, 7th. Just a lazy day. Some gather flowers down the river and some make fudge in the Boys' Dorm with the fire only as a chaperone.
- THURSDAY, 8th. "Let's have eggs and bacon for breakfast and lots of salad and sandwiches and everything for lunch."
- FRIDAY, 9th. Eight of the hiking club cover four hundred and fifty-five miles while four others win the distance cup by accidentally losing themselves in the dark and dangerous woods.
- SATURDAY, 10th. A few of the participants of said hike walk a short way to keep in practice.
- SUNDAY, 11th. Vernon still preaches at Hope Chapel.
- MONDAY, 12th. Miss Gentsch entertains the dormitory girls with an afternoon tea at her beautiful home on Cannon Hill.
- TUESDAY, 13th. Indian sign, fellows! One finger up!
- WEDNESDAY, 14th. New Y. W. officers are installed for the coming year.



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THURSDAY, 15th. Our Domestic Science Department shows the deans of the Northwest what we can do. Twelve vocalists storm North Central High School in "The Chinook."

FRIDAY, 16th. The beautiful bus appears. Fifteen miles is its highest speed. Again we startle the city and appear this time at Lewis and Clark High.

SATURDAY, 17th. North Central baseball team play our team and are entertained at dinner.

SUNDAY, 18th. The couch covers and cushions are on the lawn instead of where they rightfully belong.

MONDAY, 19th. New Board of Control nominations made.

TUESDAY, 20th. High Life at Whitworth. We had a ride in the new bus and the movie man took our pictures in the baseball parade.

WEDNESDAY, 21st. Miss Livermore, our matron, resigns because of illness in her family. We are very sorry to have her leave us, for she seems to belong to us each one. We hope that we may always include her in our College family.

THURSDAY, 22nd. Either the girl or her escort must have a watch between six-thirty and seven-thirty, so get your alarms fixed.

FRIDAY, 23rd. Board of Control elected.

SATURDAY, 24th. Baseball game. Whitworth vs. Allen Business College.

SUNDAY, 25th. The Boys' Quartette sing at the Mission. The girls had a good homey time in the parlor with the lights turned low.

MONDAY, 26th. Tennis tournament started in the fall finished today. The students win easily from the faculty.

TUESDAY, 27th. The Freshman Class give spirited accounts of Who's Who and What's What at Whitworth.

WEDNESDAY, 28th. Y. W. Gypsy Frolic in the woods from four p. m. until seven-thirty p. m.

THURSDAY, 29th. Frank Read discovers a hair straightener.

FRIDAY, 30th. Eight students sing and speak at the North Side Meeting.



NATSIHI

MAY

SATURDAY, 1st.

“The sky is gold that once was gray,
And all the world is bright with May,
And every Jack shall have his Jill,
Romance comes piping over the hill.”



SUNDAY, 2nd. The price of ice cream has advanced 50c per gallon. Heavenly hash for dinner.

MONDAY, 3rd. Chuck breaks a record—phonographs are certainly entertaining.

TUESDAY, 4th. Someone sprinkles the garden.

WEDNESDAY, 5th. Dr. Hollingsworth sports a pompadour.

THURSDAY, 6th. Lelia goes walking with a great Si.

FRIDAY, 7th. Kappa Gamma May Party—many guests present to see Queen Mary crowned.

SATURDAY, 8th. Rastus doesn't have any weight with me—maybe Wallace does. Be careful or he'll land us.

SUNDAY, 9th.

“Miles and miles of gold and green
Where the sunflowers blow
In a solid glow.”

MONDAY, 10th. Iva hunch—Lewis hasn't such a large appetite as one might think.

TUESDAY, 11th. Horse-Power Andrews insists on staging the “Ragtime Lucia Sextette.”

WEDNESDAY, 12th. Isabel will not yield to temptation and dance before the vulgar public.

NATSIHI

THURSDAY, 13th. Who is this? "By gosh, I'm going to take you downtown and show you what a real time is like. Wait till I get my check from home. I mean it, too."

FRIDAY, 14th. Vaudeville show—Bolliver Choke-Strap, I'm scared green! Osifer, so am I! Hope our canoe will arrive in time for the act.

SATURDAY, 15th. \$800 clear—we can each have two annuals if we want them.

SUNDAY, 16th. Oh, for a book and a shady nook!

MONDAY, 17th. Quiet day, Dorothy is tired.

TUESDAY, 18th. Miss Gentsch eats lunch with us. Soup and gingerbread.

WEDNESDAY, 19th. Love game. A racquet. A good ball. Oh, the deuce, only a tennis court!

THURSDAY, 20th. Izzy has an awful fall as he is so interested in one of Prof. Guy's stories and is hanging on every word when Prof.'s voice breaks.

FRIDAY, 21st. Miss Lentz, "Aw, go on, you can Guy me if you want to."

SATURDAY, 22nd. Josephine surprises Dr. Hollingsworth by knowing her Latin and Greek.

SUNDAY, 23rd.

"The Sabbath brings its kind release
And care lies slumbering on the lap of peace."

MONDAY, 24th. Whitworth collapses. Anna-Mary's school spirit is punctured.

TUESDAY, 25th. Seven a. m.—A voice, "Say, where's your fly swatter? There are two big flies in our room."

WEDNESDAY, 26th. Edie decides she won't stay to graduate after all.

THURSDAY, 27th. Miss Augusta Gentsch presents her "vociferous" pupil, Ruth Lee, in a song recital, featuring numbers of her own composition, with the music accidental.

FRIDAY, 28th. Voices on the roof at 4 a. m. after gazing at the moon many hours:

Dutch—"Oh, doesn't that bird look tiny?"

Heine—"Where? I don't see any bird."

Dutch—"Oh, I guess it's only a piece of soot."

NATSIHI

SATURDAY, 29th. Biggest turnout of the season at the baseball game.

SUNDAY, 30th.

“And this, our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongue in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything—
I would not change it.”

MONDAY, 31st. With the spell of Sunday upon us, the week's work is well begun.

JUNE

TUESDAY, 1st. We cannot help but feel a little more serious as Commencement time draws near.

WEDNESDAY, 2nd. The Seniors are thinking of saying good-bye to their classes.

THURSDAY, 3rd. The Seniors are about to say good-bye to their classes.

FRIDAY, 4th. The Seniors have said good-bye to their classes. Virginia Clark's Recital.

SATURDAY, 5th.

“Washee, washee, alla time washee,
Dat's de way poor college students slave;
Lubee, lubee, alla time lubee,
Fifteen cents is all they save.”

SUNDAY, 6th. Ice cream every Sunday now that they are about to lose us.

MONDAY, 7th. Hey, all you Seniors! Hurry up in here! It's time for play practice.

TUESDAY, 8th. Only two more days before exams. Everyone envying the Seniors.

WEDNESDAY, 9th. Too hot to play tennis, too hot to go walking, too hot to *study*, and anyway college only keeps one more week.

NATSIHI

THURSDAY, 10th. George is excited about leaving for the cherry blossom Nippon land. He forgets play practice.

FRIDAY, 11th. Ella Lowman's Recital.

SATURDAY, 12th. A big spree. Our last Saturday in Spokane. Loew's, Clemmer, Liberty, Palm and Mission Sweets.

SUNDAY, 13th. Baccalaureate Service.

MONDAY, 14th. Stage hands erect platform in the woods. Dress rehearsal of Class Play.

TUESDAY, 15th. The first English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," is presented by the Class of 1915.

WEDNESDAY, 16th. Everyone excited. Many visitors. Seniors try to rest but fail.

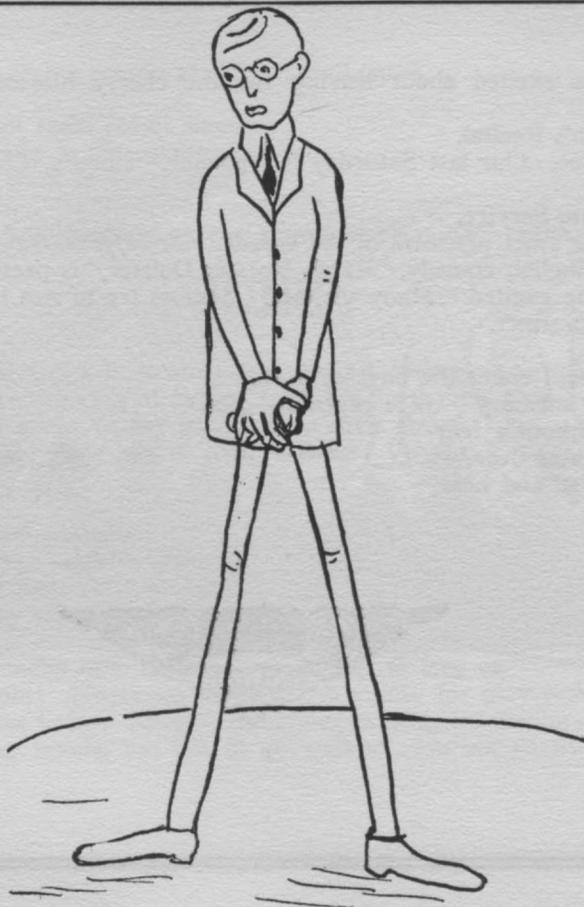
THURSDAY, 17th. COMMENCEMENT.

"In the future we will count the days of yore,
As we hear sweet memory's voice repeating o'er,
'Fight for right without a fear
For your Alma Mater dear.'
Oh, our College, list' and hear,
We'll be true."



NATSIHI

LEST WE FORGET:



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TABLE OF CONTENTS

MAGAZINE SECTION

Title Page.....	1
Foreward	2
Dedication	3
Journal Staff	4
Board of Trustees.....	5
Faculty Title Page.....	6
Faculty Write-up	7
Senior Title Page	11
Seniors	12
Junior Title Page.....	17
Every Junior	18
Sophomore Title Page	21
Ye Claese of '17.....	22
Freshman Title Page.....	25
Freshman Horoscope	26
Mary C. Livermore.....	28
Society	29

NATSIHI

MAGAZINE SECTION—*Continued*

School Events	32
Hikes	33
Athletics	36
Entertainments	37
Cap and Gown Day.....	38
Hay Rack Ride.....	39
Cane Rush	40
Pine Needles	41
Once a Week at Chapel.....	41
Our Faculty	42
Who Is It?.....	44
Organization	45
Student Association	46
Y. W. C. A.....	48
Y. M. C. A.....	49
Criterion Literary Society.....	50
Kappa Gamma	52
Quartet	53
Lost Opportunity (Cut).....	54
Calendar	55
Prof. Hollingsworth (Cut).....	72
Finis	73

NATSIHI

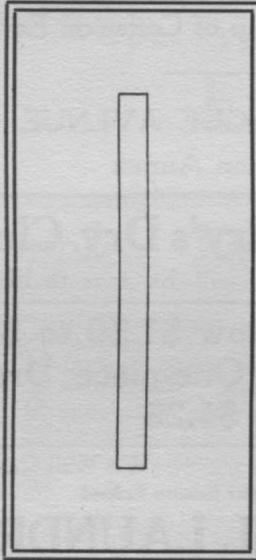
TABLE OF CONTENTS

ADVERTISING SECTION

Advertising Section	76	Lippert, Ed. J.....	89
Acknowledgment	91	L. M. Varney.....	84
Angvire Photographic Studio.....	88	Luther Barber Shop	83
Arnold-Evans Plumbing Co., The.....	81	McGoldrick Lumber Co.....	82
Broadview Dairy	88	Miller-Dervant	80
Clark and Bevan	95	Miller, Mower and Flynn.....	80
Country Homes Development Co.....	87	Monroe Park Grocery.....	92
Crystal Laundry Co.....	78	Nance Millinery Co.....	77
Culbertson-Grote-Rankin Co.	79	New York Independent Meat Market.....	94
Doerr, George H., Jeweler.....	86	North Hill Drug Co.....	92
Doerr-Mitchell Electric Co.	80	Oake's Cafe	78
Eyller Shoe Co.....	79	Palm, The	88
Forest Park Grocery and Hdw. C.o.....	90	Peterson, P. L., Contractor.....	85
Gentsch, Augusta E.....	86	Reimer Floral Co.....	89
Hart, Schoffner and Marx.....	96	Sample Shoe Store.....	88
Hat Box, The.....	81	San Francisco Tailor.....	89
Hill Bros. Shoe Co.....	95	Spokane American Engraving Co	84
Hill Printing Co.....	94	Spokane Hdw. Co.....	85
International Fuel Co.....	89	Ware Bros. Hdw. Co.....	93
John T. Little Hdw. Co.....	81	Wentworth Clothing Co.....	78
John W. Graham Co.....	86	Whitworth College	93
Libby Art Studio.....	83	Woodward and Stein, Tinnors.....	82

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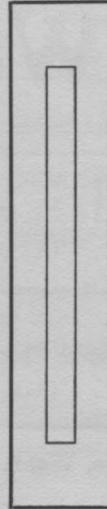
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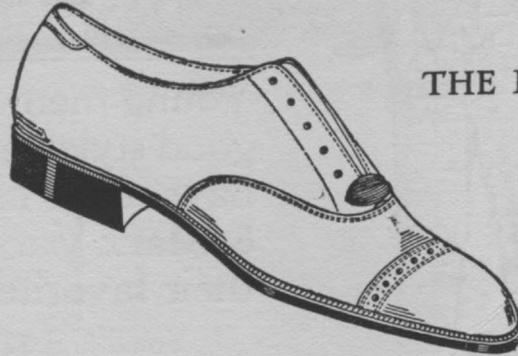
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