

1918

# Natsihi Yearbook 1918

Whitworth University

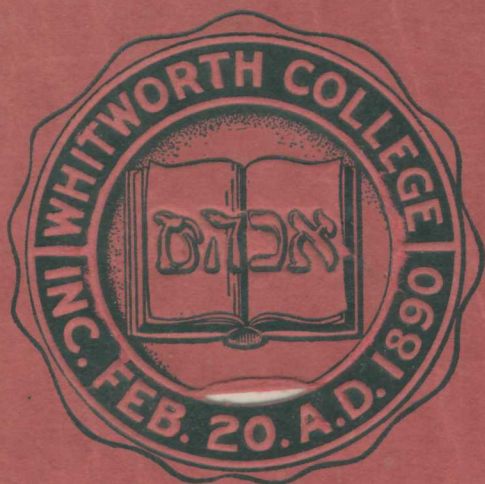
Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.whitworth.edu/yearbooks>

---

## Recommended Citation

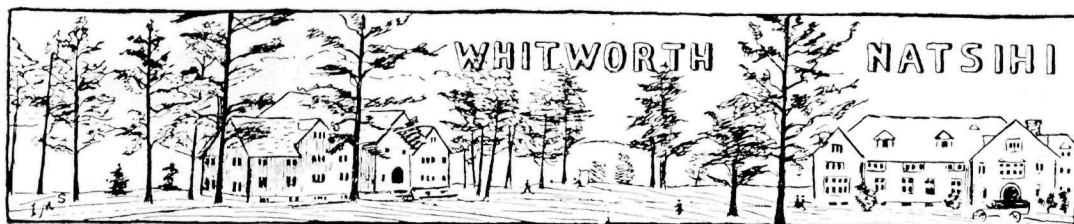
Whitworth University, "Natsihi Yearbook 1918" Whitworth University (1918). *Natsihi Yearbook*. Paper 1.  
<http://digitalcommons.whitworth.edu/yearbooks/1>

This text is brought to you for free and open access by the University Archives at Whitworth University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Natsihi Yearbook by an authorized administrator of Whitworth University.



WHITWORTH  
HERITAGE  
COLLECTION

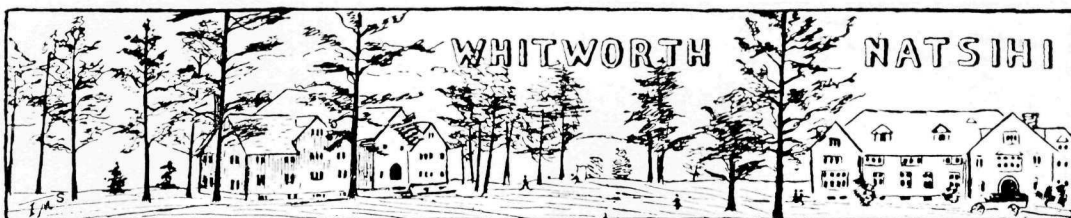
LB  
3621.67  
.W5  
1918



# Whitworth College

Spokane, Wash.

1918



## Contents

Dedication .....	5
Service Flag .....	6
Classes .....	7-17
Literary .....	18-35
Whitworth Items .....	36-45
Society .....	46-51
Organizations .....	52-65
Calendar .....	66-76



## Staff

### Business

JOHN CORBALLY

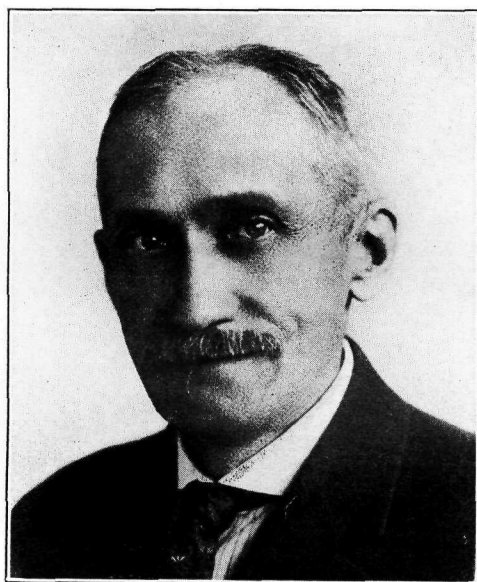
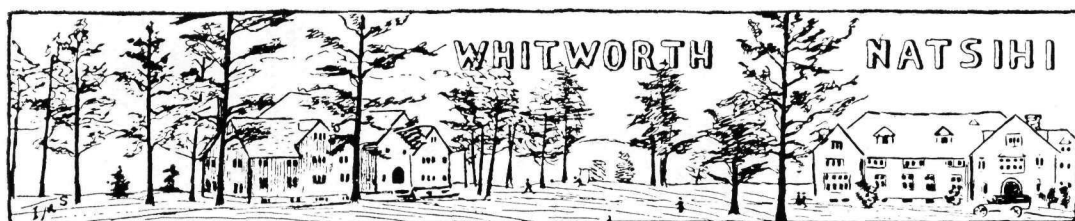
CARL CLARK

### Editorial

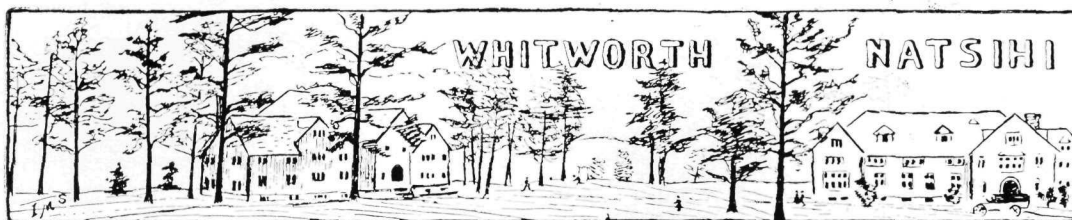
ANNA MARY MUIR ..... Editor-in-Chief

MYRON BLACK	}	..... Associate Editors
DAISY CHASE		
ESTHER MUIR		
GRACE RUBEDEW		
FAYE WOOLERY		

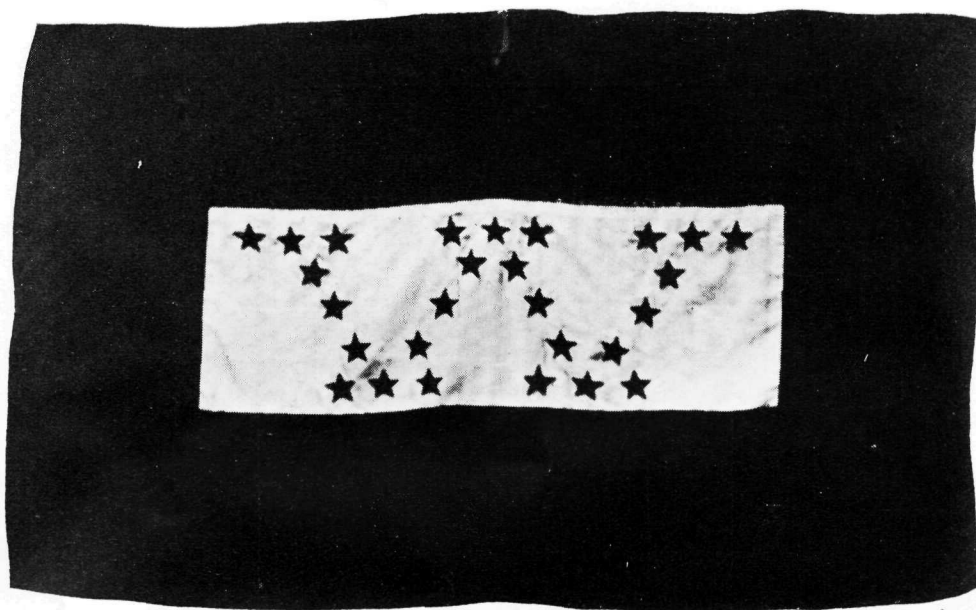




To  
Professor Charles A. Barry  
in appreciation of his quiet, helpful work,  
we dedicate this edition of the  
Whitworth Natsihi.



## Whitworth's Service Flag



LIEUTENANT KENNETH GHORMLEY,  
Aviation.

PALMER KENNEDY.

HENRY LONGSTRETH.

SIDNEY WHITWORTH.

SIGURD WOLD.

RALPH GHORMLEY, Medical Corps.

ARTHUR GUNN.

LAWRENCE TURNBULL.

SERGEANT VERNON BACHER, (Beta Phi  
Epsilon), Artillery.

CALVIN FOX, Engineers.

FRANK READ, Canadian Army.

LIEUTENANT IRA TOWSON (T. B. K.),  
Infantry.

HARRY OLSON, Infantry.

EARLE YOUNG, Aviation.

LIEUTENANT HUGH P. ANDREWS (T.  
B. K.), Navy.

SERGEANT ALFRED CARLSON (Beta Phi  
Epsilon), Artillery.

LIEUTENANT R. LESTER KELLY (T. B.  
K.), Infantry.

RUSSEL PEDERSON, Quartermaster's  
Corps.

DEAN SAYLOR (Beta Phi Epsilon),  
Marines.

CARL WELLER, Quartermaster's Corps.

JACK CLARK, Medical Corps.

WILLIAM HYNDMAN (Beta Phi Epsilon),  
Aviation.

PAUL LOUGHLIN (T. B. K.), Medical  
Corps.

ROMNEY HOPE, Infantry.

CLARENCE GILLIE, Quartermaster's  
Corps.

DANA MAIDEN, Navy.

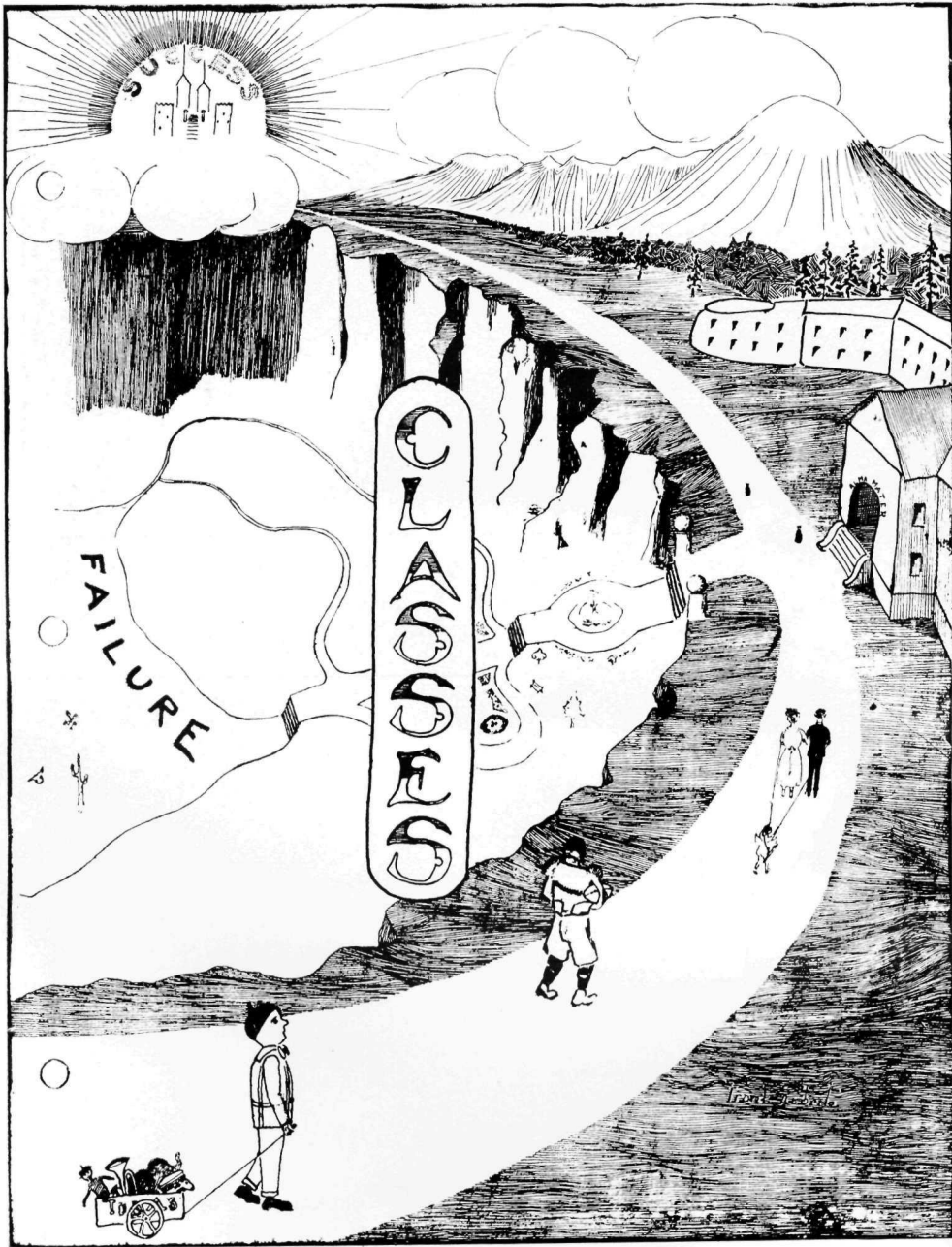
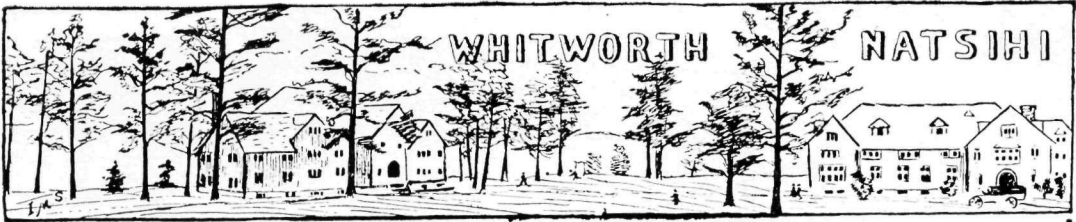
RUSSEL SNYDER, Aviation.

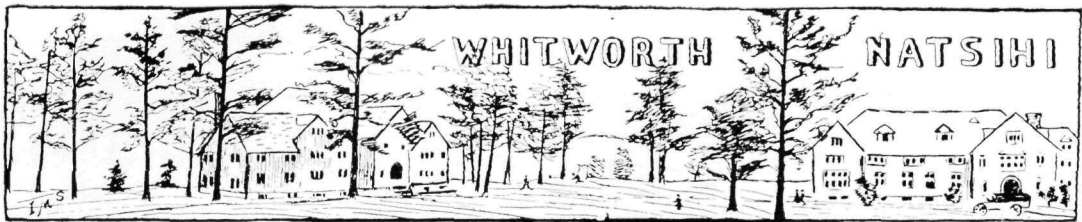
### STARS TO BE ADDED

SERGEANT CHARLES TOWSON (T. B.  
K.), Infantry.

HOWARD POTTER, Aviation.

A. LEWIS MACCLAIN, Aviation.





### ANNA-MARY MUIR

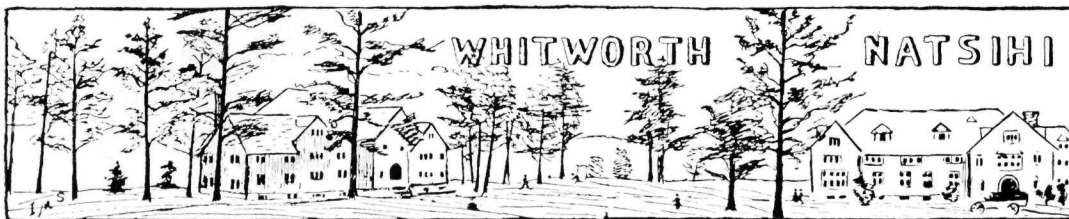
Spokane, Wash.

If you want to have a thing well done, get Anna-Mary to do it. She is so capable that it is with much regret that Whitworth bids her godspeed. But wherever she goes, her leadership will be called into use, and her charming personality will warm the hearts of many.

*"For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;  
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't."*



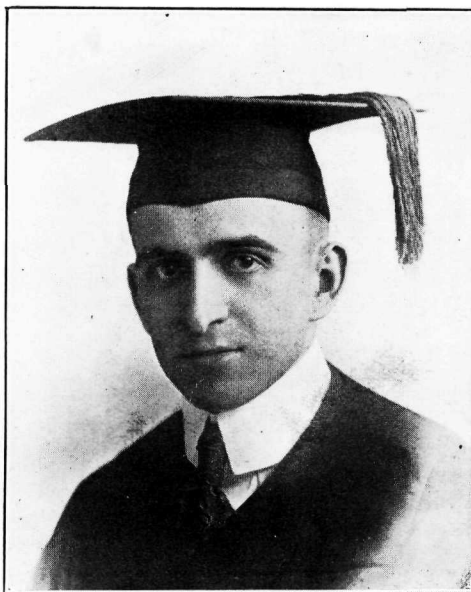




CARL E. CLARK  
Culdesac, Idaho.

Carl has helped to establish the worth in Whitworth. His leadership carries to success every enterprise, whether large or small. If the confidence, enthusiasm, and natural leadership displayed at Whitworth is found in his life career, he will achieve great things.

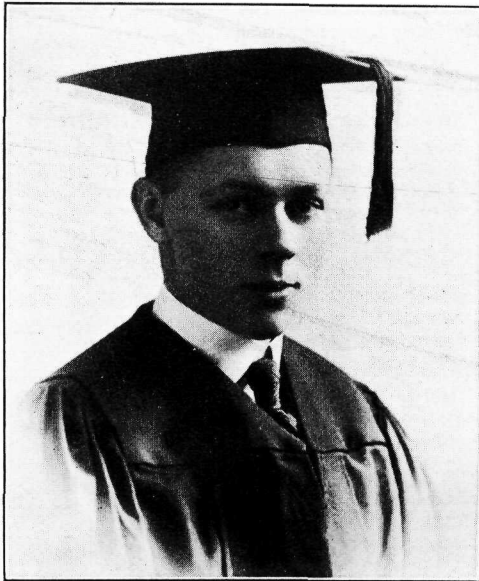
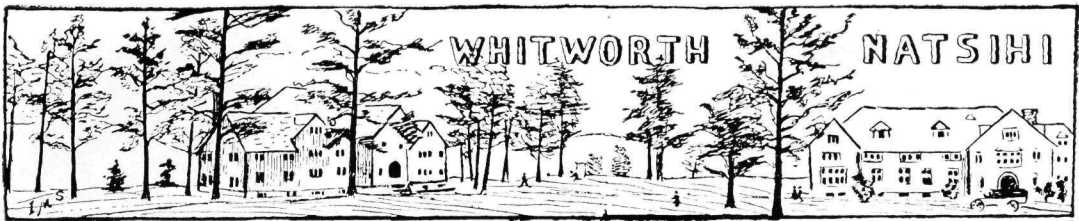
*"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary to bluff, let us bluff."*



HAZEL I. WHITE  
Spokane, Wash.

Hazel is our cheerful, long-suffering librarian. Her ready ability of entertaining keeps her in constant demand for programs. Her optimistic philosophy is widely recognized, for she is often heard to say:

*"Why worry? We have had lots of troubles, but the worst of them never happened."*



JOHN E. CORBALLY

Seattle, Wash.

John is the one shining light to bring conspicuousness to an otherwise dull class. His efforts to gain the highest scholastic honors were so positively hidden that no one could prophecy how far John would have out-marked his tutors had he given thirty minutes each day to study. It will be a wonderful class in years to come that will produce his quality of mind.

*"He is somewhat childlike, but we all love him."*

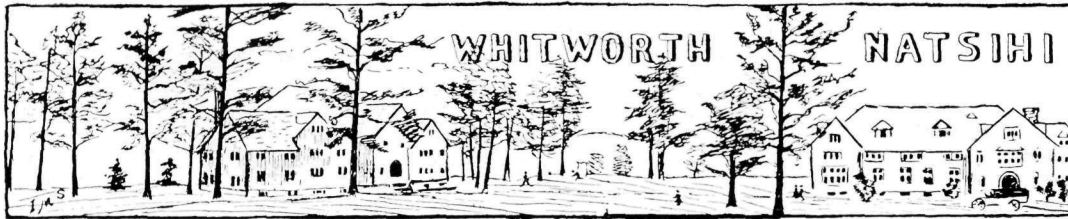
DAISY M. CHASE

Grandview, Wash.

Around firesides we will think of the pleasing events of Whitworth days. It will be hard to keep back a smile when thoughts carry us back to jolly, rollicking, breezy Daisy. One of the mysteries to be cleared up is, "Where did Daisy get her jokes and stunts?" It is a splendid trait to be able to bring laughter and cheer to other people.

*"One may smile and smile and be a villain."*





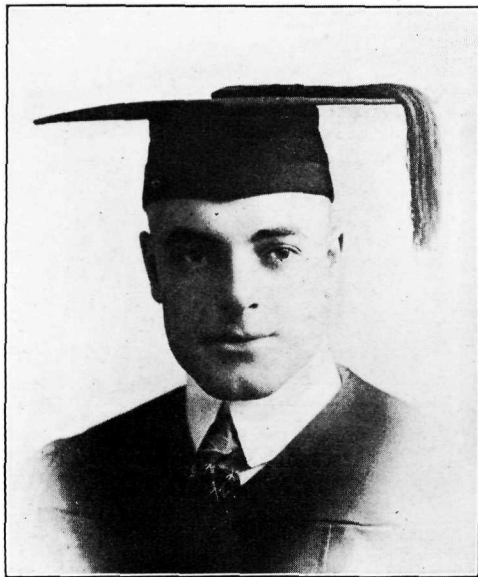
## IRENE D. SPERBER

Spokane, Wash.

The world is so full of a number of things that there's at least one thing for everyone to specialize in, but Irene has found more than one. Her sweet voice, coupled with the coy, mischevious expression of her eyes, attracts many admirers to her feet. She knows how to win the hearts of many by the dainty dishes she prepares and so is always chairman of the "Eat's Committee."

*"The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice*

*An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."*

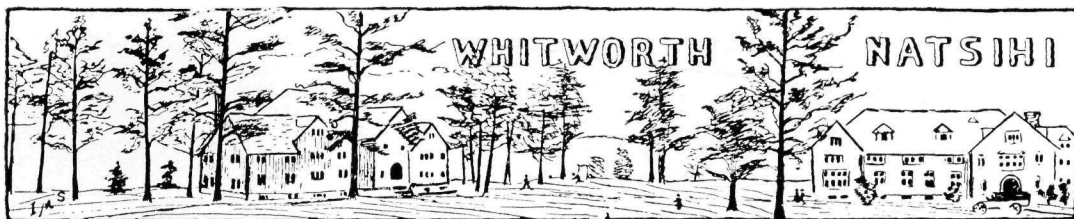


## BRYAN JOHNSON

Spangle, Wash.

Brownie is one of the few men to be recognized as an all-star athlete. Whether it is football, basket ball, baseball, track or tennis, Brownie is always there. He is glad of all the "book learning" he has, but he prefers the education earned in the school of hard knocks. He is a hard worker and will surely "win out", for who can say that he does not improve the shining hours?

*"Actions speak louder than words, so what's the use of talking?"*



## Juniors



FAYE WOOLERY, "*Rusty*"  
Rathdrum, Idaho.



BERNADINE INKSTER, "*Berna*"  
Spokane, Wash.

Her heart is on fire as well as her head. A small girl with a monstrous laugh.



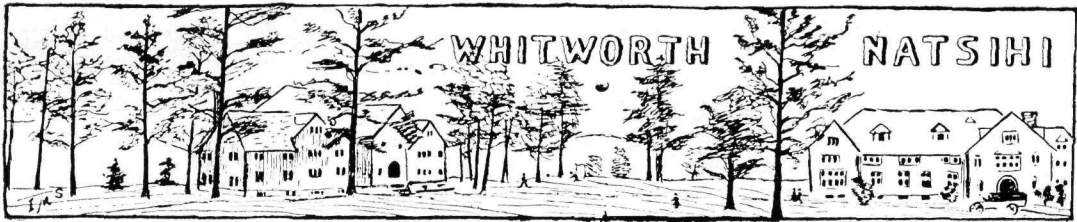
GLADYS MOORE, "*Cutie*"  
Davenport, Wash.



HELEN WAIT, "*Hun*"  
Mansfield, Wash.

Commander-in-chief of the Corbally infant(ry). There must be a lot of bad in her because none has ever come out.





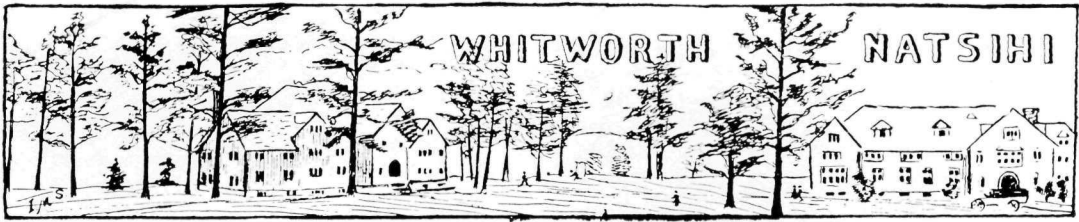
## Sophomores



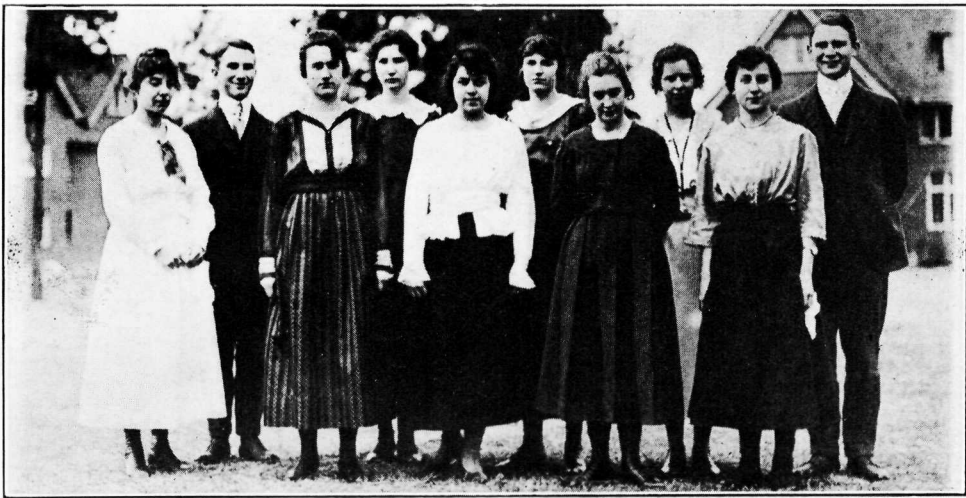
### Class Officers:

President .....	Esther D. Muir
Vice-President .....	Grace Rubedew
Secretary .....	Lauraine Blosser
Treasurer .....	Myron Black

The Class of 1920 has made a splendid record for the year. From the day that life burst forth on the campus '20s were seen on every telegraph pole and signboard. The class scrap and the athletic season brought forth many heroes, while Red Cross and patriotic work drew their share from the girls of the class. It is with a feeling of pride that the class of 1920 realizes that though it has contributed its share of young men to the government service, it has retained full measure of class spirit.



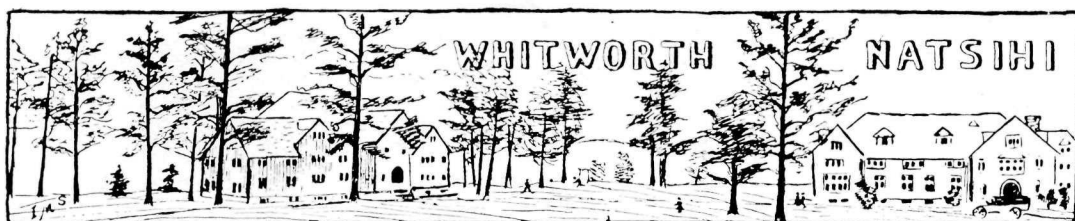
## Freshmen



## Fabula Victoriae

Once upon a time, to be exact, in the autumn of the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and seventeen, there came together at a place called Whitworth a band of pilgrims, ten in number. Though young, they were all devout worshipers of the great Athena, the goddess of wisdom. In the past, each in his own place had served her in the manner that seemed most fitting and proper to him. Now they had assembled here to continue in her worship and so to add to their attainments and accomplishments that the older disciples would confer on them the bachelor's degree. These disciples had divided the long and weary journey into four stages with a place for rest after each. The first of these havens of rest the youthful pilgrims had determined to reach the following spring. They saw the goal, but they were ignorant of the trials that lay before them if they were to reach it.

Soon they had entered the dragon's field. Some of the dragons were smaller than the others, but had larger heads. Those with the swelled heads



were much fiercer than the others. They attacked them openly in the day-time. They raided them at night. They seemed almost human when it came to harrassing the pilgrims, toiling forward on their journey. The other dragons caused much less trouble. They remained at a distance and took little notice of the travelers. They seemed to consider it far beneath their dignity to even notice them. And it was well for the pilgrims that they did, for they were sore troubled. One day, however, they met another party of pilgrims whose course crossed theirs. The members of this party were kind and friendly and told the weary travelers how to withstand the dragons. That made the journey easier. The pilgrims fought the dragons so successfully that finally they ceased to attack them.

Suddenly a new obstacle arose. They had reached the River Examen and there was no way to cross. They called on Athena and with her help passed over. On the other side the road was much smoother, the inhabitants were friendly and they advanced rapidly. Soon they saw the haven of rest and they praised Athena, who had guided them to their goal.

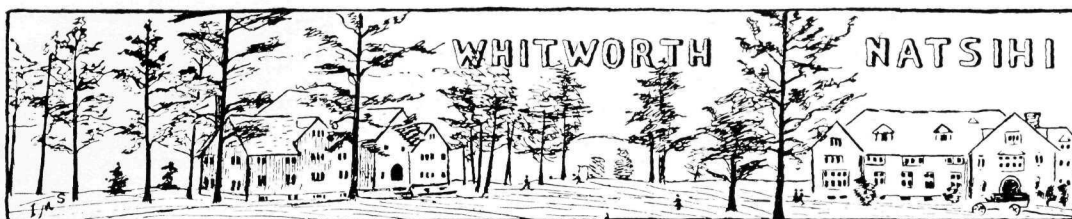
W. W.



## Spring

John Corbally, '18.

A happy bird sings joyously above,  
 A tiny flower proudly lifts its head,  
 'Tis Spring, and Winter's dreary days have fled,  
 And nature, now, is filled with hope and love,  
 For God is smiling down from heaven above.  
 "In nature is shown God," the Poet said.  
 How many blessings, then, to us God shed,  
 To manifest to mortals here His love.  
 And so, in this dark world of toil and care,  
 And sorrow, through one man's unholy greed,  
 There promises a gladsome Spring again,  
 And then once more shall Peace rule—"Over There",  
 Together nations all will plant a seed  
 Of Love, 'twill grow, and righteousness shall reign.



## Preparatory Department

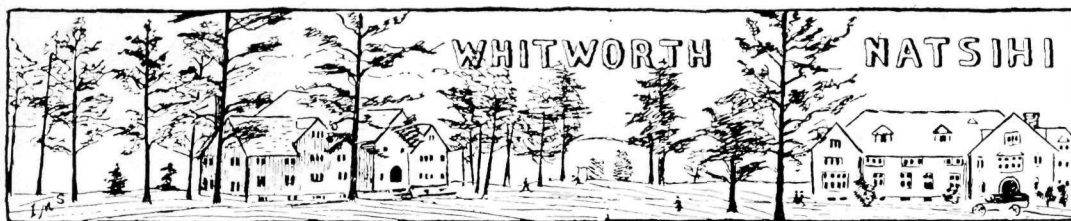


### Tale of the "Prep" Class

It chanced in the fall of 1917 that there appeared at Whitworth College dwarfs from Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon. They had some of the marks of men and women, but they lacked sense of direction and were often found prowling around the halls in the wee small hours of the morning. Certain of the masculine sex fell among thieves, for the college men descended upon them and sold them many ties of great age, and shoes of divers styles! The older the shoes, the higher the prices. But this was as nothing to the next, for all roads led to "Our Store," where Hager beguiled their money for books and candies without discount.

Straightway they gathered together and chose a mighty chief, to-wit, Bob Holland, and he did lead them all. It come to pass that the girls did form a mighty gang of eight, which did go against the college girls and raise havoc.





In those days a feast was prepared, then did a grievous thing happen, for on the day when all the Preps should come to feast those of the fairer sex were safely entrapped in the girls' dorm. Exceeding was the sorrow in the camp of the dwarfs.

There came a day when two Sophomores, to-wit, Damon and Roberts, did try to wash a girl's face with the new-fallen snow. Then did the Preps run bravely to battle, and both sides strove lustily, but neither prevailed till one, Phillips, strove mightily and the Preps prevailed. Then there was exceeding jubilation in the camp of the dwarfs and they did shout and dance.

It came to pass that the dwarfs were exceedingly anxious to show their athletic bravery and did challenge the college men to a game of basket ball. And the college men did wax passing sore, because they did know of the dwarfs' scheme. Finally arrived the day when they should do battle, and many college men and women drew nigh to watch. Then did the battle begin and the people were greatly amused for the men did struggle mightily, but at every turn the dwarfs were beaten and did withdraw with great solemnity, and thenceforth they did diligently consider the place of the college men.

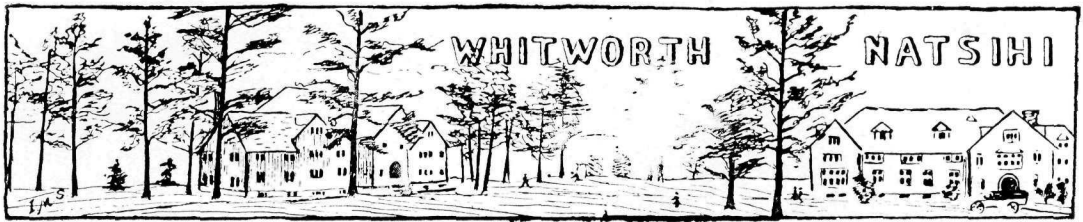
Thus endeth the tale of the courageous dwarfs, but the end is not yet.



#### A REVERIE

I sit by the fireside all alone,  
Watching the dull embers burn,  
Dreaming of days long gone before,  
Days that will never return.

K. D.



## The End of the Trail

Wm. G. Wilson.

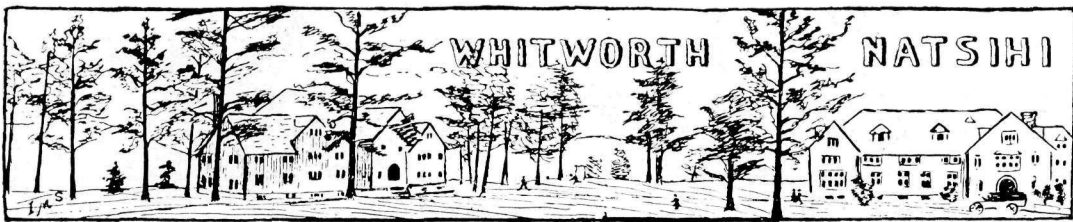
For eight hours the wind had been roaring through the pass. And for eight hours Harry Stewart had been fighting his way through the storm to reach his wife and child in the cabin across the mountains. On either side rose the high, pine-covered, snow-capped mountains. Thick, wet snowflakes and falling darkness hid them from view, but still the wailing of the wind-tossed pines and the crashing of descending avalanches told him of the lofty heights. Time and time again his horse fell beneath him. The piercing wind was freezing cold. The falling snow was rapidly encrusting his coat. Still he fought on. He could not go back to Miner's Camp. The previous night's work at the card table had disqualified him for further residence there. It required money to live there. Now he was doing his best to get home, but the wind and storm were formidable opponents.

Suddenly a swift and irresistible streak of lightning shot down the mountain side, swept him and his horse from the road, over the low bank, across the level, and left them on the river bank, shaken up but still alive. Slowly and painfully, Stewart, with his horse, fought his way back to the road.

"Hang it all. Last night's luck is still with me." That was all. Then he renewed his battle with the elements.

For three hours more he struggled on. He beat his arms. He kicked his feet in the stirrups. He shot his revolver. He did everything in his power to bring warmth. He had not planned on this kind of a return journey when he went out two weeks before. But the lure of the company and of the whiskey at Miner's Camp had lengthened the intended two days into two weeks. However, at last the camp had lost its attraction and now Stewart was going home.

"Hang my luck. They'll think I've left them. I should have been back



ten days ago." As he approached the cabin he saw no light, no smoke, and the paths were drifted full. "No. They've not gone. They're still waiting. There's baby crying." He turned his horse into the stable and went to the house. The cabin was snow bound and the door had frozen shut, but one heave sent it flying open, and let enter the chilly winter blast. But the chill of death had preceded it.

"Hang my luck!" Bang! Bang! And all was quiet.



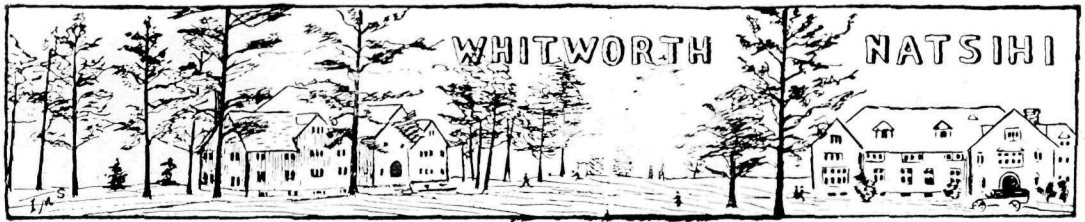
## Alma Mater

Frank Roberts, '20.

Dear Whitworth, good old Whitworth,  
 They spirit guard our mind  
 And carve thy name upon our hearts  
 So deep that all may find  
 In us that noble purity and zeal  
 That is thy heritage  
 And our reward for work well done—  
 To serve with faith and courage.

Dear Whitworth, good old Whitworth,  
 The day is close at hand  
 When we must leave thy honored halls  
 To serve our native land;  
 But memories back to us will come  
 Of glorious days with three  
 And brighten up the gloomy days  
 And thus a blessing be.

Dear Whitworth, good old Whitworth,  
 They future will be grand  
 Because thy builder chose the rock  
 To build on—not the sand;  
 So on we push and on we strive  
 To reach thy builder's goal  
 Of service to our fellowman  
 And honor for our soul.



## The Border Land of Sanity

Marguerite Skibenness.

A big frontiersman strode into Fort Le Farge. He was the type of man a person instinctively admires, and instinctively attaches to the frontier. His eyes were shining and his face alight with burning fire that spelled hope. He greeted the chief of the Indian traders unroariously,—“Jason, it’s come! They don’t say whether I can have it or not, but they’ve asked me to come right away.”

He made a few quick turns about the small room, walking as a person walks when he is fired by uncertainty and impatience. Finally, he stopped short in front of the trader, and laying his hand upon the broad shoulder of the old man with an affectionate gesture he said, “Jason, you’ve been a father to Mary and me since we came to make our home in God’s country, and you’ve been a grandfather to our child. You’re the only person who knows what it will mean to me to have the Hudson post put in my charge. It’s the chance we’ve been looking for all these years, and now, thank God, it’s come. You’ve done so many favors for me in the past year I hate to ask another of you, but”—he hesitated a moment as if awaiting the old man’s approval—“will you take care of Mary and Dot until I come back? I suppose I really have nothing to fear, but you know Jacques, and you heard his threat. You’re the only one I can trust them to in the face of that. They tell me he left the country, but I can’t believe it. He hated too deeply.”

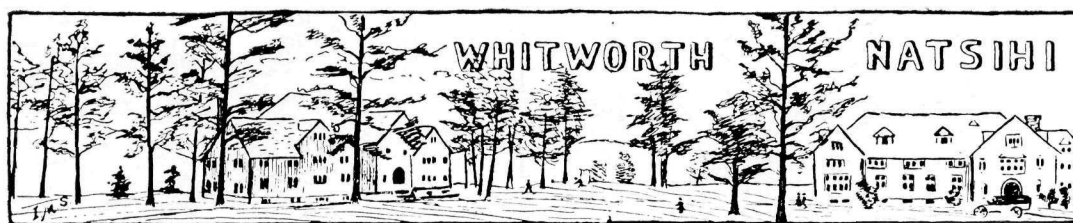
“Son, I know he hated deeply. I have been watching for his return. Now that the catches in the traps are so good he may return. However, there’s always the possibility that he may not. But don’t let it keep you from your trip to the Hudson Bay post. You won’t be long, and nothing will give me greater pleasure than to care for Mary and the baby during your stay.”

With this assurance the young man left. His hopeful eyes and hopeful steps carried him far from the fort into the country where lay his future, and with him went three hearts from Fort Le Farge.

\* \* \* \* \*

Du Quesne’s saloon was crowded with leering, cursing men. The past winter had given them more furs than ever before, and as was their custom, they had gathered here to trade furs and to mingle with their countrymen in the way they most preferred—over the wine glass. This year, however, things didn’t seem the same at Du Quesne’s. Du Quense himself didn’t understand it, and didn’t know how to change it. He dimly realized that the disturbance was caused by a party of interior Indians that had arrived that day, accom-





panied by one, Jacques Bellaux, but having nothing to fear from him, he wisely left him alone.

Like true sons of the untrodden country, they missed the face of young Turner, and a kindly old trapper made haste to inquire: "Oh, Jules, where's the young'un?"

"Gone to Fort Drake. Hudson Bay called him. Guess he's goin' to stay."

"Family goin' too?"

"He's comin' back for 'em."

"Good luck to the young'un. Hudson Bay picked a winner."

So interested were the old trappers in their many conjectures and good wishes for the "young'un" that they did not notice the sudden departure of Jacques Bellaux, nor before that had they noticed the evil gleams in his eyes.

After leaving the saloon, Jacques followed the trail to the Turner cabin. From a distance he heard the singing of Mary Turner and before he reached the cabin the heart in him, hardened as it was by evil ways, almost failed him. He cursed himself for turning baby and stealthily approached the cabin.

He knocked once. He knocked twice. Then the happy singing ceased and Mary opened the door. Her face held nothing of fear. She had never heard of Jacques.

"Good day, madame. I'm the new doctor, and they tell me you have a sick baby."

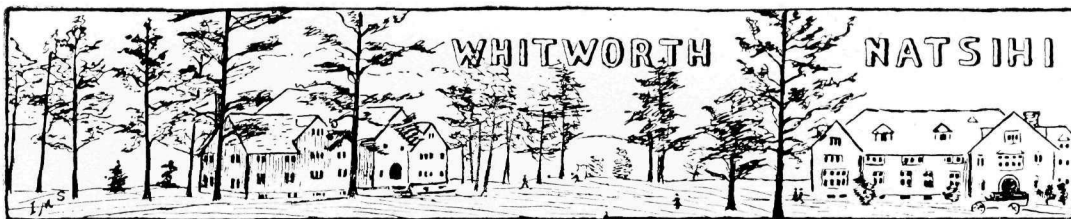
"Oh, what a funny mistake. Baby is just as well and happy as can be, but since you came this far on a worthless errand, won't you come in?" Mary was too happy to note or wonder at the alacrity with which he entered her cabin.

"Please let me give you something to eat. I've so many nice things fixed. You see, I'm expecting my husband home soon. Since you're just new, you don't know him, but you will soon, because we expect him almost any minute."

As she talked she was preparing a neat little repast. She turned toward the cupboard. A shot rang out—a shot quickly muffled by the thick forest. A figure stole out of the Turner cabin.

\* \* \* \* \*

The "young'un" was coming back to get the family. The pent-up buoyancy in him lengthened his steps and drove his snowshoes deeper. He came within sight of the cabin. He hurried faster. Always within him as he walked a little voice kept saying, "Won't Mary be glad. Won't Mary be glad." He tore off his snowshoes and leaped up the steps. With a mad rush he tore open the door holding out his arms to receive his wife and child. No one came to him; dumbly he stared around, his eyes, long accustomed to the glare of the



snow, making out no objects. Hearing his child's cry, he strode toward her, stumbling over the body of his wife. He became as one crazed. He shook her, spoke to her, but only the crying of his child answered him.

He threw open the door, stumbled down the path to the fort. He met old friends, but knew them not. At last he came to the trader's cabin. He tore open the door. He was wild-eyed. A pistol gleamed in his hand. He shook the astonished old man roughly by the shoulders. "Where is he? Where is he, I say?"

"Why, son, what's the matter? Tell me, and I will help."

"Help! You can say that now. You let him get her. Oh, Jason, Jacques Bellaux killed Mary!"

The old man staggered, but regained composure instantly. His face became determined; he seemed years older.

"Son, I've never committed murder. It's my fault he got her. By heaven, I swear it! Tonight he shall die!" The old man went out into the night alone.



## Springtime

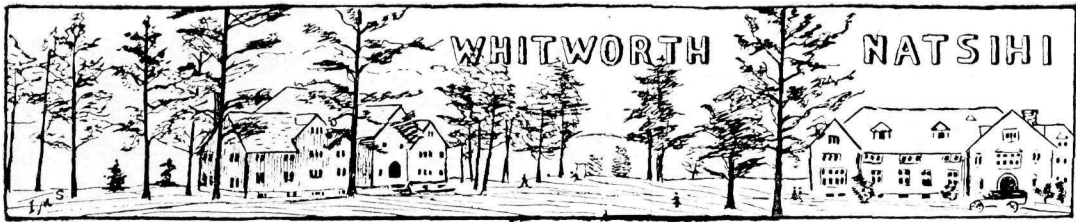
Kenneth Damon.

When the green on field and hillside  
Clothes the earth in garments new;  
When the swallows bring the springtime,  
Then love wakes up anew.

When the breeze blows soft and balmy,  
When the sky is deepest blue;  
When the fields are decked with violets,  
My love is all for you.

When the birds their mates are choosing,  
And their nests are building, too;  
Then the days have come for courting,—  
'Tis then that sweethearts woo.

When the summer brings the roses,  
Then my dreams will all come true;  
For the girl I wooed in springtime,  
Has grown to love me, too!



## One of Many

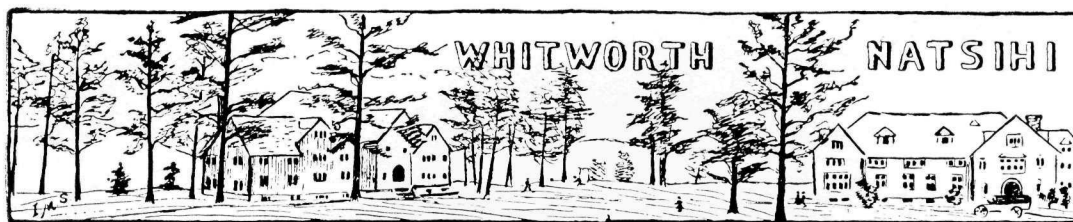
Marguerite Skibenness.

I was travelling through Italy one summer on a tourist trip, and had stopped at the little village of Cramea on the Austrian border. I had one hobby on these little trips of mine, that if possible I always gratified, and that was to talk to the village priests, and get them to tell me of their experiences. Those old friends and councillors of the people could tell the most interesting and human stories of any one I knew, and I was always a ready and eager listener. It was at this little village that I heard the story which appealed to me more than did any of the others, and I will try to tell it to you as it was told to me. The old priest was sitting out in his garden with me near him, and looking up into the wonderful and mystic mountains, a thoughtful and sad expression came over his face, and he began thus:

"I have been the priest in this village for many years, and I have seen many strange sights. Sometimes they were gladsome sights, and sometimes they were so terrible that even I, an old man, could scarcely stand to bear my life in the fact of them. The one I am about to relate to you is awful only in the sense that it leaves a mother's heart torn and bleeding.

"It happened during one of the many uprisings against Austria, and the people of Italy were so tired and weary of the heavy hand of tyrannical Austria that they were willing to do and give their all against her. It was on a bright sunny day the last of June, I remember it well, and a young captain had his men drawn up in the plaza. They were all young men from Sicily, and a fine sight they were, too. The people of Sicily are all fine, strong people. Perhaps the island air makes it thus. Well, some of the young men were so very young, that in a few cases, their mothers had accompanied them north. One of these mothers was one of the most noble women I have ever met. She came to me often for counsel, and it was to me she came after the tragedy that wrecked her life, and sent her back home a broken woman. She had one of the finest young men in the regiment; a true son of a noble woman. He was noted all over Italy for his deeds of valor.

"We were all standing watching them, wondering what they would do, because we knew in such a time, this was no ordinary parade. All at once, the captain said something that turned the sun black for us all: "Who will go into the Austrian line?" We stood spell-bound, waiting for the answer, because, of course, we all knew there would be one, as well as we knew from whom it would come. His answer, "I will go," came clear and firm, and even



while we rejoiced in it, a sense of forboding fell over us. I glanced at his mother, but only a dead paleness of cheek told what her feelings must be."

Here the old man stopped speaking, and I thought for a minute that he had forgotten me, but after a few minutes, still with his eyes on the distant mountains, he resumed his story.

"Well, in a few hours, he went. We knew nothing of what he was to do, or where he was to go. All we could do was to wait and pray for his safe and successful return, because we all knew what the penalty would be if he were unsuccessful.

"No word came from him for a few days, and when we next heard of him, he was in a prison in an Austrian town just across the border from Italy. His attempt at spying had been unsuccessful, and he had been placed in prison to await the fatal sunrise.

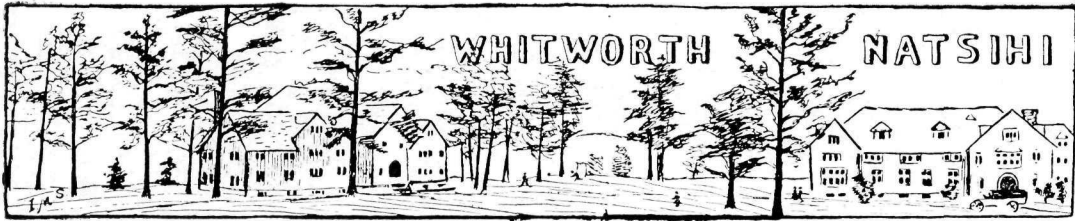
"The whole village was sorrow stricken at the news, but there was nothing we could do. We seemed to shun the poor mother, because instinctively we dreaded to look in her face, but I knew that sooner or later she would come to me for advice, so I braced myself for the ordeal, and when the knock came, I was prepared.

"She came in looking at me with a look in her eyes I shall never forget. Such a look I had never seen before, nor have I ever seen it afterwards. She didn't break down as I had expected she would. Instead, she just looked and looked, and finally said, "Oh, Father, they bring word that my son is a coward! I cannot feel too heart broken because of the death, because he dies in noble service, but Father, Father, I can't let him die with that fear on his soul!"

"I knew not what to tell her, and the only counsel I could give was to appeal to his fortitude as a brave man and a true son of Italy. This seemed the best advice to her, so she left me, saying she would depart at once for the town in which her son was held.

"Well, the next I heard about the sad little tragedy, was when the woman came to me the next day for confession. During the few hours that had intervened between the time of her departure for Austria, and the moment when she appeared in my garden, she seemed to have become an aged woman. Her form had lost its noble bearing, and her hair was as white as the snow on yonder mountains. Despite the change that had come over her, there was a look of triumph in her eyes that even yet I cannot understand. She came slowly toward me. I longed to speak to her, but I had suddenly become dumb. She was the first to break the silence; "Father, can I be forgiven? I





told him a lie, but"—and her head went up with a jerk that seemed to restore it to its former proud poise,—“he died as he lived, my noble son, and a true soldier of Italy. I could hardly bear to do it. It tore my soul, but he was afraid! I found him lying there, afraid to die, and despised by the Austrians. I told him the shots would be false. What else could I do? Oh, Father, Father, speak to me!”

“The broken woman fell in a swoon, and my benumbed senses seemed to return to me long enough to care for her. So overwhelmed was I by her story that I worked like one in a dream.

“When she recovered, I assured her as best I could, that her sin would be forgiven, and soon she left me to remain in the village but a few days before her departure for Sicily.”

“I have heard nothing from her since she arrived home, but her sad, sad story will remain in my memory always.

“I could tell you many such stories,—stories of bravery and fortitude unparalleled, but I think this has been enough for one day, has it not?”

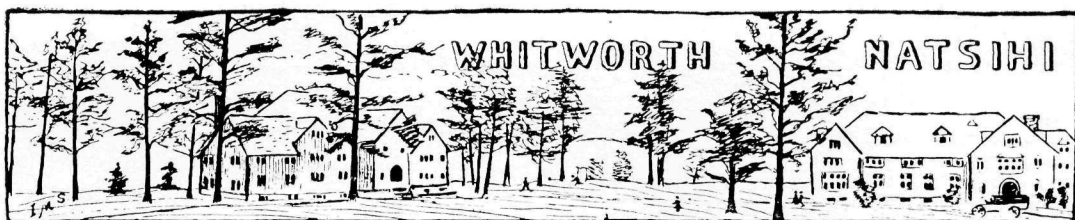
He smiled sadly, and thus ended another story, but one not easily forgotten.



## The Close of Day

Kenneth Damon.

O, the quiet that comes when the day's work is done,  
 When shadows grow long and twilight draws on;  
 When the gold of the sunset is faded and gone,  
 And starlight and dreams descend,  
 When the cares of the day have stolen away  
 To the caves where they belong,  
 And the quiet and beauty which reigns over all  
 Is sweet as a perfect song.



## "Life"

Wm. G. Wilson.

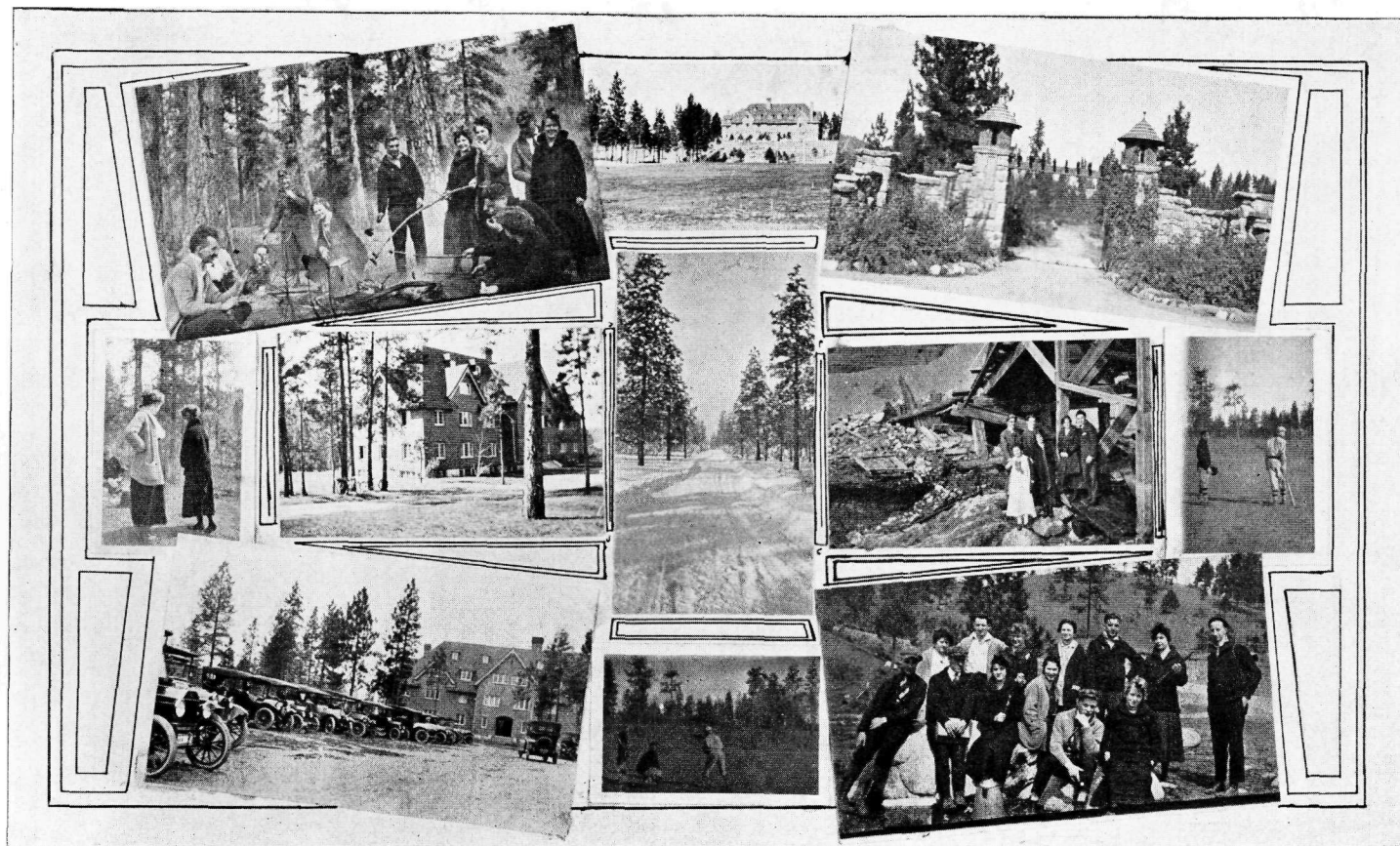
### I.

It was cool and calm and quiet. The flowers, the trees, the grass, the birds,—everything seemed to be recovering from the hot, smothering rays of the August sun. The limp leaves of the ancient oaks and maples, fanned by the refreshing evening breeze, whispered to each other their joy. The hollyhocks in their corner by the porch resumed thier proud and stately bearing. The happy birds began their evening concert. And the fireflies, the twinkling stars of the forest, flickered in and out, up and down, among the trees. Singly and in groups, laughing and chatting, the happy, care-free guests arrived. Jokes and jests, jolly laughter and merry songs filled the air. Under a majestic oak, Jacob sought the swift and subtle Ruth. The cat and mouse played together and the handkerchief was dropped and found. Ice cream vanished like snow in June and the pink lemonade flowed like water. The music of the shouts and laughter "arose with its voluptuous swell and all went merry as the marriage bell". Soon the fireflies vanished. The stars shone overhead. The happy voices scattered one by one and the revelry was over.

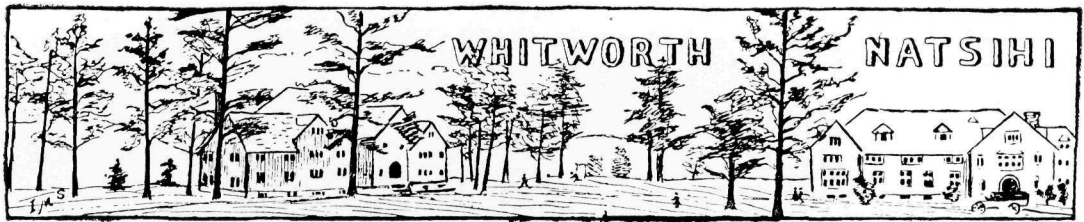
\* \* \*

### II.

The day's work was over. The men had come in hot, dusty and tired. All day the wind had been blowing into their faces the sand, heated burning hot by the August sun. Their eyes, their hair, their clothes had been filled with it. Even the horses had not escaped. The large, black Percherons had come in dripping with sweat and like great, moving mound of grayish sand. Now they were resting in the corral and enjoying the cool evening breeze. The tired men were stretched out on the lawn before the bunk house, some sleeping, some reading, all resting. Even the foreman's dog lay there and lolled its tongue. From the beloved guitar of the truck driver floated the strains of "Home, Sweet Home". Soon the Norwegian gardener added the music of his accordion and together they played "Way Down Upon the Swanee River". On and on they played. One by one the men laid aside their papers and, listening to the music, fell asleep. Finally the music faltered, broke, and ceased; and the day was done.



COLLEGE SCENES



## College Sketches



"WE LOVE TO GET UP EARLY IN THE MORNING."

My! How easy it is to get up early in the morning to get ready for school; how enjoyable and pleasant it is to arise before dawn on frosty mornings, to dress, to study, and otherwise prepare every morning for one hundred and eighty days out of the year. How breathlessly we await the time when we face out instructors unprepared; feeling like nervous wrecks, whose hearts have dropped into some bottomless pit, and whose brains refuse to yield one intelligent idea.

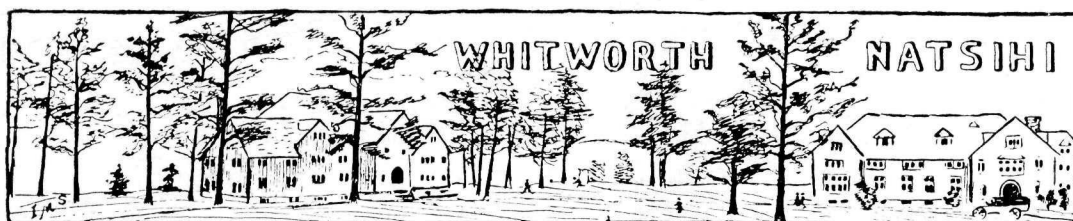
Irony? No, merely a reversed statement of a normal student's first waking thought any school morning in the year. Completely reversed, indeed, for in reality these normal students awaken with a start and a groan. A few half-sensible ideas begin to formulate and stagger about until they form some such thought as this, "Must be about three o'clock—so dark—no school today anyway." Then with that misleading but comfortable thought stored away, off they go to the dream-world again, to waken some seemingly hours, but in reality, few minutes later with a start and a profusion of blinks. This time without any preliminaries a new idea, doubtless never thought of by any mortal before, dawns upon the sleepy student, "That 'math' lesson; and it's only Wednesday,—two more mornings yet this week. What's the use of school anyway?"

By this time they are out of bed and in a few hurried minutes, out of the house and on their way to school. It doesn't seem half so bad to go to school now as it did when they first got up, though perhaps it's the fresh air and the thought of seeing all the others again that makes it seem more worth while.

J. B.

THAT 9:40 JOY.

The great joy of the 9:40 "math" class is known only to the privileged few who chance to belong to it. The feeling attendant upon the English instructor's "That is all for today" is one of encouragement and, at the same time, one of dismay. The knowledge that my theme has been accepted (by the



instructor) and has withstood, partially at least, the instructor's critical gaze—the red ink treatment being reserved until later—leads me to believe I can survive the "math" class. Ah! if this feeling would only last. But fate has decreed that it shall not. On the way out of the class room, someone is sure to ask "What's the lesson?"

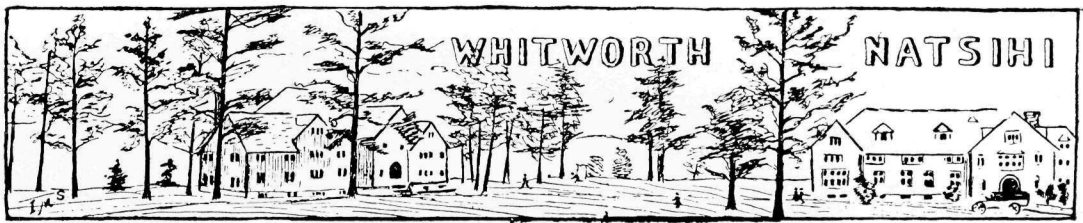
"The lesson," that term brings me back to a realization of what is in store for me. No one, having once seen them from the student's chair, will ever forget the complex forms that  $x$ ,  $y$ , and  $z$  can assume when skillfully juggled by the "math prof." But on one thing at least, "Prof" and I agree, these terms are unknowns. Yes, to the mathematics class, too many terms are unknowns: quadratics, determinants, permutations, combinations, exponents, discriminants. The list is endless. And I fear that the probability of many of us knowing "math", is very low; for me, about one to a thousand. It seems much lower after class commences. But soon my feelings of despair change to a longing for revenge. Therefore, to surprise that skillful juggler of letters I begin to juggle them. From that on, things grow rapidly worse. The one proposition that I always prove conclusively is that the number of unknown quantities in my store of algebra exceeds the number of known quantities. The negative joy produced by my successful proof is finally, however, changed to positive joy by the noisy interruption of the class bell. After that, the "math" class is but a memory, a memory of my inability, of my inferiority and also of my professor's mastery of that science. And so, more than ever, I determine to acquire that ability and skill of manipulating knowns and unknowns in which he excells.

W. G. W.

#### THE COLLEGE PRIDE.

Among our college sensations is numbered an animated youth with slight, round-shouldered figure, disheveled hair, and mischievous face, who is always capering about the gayest group of students. He always announces his presence with a loud jest or word, and oftentimes with such a howl that it echoes and re-echoes throughout the halls. This young man, evidently not akin to be serious, has a jesting, contradictory answer to every question. He rarely permits soberness to interfere with his composure. His actions, amply supported by his rare ability for accumulating feminine rings, emphasizes his fickleness. One moment he is talking to one pleasing damsel, and the very next moment he is walking off with still another. Indeed, two maidens are not his limit, but he has actually entertained a half dozen with meaningless smiles, accompanied with some of his jumping-jack performances. The knowl-





edge thus gained about womankind is fully expressed by him when he addresses the assembly. His evident opinion is that women should always be talking, for he is constantly clamoring for the verbal opinion of the suffragettes. In nearly every instance, he bursts into laughter at the expression of his own opinions, and inevitably looks around for approval from one of the many comely maidens.

T. B., '21.

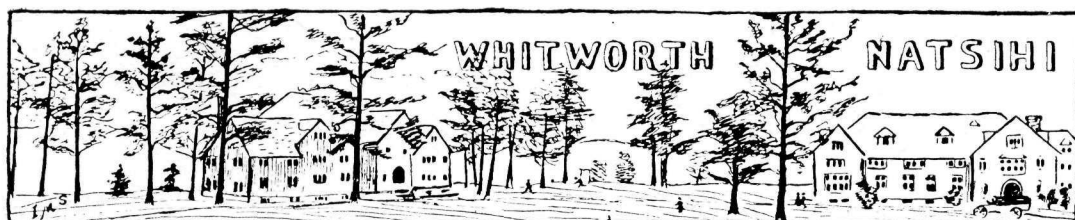
### ENGLISH I.

How to write an English theme, is one of the first problems that confronts the college Freshman. The English instructor informs my class that a 250-word nature essay must be written and handed in at tomorrow's recitation. Now troubles begin. What shall I write about? I inspect the crevices of my mind for a possible subject. "To my Lady's Eyebrow." No, that won't do. "Feminine Beauty." No, worse still, I don't know anything about that. After rumaging around for some time and turning up various useful and useless ideas, I finally decide that I will write on "Canine Expression." Then I go and visit my neighbors and carefully examine the facial expression of my canine friends. I find several beautiful brunette complexions which are very suggestive for a theme. Now I am ready for the first draft. Then I write my very humble theme and test it by all the laws of unity, coherence and emphasis. I am sure it will do if critical eyes do not examine it too closely. After working for several long and tedious hours, I conclude my theme is real literature. Therefore I write a dignified final draft and will hand it to the English instructor at the close of the recitation tomorrow morning. When I hand it in, it is real literature; when I get it back, it will be real art.

P. W.

### ENGLISH I.

The short, but elastic word, English, coupled with the Roman numeral I, is inevitably the synonym for themes, themes, and more themes. We are privileged to write them on any subject, and develop them in any favorite way; that is, if we happen to have any preference. Generally the favorite way is,—not to write them at all, but usually after many minutes of hard thinking we manage to compose a little bit of everything into one definite thing. The result is, to us at least, a highly finished product, fit to be pub-



lished in any magazine or book in the country, and something we can be proud of hearing read in class.

The next morning the theme is read in class, and our self-esteem falls several points after listening to the merciless criticisms of the class. Parts that we considered quite clever and original were evidently far out of place, and much more in place when omitted altogether; the beginning made these severe critics expect more than they thought they got from the reading; the end was too far from the subject to be effective, and so on until our precious composition is literally "shot to pieces." Our spirits rise, however, when the instructor announces that another theme will be expected for tomorrow. Immediately we begin to wonder what we will write about, and so the cycle goes on, day after day.

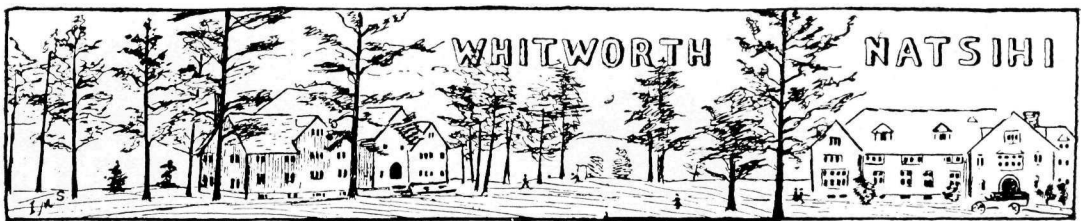
Although we may grumble and groan about writing these themes, we have to admit that our capable instructor has as many, if not more, difficulties in teaching us how and what to write, and she probably emits as many groans as we do over the results of our efforts. We must also admit, we have always realized that it is for our own development that we are required to write themes, and not because the teacher wishes to make life miserable for us, even though it often looks that way; so may we always have themes, themes, and more themes.

J. B.

## ENGLISH I.

Remember English I? Certainly, I remember English I. It was the first English course I took when I went to Whitworth. It was a composition course, one of those courses in which one had to hand in two themes a week to be read in class and then picked to pieces to see if every word was properly chosen and correctly used. And, "believe me," in that class we heard all kinds of themes on all kinds of subjects. We had everything from a discourse on the habits and personality of a bantam rooster and a rhapsody on music, to a serious discourse on some theological topic. And such criticisms as we would make. Even now, I can hear one of the girls—for the class was mostly girls—repeat the customary words; "I think that it is very good. The interest is maintained and the words are well chosen. It shows considerable thought." I should hate to say how many times I've heard those words, or words very much like them.

The teacher, did you say? Let me think. Oh, yes, a certain Miss Lock-



wood. I tell you, she was the eighth wonder of the world when it came to work, that is to getting the work out of the students. The way we had to read models and write themes was a crime. But it was a joy to get a theme back. After she was through with it, it was a work of art. Red ink was cheap in those days. But after all, we learned lots about writing in that course. When we were through, any of us could produce a theme that would take an A grade from the most severe critic. We certainly had to work, but it was not all work. Several other themes had to be read for every one of mine, that was read. That was some consolation, anyway. I tell you, that English I course was a long way from being the poorest course that I ever took. I'll never forget it. It will always be a "joy forever."

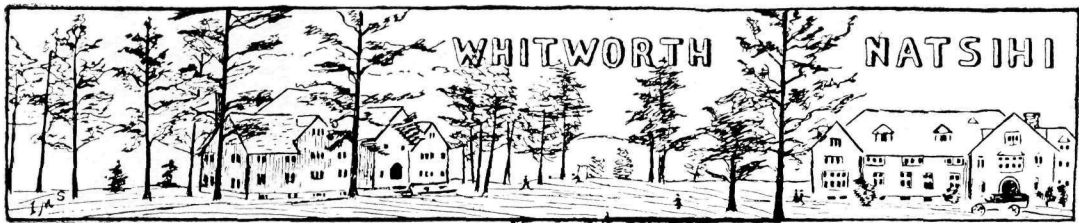
W. G. W.

#### COLLEGE LIBRARIANS.

I concede but two points in which the college man surpasses the college woman: The first is "math," and for this I give all the admiration and respect that I am capable of giving. The second case of excellency is merely a matter of tremendous good fortune. It is no compliment to his superior intellect or to his ability at concentration. The girl might reach supremacy in "math", but the sole thing that she has desired and not attained is forever beyond her attainment; it is the gentle art of managing a college library.

To define a "college librarian" I would say that she (for it is invariably a "she") is a person who never deigns to notice one unless to give bad news or to make unpleasant requests, and who is forever appearing at one's elbow at the least opportune time. This is my definition. The masculine idea on the subject would probably be—an easy mark who overlooks unnecessary little noises and over-long chats, all for a smile or a kind word. "A smile", "a kind word";—herein lies the gentle art. But sad as it is, the acquiring of it is beyond the grasp of the girl. A manly smile, a kind word from shaven lips, is necessary to charm the dreaded creature.

Why a college librarian reserves such an unpleasant and quite uncalled-for glare for the girl I cannot understand. However, the "sweet young thing" prefers the glare to the choking sensation that she experiences when unexpectedly she feels the awful presence at her side. How many an innocent group of chatterers has been dispersed merely by the librarian's glance, and how many another has fled precipitously at the sound of her step! The absolute dreadfulness of the accompanying sensations does not wear away, even



with time, nor does occasion for them diminish. The girl graduate tabulating her conquests of the last four years has never yet been known to credit herself with the victory when it came to the gentle art of managing a college librarian.

One does not blame the librarian, usually a little past the last milestone of youth, for favoring the gentleman. But why does she play "joy killer" in the life of the college girl?

G. R.

A MEMBER OF THE WHITWORTH FACULTY.

I well remember the first time I saw the Doctor. He was walking along the paved road to the car-line. His coattails flapped in the wind, his hat was tilted back, yet jammed securely down so that it wouldn't blow away. In his hand was a well-worn alligator-grip, that told only too plainly of its long use and many travels. The old gentleman's smiling eyes beamed over the rims of his enormous glasses, while his lips formed a happy smile that broadened until it lost itself in his sandy-gray side-burns.

The next time I saw the Doctor he was seated at his desk in the history room. "Good morning," said he, "you are early." The same cheery smile of greeting passed over his countenance and something in his personality drew me to a close sympathy with and a great admiration for him. Some think that he is a little old-fashioned. Possibly that is true, but he has a youthful heart. He always manifests a definite and kindly interest in his students. He is never overwrought, never "tongue-lashes", never loses his calm, congenial dignity. "Too easy", you say? That may be, but his students love him and respect him. He is a scholarly, gentlemanly man who knows and understands, and has a vital sympathy with the student, who is groping his way in the darkness for the light of knowledge.

W. N. B.

The kindly old professor was seated at his table in the quiet recitation room. His scanty hair was very grey, as were the whiskers that grew down the sides of his face, lined with the wrinkles of four score years; grey also, were the familiar suit and gaiters which completed the picture of the elderly and scholarly gentleman. But in spite of his age he appeared strong and healthy, watching with deep interest the turmoil of the world. Now he sat with tortoise-rimmed spectacles clasped loosely on his nose as he glanced over the lesson assigned to his first-hour class. When his students file slowly into



the room he looks up over his spectacles to smile a cheerful "good morning" to each one. Then slowly, but surely, he goes through each recitation, questioning wisely, patiently, waiting for hesitating answers, and ever stopping to explain difficult points. He often leads the assembly in prayer, at chapel; in a deep and reverent voice he asks that heavenly guidance and help be given to each one. He is well loved, for his generous heart is full of understanding and sympathy for every one.

J. B., June 21.

### A SPRING DAY AT WHITWORTH

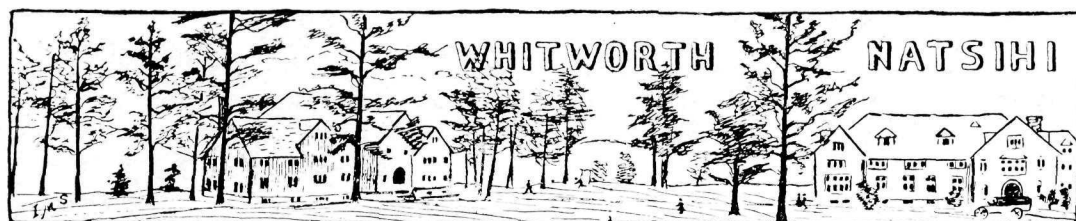
The warm sun sent his smiling rays down on the world. All nature brightened before his caresses. The dry needles scurried across the new green of the campus before the stir of the spring wind. Groups of students sauntered about enjoying the freedom of the first warm, pleasant days. The bus coughed up to the front door of the main building. Shouting and laughing boys and girls tumbled out of the doors. Professor Scott, tall, stately and dignified, followed leisurely. The college pests, Damon and Roberts, wildly crying, "I love you," chased after two fleeing "prep" girls, who took refuge in the presence of the dean of women. The slaves of English II. waited outside the class room door, speaking in short, worried whispers. The first bell sounded through the buildings. A rush for class rooms followed. The "grind" was on. Outside a robin hopped lazily across the road, perked his head wisely to one side and then chattered away to the top of a pine.

W. N. B.

### REMINISCENCES.

"Yes, Whitworth was a great place that year." When college men meet again in the halls of their Alma Mater, old times and old scenes come back and they live life over again. "No, I don't remember much about the faculty. With one or two exceptions, I've forgotten even their names. I know, though, that we had a new president that year. He came about the middle of the term. But the dean is the one I remember best. Hewitt was his name. 'Prof Hewitt', we all called him. I wasn't in any of his classes—he taught physics and chemistry—but I worked in the botany 'lab' right next to the chem lab', and often I would hear the laughter in there. When I was working hard, it made me 'sore' to even hear the good time that I was missing.





He wasn't a driver, but he appreciated good work. He believed that there was time for both work and fun. Then too, as dean, he signed our excuses when he were absent. And some of them were merely excuses, not the real reason for the absence, merely a 'bluff'. And his expression when he signed some of them seemed to say 'Yes, I remember my college days.' Sometimes he would come to Y. M. meetings—he attended oftener than any other 'Prof'—and when he came, he always had something good to say. He could tell one of his faults and not preach, either. He played in the band, too. I can see him now marching and carrying the big, forty-five pound tuba, And he was always there. The band could depend on 'Prof'. He was always on the job. I guess that that is why I remember him better than the others."

W. G. W.

---

### THE CALL OF SPRING

---

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." The warmth of the spring sunshine melts cold hearts, while the breezes bear love's old, sweet songs on their wings. Like all nature, Whitworth campus answers to the lure of spring. On balmy afternoons may be seen couples sitting on the lawn apparently engrossed in books. Through the trees may be seen forlorn war-bereft maidens wandering disconsolately about, thinking of the time when they were similarly occupied. All humanity feels the wistful spell of spring. Truly love is in the air. The sweet melodies of the ukelele may be heard in the distance, adding to the charm of spring. Through the quiet langor of the late afternoon may be heard the twittering of the birds to their mates. The lingering setting sun seems to caress all nature. Among the lengthening shadows the young people still wander, filled with the love and beauty of spring.

H. M.

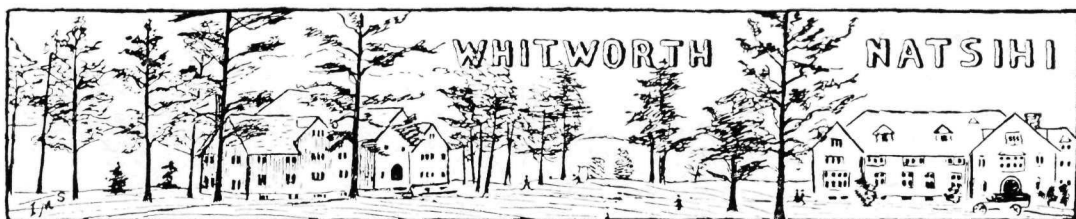
---

### WOMAN'S EYES

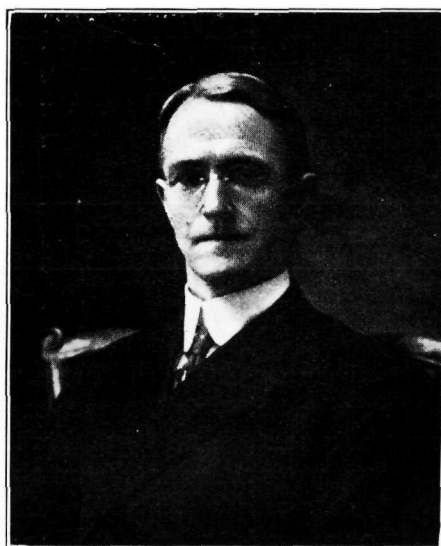
---

Woman's eyes! woman's eyes!  
Here's to the light that in them lies!  
Timid eyes? Bashful eyes?  
Eyes that grow big with feigned surprise!  
Dreamy eyes? Summer skies?  
Here's to the love that in them lies!  
Wistful sighs? Oh, so wise!  
Here's to her eyes of lies!

—With Apologies to the Author.



## Whitworth Items

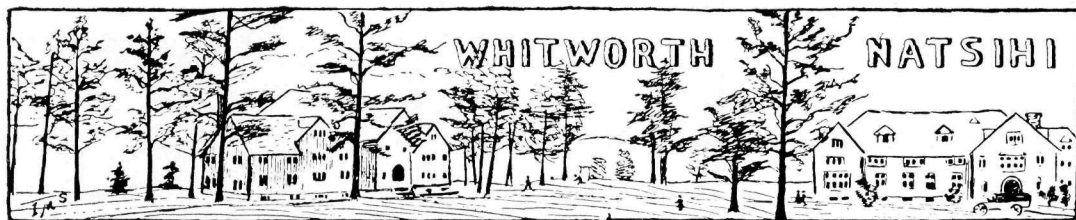


DR. BATES

With the arrival of the second semester came Whitworth's new president. Dr. B. Scott Bates came to the college from the Knox Presbyterian church of St. Paul, Minn., after a pastorate of several years. President Bates is a man of calm, quiet personality, with whom those who are anxious for the future of Whitworth may place their interests with confidence.

The coming of the new president has brought no radical changes. This does not mean that he has had no effect on Whitworth. His work to the present day has brought perceptible results and bids fair to bring greater results as time goes on. His attitude toward the school, that of being a helping and guiding hand, is especially appreciated by the students.

President Bates brings with him a wife and two children, Dorothy and Richard. Mrs. Bates is doing all that she can to add to the student life and has found her place with President Bates in the more glorious Whitworth that is to come.



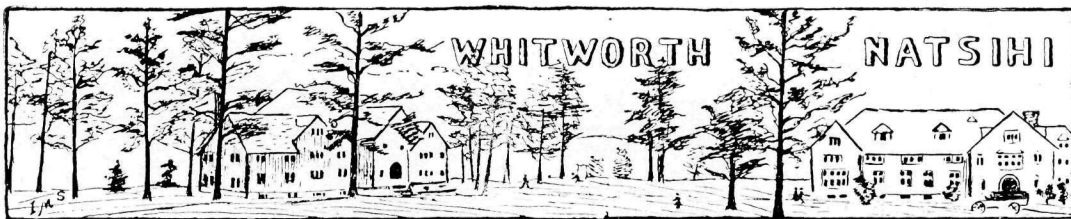
## Cap and Gown Day

Cap and Gown day, the "coming out" day of the Seniors, the day that fulfills the traditional idea of the formality of college, occurred on Friday, Feb. 15. The regular chapel hour found the faculty, students and friends of the college assembled in the chapel.

The Seniors, in caps and gowns, were escorted into chapel by the Juniors. The usual program of class "take-offs" was cleverly worked out. The Sophomores conducted a faculty meeting, finding nothing good whatsoever in the Freshman Class, while the Freshmen brought forth all the horrible past of the members of the Sophomore Class. The Juniors presented three scenes from the lives of the members of the Senior Class, depicting the childhood, the present and the future attainments of each member.

On the conclusion of the program in the chapel the Seniors and Juniors lead the procession to the parlor of the Men's Dormitory, where the key ceremony was performed. President Bates opened the ceremony with a few words of congratulation and advice to the Seniors. The president of the class of 1918 presented the key, which unlocks the way to a successful Seniorhood through the halls of Whitworth college, to the president of the class of 1919. Representatives of the Sophomore and Freshman classes, the Preparatory Department and the alumni extended their congratulations.

The Juniors and Seniors enjoyed luncheon together. In the evening the Seniors were entertained by the Juniors at a prettily arranged "cobweb" Valentine party.



## Chapel Speakers

### MISS LOCKWOOD

Miss Lockwood, who came to Whitworth this year as head of the English department, was introduced to the student body in September, when she spoke on the topic, "Rupert Brooke," bringing attention to the late poet, who has been the cynosure of so many eyes. The speech was one that has centered interest on the literature of the present day.

### PROFESSOR SCOTT

In October Professor Ralph W. Scott, who came to Whitworth from Europe, where he had been making excavations in Greece and doing other archaeological work, related some of his experiences. He sailed for Europe just after the European war started. The ship on which he sailed was torpedoed in mid-ocean. Nearly every passenger, however, was saved, and he, with the others, was carried back to New York on the vessel that rescued them. Here he sailed again, and after being thought to be a spy, being interned, escaping by the judicious use of money, and nearly being wrecked again in the Mediterranean sea, he finally arrived in Greece without mishap, to lead an exciting life there. The story of his experiences until he again arrived in this country in August, 1917, seem more like a novel than real life.

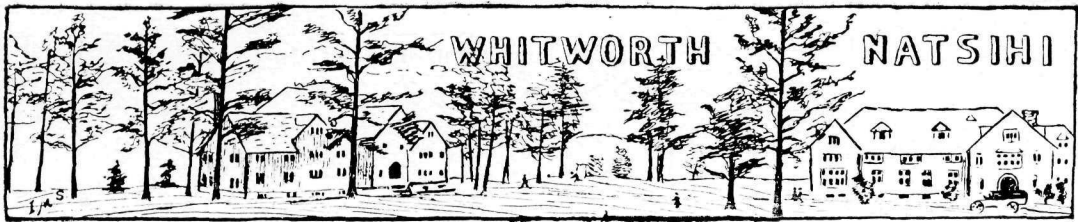
### MR. FUNKHAUSER

On Nov. 13 Mr. Funkhauser, who has been private secretary to one of Washington's congressmen, spoke on "How a Bill Goes Through Congress."

### MR. GREENWOOD

On Tuesday, Nov. 20, Mr. Greenwood, cashier of the Old National Bank, spoke at chapel on "Banking". His subject, though seemingly dull, was presented in such a manner as to hold the attention of every student during the time he was speaking

Banking, he presented in its simple form. Using the phases of banking, we see in every-day life, Mr. Greenwood showed how they are parts of the great system—the teller, the bookkeeper, the statement clerk, the clearing house, which are units of the modern bank. In closing he explained the complexities of banking methods so carefully that they appeared quite simple, and answered many questions for the students.



#### MISS COULTER

On Friday, Nov. 29, Miss Grace Coulter, as representative of the Department of Agriculture, spoke on "Food Conservation." The need of food conservation as a war measure, what we can do to help and how we can best win the war by saving food were all presented in a thorough manner by Miss Coulter.

#### DR. DIVINE

On Dec. 21 the Bible classes of the college were given an illustrated lecture on the life of Christ by Dr. Divine, who has charge of the religious instruction of the college. The beautiful scenes which were shown, together with the ample explanation they received from Dr. Divine, made Christ more real to every person in attendance.

#### MR. DURHAM

One day in January Mr. Durham, a pioneer of Spokane and an authority on the history of the Spokane country, gave to the assembly an outline of the settlement of this district.

"The first settlement near Spokane was made in 1811 by British fur traders at the mouth of the Little Spokane river, a point about five miles from Whitworth. The Americans soon established a post within gunshot of the British settlement. The country at this time was in continual dispute, but nevertheless harmony remained between the two rival trading posts.

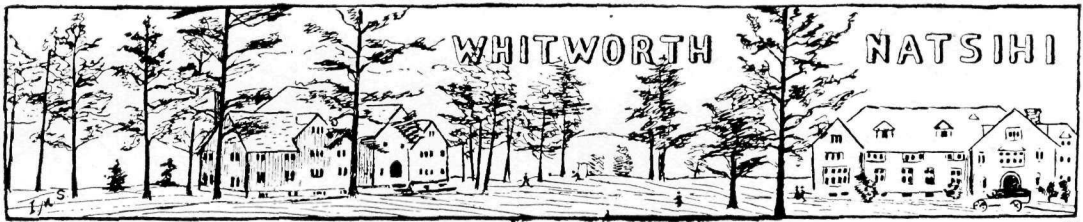
"The coming of the missionaries marks the next epoch in the history. Whitman was the most noted missionary, and he came in 1836. The missionaries were soon followed by the gold hunters who invaded the Coeur d'Alenes, and the gold hunters were followed by the stockmen. Soon permanent settlers came to till the soil, and from that day on the history of the Spokane country has been one of expansion."

#### MR. HOAG

Mr. C. C. Hoag, secretary of the Hare Proportional Representative Society, gave the students a very clear and concise outline of the system of representative voting he is now supporting. He said:

"Representation is essential to democratic government. Our present system is very faulty and needs revising. For example, the state of Washington is divided into 42 districts. In these districts the majority gets the representation. Hundreds of voters have no representation at all. The votes of these people are simply thrown away. They do not like to vote for those whom they can, because there is a person they know will poll more votes.





In this way the best man may be defeated. In the election of 1910 450,000 socialist votes gave only one representative, when it should have had twelve; 1,000,000 votes elected no one, because they were too scattered and could not give a majority. The Indiana election showed the opposite side. Forty-six per cent of the votes were democrats and elected all thirteen congressmen, while 136,000 republicans and 127,000 progressives had no representation. This system can not go on indefinitely.

"The proposed system would throw, say, seven districts together and they would elect seven representatives. The voters can express a difference in candidates, such as first choice, second choice, etc. Then the excess votes for a candidate goes to second choice, and the hopeless votes would go to the second choice."

The talk was well presented and proved of great interest to those interested in political science.

#### DR. MORGAN

One of the great privileges the students enjoyed this year was to hear Dr. Morgan, chaplain at Camp Kearney, San Diego, who for several months lectured in various western states on "Democracy." He said: "The Allies are fighting to make the world safe for Democracy, but have we a Democracy that is safe for the world? Political conditions in our country are far from being ideally democratic. Over half the wealth of this country is in the hands of a thousand people. The city governments are not the best. In dealing with criminals we punish the criminal and say 'He will be all right now,' instead of seeking the root of the crime and stamping that out."

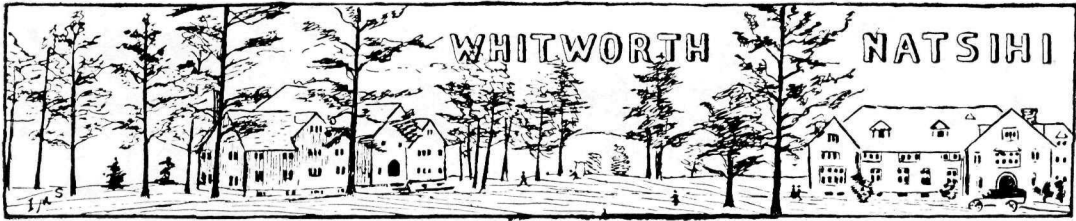
The purpose of Dr. Morgan's talk was to institute discussion classes in the College, using as a text the "Social Principles of Jesus." Five groups have been established and find the work very interesting.

#### MAYOR FASSETT

On Tuesday, Jan. 29, Mayor Fassett of Spokane addressed the students of Whitworth on the subject, "City Management."

Mayor Fassett said that English Ambassador Bryce in his book, "The American Commonwealth," has said that American city government is a conspicuous failure. Mr. Fassett explained why it has been a failure and how the modern trend of municipal government is changing the situation.

The first form of city government was based on the federal plan. This plan is successful for the government of the nation, but is not adapted to municipal government. It allows a ring of politicians to control the government and a corporation to monopolize the public utilities. Under this



system the responsibility is divided. It can never be determined who is to blame for deficiencies. The mayor refers complaints to the alderman, the aldermen to the council, the council back to the mayor.

About fifteen years ago several cities, realizing the deficiencies of this type of government, instituted a new form, the commission government. Under this policy the department heads, or commissioners, usually five in number, are themselves responsible for the conduct of their department. They learn what laws are necessary and they have the power to make these laws. The legislative and executive branches of the government are united. This government is much better than the first form, but it has been succeeded in many cities by a still more perfect type known as the city manager form.

In the city manager form of government the five commissioners are not administrative officers. They determine the policy, then appoint an expert to do the work. This form seems to be the best that has yet been devised.

Before concluding his address Mayor Fassett made this fact clear: "The form of government will take care of itself if each individual will show the proper interest in the government." Ambassador Bryce stated in his Yale lectures that the greatest hindrance to good government is the indolence, selfishness and partisanship of the individual.

#### PROFESSOR SCOTT

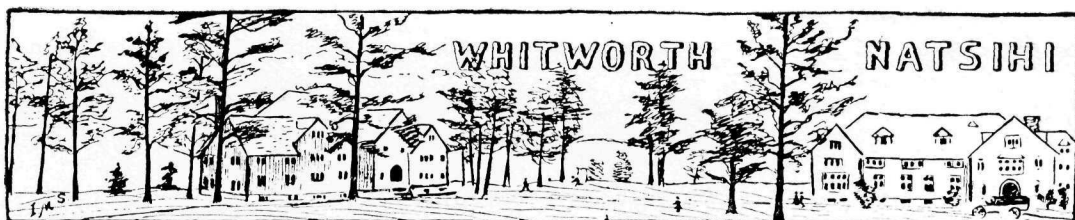
In February Professor Scott presented some scenes from Italy which he has collected. The history and stories he told of the pictures as they were shown made the morning especially interesting.

#### PRIVATE LUXFORD

On Thursday, March 7, Private Fred Luxford of the Canadian army addressed the assembly of the college. He has spent twenty-seven months in active service in France, being private dispatch rider for General Byng during the battle of the Somme.

Private Luxford explained the feeling of a soldier about to go "over the top." He said: "The soldier sees his 'other self' standing beside him as a companion. He fears nothing, sees no reason why he can not live a hundred years yet, but his 'other self' shakes with the fear of being afraid. In those few minutes the soldier reviews his entire past. These feelings are of short duration, for soon he is "over the top'."

Private Luxford said: "The spiritual life of the soldiers is just as important as food. If properly guided they will come back men, not 'hooligans'."



### THE CALL FOR HELP

As Mr. S. C. Krikorian, an Armenian, spoke to the Whitworth assembly he stirred the students deeply and created a real brotherly love toward those noble people who have been so bloodily persecuted for their faith in Him whom we worship in common. He said in part:

"If Apostle Paul were to walk today through the trenches of France and down through northern Italy and revisit the depopulated cities of Asia Minor and be told of the happenings of the last two years he could not write a more exact description of the people than he did in the eighth chapter of Romans, the 31st to 39th verses: 'For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Jesus Christ our Lord.'

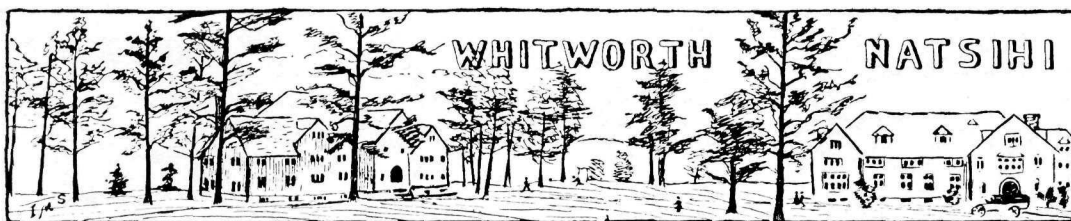
"In 1915 proclamations were sent out to all the cities stating that all the remaining Armenians were to congregate outside of the cities and be prepared to journey to parts unknown, with lunch baskets in their arms as if on a picnic. They collected outside the cities, where they were divided into two groups, one of women and children and the other of men and boys. The latter were marched off to a lonely place. Here they were given a chance to deny their faith in Jesus, and not complying they were hideously tortured, mutilated and butchered. The women and children were forced to march hundreds of miles without food or water except what they could get on the way. Mothers had to leave their dying babies and children along the roadside. Where groups of ten thousand commenced a journey only one or two hundred survived. Today these people are starving, and unless aid is given them before another winter arrives the Armenian race will be extinct.

"Your government has been generous to the Serbians and Belgians, but it can do nothing to help us because we have no government. These starving people are looking to the people of the United States as the only people who can help them. With the help now being given the little ones receive a small bowl of soup every twenty-four hours. Ten cents a day is needed for each child, three dollars for a month. Can you not do something for my people?"

### DR. COAN

One of the most vital and interesting talks ever heard at Whitworth was the talk given on Armenia by Dr. Coan in March. Dr. Coan is an American citizen, who has spent forty-seven years in Persia, and who was an eye-witness of the Armenian massacres of 1897 and 1915.

He gave a message which thrilled his hearers. It was a tale of intrigue,



of brutal treatment and of heroism such as has never been equalled in the annals of history, and was delivered in a forceful and interesting manner.

The distrubing element in Armenia is and has been Germany working through the Turk. The plan was to so arouse the 260,000,000 Mohammedans in the Far East that the present war would become a Holy War. German propaganda was set at work everywhere. Dr. Coan quoted a conversation which he overheard in a tea adobe, wherein it was stated that London had been burned and America completely whipped by the Germans.

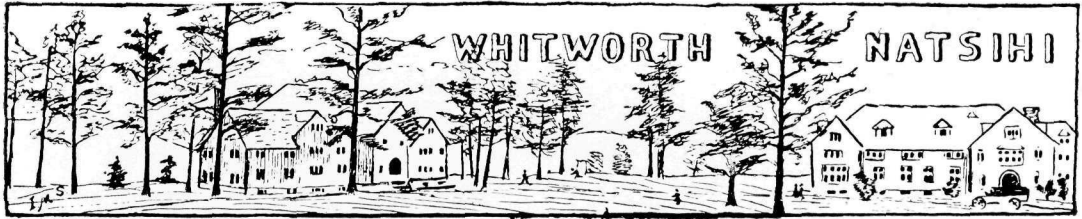
The plan for a Holy War failed owing to the refusal of the Shiek of Islam to order it. The Armenian massacre was ordered and the Turks dared not refuse. The Armenians were deported, and it was during this deportation that the most cruel tortures were carried out. How 2600 were drowned in the Black Sea, how the women were stripped and driven naked under the blistering sun, how the Tigris and Euphrates were dammed by dead bodies, how 1600 girls committed suicide rather than be sold into slavery, how 2000 gave up their lives rather than reject God—these were but a few of the horrible incidents Dr. Coan related.

There are 2,000,000 Armenians starving there now, and for every person saved five die. America, he said, is the only nation that can aid, and it is America's duty to do it.

#### DR. GOLDMAN

On Tuesday, March 12, Dr. Goldman, who was for twenty years a Jewish rabbi in Russia, gave an interesting talk on the existing conditions in that country. In brief, he said: "At the outbreak of the revolution in Russia between 50 and 75 per cent of the Russian population could not read or write. The peasant vocabulary consists of about 50 words. The reason for this condition is the lack of a public school system. Russian schools are comparable to penitentiaries. The university life is vastly different from that in America. There is a 13 or 14 hour school day in Russia, and students are obliged to stand during study hours. Russia has been conceded to be 1000 years behind Mexico in learning.

"The religious status of Russia is as undemocratic as are the educational opportunities. Nicholas Romanoff has been the god of Russia. His place has been higher than that of Jesus in the minds of his subjects, even to the extent that his picture has occupied a place above that of Christ and the Virgin Mary in the cathedrals of Russia. The practice of persecuting Jews and Christians has been so common that freedom in religion has been foreign. In 1906 the Russian government ordered the killing of 25,000,000 Jews, at which time the speaker's parents and other relatives were victims.



"This inhumanity in religious matters has been seconded in political oppressions. From the time of the earliest rulers their policy has been oppression. Practically no suspicion would lead an officer to prove an innocent man a nihilist and cause him to be exiled to Siberia, there to be treated most inhumanly as a machine for the mining of wealth for the government of Russia.

"The democratic power is the greater in Russia, but owing to the existence of turmoil due to revolution and opposition to democracy the male population left for the production of food includes only old men and a few Greek Catholic priests. This condition, added to the lack of cultivation of the land now three years extant, leaves Russia in great need of food and other financial aid.

"You Americans must awake to your opportunities for doing good. As a Christian people and as brothers of the suffering you must fulfill your duty and give evidence of your Christian love."

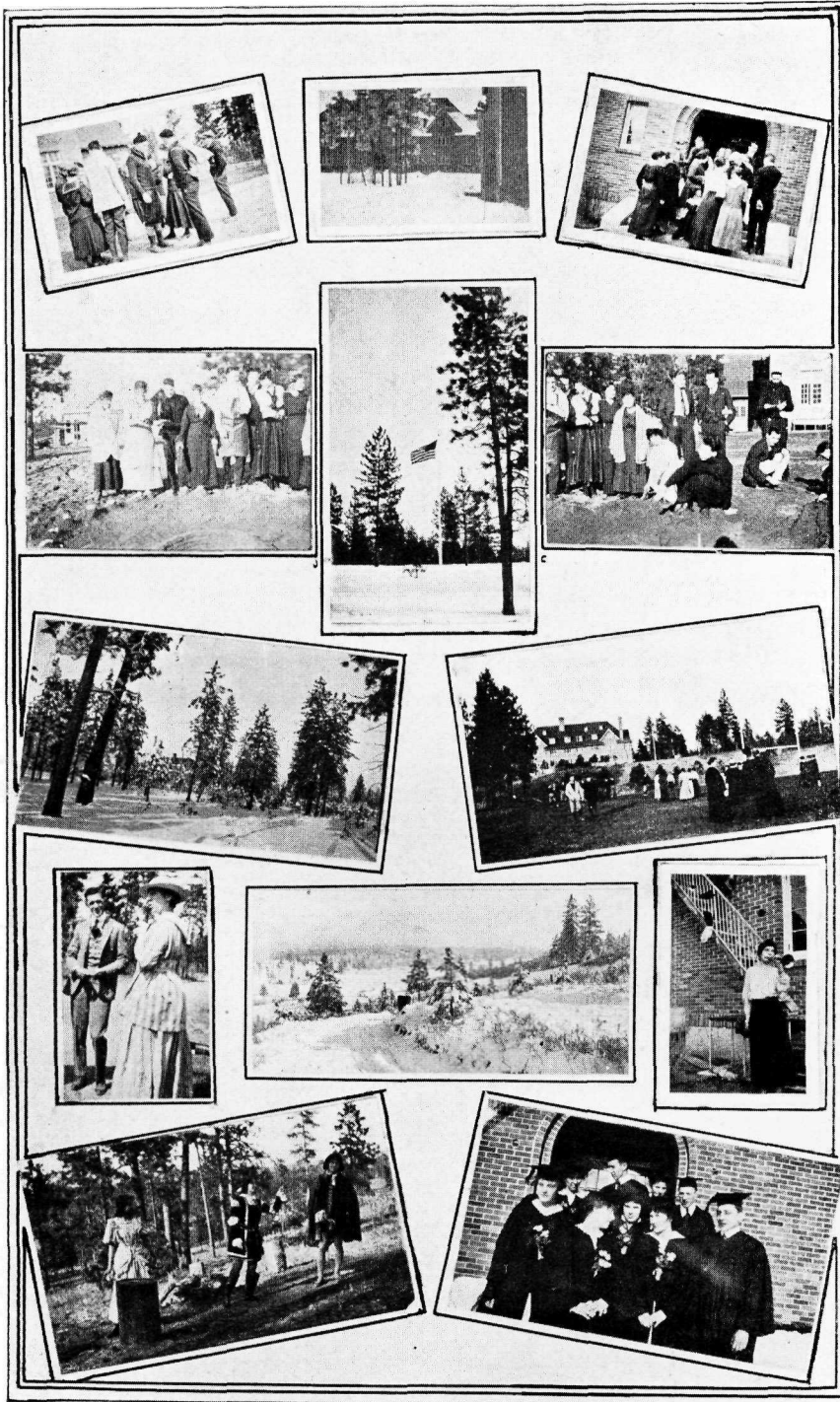
#### DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

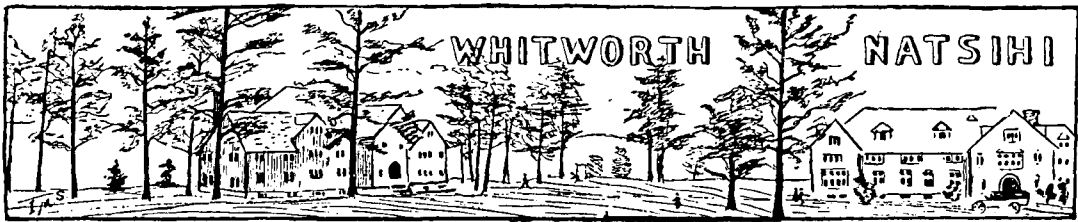
On Friday, April 5, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, addressed the student body and guests at the chapel hour. Dr. Chapman impressed everyone with his greatness, his sincerity, his profound Christian experience and his knowledge of humanity. In short, simple, direct sentences he unfolded a message of truth that made its impression on the minds of all those present.

Dr. Chapman began by stating he presumed that all present realized God's presence in the world and that Christ is the highest expression of God. His remarks were based upon the story of the potter and the clay, as related in Jeremiah. The potter moulded a vessel, but upon examination he found a flaw, so he broke the imperfect vessel and remoulded it until a perfect vessel was produced. The potter was God and Israel was the clay that required re-fashioning. Our lives could be left with the flaws in them, but it is better that they should be broken and remoulded in the hands of God to perfection. We must either lead a life of compromise or a life of steadfastness and victory. God has a place for each of us. Our lives will be successful in proportion as we give ourselves to God's will. We may know God's will by studying His word, by the impressions He makes on our minds and the counsels we receive from friends who know Him. Let two of these ways agree and we have an index to God's will.

Dr. and Mrs. Chapman showed the importance they place on Bible study by presenting several Testaments to the students and requesting they carry them and read a chapter a day.







## Society



The first social gathering of any importance by the girls was the Y. W. party given the first Friday evening of the new school semester. The party was held in the girl's parlor, and with a few exceptions all the girls then attending school were present. A mock wedding was held, with Ruth Howard and Hilda Marquardt as bride and groom and Hazel White as minister. Games were played and later refreshments were served, after which the party broke up.

\* \* \*

The gymnasium was scarcely large enough to hold the fellows at the stag party when it once started. Four teams were chosen, which furnished the competition for the evening's fun. Basket ball, races and boxing matches provided the amusement, and apple cider and doughnuts sent the fellows home in high spirits.

\* \* \*

Early in the fall the social life of the year was started by the annual Y. M.-Y. W. mixer. This year the event took place in the college library and the new students were introduced to the "Whitworth spirit." After the formalities of introductions were disposed of every one entered into the spirit of the occasion and had a good time. Skip to M'Lou, Virginia Reel and an indoor track meet added to the fun. The mixer bespoke of good times for the remainder of the year.

\* \* \*

Kappa Gamma was at home to all the Whitworth girls and the women of the faculty Tuesday afternoon, October 2.

\* \* \*

In accordance with the annual custom the Sophomores entertained the Seniors the evening of Class Day. A taffy pull was held in the music hall. Games were played and every one had a good time.

On the same evening the Freshman-Junior party was held in the parlor of the men's dormitory. A color scheme of blue and yellow, the class colors, was used.

\* \* \*

The spirit that characterizes all undertakings at Whitworth was present at the annual bonfire held early in the fall. The night was ideal for a bon-



fire party, and when all the students had assembled shortly after dinner in the woods adjoining the campus, the ideal night seemed to have produced its effect on them. The huge pile of logs and brush was lighted, and in the glow of the fire last-couple-out, drop the handkerchief and such games were played. As refreshments cider and doughnuts were served, and after singing awhile the merrymakers disbanded.

\* \* \*

In order that the town and dormitory girls might become better acquainted, Miss Yeomans entertained at a tea Friday, the second of November. After dinner the girls enjoyed a moonlight hike to the car line.

\* \* \*

Hallowe'en was appropriately celebrated on Friday, October 26. Ghosts witches and spooks of all sorts invaded the gym. Here fortunes were told and many games and stunts characteristic of Hallowe'en were played. Weird noises, dim lights and the decorations added much to the atmosphere of the party.

\* \* \*

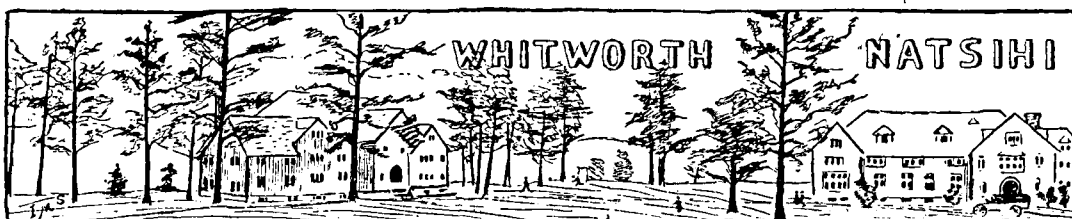
The "Dancing Dudes" held their "Dippy Doings" in the gym Nov. 16. The excellent music furnished by Misses Moore, Sperber and Merritt was enthusiastically responded to, every ancient and modern dance being tried at least once. Following the frolic Miss Yeomans served refreshments in the girls' parlor.

\* \* \*

A sleigh ride in place of the regular Christmas party had been planned for Dec. 14, but due to an over-abundance of sun had to be postponed. However, an impromptu party was arranged. Mr. Damon brought a "movie" film out from town, Christmas games were played and an oyster supper was served.

\* \* \*

Two big sleighs and one big moon—the rest was easy. The dean had been kind enough to give the students a mid-week night off to enjoy themselves with a real old-fashioned sleigh ride. Blankets and straw formed sufficient protection against the cold, and then some one started it. Soon some one followed, and in a short time it seemed to spread to both sleighs and every one caught it. And for the rest of the ride the charming voices of the girls and the splendid voices of the boys blended harmoniously in the balmy air. Miss Yeomans added sandwiches and hot cocoa to an evening of delightful entertainment.



One of the most enjoyable events given in the college dining room during the year was the students' banquet arranged by the Student Association Friday evening, January 25.

The room was decorated more effectively, perhaps, than ever. Pennants with evergreen wreaths and crimson and black festoons with shaded lights lent a festive atmosphere to the long banquet table. Old Glory draped with a Whitworth pennant beneath, seemed to bring our college men in the service back, in spirit at least, to enjoy the evening with the rest. It seemed to be the first event of the year for student wit to display itself. The subject of the toast, "Women," gave an unfair chance to the men, but some of the young ladies had an opportunity to defend themselves. The event must not be passed without a word in praise of Mr Potter's extemporaneous toast—he surprised every one. College songs and a reading by Miss Blosser concluded the banquet, which was followed by a picture show in the college chapel, through the kindness of Mr. Damon.

\* \* \*

The Juniors proved themselves to be equal to any in providing a good time. The evening of February 15th the Seniors were entertained at the home of Miss Bernadine Inkster, as guests of the Juniors' Valentine favors and decorations made a very pretty setting for the good time that followed. After an evening of music and entertainment all enjoyed the light banquet which concluded an evening never to be forgotten.

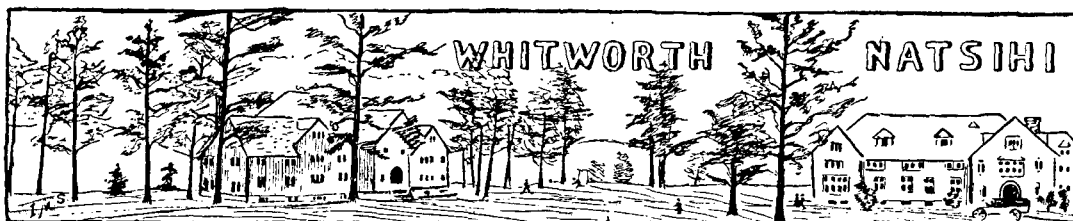
\* \* \*

In accordance with the time-worn custom, the under-graduates celebrated Class Day with a kid party. The party was held in the library, all students appearing in children's costumes. A school was conducted by School Mistress Marquardt. However, when the "children" showed no inclination to learn more the school mistress abandoned this project and resorted to games for the enjoyment of her pupils. They played musical chairs, blind man's buff and drop the handkerchief. The refreshments, served at an early hour and consisting of ice cream and animal crackers, seemed to bring delight to the hearts of the "children."

\* \* \*

The Colonial party on February 21st was one of the most important social functions of the year. The national colors were used in decorating the library. The beautiful decorations and colonial costumes formed a most pleasing scene.

At this time the Student Association presented to the college a silk service



flag bearing twenty-seven stars. Mr. Clark, president of the Association, presented it, and President Bates received it for the college.

\* \* \*

A banquet and reception were tendered President and Mrs. Bates in the East Room of the Davenport Friday evening, March 8, by the trustees, faculty and students of the college. Covers were laid for fifty. Mrs. Mabel Heine Henry sang two brilliant songs during the dinner. At the close an address of welcome by Dr. Divine was responded to by President Bates. A reception to the public followed, at which the students sang their college songs to the delight of the guests. Other numbers were rendered by Mrs. Henry and the male quartette.

\* \* \*

The second bonfire of the year was held on the night of March 31st. Every student was in just the right spirit for such a party and the result was one of the best times of the year. The regular bonfire games were played with more enthusiasm than usual.

\* \* \*

Friday evening, April 5th, found the girls' dorm "spick and span." The occasion? Open dorm! A dramatic recital was given in the chapel, then the guests were taken through the dormitory. The town girls acted as ushers and dorm girls as hostesses. Light refreshments were served.

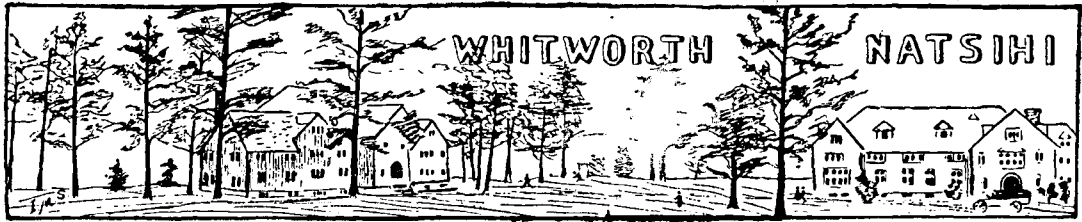
\* \* \*

Friday, April 26th, is one of the happiest memories of the year for many Whitworth girls. It was the day of the annual Y. W. April frolic. A long hike was taken in the afternoon. Supper was eaten in the woods in real "camp fire style." In the evening a dance was held in the library.

\* \* \*

The Domestic Science Department entertained a number of times during the year. The first week of school a luncheon was served to the trustees. Then in a short time came the supper for the Synod of Washington. A formal Christmas dinner was given for the men of the faculty. A series of breakfasts was served to the Senior boys, some of the faculty and the Junior girls. The Senior class enjoyed an Easter dinner. This was followed by a series of luncheons. Toward the end of the year Miss Modes gave a breakfast for all the girls of the Domestic Science Department. The last event was a dinner given by the girls for Miss Modes.





During the spring a number of Y. W. cabinet teas were held. The purpose of these was to bring the girls closer together and to make them better acquainted with cabinet business. These teas took either the form of a formal tea in one of the girl's rooms or out on the campus or a short hike. Throughout they proved a success.

+ + +

Friday, May 3rd, Kappa Gamma gave its annual May party. The library was decorated in the sorority colors, purple and gold. The crowning of the May queen, the May pole dance and the patriotic finale were attractive numbers of the program.

+ + +

Any one who knows much about Whitworth knows that hiking is one of the favorite sports at the college. This is due to a great degree to the large number of exceptionally good hiking places. Long hikes and short hikes, large hikes and small hikes are taken throughout the entire year.

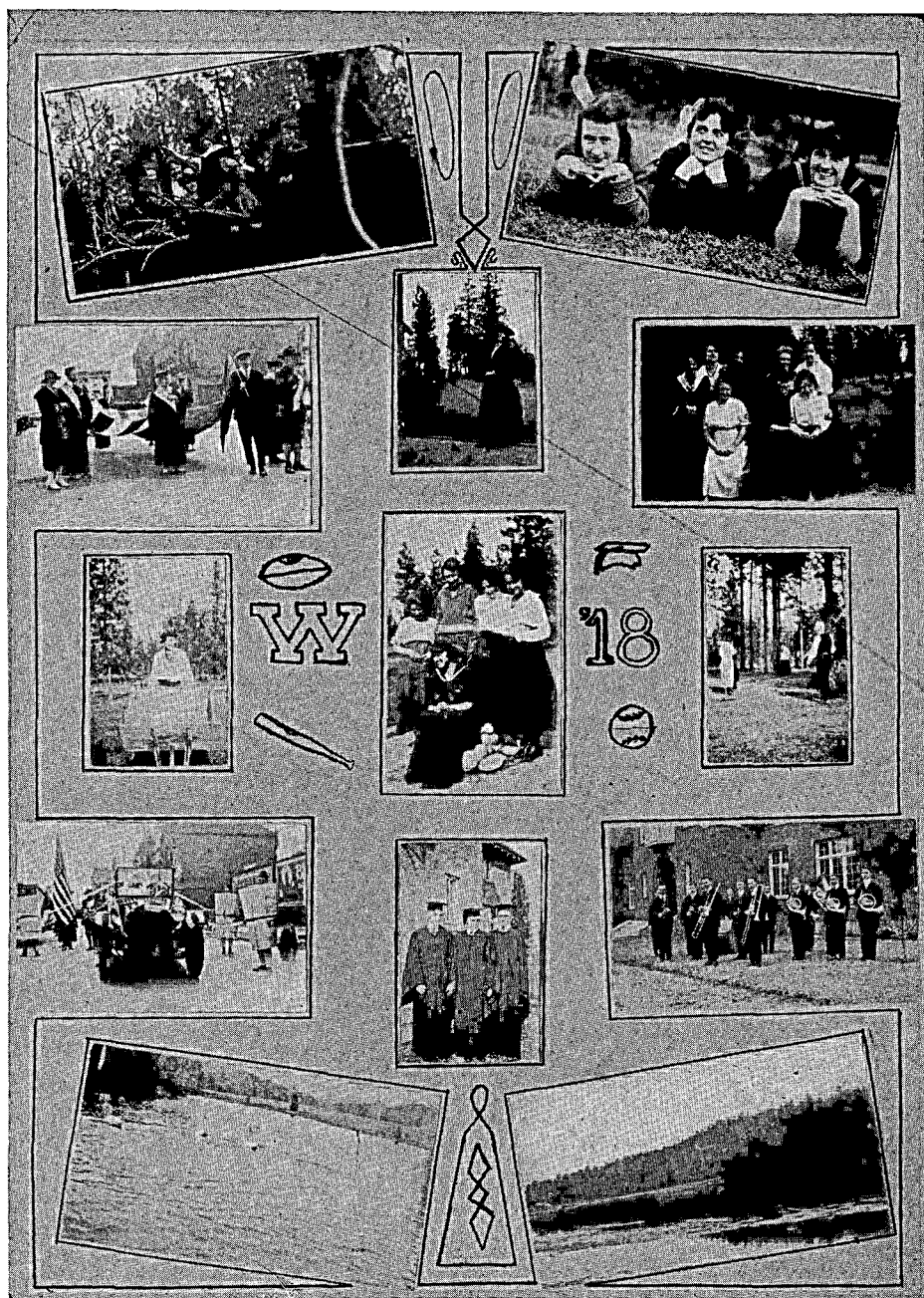
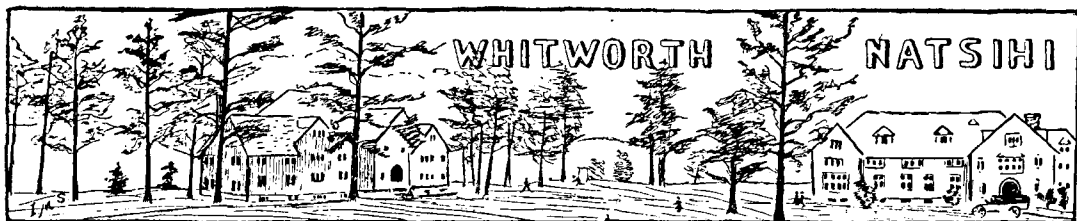
The first hike in the fall was to the "rocks" on the Little Spokane. Another memorable hike was that on Washington's birthday to the Griffith cabin. This year for the first time girls' hikes have been very popular. Almost any day some group of girls can be found on the way to Glen Tana, Dartford or Cook's lake.

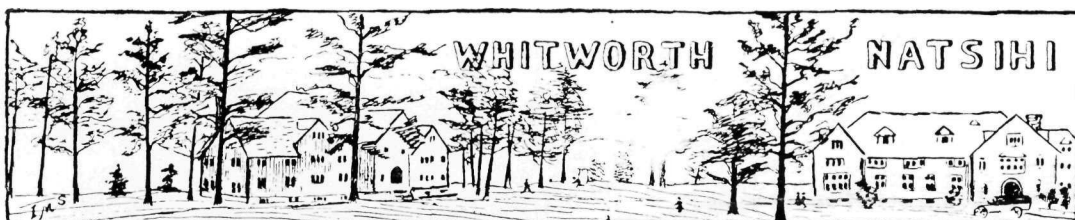


## Our Flags

The enormous flag of the United States which hangs in the chapel of Whitworth was presented to the college on Nov. 13, 1917. It was the gift of Mrs. E. F. Rue. The flag originally belonged to her father, Colonel Jenkins, one of Spokane's prominent citizens, who established the Jenkins Institute. For the help and inspiration which the flag has afforded the students wish to thank Mrs. Rue.

At the left of the main entrance to the main hall hangs a beautiful silk service flag with the stars formed in a W. It is a constant reminder of the men who are representing Whitworth in the war. To those who helped to hang the flag there the students extend their thanks. To those whose stars the flag bears they give their loyal support in the task which they have undertaken.





## Organizations

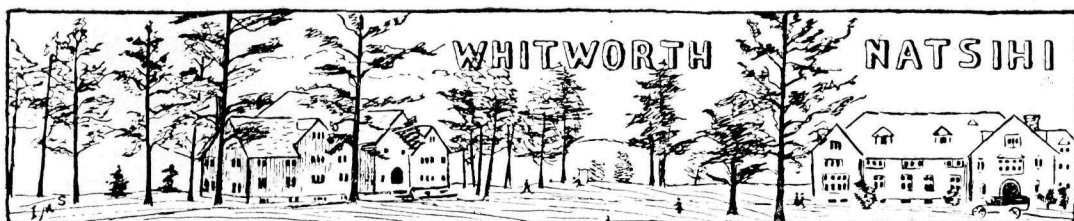


EXECUTIVE BOARD

### The Students' Association

The executive board, composed of representatives from each class and faculty advisers, has been the center of all school activity this year. Through their planning and management athletics, hikes, banquets, parties, lectures and other student activities have occurred. The Annual also comes under this management, and truly the executive board is a live wire in the school. Of all the visible works of the board the one of which all are proudest is the beautiful service flag which the Students' Association presented to the college at the Colonial party on Washington's birthday.

Carl Clark has been a most efficient president and has had hearty co-operation from the students, all working for a bigger, better Whitworth.



## Male Quartet

"What joy, what joy," have the quartet brought on many occasions at school and elsewhere. Early in the fall the Y. M. C. A. organized a quartet with Kenneth Damon, first tenor; Myron Black, second tenor; John Corbally, first bass, and Jesse Phillips, second bass. This organization has helped much to give the college the kind of advertising which counts. It has sung with marked success at all the meetings which the Y. M. C. A. conducts. Gradually its reputation broadened, and besides the various appearances at college functions it was in demand abroad as well as at home. The members have always responded readily, which has helped its success, and have appeared at the Rotary club, the president's reception and in many benefits. The variety of the selections is always certain to please.

## Choruses

Under the able direction of Mrs. Henry, the members of the mixed chorus feel that the work has been very helpful and enjoyable this year. Several opera selections, as well as many lighter numbers, have been learned and sung. The chorus appeared in a very pleasing way at an entertainment of Whitworth talent at the Knox Presbyterian church on Feb. 7, 1918, and has also helped in affairs at the college.

The girls' chorus has also progressed under Mrs. Henry's training and has made several public appearances in the churches of the city.

The training which the students receive through their chorus work will be as much appreciated in their later activities as the memory of the pleasant social times the members of the chorus enjoyed together.

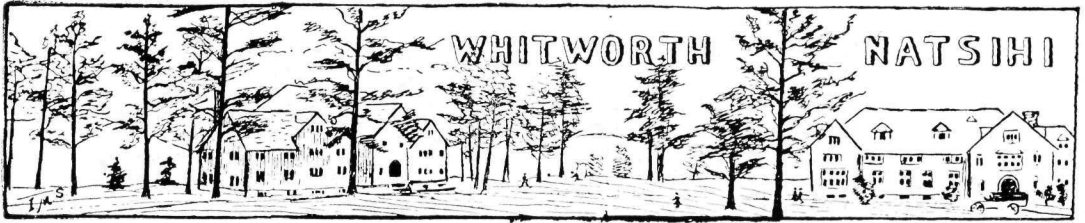
## Orchestra

The orchestra has been in evidence spasmodically throughout the year. Just before some social function every night would find them working hard, and after the performance there would be a relapse. This irregularity has been due to the fact that all the members were in several other organizations. However, the fact that there is an orchestra in the college which may be called on counts for something, for "a friend in need is a friend indeed." The orchestra is under the leadership of Professor D. J. Guy and the members are:

Mrs. Guy, Piano  
Mr. Guy, Violin

Miss Chase, Violin  
Mr. Black, Clarinet

Mr. Johnson, Cornet  
Mr. Corbally, Trombone



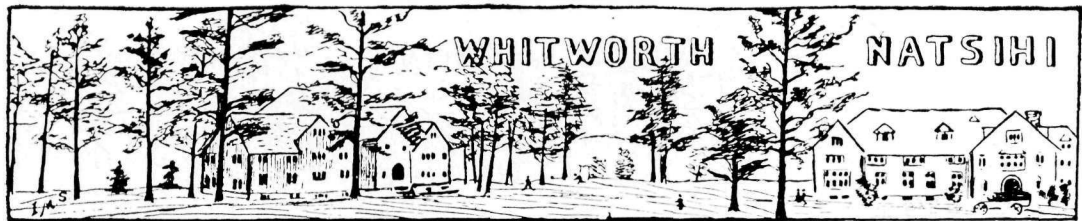
## The Band

"Do-me-sol-do" in all the varying keys and pitches, from clarinet to bass horn, greeted the ears of any one coming within range of the men's dormitory the first of October. The men were "trying out" for the band, which, through the generosity of Mr. J. P. Graves was about to be organized at Whitworth.

Mr. Graves has always been a loyal patron of the college, and when he expressed a desire to finance a band if the college men were willing to do the work he met with a most ready response. Mr. Graves spoke of how much the band in his college meant to him and every man in the Whitworth college band already has the deepest gratitude in his heart to the man who has made such an organization possible here.

At first the repertoire of the band was more limited than was the desire to entertain, and on the coldest night in December (in)harmonious sounds





came through the frosty air to the women's dormitory. Each girl's musical genius was tested by her ability to recognize the tune of the serenaders. It was the "Star Spangled Banner," and either difficulty to recognize the national anthem or the fact that it was 12:30 a. m. may have accounted for the lack of the usual readiness to rise when those strains were heard. Each young woman recognized "The End of a Perfect Day" when the band played the other number they knew.

By the time of the faculty party some progress had been made and the faculty were regaled with "We Need Thee Every Hour" and "Abide With Me," in addition to the regular numbers. The improvement was noticeable, though the serenaders seemed to have some difficulty finding the pitch and the time in the dark.

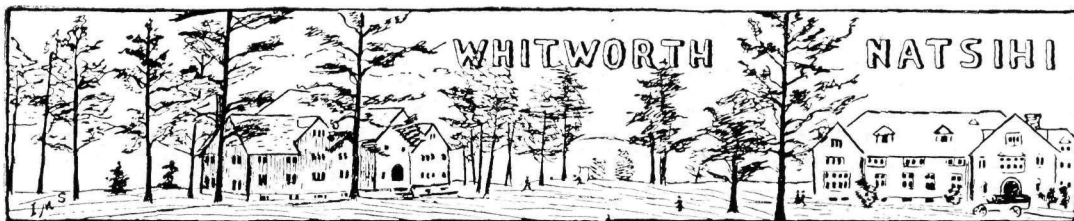
These attempts of the amateurs are no more, for under the able direction of Mr. Reimer they are amateurs no longer. The progress of the band has been remarkable and the members deserve commendation for their work. Only a few formal appearances have been made, the first at a community meeting at the Whitworth Rural School, but each appearance has been a credit to the school and to the director. Late in the spring the band went to Mr. Graves' residence at Waikiki and "showed off." Next year the band will be able to do concert and parade work, which will be splendid advertising for Whitworth. As each man in his civilian life in later years realizes the help this musical training has been he will often mentally thank Mr. Graves for the generosity which gave him this opportunity at Whitworth College.

The members of the band are:

Bryan Johnson, Solo Cornet  
 Frank Roberts, First Cornet  
 A. J. Hager, Second Cornet  
 Arthur Anderson, First Alto  
 Carl Clark, Second Alto  
 Paul Wilson, Third Alto  
 John Corbally, First Tenor  
 Jesse Phillips, Second Tenor

Kenneth Damon, Baritone  
 Prof. H. H. Hewitt, Bass  
 Prof D. J. Guy, Piccolo  
 Myron Black, Solo Clarinet  
 Wm. Wilson, First Clarinet  
 Prof. R. Sundquist, Second Clarinet  
 George Orloff, Third Clarinet  
 Charles Cone, Snare Drum

Arthur Dumphy, Bass Drum



## Y. W. C. A.

Because of the added need of service in the present stress of affairs, the Y. W. C. A. turned its greatest efforts to war work this year.

Almost every woman in Whitworth College signed a Patriotic League card, pledging herself to express her patriotism—

“By doing better than ever before whatever work I have to do;

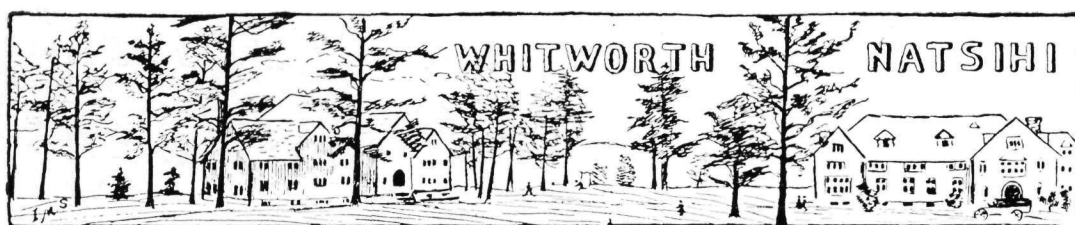
“By rendering whatever special service I can to my community and country;

“By living up to the highest standards of character and honor and helping others to do the same.”

The young women have done well in keeping this and almost \$400 was given by personal gifts for the Y. W. War fund. Nearly every girl pledged herself to knit a whole soldier's outfit, and some have done much more. Gifts have also been made for Armenian Relief and the regular Y. W. C. A. work in Spokane.

The aim of the Y. W. C. A. is to promote fellowship among the girls and a number of jolly social events have been held through the year for all college women—“The Mock Wedding,” Y. W. teas, and best of all, “the April Frolic.”

The Volunteer Bible Study Committee has done excellent work. The first semester the girls studied “Japan Today,” by Ruth Emerson, the secretary, whom this organization helps support in Japan, under the leadership of Daisy Chase. The last semester, “The Social Principles of Jesus,” by Rauschenbusch, was studied in three discussion classes.



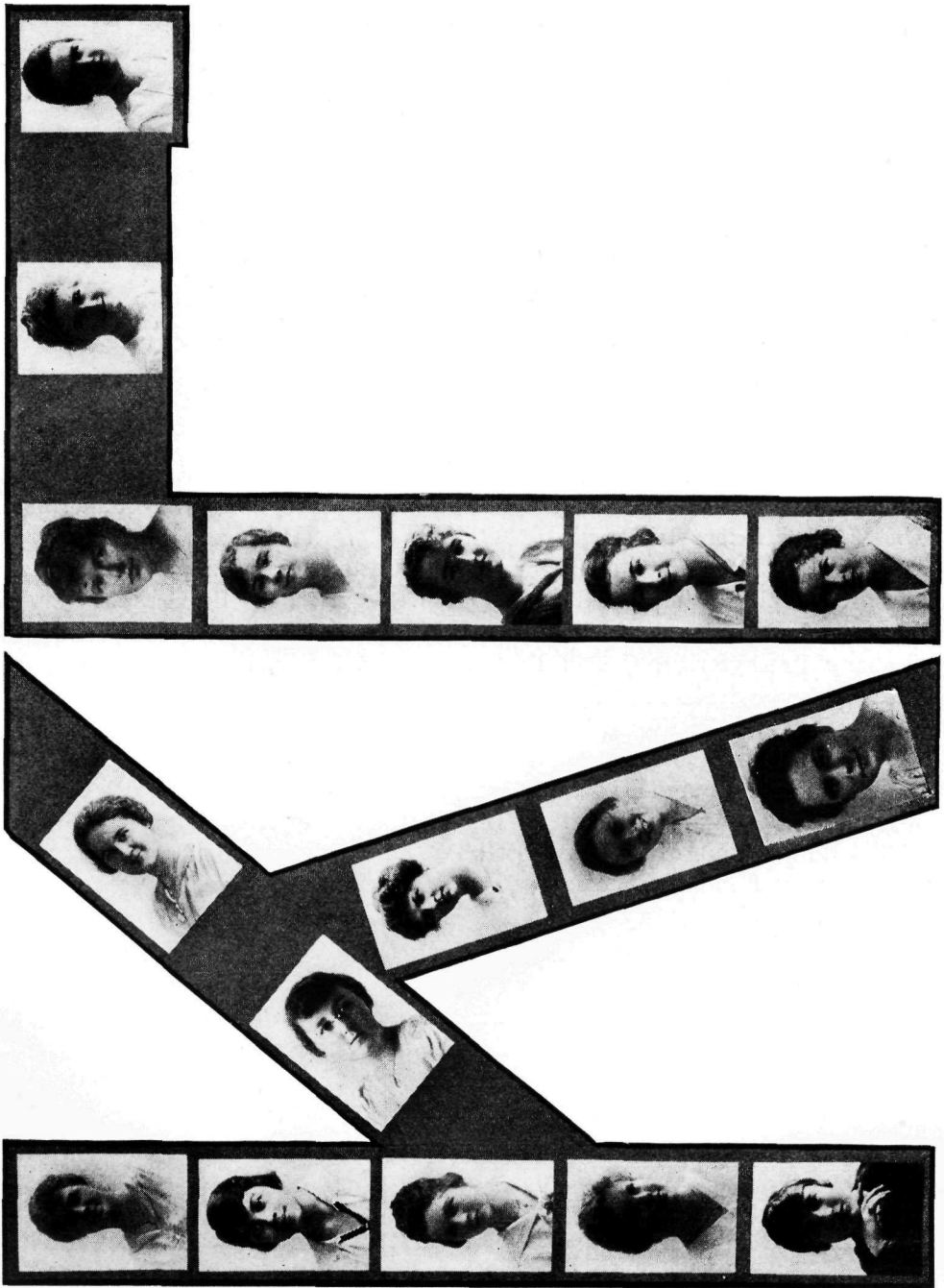
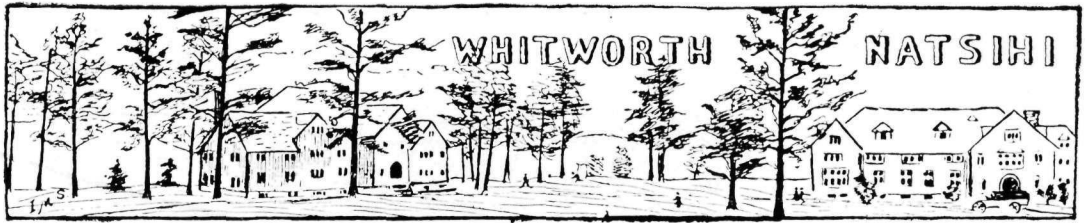
## Y. M. C. A.

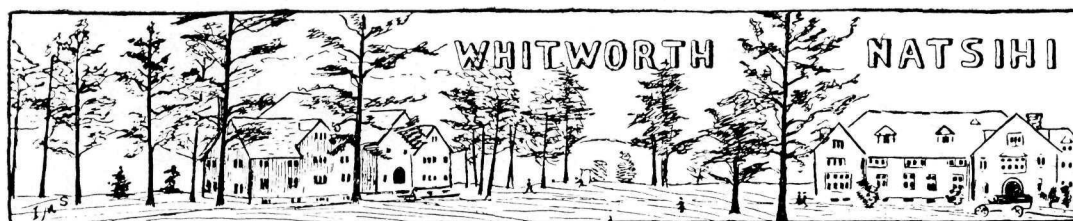
Although the Y. M. C. A. was lacking in numbers this year, the men made up for it by the enthusiasm they displayed in everything they undertook. Under the efficient leadership of William (Red) Hyndman, the first three months the Y. M. made a name for itself and attained a high position through the successful meetings conducted by the Gospel team. Services were held in many churches, some of which were: Lidgerwood Congregational, Hillyard, Bethany Presbyterian, Corbin Park Methodist South, Fourth Presbyterian, Reardan Presbyterian, Mead Presbyterian, Monroe Park Presbyterian, Second United Presbyterian, Vera. At these meetings there were two speakers and special music by the quartet. Some of the speakers were: Red Hyndman, Frank Roberts, Louis MacClain, Howard Potter, Carl Clark, Kenneth Damon Myron Black and John Corbally. The Y. M. C. A. quartet sang several times at the Rotary Club of Spokane, at the Y. M. C. A. and at the college. The members are Kenneth Damon, first tenor; Myron Black, second tenor; John Corbally, first bass, and Jesse Phillips, second bass.

When Mr. Hyndman enlisted new officers were elected, and the following have served since the beginning of January:

President .....	John Corbally
Vice President .....	Myron Black
Secretary .....	Frank Roberts
Treasurer .....	Arthur Anderson

Many prominent citizens have spoken to the Y. M. at the Wednesday meetings. At the suggestion of Dr. Morgan discussion classes have been established, using as a basis of discussion the "Social Principles of Jesus." The classes have entered into these discussions very well and the work has proved extremely interesting.





## Kappa Gamma

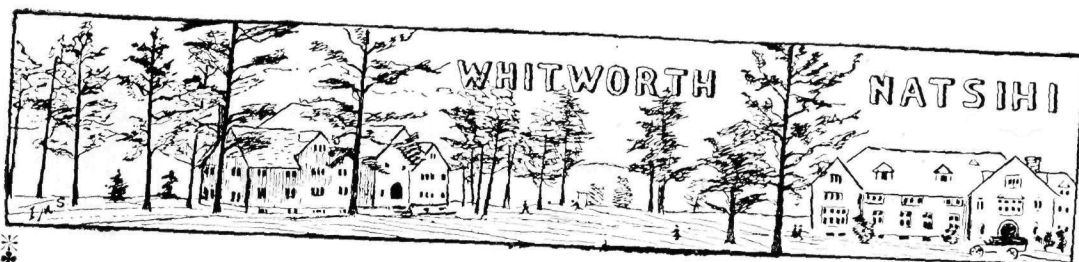
The oldest organization in Whitworth College is Kappa Gamma, formed for literary and social purposes. The membership is limited to twenty-one women of college rank and no pledge is initiated until she has earned twelve hours' credit.

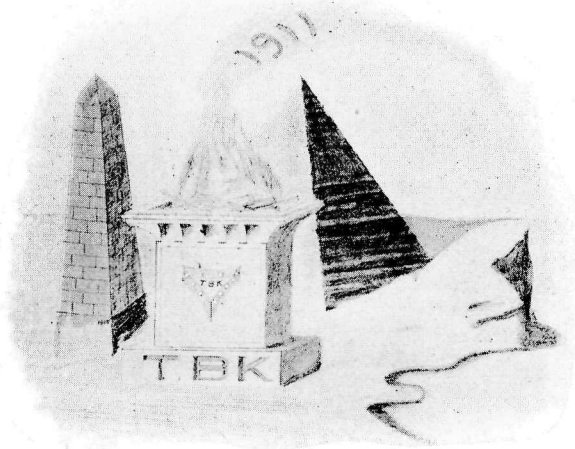
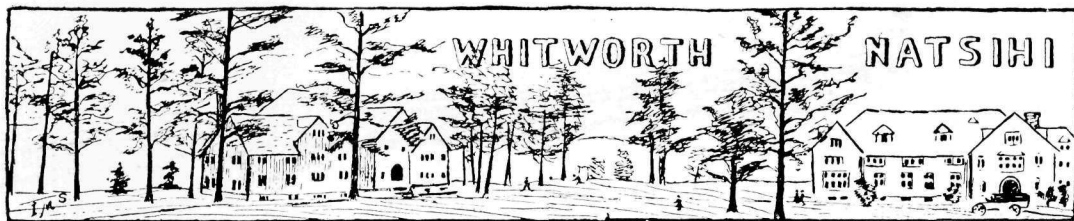
The beginning of the college year brought together the following members: Hazel White, Anna Mary Muir, Irene Sperber, Daisy Chase, Bernadine Inkster, Gladys Moore, Faith Williams, Esther Muir, Ruth Binder and Miss Modes. Teresia Borgeson, Jennie Borgeson, Ruby Campbell, Marguerite Skibenness, Lauraine Blosser, Genevieve Peterson and Dorothy Leggett were formally pledged November 24, 1917.

In the Candle Room of the Spokane hotel the Spokane Chapter of the Alumnae of Kappa Kamma entertained for the active members on the evening before initiation. Saturday, February 9, 1918, the alumnae initiation was held at Whitworth college. In the evening thirty Kappa Gamma members banqueted in the East Room of the Davenport hotel. The visiting members were: Edna Hill Hilscher, Iva Loughlen Guy, Laurette Fancher, Lillian Brown, Virginia Riblet, Ruth Campbell, Viva Baldwin, Martha Bell, Lelia Price and Hazel Heald.

The annual Kappa Gamma May party was held May 3, 1918, in the college library. Feeling the great need of giving to war work, and yet deeming it unwise to give up all old customs, the affair was simplified so that the usual amount expended for the party might be given to some worthy cause.







## Tau Beta Kappa

*Founded 1911*

### BETA CHAPTER

Established 1915

#### FRATER IN FACULTATE

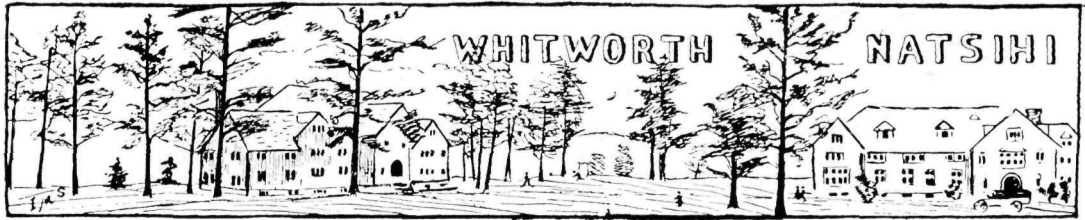
David J. Guy

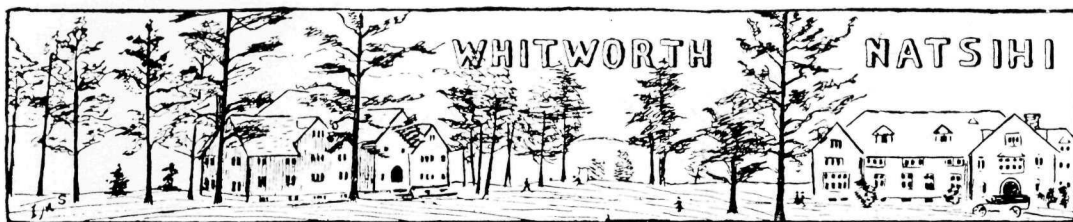
#### FRATRES

Hugh Pinkerton Andrews  
 Carl Elwin Clark  
 Harvard Hicks  
 George Hiram Hopper  
 Albert Fancher

Raphael Lester Kelly  
 Hiram Bryan Johnson  
 Charles Fancher, Jr.  
 Charles Emory Towson  
 Paul Edgbert Loughlen

Ira G. Towson





## Beta Pi Epsilon

Colors: Blue, Gold and White.

Flower: White Carnation.

### FRATER IN FACULTATE

Charles A. Barry

### FRATER IN COLLEGIO

Myron Black

John Corbally

Frank Roberts

### FRATRES IN BELLO

Vernon Bacher

Alfred Carlson

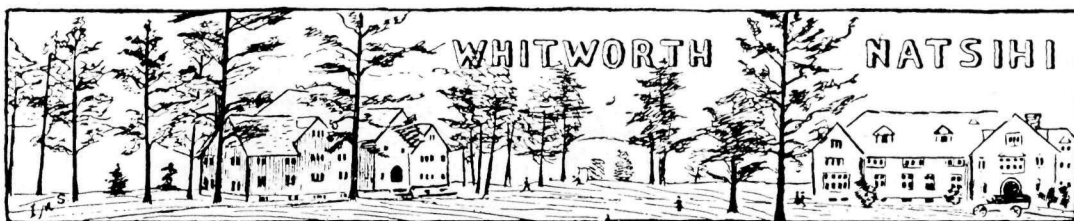
John Howell

William Hyndman

Dean Saylor

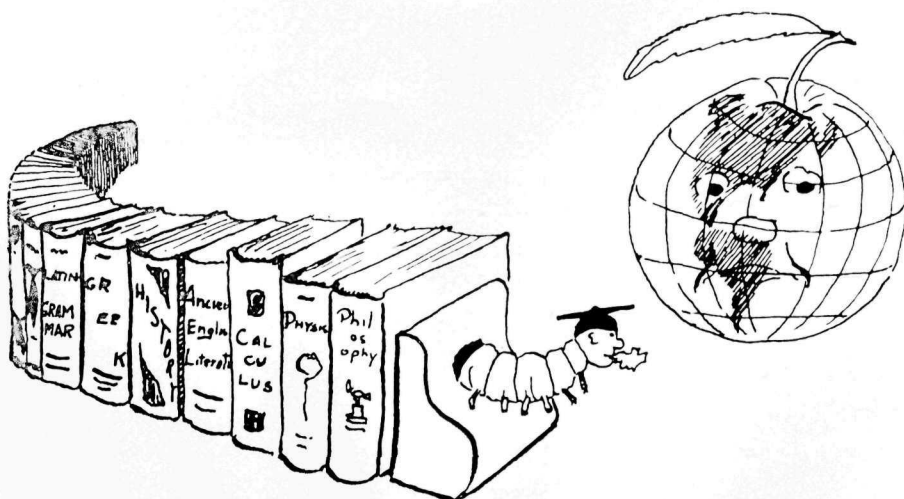
Beta Phi Epsilon was organized at Whitworth College February 8, 1917. At that time the fraternity was recognized by the college, receiving the sanction of former President Donald D. MacKay upon application. Four of the five charter members are now serving their country in the army and navy. Although the war has heavily drained the fraternity, it has continued active this year and will continue to help Whitworth in every way possible.



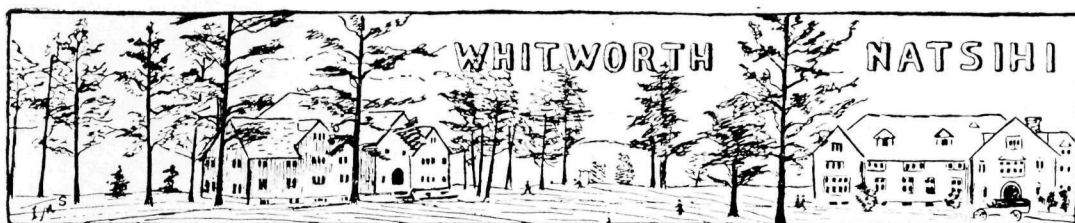


## Criterion

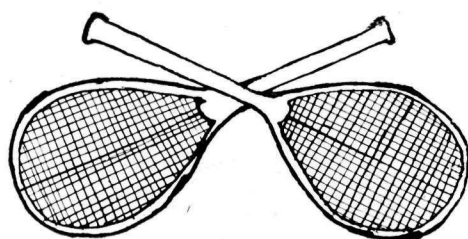
On Sept. 28th, 1917, officers were elected for Criterion, the permanent literary society of Whitworth College. Kenneth Damon was made president and Daisy Chase secretary and treasurer. Miss Lockwood was made critic and faculty adviser. Under the able planning of the program committee the meetings have been most interesting. Papers and discussion on the situation of Russia formed the material for several meetings. Papers on war, mechanics and the spy system were especially interesting.



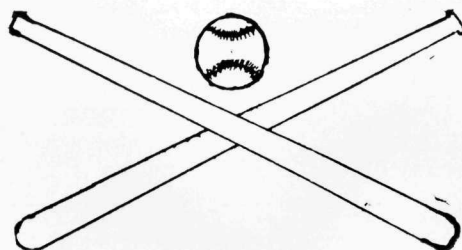


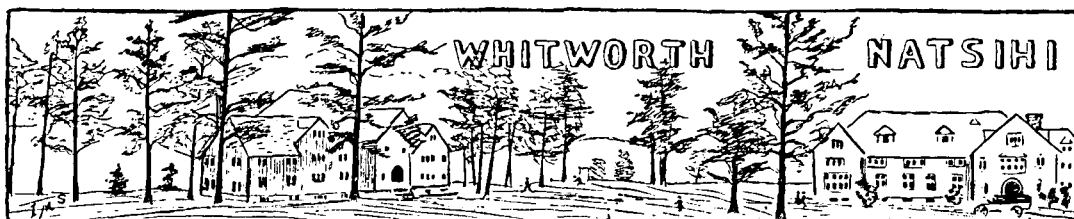


# Athletics



DISCONTINUED DURING THE  
PERIOD OF THE WAR





# Calendar



## SEPTEMBER



Tuesday, 18—Registration.

Wednesday, 19—General reunion. Informal reception in parlor.

Thursday, 20—Upper Classmen give Freshmen some very valuable advice. Freshment desire (?) to wear green caps.

Friday, 21—Y. W. Mock Wedding. Y. M. High Jinks. "Doc" and "Al" say farewell.

Saturday, 22—Reaction after strenuous social evening.

Sunday, 23—Vespers in boys' dormitory.

Monday, 24—Our first house meting. Oh, well, we are all friends.

Tuesday, 25—Black goes fussing. "You can never tell about these men."

Wednesday, 26—NO one has a lesson and our Profs. are unreasonably sore about it.

Thursday, 27—Mr. Scott talks in chapel. He has only been arrested 22 times, quite a reputation for our esteemed "professor."

Friday, 28—Rally in chapel. Y. M. and Y. W. Mixer was a grand success.

Saturday, 29—Every one goes to "So-Long-Lettie." "Doc" and "Al" say farewell to Whitworth.

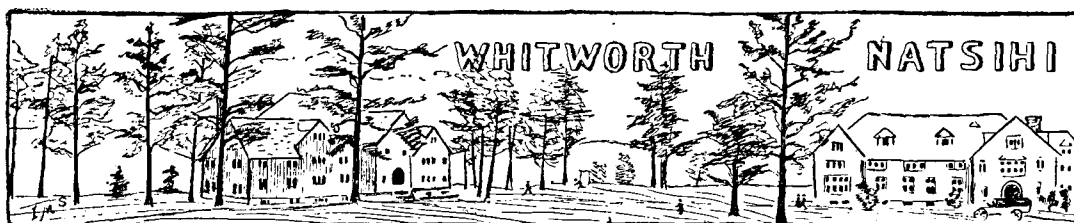
Sunday, 30—An amateur reproduction of "So-Long-Lettie."

## OCTOBER

Monday, 1—"Old girls must set example." House meeting

Tuesday, 2—Miss Eddy, Mrs. Henry, Mr. Scott are formally introduced in musical chapel to the students.

Wednesday, 3—We all go joy-riding in the "Mayflower." Volunteer potato peelers wanted.



Thursday, 4—Student Association election. Synod meeting at Whitworth.

Friday, 5—"Cane Rush." Victory for Sophs. Sophomore-Senior, Freshman-Junior parties.

Saturday, 6—All-day hike to Rocks. B. P. E. spread in D. S. room.

Sunday, 7—Advice to girls.  
"Do not knit in chapel."  
"Do not ask a man for his frat pin." He may have promised it.  
"Do not talk to the boys in the hall. You may be keeping them from classes."

Monday, 8—"Physical Torture" class organized.

Tuesday, 9—Physiology class has lesson on dissection. Poor kitty!

Wednesday, 10—Daisy has a new knitting bag. Store detectives, beware!

Thursday, 11—Mr. Anderson talks in chapel on "Electricity."

Friday, 12—Bonfire party. Initial performance of Male Quartet.

Saturday 13—Perfect peace!

Sunday, 14—An ideal day for "Fussers."

Monday, 15—First try-out for band.

Tuesday, 16—The girls demand "Equal Suffrage" in regard to the band.

Wednesday, 17—All the girls go down town to Y. W. massmeeting at armory.

Thursday, 18—Liberty Bond rally. Student Association takes a \$200 bond.

Friday, 19—Party at Music hall.

Saturday, 20—Accidents will happen!

Sunday, 21—Y. W. takes charge of Vespers.

Monday, 22—Blue Monday.

Tuesday 23—Mr. Barry lectures in chapel on the "War."

Wednesday, 24—Glee Club organized. Victrola concert in the parlor.

Thursday, 25—Electric bells out of whack, but cowbell does very well.

Friday, 26—D. S. entertain faculty at luncheon.

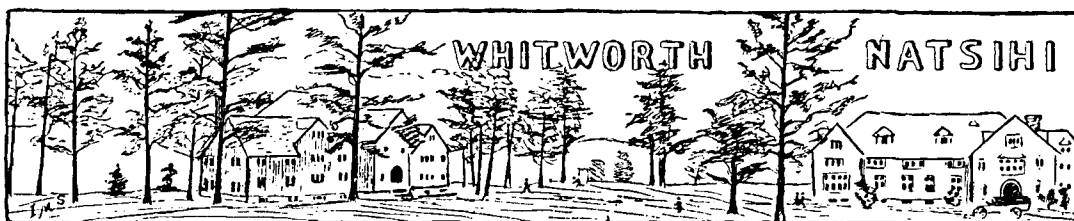
Saturday, 27—Hallowe'en Masquerade Party.

Sunday, 28—Hike to "Little Spokane."

Monday, 29—Neighboring orchards are popular.

Tuesday, 30—The "Faker's Palace" (hospital) is a popular resort.

Wednesday, 31—The morning after Hallowe'en.



## NOVEMBER

Thursday, 1—Public speaking class conducts a real forum.

Friday, 2—Miss Yeomans entertains all the Whitworth girls at tea.

Saturday, 3—Basket ball game between "Mutts" and "Boobs."

Sunday, 4—Every one knits from morn till night.

Monday, 5—Black springs a joke with a real point. Mirable Dictu!

Tuesday, 6—Mr. DeLion asks our assistance for the Apple Show.

Wednesday, 7—Chronicle features Whitworth.

Thursday, 8—More free advertising.

Friday, 9—Basket ball game, Preps vs. City Y. M. C. A. New star, Mr. Shoemaker.

Saturday, 10—Miss Modes in D. S. class: "Ester, can you make bread?"  
Ester: "No, but I can make toast."

Sunday, 11—Musical concert in lieu of Vespers.

Monday, 12—Good Fellowship week. Monday night and NO house meeting.

Tuesday, 13—New flag is formally presented in chapel.

Wednesday, 14—Mr. Knepper boosts Y. M. drive. Whitworth does her "bit."

Thursday, 15—A new DATE hour. Library, 6:00-6:30.

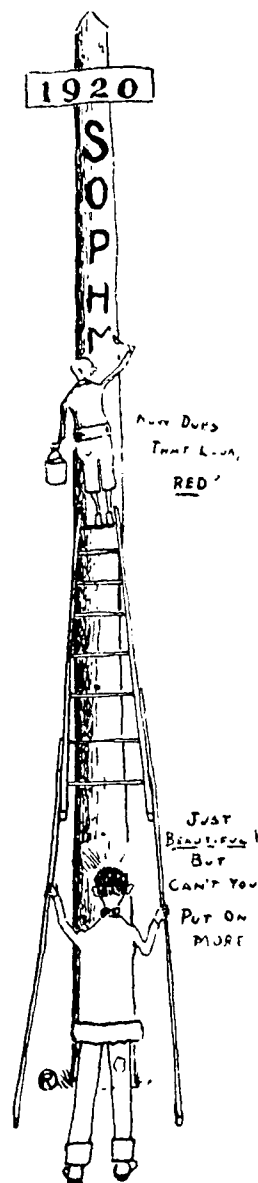
Friday, 16—"Dancing Dudes Formal."

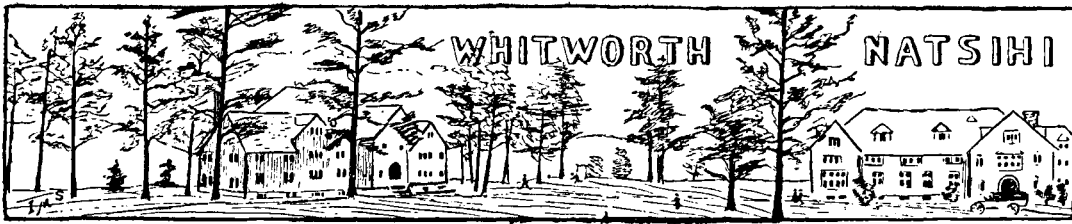
Saturday, 17—"Students must stop matching pennies on front steps." This also applies to the professors.

Sunday, 18—Spokane Symphony concert.

Monday, 19—Preps receive a real squeelching.

Tuesday, 20—Eta-BITA-Pi.





Wednesday, 21—Mr. Sundquist talks in Y. W.

Thursday, 22—Six days till vacation.

Friday, 23—Whitworth benefit concert at First Presbyterian church.

Saturday, 24—Kappa Gamma tea for Pledges. Physical exams.

Sunday, 25—CRAM! CRAM! CRAM!

Monday, 26—Exams.

Tuesday, 27—Ditto.

Wednesday, 28—Flunko. Flunkere. Faculti. FINIS.

Thursday, 29—December 2. Thanksgiving vacation.

#### DECEMBER

Monday, 3—Our dean is away, but the asisstant dean is always on the job.

Tuesday, 4—More of our precious MEN enlist.

Wednesday, 5—The "RED" has faded from the horizon. We have only FAITH left.

Thursday, 6—Musical chapel.

Friday, 7—First meeting of Criterion Society.

Saturday, 8—"We have sprung a lull" for news.

Sunday, 9—Y. M. Gospel Team at Fourth Presbyterian church.

Monday, 10—First rumors of our new prexy. General rejoicing in Mrs. Hanson's return.

Tuesday, 11—No bells, no breakfast.

Wednesday, 12—Faith becomes a member of the U. and I. Club.

Thursday, 13—A real band practice.

Friday, 14—Extra house meeting. My, but we have been naughty!

Saturday, 15—Movies at school. Oyster stew (intended for sleigh ride).

Sunday, 16—War! War! War!

Monday, 17—Announcement of our new president.

Tuesday, 18—Knitting is a very popular pastime.

Wednesday, 19—Red Cross chapel; 100 per cent membership.

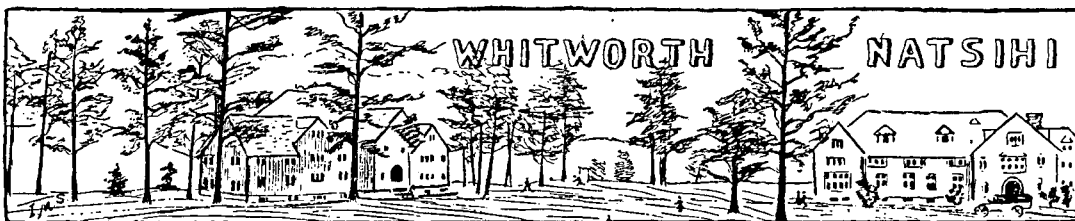
Thursday, 20—Misses Nye and Peterson entertain all the girls at ta.

Friday, 21—Dr. Divine gives an illustrated lecture to students.

Boys' Dorm receives the gift of a box of apples.

Saturday, 22—Christmas vacation.





## JANUARY

Wednesday, 2—Much excitement in girls' dormitory over "new homes."

Thursday, 3—Glee Club rehearsal.

Norma is sure that "Nobody lives a fat lady" and starts a "hunger strike."

Friday, 4—Seattle folks take extra vacation on account of floods.

Saturday, 5—"Il Trovatore" at Auditorium.

Sunday, 6—NO VESPERS.

Monday, 7—Harold Bauer at Auditorium.

Tuesday, 8—Doc Sheppard misses his buss, so "no economics."

Wednesday, 9—Band gave "Midnight Serenade" in new uniforms.

Thursday, 10—"Would-be" teachers visited Webster school.

Friday, 11—Country Club entertains informally.

Saturday, 12—"The morning after." Daisy and Mona campused. Party at Donasons's.

Sunday, 13—Everybody "sleeps in."

Monday, 14—Ultimatum: "No more hysterical screaming."

Tuesday, 15—Captives freed from bondage.

Wednesday, 16—Sleigh ride party behind fiery chargers (?).

Thursday, 17—Farce, "Fussing." Setting, "Back seat of bus." Cast, "Mr. Hager, Miss Bradford." Synopsis, unknown.

Friday, 18—Student Association banquet. Movies, Eva Tanguay in "Wild Girl."

Saturday, 19—"Over the Top."

Sunday, 20—Y. M. Gospel team has charge of services at Mead. They "step out" in real omnibus style.

Monday, 21—No girl is to be caught in her own room from 4:00 till 5:00.

Tuesday, 22—College talent goes to Hillyard.

Wednesday, 23—Dress rehearsals.

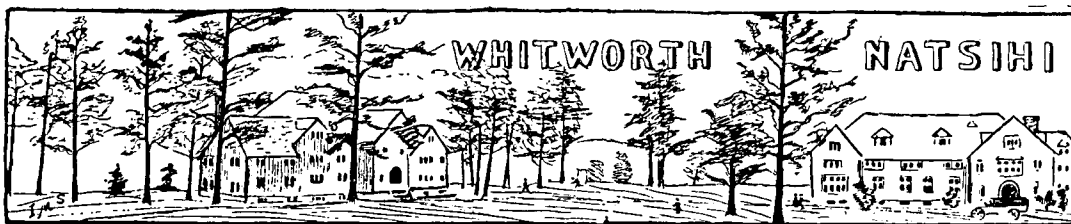
Thursday, 24—Measles alarms the "Dorm."

Friday, 25—Public speaking recital.

Saturday, 26—What drama!

Sunday, 27—The kaiser is not wanted. So we have the "Liberty measles."

Monday, 28—Movies in physiology laboratory.



Tuesday, 29—"Only 20 credits will be given in one year. No more!"

Wednesday, 30—Public speaking recital (continued).

Thursday, 31—Good skating at last.

## FEBRUARY

Friday, 1—Exams. Movies, "The Lonesome Chap."

Saturday, 2—Basket ball game, Preps vs. Y. M. C. A., 39-21.

Sunday, 3—President Bates speaks at the Knox church.

Monday, 4—We don't believe in exams, but our Profs do.

Tuesday, 5—War orphans—Ester, Faith, Ruth, Miss Modes, Daisy.

Wednesday, 6—Our exams show us how much we don't know.

Thursday, 7—Whitworth entertainment at Knox Presbyterian church.

Friday, 8—Visitors—Ruth Campell and Frank Webster.

Saturday, 9—Kappa Gamma initiation.

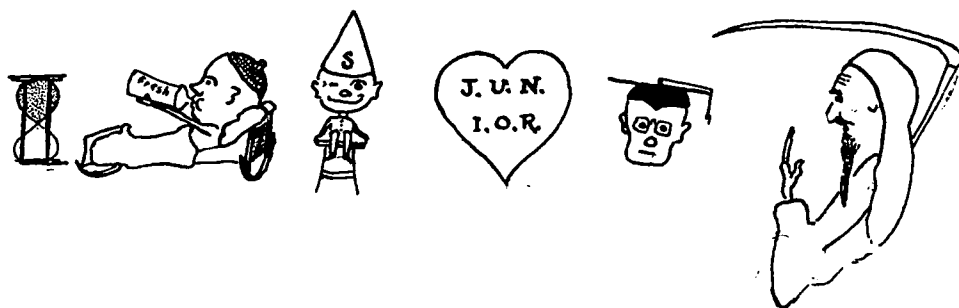
Sunday, 10—Nothin' doin'.

Monday, 11—President Bates is introduced to students.

Tuesday, 12—Class day draws near. Juniors look worried.

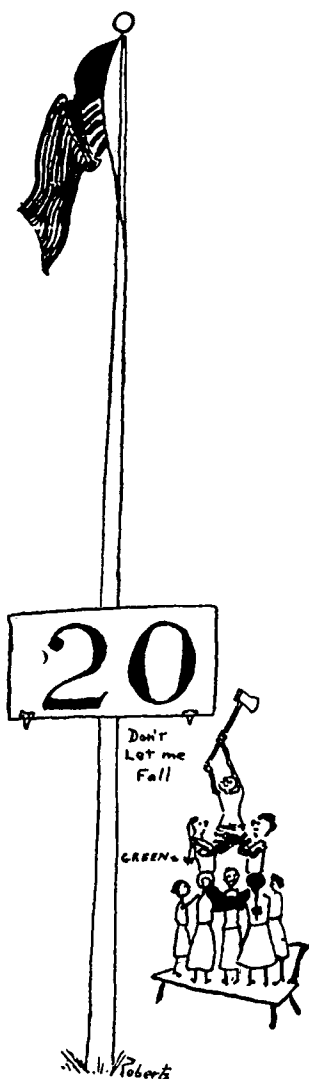
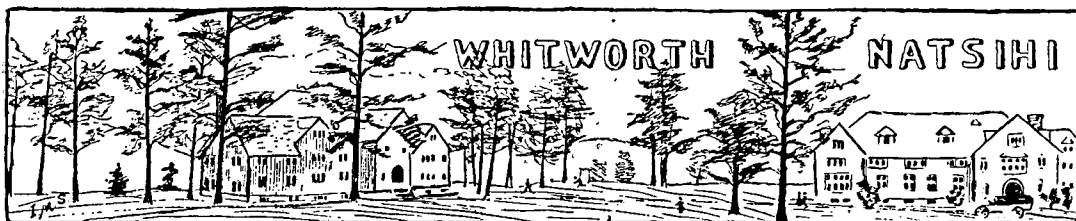
Wednesday, 13—Class day draws near. Seniors look crabby.

Thursday, 14—"Have a heart!"



Friday, 15—CLASS DAY. Juniors entertain Seniors down town. Freshman-Sophomore "kid party."

Saturday, 16—J. Y. A. vs. Whitworth Preps. Nuff sed.



During the cane  
Rush the Frosh  
GIRLS WERE BUSY

Sunday, 17—President Bates at Vespers.

Monday, 18—Men are invited to house meeting.  
SAVE FOOD!

Tuesday, 19—Girls organize walking club.

Wednesday, 20—Damon still lives.

Thursday, 21—Hazel springs new frat (?) pin. Colonial party.

Friday, 22—HOLIDAY. School goes for hike down to "The Cabin." Say, Helen, "Why the gloom?"

Saturday, 23—We do not compose jokes—we recommend Frank Roberts.

Sunday, 24—New fad for cat's tail.

Monday, 25—Cheer up! If you intend to be happy, why wait? Do it now.

Tuesday, 26—New secretary.

Wednesday, 27—Farewell serenade for Miss Hooper.

Thursday, 28—Miss Yeomans gives tea for Mrs. Bates.

### MARCH

Friday, 1—Comes in like a lamb.

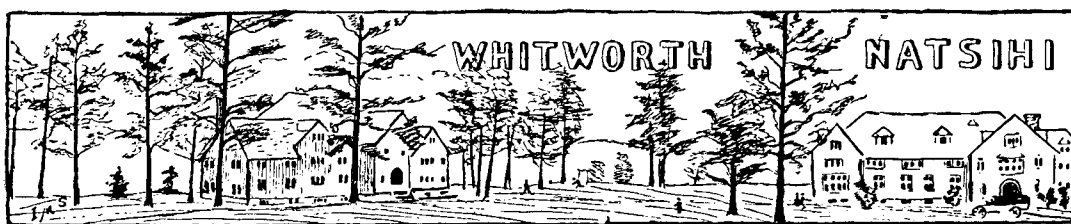
Saturday, 2—Are you looking for lost articles? Go to Helen Wait.

Sunday, 3—Miss Modes joins the U. and I. club.

Monday, 4—When the teacher asks you a question,  
And you gaze perplexed at the ceiling,  
And the bell goes tinkety tink—  
Ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'.

Tuesday, 5—Two of our "haughty" Seniors fail to wear their caps and gowns to chapel.

Wednesday, 6—Daisy joins the U. and I. club.



Thursday, 7—Prep girl: "I wish this was a girl's school so that we could wear our caps down to breakfast."

Hilda: "If you wait long enough you can wear your caps and gowns here."

Friday, 8—Reception for President Bates at the Davenport hotel.

Saturday, 9—Party at Donnasons.

Sunday, 10—Dean Hicks here for Vespers.

Monday, March 11—Senior men are guests at breakfast.

Tuesday, 12—Rabbi Goldman spoke in chapel on "The Russia of Today." Y. W. tea for all the girls.

Wednesday, 13—Lewis leaves for Aviation Training school. Sob party in Room 300.

Thursday, 14—Junior girls are guests at breakfast. Education class visits Stevens school.

Friday, 15—Whitworth band concert at Rural school.

Saturday, 16—Why did Hagar miss the "owl car?"

Sunday, 17—St. Patrick's day. Girls' trio sang at The Church of Truth.

Monday, 18—Faculty breakfast.

Tuesday, 19.—Faculty "step out." "When the cats are away the mice will play."

Wednesday, 20—Ghosts in the boys' dorm. How about it, Anderson?

Thursday, 21—Whitworth has "its" picture taken. Shinohara visits school.

Friday, 22—John is never satisfied, he always wants "more."

Saturday, 23—The Libby Studio risks its camera. Dana Maiden here on fur-lough.

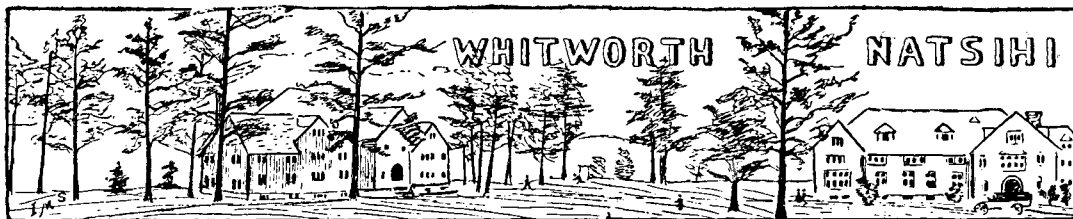
Sunday, 24—Joel Harper speaks at Vespers.

Monday, 25—Boys turn out "in mass" for baseball.

Tuesday, 26—"It's great to get up in the morning,  
But it's nicer to lie in bed."  
Gym class: "So say we all of us."

Wednesday, 27—Major Wishard at L. C. H. S. auditorium.

Thursday, 28—Amos is here. AMOS who? A-mosquito.



Friday, 29—D. S. dinner for Seniors. Bonfire party and "song-fest."

Saturday, 30—Miss Modes wears a black eye. V. Bacher greets old friends.

Sunday, 31—EASTER SUNDAY. Turn your clock an hour ahead.

#### APRIL.

Monday, 1—APRIL FOOL.

Tuesday, 2—Invasion by N. C. "Huns." Dr. Shepard: "NO; HONEYS."

Wednesday, 3—Y. W. installation of officers.

Thursday, 4—Bad pennies often return; Elizabeth Larson, Harvard Hicks.

Friday, 5—Public speaking recital. Girls' "open dorm."

Saturday, 6—Baseball game with North Central. Liberty bond parade.

Sunday, 7—Why does everybody go to church?

Monday, 8—To all appearances "Swede" has "succumbed" at last.

Tuesday, 9—Y. W. cabinet tea.

Wednesday, 10—Only seven weeks more of "TORTURE."

Thursday, 11—Whitworth clashes with Gonzaga in baseball.

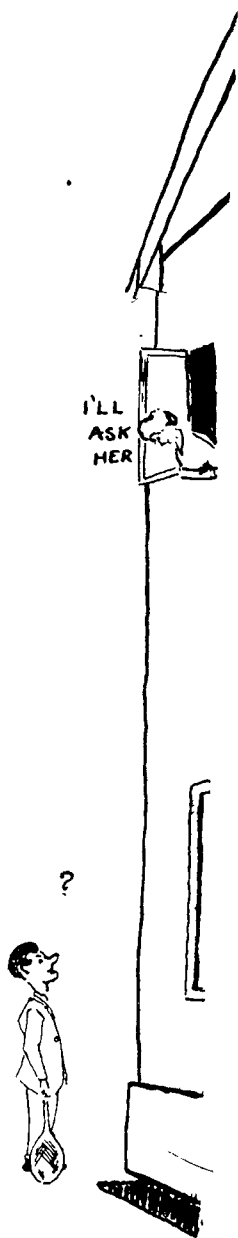
Friday, 12—Browning club meets in chapel. Fact or fiction?

Saturday, 13—Eta-Bita-Pi picnic.

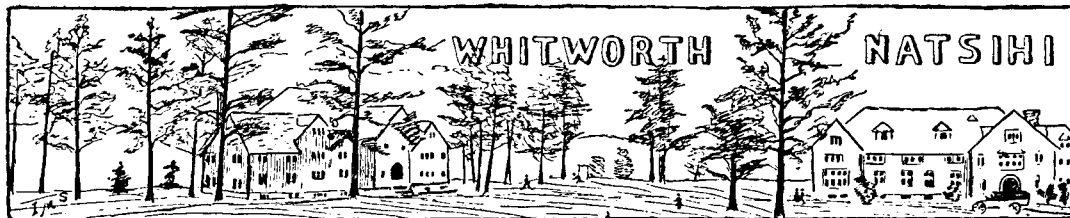
Sunday, 14—Hager goes to church. What is going to happen?

Monday, 15—Miss Modes gets her usual letter.

Tuesday, 16—Prof. Sunquist gives lecture in chapel on "Fungi."







Wednesday, 17—Another tea.

Thursday, 18—"April Frolic." For once there are many men at Whitworth.

Friday, 19—Moonlight hike.

Saturday, 20—Daylight hike to Nine Mile.

Sunday, 21—The day is dark and cold and dreary.

Monday, 22—Whitworth decides to quit Sunday baseball.

Tuesday, 23—Whitworth band concert.

Wednesday, 24—More tea. Dramatic recital.

Thursday, 25—Take notice! Hazel White comes to chapel in cap and gown.

Friday, 26—Moving picture show in chapel.

Saturday, 27—Walking club hike to Mount Spokane.

Sunday, 28—One of "SEVEN WONDERS"; Prof. Hewitt's lecture becomes so exciting that "Julius Caesar" falls off the shelf.

Monday, 29—Kenneth Damon walks across the campus without a girl.

Tuesday, 30—Don't worry when you stumble. Remember, a worm is about the only thing that can't fall down.

## MAY

Wednesday, 1—Miss Yeomans hangs a May basket on Prof. Sundquist's door.

Thursday, 2—Senior sneak. Juniors wear caps and gowns to chapel.

Friday, 3—Kappa Gamma May party.

Saturday, 4—Whitworth picnic at Liberty lake.

Sunday, 5—We have had many troubles, but the most of them never happened.

Monday, 6—Frances Herron gets back to school on time after a week-end visit.

Tuesday, 7—Prof. Scott misses History of Philosophy.

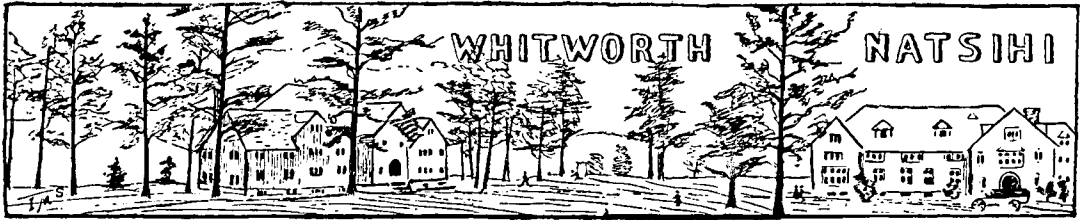
Wednesday, 8—Geo. Orloff forgets to talk at Y. M. C. A.

Thursday, 9—Seniors begin practicing for play.

Friday, 10—Prof. Sundquist finds it's time to re-tire.

Saturday, 11—Six days till the Senior theses are due.

Sunday, 12—Preps spend a whole day without kicking.



Monday, 13—Miss Modes and Ester decide that since they are too large to get in a telephone booth there is "no use talking."

Tuesday, 14—Where, oh, where, is our school "wit" gone?

Wednesday, 15—If he holds her on his knee when she weighs "303," it's 100 to 1 he's in love.

Thursday, 16—Band receives their new uniforms.

Friday, 17—Are you a "fusser"? If not, then you are a licensed "crepe hanger."

Saturday, 18—We recommend our college to all parents. The dean guarantees proper chaperonage at all times.

Sunday, 19—Mr. Bates expresses untold joy at the large attendance at Vespers.

Monday, 20—"One's face expresses their innermost thoughts." Does that account for Faith's "Red" complexion?

Tuesday, 21—All the Seniors have "soft" positions at not less than \$175 per.

Wednesday, 22—There are many chances for the Whitworth men to show their patriotism other than raising vegetables and buying W. S. S. and Liberty Bonds. Just adopt one of the Whitworth "War Orphans"—Faith, Ester M., Daisy and Miss Modes are particularly deserving.

Thursday, 23—Myron Black has lost his frat pin at last.

Friday, 24—EXAMS.

Saturday, 25—Final exams.

Sunday, 26—Baccalaureate Sunday.

Monday, 27—Senior play.

Tuesday, 28—Whitworth annual picnic.

Wednesday, 29—Commencement.



To those who have been instrumental in the publication of the  
Natsihi, the editors extend their sincere thanks.

SPOKANE'S POPULAR PRICE SHOE STORE

POPULAR PRICES

# SHOES FOR MEN FOR WOMEN

POPULAR PRICES

Shoes that carry the individuality and "punch"  
of style that young men and young women  
demand. We give you a wide range of styles  
to choose from and our prices are always  
within the reach of every purse.

\$3.50 to \$10.00

**EYLLER SHOE CO.**  
*Where Prices are in Between*  
**EYLLER SHOE CO.**  
818 RIVERSIDE AVE.

SPOKANE'S POPULAR PRICE SHOE STORE

## WHITWORTH COLLEGE

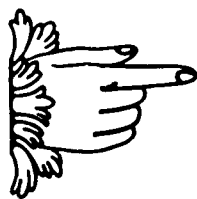
OPENS IN SEPTEMBER



**WHITWORTH COLLEGE**, in its new location and with its thorough, progressive management, offers the young men and women of the Inland Empire high class educational advantages—standard college courses granting A. B. and B. S. degrees, music, art and domestic science. Whitworth is an institution where the highest standards of scholarship and character are maintained, where an efficient, experienced faculty insure the best training, and where the location of the college buildings is unsurpassed for healthfulness and beauty. The campus contains 100 acres on pine-covered plateau, 2½ miles north of city limits. Comfortable and commodious auto busses make regular connection with street cars.

Illustrated catalog mailed upon request. Reservations should be made without delay. Address

**B. SCOTT BATES**, President,  
Whitworth College,  
Spokane, Wash



Patronize  
Those  
Who  
Patronize  
You!

**S**eligman's  
FOR UP-TO-DATE  
**SHOES**

411 Riverside Avenue  
Two Doors East of Red Cross Headquarters

WE ALWAYS BOOST FOR

**Hazelwood  
Ice Cream**



NONE BETTER

SOLD EVERYWHERE THROUGHOUT  
THE NORTHWEST and BRITISH  
COLUMBIA

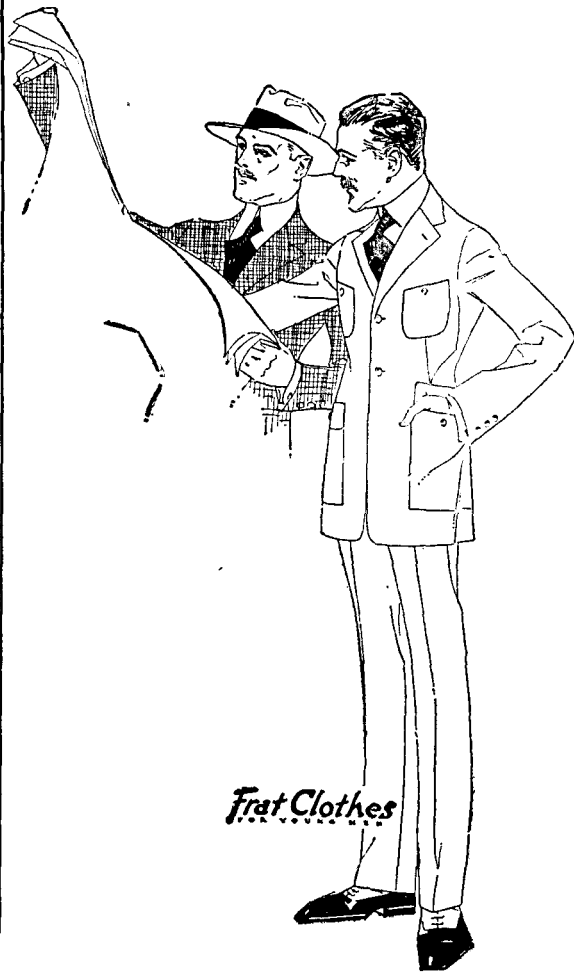


**HOYT BROS. CO.**

**F**lorists

N. 11 Post Street

SPOKANE, WASH.



## Upstairs Price

SPRAGUE AT WALL ST.

Walk One Flight Save \$10

SUITS  
\$15.00  
\$20.00  
\$25.00

Clothing for Young Men that  
has "Pep" and Style

ASK ANY OF THE FELLOWS

## MODEL CAFE



and  
FANCY  
BAKERY

HIGH CLASS  
FAMILY RESTAURANT

Only Original  
French Pastry Shop  
in Spokane

Phone Main 3197

708-710-712 Sprague Avenue



## ANGVIRE

ARTIST  
PHOTOGRAPHER





# WALK-OVER SHOES

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Individuality plus Service and Comfort.

PRICES \$5.00 TO \$15.00 THE PAIR



SHUART'S  
**Walk-Over Boot Shop**

THE SHOP AHEAD

719 Riverside Ave.



TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## ALEXANDER ELECTRIC CO.



Otherwise known  
as the **LIVEST**  
Electric Shop in  
the Inland Empire

Whitworth Official Electrician



108 S. HOWARD STREET

W E H U S T L E



## BLOUSES

Georgette and Crepe d'Chine  
\$5.00 and up

Voile and Lingerie  
\$2.50 and up



The Most Talked-of Line in Spokane



LET ME TAKE CARE OF  
YOUR WANTS IN THE  
JEWELRY LINE.

WE MAKE REPAIRS  
AND CARRY FULL  
STOCK.

**GEO. H. DOFRR**

717 RIVERSIDE AVENUE

WE FEATURE  
CAMPUS TOGS

EXCLUSIVE  
CLOTHES FOR  
YOUNGER MEN

**Fogelquist Clothing Co.**

Riverside at Washington

*The*  
Libby  
Art  
Studio

816<sup>2</sup>  
Riverside  
Avenue

(Opposite Casino Theatre)



WE THANK THE STUDENTS  
OF WHITWORTH COLLEGE  
FOR THEIR PATRONAGE AND  
CONSIDERATE APPRECIATION  
OF OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK



VERY TRULY

LIBBY ART STUDIO

# President Wilson Said:

May 22,  
1917

"I hope that sports will be continued \* \* \* as a real contribution to the national defense. \* \* \* For our young men must be made physically fit and exhibit the vigor and alertness which we are proud to believe to be characteristic of young men."

The President's wish should be impressed upon the minds of all citizens.

The Consolidation of the

## Wright & Ditson - - Victor Company

makes it possible now for us to carry the combined lines of the most popular makes of Athletic Goods in America. The president, Mr. George Wright, is the best known all-around athletic sportsman in the world—Lawn Tennis, Golf, Baseball and Cricket being his favorite sports. He has done more to create and keep up the interest in sports than any other individual. In the sixties, George Wright was considered one of the greatest short-stops in the game, and was the Hans Wagner of the time.

QUALITY AND  
REPUTATION  
COUNT

**John W. Graham & Co.**  
If Its Made of Paper We Have It.

SPOKANE,  
WASH.

## LUTHER'S



OUR PATRONAGE  
IS SOLICITED WITH  
THE KNOWLEDGE  
THAT WE CAN SATISFAC-  
TORILY SUPPLY YOUR  
DEMANDS OF A BARBER.



JOHN E. LUTHER

5 SPRAGUE AVENUE

FRESH FLOWERS AND PLANTS

EFFICIENT SERVICE

# Eugene's Flower Shop

20 WALL STREET  
Phone MAIN 2125

SPOKANE - WN.

CORSAGES A SPECIALTY

MODERATE PRICES

## CLASS PLAY Costumes



WIGS  
and  
"MAKEUP"

### Miller-Dervant

COSTUMERS  
AND  
WIG MAKERS

209-211 N. Post St.

Main 642

SPOKANE, WASH.

## ECZEMINE

The Specific for Eczema



Eczemine is not a sticky, greasy salve nor an unsanitary ointment, a breeding place of microbes and germs, but is a clear, limpid liquid. It is simple and easy to use, leaves no stain on skin or clothing, and is without any objectional features.

It is a most pleasant as well as most effective remedy for Eczema, Nettle Rash, Poison Ivy, Insect Bites and Stings, and all similar ailments. The relief it affords is so quick and pleasant that it is hard to realize that it has gone to the seat of the trouble, preventing further spread or intensification of the disease.

Cure baby's eczema with Eczemine. Great care should be taken that nothing injurious is used upon baby's tender skin and Eczemine is the only eczema remedy that should ever be employed. It gives instant relief to the terrible itching and burning, and baby can again enjoy in comfort his needed rest.

No one who has never experienced the horrible itching of these skin diseases can imagine the relief given by this remedy—but no one who has ever used it would be without a bottle in the house.

Regular 50c size, postpaid.....39c  
Regular \$1 size, postpaid.....69c



### JOYNER DRUG CO.

Mail Order Druggists

SPOKANE

## San Francisco Tailor

716 First Avenue

Suits Made to  
Order \$20.00

IN  
NG  
ING

# Black & White Hat Shop

S. W. Cor. Howard and Riverside

**C**OLLEGE Men! We have a fine line of spring hats which will appeal strongly to you. Nifty shapes in many shades of gray, green, black, tan, brown, etc., with narrow or wide brims and high or medium crowns. You can get just the hat you want for your new spring suit. Come in and let us show you what we have.

Just Hats — That's All



SPOKANE'S EXCLUSIVE STORE  
FOR LUGGAGE

Trunks taken in trade or repaired.



## McGOWAN BROS. HARDWARE CO.

Howard and Railroad Sts.

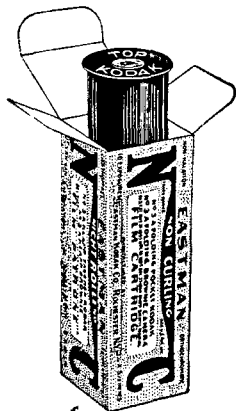
Are Headquarters  
for Dependable

Base Ball  
and  
Tennis Goods



Extra special prices to all students—be sure to look their line over carefully—you are sure to like the merchandise—and their prices are always right.

REDUCED PRICES ON MITTS AND  
GLOVES



LET US FURNISH AND FINISH YOUR  
**KODAK FILMS**

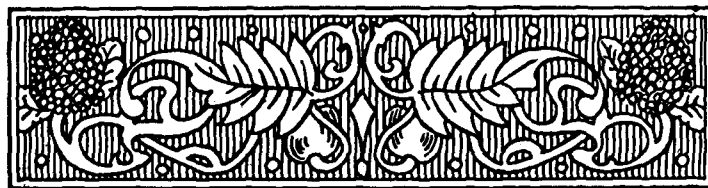
A FRESH SUPPLY OF ALL SIZES IN STOCK.  
ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE TO  
BUY EASTMAN FILM AT THE COLLEGE.

SEE MR. J. E. CORBALLY.

The Kodak Shop of SHAW & BORDEN CO.



# CULBERTSON GROTE-RANKIN C O M P A N Y



DRY GOODS, READY-TO-WEAR  
FOR MEN AND WOMEN, SHOES,  
FANCY GOODS, VICTROLAS,  
HOME FURNISHINGS, GROC-  
ERIES, BAKERY, LUNCH ROOMS

---

---

*The Only Complete Department  
Store in Spokane*

It Pays to Pay Cash at Marr's

SEVEN  
STORES

It Pays to Pay Cash at Marr's

**B**BROWN'S  
Men's Shop

Exclusive  
Haberdashery



Davenport Hotel Bldg.  
Spokane

**B. & M.**  
TAMALE  
GROTTO

520 FIRST AVE.  
Main 1739

DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU  
CAN GET A VERY GOOD  
**DIAMOND**

FOR

**\$35<sup>00</sup>**

It will be our pleasure to show you.

**Sartori & Wolff**

MAKERS OF FINE  
**JEWELRY**

We make to special order Class and  
Frat Pins.

10 Wall St.

Between Riverside and Sprague on Wall.

Let Us Help You  
Save Money

ON YOUR PURCHASES OF  
LADIES' SUITS  
COATS  
SKIRTS  
MILLINERY  
HOSIERY  
UNDERWEAR

OR ANYTHING IN LADIES', MISSES' AND  
CHILDREN'S READY-TO-WEAR



**A. E. MILLER**

S. W. COR. POST AND MAIN  
SPOKANE, WN.

(Former Senior Partner Miller, Mower & Flynn)

# CENSORED STYLES



THIS SPRING WE HAVE "CENSORED STYLES." IT ALL  
CAME ABOUT THROUGH THE GOVERNMENT'S CAM-  
PAIGN FOR THE CONSERVATION OF WOOL. ¶ MEN'S  
STYLES FOR THE SEASON WILL BE PLAIN, AND, ON  
THE WHOLE IMPROVED. IT IS MORE NECESSARY  
THAN EVER TO BUY AT A RELIABLE PLACE WHERE  
STYLE, FIT AND PRICE ARE SURE TO BE RIGHT.

**R. J. MURD & CO.**

RIDE AT STEVENS ST.



## GOLDSMITH'S BASE BALL GOODS

Spokane  
Hardware Company

516 Riverside Ave.

THE college man's headquarters in Spokane, because the spirit of the campus is reflected in the refinement of its service and appointments.

## Ye College Inn CAFE

The Cafe of  
Excellence and  
Moderate Prices



Howard St. at First  
Opposite Hippodrome Theatre

Supper dancing every evening except Sunday from 10 o'clock till midnight.

## The Burden of the Future

IS TO BE ON THE YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN OF TODAY. THEIR BEST EQUIPMENT IS EDUCATION AND MORE EDUCATION — EXPERIENCE WILL COME WITH THE RUNNING. A BANKING PRACTICE IS AN EXPERIENCE ALL MAY HAVE. WE INVITE YOUR ACCOUNT.

FARMERS &  
MECHANICS  
BANK

C. TUPPER, President.  
802 N. Monroe St.

Are You Acquainted with



Princess  
Studio?

Delighted to Meet You!



PORTRAITS THAT ARE DIFFERENT  
PRICES THAT ARE REASONABLE

Telephone:  
Main 4826

301-303  
Eilers Bldg.

REPRESENTING  
WORLD'S LARGEST  
FACTORIES

# PACIFIC MUSIC CO.

Home of the "TRUE TONE"

Phone Main 8124

810 Sprague Avenue

## C MYERS

Basement, Rookery Building

Before Getting  
Those Spring

# Shirts

He has a new line of Silks and Fibre Silks  
at \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00.

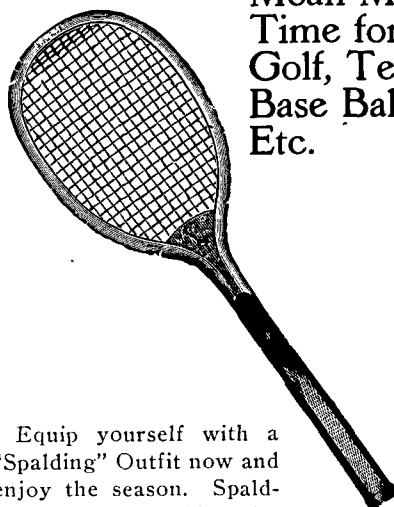
Complete line of Collars, Sox, Handker-  
chiefs and Ties.

**SUITS PRESSED  
WHILE YOU WAIT 35c**

**C.F. MYERS** 16 No. Howard  
Street

## LONG EVENINGS

Mean More  
Time for  
Golf, Tennis,  
Base Ball,  
Etc.



Equip yourself with a  
"Spalding" Outfit now and  
enjoy the season. Spald-  
ing goods are sold exclu-  
sively by

**WARE BROS. CO.**

PRIVATE PARLOR FOR LADIES

## The Liberty Shine Parlor



FOR  
LADIES and  
GENTLEMEN

We clean and dye all kinds of shoes

**FIRST CLASS SHINE**



*It Pays to Trade at the IXL*

## To Look Spruce Is the Ambition

of every enterprising American. Our spring stock has been assembled with the view with which we buy all our merchandise—to insure the young men in our town getting the spruce things they like. Among our best models with that air of up and doing, which we associate with the brisk men of the day, are

### SOPHOMORE CLOTHES

Slip into any of the smart sacks we are showing. They have all the approved touches of fashion, the best ideas sanctioned for Spring, 1918. The military note predominates.

Prices range \$25<sup>00</sup> to \$35<sup>00</sup>

The IXL CLOTHING  
COMPANY

Paulsen Building

Riverside and Stevens Streets

# HELP TO PUT WHITWORTH "OVER THE TOP"

---

BUY A SUBURBAN HOME SITE WITHIN WALKING DISTANCE OF YOUR COLLEGE AND EASILY ACCESSIBLE TO THE CITY OF SPOKANE. \* \* ENJOY THE CONVENIENCE OF THE CITY WITH THE PLEASURES OF COUNTRY LIFE. \* \* EXCELLENT AUTO BUS SERVICE TO AND FROM THE CITY AT CONVENIENT HOURS. \* \* BY PURCHASING ONE OF OUR BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY HOME SITES YOU HELP TO BUILD UP WHITWORTH COLLEGE.

---

SOLD ON MOST ATTRACTIVE TERMS

---

## Country Homes Development Company

1327 Old National Bank Building  
Phone Main 1706

# Flowers for All Occasions

Mothers' Day  
comes on the  
12th of May  
this year.



**F**-L-O-W-E-R-S, LIKE DRESS MATERIALS, NEED THE ARTIST'S TOUCH AND ARRANGEMENT TO BRING ABOUT THE DESIRED EFFECT. \* OUR YEARS OF EXPERIENCE ENABLES US TO EXECUTE ANY ORDER FOR ANY OCCASION IN A MOST ARTISTIC MANNER.

## Spokane Florist Company

(KIPP'S FLOWER STORE)

Telephone Main 5

Mohawk Block

513 Riverside Ave.



Guaranteed fast color and  
Guaranteed Fast Color and  
Satisfactory

We Sell Only  
National  
Advertised  
Merchandise



The World's Style Leader  
Since 1857



We have Expert Fitters—  
They Study Your Wants.

IT is the world's best product. We  
do not consider the best any too  
good for our customers. The price  
you pay is no greater than for poorer  
qualities, while good quality remains  
long after the price is forgotten.



Hart  
Schaffner & Marx  
Clothes Shop

Sherwood  
Bldg.

508  
Riverside

Clothing in a Class by  
Itself

Men Save  
\$2<sup>00</sup> to \$5<sup>00</sup>

on

**Bostonians**

FAMOUS  
SHOE for  
MEN

Eastern Shoe Repair  
Factory

10 South Howard St.



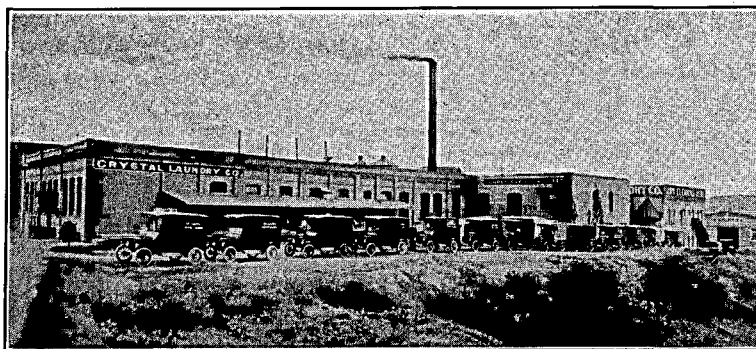
HAWKEYE FUEL  
COMPANY

COAL • COKE • WOOD

**ICE**

Main 3976  
Telephone

Main and Lincoln  
Terminal Building



The Crystal Plant

## Do You Really Need a New Spring Suit?

BEFORE ANSWERING THIS QUESTION, SEND YOUR  
LAST SUMMER SUIT TO THE CRYSTAL LAUNDRY  
TO BE CLEANED AND THOROUGHLY REPAIRED

*I Am Your Bosom Friend*

Main 6060

CRYSTAL LAUNDRY

0701 Howard

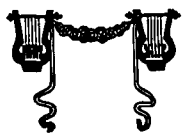
# BROADVIEW MILK

HAS HIGHEST  
SCORE OF ANY  
MILK SOLD IN  
SPOKANE

# SHERMAN, CLAY & CO.

808-810 Sprague Avenue

SPOKANE



THE OLDEST, LARGEST,  
BEST STOCKED AND BEST  
EQUIPPED MUSICAL ESTAB-  
LISHMENT IN NORTHWEST.

STEINWAY AND OTHER PIANOS

PIANOLA PIANOS

VICTROLAS AND RECORDS

## Your Credit Is Good

At Spokane's Greatest Homefurnishing Store

Our payment plan—a small sum down and a little each month enables  
you to have a completely furnished home—one that you will be proud  
of. Open your account now and select the new things that you have  
been planning for this spring. This is Spokane's principal Victrola  
and Edison Phonograph store.



## TULL & GIBBS

### The Doerr-Mitchell Electric Co.

MAKERS OF LIGHTING FIXTURES

JOBBERS, ALL KINDS OF ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES  
ENGINEERS AND CONTRACTORS



The oldest and largest house in  
Eastern Washington.  
Agents for General Electric Co.  
Dynamos, Motors, Etc.

118 and 120 Lincoln Street, Opposite Post Office

Telephone Main 5460

SPOKANE, WASH.

Main 420



**MONTANA**  
**TRANSFER and**  
**STORAGE CO.**

**CHASE SERVICE**  
CHARLES F. CHASE, Prop.

**Baggage**  
**Autos**  
**Moving Vans**  
**Storage**

Office: 128 N. Stevens St.  
SPOKANE, WASH.

WEAR

## HAT BOX HATS

6 North Howard

Everybody Needs a "Little" Hardware

**JOHN T. LITTLE**  
**HARDWARE CO.**

COMPLETE LINE OF SPORTING  
GOODS

110 Washington St.

Main 4201

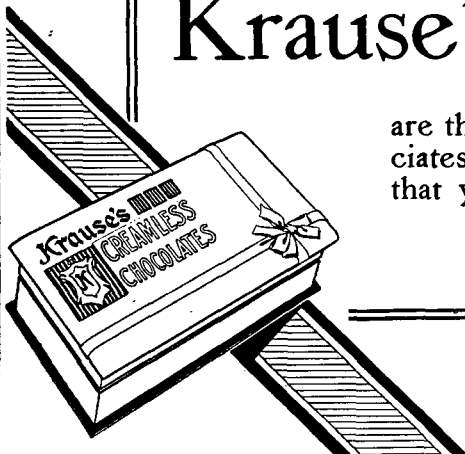
Recognized as the Best:

because of their supreme goodness,  
unique variety and charming wrappings

# Krause's Chocolates

are the choice of the girl who appreciates fine confectionery. Show her that you care. Buy "KRAUSE'S"

—ALWAYS!



Krause's Dollar Quality!





## Play Safe This Year

INVEST YOUR MONEY IN CLOTHES WITH A  
NATIONAL REPUTATION FOR "QUALITY."

---

WE PRESENT FOR YOUR APPROVAL SPRING AND  
SUMMER SUIT AND OVERCOAT MODELS FROM

**"The House of Kuppenheimer"**

STANDARDIZED GARMENTS AT NORMAL PRICES

# Wentworth Clothing House

Entrance 709 Riverside Avenue

*Ninety-six*

WHITWORTH COLL. & L. ARY  
SPOKANE, W. 1921