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When Buying Please Mention "The Whitworthian"
Sister’s Football Feller

Sister’s got a football feller;
He’s a dandy, too, you bet;
Ain’t a feller that could lick him —
Least I never seen him yet.

Got a awful bunch o’ biceps,
But I don’t see how he can
Waste his time with Sis; she’s bully
But you see she ain’t a man.

Pa he never cared for football;
Said it was a brutal game;
Thought that “Nero’s modern butchers”
Was a whole-lot’ better name.

But last week we had a big game,
An’ Sis, she coaxed pa to go,
Jest a-fussin’ an’ a-snorin’
At the noisy, low-down show.

Gee! but they jest fit like lions
Knockin’ that old ball about;
Then when things was at the thickest,
Sister’s feller got knocked out.

Everybody stopped their rootin’;
Nell, she looked most awful white,
Till he stood up, kinda weak-kneed,
With his face all full o’ fight.

Then you’d oughter seen what pa done.
Stood right up before ’em all,
Shouted: “Thomp’son, kill an’ eat ’em!”
Jest as loud as he could bawl.

Everybody laughed an’ shouted;
Thompson started out to run,
Made a touchdown—then the score stood
Five to nothin’—we had won.

“Goin’ home?” pa says to Johnson
(Billy’s pa, what I kin lick).

“Jove! the way that Thompson feller
Played the game was mighty slick.
Tell you what, it takes a MAN, sir,
For to play THAT game clear through.”
Then I says: “You bet your life, pa;
Sister’s feller licked you, too.”

MARY COX.
Football: Its Importance and History

By Arthur Rueber, Athletic Director.

Judging from the conversation of the average college man at this time of the school year, a stranger to the game might easily be led to believe that football was the all important subject in the whole college curriculum. And it does occupy an important and enviable place in every real live college community. Not only is it the all exciting and enthusing topic of conversation, but football is the medium through which many people gauge the work of a college or university. And because of this fact it behooves every college and university playing the game to put a team into the field that will so acquit itself that it will reflect nothing but credit upon the institution it represents.

If a college is represented on the football field by a band of ruffians who depend upon their brawn, brute force and questionable tactics to win, it will not be long before that school will have the undesirable reputation of being a school filled with "muckers" and men without principle. But, on the other hand, let the same college be represented by a football team that is composed of clean men who depend upon superior brains, speed and determination for victory, and that school will have a reputation among its neighboring schools of which it may well be proud. Because of these facts I believe that most of you will agree with me, that football is a branch of college work that no school can afford to neglect.

The rise of football within the past few years has been remarkable, and on account of this remarkable rise most people believe football to be a strictly modern game. This, however, is far from being correct, for the history of the game begins with the time of Julius Caesar.

It is quite probable that the Roman soldiers learned this rough sport from some rugged tribe which they conquered. Of course, football of that time was very different from our modern game. Like all other sports it has taken time to develop it.

It seems that from the continent the Roman soldiers carried the game across the Channel to England, and here it was taken up quite readily by the native soldiers, and became for centuries a game played entirely in the army. It had its ups and downs then as it has now; it had its enemies then, and probably always will have them, and has survived through all.

Finally it was introduced into Oxford and Cambridge, and here has grown into what we now know as the English Association game. It had not been long in Oxford and Cambridge until it spread to the universities of our own country, and Harvard and Yale had football teams. From these two great universities, under rules formulated by our own associations, the game has spread until today it is played in nearly every university, college and preparatory school in the country. The old game has had a hard struggle—let us wish it well, and do nothing that will bring it into disrepute or discredit.
To get the right idea of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, a person should attend one of the numerous summer conferences held in different parts of the United States.

Here he sees the true workings of the Y. M. C. A. in both college and city work. Here come together the representatives from the Y. M. C. A. organizations all over that section of the country for ten days of mutual helpfulness and inspiration. The best men of the country act as the leaders—the best leaders make the best conferences. The three-fold purpose of the Y. M. C. A. is showed strongly—the training of the body, mind and soul. The entire morning is given to the training of the mind, the afternoon to the body and the whole day to the soul.

The conference for the Northwest is held at Gearhart Park, Oregon. Gearhart is situated on the ocean a few miles south of the Columbia river, an ideal place for such a gathering. It is held the latter part of June before the big summer rush of people to the seaside, and so, very reasonable rates are procured. There we stay for ten days, enjoying the beauties of nature and learning how to live. Last year 127 men were gathered in the conference, about 100 of whom were from the colleges of the Northwest.

Whitworth was represented last year by six men, but this year we want to send more than that. It is an opportunity not to be missed, both in coming into contact with the work of other associations, and also for the benefit to one's own personal life. A systematic study of the Y. M. C. A. work is taken up, and from this study most of the enthusiasm that runs the associations of the Northwest is derived.

Special stress is laid on Bible study as the mainstay of the work of an association. For that reason we should take up our Bible-study work as if we meant it not as if we had been dragged into it.

Mission study is given an important place as another of the strongest side issues in the Y. M. C. A. work. The study of the work is varied with speeches and personal talks with the men acting as leaders. Life work meetings are held each evening on the crest overlooking the ocean. Here the various life works are presented by eminent men in their vocations, and they make strong impressions on all the men. Aside from the prescribed order of events, great good is accomplished by the good-fellowship that exists between every man there.

The effort put forth to get there is fully paid for by the returns one gets. The effect on our association has been increased interest in Bible and Mission study, with more to follow.

We wish to send a larger delegation this year, and to that end let us all get in and boost. One man cannot work up the interest, but all must take hold and help each other along. Join a Bible study class and find out what we are doing. Come to the meetings on Wednesday at 10:30 and see for yourself what our needs are and how you can be of help. If you cannot boost, don't knock. Let us all think about these things and read Heb. 12:1-2.
The Association has begun its new year with enthusiasm, and every effort is being put forth to make the Association very helpful to all the girls in college. No class or age distinctions are made, and all Christian girls are cordially invited to join.

The officers for the year are as follows: President, Olga Johnson; vice president, Katherine Robinson; secretary, Pearla Robbins; treasurer, Andora Cox.

The year was formally begun by the opening meeting, which was led by the president. The following meeting was led by Mary Cox, who gave a detailed report of her experience as a Whitworth delegate to the conference at Seaside, Oregon. She said in part:

"The whole fortnight's experience was ideal, from the pleasant journey down to Seaside to the last evening when in our best gowns we sat around the festive board and were refreshed with an elaborate banquet and sparkling toasts.

"Seaside is a beautiful summer resort directly on the coast of the Pacific ocean. Seaside House, at which the delegates stayed, is a mile from the village of Sea-side and is a fine old-fashioned, splendidly appointed hotel, surrounded by a fir grove through which a path leads to the beach. One could scarcely imagine more ideal surroundings. But as for the ocean itself—I can't describe it. One must see it to know it. The mystery of its mighty expanse, the beauty of its ever-changing colors, the roar of its breakers, the glory of its sunsets—these are beyond the power of any mortal to describe.

"At this beautiful place there gathered together one hundred and forty-five girls, chiefly college students, all there to have a glorious time learning about Y. W. C. A. work and strengthening their own spiritual lives, as well as spending many pleasant hours each day in driving, boating and taking long tramps into the fragrant woods. Throughout conference the weather was perfect, and not a dark day came to interfere with our good times.

"The daily program began with the rising bell at 6:15, followed by breakfast from 7 to 8. At 8:30 came prayers, led by the Rev. Mr. La Flamme of India. At 9 came Bible study classes, followed at 10 by student conference, and then the mission study classes, which completed the morning's work. After luncheon the afternoon was our own. Dinner was served from 6 till 7. At 8 o'clock the platform meeting was held, at which splendid speakers gave addresses. Among these speakers were Dr. Van Horn of Seattle and Dr. Vance of New Jersey. At 9 o'clock came the most precious meeting of the day, when we girls gathered in little groups in our rooms to talk over the events of the day and pray for help for our Associations at home. These little good-night meetings were very informal and intimate, and in them we girls came to know and love one another.

"One afternoon was devoted to athletics and a genuine field meet, with all the regular events, was held. The U. of W. won first honors, and Willamette U. second.

"Another afternoon was devoted to the festivities of Procession Day. The girls made a pretty picture gowned in white or wearing special costumes, as they marched across the bridge of the Necan-icum river singing the conference song. They formed a large circle, and then each delegation in its turn went into the center of the circle and performed some stunt to represent its college and edify the onlookers. Some of these stunts were very
beautiful, while others were excruciatingly funny. Whitworth was covered with glory, for Miss Edna Huggins, a former Whitworth girl, who was assistant business manager of the conference, assisted me in giving a little performance that was received with enthusiasm.

"When the final morning came and we took our last glimpse of the ocean and then sped northward-bound for home, with the conference leaders and Japanese hotel boys waving a farewell from the little station, we felt sorry to leave it all, but knew that we were going home stronger physically and better able to undertake our new duties."

The devotional meeting of the following week was led by Mrs. Voris, who gave an interesting talk on "The Ideal Girl in Christian College." At this meeting twenty new girls were received into active membership. Miss Katherine Robinson led the next meeting, and presented the subject of the "Morning Watch" in a very helpful way.
The school year at the College has been opened by an unusual number of social affairs. These are especially characterized by a spirit of good-fellowship and sociability which seems to prevail throughout the whole College. There is a larger number of new students than ever before, and the harmony which seems to pervade the student body augurs well for the social year of the school.

The social season was opened by the annual Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. reception to new students, given September 24. After passing the receiving line, each guest was given a card having the words “I am—” and “Who are you?” written on it. Calvin Fox took the prize for securing the most signatures in answer to the query. A short program followed. A violin solo by Prof. Olof Bull, vocal solo by Miss Mary Cox, a reading by Miss Margaret Mearns, addresses of welcome by Miss Johnson, president of the Y. W. C. A., and by Mr. Towne, president of the Y. M. C. A., and an address of welcome by Dr. Krooze. After the program, punch was served.

The inauguration of Dr. B. H. Krooze as president of Whitworth College took place Friday evening, September 20, at the convocation exercises. Dr. J. M. Wilson presided; Prof. W. E. Roe offered the invocation; Rev. M. A. Matthews, D. D., of Seattle, delivered the historical address. This was followed by the inaugural address of Dr. Krooze and the address of installation by Rev. A. L. Hutehinson, D. D., president of the Board. Rev. Edward T. Ford offered the installation prayer. There was a large assembly of students and friends of the College to listen to the inspiring addresses of the evening. A ladies’ trio, composed of the Misses Olivette Smith, Mary Cox and Claribel Watson, rendered a very charming musical selection.

Miss Margaret Mearns gave a Shakespeare recital in the chapel Friday evening, September 27. Her subject was Julius Caesar, and the eight scenes which she presented showed her unusual skill in reading Shakespeare. There was an exceptionally large and attentive audience present.

The S. S. S. society gave a “spread” and initiation in the Residence the evening of the 27th. Three new members were initiated by mysterious rites into the secrets of the society, after enjoying a delicious repast.

The members of the Synod of Washington were entertained by the College at dinner Friday evening, October 4. Nearly two hundred guests were present. After dinner an informal reception was held in the parlors, giving the students an opportunity of meeting the visiting ministers.

Miss Margaret McLean entertained the senior class in music at a charming luncheon Saturday, September 28. The table was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and place-cards painted by the hostess carried out the color scheme.

A very pleasant dinner party was given Friday, October 4, at the home of Mrs. A M. Crandall by several young ladies from the College. Covers were laid for ten at the prettily appointed table. An unusual interest was added by the fact
that the dinner was prepared and served by the hostesses themselves.

A small theatre party for "The Squaw Man" was chaperoned by Miss Brown Friday, October 4.

The excursion to Bremerton, Saturday, October 12, was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season. A tug was sent from the navy yards for the Whitworth football team and their loyal supporters. About seventy-five of the students went. After being shown over the "Nebraska," with whose football team Whitworth was to play, they went to the ball grounds. It is certain that if "rooting" helps the players, the enthusiastic "yelling" must have inspired the men. An unusual courtesy was shown by the officers of the boat in serving a lunch to the entire Whitworth delegation.

Miss Myra Benson, formerly a student here, was a guest of Miss Pearla Robbins Saturday, October 5.

Miss Edna Huggins, who graduated at Smith last June, visited friends at the College. Miss Huggins was formerly a student at Whitworth, and this year is taking an important part in Y. W. C. A. work in Seattle.

A jolly crowd of students, properly chaperoned, went to American Lake for dinner Friday, September 27. The automobile ride to the lake aroused both spirits and appetites to a pitch to enjoy the delicious dinner served at the Country Club.

Saturday evening, the 19th, the girls of the Y. W. C. A. met in the parlors for a pennant party. However, this was turned into an informal reception for the football boys, and all the Residence girls joined in giving the boys a jolly evening over the chafing dishes.
EDITORIAL

It is with great fear and trembling that we issue the first number of the Whitworthian this year. In the first place, the staff is inexperienced and takes up the work of one which gave us a splendid paper last year, and in the second place, the increased cost of printing has raised an almost insurmountable mountain of difficulty, but Whitworth students are not the kind to let such little difficulties bother them in the least. By working a little harder and by having the assistance of every student we will have a better paper than ever before. The editors get no pay, but they do get lots of hard work and whatever honor and pleasure there is derived from their efforts.

Every educated man or woman should know how to write in his own language correctly and intelligently, and there is no better opportunity in the whole college course to acquire this gift than by writing for the college paper. If you have any word of praise, if you have any student activity to boost or kicks to register, the place to air your sentiments is in the columns of this paper. The paper stands for the broadest interests of the student body and for the encouragement of literary work. You owe the paper as much support as you give to athletics.

It is gratifying to notice the spirit and enthusiasm with which the school year has opened. Everybody seems to be here for good hard work. Through the inspiration of Coach Reuber, the boys have been filled with the football spirit, nor has the presence of the ladies been wanting on the campus to spur the boys on to greater accomplishments in the science of the game.

The Sophomores and Freshmen have not been slow in displaying their artistic abilities in decorating the buildings.

The members of the faculty, too, have commenced to unload some of the surplus energy which was stored up during vacation.
There are a few things which our college badly needs, and which it must have. We have for a long time needed a football coach, and at last we have that needed addition. It is now absolutely necessary to the life of the student body to have live, earnest working literary societies among the college students, and it is the earnest hope of the editor that before the next issue of the paper at least two college literary societies or debating clubs shall be organized, and until such organizations are formed you will have no rest from the thunderings of this organ.

Another imperative need is one which was presented to you by the former editor, and that is a college song. From the sound of the Freshmen manifesto there must be a poet among the ranks of the Sophomores who has the ability to compose the song, and there is plenty of musical talent to compose the music. We hope to have the song for our next issue.

Another thing in the musical line is the need of a glee club. There are plenty of good voices going to waste for lack of use, and a good glee club would not only be a benefit to those who would join the club, but it would be a splendid advertisement for the institution and add spirit to the student body.

Our College is old enough now to have an alumni association. Every graduate of Whitworth is vitally interested in its welfare, and an organization of the alumni would bring them closer together and give them a still greater interest in their alma mater, as well as encourage the students in school at the present time. The best way to bring about this organization and to become acquainted with Whitworth as it is at present is for each graduate to subscribe for the Whitworthian.
Never before in the history of Whitworth College have the prospects been so bright as they are at the present time. This is true of the school in all of its branches, scholastic, financial, and athletic. Especially is this true of athletics. In times past we have been handicapped by lack of proper assistance and training in our athletic work, and we have not been able to make the showing we ought to have made. But a new epoch in athletics was marked by the election of an athletic director as a member of the faculty, and now Whitworth will be able to take the place in Northwest college athletics to which she is entitled.

Our new coach is taking hold of things in a manner that has won for him the confidence and ready co-operation of all with whom he has come in contact. The football eleven under his guidance are already developing a degree of fitness, skill and speed not attained by the teams of previous years. New methods of training and new apparatus for work have been instituted by the coach, and the prospects are that Whitworth will have a winning team this year.

Mr. Rueber is well fitted to lead the team to victory. Himself a star football player, he understands all the features of the game, its strong points and its weaknesses. Then, too, he is enthusiastic—brim full and running over with enthusiasm—and this quality he has injected into the team until they are willing to do any amount of hard work in order to win.

The schedule is one that ought to arouse enthusiasm and determination to win in the heart of every student of Whitworth. Beginning with Saturday, October 5, there is a game scheduled for every Saturday until the close of the season, including one on Thanksgiving day. Three big college games are scheduled, first with the U. of W. on Saturday, October 19 at Tacoma, the next with O. A. C. on October 26, and the last on the following week with Whitman College at Walla Walla. If we win these games it will put us on our feet in athletics and give us a standing that we have not had in time past with the other big colleges of the Northwest.

If we win these games it will mean that we will not have to get down on our knees to the other colleges, literally speaking, and beg for a game with them; nor will we have to be content with any old date they may choose to give us, but they will be as anxious to get a game with us as we have heretofore been to get one with them.

If we win these games it will mean that our record will go out all over this state, and next year a host of football men will be crowding our doors for admission here. That will mean a better team for next year, and that in time will mean—well, the process will just be repeated indefinitely—good season one year—better team the next.

This all hinges on a successful season this fall, for if we fail to win these games it will put us in a worse condition than we were in before, because the other col-
leges will say that we had our chance and failed. And if there is anything that we Northwesterners cannot stand it is an individual or an institution that can't "make good."

Now how are we going to win? The team cannot win alone, the coach cannot, the management cannot, nor the college alone. There is only one way that we can win these games and start the ball rolling, and that is by every student boosting.

Now Mr. Man, Miss Lady: You Senior, Junior, Sophomore, Freshman "prep," we want you individually to turn out for every game played here in Tacoma. There will only be two or three of them. We want you there with your Whitworth colors and pennants, and we want you to yell. It all depends on you whether the team plays a fast, snappy, lively game, or whether they are listless and loggy. You who have never played in a game do not realize to what an extent this is true. So we want you to learn the college yells and then we want you to come to every game to yell.

More than that, we want you to sell tickets for the games. We want every student to sell at least 10 tickets for the U. of W. game on the 19th. We have got to clean up $200 on that game or we cannot take the trip to Walla Walla to play Whitman on November 1. So you see we want everyone to sell tickets. Talk football wherever you go; be an enthusiast and let people know that Whitworth is awake and doing things. Be a Booster.

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**Football Notes**

The football season of '07 opened at Whitworth with a game between the second team and the second team of the High school. The game was played on the college campus, and was largely attended. It was nobody's game at any time and was well played. Although the Whitworth boys were outweighed, they held the visitors down, and the final score was 0-0. Our boys played a strong defensive game, holding the visitors on line plunges, and breaking up their forward passes and place kicks in a way that was good to see. But their offensive work was not good, and they were especially weak on interference. The features of the game were McClure's end runs and Skirving's work on end.

The first game of the season for the first team was played on the 5th, when Whitworth lined up against the Y. M. C. A. on the college campus. Although it was a practice game and coaching was allowed behind the lines, it was a fast game from start to finish. The visitors outweighed our boys, but were handicapped by lack of practice. However, they were a hard bunch, and Whitworth was not able to score on them. Frequent forward passes were tried by both teams, but no good gains were made. Whitworth played a good defensive game, holding the visitors on the line, but when they carried the ball they did not make gains. The interference was weak, and this prevented long runs. A number of Coach Rueber's fake plays were played with fair success, but both teams had to rely on punts to make their yardage. Here Colbert shone for Whitworth, and his long spirals down the field were a feature of the game. The work of Danziger at quarter for the Y. M. C. A. was noticeable, and his tackling was the feature of the game for the visitors. Neither coach was satisfied with the game, and hope for better things when the two teams line up against each other again on November 16.
On October 12 we played the sailor team from the battleship Nebraska at Bremerton. This excursion is always one of the events of the college year, and is looked forward to with great anticipation by the old students who have been there before. The sailors had the government tug Sotoyomo at the Flyer dock at 10 a.m., and the team and about fifty rooters boarded. The trip over was not as pleasant as some of the previous trips, the weather being a little foggy and cold. However everyone landed in good spirits, and after being entertained for a while on the battleship repaired to the ball grounds.

Here we found the navy yard had turned out in full force, and we were greeted with a cheer from old acquaintances. The ship's band was present, and rendered selections both before and during intervals of the game.

The game was called at 3:15. Whitworth won the toss, and kicked off to the sailors' two-yard line. Then for the next 20 minutes there were "things doing." The sailors greatly outweighed our boys, and there were several old Annapolis players in their line, but our boys settled down to business, and held them down so that only once did they make their yardage through the line. Once in the first half things looked good for the sailors when Parker got away for a 25-yard run to our 18-yard line. Then followed a quick quarterback punt to our 10-yard line, and the sailors lined up sure of a touchdown. But our line held solid, and Colbert punted to the sailors' 25-yard line, and we all breathed free again. From then on neither goal was in danger, and the half ended with the ball on our 35-yard line.

In the second half we received the kick on our 35-yard line, and punted to the sailors' 25-yard line. Then followed an exchange of punts, and Whitworth got the ball on our 25-yard line. The ball was given to Dennis on a forward pass, and he went down the field for a 30-yard run. Twice again in this half men got away for short runs. Once Colbert for Whitworth got away on a fake punt for a 20-yard gain, and once the navy got a ten-yard run on a forward pass. Once more the sailors drove through the line for yardage, and a quick exchange of punts followed. The half ended with the ball in the middle of the field. Score, 0-0. The feature of the game was the punting in which Colbert had the best of Ingram for the sailors.

The trip back was very pleasant and "informal," and all are looking forward to the 16th of November, when we again go over to play the boys in blue.

The Whitworth second football team is composed mainly of members of the Freshman class, they having shown themselves more adapted to the game than the members of the other classes, including the Sophomores minus the members counted on the first team.

The team is earnestly at work, and by the present outlook will be fully prepared to meet any team of their class in the near future. Several of the old players will be in the line-up, with a few outsiders. The substitutes for the first team will probably be chosen from the second team, and as a result several team men are working overtime in the anticipation of being among the lucky three.

Mr. Skirving, the manager, has secured several games, both within and without the city, the first game to be called on the College campus, October 4, with the Tacoma High second team, and if the season ends as well as it has begun there is only one conclusion to be made, and that is that this season will be one of the most successful for years.
The University Game.

Enthusiasm over a football game has probably never been as high at Whitworth as that manifested last Saturday at the game with the University of Washington. However, the interest was not solely confined to the College, as many sympathizers and lovers of the sport in the city were on hand to witness a game of modern football, as is made possible under the new rules.

Washington, always strong, with plenty of good material and with a victory over the Multnomah Club and Willamette, was no dark horse. In brief, all we requested was a decent score.

The University squad of 26 men, with Coach Place and manager, arrived at 12:15, and were met by Manager Platt with several automobiles, and taken to the Tacoma Hotel.

The rooters arrived at 2:45 on the Indianapolis, headed by the band, and made directly for the athletic grounds. In the meantime the Whitworth rooters had made their presence known. The game was delayed for over half an hour over some misunderstanding as to officials, but was finally adjusted by the officials as formerly agreed upon acting, Mr. J. H. Ingram of the naval academy referee and Mr. Sid Anderson of this city as umpire.

The game was then called, at 3:15, Capt. Grosscup accepting the kickoff. Immediately followed on the part of Whitworth a series of plays executed with such cleverness and dispatch that the ball was placed on Washington's eight-yard line within two minutes of play. The college men had completely taken the stronger opponents off their feet, yet after futile attempts to puncture the University's strong line, the boys attempted a place kick which went wild, and Washington kicked out of danger.

The teams then see-sawed back and forth over the middle of the field until near the close of the first half Capt. Bagshaw went over for the only touchdown of the game.

The second half consisted mostly of line plunges forward, passes, punting and disputes, with neither team adding anything to their score.

The Whitworthian takes this occasion to express its praise of the excellent showing made by the boys and also their gentlemanly conduct on the field. But to our efficient coach, Mr. Rueber, the team owes its new plays, its speed, its discipline and all that goes to make a successful football team. We're for Mr. Rueber.

Capt. Grosscup, however, exemplified his generalship time after time, and his fierceness as a smashier of interference made Washington fear him.

Colbert, the star, made famous by his kicking, his speed, and his stiff arm, added to his already big bunch of laurels.

Ghormley played a fine game, and developed so fast as a fullback as to surprise his coach.

Phipps and Dennis as ends were clever in their get-away and in catching the ball on the forward passes.

H. Rueber and D. Doud, as tackles, often bore the brunt of battle, as the University's plunges were mostly at them. Enough said when it is remembered that the U. seldom made its yardage.

Shroeder and Guy, as guards, held as a stone wall, often breaking through and getting the move.

Doud, as center, never played a better game. The harder the game the more he surprises you.

Metzger, one of the best defensive players on the team, displayed his worth by often downing the runner for a loss.

Paul, for quarter, is a find. He ran the team with rare judgment, and his throwing of the ball was perfect. He is a formidable player. For the University, Capt.
Bagshaw and Quarterback Parker and Mackay for end seemed to be the stars.

The score was U. of W. 5, Whitworth 0. Attendance, about 1000.

Just a word or two about the schedule. Most of the dates have been definitely settled and the contracts signed up, but several are yet indefinite. The manager is desirous of getting as many college games as possible, and to this end some of the dates with other teams may be changed. For instance, we have a game scheduled with the sailors for the 16th of November, but we are trying to get together with Willamette University for that game, and one with the Albany College for the 19th. If this arrangement goes through, or course the game with the sailors will be canceled. We were unable to secure a college game for Thanksgiving, so the team goes to Aberdeen again for this game.

The schedule as it now stands is as follows:

Oct. 26—O. A. C., at Corvallis, Ore.
Nov. 1—Whitman, at Walla Walla.
Nov. 9—Y. M. C. A., at Tacoma.
Nov. 16—Sailors, at Bremerton.
Nov. 28—Aberdeen Athletic Club, at Aberdeen.

Personnel of the Team.

Colbert—For three years our half-back, one of the best punters in the Northwest, under Coach Rueber promises to surpass his previous record.

Paul—For two years fullback, this year he takes McCauley's position at quarter. His training at Carlisle, where he studied the science of football, together with his experience, has taught him the game, and he is handling the team in fine shape.

Phipps—This is his third year at end, and he promises well. Although light, he is fast and sure, and the way he gets down the field on a punt does your heart good.

Capt. Grosscup—Again at half, and one of the fastest men behind the line that Whitworth over had, played end at Andover, and understands the game thoroughly. He is popular with the boys, and is keeping the team well in hand.

Metzger—Our "Post" boy, played on the team until his graduation two years ago, and his work at guard is fine. He is fast and sure, and the way he hits the line isn't slow. We are glad to have him back.

Shroeder—Did you see him get in the game the other day? "Pretty good, eh?" He comes to us from Everett, where for four years he won his letter. With him at tackle there are things doing.

Guy—His record year at guard. He is "there with the goods" all the time. No getting past him. Laid up with a cracked rib now, but still in the game.

Rueber—His first year with us. Doing some good work at tackle.

"Blondy" Doud—His fourth year at center. The way he delivers the ball isn't slow. He also gets through the line some," and, say! did you ever hear him yell?

Briggs—His first year at guard. Doing some good work. His brother was a "Moose" in the line, and he will be, too.

Dennis—Last year's sub. end. This year he is doing some fine work there. A little light, but makes up for it in speed and nerve.

Dick Doud—Again at tackle. He promises to outdo last year's work there, and that was pretty good. Watch him get through the line next game.

Ghormley—Last year's second team fullback. This year at full. Showing up well. Has done some good work and promises better.

Last, but not least, Coach Rueber—Four years half at Northwestern. The only man who ever got through Chicago twice in the same game for a touchdown. He sure understands the game, and you just watch him lick the team into shape.
APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

"How small little men are when you think of it."—Ayers.

"He shall be sifted till that strength of self-conceit be changed at length to meekness."—Judson.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."—Pearla.

"If he be not in love with some woman there is no believing in signs. He brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?"—Prof. Whately.

"There is a secret purpose in my heart."—Lawrence.

"He hath a lean and hungry look."—Longstreth.

"Quite bookishly inclined."—Armstrong.

Only a few regular exchanges have arrived so far, but we hope for better results next month.

The "Index" shows considerable brilliancy in regard to its wit.

A few gleanings therefrom:

Teacher—Define and form sentences from the following words: Fathom, and species.

Pupil—A fathom is six feet. A fly has a fathom. Species is a kind. Always be species to your pupils.

Economy—Denying ourselves a necessity today in order to buy a luxury tomorrow.

Philosophy—Something that enables the rich to say there is no disgrace in being poor.

Athlete—A dignified bunch of muscles unable to split the wood or sift the ashes.

Appendicitis—A modern pain costing $200 more than the old-fashioned stomachache.

The cuts in the "Megaphone" are worthy of comment.

The "O. A. C." Barometer comes with splendid regularity, but is in a form rather inconvenient to handle. Would not a booklet form be more advisable?

Glad to see you on our lists again, Phoenix, but where is your exchange column?

It is well worth our while to read and take notes from the excellent little paper, "Kodak."

Football seems to be the predominating subject in all our college papers at this time of year.
We wish you all success in your games. If success does not come your way, remember there is a world of good in simply trying for it.

With apologies to "The Normal"—"The Exchange Editor may scratch with a pen 'Till the ends of his fingers are sore,

When someone's sure to remark, with a jest,

Rats! how stale! I've heard that before.'"

We extend hearty thanks to our fellow colleges for their interest in sending us their papers.

Personal

Bremerton is noted for its government dry docks, its beautiful situation and its fine banquets (†).

Dr. Kroeze carried a suitcase to the football game, but all he had in it was a nose-guard.

It is worth going to a second-team football game to see Skirving stop talking for a little while.

Pride goeth before a fall. Susie mounted the faculty platform and the scenery fell, but truth crushed to earth will rise again, and from the ruins she arose, Miss Garretson.

Prof. Voris (holding two weights in the air)—"Are they even?"

Walter Briggs—"No, the lower one is not so high."

Frequent shouts from Dr. Armstrong—"Say, fellows, turn that light out in the forecastle."

McCleary—"The man fixed the whistle, but he can't fix the light."

Prof. Whitely—"Now, Sidney, elucidate."

Sidney—"That's not what you asked Francis."

Did Jessie find out the warmth of Phipps' coat, coming home?

Pearla (while reading the athletic news in Mitchell's letter to Phipps)—"Why, he never said anything to me about the diamond."

Phipps—"Why Pearla, I thought he had done that a long time ago."

Oh yea, Gertrude, we all admire that auto-coat.

Mr. Dang, opening the door for Ruth F. and Helen D.

Skirving—"Which one is it, Dang?"

Dang—"Either."

The College cat, by the kind attentions of Miss Caldwell and administrations of medicine and perfume, is growing rapidly.

Whose hand did Bertelson think he was holding while on the return trip from Bremerton?
And now that you have finished reading "The Whitworthian," let us insist upon your visiting our Pianola Parlor and Rest Room.

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"Oh girls, isn't this great! I'm going to have a Princeton pillow. Let's see—today is the thirtieth—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday. It ought to be here on Hallowe'en. You don't suppose there's any joke about it, do you?" Helen appealed to the group around her; but as she met with no response she quickly turned again to her letter. The girls were scattered around the stair ledge, each intent on her morning's mail.

"You said something about a Princeton pillow, didn't you, Helen?" Bess Arsdale asked as she folded up a paper. "From whom? Oh I know." The girls were gradually recovering from their absorption and beginning to listen. "It's only a variation of Ted Brainerd, the big halfback at Princeton, the handsomest fellow, whom Helen met at a camping party last June at Esther Brainerd's. They're cousins, you know." Bess' mimicry was drowned in a burst of laughter, and Helen became the center of a teasing, chattering crowd of girls. "Really, girls, it wasn't either love at first sight," she expostulated. "Esther is so proud of him that she is always talking about him so I really was acquainted with him long before we met."

"Then it was love at long-continued hearing; a case of spirit affinity," came the mischievous answer, and Helen knew that her attempt at explanation had failed. 

The next day when no package came for her she felt very disconsolate, even after Bess reminded her of the usual visit to the new girl who had just arrived that afternoon.

"Her name is Helen Huntley. A whole stack of packages came for her in the mail this afternoon. I reckon she couldn't get everything in her trunks and they're sending them along by mail," Bess said dryly.

"Oh, you're Helen Laurence, are you? We'll surely quarrel, for my name is Helen, too." Miss Huntley was greeting each one very enthusiastically as a crowd of girls in picturesque disarray entered her room that evening.

"Oh, I've got something perfectly beautiful to show you. It's my new Princeton pillow that Ted Brainerd sent to me. He and I are great friends; he made the touchdown against Yale, you know," she said a few minutes later during a lull in the chatter, all the while turning a very large diamond on the third finger of her left hand.

Helen Laurence's heart sank woefully. "So my football idol is engaged to Miss Helen Huntley," she thought a trifle bitterly.

She and Bess soon left, for, as she remarked, Helen number two would evidently not be a congenial companion for them. As they walked away arm in arm, Bess said: "Your Princeton halfback seems to have a habit of presenting pi-
THE WHITWORTHIAN

lows on All Hallows' eve. But I haven't seen yours yet."

"It didn't come," Helen answered soberly.

"Oh, cheer up! He wouldn't slight my incomparable Helen for a simpering thing like Miss Huntley."

Several days passed, and still no package came for Helen Laurence, and the girls finally ceased to mention the pillow. But one day Bess Arsdale ran into Helen's room, curled up on the sofa and waved a letter at her.

"Helen Huntley must be the silliest thing!" she exclaimed. "Just listen what Esther Brainerd says in this letter: 'I asked Ted about your Helen Huntley. At first he couldn't even remember the name, but when I mentioned where she lived he recalled having met her at New Haven at a reception for the football men. I think she must have been trying to make an impression on you girls with her diamond,'" she concluded, looking up triumphantly.

"Just the same, he sent her the pillow he promised me," was Helen's only comment. At first she had been very angry, but as the days passed a feeling of deep hurt took possession of her. Yet sparks flashed in her eyes when, after some special deed of prowess on the gridiron, Helen Huntley boasted of her acquaintanceship with Brainerd. One evening, as she was brushing her luxuriant red-brown hair before the fire in her room, the delightful days of the summer's camping trip were in her thoughts.

"I never can forgive him! He'll be at Esther's for the Christmas vacation and there isn't any place for me to go but there too! I'll have to snub him. But, oh, I don't want to," she suddenly wailed, dropping her brush and throwing herself on her couch, she sobbed out all the heartaches of the past few weeks. "I hate Christmas parties and vacations, and I want my mother, and, oh, how I wish there weren't such things as college pillows!" she cried passionately. But down deep in the uttermost part of her heart she felt that he loved her, that he had acted sincerely.

The evening before they separated for the Christmas vacation the girls were gathered in the reception hall for an informal little party. Unexpectedly the bell rang, and Helen was told that someone wished to see her in the parlor. She was inside the room before she could see that it was Mr. Brainerd, and then, since there was no escape, she sternly resolved to make the call as short and unpleasant for him as possible.

But the command of affairs was taken from hands unceremoniously, and before she could realize it she was sitting on the couch with Ted at her side and the odious Princeton pillow at her feet.

"Do you always so honor my pillow?"

Helen replied very coldly, "It is Miss Huntley's to do with as she pleases."

"And, pray, how came it in Miss Huntley's possession?" with a comical lift of the eyebrow.

A sort of desperation seized Helen. She could stand the strain no longer.

"Mr. Brainerd, I do not care to discuss that pillow. In the first place, I consider it a joke in very bad taste and to bring it up now is even worse. I am not feeling well and I beg you to excuse me. Good evening." And before the astonished fellow could move she was gone to her room.

Theodore Barton Brainerd was completely bewildered, completely at a loss for a reason for such an outburst. But he was also very determined to find the cause. Bess Arsdale would surely know. So immediately Bess was sought out and asked. She was very dignified and frank.

"Miss Laurence has a perfect right to be angry. She received a letter from you
some time last fall promising her a Princeton pillow, but it never came. I don't know anything but that." The next morning a great box of Marechal Niel roses came for Helen, and tucked away among their creamy petals was a note. She had no time to read it before a little girl came bursting into her room.

“Oh, Helen, Helen, will you ever forgive me? I've been miserable for months, but I didn't dare tell you. Oh dear, oh dear!” and she began to sob.

Helen, seeing the girl's evident distress, put her arm around her and asked, “What is it, dear?”

“It's your Princeton pillow,” she sobbed. I thought it would be such a good Hallowe'en prank to change the address to Helen Huntley, and when I saw that you and Mr. Brainerd had quarreled I just couldn't stand it any longer. Oh, won't you please forgive me?” she pleaded.

But Helen had forgotten her. With glowing eyes and cheeks she was reading the little note Ted had sent her in the flowers.

There is a sequel to this story. At this college it is the inviolable custom at the Senior banquet for engaged girls to drink a toast to the fortunate young men. So when Helen rose and drank to “Princeton's greatest athlete,” one of the girls roquishly reminded her, “It wasn't love at first sight, was it?”

“7910.”

“Ut fortunati sunt fabri ferrarii
Qui aput carbones adsident: semper calent.”

—Plautus.

Very applicable to the occupants of the Library; heat seems to be a rare luxury around here of late.
The Northwest championship situation is considerably mixed up just at present, and no one is able to foretell what the outcome will be. Washington lost to the sailors, and later to Whitman, which puts her out of the race. Pullman, the muched talked of team of the state college, went down to defeat before Idaho last Friday, and so she is out of it, but Idaho lost to Oregon on the 26th of October, and so no one is able to say whether she is still in the race or not. Some claim that she lost her chance, and others that her victory over the crack Pullman team has reinstated her in her try for the championship.

Oregon met defeat at the hands of the O. A. C. last Saturday, and now her chance is lost. From all appearances, the coveted prize lies between Whitman and the O. A. C., neither of whom have been defeated this season. The final games of the season will be watched with a great deal of interest by lovers of football in the Northwest. The teams have all made good showings this season, and whoever wins the championship will have earned it through sheer worth and hard work.

To our coach, Arthur Rueber, belongs all the credit for the successful season we have had this year, and for the remarkable showing our team has made against the big college teams with whom they have played.

Coming to a new school from the East, knowing nothing of local conditions in football, with little material to work with, with a poor campus to practice on, and with a hard schedule for which to prepare, he has turned out the best team the college has ever had. Beginning with the very day he landed here, he has been hard at work, installing new apparatus, devising new methods of work, and training the men in the thousand and one things that go to make a successful team. His thorough knowledge of the game, combined with his intense earnestness and determination to win, at once won the confidence and co-operation of the team, and they have worked together as one harmonious whole, their sole object being to turn out the very best possible eleven, to represent Whitworth on the gridiron.

If we have Rueber to coach us next year, which seems probable, and most of the old men back again, we may look for a team that will take its place in the front rank of Northwest college elevens.

There is a part of the work for next season to which we must give our attention at once, if we are to have a successful year in football in '08, and that is our campus. Next year we will have more big college games to play, and we don't want to have to play them all away from home as we did this year. But if we are to play them here we must have a place to play them. The league grounds will not be available next year. Mr. Shreeder says that football is too hard on the grounds, and that he will not let them go for that purpose. The Y. M. C. A. grounds are out of the question for big
games, and is a poor place to play at any rate. In view of this condition of affairs, the High school students are fixing up their campus, and their games will be played there. So the only solution of the problem is to fix up our own campus so that all our games may be played at home.

The football season is almost over, and Whitworth has had a record year. To be sure, simply looking at the scores, we have been worsted in the college games, but when all things are considered we have made a fine showing. In the first place, our team is picked from about thirty men, the great majority of them too small and light for a college team, and we have been pitted against teams picked from crowds of from two hundred to eight hundred men. This means that we practically have to take every man who turns out for football, while the larger colleges, against whom we have played, can choose from the crowd of candidates who turn out, and naturally only the biggest and best men make the team.

Then, again, our season has been an unusually hard one physically. Five hard games against big teams have been played in five consecutive weeks. This was a big handicap also, for the men had hardly recovered from the hard usage of one game until they had to pitch into another. This is a very hard test to which to subject a team, and should never be done if it can possibly be avoided. But this year we were obliged to take our dates with these colleges when we could get them and be thankful to get any at all.

In addition to all this, two of these games were played outside of Tacoma and the team had to travel away to play. We had hardly returned from the Corvallis trip until we were obliged to leave again for the Whitman game. So the strain and weariness of travel were added to the other difficulties under which we played.

And yet notwithstanding all this the team played such a series of games as has surprised the whole Northwest. Everyone acknowledges that the University game should have been ours, that we outplayed them in every stage of the game. The O. A. C. game was just the same, the Corvallis team being so badly outplayed that Coach Norcross said at the end of the first half: "The best we can hope to do is to hold you down."

The game with Whitman was one of the most peculiar games played this year in the Northwest. The larger, heavier Missionaries carried us off our feet in the first half, scoring 17 points, but in the second half they didn't even have a show at the ball. It seldom happens that a team that is beaten as badly as we were in the first half ever rallies in the second. The way our boys played the second half was a surprise to all the football men who witnessed the game.

And so, although we lost to the U. of W. 5-0, to O. A. C. 6-0, and Whitman 17-0, we have "made good" in the way we have played the game, and the prospects for next season are the best that Whitworth has ever had. At last we are recognized as a factor in the football circles in the Northwest and the colleges will have to take us into account in the yearly race for the championship. I quote from the Walla Walla Evening Statesman of October 31:

"It has always been the opinion among the various colleges that Whitworth was not a factor in the football circle of the Northwest, but she has clearly shown this year that such is not the case. The much-touted team of the U. of W. was able to do no better than 5 to 0 against them, and spectators all say the game was Whitworth's from start to finish. At O. A. C.
it was about the same story. Whitworth had the ball nearly all the first half, playing in such dangerous territory that O. A. C. punted regularly on first downs. With such a reputation behind them, the Tacomans come to Walla Walla with the intention of wiping up the Missionary team for the first time in football history."

The above speaks for itself as to the way the Walla Walla people regard us now. In this connection suffice it to say that the Whitman captain said after the game: "The next time we play Whitworth she will get a little better deal than she did this time."

At Corvallis the sentiment was just the same. The game was advertised as "the biggest local game of the season," and handbills were distributed containing clippings of the account of our game with the U. of W., and speaking of the uncertainty felt concerning the local game.

And so now that the college games of the season have all been played, so far as Whitworth is concerned we may congratulate ourselves upon the showing our boys made in them.

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**Football Notes.**

**O. A. C. Game.**

The week following our game with the U. of W. we played the Oregon Agricultural College at Corvallis. This was the second of the two big college games scheduled this year, and considerable interest was taken in it. The last time Whitworth played O. A. C., two years ago, the score was 58 to 0 in favor of Oregon, and our boys were pretty badly used up in the game. So it was with old friends that the team was going to play, and for the purpose of wiping out old scores. We arrived in Corvallis about 1:30 on the afternoon of October 25, and were met at the train by a large delegation of the students, who escorted us to the hotel. This was but a forerunner of the attention and courtesy that was shown us by the college during our stay. We were treated like brothers and everything was done for us that could possibly have been done to make our visit a pleasant one.

The evening of the 25th they held a big rally to work up enthusiasm, and they certainly worked it up. About 8 o'clock a procession of about a thousand students, headed by the student band paraded the town, stopped near the hotel and gave their college yells and songs, after which the town was invited up to the campus, where a huge bonfire was burning. Here they had speeches by the faculty, Coach Norcross and other football men. Then Coach Rueber was loudly called for and responded with a speech in which he said that at one time he had been captain of a "kid" baseball team which defeated the team of which Norcross was captain, and that he expected to repeat the performance in the game the next day. Captain Grosscup was also called for and made a short speech.

The next day, when we reached the field there was a crowd of about twelve hundred persons, most of them rooters, and they made things lively. The game was called and Whitworth received the kick. Then for the next twenty-five minutes there followed such a game of football as the "Farmers" had not seen under the new rules. Whitworth carried the heavier team off its feet. Four times our forward pass worked in the first half for gains averaging thirty yards, and twice our quick quarterback kick worked. So fast and cleverly did our boys work that the
ball was constantly in O. A. C.'s territory, and several times they punted on first downs. Whitworth tried to kick goal from placement twice in the first half, but the heavier line of the Oregon college broke through, and this, together with the fact that the field was covered with a thick coat of sawdust, caused the ball to go wide. The first half closed with the ball in O. A. C.'s territory, and the score 0-0.

In the second half, two new ends appeared for O. A. C., who had orders to "stick by Whitworth's ends and do nothing else; break up those forward passes." After about five minutes of play, they intercepted a forward pass and made a forty-yard run through a clear field for the only touchdown. They easily kicked goal, making the score 6-0. This was all they attempted to do, and would punt out every time they got the ball. The half closed with the ball in our territory. Score: O. A. C. 6, Whitworth 0. However, that was better than 58 to 0, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had outplayed them in the new style of the game.

The Game With Whitman.

The team got back from the Corvallis trip on Sunday, the 27th, and on Wednesday, the 30th, left for Walla Walla. Not much time to rest up or work up new plays for the heavy college game, but it couldn't be helped. We arrived in Walla Walla on Thursday morning, and were met by Coach Baird and Manager Schmidt, who accompanied us to the hotel and saw that we were cared for. The sentiment in town as to the outcome of the game was very uncertain. Of course both teams expected to win, but outside persons, taking into account the previous showing of our team against Washington and the O. A. C., were doubtful as to what the result would be.

When the two teams lined up it was seen that there was a great difference in size, the Missionaries outweighing us about fifteen pounds to the man, but our boys were in fine shape, were well trained, full of fight, and the prospects were for a hard tussle. Whitworth won the toss and kicked off. After about eight minutes of play Whitman got through on an end run for thirty yards, and was downed on our fifteen-yard line, but the ball was dropped in the scrimmage and a Whitman man snapped it up and skipped over for a touchdown.

After the kick-off Whitman secured the ball on a punt, and ust hammered our boys down the field for another touchdown. They were so much heavier than our boys that by using cross-bucks and line plunges they drove us steadily back. After about five minutes more of play Whitman worked a beautiful forward pass and was only downed after a thirty-five-yard run to our five-yard line. Again our line couldn't hold them, and they drove over for their third touchdown. Twice they kicked goal, making the score at the end of the first half 17-0.

When the whistle sounded at the beginning of the second half, Whitman lined up flushed with victory and sure of repeating the performance of the first half, but in the interval between halves Coach Rueber had been having a heart to heart talk with our boys, and so desperately did they play that Whitman didn't have the ball in our territory, except on punts, and were kept on the defensive throughout the half. Twice in the second half Colbert got away for long runs in close proximity to their goal, but their heavier line held, and we couldn't reach their goal. The half ended with the ball in Whitman's territory. Score: Whitman 17, Whitworth 0.

Our team deserves great credit for the game they played in the second half. It was fast and furious, and the result, in the
face of what the first half had been, was a surprise to all the football men who saw the game. Colbert’s work is especially deserving of credit. His return of punts and end runs were great, and his kicking wonderful. Paul, at quarterback, also played a great game, keeping his head and working the team with great credit to himself.

Special mention must be made of the kind and courteous treatment Whitworth received from both these colleges. There was no hitch of any kind, no misunderstanding nor hard feelings. It was a pleasure to be with them and to play against them. The team could not ask for a more gentlemanly set of fellows to play against. We are looking forward to the time when Whitworth will have a chance to return their kindness and when the time comes it is up to us to show them that we are not to be outdone as hosts.

The Y. M. C. A. Game.

On November 9th was played what proved to be the hardest game of the season. Up to this time, although we had outplayed our opponents and made a fine showing, Whitworth had not scored a single point.

In the earlier part of the season we had played the Y. M. C. A. a 0-0 game that was not at all satisfactory to either team. Since then we played the sailors 0-0, and the sailors had beaten the Y. M. C. A. 17-0. We also played the U. of W. 5-0, and the sailors defeated them 19-6. So, if there was anything in comparative scores, Whitworth had the best of it. But just the week previous the Y. M. C. A. had defeated the U. P. S. 43-0. More than that, they were out for our scalp and for the championship of Tacoma. Also they were the only team of anything like our own size and weight that we had played, and it would give us a chance to show what we could do against a team of our own size.

The game was called at 3:15 on Saturday, November 9th, at the Tacoma Athletic Park. Whitworth kicked off and during the first half the ball was kept almost constantly in the Y. M. C. A.’s territory. The forward pass was tried several times, but was not successful. The first score of the season was made by Coach Rueber, who kicked a goal from placement on the twenty-five-yard line. Metzger got the ball on a fumble, and on the third down Whitworth dropped back for a place kick. The line held solid, and Rueber kicked an easy goal. The spell was broken—at last we had scored. It was the one thing needed for the team. After all their strenuous work and hard-fought battles, where, despite their best endeavors, no score was made, to at last score, even if it was only a place kick, put new life and fight into every man, and the rest of the game showed the difference. We were no more leading a forlorn hope; we were winning.

The second half was characterized by sensational plays. On the kick-off Paul received the ball and ran ninety yards through a broken field for a touchdown, but the Y. M. C. A. was declared offside on the kick-off and the touchdown didn’t count. A few minutes later Paul again received a punt and after returning it twenty-five yards was shoved over for a touchdown. On the punt out Whitworth did not receive the ball and so could not try for goal. After about five minutes more of play, Colbert got away for a thirty-five-yard run for a touchdown, but was declared to have run outside and so it didn’t count.

A poor kick-off by the Y. M. C. A. gave us the ball nearly in the middle of the field, and Rueber and Grosseup carried it down to their twenty-five-yard line. Here was worked a beautiful forward pass,
from Paul to Phipps, which enabled Phipps to get away for a twenty-five-yard run to another touchdown. On the punt-out Rueber caught the ball and Colbert kicked goal. The half ended with the ball on the Y. M. C. A.'s twenty-five-yard line.

Score: Whitworth 15, Y. M. C. A. 0.

It was a good, hard-fought game from start to finish, and we appreciated the victory mostly for the fact that it showed what we could do with a team of our own size.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. is getting down to regular work now. The meetings are arranged and periods and places of meeting arranged for the Bible study classes.

Probably the most interesting and best attended meeting this year was the joint meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. at which Mrs. Stacy spoke. Mrs. Stacy, who was at one time instructor in Bible study at Whitworth, is very popular here especially among the old students, who remember her classes and how helpful she always was to both societies. She began her remarks by saying that to those who had not taken a motto for the year she would like to give one, and followed by giving a motto very adaptable to every one, which was: "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord." She elaborated on it so that when she had finished every one could realize that she had made a strong address, and yet at no time during it was it realized, it was so clearly and simply delivered.

The other meetings were led by Kenneth Ghormley and Raphael Towne. Mr. Towne had as his subject, "The Y. M. C. A. in College Life," and had asked Mr. Rueber to give a little talk on his experiences, which proved very interesting.

Three Bible study classes have been formed, which are proving big successes. One under the leadership of Kenneth Ghormley meets at 10:30 Thursday morning. Another is made up entirely of Japanese students, while the third is led by Ralph Ayers Sunday morning. A mission study class has also been formed, under the leadership of Walter Briggs. The association wishes to extend an invitation to all men to enter one of these classes.

The Y. M. C. A. of Ruston was opened November 6 and an invitation was sent to the Whitworth Y. M. C. A. to be present. This association has been started to accommodate the men employed at the smelter. They have a very nice building, including a gymnasium, bowling alley, billiard tables and the usual number of reading and social rooms. The expression, "You missed it if you didn't go" probably speaks more eloquently than anything else of the time enjoyed by those who were present.
EDITORIAL

The Whitworthian staff desires to thank the students for their hearty response to the appeal for more personals. Of course we are never satisfied, so we ask this time that there shall be a greater effort on the part of those, who are specially talented in literary lines, to write such articles as you think would be of interest to the readers of our paper. We need a larger assortment from which to choose, in order that the literary standard of our paper shall be raised.

We feel proud of our football team this season, not because they have been defeated a few times, but because our defeats have been in reality victories. One of the best advertising agencies a school can have is such a team as we have. Not less important as an advertising medium is a good debating or oratorical contest, such as our new literary society is bound to develop. The first meeting for the organization of the college literary society was attended by twenty-five earnest working students. Since the football season is about over our efforts should be directed more strongly along this line of activity. The Thalian Literary Society is doing good work now and we hope to hear great things from you. Let us hear from you through the columns of the Whitworthian.
The alumni association of Whitworth graduates has been organized. This is another step toward "Greater Whitworth." A strong alumni association means much for the life of an institution. We give our readers, in this issue, a little glimpse of the doings of our alumni.

The Whitworth song has not yet put in its appearance for publication. Several good starts were made in one of the English classes last month.

The society editor desires that some one submit a larger and more attractive design for the Society department of the paper. Here is a chance for some of our art students.

The number of students and faculty who have subscribed for the paper is amazingly small. This is your paper. If it does not reach your ideal make it come up to the mark.
The social affairs at the college during the past month have, for the most part, been informal. "Spreads" and teas have made the Residence gay, while small theater parties have been made up for all of the popular plays.

The Kappa Gamma society had their initiation and banquet Saturday evening, Oct. 26, at the home of Miss Reta Willert. Ten new members were added and the initiation stunts were unusually clever and original. Several of the alumni members were present, including Miss Edna Huggins, Seattle; Miss Sara Ghormley, Chehalis; Miss Agnes Streeter and Miss Harriet Fraseir, Puyallup; Miss Anna McMaster and Miss Grace Berry. The society colors, purple and white, were artistically carried out in the table decorations.

The annual Hallowe'en party was given at the Residence, Thursday, October 31. Guests were received by ghosts in the reception hall, which was lighted only by the fire in the large fire-place. In the dimly lighted back parlor three witches told fortunes over a steaming caldron and gave each visitor a magic stone for luck. There were various other means provided for gaining some knowledge of the future, even the gypsy fortune-teller was there. Down-stairs in the dining-room various old-fashioned games were played. A big bon-fire on the campus ended the evening's program. The only thing lacking to make the evening entirely enjoyable was the football team.

The Y. W. C. A. gave a Japanese tea to the new members of the Association Saturday afternoon, November 2, in the Residence. An informal afternoon was spent in sewing pennants. Tea was served by members of the social committee dressed in Japanese costumes. The decorations of Japanese lanterns, umbrellas, pictures and palms were very effective. Some delightful music was rendered during the afternoon by a couple of the members.

Miss Douglas chaperoned a theatre party of Residence girls for "The Alaskan." Other theatre parties were made up during the month for "Checkers" and "The Comedy of Errors."

Mr. Fredric Metzger entertained a number of college people at his home, on North J street, Saturday evening, November 9. Mrs. Metzger and Miss Metzger assisted in entertaining and a very delightful evening was spent. Those present voted it one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season.

Miss Winifred Lewis, assisted by Mrs. Van den Steen, entertained a few friends at the home of Mrs. Van den Steen, Friday evening, November 8, the occasion being Miss Lewis' birthday. A delightful and cozy evening was spent around the fire-place.

Mr. Laurence Phipps was entertained Sunday, November 10, at dinner and tea by friends in the city.

Mr. John Maulsby visited his daughter, Miss Marguerite Maulsby, over Saturday.

Mr. Percy Colbert visited friends in Seattle, Sunday, November 10.

Miss Lillian Fleet left Saturday morning, November 9, for a few days' visit at her home in Montesano.
This column takes upon itself the privilege of criticising as well as praising the papers that come to us as exchanges, in the hope that by praise they may be encouraged and that through criticism they may profit.

In return, we expect the Whitworthian to be treated in like manner in the exchange columns of other papers, so that we may discover our faults and remedy them.

Teacher—Tell me the name of the tropical belt north of the equator.
Johnny—Can't, sir.
Teacher—Cancer; quite correct.—Ex.

A gentleman of the old school wrote thus to one who had offended him: "Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you; I, being a gentleman, cannot express it; but you, being neither, can easily divine it."—Ex.

The stories in the October “Record” are excellent, especially "The Hallowe’en Ghost,” and the football story. This paper comes to us from Wheeling, W. Va., and although it is just a high school paper, it has merits of high standard that class it with the best of college papers.

The “Jayhawker” from Kansas City has some snappy personals worth noticing. "Monnal," what nifty headings you have for your different columns! They are quite attractive and you are fortunate in possessing such an original artist on your staff.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." "Stale?" Yes, but still it’s applicable. A paper full of serious vein, no personals, no locals and no exchanges must necessarily, following the reasoning of the old proverb, prove dull and uninteresting to the reader who enjoys an occasional smile. Therefore, why not have at least one good hearty laugh in your paper, "Messenger"?

Fresbie—Say, do youse know me brudder?
Senior—Sure, we sleep in the same class.—Ex.

"How is it, sir, that I find you kissing my daughter? I repeat it, sir, how is it?" "Fine, sir; fine!" emphatically replied the young man.—Ex.
Miss Doreas Clark, '04, is assisting her father in his real estate office in Everett.

Miss Agnes Mulkey, '05, is teaching in the Seattle High School this year.

Miss Lilian Stevenson, '05, is attending the medical school of Johns Hopkins University.

Dosu Doseff, '05, is still in attendance at Rush Medical Institute, Chicago.

Miss Anna Sander, '06, is a student at Wellesley this year.

W. E. Sander, '06, is in business in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, his home town.

Chas. Rodman '07 is with the Fidelity Trust Co. of Tacoma.

Miss Leila Shaffer, '06, is teaching for the second year at Prosser.

Miss Civilla Dennis, '06, and Miss Sara Ghormley, '07, are teaching school in Chehalis.

Misses Harriet Fraser and Agnes Streeter, '07, are supplying the Puyallup youth with some of their surplus knowledge.

W. J. McCauley '07 instead of giving signals to a squad of football boys is giving them to a squad of surveyors.

John Crandall '07, who is attending Columbia University, has been chosen as baritone soloist in Trinity Church, New York City.

—Who has the "Popular Airs" (Ayers).
—Why Phipps has such a good time on the football trips.
—Why Mr. Paul seems so "Strange" of late.
—Why Laetitia didn't appear in chapel the Tuesday after Kappa Gama initiation.
—If Miss Douglas feels bad.
—How it happened that Dick had no book in logic class and hence borrowed Dean Heath's. (Did he use it?)
—Whether or not it is true that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" of someone else.
The Snipe Hunter.

It happened on a midnight drear,
When the snipe were feeding,
Neither moon nor star was out,
The night was sore misleading.
Then Harrison, our ladies' man,
With hopes all keen and bright,
Proceeded out to bag his game
With gunny-sack and light.

Down upon the football ground
He wound his happy way,
With faithful friends on every side
To guard him lest he stray.
But when he reached the ground, behold!
He took his sack and light
And sent his comrades here and there
To chase the wary snipe.

Each comrade took his stick in hand
To drive the snipe around,
While Harrison sat waiting there
With silence so profound.
But oh the snipe were slow that night
And scattered far and wide;
So, though the boys tried hard and long,
Their hopes were all denied.

But Harrison's a patient lad
And watched till twelve at night,
And but for little Neilson's sense
Would have remained till light.
But Neilson came around just then.
"Oh, I've got two," he said.
Then Harrison thus answered him:
"They all from me have fled."

So saying, Neilson struck for home—
Harrison came after.
But when he at the dorm' arrived
Was greeted with loud laughter.
So now hurrah for Harrison,
Most skilled of all snipe hunters.
We'll place him on the champion list
With Colbert, king of punters.
Personals.

The Freshman class has just the right number of girls for the boys—Reuber 12, Harrison 4, and the other twelve boys one each.

Miss Douglas—Mr. Dang, we are studying "The Lady of the Lake"—not all the ladies of the class.

It is a pity, Skirving, that there are no mud-puddles in Tacoma to ford with a girl under one arm.

Prof. Beardsley (in explaining the word "mensch")—Man, here, embraces woman.

First Sophomore—The undertow was awfully swift in the ocean at Gearhart.
Second Sophomore—That's nothing; I was in bathing in California and my under toe was so strong it pulled my sock off.

Why did Cizek and his fair lady stand up so quickly on Hallowe'en night when Mr. S. . . . . . said: "Everyone who is standing take hold of hands"? By the way, Dr. Armstrong stood up just then also.

Hoke finds a great attraction at the Residence. Result—He is always in "Brown" study.

Vadie R. has a sudden likeness for chopsticks. We wonder why. Ask Mr. Dang.

(After an interview with Thelma) Smith came out and cursed Sherrod came out all crushed, But Cizek held his own.

Reta W.—I did, but all men are fickle. Miss D.—I agree with you, and no doubt you speak from experience.

Miss Douglass—Miss Willert, what do you think of the character of Romeo?
Reta W.—I think he was fickle.
Miss D.—I thought you said he was true to nature.

There was a Fox a-chasing
A Johnson on the way.
He came across Kid Barret
And ran the other way.

Wanted—A sister. Reuber, Jr.

Why did Skirving insist on going to meet the Flyer Nov. 3rd?

Dr. Armstrong (in Virgil)—What goddess is this speaking of, Mr. Cizek?
Mr. C. (dreamily)—Thel—O! I don't know.

Edith Denman has a new auto horn. It says Hoke! Hoke! Hoke!

Skirving in Literary Society—Well, we must not meet too early, for the downtown students can't get out in time.

Why is it that everyone in Dr. Armstrong's Greek art class feels slighted but Mary Cox?

Sara Fox—What physics do you take, Madge?
Madge—College.
Sara F.—Oh we take Prep. Cizeks.

The youthful son of a Whitworth professor, after expressing surprise that Mr. Ayers was a member of a certain class, exclaimed: "Why, papa, I thought Mr. Ayers was Assistant President.

Dick Doud—He has found his molecule.
Miss Douglass, when Miriam Brown answered a question addressed to Dang—is your name Dang?

Miriam B.—No, not yet.

Dang—I like die kiss game.

“Why?”

“Oh, dat nature.”

S-r-h C-a-d-l—Well, if Dang likes to play those kind of games send him around.

He is short and cunning,
She is cunning too;
At the Hallow‘en party he met her
And asked if she’d be true.
They wandered to the campus,
A roller was their seat.
A naughty boy behind them
Then—nothing left but feet.

Revenge!!!

He is tall and skinny,
She is skinny too.
They sit down in the chapel
And spoon and bill and coo.
Who can see the end of this,
A love so warm and true?
Hallow‘en, Banquet, and Valentine,
Then 23, Skidoo!

Revenge!!!

Judson—Say, Sidney, work some of those problems yourself.

Bisson—He is. Can’t you hear his brain work?

Judson—Yes, but it seemed to creak.

Marion Caldwell—What is the coach’s first name?

“Arthur.”

Marion C.—Oh, I just love Arthur.

Mr. Ayers—Archimedes was taking a bath when he discovered his theory.

Prof. Voris—What was he thinking of before then?

Ayers—About getting clean, I suppose.
Skirving, eating rapidly with both hands—First down! one plate half filled.
Coach Reuber—Hold! I penalize you five yards for off side.

Prof. Edwards, giving out spelling—"Scrutinize," "squeeze."
Student—How does that go?
Prof. E.—First scrutinize, then squeeze.

Prof. Beardsley—Applying the molecular theory to our lives that some molecules are attracted to each other, what do we mean when we say that a person has found his affinity?

Edith—Why don’t you like rosy apples?

After sending the telegram to the footbail boys, Jessie worried all day for fear Mr. Platt would think it was only for him.
Ruth—Brown’s favorite declension is: Hic, haec, Hoke (hoc).

Although Andora’s heart is chained, she has lost it. However, she has advertised.

For those who want to know: Dr. Armstrong is 27 years old.

Watson, after the Bremerton trip—Have a good time, Fred?
Fred—Yes, but you held her hand more than I did.

Dean Heath in Logic—Mr. Doud have you no book?
Dick—No, but Gertrude has.
Oh well, what’s the difference?

Madge (the day the boys left for Oregon)—Prof. Fox, what do you think I did this morning?
Prof. Fox—What?
Madge—I studied my lesson.
Class in Unison—Let’s send Dave away again.
FRANK C. HART

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Frances Lackey (in the laboratory): “Oh, I wish Henry would come.”
Walter Briggs: “There’s a good personal for the paper.”
Frances L: “I don’t care; Henry won’t let it go through.”
But Henry did.

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When Buying Please Mention "The Whitworthian"
How the Sultan Goes to Church.

His Majesty, the Sultan of Ottoman Empire, is a very objectionable personage in some respects, but in one he exhibits a well-regulated mind—he goes to church. To be sure, his Sunday is Friday and his church is a mosque and the services are quite unlike ours; nevertheless he goes. It is furthermore true that his church-going possesses a public interest and has accompaniments that are not usual, and therefore it may perhaps be of some interest to the readers of the Whitworthian.

It was my good fortune, a few years ago, to be in Constantinople in company with my friend Mr. M. F. Backus of Seattle. We were bent on "doing" the city aright, and therefore of course determined, like all tourists with any sense of propriety, to witness the Selamlik. So we sallied forth that Friday morning in good season—you must to secure a satisfactory viewpoint. What a contrast it is! to pass out from a luxurious hotel into a street of an Oriental city. It is going back three hundred years at a step. Everything looks about that old, and the omnipresent dirt heightens the effect of antiquity. Nevertheless, there is an absorbing interest in an Eastern street that is not due to general shabbiness and filth. So we were off, unmistakably so, for however it may be with the country, there is nothing slow about the Turkish driver. Through the narrow, ill-paved streets we tore, whip cracking, carriage bouncing, mud flying; cutting corners, down hill on the run, missing vehicles and pedestrians by millimeters—there's something doing when you go to ride to Constantinople. It is an accomplishment to keep one's heart down in its proper place in one's anatomy. I was sure that we would have at least a trail of slaughtered Turkish scavengers there; I should like to write of them, but that is another story, the dogs know their business, and can figure moving out of the way down to the fraction of an inch. At all events, we heard no dying yelps and saw no corpses of our making. "All the world" was out, lining the streets, for this was an unusual gala day, since the Mecca pilgrims, after gracing the Sultan's procession, were to parade through the streets in making their start for that holy shrine. Later on, in Damascus, I saw one of them entering the city on his camel, having just returned. He had braved the dangers of the way and the cholera in Mecca, and was receiving the applause of the admiring crowds, an honored Hadji now for the rest of his days. It is great fun to watch an Eastern crowd; before you are not only all classes and conditions of men, but apparently all races too, in most extraordinary costumes and with a Babel of Tongues. This was an occasion on which even the poor in-
mates of the harem had a chance, and we
passed whole bevies of them, perched on
vantage-points, and manifestly having a
right good time. As students of anthro-
pointology we were interested in them, and
soon found that observation was not
wholly impossible. Veils are indeed an
obstacle to scientific research. But the
"eternal feminine" does assert itself even
in Turkey, and we discovered that the
thickness of the veil was usually in
verse proportion to the good looks of the
veiled—a valuable scientific principle
established at the start. But alas! how many
are the discouragements of the patient
investigator! it soon appeared that thirst
for knowledge, prompting the inquisitive
stare, was resented—resented at least by
the escorts of the veiled beauties. You
have to be careful in Constantinople, and
we deemed it prudent to direct our obser-
vations elsewhere.

At length we arrived at Yildiz, about
three miles north of the city on the Bos-
phorus, where there is a palace and a
beautiful little mosque near by. For many
years the Sultan has lived secluded there.
It was formerly considered obligatory on
the sovereign to visit, at least on certain
occasions, the great mosque of St. Sophia,
in the Stamboul quarter. But the bump
of caution is well developed on the pre-
sent occupant of the throne of Ottoman,
and he considers home the safest place for
him. Certainly he has good ground for
his fear; there are many who with the best
of reasons would sympathize with our
dragoman, who said to us, "I'd like to
stick a knife into him." We desired him
to restrain his blood-thirsty impulses while
with us, but we did, not suppose the Sul-
tan was in serious danger from him.

It was a striking scene, as witnessed
by us standing on the seat of the carriage.
We looked over a square sloping up to
the palace occupying one end of it; on
the sides were other public buildings,
whose windows and balconies were filled
with officials, members of the diplomatic
corps, and other friends. Five thousand
soldiers of the crack regiments, were
drawn up in martial array on all sides.
The Mecca pilgrims, in their bravest at-
tire, some on foot and some on gaily
caparisoned camels and mules, and some
indulging in most remarkable gyrations,
paraded past, a few remaining to witness
the pageant. Then around us was a great
crowd of tourists and natives, in carriage
and on foot, most interested spectators.
Altogether, it was a spectacle to make the
fingers of the kodakist itch, but all were
straitly warned that if produced cameras,
would be seized and smashed; still, I un-
derstood that some irrepressible American
girls did succeed in snapping the scene.
At last the trumpets announced that the
time had come, and that His High Mighti-
ness was starting. The doors of the palace
opened, everybody tiptoed a little higher,
some perfunctory cheers were heard—and
the show was on. First came the guards,
then carriages with gorgeously arrayed
and bedecked officials, Pashas, etc. Next
some of the ladies of the harem; not many,
however, for we were assured that the
Sultan does not take all his family to
church with him each time—these were
merely samples. Then came the royal lan-
dau, containing the Grand Vizier, and be-
side him the Padishah of the Ottoman
Turks, the caliph of the Mohammadan
world, the heir of Ottoman, Mahomet the
Conquerer, Solyman the Magnificent, the
autocrat of millions today—a medium-
sized, full-bearded, rather bent, quite
inconspicuous looking man, who appeared
rather nervous, perhaps thinking how eas-
ily a bomb could be thrown from one of
the buildings. It was all over in a few
minutes; the procession passed down the
square, up the side street, into the mosque,
and we saw them no more.
This was the end, and there was no standing on the order of our going. Our driver declared that his would be the first carriage back in Peru, and apparently it was. We arrived, thankful over unbroken necks. It only confirmed in our former prejudices, that it is better to go to a Christian church than to a Mohammadan mosque, better to do it on Sunday than on Friday, and better still to be plain American citizens than the Sultan of Turkey.

WM. E. ROE.

A Bit of Wisdom.

If you have a good temper, keep it; if you have a bad temper, don't lose it.

When a man and wife are of one mind, it's a hundred to one that the wife does nearly all the thinking.

When a woman voices unpleasant sentiments about her own sex, she usually picks a listener who is polite enough to understand that she is an exception to the rule.
The Victory at Park.

The cold wind, blowing down the river and chilling to the bone the few passengers on the upper deck, was a welcome stimulant to the tall athletic looking girl with the bitter face, who stood apart from the rest, defiantly independent of steadying wall or railing. The keen blast made it an exertion to keep her footing and this very effort quickened her pulse and put the determined glint in her eye. Here was something which she could conquer, and the sense of victory was as a long denied birth-right to Madge Wilkinson.

She had just finished her Freshman year at Park College, and it had not been an easy year. Poverty had made it hard; thoughtless fun-loving students had made it cruel; pride and loneliness had kept her from her best. Poverty had made it hard, and sensitive Madge had scorned the well mealt students, refusing to be an object of charity friendship. But in spite of the bitter failure of her first year at college, she was determined to try it once more. If that brother no more happiness or success than the first, she would give up her long cherished dreams, and settle down as—what, she did not know. Perhaps she would become a country school teacher, or a clerk in a department store—anything, just to keep in food and clothes.

But now she was starting out to work thru her vacation that she might earn the paltry sum necessary for another winter's expenses. A little school, away up in the mountain region, wanted a teacher for the summer term, and Madge counted herself fortunate in being able to get the place. She wondered if all the days would be cold and gray. She was glad that her clothes were cheap and dolorous looking. With savage energy she gathered the bleakness and dreariness of her surroundings right into her own life.

As the steamer drew near shore the deck hands prepared to 'wood up.' Listlessly she moved over to the railing and watched the men heaving the wet slabs into the trough leading down to the engine room. One of the men slipped in the mud and slid half way into the water, then dragged himself out with a curse. It did not shock her. She almost wanted to make it mutual.

"Is everybody happy?" Madge turned, startled at the discrepancy between the tones of the speaker and the drab dreariness of the surroundings. She saw a stockily built youth leaning over the railing and grimly sovereignly at the sordid deck hands. But the swish of the dripping trees was the only response he received. Not at all discouraged, he turned to Madge and remarked, "Those fellows don't seem inclined toward sociability."); The friendliness of his manner, and the frank smile in his brown eyes won Madge at once. The jaunty cap with a crimson "10" proclaimed him a student, and before they had been talking ten minutes Madge knew that his name was Richard Thornton, that he was from Hastings College, Park's greatest rival in athletics and debates, and that he was now going to join a surveyor's crew for the summer. Without her noticing it, he had led her to a sheltered nook behind the cabin, and
they were pleasantly chatting. Madge suddenly found herself upholding the honors of her college with a spirit which surprised her. Heretofore she had always said that she knew nothing of, and cared less about, any of the intercollegiate affairs. Now she was gloat ing over the football score, contending for baseball’s disputed championship, and explaining away the defeat of Park’s debating team. Dick Thornton imagined her as a most loyal and enthusiastic rooter at the games, tho in reality she had stayed in her room during each contest. Now she was intoxicated by his frank admiration, and by the spirit of conflict. She grew witty, and he laughed uproariously at her sallies, tho direct ed against his college and schoolmates. Altogether they got on famously, and it was a shock to Madge to hear the purser call the name of her landing. Mr. Thornton helped her down the rude gang plank, and perhaps held her hand a little longer than necessary at parting, but it needed several seconds for him to say, “When the games come off this next winter, I’ll be over at Park. May I hunt you up?” And Madge, grim, proper Madge Wilkinson, who never used slang, answered the grasp impulsively and whispered, “You just bet you can!”

The summer was a long and pleasant one. Now that the crust was broken, she revealed a companionable spirit which made many friends. She came back to Park College with a new poise in her manner and a new sparkle in her eye. But a bad reputation is a slow healing wound, and Madge soon drew back into her old shell when she heard the students still call her “Grandma Wilkinson.” Tightening her lips in the old way, she threw herself into her work with a vigor which soon placed her near the head of her classes. Proud and reserved as ever, she made no friends, but her brilliant recitation won for her many honors. She came very near being chosen as one of the college debating team, but was defeated by George Spencer a brilliant tho erratic speaker.

As the night for the great debate drew near, both colleges were in wild excitement. The athletic honors so far had been equally divided the great football game had resulted in a tie. Madge had gone to the game and looked longingly for the short, heavy-set figure, with the merry laugh and twinkling eyes. She was too shy to ask, or any one could have told her that Thornton, the crack punter of Hastings’s team, had sprained his ankle just before the game. She had almost convinced herself that she had dreamed of meeting a jolly Hastings man on board a pulling, snorting little river steamer, while the cold wind howled around the cabin. She was sure that she had dreamed of being gay and enthusiastic, of saying witty things and laughing at the discomfiture of her opponent. Yet, when she thought of their parting, a queer tingling sensation rushed thru her, bringing a flush to her cheeks, and centering itself in the hand he had clasped.

The new man on the debating team, George Spencer, was plainly flurried. The intense excitement of the student body, and the knowledge of his responsibility, were too much for the nervous young man. The President of the college, Dr. Clarke, did not recognize in his hysterical giggles, and in the roar of yells which came from the bonfire on the campus, the intense earnestness which inspired the demonstration. He called the debaters into a rear hall, just as the first of the audience were arriving.

“I am afraid,” he said, “that you do not realize the gravity of this situation. The whole future of Park College depends upon you. A wealthy educator of
whom we have asked aid is undecided between Park and Hastings. Your success or failure will without doubt be the deciding vote. Without his aid, we can not have our endowment fund, and that means—failure for the college. Upon your efforts tonight depend the glorious future or the utter downfall of Park College."

Alas, the Doctor had added the last straw. George Spencer leaned against the wall and burst into sobs. He was completely unnerved and simply could not appear upon the platform that night.

The news leaked thru closed doors and thick walls. Panic reigned among the student body. When Madge Wilkinson heard of it, she went straight to the President. "Dr. Clarke," she said, "if you will allow me to try I believe that I can take Mr. Spencer's place." The Doctor's eyes opened wide. "I studied the question thoroly in the tryouts, and gave Mr. Spencer many of his points. I know just what arguments he would put forth, and believe that I can take his place."

After learning from the other debater that he had committed his speech and could not possibly change, the Doctor agreed. After a hasty consultation with her colleague, Madge flew to her room to smooth her hair. There was no time to dress for the assembly room was almost filled now. When she returned, the two teams ascended the platform, without waiting for the ceremony of an introduction. During the opening music the lights dazed the new contestant and not until after the chairman had announced, "The debate will be opened for the affirmative by Miss Madge Wilkinson," did Madge recognize Richard Thornton sitting opposite her. She put her emotion in the background, and mechanically started on her opening speech. It was logical and convincing, but from the very effort to control her feeling, her speech lacked life and vigor. Nevertheless the applause was heartly. The students had been furiously angry at Spencer for failing in the emergency, and at Dr. Clarke for putting in his place a new debater, a girl, and of all girls, Grandma Wilkinson. But her speech was so much better than they expected that they thought it better than it really was. Hope revived once more. Then Hastings' leader, Richard Thornton, took his place. If Madge had lacked warmth, Thornton abundantly made up for it. The Hastings students were uproarious. Thornton sat down with the well earned consciousness of having made the best speech ever delivered in a Hastings-Park debate. The second speakers were very evenly matched, and then Thornton gave his closing speech. One by one he assailed the arguments of the affirmative, and made a brilliant appearance of demolishing their proof, but really dodged the point at issue. By this time Madge's eyes were dancing. All her pent up excitement was unlashed, and she came on the platform for her last speech, a living breathing symbol of power. If Thornton's words had warmed the audience, Madge's set them on fire. There was not a break in that smooth diction, not a falter in that clear voice. Park was wild, and when the unanimous decision of the judges in favor of the affirmative was announced, they could no longer be restrained. College yells and cheers for Miss Wilkinson echoed and re-echoed, but the climax was reached when George Spencer, still weak and white, jumped upon a chair and cried, "Three cheers for Grandma Wilkinson."

The crowd of congratulating teachers and students had pushed Madge back against the door to the rear hall. Suddenly her arm was seized in a strong grip, and she was gently pulled away from them all, and the door closed. Then that queer tingling sensation rushed thru her again, as she felt the old clasp on her hand.

Three-quarters of an hour later, Dick Thornton told her it was spelled t-h-r-i-l-l, and the decision was not the only thing won or lost that night at Park College.

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"But, Frank, why must you go home? You will never have another such chance to obtain an education in your life. Here you are a young man and the chance of a lifetime thrown at you."

The two friends had been silent a long time when this was spoken; Frank, silent in the assurance that he was soon to go, and Willard stunned at the sudden knowledge that his dearest friend was about to leave. For an answer, Frank handed a letter to his chum, and this is what he read:

"My Own Precious Boy—I have tried in every way to see if I could get along without you, but I can not. I want you near me. I am lonely, very lonely, and am not well. All these many years, I have been alone, scraping, planning and working, so that you could get the education I longed for but couldn't get, and now I am worn out. I may not live long, and, while it may be selfish of me, I want you that I may endure some conscious joy in loving you. • • •

"With love and kisses, from
"MOTHER."

"Well, I'm sorry, old man, but maybe you're right. When do you expect to start?"

"I'm going next Monday afternoon."

"Can't you stay until after the track meet? We need you, man."

"No; the quicker I go, the better. Since I've decided to go, I'd rather not hang around."

So it was that Frank packed his belongings and his trophies of athletic victories and left Chesterfield Academy and was soon speeding his way past cities, valleys, rivers, mountains and plains. Nor did the sight of luscious orchards and neat farms arouse him from his reverie of ever-nearing home. The sight of prodigious skyscrapers, monstrous department stores, and the crowds of restless people deterred him but little, for they were all but unnoticed in his eager rush from one terminal to another.

Time has flown, and now the steamer on which our friend has taken voyage nears the wharf. The captain pulls on the whistle line and immediately from the big bass whistle there leaped a shriek that shook the vessel and aroused the wakeful sleeper, and then defiantly took to gigantic mountains where its mumbilings grew faint as it journeyed on and on, disdaining lesser game in its mad desire to snatch the crown from the head of the most towering monarch of wild nature.

The joy and impatience of long pent steam did not excel the joy and impatience of Frank, who bade a hearty farewell to transient friends and hurried home. Although it is yet five-thirty o'clock, he knocked and at the sound of
his mother’s “Who is it?” his accelerating heart and shaking voice permits him only to say, “It is me.”

“Who is me!” “Just me, mother,” and then “My son!” and love from the overflow of a fond mother’s heart expressed itself in one delicious hug. Then, how they did talk!

Thus did life begin. At first, the joy of being home left no time for the need of mere associates, but as time went on, the natural craving for company kept constantly alive the pleasant memories of bygone days. Then, true to his man nature, Frank would drown his troubles, drown them amid the company of books, perhaps also in the rarer wine of fond recollections of schooldays and the present care and solicitude for a dear mother.

Yet how does this drowning process unfold itself? Does not the constant fanning of a fire create a living, dreadful flame? The gorging of an appetite, satisfies not the appetite, but prepares for nature the foundations for an irresistible craving. So the nature of Frank burned with a dreadful fire and ached with an insatiable hunger.

There is a school of physicians who believe that like cures like; that since a disease must run its course, whatever hastens the process is a proper remedy. This idea is quite general among us. When we are burned, we effect a cure by roasting the burn. We do not refuse ourselves a drink, rather we satiate the thirst. So Frank resolved to satiate his thirst for company and books by going to college, and soon we find him a registered student of Charter College.

Charter College, situated in the predestined country of Puget Sound, was a small but ambitious school. For some time past it had possessed the reputation of being aristocratic and exclusive. Yet there were dark rumors afloat that savored of dissipating youths, midnight carousals, freak tricks and shiftless students that cast an unfavorable suspicion on the character of the institution. Although the faculty had made sickly efforts to “tell mamma on you,” their inaction and tacit acquiescence to the conduct of students had earned them considerable ridicule. Is it not singular how the single break of an otherwise regular student will be severely punished, while a series of shameful and disreputable indulgences will be solemnly winked at even by a conscientious faculty! This is accompanied with the other maxim, “Punish the dirty crime and condone gentlemanly vices.”

Yet Charter had fairly maintained her real character, but chiefly because the force of the main body of students dared to forward the cause of right. It was in a school of this character, aristocratic yet fawning, obviously fastidious in social lines, scheming and avaricious in others, that Frank chose for his alma mater.

So, with a vim characteristic of himself, he entered her life, but soon found his life principally athletic. Sad to relate, his social life was a lonely one; he was sad amid company. The cheers and applause that met his ears as he fought a conspicuous part in the great battle against Wabash University, the hereditary enemy, only augmented the strange contrast of private life. The hand clasps given him when he brought in the winning run in that great baseball game brought no joy to the heart of Frank; for long ago he had solved the ambiguous cheers of erstwhile friends. It was not the man they cheered; they did not admire him for what he was; the measure of their friendship was gauged by the glory he added to their team, to their gang. Unless one belonged to the gang, merit was carefully concealed in loud applause for wonderful team work.

Such treatment of necessity caused
Frank many heart-aches. At heart he was a young man of good intentions; he desired to do the right thing. Often he would meditate on his peculiar condition.

“‘The cause of most of our ills lies within us.’ Then it follows that I am at fault. But, no; if I try with my very best efforts to do what is right, that is all anyone can expect. If the boys only knew how hard I try! how hard I fight secret faults! how I plan to eradicate disagreeable qualities!” These were Frank’s thoughts.

Yet, who of you, O readers, pause to search your own heart before condemning others? Is it not true that those who condemn most severely are often exponents of most glaring faults?

By the accumulation of injuries, both real and imaginary, the unalloyed aching of Frank’s heart turned to one of bitterness until the desire of that embittered heart was for revenge.

Again Frank soliloquized, “Why must I endure alone these sufferings? Where is the justice by which I am compelled to partake of the bitter draught while others drain the beaming cups of their potions of nectar?”

Thoughts like these clothed dark revenge with garments of white. Constant brooding often makes wrong right. Our desires pervert our conscience, and because of this fact, the serpent that is to poison the purity of our lives is nursed at the fountain of right and justice. In seeking right we do wrong. Can we then blame Frank as he stumbled in a manner most truly human?

Yet there followed the contest between the love for his college and his desire for revenge, and thanks to the innate goodness planted in the hearts of men that ceases not its cry against a perverted will, Frank pursues a course that left small room for criticism. Embittered by frequent rebuffs, yet conspicuous by his steady loyalty, Frank’s march through college was ever steady and measured. Perhaps that was his life. Necessary because of his skill, ability, talent and enthusiasm, yet his unkind characteristics have doomed him to live an unpopular life, the victim of well-concealed yet ever present dislikes. In him we perceive the singular spectacle of a man lonely amid company, a sad man with a smiling countenance. His work is a combination of joy, sorrow, love, hate, admirable persistency in the face of grievous disappointments.

If we wished, we could see Frank sitting on the edge of his couch, resting his head on his hands, trying to solve the mystery of right. But let us withdraw. We have invaded the Holy of Holies, a man grappling with the powers of his own soul.

LOUIS FRANCIS.
On a dull afternoon Ruth Fraser and Clara Antony sat on a comfortable sofa, in a pretty room, and discussed a recital of the night before. Neither seemed much interested in her own or her friend's words; both felt dissatisfied. Finally Ruth, a quietly pretty girl, with lovely gray eyes and wavy brown hair, said: "Why did you run off last night with Anna and leave me to come home with Alta and Ben?"

Clara considered that Ruth was going just a little too far in holding her accountable for every single thing she did. "I didn't run off and leave you," she said; "you tagged behind and I thought you wanted to go with them."

Ruth had been indulging in the blues all day and was consequently not very liable to keep her temper. She curled her lip: "Such they wanted me, and you know it. Next time you ask me to go any place with you, I suppose I'll have to provide myself with some other escort when it's time to go home."

Clara rose to her feet, walked to a table where her books lay, picked them up and sailed from the room without a word. Ruth waited until she was out of hearing, and then buried her face in a sofa-pillow and wept copiously. One minute she thought she hated Clara thoroughly; the next she knew that it was herself she despised, not her friend.

"I'll beg her pardon," she sobbed; "I'm always wrong. She had a perfect right to be angry; I should never forgive anybody who'd be so cross to me. Dear Clara! I'll go right to your room." She stopped crying a moment and started to wipe her eyes. "I always make all the advances. She'll think I haven't any spirit if I go cringing to her all the time. I'll see her at dinner and smile at her, and then we'll just pass it off without saying anything."

But Clara was not at dinner. "Maybe she's up in her room crying," thought Ruth, remorsefully. "I wonder where Clara is," she said to Clara's room-mate, who sat across the table.

"Didn't she tell you she was going to spend the evening at Anna Thompson's?"

Now Anna Thompson was the very girl for whose sake Ruth maintained that Clara had deserted her the preceding night. Consequently she was boiling with jealousy and anger in a moment. The next morning she was in a calmer state of mind; she rejoiced that the quarrel between Clara and herself had been no more serious, and prepared the smile that was to win Clara back to her. As she was passing by her friend's door it opened and Clara appeared. Ruth looked straight into her and smiled. The corners of Clara's mouth turned down a little. "Good morning, Miss Fraser," she said coldly. That settled it. The two walked down to breakfast without a word more. It was noteworthy that day that each one hardly said more when she was called upon to recite than she had said to her friend.

Two weeks passed by and everybody at college knew that Ruth Fraser and Clara Antony, "the inseparables," had quarreled. Ruth tried to be very intimate with a girl called Alta Sewell; and Clara and Anna Thompson were together more and more. Ruth tried hard to make herself
and everyone else believe that she didn't care if she had quarreled with Clara; but she did. She avoided her markedly and watched her like an eagle secretly; she felt she hated every girl that Clara took notice of. She would have given anything to throw her arms around Clara's neck and say, "I'm sorry I was so horrid to you." Pride wouldn't let her. Unless Clara showed some signs of wishing to make up, Ruth declared to herself that she'd die first.

One day Ruth was studying in Alta's room. For the first time since the quarrel she was in really good spirits.

"What became of the monkey, monkey-monk — key-monk — key-monk?" she shouted joyously as she searched for the meaning of a Latin verb in her dictionary.

"'Keep thy speech for awhile within the paradise of thy mind,' " Alta quoted, frowning at Pliny.

"Has it come to this?" cried Ruth, rolling her eyes around. "I know not how it may be with others, but as for me, give me liberty of speech or give me—poison."

"Please take the poison."

"Villain, a dagger with thy meet reward," Ruth cried, folding her arms and turning her back on Alta.

"Oh!" For there in the open doorway, facing her, stood Clara Antony with such a strange expression of astonishment and haughtiness on her face that Ruth giggled hysterically. Clara hesitated a moment and then explained to Alta that she came to see if she might borrow an umbrella of her.

"Yes, you may take mine; I lent it to Alice Murdock and it's time she gave it back. She rushed from the room before Clara could say a word.

Then Ruth made up her mind that it should not be her fault if she and Clara did not become friends again.

"Clara," she said in a rather shaky voice, "I beg your pardon for what I said to you. If you'll forgive me this time I'll try my best never to be so horrid to you again."

"I was horrid, too," said Clara as they hugged one another close.

A LETTER.

The following is an extract from a letter written by John Crandall, '07, to Mr. Gray. Mr. Crandall is now studying law in Columbia University, New York City.

"It may interest you to know that I have received a position in St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, where I will sing Sunday afternoons. I will also sing in Trinity Church as usual. I had first place offered me in the annual varsity opera, given at the Waldorf-Astoria, in March, but had to decline because of heavy work. I heard your friend, Renaud, at the Manhattan. Am working like a fiend at my music besides my law. Kindest regards to all."
If you want to be well-informed, take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you points.—Ex.

Not quite so much paper and a little more of contents would improve the "Temple Normal Student."

Student: "I want the 'Life of Julius Caesar.'"

Librarian: "Brutus is ahead of you, sir."

We are so glad to get the "University of Arizona Monthly"; it's one of our best exchanges. Especially notable is the neat little story, "From a Sparrow's Point of View."

The following letter was received from his sister by a New Yorker who was far away from home on a visit:

"I am sending by mail a parcel containing the golf-coat you wanted. As the brass buttons were very heavy I had them cut off to save postage. Your loving sister, I——."

"P. S.—You will find the buttons in the right hand pocket of the coat."—Ex.

Well, well! but really we all are not so economical, even if the men do tease us about bargain sales.

In the "Black and Red" for December is a charming Christmas tale, telling of the yule-tide customs in the United States. It will be found of interest to all who read it, particularly those who are in the habit of making a collection of our country's customs.

This editorial in the "Monimal" deserves our attention. Perhaps it will bring about in the minds of some a good resolution for this new year:

"One of the worst things that a young and growing college has to cope with is cheating. This is an awful word, I know, but sometimes one is almost inclined to think that it has lost its fearfulness, and has become a badge of honor rather than of disgrace. What a narrow, distorted idea such people must have in the aim of education. What greater joy could one have than to put forth honest effort toward obtaining the ideal. The question every student should ask himself is, 'Am I getting all I can out of this study?' or 'Am I true to myself and my college?' and not the question, 'How shall I get this subject without too much effort on my part?' Do not work for the meaningless numbers we call grades; rather work for a thorough mastery of the subject matter, and rest assured the grades will take care of themselves."
Cap and Gown Day was duly celebrated on January 16th. The exercises of the day began at 10:30 in the chapel, which was gaily decorated for the occasion with the pennants of the various classes. After the Seniors had been escorted to their seats in their new regalia, the Juniors presented for the entertainment of the morning a clever farce in three acts, written by three of their number, entitled "A Senior Party." The cast was as follows:

Seniors
Andora Cox ............ Pearla Robbins
Olga Johnson ....... Katherine Robinson
Percy Colbert ............ Richard Doud
Ralph Ayers ............ Walter Briggs
Laurence Phipps ...... Palmer Kennedy

Mary Cox, a Junior ............ Mary Cox
Reta Wilert, a Junior ...... Reta Willert
Miss Douglas ............ Frances Beaven
Miss Brown ............ Jessie La Wall
Dr. Armstrong ......... Kenneth Ghormley
Coach Rueber ........... Thomas Judson

The first act was laid at the home of Andora Cox, and represented the girls' preparations for the party; the second, at the room of Colbert and Phipps in the Lodge, showing the boys getting ready; and the last was the party itself at the Residence.

Those in the play taking the parts of the Seniors and faculty all proved themselves excellent mimics. Miss Beaven's portrayal of Miss Douglas and Miss La Wall's imitation of Miss Brown were specially realistic. The "hits" were numerous and thoroughly appreciated by the audience, particularly the Seniors and faculty in the front rows against whom they were directed.

Between the first and second acts a series of portrayals of the four years of college life were given by various Juniors. Miss Phelps and Mr. Towne were the "green young Freshmen," in the proverbial Freshman costumes. Miss Phelps and Mr. Ghormley, as "bold, bad Sophomores," armed with an umbrella, dark lantern and a paint can, decorated the pavement in the Sophomore colors. Miss Rolleston, in summer gown, and Mr. Kennedy, in a natty tennis costume, were the "lovesick Juniors." The "stately Seniors," with sheepskin and dictionary, were Miss Clark and Mr. Judson.

At the close of the play, the Juniors gave their song. They were followed by the Sophomores and Freshmen with a variety of songs and yells. The Sophs brought down the house by introducing "Ted," the college dog, as a Freshman, in a speech full of raps at their adversaries.

After the songs all the school marched by classes to the Residence. Here brief speeches of good wishes to the Seniors by the presidents of the three lower classes, Mr. Briggs, Mr. Paul and Mr. Heilig, and by Mr. Cizek representing the preparatory department. An informal reception to the Seniors followed, and at noon the Sen-
iors and Juniors lunched together at the College.

The evening of "Cap and Gown" Day was wrapped in mystery for the Seniors. For weeks before there had been Junior meetings and Junior committees, and whenever a Senior approached a bunch of the '09s he was immediately warned to keep away. Finally it leaked out some way or other that it was going to be a dinner, but where was the question.

The eventful evening, each Senior escorted by a Junior, was taken to the Bonneville hotel. There were all the Junior class, with the addition of Dr. and Mrs. Kroeze, Dr. Armstrong, Prof. Rueber and Mr. Metzger. Dinner was served at 8 o'clock sharp. The long table was arranged in the dining room, beautifully decorated with carnations. A banquet of nine courses was served. The place cards were very unique. They were the work of the Junior girls, and were decorated with the pennants of the '08 and '09 classes, done in water colors.

Walter Briggs, president of the Junior class, was toastmaster. He welcomed the Seniors and introduced Kenneth Ghormley, who gave the toast "The Class of '08." He spoke of the responsibilities and achievements of each, and added that they made up in quality what they lacked in quantity. Miss Andora Cox, president of the Senior Class, responded with "Caps and Gowns." After giving a brief history of her class from the time when they as Freshmen first had their "cap scrap," till now, when as Seniors they donned their caps and gowns, she thanked the Junior class for the royal entertainment they had given the Seniors. That would add another pleasant memory when they were far from college.

Dr. Kroeze, in his usual fluent manner, responded to the toast "Recollections of the Seniors," and spoke of what a college course should mean to a young man or woman.

"College Types" was responded to by Miss Katherine Robinson, and she cleverly characterized the different types of students.

And, last, all stood and drank to the Crimson and Black.

It was a fitting close for a most happy and successful day, and one to be long remembered in the annals of Whitworth.

January has been a busy month for most of the students. School reopened after the Christmas holidays, the second of January. Cap and Gown day came first in the interest of the college pupil. Now preparations are being made by the academic department for their annual St. Valentine's party. The Kappa Gamma girls are also planning for the Colonial party.

About twenty members of the Freshman class entertained themselves Friday evening, January 17th, in the dining room of the Residence. A very pleasant evening was reported. Other informal spreads were given in the Residence that same evening.

A party of college people were informally entertained at the home of Mr. Frederick Metzger, January 21th. This proved to be one of the most pleasant events of the month.

Miss Douglas entertained the girls of the third floor in the Residence, and the Erwin Hall girls at a "Teddy Bear" spread. Various amusements had been provided. Teddy-bear place-cards marked the places at a very prettily laid table.
The Senior class in the music department gave a progressive dinner Wednesday evening, the 29th. The class and their guests, a party of twelve, were entertained at the first course by Miss Madge Phelps. The dinner course was served by Miss Ethel Leach. From there the party proceeded to the Residence, where the salad course was served by Miss Robinson. The dessert was served by Miss Anna McDonald, and the after-dinner coffee by Miss Margaret McLean. The various tables were prettily decorated and place-cards were unusually clever.

On the 16th the Sophomore class enjoyed a very pleasant evening at the Residence. A large number of students attended the debate at Auburn. They all reported a very enjoyable evening.

On Saturday evening, January 18th, President and Mrs. Kroeze entertained the Freshman class. In the progressive games prizes were taken by Miss Strange and Mr. Rueber, while Mr. Heath received the consolation prize. After the delicious refreshments the entire crowd joined in a number of familiar songs before the party broke up.

Y. M. C. A.

The State Convention of the Y. M. C. A., held in Seattle, January 24, 25 and 26, was exceptionally successful. The convention was held in the association building in Seattle, which has just been completed. It is a fine building and finely equipped throughout.

Saturday afternoon was devoted for the most part to college work. C. M. Rood led the meeting, which was given over for the most part to discussion.

Whitworth was not represented as she should have been by any means, only a few fellows attending.

On January 8, Dr. Griggs, a returned medical missionary to China, addressed the meeting. His address was practically a lecture on China, its development, the peculiarity of its people and its future. Dr. Griggs is a very pleasant speaker to listen to; he never hesitates but always knows what he is going to say. We appreciate Dr. Griggs' coming out to speak to us and hope we may have the pleasure of listening to him again.

The Mission Study Class is proving to be very popular. There are several members and all are enthusiastic over what they are getting out of it. The leader, Walter Briggs, adds to the interest by having special topics prepared each time by the members and discussion of points.

January 27. C. M. Rood was over and met several of the boys to talk over things of importance in the local association.
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EDITORIAL.

"My! I hope it will get colder, so we will have lots of skating!" This is a common remark among the students, but we prefer a little warmer weather sometimes in the library.

The new gymnasium floor is completed and several basket ball games have been played, but we need more enthusiasm. There is plenty of room for more interclass spirit in basket ball. Let us take advantage of this opportunity to develop athletics. The baseball season is near at hand and we need to be planning for a better athletic campus. If some benevolently inclined person desires to do so, we would not refuse his offer of a thousand or two for this purpose. If everybody talks "campus," we will have one.

Sixteen fellows have responded to the call for the organization of a Glee Club. Push it. It means a lot for the good of our college. Let us not be behind older institutions in this respect. Another interest that needs encouragement and the hearty support of all is the new orchestra. It is very much in need of a cornetist at present and the discovery of one who is talented in that line will be much appreciated.

A great deal of inconvenience has been caused by the present arrangement of the school terms. The two weeks of the winter term before vacation is practically lost to the student. New studies are often taken up at the beginning of the middle term and only a start is made when vaca-
tion breaks in and makes a new start necessary after vacation. It is hoped that the semester plan will be adopted for next year.

Dr. McCleod, of the First Presbyterian Church of the city, gave a very practical and inspiring talk Thursday morning, January 30th, which was Day of Prayer for Colleges. His theme was: "Defining Our Boundary Lines." He strongly emphasized the fact that the student who amounted to anything in the world must have a definite purpose in life and must concentrate all his energies with that end in view. Not only must there be a definite purpose to attain, but there must be some thing which one must purpose not to do, that the boundary between right and wrong may be clearly defined.

Dr. McCleod is a forceful and interesting speaker and it is to be hoped that his visit to us may not merely call to mind an entertaining address, but that the truths which he expressed may become a part of our lives.
ATHLETICS.

The usual monotony of the midwinter season, in athletics, has been broken into this year by a series of inter-class basketball games. The new gymnasium has been so far completed as to be available for this purpose, and under the direction of Coach Rueber a series of inter-class games has been scheduled which, so far, have been very interesting and have awakened a good deal of enthusiasm among the classes concerned.

The first of these games was played on January 11th, between the Freshmen and the third Preps, in the old gymnasium. The game was fast and well played from start to finish. So evenly were the teams matched that when time was called the score stood 14 to 14. It was decided to play off the tie, and after a few minutes of furious playing the third Preps succeeded in making another basket, which gave them the game, final score being 16 to 14.

The next game scheduled was between the first and second Preps, and was played in the old gymnasium on January 15th. The game was interesting and well played, but the second Preps were too much for their younger brethren. The final score was 18 to 11. The second Preps have a good, fast team, and as they have still several games to play, the students may look forward to some interesting times yet.

On January 18th was played the game between the Sophomores and Freshmen. This game aroused a good deal of interest, not only among the classes concerned but throughout the whole school. It will go down in the memory of Whitworth as being the first game played in the new gymnasium. A goodly crowd of students lined the running track, and made the game interesting with class songs and yells. The finishing touches to the floor having been put on but the night before, neither team had had a chance to practice, and the difference between playing in the old gymnasium and the new was manifest throughout all the first half. However, both teams played hard, fast ball, and the game was an interesting one. The Freshman team was a little disorganized, owing to a readjustment of some of the Freshmen, and they played under a disadvantage. The Sophomore team, while it contained several old players, had practiced together but twice, and this evened things up. The Sophs proved the stronger, winning by a score of 24 to 7.

The fourth game played was between the second and third Preps, on January 22nd. Both teams gave a good account of themselves and showed an increase in efficiency. The game went to the third Preps; score 15 to 11.

On the evening of January 25th, the third Prep team went down to play the team from the Holy Rosary Church. A crowd of rooters went with the team and a good time was reported. The Churchmen proved too much for our boys, winning by a score of 30 to 22.

The season of 1907-8 will go down in Whitworth history as a red-letter year. In it the most successful football season was conducted, the new gymnasium put into commission, the Glee Club organized, the cane rush instituted—and the end is not yet.

On January 16 was held the first Sophomore-Freshman cane rush in the history
of Whitworth. Heretofore the two classes have settled the class supremacy by "class scraps" and various other stunts that have dragged along throughout the whole school year, and have been productive of more or less hard feeling. Last year the two classes had two hard scraps which were the cause of broken heads and furniture—and which settled nothing. So this year it was decided to settle the much-mooted question by means of a cane rush, which should be a public affair. At 3:15 the two classes lined up—the Freshmen ten strong, while the Sophs could muster but seven. Coach Rueber tossed the cane into the air, and then for the next ten minutes followed a melee, which for being "intense" and "strenuous" beat a football scrimmage all to pieces. At the end of that time the contestants were dragged apart one by one, and it was found that the Freshmen had eight hands on the cane while the Sophs had but four. And now there may be seen numerous Freshmen wearing "11" on the caps.

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A Romance of Face Powder.

Once there was a Whitworth lady—
'Tis not best to tell her name—
Who was gifted with such beauty
As to put most girls to shame.

But this maiden wished more beauty,
So she took a car for town.
There she bought a pretty parcel,
Brought it home and laid it down.

But the comrade of that beauty,
In a prying state of mind,
Got that pretty little parcel,
Just to see what she could find.

O great heavens! What would happen
If the maid should ere grow prouder?
For the package she had purchased
Was a package of face-powder!

She took it to the dining parlor;
There she showed it to the boys;
While Beauty, standing in a corner,
Shouted, "Oh, you horrid boys!"

And now, my friends, here is a moral.
Listen, ladies, guard you well
Lest you get into such trouble
As did the winsome Whitworth belle.

MORAL:
Do not smear upon your features
That makes you look too well;
For what may be the consequences
'Tis impossible to tell.

But if you must commit such sin,
Hide the box it cometh in.
Hide it, ladies, guard it well,
That your comrades may not tell.
PERSONALS.

Ruth Brown (in English class): "Oh, I wish I had—Mr. Dang—."

Why did Sherrod look scared on January 20th, and who was he trying to dodge?

Prof. Beardsley: "A Drude was a female nightmare with swan's feet."

Madge P.: "Stop laughing, Dave! How dare you!"

Mr. Smith is looking rather lonesome these days.

D—Bisson: "Are you coming down to the basket ball game, Frankie?"
Frankie S.—: "I don't know; I hardly think I will."

Bisson: "Oh, shucks! Then I washed my gym suit all for nothing."

Hear that noise! That is Barrett complaining because he is hungry.

No! She is not coming back, Calvin!
Edith (at the basket ball game): "Oh, girls, look at Earl; he has such nice strong arms!" Wonder how she knew.

Phipps says he doesn't believe in personals. Wonder why!

We are still wondering what Gert and Dick went down to Mr. Mather's for the other morning.

Arlene Biggs: "Why, Mildred, how short you are—your head just comes to my shoulder.

Mildred: "Why, you must be just as tall as Laurence."

Miss Douglas: "Hurry, Mr. Paul; we will never get to Hades at this rate."

Suddenly the silence was broken by the sweet voice of Doe Armstrong, saying, "Laurence, don't hold her hand in class!"

Prof.: "Where's your chum? I thought two of you started out together."
Other Fellow: "We (hic) did; he's a few lamp posts behind."

Tish Clark (in German): "I am like a worm in the dust."

Libby: "These elements all have the same properties."

There was a bad Sophie
Making eyes at a Freshman girlie;
But Freshman said, "For you 23,"
And since then the Sophie we do not see.

Miss Garretson (to second year English class): "Class, you must all write a love story."

Sherrod: "May I go down to the Residence? Maybe I'll get an inspiration."
Miss G.: "No, I am afraid it would take too long."
Enter Lora and Frankie.
Sherrod: "Oh, here comes my inspiration."

Ford, the bravest of them all,
Took the bouquet to Miss Crandall;
He was very brave until the last,
But for going home his nerve had past.
Coach R—: "I've decided to be good; no more bad habits in mine."

Next day postman hands him a letter for Miss Ber-e A., care Coach. (Good results, Coach. Congratulations to you, and may you ever be happy.)

Barton Kaufman (when Physics class were discussing friction): "Prof. Voris, did you ever strike a match—"

Bright Pupil: "Sure, how do you suppose he got his wife?"

Prof. Whitley: "Sidney, if you were as funny as you think you are—"

Sidney: "I'd be all right."

Helma (in Geology): "Is that an ingenious mountain, professor?"

Prof. Voris: "No; it's igneous."

Helma: "Oh! that's what I meant."

Madge: "There are only two things that keep me in that Physics class—one is that I have paid my five dollars and the other—the other is—"

Mr. Ayers: "Dave Guy."

Mildred Smith has a birthday this month, and we understand that she wanted something very much which she didn't get. We also understand that Skirving's nerve failed him at the critical moment. Skirving, we didn't think it of you.

Mr. Bisson: "Miss Smith, may I take you to the banquet?"

Miss Smith: "Yes, if my brother does not care."

Prof. Whitley: "Sidney, why are you always like a dog's tail?"

Miss Garretson: "Sherrod, write a love story."

Sherrod: "Wait till I see Miss Douglas."

Prof. Whitley: "Miss Lackey, what is your laboratory work for tomorrow?"

Frances: "So much I can't think of it!"

Dean Heath (to Mary Cox entering 9:30 class about 20 minutes late): "Good evening, Miss Cox."

Prof. Voris (to Dick Doud in Physics class): "Mr. Doud, what is work?"

Prof. V. (receiving no answer): "Not acquainted with it, are you?"

D. Judson: "May I let this shade down? The sun is shining in my face."

Prof.: "No; the sun is good for green things."

Dr. Kroeze (in Chapel): "All music lovers are invited to attend this recital."

Madge P.: "Say, Tish, can't any other kind of lovers go?"
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It had been such a disappointing week. "Doctor dear" had promised that I might take a breath of real air outdoors the first sunny day. Every morning I had opened my eyes and turned expectantly toward the window, only to be met by a gray wall of fog and the sight of dripping eaves.

At first I tried to be gay, but at last the gloom of the outside seemed to penetrate into my room and even to me. Then the old pain came back, held me captive, and left me weak and miserable.

It was Friday night. Father had tried to cheer me up and even tried to bribe me by offering to carry me down stairs. But I was in a reticent mood and preferred my own gloomy company. I lay there musing.

There was an old saying that changes take place on Friday, but there had been no change for me. If only I had lived in the days of fairy godmothers—if mine would appear, I knew exactly the one wish I would ask—that she would touch my back and make me straight and well again.

Oh, how good it would feel to run about again, to wait upon myself, how kind I would be to everyone, and how helpful.

While I mused, half from weakness and half from foolish self-pity, the tears trickled down my cheeks. I was so far away in my world of fancy that I did not hear him until he called me twice, and stood before me.

"Oh, Hugh!" I cried.

"Well, well; how's the little girl? Not been having the blues—no, no!"

How ashamed I was then of my foolish tears.

He picked me up in his great strong arms and carried me off to the library; he drew the couch before the fire, piled the cushions high and made me as comfortable as any nurse could have done. Yes, and better, for there came with him a breath of the salt, salt breeze, and the charm and strength of the tossing waves. And while I watched him moving about with such strength and ease I forgot all my pain and restlessness.

Hugh lit his pipe and began puffing away. He was the only man privileged to smoke in our house. Then he smiled and I smiled. We were preparing for the farce which we always went through.

Suddenly he took his pipe out of his mouth and began frantically searching his pockets. He turned a rueful face.

"I saw, now, I'm awfully sorry, but I must have forgotten that package—well, I am sorry, but I'll bring it up tomorrow. It is nothing anyway."

That was his part; next came mine.

"Oh, dear! but let me see. Perhaps I can find it."

He came and leaned over my pillows and I searched through first one pocket and then the next, and finally found it.
It was a very small package, but when it was unwrapped and shaken out it was a most beautiful, dainty, gossamer silk shawl. It was the color of amber and all around for a border was a most intricate drawn-work design.

Of course I went into raptures over it, and spread it out, and folded it up, and felt of it, and smelled it and fondled it tenderly. It was so beautiful. And then I lay back, content with just looking at it.

"Well, little girl," said Hugh, when he thought I had examined it sufficiently, "do you want to know how I got it?"

Of course I wanted to know. Everything he had ever brought me had had some adventure or romance connected with it. He knew how I prized them, for I could only travel others' travels, and see the world through others' eyes.

He leaned back, and puffed meditatively for a few minutes; then began:

"Well, you know, we were down on the West Coast coaling. It was a wretched hole, miserable dagos and niggers, hardly a white man in the whole country. I kept the second mate's watch for him every night, and let him go ashore along with the third. The whole place looked so uninteresting I didn't care for the trouble of going ashore.

"But about the fourth day I thought I would take a look about, to see if I could find something pretty to bring home to you. The main street was narrow and dirty. The goods in all the shops appeared gaudy and cheap. I was rather disgusted, and very hot. It must have been four in the afternoon. So when I saw a turn into a side street which looked shady and cool, I shifted my course and bore down that way. The first thing I noticed was a little tobacco shop, and I stepped inside in hopes of getting something cool to drink.

"I was confronted by a fine looking individual, who saluted a salutation. This was rather surprising, for these people are generally most civil to the "American." I pointed to his fruit and a bowl and tossed a coin on the counter. While he began preparing one of the native drinks, I looked around a bit. There was a subdued murmur coming from the rear of the building, and I knew then that I had stumbled into a native gambling house.

"Suddenly I heard a sharp cry, a door opened and in ran a pretty senorita of about your own age, Clarice. Right behind her, and holding her tight by her wrist was a young caballero. Both stopped short when they saw me. The man stayed where he was in stormy silence, but the girl came forward and busied herself behind the counter. She drew forth first one article and then another, saying 'Buy, senor? Buy?'

"Once, as she stooped over, something fell from her bodice. She picked it up, and I saw it was a shawl. At once I said, 'Esta, esta,' but she shook her head. Then I pulled out a handful of coins, but she still shook her head and said, 'Non, senor, non.' At last I drew out a gold piece. She faltered then, came closer, and showed me one little corner of the shawl that was yet unfinished. I tried to make her understand that I would take it anyway. She tried to tell me that she would finish it and I should come for it that night. At last, after she had repeated 'Nocta' a dozen times or more, I told her 'Do sabe,' gave her a quarter for good faith and went back to the ship.

"That night the second mate stopped aboard and I set off up town. It all seemed quite different by night; the moonlight softened everything, and blotted out the homely realities of day. I found the right street and saw the light of the tobacco shop. The senorita was alone. She sat near a little lamp stitching. She nodded
and smiled and motioned me to remain. I noticed that the noise in the rear had increased and now and then there were angry cries. But the senorita seemed calm enough and went on weaving her dainty patterns. In a few minutes she finished and spread your shawl before me, Clarice. She folded it up and I took out my golden eagle and flung it with a ring on the counter. I was looking at her, she was looking beyond me. Suddenly I saw her eyes widen with horror. She gave a sudden sharp cry; I sprang back; there was a pistol report, and the light went out. There was a moment of dead silence. Then a wild uproar and a sound of men bursting into the room. I would have run for the door, but a hand pulled me down, and led me crouching along the wall. I was dazed and weaponless. But by some instinct I seemed to know it was the senorita, who was leading me, and I followed. Now the room was full of fighting men, and once or twice a man fell over me, but still I crouched and crept by the wall. Then something gave way and I was pushed through a small opening and landed heavily on a pair of rough stone steps. It was all quite dark, but far above I could see the stars. I groped my way along and soon came to a narrow alley. Here I stopped, feeling the breeze to get my directions. I set off again and was just turning into a wider street which I recognized, when I heard some one running. I crept close to a wall in the shadow. As the footsteps approached, I heard some one calling softly, 'Senor, senor.' I recognized the voice and stepped out.

'It was the senorita. She was smiling as ever. She held a package in her hand and gave it to me. 'Adios!' she said, 'gratios, adios, senor.' And she was off and away before I could utter a word.'

Hugh was not a man of many words, and that had been a long stretch of talking. He stopped and relit his pipe.

'Oh!' I said, 'what became of the girl, and did she live in that dreadful place?'

He smiled thoughtfully. 'Well, we steamed away at daybreak. The ferocious looking man was most probably her father, and no doubt by this time she and the caballero are married and living happily ever afterward.'

'But, oh!' I cried, 'you might have been killed.'

'A man who was born to be drowned will never be shot, you know. And then, you have the shawl and she has the money, and I—well, I have you, little sister, to tell all my adventures to, and it's worth it.'

A. C. '08.
"Everything's all right, Polly; just keep on bein' happy." The old man raised his head and nodded wisely to the girl who stood near him leaning against an upturned dory. She was tall and lithe and sunny-haired, a vigorous young creature with the blood of kings in her veins, and a sunny sweetness about her that had come from her simple Western life.

"I know, Uncle Tobe. Shall I take that little net in?" She gathered up the net and went into the house singing an old Siwash song—

"Alka nika, klatawah nannish,
Alka nika, klatawah nannish,
Siya copa, closh illahee."

Uncle Tobe turned and looked after her as she disappeared behind the dwarf cedars that stood about their home.

"She's a fine girl," he mused, "but her mother and all her kin back East was college eddicated, and I guess she's hankerin' for it, too. Well, maybe the good Lord'll provide a way. She's jes' like a young gull that's away from all the rest of its kind, but when it's big enough it wants to fly and fly quick, because that's what it was born fur. Oh, well, there's nothin' like keepin' happy, anyway." And he relit his pipe and whistled away merrily as he mended his nets.

Meanwhile Polly was moving quickly about the cabin preparing for their evening meal. The cabin had only two rooms and a little porch-kitchen, but the living room! how odd it seemed for this part of the world. There was the great fireplace her father had built with his own hands, and before it lay an elegant rug that had come from "back East." The walls were covered with fine pictures and a big rough bookcase stood against the wall filled with the best books of all literature. Above the bookcase hung a delicate miniature, and as Polly stood beside it the fair young face of her mother seemed to smile at her.

"Hey, there, Polly; ain't my supper ready? I'm almost famished. My land! this fire feels good. I'll tell ye what, Polly," the old man settled himself in the corner where he could look out at the long line of breakers, "they ain't a finer place in the world than this. That's right, put some jam on the table. Well, as' I was sayin', the folks back East, my land! thousands of 'em never seen a mile o' water, let alone the real thing like this here Pacific Ocean. Why, honey, look at them breakers; they're foamin' more'n usual tonight, and see them gulls, the sunset's turnin' their wings pink. We've got plenty o' reasons to keep on bein' happy; ain't we, Polly? Well, come along, let's have somethin' to eat. Like your father used to say, 'Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow the gods may keep the fish away from the nets.' That's Scripture, so it's all right."

Polly laughed. "I don't think it's all Scripture, Uncle Tobe. But here's your tea and jam."

When they had finished their simple meal, Polly stole out of doors to watch the sunset. Oh, it was glorious. When the sun sank it turned the whole sea a blood red shot with purple and gold. The sky was aflame with glory, and the breakers heaved and broke into a million jewels. Polly watched it silently. This was her life, the only life she had ever known, but
some day, oh! some day, she was going to leave it all to learn—learn—but how could she leave it—her beautiful ocean? A great gull wheeled sharply past her and turning she saw the old man standing with bared head in the rosy light.

"The heavens declare the glory of God," he said softly. "Come in, Polly; it's gettin' cold."

An hour later Polly sat at the rough table reading. Uncle Tobe had gone to a neighbor fisherman's who lived a couple of miles away, and Polly was alone. The firelight flickered and flamed and the girl sat quietly reading and thinking. She was not rebellious, but oh! how she longed to go "back East" and study at the same college that had been the Alma Mater of her mother. And then, she had heard to-day that there were some college girls just come to the little resort three miles down the beach. That made it harder. But then—oh, well—she pushed back the fair hair and resumed her reading. The minutes slipped by, and then an hour, and then another hour.

Suddenly, above the roar of the breakers, she heard a faint call. The girl rose to her feet, and listened. Again it came, very faintly, but she knew it was a cry for help. In an instant she had caught up her cloak and hurried out into the darkness. She ran to the banks of the little river which here flowed into the ocean, and called. There was a moment's silence, and then a woman's voice sang out: "We're on a sand-bar and can't get off. Come and help us."

Polly's heart turned sick within her. She knew that the mouth of the stream was filled with heavy floating piles and that within a very few minutes the tide would turn and come roaring up the stream with a force no frail boat could resist.

"Wait!" she shouted, and dashed back to the cabin for a lantern and speaking horn.

"Now, you must get off the sand-bar. There! try it again. You'll be drowned if you don't, for the tide will turn soon. There! Now watch my lantern. This way, this way, follow the light. Pull with all your strength."

She spoke as calmly as if she were showing a path to a little child, but she felt as if she must die from terror as she saw that the current was carrying them down.

"Row!" she shouted. "This way! There's another bar there—feel for the piles. Oh, quick, quick, pull, pull, pull!"

She knew that they were nearing the shore, but oh! the tide was beginning to turn! She flung herself into the water as the woman in the boat dropped her oars, and catching the bow of the little boat pulled it to the bank.

"Now, jump!" she called to the fainting woman. "I'll take the little girl."

There was a great roar from the breakers, and then the tide came in, bearing all before it, and as the three stood safe on the bank it caught the little rowboat and dashed it against the piles that whirled and ground it like a paper toy.

Polly carried the child in silence to the cabin and helped to revive the woman.

"You must come to the fire," she said gently, "the rowing must have been very hard for you, but some tea will refresh you and I'll bind up your blistered hands. Will you come to the fire?"

But the woman stood staring at the miniature on the wall. The face she turned to Polly was pale and eager.

"My child," she said, "is this your mother's picture? Oh, I know, you are so very like her. But she would never let us know—she was so proud—and we could not find you anywhere. Child, she was my sister, my baby sister, my poor little Polly," and she caught the picture to her heart and kissed it sobbing.
When Uncle Tobe came home late that night and everything had been explained to him, he laid his kind old hand on Polly's shoulder.

"Well, honey," he said, "so your auntie is goin' to take you back to college, and then you'll come out West again for your old uncle. Well, well; don't forget to come back, honey."

Polly threw her arms about him. "Forget to come back!" she cried. "Why, Uncle Tobe, this is where life is, and when I've learned something to help me to live, then I'll come back where folks do live, and it won't be very long, Uncle Tobe."

"No, it won't be very long," the old man was smiling again, "and I tell ye what, honey, we've got plenty o' reasons to jes' keep on being happy, ain't we?"

M. C. '09.

The Crimson and the Black.

You can talk about your Cambridge
And your Princeton and Cornell,
You may preach about old Oxford
And Johns Hopkins just as well
But, my friend, I'm here to tell you
That these schools must all go back
And get down in supplication
To the Crimson and the Black.

Chorus.

Drink her down for good old Whitworth;
For the school you can't keep back;
Fill it up to overflowing
For the Crimson and the Black.

Here is where you find the athletes;
Here is where the brain will grow;
Here is where the soul develops
And all 'round we're not so slow.
Teachers with the best of training
We may truly boast of here,
And they work for all that's in them
To advance their pupils dear.

Chorus—
In Passing.

"What have you learned?" said a bright young prep
To a Junior marching with stately step.
"What have I learned? Well, if you'll wait,
I'll try to tell you my knowledge to date.
I know that Algebra from surds to the end,
And Trig, so many hard hours I did spend
Figuring out the problems there,
And then at last to give up in despair.

"Surveying is nice when you get almost through,
And Analytics will not trouble you,
If you have a good teach like our Prof. Fox
To make you study and forget the small pox.
And Latin, through Cicero, Caesar and all,
I've had my turn with prospects small
Of ever passing the next exam,
But I did bluff through as meek as a lamb.

"I've learned to turn and run away
When H 2 S is seen astray,
And also that acid is hard to handle
If heated a little above a candle.
Physics has taught me other truths;
To tell you of them would give you the blues.
But, speaking of blues, just think of Greek
On this dear subject I love to speak.

"Those dear declensions of consonant stems
And verbs, true every one are gems.
The constructions are easy." Well, I guess not;
And forms, you know those right on the spot.

But it certainly trains your mind, they say,
To learn that Greek over day by day.
I've found that some learn to ride quite well,
But about that training I ought not to tell.

"Well, Greek is bad but English is worse,
And I would have been happy if along in the hearse,
In with their bodies their books would have gone,
For then, on my soul, some peace might dawn.

I know the poets all by heart,
Keats and Shelly, Browning and Smart;
Mr. Swift I guess was his name,
That fellow whose bacon brought him fame.

"Oh, yes; I know them every one—
You can't stump me, not even in fun.
Bible study has had its place,
And in my brain its course you can trace.
But Logic and Ethics I tell you are fine;
They make the fellows toe the line.
If O is E, then X is Y—
Greek to you, a truth to my eye.

"They are all hard, but the joy in class
Makes up for the hours of study you pass;
The joy of getting a double A
Marked down on the book and there to stay.
And so while you're young and eager for fun,
Just take my advice, and society shun;
But study and dig, and diligent be
And sometime you may be as wise as me."

K. G. '09.
That Tenor Voice.

Mary Bradford started a little as a tap on her window broke the dead silence of the room; then went on working with the simple remark:

"Here comes that red-headed nuisance again."

But the nuisance, not at all taken back, deliberately climbed in, curled up on the couch and issued her commands right royally.

"Put up your work, Mary Bradford; lock the door, and make me some candy. The idea! After I risked my life crawling along that ledge, just to give you the pleasure of my company, you disdain me for an old Ethics text. After three years at college," she went on oratorically, "you should have learned that there can no good result from indulging in the system of 'cramming'; indeed, much evil."

Resuming her usual tone:

"I put on my door 'Please don't disturb; I have an Ethics quizz tomorrow.' So come on, make some candy, and then we'll have a nice comfy talk. Who cares if we flunk!"

Mary, with a lingering look at the beloved Ethics, filled the burner and began her fudge.

"Even if you never fall off, you will be caught, coming along that ledge," she warned. "But who can withstand you, Lois Carr? You should have been born a queen. Guess what Ned Morris said the other day! I called you a lily and he said, 'Yes, a tall, slim tiger lily.'"

Lois made a little face. "I always did despise my red wig, but I don't like to have other people make such remarks about it. Ned should save his compliments for you, anyway. I'd make him explain what he meant; but not until after the track meet. He might not be able to run so well. Everyone says we have such good chances to win this year, and, oh, if we could only take the U down some! A fellow over there persists in asking me why I go to a kindergarten. Wouldn't it be such a good joke for the kindergarten to beat them?"

"Ned says there is only one fellow they are much afraid of and that is a runner; Phil Barton I think his name is. In practice he has broken the Pacific Coast record in the mile run."

"Ned always did well in the mile, himself. I'd forgive him any and every remark if he'd win. Um, um, this fudge is good! You use so many nuts. Listen! I thought I heard singing."

"It must be the Phi Delta boys," Mary answered, turning out the light as Lois sprang to the window.

"Yes, I can hear Ned Morris and Earl Rivers and—why, there's a new tenor singing."

"How can you tell, Lois?"

"It's a peculiar accomplishment of mine to remember a voice. How exquisitely he sings! I could fall in love with that voice," she said dreamily.

The witchery of the moonlit night and the weird, mellow cadences of the plantation melodies held the girls under a spell broken at last by the clear ringing words of—

"The Prof. he leads a jolly life."

As Lois made ready to return to her room by the usual dare-devil route, she sighed very softly: "I shall always remember that voice."

Mary, never so romantic, said with an incredulous look: "You surely don't be-
lieve that a girl could really fall in love with a voice?

"Oh, no. I guess the moon has enchanted me. Sweet dreams."

It was the afternoon of the track meet. College feeling ran high that day. Each grandstand loyally thundered forth cheer after cheer at the bidding of their madly gesticulating yell leader.

"Now, Morris, remember this meet depends on you," the coach said, pushing Ned to the starting line. The score is tied. You win this mile—win, I say; keep cool."

The pistol snapped amid a dead silence, and but for one prolonged cheer when Ned Morris took the lead, this silence was maintained as lap after lap was steadily counted off. The feeling was too tense for expression.

Lois was sitting beside Mary with the one thought in her mind, "Win, win!" All the spirit aroused in her three years at college was dominating her now. The pace was so steady that Ned could not tire out, she thought. Surely he was saving enough strength for a final spurt.

The last curve was being rounded. Was Ned loosing nerve and falling back? No, the University runner was forging ahead. Clenching her hands, Lois exclaimed passionately: "I'll hate him if he beats us."

By inches, it seemed, the distance between the runners lessened. Now they were shoulder to shoulder, heads thrown back, every ounce of strength forcing them forward at a tremendous pace.

Both colleges were yelling again, sharp, incisive, encouraging yells. Now there were but a few more yards. The crowd around her rose and with one impulse surged toward the track, hiding the moving figures from her view. As she struggled to see, long, rolling cheers of victory broke from the University grandstand. Phil Barton had fallen over the line only one foot ahead of Morris. Again Lois exclaimed with almost a sob:

"I hate him!" and Mary echoed her.

"Girls, girls; do you suppose we can put our sore feelings under our couches the way the boys do with their trash, and entertain a crowd of University fellows? Ned Morris just telephoned asking if he might bring them over, and I told him to bring them along."

A sudden silence fell on the group of girls when Mary made this startling announcement. Then a fluffly-haired little doll jumped up and exclaimed excitedly:

"Indeed we can. We'll show them we're good losers, at least. Come on, let's change our dresses."

"I intend to make that paragon of theirs sorry he won the mile race," Lois vowed as she calmly led the way upstairs.

"It's jolly of you girls, Mary, to give us such a good time," Ned Morris said several hours later as he made his adieus. "I think the University crowd is a little less chesty about the victory, too. Lois has been giving Phil Barton the time of his life."

"Yes, Lois has sworn vengeance on him for winning the mile. She is loyal to you even if you did call her a tiger lily."

"He was the better man. Give him the credit for it, because it almost did him up. He was dead to the world for several minutes there."

"He's evidently very much alive now. Really it is taking him longer to say goodbye than it is you."

"Hurry up, you fellows," came a chorus from the darkness, and whatever else there was to say was finished quickly.

"Lois, Lois, I'm ashamed of you," Mary exclaimed as they skipped upstairs.

"You know, try as hard as I might, I couldn't faze him. He had an answer ready every time, so we quarreled all evening," Lois protested.
"Quarreled! Flirted outrageously, I should say," Mary retorted with a mischievous gleam in her eye. "I don’t believe you feel so bad about our losing—There, the boys are serenading us; isn’t it just heavenly?"

"Be still," Lois commanded.

Song followed song. Southern plantation melodies, College songs handed down from time immemorial, and the ever-present rag-time, all carried unalteringly by a clear, melodious tenor. Then in a little silence the words were wafted up through the still air:

"Give ’em the Phi Delta song, Phil."

"Evidently running races isn’t the only thing Phil Barton can do. Haven’t we heard that voice somewhere before, Lois?" Mary asked, turning away from the window as the last note died away. But Lois was not there; she had slipped to her room.

It was the same tenor voice, the tenor voice that one could almost fall in love with. But, after all, no matter about the voice—she had vowed vengeance on its owner.

We have an old saying that "time heals many wounds." At any rate, when a month had passed by, it didn’t seem to Lois quite such a heinous crime for Phil Barton to have won that race. Be this as it may, the University was only a hundred miles away, and surely his being a Phi Delta man was sufficient excuse for coming that distance each week-end.

"Girls, do you realize that Lois sat out six dances with Phil Barton last night?" Mary announced the morning after the Junior Promenade. "I kept count, and furthermore, right up there on her shoulder," flourishing her fork, for they were at breakfast, "do you notice a pin, a Phi Delta pin?"

"Why," began someone slowly, "the boys aren’t supposed to give their pins to any girl but the one they are engaged to and—"

"That’s the very amazing part," Mary answered, laughing. "See, how pretty Lois is when she blushes."

F. L. ’10.

How to Kill a College Paper.

1. Do not subscribe, borrow a classmate’s paper—just be a sponge.

2. Look up the advertisers and trade with the other fellow—be a chump.

3. Never hand in news items and be sure to criticise everything in the paper—be a coxcomb.

4. Tell your neighbor that you can get more news for less money—be a squeeze.

5. If you can’t hustle and make the paper a success — be a corpse. Get the idea—Ex.
Washington and Lincoln.

The shot fired at Lexington and Concord travelled with a rapidity that is equalled by nothing save the impetus of patriotism. Let us carry our imagination back to the days when history was in the making, when thirteen colonies, destined later on to be a great nation, were still hovering before the precipice called uncertainty. The story of those times is a familiar one. The tyranny and obstinacy of George III. had imposed on a free people the shackles of an unjust taxation. This tax was but the climax of a series of flagrant violations of all rights of humanity as wasinstance in the closing of the port of Boston, the annulment of the Massachusetts charter, in the unjust provision for persons accused of murder which compelled a trial in distant England. The crimes of injustice might be greatly increased; but let us pass over these and mention the acme of injustice, taxation without representation.

It was not one act of England's that drove the colonies to revolt, but a series of aggravations. The spirit of man is such that he may be tormented, fretted and worried until his spirit can be likened to an incoming wave which, at first hardly perceptible, as it nears the shore, it rises by degrees in geometrical progression while the wave unable to contain itself, breaks out here and there, like some turbulent spirit, until the oncoming force is one line of raging and frothing surf and is mightiest when it churns angrily as it dashes itself against the shore. Yet the impotency of a wave's attack spoils the analogy because the wave of popular indignation not only rose with increasing momentum, but it dashed itself with a vengeance upon a king who, like Xerxes of old, had dared to command the forces of Neptune to be chained.

During this time of confusion, the great need of that day is the great need of today, and from the valley, village, cities, hills and mountains could be heard in a voice at once imperious and full of anguish, "WANTED, A MAN." The cry reverberated from valley to mountain, from mountain to mountain-top until it was heard at a farm in Virginia where all the pent up feeling burst forth with thunderous propensity, "WANTED, A MAN;" a man who could dare to do and die; a man who dared to do the right because it is right; a man, ingrained in whose character was that rare quality of principle. In short A MAN was wanted.

Then it was that, through a providence that seems divine, A MAN stepped forth, one George Washington.

The struggle that followed his answer is history. Through it all, there shone a man of the first magnitude, of sterling worth, great wisdom, absolute integrity, if unimpeachable character. The story of Washington is the story of the colonies. To accurately appreciate a man of his pecuiliar genius, a man to whom the United States owes its existence, is as impossible as is my other task, that of designating the relative importance of the man, Abraham Lincoln. Yet the words of Pres. Jefferson concerning our great George Washington may be applied with propriety to both men: "His mind was great and powerful without being of the
first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon or Locke, and as far as he saw no judgment was ever sounder. But it was as a leader of men that he stood pre-eminent."

To ask me to compare the men and tell their relative importance is an absurdity; for without a Washington, Lincoln would have had no United States to save, and without a Lincoln, there would have been no UNITED States to honor the name and fame of a George Washington. Nevertheless, each man seemed to have been specially prepared for his time by a divine providence, and the voice that summoned Abraham Lincoln to the front was just as universal, just as imperious and just as full of anguish as was the call that commanded Washington. The cry of that day, the cry of all days is "HELP WANTED —MEN!!!" The highest office in the land was begging and begging for A MAN. And how truly did a man answer the call!

Yet Lincoln was not such a man as appeared—that is before he took office—big and especially adapted for his peculiar time. He was, however, such a man as grows and rises superior to every obstacle. He was such a man that awed and inspired one as he guided the Ship of State past the shoals of treachery. He was a man with heart large enough that he recognized no north nor south, and who could say "with malice toward none; and charity for all;" a man whose purpose was such that he could say in his famous speech at Gettysburg, "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation under God shall have a new birth in freedom—and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." He was such a man, the mere mention of whose name, starts thoughts of everything that is good and ennobling, and therefore a fitting conclusion for the thoughts that I have tried to convey.

Washington and Lincoln, two silent men who stand pre-eminent as men who have answered the call "MEN WANTED" and whose relative importance must be defined, not in so many words, but defined in our imaginations, which can take flight and soar to heights truly sublime, beyond the range of things purely human.

W. L. P. '10
The Fruit of the Dimity.

"Well, Bob Davis, if this isn't luck! How in the world did you get away in the middle of a semester? And how long can you stay, cousin mine? Ned will be just ticked to death. Didn't you see him on the street?"

Robert Davis clapped his hands to his ears and gasped, "Hold, hold; one at a time or I swear I'll go back to Harvard, mumps and all. Yes, that's the why and how of it. A fellow in the next room developed a beautiful case of mumps and I beat a retreat. Do you think you can put up with me for a few days until they get the old camp fumigated, sterilized and U. S. inspected?"

"Well, I should say we can! Oh, Bob, I'm so glad you came. Nina Davenport is coming this noon. You know about Nina—the girl I roomed with last year. And I'm going to give a party for her tomorrow night. Oh, I'm so glad you will meet her. I've said heaps of nice things about you, and now you must live up to the reputation I've given you. Nina is perfectly dandy. If you don't fall in love with her before this visit is over, I miss my guess. Oh, good, here comes Ned with the mail."

Nell Bartlett was his sister Nell's counterpart in features and manner. He greeted his cousin enthusiastically, but was cut short in his antics by an exclamation of dismay from Nell.

"Mrs. Davenport is sick, and Nina can't possibly leave. Oh, of all the awful luck! And here every man and maid under forty years of age in the village is invited to meet her tonight. And there's no telling when you'll have another chance to meet her. Oh, goodness me!" And poor Nell subsided in a miserable heap among the sofa cushions.

With masculine dread of feminine tears the boys stamped up to Ned's room, and were seen no time until luncheon time. When Nell's rather woeful face appeared, she was greeted with:

"Cheer up, girlie; we've got a dandy scheme. I'm going to play the role of Miss Nina Davenport tomorrow night. Hush, now, till I get through, my lady. There isn't a soul here who knows me, or who will probably ever see either Miss Davenport or myself again. And I make a peach of a girl. I didn't play leading lady in "Charley's Aunt" just for nothing. Come on, now; let me try it, please."

Nell had never been known to refuse to join any prank into which her brother or cousin led her, and so when Mrs. Bartlett returned from her shopping trip, she found three excited young people ransacking Nell's wardrobe. Bob could scarcely stop long enough to greet his aunt and offer explanations. Mrs. Bartlett looked rather dubious at first, but after Nell had portrayed the plan in glowing colors it needed only Bob's "Come on, Auntie, be a sport!" to make her eyes dance too, and then there were four jolly young people hunting out evening dresses. A pink dimity which could be easily altered was finally decided upon, and the next morning Mrs. Bartlett and Nell went to work at it. Bob stood the trying on siege in a manful, or rather a womanly, spirit.

All afternoon he trailed around the house in skirts, "getting the hang of
him” he said, while Nell drilled him in his most noticeably deficient feminine graces. The process of dressing began early and at the end of a strenuous hour Nell led him, a thing of beauty, out to her mother.

“After I’ve found some compensation for not having a football physique. By jinks, I look stunning; now don’t I, ladies? Just you wait, Nell, and watch me flirt with your village swains.”

From the topmost dainty ringlet in his coiffure to the hem of his fluffy pink ruffles, he was gotten up in faultless style. True, his hands were suspiciously large, and number seven is not a popular size of shoe among society belles, but such trifles could be overlooked in the light of the general effect.

Just as Nell was finishing her hasty dressing, Ned knocked peremptorily at the door and gave her a yellow envelope.

“Just read that. If we aren’t in the dickens of a mess now it’s funny.” And Nell read the brief message.

“Mother better; will reach you at 7:25. Nina.” Oh, Ned, what on earth shall we do?”

“I’m going to the depot; it’s 7:10 now.” And away he rushed.

Nell slipped downstairs when she heard the side gate elick, and led Nina up to her own room, where she told the whole story.

“Now, please tell me what to do. I want you two to know each other, and yet I want him to play his part tonight.”

“I’ll tell you what, Nell. Let him be Nina Davenport tonight, and I’ll be Miss Davis. If he leaves in the morning he’ll just think I’m one of the village girls. We’ll have the fun of it and no one will be the wiser.”

So it was decided, and Mrs. Bartlett and Ned were informed of the state of affairs. Miss Davenport and Miss Davis were duly introduced, and Nell arranged it so that Bob did not notice that Miss Davis had to be introduced to all the guests. The party was a jolly one. Miss Davenport conducted herself in a delightfully prim and proper manner—thereby occasionally convulsing Nell and Ned Bartlett. Once Nell saw her brother rush for the hall with a curiously tense expression on his face. Excusing herself for a moment she followed and found him trying to stuff her Harvard pillow into his mouth while executing a wild edition of the Highland Fling.

“Oh, great governor, Sis, Bob’s in there learning a new stitch from Sue Brown. He says he ‘just loves embroidery,’ ” imitating Bob’s artificial feminine voice. “Oh, ye gods and little fishes, just wait till the Harvard fellows get onto that.”

Nell was afraid that Bob might not be able to stand the strain long, so she served refreshments early, and proposed a few rollicking games that he might relax a little. His look of gratitude when she announced ‘blind man’s buff’ well repaid her for her thoughtfulness. He became so excited that he almost forgot his disguise, and Nell trembled for the fate of the dimity, but nothing serious occurred. The departing guests announced themselves as “so delighted to have met Miss Davis and Miss Davenport, charming girls, both of them.”

In the spring Nell wrote Bob that they were coming up for the June events at Harvard. “And at last you can meet Miss Davenport.”

They were strolling leisurely down an elm-shaded path near Harvard’s classic walls. Neither were very talkative, for Bob was perplexed, and Nina waiting for him to play the first card. Finally he spoke:

“Miss Davenport, I am very much puzzled by your remarkable likeness to a Miss Davis, whom I met at my cousin’s last winter. The resemblance is extraordinary.”
“Indeed! And you resemble very much Miss Davenport whom I met last winter at my chum’s.”
The light of dawning intelligence broke over Bob’s bewildered face.
“Well, I’ll be everlasting—Say, here comes Ned and some one else. Let’s dodge, and take the long path back; will you?”
A pair of smiling gray eyes met his glowing blue ones, and they turned into the long path.

M. S. ’11.

Kappa Gamma Society.

During the past month our meetings have been more or less irregular on account of the preparation for our annual Colonial Party, which was set for the evening of Feb. 21st, but which has been postponed until the sixth of March.

The Colonial Party is the strictly college event of the year, and much interest is always centered in its preparation.

Even though George Washington was not born on the sixth of March, we claim the right to do honor to his name on that evening, and it is hoped that “all ye lads and lassies fair” will come arrayed in colonial attire and share in the festivities.

The following is the latest program of the Kappa Gammas. The subject was “College Life for Girls,” and a unique feature was the roll call—each girl responding to her name by giving a college yell.

Advantages of the College Girl

.......................... Winnigene Jones
Co-Ed vs. Seminary Girls . Pearl Robbins
Mandolin Selection ................ Ruth Hutchinson
Athletics ........................ Helen Wright
College Girls in Other Lands

.......................... Olga Johnson
Current Events ......................

Edith C. Ware, Gertrude Rolleston,
Vadie Rowley.

Critic’s Report .................... Reta Willert

The Kappa Gamma society promises a surprise for their next open meeting, which will be posted for some time in April.
Prof. Bragdon and the Chaperon.

Muriel and Julia Winston had just arrived at Rockford to spend commencement week with their brother, Robert. Although students were not allowed to entertain in the dormitory unless properly chaperoned, young Winston took his sisters to his room and with the assistance of Dick Worthington started to make tea.

Both boys thought it would be advisable to lock the door, as Professor Bragdon was always coming around at the wrong times. But before Dick locked the door he looked down the hall and there at the other end was the much-dreaded teacher. He was stopping at every door, so the boys knew it would be several minutes before he reached them.

Realizing that something would have to be done immediately, Dick exclaimed: "I know what we'll do! Mrs. Percy Van Cortlandt is in Jack's room, she's his aunt, you know, and I'll go this way, borrow her, and get back before old Grumpy arrives."

He had been gone only a short time when there was a loud knock at the door and Professor Bragdon shouted: "I say there, Winston, open that door!"

But the perfect silence inside was not broken until the borrowed chaperon and Worthington had safely entered through the door connecting his apartment with Jack's. Introductions were very short this time and the boys unlocked the door. Instead of asking the professor what he wanted, the boys stepped out into the hall and closed the door after them. Then they had a very lively discussion, at the end of which the professor "cooled down" and accepted the young men's invitation to take tea with them.

Meanwhile the girls had been telling Mrs. Van Cortlandt all about themselves, and finally the discussion turned to the manner of dressing one's hair.

"How do you get your hair pomped so perfectly? How many rats do you wear? I have two in my hair now but I never can get it to look smooth," said Muriel, all in one breath.

"Rats? Rats? Why my dear child, I—"

But just then the rest of the party entered. The spread was not as great a success as it should have been. The conversation seemed strained and the chaperon talked very little. However, the professor did not remain very long and all heaved a sigh of relief when he departed.

Both Bob and Dick fairly howled when they heard him going down the stairs, and rushing up to Mrs. Van Cortlandt, they took hold of her hat, which, accompanied by the "perfectly pomped" head of hair, came off and there stood—Jack Hutchinson, an old academy friend of both the Winston girls.

E. H. '11.
The Whitworthian

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EDITIORIAL.

Different sections of this issue have been allotted to the college classes for which they are responsible. This will account for the difference in the arrangement of the articles. It is gratifying to see the spirit with which each of the classes has taken its share of the work.

We are indebted to Miss Edith Denman for the new society cut appearing in this issue. It is the desire of the staff to have some suitable cartoons, if some student skilled in the art of drawing will volunteer his services.

The coming of the beautiful spring days suggests to our minds some student interests which might be developed in our school.

The organization of a lawn tennis club is very desirable. If this branch of athletics were developed in Whitworth, it would give us another opportunity to compete with other colleges of the Northwest in the May tournament. It would be well if the girls would take a greater interest in athletics. Lawn tennis is a game admirably adapted to them.

It is hoped that not in the too distant future a boating crew will be organized. We have splendid natural facilities here and should take advantage of our opportunity as soon as possible.

The sum of all the interests of the college, of course, measures the spirit of the school and we should not be confined to one line of development, but we should broaden out. The literary organizations of a college should be at least as progressive as the athletic work.
In Memoriam.

Our college is again caused to mourn because of the death of a former student. On Monday, March 2nd, Marguerite McMaster passed away, after a lingering spell of sickness, caused by spinal meningitis. Her cheery disposition and loving manner when she was with us was inspiring and helpful, and her dear ones have our heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow.

Y. W. C. A.

The Association has been doing good work throughout the past month, although the attendance at the last two meetings has been a little below the average, due to "unavoidable circumstances." The girls have held several candy and cookie sales to help swell the Conference fund, which have been very successful. The Association is entirely clear of debt and the financial outlook is very promising.

The first devotional meeting was led by Edna Robinson. The topic was, "What We May Learn from Great Men and Women Outside of the Bible." Miss Douglas assisted, giving a very interesting talk on her own college days and the influence of one of her professors.

The next meeting was one of the finest that the College has ever enjoyed. Mrs. Roe gave a splendid talk on "China," telling of many interesting characteristics of the people and of the experience of her niece, Mrs. Noyse, who is a young missionary there. She illustrated the talk with a number of pieces of dainty Chinese handiwork.

The next meeting was led by Winifred Lewis, and the last by Hilda Bergman, who spoke on "Things That Keep Us Away from God."

The Association now has a correspondence list of several Northwest Colleges and Universities, and the letters received from these schools telling of their work is a very delightful feature of the Association work.
Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the “Near-Great.”

Some day you will be proud to know Dr. Walter C. Briggs, but seize you opportunity to make his acquaintance now, for he will then be in “Africa’s sunny clime” or on “India’s coral strand.” At present, in connection with one of the courses offered—the College Curriculum—he is applying a course of semi-starvation with the purpose of not tempting the appetites of his prospective patients.

Be sure to spell her name Frances Beaven, and when you call her up ask for Mary, because her family does not know her as she really is. She can “speak pieces” with the known styles of expression, and Gregory will have to write a new system of ethics for her, for “she loves her canoe—well, just because it is her canoe, that’s all.”

This glorious class has also a warbler. We thought some of devoting the class treasury to her training as an operatic star—but she is a Methodist! It seems she has not quite abandoned the idea, however, for if you go to the library some noon you will find her on her knees imploring the base villain to “let her up,” and she bears various wounds attesting his cruelty. This is Mary, Dody’s sister. By her special request, I mention her sweet disposition.

Palmer Kennedy is one of the most fanatic members of the “Red Mikes,” which is popularly known as a society of woman-haters. A man always takes disappointment that way. If you want to be tall, follow his example and elevate your jaw-bone. He is speedily becoming an accomplished young man and is always ready to help a friend in need.

It is hard to decide whether a certain member of our class intends to be a trained nurse or a social secretary, but we think the scales balance in favor of the latter, for she can cover more paper in one letter than in two Physiology exams. We hesitate to make her known to you as Pearla, for that is what “everybody” calls her when they are vexed, but you would not recognize her by any other appellation. Suffice it to say she is the prettiest girl in the class and had four room-mates in one year.

They say there is always “a woman in the case,” and although her name is Latin for “joy,” we suspect that the Red Mike Society is the effect of which Laetitia is the “sufficient cause.” The reason why she looks so cross lately is that she has a new pair of “specs” and hasn’t learned how to balance them; ordinarily she has a pleasant but firm disposition.

Did you boys ever notice the constant sensation Tommy Judson furnishes in the way of color scheme? It is a very commendable thing. He wears a red four-in-hand and a carnelian ring with his light gray suit; a dark blue four-in-hand and a light blue shirt with his dark blue suit, and a black bow tie and one of those embroidered-looking silver gray vests with his dark gray suit. He is six feet one and a half inches tall, and knows which foot’s
to use first. We are going to lose him next year—lucky Harvard!

Madge has always been primarily a music student, but of late her course has taken a decidedly scientific turn. It is a mystery to us why she is taking Analytic Geometry and Physics this year, when she took neither Trig nor Chemistry last year, and why she doesn't elect something in the Greek department. Draw your own conclusions; "straws show the direction of the wind," and there are methods of determining the position of the Moon.

Edith is a girl that will Ware well, being blessed with perfect health and an enviable complexion. Sad to say, she has the fatal propensity of saying things she shouldn't at the table, and if she sat where the Faculty could see her, there would certainly be an effort to check her hilarity. We would like to say something mean about her, for she is the one who makes us write for the paper, but we are compelled to adhere to the truth.

There are two peculiar faults that mar the perfection of Kenneth's character. One is that he hates to be called Isaac, and the other is his aversion to the fair sex. The girls were very patient with him for two years, while he tried every style of girl the class possessed; then what did he do but join the "Red Mikes!" Well, it is impossible to do two things at once, and Kenneth took the Rhodes Scholarship exam this year.

If you have not formed the nefarious habit of cutting Chapel, you have undoubtedly wondered who was the possessor of that sweet, bird-like voice that carries the tenor in our favorite hymns. This is not Kitty Robinson's only possession, either, for she has also a winning manner, all her own, and a deep poetical insight into the spiritual element of the Nineteenth Century Literature.

Reta Willert won the admiration of every boy in the class by the way she managed our financial affairs in regard to the Cap and Gown Day festivities. It was a triple-complex affair and she was always there with the cash and came out 39 cents ahead. All these worries failed to make her bald, for she still has the prettiest hair in the class. The boys might as well give up hope now as ever, though, for she prefers Englishmen, having one in Canada and another on the briny deep.

Is there such a thing as a course in Domestic Science for boys? Richard Clarence must spend at least ten hours a week in the kitchen, yet it is not recorded on his enrollment card. This might be accounted for by his enormous appetite, but he gets three good meals a day at home. Ever since he was a little boy he has been noted for his frank blue eyes.

Everyone who has ever been at Long Branch will sing its praises, but its especial champion is Gertrude Rolleston. She is the neatest girl in the class, and it is quite possible we have her to thank for the appearance of such curiosities as the bearded man and Speck, our sailor boy. We wish she would inform the Whitworthian whether or not she sent Frances Howell a wedding present, for the Personal Editor has had numerous inquiries to that effect.

In addition to all the above mentioned wonders, this class has in its possession a curiosity which all the other classes lack—a married man. If our English teacher would only remember this about Mr. Towne, she might get more satisfactory answers to such questions as, "What is the difference between a man that is love-sick and one that is in love?"

It is against the rules of literature for the author to intrude herself upon the notice of the kind reader; that is why she
accepted this position. But would it be too much for her to ask for the tenor's place when that dignitary is absent, and the consolation prize in Shakespeare?

Such is the enrollment of the class of '09, the Junior class. Sweet sixteen, two girls for every boy! Once there were enough boys to go around, but that was six years ago, when the girls arrived at a party in one lot and the boys about ten minutes later in another.

Although we get accustomed to such things in College life, it did rather discourage us to lose five of our classmates at one blow, and enter our Junior year minus one girl and four boys.

The first to leave was our child wonder, Ethel Strout, who cannot be persuaded to enter these halls of learning now, except in a social way.

The Faculty believe, “If you want a thing well done, have a Junior do it.” That is why they have waited so long to have the furnace repaired. They are waiting for Lynn Vannatta to do it; for they heard he was becoming quite proficient in that line.

You all remember Sac, don’t you? Well, he has acquired a title, “Assistant Deputy Commissioner of the Prince William Sound District.” Doesn’t that feel nice?

Whiting B. Mitchell is a Medic in the University of Minnesota. If you don’t believe it, ask the postman.

And Laurence Phipps now wears a Cap and Gown with our former enemies, the class of ’08.

The Criterion.

On February 22nd, the Criterion Literary Society met in the Mason Library to do honor to the memories of Washington and Lincoln. After roll call, responded to by quotations from both presidents, several very interesting papers were read.

Miss Edna Robinson gave an appreciation of Washington as a statesman; Miss Bergman discussed the relative opportunities of Washington and Lincoln; Mr. Paul made an analysis of the qualities of both as leaders of men. These were followed by an exceedingly interesting account of Mt. Vernon, the historic home of our first president. Mr. Platt described its large, lofty rooms furnished in the simple and picturesque manner of a hundred years ago very graphically and minutely “as it was in his time.” On account of sickness the quartet and trio were not given.

After a little miscellaneous business the society adjourned. The chairs were then cleared away and the remainder of the evening was pleasantly passed in a social way, Miss Gillam and Miss Strange furnishing the music. The next meeting will be held March 7th.
There have been very few important events in the social circles at the College during the past month. The Colonial party was of necessity postponed until March 6th. Numerous informal occasions have made time pass pleasantly for dormitory students, however.

The Valentine party on February 14th was the largest affair of the month. This is exclusively an Academic party, and was unusually successful in every detail. The chapel at Music Library was artistically decorated with evergreens and strings of red hearts. Cozy screened couches and covered chairs made the room very attractive.

Valentine's Day was appropriately observed by the Senior table in the dining-room at the Residence. At breakfast the various places were marked by heart-shaped place-cards and a suitable valentine for each person. In the evening at dinner the places were again marked by artistic place-cards, to which were attached red ribbons leading to a large red box in the center of the table, in which were characteristic favors for each. These provided a great deal of amusement for their fortunate possessors.

All dormitory students were pleasantly and informally entertained at the Residence Friday evening, February 21st. Various amusements had been planned and these with music occupied the evening. The newly organized orchestra was heard for the first time. Their work was fine and was heartily appreciated by those who heard them. A solo by Mr. Lawrence Phipps was also much appreciated by his friends.

The meeting of the E. W. C. A. February 12th was one of the most interesting and helpful meetings of the year. This was conducted by Mrs. Rine, whose subject was "China." Mrs. Rine's personal acquaintance with a number of missionaries in China and her thorough knowledge of their work made her a most interesting speaker. She had brought a large collection of beautiful souvenirs, Chinese writings and pictures, fine needlework and many interesting photographs.

Mrs. Kroese very charmingly entertained several Residence girls at dinner.
Saturday, February 8th. Covers were laid for eight at the charmingly appointed table and a dainty menu was served. Mrs. Kroeze is always a delightful hostess and the occasion was enjoyed very much by the girls.

Miss Margaret Mearns, head of the Department of Oratory, gave her first students' recital at Mason Library, February 7th. The program was varied and interesting and showed not only great ability and careful preparation on the part of the students, but also the painstaking work of the teacher. There was a large audience of appreciative students and friends of the College.

Mr. Maurice Briggs entertained a number of his friends from the dormitories, Saturday evening, February 29th, previous to his departure for his home in Harrington, where he expects to spend several weeks. Various amusements made the evening pass all too quickly for the jolly crowd.

"Vaccination."

The cry of smallpox filled the air,
There was but one salvation—
To go to see the doctor
And buy a vaccination.

The girls went in the morning
(So they could get one free)
But the boys stayed in the Dorm
And waited patiently.

At last the Doctor rambled in,
He thought to see some fun,
And, as the kids passed slowly by,
He scratched them, one by one.

The first three days were nothing;
The fourth one wasn't bad;
But with the fifth came itching,
Which made them pretty mad.

Instead of doing as Doc said,
And touching it no more.
Some started in to rub and scratch,
Which made it pretty sore.

The question, "Is it taking?"
Was heard from here and there.
Then every one began to say,
"I hope the end is near."

But soon the days of healing came,
When sore arms were no more.
Then came the simple question,
"I wonder what 'twas for?"

And now that all is over,
We have that queer sensation—
If smallpox comes around again,
We have had our vaccinations.

ANON.
Hurrah for you "Tahoma!" Your paper this month is a cracker-jack! The class will and prophecy were exceedingly interesting and very cleverly gotten up.

A prisoner was brought before a police magistrate. The latter looked around and discovered that his clerk was absent. "Here, officer," he said, "what's the man charged with?" "Bigotry, your honor," replied the policeman. "He’s got three wives." The magistrate looked at the officer as though astounded at such ignorance. "Why, officer," he said, "that’s not bigotry. That’s trigonometry." —Ex.

Rejected Suitor—"Well, I may be poor, but I once rode in my own carriage."
Unsympathetic Girl—"Yes, when your mother pushed it." —Ex.

"The Jayhawker" has published a continued story this month. It is a mock-heroic tale and promises to be excellent. We will await with anticipation your next issue.

We must congratulate the "Ocean Breeze" on its fine story writer, Alex Lackey. The name sounds familiar to us and we are proud to say that we possess one of the same family in our own ranks.

Your cuts are good, too, "Ocean Breeze."

A bishop of the Episcopal church lived all his life unwed. A friend mentioned that one of the states was imposing a tax on bachelors, to be increased a certain percentage every ten years of bachelorhood, and added: "Why, Bishop, at your age you’d have to pay a hundred dollars a year."

"Well," said the Bishop quietly, "It's worth it."

Pardon us, "Pioneer," if we borrow your little poem. With the change of several names, it applies beautifully to one of our gallant professors.

"A Query."
Madge’s hair is darkest brown;
Shining eyes to match it;
If a glance leaps from their depths,
I am sure to catch it.
Alma’s eyes are depest blue,
The sky was robbed to make ’em;
If they look my way I swear
I never will forsake ’em.

I never look in Margaret’s eyes,
But they, I think, are gray;
I know my heart beats like a drum
If e’er they turn away.

Vivacious Madge, and sweet “Almie,”
And Margaret demure,
With either I could happy be,
Of that I’m very sure.

We cannot help but admire the enthusiasm that Whitman college is showing in regard to her debates. Success and good luck in all your efforts!

In last month’s “Crimson Rambler” from Tonkawa, is the following editorial, which is pretty good:

“What do you think about the war?” We wonder how many times that question has been asked and printed since Japanese immigration began to be discussed. There is no war in sight as far as we can see. We don’t know, however, but that if there is anything in the power of suggestion, a war might be caused to develop from the great amount of superfluous talk, and from the numerous articles that are published concerning the subject.

If two small boys are standing on the street playing, and a large fellow comes up to them and begins to urge a fight by saying that one can whip the other, it is only a few minutes until a fight ensues. The Japanese will be inclined to think they are expected to fight the United States if they read our American dailies. “We say let this talk be hushed until there is really some cause for it.”

Sorry to see our exchange list decreasing, but must confess it is partly our own fault. We will do better by our fellow colleges from now on.

Whitworth College Song.

Tune, “My Brother, Oh My Brother.”

Where is it you should turn your step
When seeking college work or prep?
The school that has the daisy rep.
’Tis Whitworth; oh, ’tis Whitworth.

Where is the brainiest faculty,
The wisest bunch you’ll ever see,
Who’ll make you what you ought to be?
At Whitworth; oh, at Whitworth.

Where are the boys of brain and brawn,
The girls whose charms have wide renown,
Whose spirits high shall ne’er go down?
At Whitworth; oh, at Whitworth.

What college has us most impressed
And just because it is the best
Of all the schools in East or West?
’Tis Whitworth; oh, ’tis Whitworth.

M. S. ’11.
ATHLETICS.

During the past month there has been a great deal of interest and activity in basketball at the College, and although there has been no regular college team organized, the Third Prep team has by hard and constant practice developed a considerable degree of skill and proficiency, and has played a number of games outside of the College itself.

The first of these games was played on January 30th, when the Zephyrs played the Shamrocks of the Tacoma Y. M. C. A. The game was played in the new gym and resulted in a victory for the home boys by a score of 17 to 14.

On February 5th, the Sophomore team played its second scheduled game, this time with the Second Prep team. The game was hardly contested, and it was only when time was called that anyone could be sure of the result. Victory went to the Sophs by a score of 17 to 15.

On February 7th the Zephyrs hired a launch and, taking a small crowd of rooters, went over to play the Burton High School team. The game was played in the gym of the Burton Academy, and although the home team played hard and fast, the game was Whitworth's almost from the start. The final score was: Zephyrs 39, Burton 28.

The next day, February 8th, the Zephyrs played the team from the Kent Lodge of Good Templars. The game was played in our gym, and ended in the defeat of the visitors by a score of 33 to 23.

On the 10th, the Shamrocks, the Y. M. C. A. team which had been defeated by the Zephyrs, came out to try their luck with our Second Prep team. They were a little large for our boys and were better trained, and so succeeded in reversing their former defeat by a victory of 30 to 18.

On the afternoon of the 11th there was played here in our gym a “double header” between the First and Second Tacoma High School teams against our Third and Second Prep teams respectively. A large crowd turned out to see the games, and Whitworth spirit ran high and showed itself in vigorous rooting. However, the High School boys were too much for our teams, and both teams were defeated, the Zephyrs by a score of 32 to 7, and the Second Preps by a score of 48 to 10.

On February 15th the Zephyrs played the Kent High School team here in our gym. Our old friend John Watson played with the visitors, but even his playing did not save them from defeat. The score stood: Zephyrs 18, Kent 10.

The Second and Third Preps played their second scheduled game on February 25th, and on the day following the Zephyrs played the First Preps. In both games the Zephyrs defeated their opponents; the Second Preps by a score of 28 to 6, and the First Preps by a score of 27 to 9.

On the night of February 29th, the Zephyrs went over to Seattle and played the Second team of the Lincoln High School. The game was largely attended by adherents of both teams, and school spirit and rivalry ran high. It was a hard-fought game, and our boys displayed a
good deal of pluck and skill, which did great credit to themselves. When time was called the Seattle friends were greatly surprised to find that the score stood 30 to 29 in favor of Whitworth. This game reflects a good deal of credit to the Zephyrs, as it is solely their own endeavors that have brought them to their present degree of proficiency.

On next Saturday afternoon, March 7th, they return to Seattle to play the First team of the Lincoln High School. This team is accredited with being one of the fastest High School teams on the Sound, and it will be quite a feather in the caps of our boys if they can defeat them. If pluck, practice and determination to win will avail, they will certainly bring home the victory.

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**FRESHMAN DIRECTORY.**

*[To Be Continued.]*

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<tr>
<td>Francis Bliss</td>
<td>His nose</td>
<td>Mayor of South Prairie</td>
<td>Oh, shucks!</td>
<td>Puyallup</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maude Scott</td>
<td>MacSween</td>
<td>Slum worker</td>
<td>Mister</td>
<td>Boys</td>
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<tr>
<td>S. Whitworth</td>
<td>Girls</td>
<td>Dean of Women at W. G.</td>
<td>Oh, my!</td>
<td>Looking wise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Florence Munn</td>
<td>Her hair</td>
<td>President Y M C. A.</td>
<td>W-0-I-I-I!</td>
<td>Sneakerkraut</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reed Heilie</td>
<td>His complexion</td>
<td>A contented wife</td>
<td>I'm ruined.</td>
<td>Petting cats</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Smith</td>
<td>Red nose</td>
<td>Playing hand organ</td>
<td>Heaven's!</td>
<td>Most anything</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Harrison</td>
<td>His pipe</td>
<td>Hall dresser</td>
<td>Oh, shush!</td>
<td>Spooning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. McClain</td>
<td>S. Whitworth</td>
<td>Matrimonial agent</td>
<td>For pity sake!</td>
<td>Flirting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Rueber</td>
<td>His meal</td>
<td>College widow</td>
<td>Val is?</td>
<td>House parties</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. Robinson</td>
<td>&quot;His&quot; laugh</td>
<td>Bishop</td>
<td>Dear me!</td>
<td>Choosing husbands</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. Judson</td>
<td>Prof. Yoris</td>
<td>Beauty doctor</td>
<td>Nate!</td>
<td>Harmony (?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Jones</td>
<td>Miss Douglas</td>
<td>To grow some</td>
<td>What?</td>
<td>Managing men</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack Heath</td>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Society belle</td>
<td>Oh, dear!</td>
<td>Dodging girls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bessie Guinn</td>
<td>Boys</td>
<td></td>
<td>Why, yes!</td>
<td>Kinkade</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Dr. Armstrong (reading notice in chapel): "Please, will all those who are not here tell those who are here—"

Montgomery, inquiring how to take a girl from the Residence, after being told he would have to ask Miss Douglas, asks: "I don't know Miss Douglas; won't Miss Livermore do?"

E. B. (reading a love letter in Latin out loud): "Mea cara Puella——"
Sara Fox: "O stop; I hear that every morning from Dr. Armstrong."

Madge (reading Faust): "Still I drag him on in calm indifference."

There are three Bissons—Frank, Dan and Frankie.
Grace D.: "I wonder if High School is out yet."
Erma B.: "Walk up a block with me and see."
Grace D.: "Oh, no! He doesn't come that way."

Crosby, asking Miss D. if he could take E—th S—r—go to C. E.
Monty steps up and says: "Me, too, Miss Douglas."
Miss D.: "I should hope you both don't want to take the same girl."

We wonder at whom Dr. A. was winking through the tumbler at lunch the other day.

Dang, after he had written a note asking a girl to go to a basketball game, was going to tear it up.
M.: "What's the matter, Dang? Have you got cold feet?"
Dang: "No, but I'm afraid I'll get cold shoulder."

Before the Prep Party.
Margaret, she had sworn to ask him, Tony said he wouldn't go;
So she asked a boy named Johnnie
If he would be her beau.
Esther, even though a new one,
Asked Tony with curly hair;
Being engaged, she asked another,
Saying, "Dan, will you go there?"
Likewise Avis, she departed
On her quest of weal or woe;
Sherrod ran away and left her,
But she caught him long ago.
Marguerite said she would ask Coy,
For she knew no better boy;
Mistaking Shores for he,
Then for poor Coy "23."
Things were mighty blue for Edith,
Troubles were both here and there—
For Earl's heart had quite been captured,
By Frankie, so fair.
So, thinking of her school days,
And a lover she'd had there,
She wrote to Clarence McReavy,
And laid her heart quite bare.
All were wondering who would bring
Lora,
Guessing who she would bring there;
Some were suggested from Seattle,
Others gave up in despair.
On the night of the great party
All were surprised as they could be,
For it was her best friend's brother,
And his name was "Char-lie."

---

After the Party.
1. John—charming boy.
2. Dan—fickle.
4. Marshal—very sick.
5. Earl—too bad.
Charley—pretty good, eh?

Kate Bickley: "Say, Alice, what does Coach Rueber teach?"
Alice L.: "I think it is Domestic Economy."
Erma McLean (after her vaccination): "Oh, gracious! my arm hurts so I can hardly walk."

Ralph Ayers (sitting beside Olga): "Say, Olga, now you've got room to grow in."
Olga: "What about yourself."

Dave Guy (in German): "I must again be a true devil."

Lawrence Skirving: "Poor Dr. Armstrong has the mumps. Well, there is the consolation, it is best for people to have those diseases when they are youngsters."

Dan Bisson (speaking of a girl who is to be married next month): "She has got you beaten, Miss Garretson."
Susie: "Oh, I don't know."

Tish: "Why, Madge, are you here?"
Madge: "Yes, there is Dave, so you might know I would be here."

Erma: "Oh, I wish Calvin would come."
F. S.: "Why?"
Erma: "Oh, he is so nice; I hate to have him in with those second year girls; they are so foolish!"

Mr. Horace Rueber, gazing fondly at the vacant chair of Miss Fleet: "I love it, I love it, and who shall dare to chide me for loving the old armchair."

"Which one do you love the best, Dang, Nellie or Viola?"
Dang: "That's private property."

Floy Smith (at dinner): "I am glad that plant is where it is; it shuts off my view of Mr. Harrison."
H.: "Well, it's mutual."

Miss Garretson (in Second Year Prep English): "Sherrod, write a story about the most remarkable animal you have ever seen—a donkey or some monkey."
Sherrod: "Can't I write about Ford? He is just as good."

Thalian Literary Society Notes.
There was a young man named Kinkade
Who slipped at the feet of a maid,
He was after a platter,
But that didn't matter,
For the answer was what he desired.

There were two young ladies named Brown
Who lived in the very same town,
When along came George Smith
Who liked them both if
The other was not around.

"In what course does Harrison expect to graduate?"
"In the course of time."
Wanted

Something to reduce surplus flesh—
Avis Dysart.

Something to make my hair curl—
Claude Fitzsimmons.

George Cizek greatly desires to see his
name in print. As it can't go in the Ledger
we will put in it in the Whitworthian.

Why does Al-e-o-I-s always say,
"Oh, my a-a-arm," when she comes back
from a walk with Billy Hff-nf

Accidentally overheard. Miss Halferty:
"Well, Dr. Armstrong can have me for the
asking."

"Oh, Monty, I tell you."
"Oh, Alice, tell why."
"Oh, Monty, I tell you
For your pretty red tie."

Suddenly she sprang from her chair and
threw her hands wildly into the air, "Eureka!" she cried; "thank heaven, I have
it at last," and she fainted to the floor.
She had actually found the underlying
thought in one of Browning's poems.—Ex.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And perhaps would be sublime,
If it did not keep us busy
Cramming German all the time.

Now's your time, Skirving! Take ad-
advantage of the barbers' war.

Miss Strange has shown a great liking
for Bills lately. Can you guess the rea-
son why?

First Soph: "Did you ever see a lemon
squeezer?"
Second Soph: "No, but I've seen a pea-
ut roaster."

What is the favorite hymn of the pianist
in chapel? "Draw Me Nearer."

The Seniors are the only class,
So the Seniors say;
The Juniors they are better still,
In their own sweet way;
The Sophomores think they are the best—
No! this the Sophomores know;
But the Freshman class is the best of all,
And they're never saying so.—Ex.

FRESHMAN SONG.

Tune: "Merry Oldsmobile."

You can see our signs upon the glass
And we belong to the Freshman class;
We're glad that we do,
And we're proud of it, too.

The game of college every day,
From A to Z and further on,
If you should wish to know it.

It's a double back action and a measly
shame
That you don't know how to play the
game.
If you don't like our style,
You must bear it and smile.

Oh, say, can you see
Number 'leven on the chapel dome by
moonlight.

Chorus—
We are Whitworthian Freshmen,
We are Freshmen, we're not stale.

When we go forward to line up in battle,
The Sophomores all turn pale.

We have painted number 'leven
Over what was one time ten.
Oh, never mind you darling Sophies
We will leave you a couple of trophies
To remember we are the Freshmen men.

Sophie in a high chair—
Who put him there—
M-a-m-i-a!
Prof. W. seems to understand all about diamonds, from the remarks he has made pertaining to that particular specimen of carbon.

Ask MacSween why he left the kitchen so hurriedly the other day when he went after the baseball. Cheer up, Sidney. The worst is yet to come.

Soph: "You live on a farm, don't you?"
Fresh: "Yes, how do you know?"
Soph: "Any fool would know that."
Fresh: "Oh, I see. That's how you know."

Now the Sophomore wonders why they laughed.

Dean Heath: "What studies are you taking this term, Mr. Ask?"
Cleon Ask: "German, shower baths and basketball."

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Sophomore's music pleasure brings
For the man is dead who slumbers
When a Soph at midnight sings.

Once a Sophomore was wrecked on an African coast,
Where a cannibal monarch held sway
And they served up the Sophie in slices on toast
On the eve of the very same day.
But the vengeance of heaven followed swift on that act,
And before the next day was seen,
By cholera morbus that tribe was attacked
For the Sophomore was terribly green.

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Prof. W. (in Chemical class.): "I have taken each chemistry class to the smelter for the last three years and have always come home alone."

From the back row: "Take her with you this year, professor."

Was ist das?
Was ist das?
Freshman class.
Das ist was.

Teacher: "Sidney, what's your favorite state?"
Sidney W.: "Georgia."

Skirving: "I could be happy with either were t'other fair charmer away."

Maude Scott: "Five years from now that MacSween will be drawing $300 per."
Florence Munn: "Per what?"
M. S.: "Perhaps."

We wondered why Harrison was vaccinated on the right arm, but now the mystery is solved. Mary's left arm was vaccinated!

To ———— (?)
Beautiful bird in the heavens so blue:
Take thou this message—
Straight from my heart—
Take it to him who is first in my thoughts,
Take it to him, who all the day long,
Is ever present in my heart of hearts,
From the gray dawn of morning
Till the twilight of eve,
And tell him I love him
With all my glad soul;
And I'll love him forever,
This dear one of mine.

MARY.

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Life at Wellesley.

The woman's college of today is very different from its forerunner, the seminary, which concerned itself with somewhat superficial accomplishments. Had a young woman of that earliest American seminary, opened at Middlebury, Vermont, a hundred years ago, been allowed a vision of the typical college girl of the present, she would, probably, in amazement if not in horror, have drawn her demure little toes under her sombre gown and thanked Providence that her lot was not cast in an age when women vied with men in studies scientific and philosophical, and rowed and played basket ball—preserve us!—in divided skirts and sweaters.

Woman's advance along education lines has been extremely rapid. Elmira College, founded at Elmira, New York, in 1855, claims to be the first women's college in the United States and, probably, in the world, to establish the same standard as in colleges for men. Now, of fifty-eight of our leading institutions of higher learning, four are exclusively for women, three are women's colleges affiliated with universities for men, thirty are co-educational, and, of the remaining twenty-one, five have affiliated women's colleges. In addition, all the great universities, except Harvard and Princeton, admit women to graduate instruction.

Co-education is more common in America than in any other country of the world, and here it is more popular in the West than in the East. Of the many arguments for co-education, doubtless that of economy has been the most effective; while the chief objection to it is that it implies more restraint than is necessary where the sexes are apart. It is not likely, however, that all the good is on either side, and it is not surprising that along with our co-educational institutions we have Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Smith, Bryn Mawr and Wellesley. But it is the woman's college which concerns us now, and Wellesley may well be taken as the type.

To thousands of women scattered over this land of colleges, Wellesley will ever remain the "college beautiful." Longfellow Pond, reservoir of the tears of Freshmen; Lake Waban, on whose farther bank rise the fantastic terraced gardens; the "Forest," home of birds and flowers; as well as the "Barn," "College Hill" and "Lovers' Lane," seem to them to belong to another world than that of common things.

Some might think it a strange world; this campus with its hundreds of girls who, in the words of their Alma Mater's beautiful song,

"Are gathering the pearls
From the shells that are open to few;
From the shells upcast by the ebbing Past
On the shores where, faithful and true,
An earnest band, with groping hand,
Are seeking the jewels from under the sand."
Girls are everywhere; they throng College Hall Centre; they drape themselves over railings; they crowd the passages to the elevators; they troop over the hills to the various buildings; they dot the lake with their boats and canoes, and make the golf links gay with color.

Henry Fowle Durant surely built a beautiful monument to the memory of his little son when, in 1875, he founded Wellesley College, an undenominational institution for the higher education of women. The remainder of this distinguished lawyer’s saddened life, as well as his wealth, went to rear this college, where women might satisfy their craving for intellectual food and learn to become more womanly and more helpful in the world. After thirty-three years of marvelous growth, it is today one of the largest and wealthiest of our women’s colleges. Its interests are broad and its influence is far-reaching. It is a contributor to the American schools of classical learning at Rome and Athens, to the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood’s Hole, Massachusetts, and to the Zoological Station at Naples. In fact, whatever concerns humanity and its highest welfare is of concern to Wellesley’s twelve hundred students, who are not blue-stockings and book-worms, but healthy-minded, life-enjoying human beings.

The courses pursued at Wellesley are similar to those in other colleges of repute. Hard work is necessary to obtain the coveted “credit” twice a year, and every girl knows that a certain number of failures will result in her being promptly dispatched home to her parents, who will forever afterward be under the necessity of explaining to inquiring friends that “Mary’s health gave out at Wellesley.” The faculty are sympathetic and well-disposed toward the students, but there is no more room for a shirk in that college community than there is in the larger world of labor which must some time claim its due from every person, man or woman.

The social life at Wellesley is unique, but, nevertheless, charming. I know that there are people who would laugh at the idea of girls entertaining each other without assistance from the “lords of creation,” but a knowledge of the inner workings of a woman’s college gives one a different conception of young womanhood. The girl who cannot find enjoyment in association with those of her own sex has something lacking in her make-up, and she might do well to enter a woman’s college and learn, through necessity, to make friends of other girls.

Boston, with its numerous advantages, adds greatly to the life of the student who casts in her lot with Wellesley. Theatres, musicals and lectures contribute much that makes for culture, and the old historic scenes in and near the city possess a charm for those of patriotic sentiment. Then there are receptions, class parties, class plays; rowing, swimming and basket ball contests; dances, concerts and everything else that adds zest to the life of young people. What nights those are when the “Barnswallows” frolic and the Greek Letter societies keep open house! Let those who do not know believe that girls cannot be acceptable escorts for one another. It is as true as that they cannot indulge in class scraps and haze the unruly as men never dreamed of hazing.

Not that man is an unknown quantity upon Wellesley’s fair campus. Who that has ever been there does not remember the common scene of one man surrounded by a dozen or more chattering, teasing girls, and who has not watched the terrible distress of an uninitiated one who, in fulfilling a promise to some distant mother to visit her studious daughter, has been caught unaware! But Harvard and “Tech.” men are not so easily distressed,
and many of them find the fifteen-mile trip from Boston anything but irksome. On "Float Day," when all the college is on the lake, every girl must have a beau, no matter where she gets him. To all the larger social functions throughout the year men are invited and welcomed. Thus, without the distraction of having the "adorable ones" always about in the way, Wellesley girls have them when they want them, and, I must say, fully make up at such times for any loss that has accrued through separation.

Hence, life at Wellesley and, I doubt not, at other women's colleges, is many-sided; the physical, mental, social and moral interests of the students all receiving their share of consideration. It is such a life as, conscientiously lived, will fit young women to fill the places of true women in the world, and that is all that should be expected.

FLORENCE G. DOUGLAS.

Where the Freshmen Ought To Go.

In a verdant land,
Where the skies are green,
    And the light can never show,
There's a lovely place
For a simple race,
    Where the Freshmen ought to go.

There are babies there,
With with vacant stare,
    And a doll that ne'er grows old.
Under every tree
Hangs an A B C,
    And the nurses never scold.

O, ye Freshmen, go
To that verdant land,
    For your light can never show.
It's a lovely place
For a simple race,
    So you Freshmen ought to go.
—"G. W." '10.
The prologue of "In Memoriam" was written about seventeen years after the death of the author's friend whom Tennyson has immortalized in this poem, which has moved the hearts of thousands. The author has been purified in the fire of sorrow and grief, he has been made to feel through his own experiments the sorrows of the human race, and his great heart throbs in sympathy for those who have suffered trials like to his own.

He has come to realize the impossibility of solving the great mysteries of life and death, and comes to the conclusion that we must accept upon faith those things which we cannot prove.

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;
Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made."

The emotion in the first part of the poem is very sad and the sorrow which Tennyson feels is so silent and deep rooted that we feel that Arthur Hallam was our dearest friend. In all his sorrow, however, the author is not bitter, but acknowledges death as an event in the great plan of the universe. There is a thought running through the whole poem which might be called the conservation of good. After expressing his deep sorrow he exclaims: "With morning wakes the will, and cries,
'Thou shalt not be the fool of loss.'"

Again in LIV. we read:

"O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;
That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

In CXXVIII.:

"I see in part
That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil co-operant to an end."

Especially is this thought expressed in regard to the place of love in the great plan of God's universe.

"Love's too precious to be lost,
A little grain shall not be spilt.
'I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

Although the death of Arthur has given good reason for sorrow and disappointment it also has enlarged the life of the sorrower and given him new visions of life. The life of the lost friend is absorbed in the life of the one left and the love grows stronger. The life is gone, but the influence lives. The development of Tennyson's love for his friend is very marked in the poem. We can see the stepping stones upon which he rises above his dead self to a higher view of life. We watch him as the fair ship bears Arthur's loved remains from the Italian shore; we watch
him as he lives over again those happy days when in college with his friend; they strolled through the college green or rowed upon the lake or spent a day in the distant woods. As he remembered the contests in debate and oration or the discussion of some favorite book, he was led to say:

"Ah, dear, but come thou back to me!
Whatever change the years have wrought,
I find not yet one lonely thought
That cries against my wish for thee."

He peers into the distant world and asks:

"Does my old friend remember me?"

A change is seen in his character—a growth in his love—when he says:

"Nor blame I Death because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth;
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit otherwhere."

Here is the same thought that Browning repeatedly expressed, that this life is only an arc of the circle completed only in eternity.

This development in the author's life is shown very clearly in the three Christmas days which he pictures. The first Christmas after Arthur's death brought pain when he heard the merry bells of Yule and he felt that he could not enter into the observances of the day with the loved friend being absent. On the second Christmas the sorrow and pain are still present and the relations of regret are the same, "But with long use her tears are dry."

A great change is seen in the third Christmas. Tennyson has been led through his own grief to sympathize with the sorrows of mankind and in that popular song of "Ring out the old, ring in the new," he bids the past die and the present and future live.

Tennyson is a great lover of nature, and in his visions of nature he fits corresponding emotions of the soul. A striking example of the range of emotion pictured by reference to nature is the contrast between the calm and peaceful quiet of the stanza—

"Calm is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only through the faded leaf,
The chestnut pattering to the ground."

and the wild and stormy outburst of this stanza—

"The forest cracked, the waters curled,
The cattle huddled on the lea;
And wildly dashed on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world."

In these quotations will also be noticed the contrast with Wordsworth's descriptions of nature. His descriptions are slow, rambling and long drawn out, while these are condensed.

In these beautiful touches of nature-picturing Tennyson shows his skill in attracting our attention by unique words and expressions, and in such a manner as to convey to the mind of the reader just the thought and emotion that he feels. When he wishes to express the greatness of his love for Arthur because they were so like each other in their nature, he says:

"But thou and I are one in kind,
As moulded like in Nature's mint;
And hill and wood and field did print
The same sweet forms in either mind.

For us the same cold streamlet curled
Thr'n' all his eddying coves, the same
All winds that roam the twilight came
In whispers of the Beauteous world."

In XCV. the author tells of the "hunger that seized his heart" to be again with his friend while he was reading some of his old letters. He seemed to be again with his friend, but suddenly doubt fills his
mind and he almost despairs. These shadowy doubts and faint hopes of the future are thus pictured:

"Vague words! but oh, how hard to frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech,
Or even for the intellect to reach
Thro' memory that which I became;
Till now the doubtful dusk revealed
The knolls once more where couched at ease,
The while kine glimmered, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field;
And sucked from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume;
And gathering freshlier overhead,
Rocked the full-foliaged elms, and swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said,
'The dawn, the dawn,' and died away;
And East and West, without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day."

Tennyson's power of imagination is excellent. He makes the breezes, the streams, the trees and the roar of the ocean waves speak to us and reveal the spiritual truths he himself feels, in the stanza beginning, "The Danube to the Severn gave the darkened heart that beat no more," is shown the skilful manner in which he appeals to our imagination and renders the tender thoughts in such delicate form. In this stanza is another good example of imaginative description:

"Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,
O, tell me where the senses mix,
O, tell me where the passions meet,
Whence radiate; fierce extremes employ
Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,
And in the midmost heart of grief
Thy passion clasps a secret joy."

One thing which I would consider a weakness in "In Memoriam" is the perfect verse in which it is written. There are no breaks in the rhythm such as we meet in Browning. The thought seems to be subservient to the verse, and simply because one reads along so easily and is not compelled to stop occasionally to think, becomes somewhat monotonous.

Another objection which I find in the poem is that he dwells too much upon the sorrow and sadness caused by the death of his friend. It is true that the author's manner changes from deep grief and sorrow to a calm and peaceful mood, thence to a triumphant and victorious mood in the last of the poem, yet the continuous return to the great loss in the death of his friend gives the reader an impression of forced and overdrawn sentiment.

'08.
The Tepatan Swamp is a dreary, solitary spot in the central part of Mexico. I say dreary and solitary because the natives themselves will not approach it even in daylight on account of their superstitions and the stories that are told concerning it and its mysterious red light.

General Richard was sent down to that part of the country to survey some land for the government. He was a very brave and courageous man, having fought in the Spanish-American war and had gained not a little military fame. While staying at a small town near the swamp, he heard from the villagers the following story about its midnight visitor:

Many years ago, so many that it had been told to the oldest natives by their grandparents, it happened that there was a rebellion in the country. The young ruler, with his wife, was forced to leave the City of Mexico and flee to Fort Mata-mores, a great distance from the capital.

On their way they were obliged to pass the night at this swamp, as the party had traveled all day long and were too tired to go farther. The group of white tents, which were spread on a circular grassy spot in the swamp at the base of a large perpendicular rock, gleamed in the pale moonlight. The moon beams illuminated the whole earth; even the stars seemed brighter as if they expected something unusual to happen about the camp which was set up among the few dwarf-like trees.

The guards walked slowly back and forth a short distance from the camp. Everything was solitary and lonesome almost to oppressiveness, when suddenly about midnight one of the guards noticed a slight movement in the grass. He went to see what it was, and discovered it to be one of the rebels. He jumped back and yelled, "The rebels, the rebels!" and was immediately shot down.

But this was enough to give the alarm, and in a few seconds the whole camp was engaged in a fierce fight. Everyone was needed forward, as the rebels attacked from the front, and this left the rear tents without protection.

One of the opposite party knew of the ruler's young wife, and knew that she must be in one of the tents. After he had almost given up the search he espied a slight, girlish figure outlined against the dark trunk of a tree. On creeping up he noticed that the white figure seemed rigid, with her hands clasped tightly together. Her eyes were fixed on the fast diminishing numbers of their faithful subjects.

The dark figure drew nearer and nearer, and at last stood behind the silent figure. The glittering knife was raised once—twice—and yet its owner seemed unable to strike.

But, tightly closing his eyes, he raised it again and plunged the heavy blade into the delicate flesh. Without a sound she sank to the ground, and looked at him with reproachful eyes; then she said slowly, "May God forgive you; I cannot; and may some evil power haunt all your lives."

He ran as fast as he could in the direction of the village, and when he arrived there he told what he had done and what the girl had said. A little later the sur-
viving rebels came straggling into the village, victorious but not very elated over their victory.

Ever since this, every bright night at midnight a glowing red light, which the inhabitants took as an omen of evil, appeared.

As I have said before, General Richard was a brave and not a superstitious man. He determined to find out what could possibly cause this light, and set out one night alone in search of it. When he had reached the swamp he had a very tiresome wait before the peculiar phenomenon appeared.

At last it was seen on the face of the perpendicular rock, so far above him that he could not distinguish what it was. He decided to climb up to it, but before he had gone far he knew that what he had undertaken was not so easy, as the cliff from which the red light shone was a very steep and slippery one, with only here and there a projection by which he could assist himself in climbing.

After many narrow escapes he reached the top and placed a circle around the red light which seemed imbedded in the rock. As he could do no more before daylight he descended and lay down to sleep on the very spot on which the ruler's tent had been pitched; but instead of sleeping he lay thinking of the mystery until early dawn. Then he again made this daring ascent to the summit of the rock, and found to his disappointment that nothing could be seen but rock within the circle which he had marked.

He sat there disappointed because this was not what he had expected to see. He had already started down again when on glancing up once more he noticed that the rock within the circle had a reddish tint.

Eagerly climbing back to the top he examined it more closely, and found that the red rock lay in a sort of socket in the cliff. This he had not noticed before. He took out his hunting knife and found that by prying the red stone moved.

Encouraged by this he set to work and finally after a long and tedious effort it fell into his hands. He sat as if paralyzed, with a frightened look on his face, because as he turned it from side to side it first appeared like running blood, then like streaks of fire. But, after he became more accustomed to its appearance, he gazed at it first with curiosity and then with admiration; for as it lay blazing there in the sunshine, it was a beautiful thing.

He fairly flew to the village to tell the people what he had found. They were standing in groups talking of his absence and the fear that he might have lost his life, when they saw him coming joyfully towards them carrying a large blazing light which they immediately recognized as the red light of the swamp.

They could not account for the happy look on his face; for the rock which he was carrying had always been a thing of fear and horror to them.

When he reached them he jubilantly said: "My friend, look. Don't be afraid. What you have taken as an evil spirit is in reality a wonderful unknown stone."

After hearing his explanation their fears vanished and in a moment they all crowded around him to see what the new stone was like. The news of the general's finding an unknown stone and solving the mystery soon spread, and in a few days the village was filled with scientists and men who wished to see the wonderful stone.

General Richard stayed in the village only six months longer, but during that short period he was treated like a king, the people giving banquets and fetes in his honor.

Should the curiosity of any reader be unsatisfied, the rare stone can be found in the British Museum, where it is an object of wonder and admiration to thousands of visitors.
Term-end examinations and spring vacation have interrupted society events this month. Those of the students who did not spend their vacation at home were at gay house parties or visiting friends. For the few who remained at the school there were a number of pleasant little entertainments informally gotten up.

The Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. cabinets spent a very pleasant evening at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Voris, Friday evening, March 13. Various things had been arranged for amusement by the host and hostess. Political speeches by some of the guests were both pleasant and instructive.

Mrs. Crandall entertained for the art students at her home, Friday evening, March 13. The rooms were beautifully decorated. Progressive games occupied the evening and delicious refreshments were served by the hostess.

About twenty academic students were given a charming little party by Miss Douglas for her brother, Mr. Walter Douglas, at The Residence, Friday, March 13. The parlors were very prettily decorated for the occasion and a delightful evening had been planned by Miss Douglas.

Prof. and Mrs. Beardsley entertained a number of their friends very pleasantly, Friday, March 13.

Mr. Van den Steen provided one very enjoyable evening for those who were obliged to spend their vacation in the Residence, when he brought his Gramophone over and played over his fine selection of records. Some of the greatest singers of the century were heard in this way.

The Second Year Preps entertained the Third Year Preps at the home of Miss Metzger, Wednesday evening, March 18. Various interesting games had been prepared by Miss Metzger and a delightful evening was spent. Dainty refreshments were served by the girls of the Second Year class.

Mrs. C. C. Doud gave a very pretty April Fool’s dinner to the members of the Long Branch house party, at her home, Wednesday, April 1. Covers were laid for twelve at the daintily appointed table.

Among the out-of-town visitors to Whitworth were Miss Edna Huggins and her mother, Mrs. Huggins, and Miss Julia Loose.
The members of the Long Branch house party were given a delightful dinner by Miss Jessie LaWall at her home, Sunday evening, March 15. Lively discussions of house party plans made the evening pass all too quickly.

Miss Roehl, of Auburn, spent the weekend with her sister, Miss Anna Roehl. Miss Roehl had a birthday "spread" Friday evening. About twenty-five guests were invited and spent a very jolly evening.

Annual Report of Treasurer

For Winter Term Up to and Including April 2.

Balance from Fall Term ........... $16.03
Receipts from dues and athletics ...... 73.20

<table>
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<th>Description</th>
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<tr>
<td>Total Expenses</td>
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Balance April 2 ............ $30.48

All expenses verified and approved of by the Executive Board for Athletics.

This report does not include the promissory notes obtained on April 2.

RICHARD C. DOUD, Treas.
Those of us taking the masterpiece course ought to read, without fail, the sketch in the College Chronicle entitled "Wordsworth's Environments." In the same paper, "Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Optimism," is also worthy of our perusal. Many of us, I think, have the idea that her writings and poetry are effeminate, if we may apply that adjective to poetry. This article, however, will banish all such opinions from our minds and will give us a better appreciation of her literary merit and value. Did you know it was she who wrote these lines?

"You will be what you will to be;
Let failure find its false content
In the poor word environment,
But spirit scorns it and is free;
It masters time, it conquers space,
It cows that boastful trickster chance
And bids the tyrant circumstance
Uncrown and fill a seerant's place—
The Human Will, that force unseen,
The offspring of a deathless soul,
Can hew the way to any goal,
Tho' walls of granite intervene.
Be not impatient in delay,

But wait as one who understands,
When spirit rises and commands,
The gods are ready to obey;
The river seeking for the sea
Confronts the dam and precipice,
Yet knows it cannot fail or miss;
You will be what you will to be.

One may as well be asleep as to read for anything but to improve his mind and morals and to improve his conduct.—Sterne.

The man who is seeking ever to do his best is the man who is keen, active, wide-awake and aggressive. He is ever watchful of himself in trifles; his standard is not, what will the world say? but is it worthy of me?—Ex.

In the Whitman College Pioneer for this month is something new—a drama, taken from their own college life. Very cleverly written, too!

The quotation columns in the Jayhawker are very instructive and full of helpful suggestions. Read them.
Appropriate to the Time of Year.

"Young men and women often like to be alone," observed the moralizer.

"Yis," rejoined the Irish philosopher, "begorra, they like to be alone togerther."

—Ex.

"An unuttered criticism enriches the soul." Therefore let us refrain from criticizing the petty faults of those around us, and thus enrich their souls as well as our own.

How's This for an Excuse?

"Dear Mister Professor: Could you be so kind as to excuse my boy Johnny for not going to school yesterday; the reason was because I wanted to wash his stockings; this will not happen again this year. Much obliged. Mrs. ———."—Ex.

"Have you found space for my poem yet?"

"No, but I will as soon as the office boy empties the waste basket."—Ex.

May we make a suggestion for the improvement of the "Crimson Rambler"? A few more locals and personals would greatly enhance the interest in your paper. "Occidental," ditto!

We always hail the Monmal with delight. Your three essays on "Oratory" are good.

Why is a young man who goes calling like a bridegroom?

First he comes to adore, then he gives the bell a ring, next he gives the maid his name, and if he doesn't find her out, he is taken in."

Wise, Eh?

"Fetch me some wood," a mother said to her boy.

The boy replied: "Ah, mother, I am sorry your education has been so sadly neglected. You should have said: 'My son, transport from that recumbent collection of combustible material into the threshold of this edifice, some of the curtailed excrecence of a defunct tree.'"—Ex.

Teacher: "You're always behind in your studies.

Student: "If I wasn't I couldn't pursue them."—Ex.

The cover on the Messenger is exceedingly well designed and the editorials of the same paper deserve notice.

We learn by the "Pacific Wave" that the U. of W. is going to conduct a department in Domestic Science this summer. No doubt many aspiring young women will avail themselves of this valuable opportunity to become adepts along the line of household usefulness.

Isn't It True?

The wisdom of a wise man begins to look like the hole in a doughnut when a small boy begins to ask him questions.—Ex.

Too bad we all can't have intentions as good as this writer in the "Index."

L'Envoy.

Oh, muse, if thy laws I have broken
(I've smashed them all without a doubt)
Have mercy upon me, I pray thee,
For I'm helping the editor out.

—Index.
The Whitworthian

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

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EDITORIAL.

We have the pleasure of presenting in this issue an article by Miss Douglas, the Dean of Women and head of the English department, in which she gives us a glimpse of college life in Wellesley.

The warm Spring days are not very conducive to study and application, but let us not forget that the Whitworthian needs some of your time. The Freshmen deserve special mention for their loyalty to the paper. Upper classmen—well—a hint to the wise is sufficient.

Whitworth has great reason to be proud of her two students who qualified for entrance to Oxford, in the Rhodes scholarship examination in January. The American Rhodes scholar is watched with great interest and we are naturally very greatly pleased that one of our students has won the distinguished honor to represent our college and the State of Washington in the University of Oxford.

The following is an extract from the catalog of Princeton University:

"All written examinations and written recitations are conducted under the honor system. A student is not watched during an examination by any officer of the university, but he is required to write on his paper a pledge that he has not been guilty of any dishonesty or irregularity in connection with the examination.

"The administration of the honor system is in the hands of a student committee by whose rules it is the recognized duty of every student to report to the committee any evidence of dishonesty in examination that may come under his observance. If after investigation of such evidence the committee finds a student guilty of dishonesty, it reports his case to the Faculty with a recommendation that he be finally dismissed from the university."

Would this not be a good system to adopt in our institution? Perhaps it would not be wise to have exactly the same rule,
but it certainly is a disgrace to an institution and gross injury to the character of the individual for a student to be placed in an environment where it is possible to cheat and where honesty is lightly esteemed. There are some students whose conscience it does not seem to hurt to cheat in an examination or a recitation who, under any other circumstances, would never dream of being dishonest. The standards for moral conduct are certainly the same in school or outside, and if a student is dishonest in his character forming period what is to be expected of his future career?

Y. W. C. A.

On the 11th of March the Y. W. girls enjoyed a delightful address by Miss Ada Hillman, city secretary of the Y. W. C. A. Miss Hillman was for several years intimately associated with college Y. W. C. A. work, and she proved beyond a doubt her thorough understanding of college girls. She spoke in a most interesting way of association work at home and abroad. The meeting was splendidly attended.

During the next two weeks no meetings will be held because of exams and vacation.

On the 1st day of April the Association held its annual election of officers. Miss Olga Johnson, the retiring president, gave her farewell address, including the report of the last year's work, which was very encouraging. The following new officers were elected: President, Mary Cox, '09; vice president, Frances Lackey, '10; secretary, Edna Robinson, '11; treasurer, Maude Scott, '11. Miss Cox appointed the following members of her cabinet: Devotional, Pearla Robbins; missionary, Lulu Risdon; social, Lillian Fleet; music, Edith Strange; intercollegiate, Jessie La Wall; Bible, Hilda Bergman; room, Vadie Rowley. The cabinet held its first session on the afternoon of the 6th, at which plans were made for the spring's work. The Association is hoping to send several delegates to the Seaside Conference, which begins June 19, and all Association girls are urged to consider very seriously the great importance of attending this delightful Conference, and of helping to give Whitworth a fine representation.

April 15 is the date set for the Easter service, which will be addressed by Mrs. Stacy. Several special musical numbers are being prepared for this meeting.

Mary Cox will lead the next meeting on April 22, giving the annual president's address on the subject, "Kept for the Master's Use."

The last meeting of the month will be a missionary meeting, which Lulu Risdon will conduct, the topic being "India."

Wednesday noon, April 8, the retiring cabinet gave a luncheon in honor of the new cabinet. The luncheon was served in Miss Mearns' studio, and covers were laid for fourteen.

All girls are invited to attend the meetings of the Association, which are held every Wednesday at 10:30 in the parlors of the Residence.
**Rhodes Scholarship.**

When it was heard that both contestants for the Rhodes Scholarship had passed the entrance examinations, there was a great deal of excitement in the student body. Frederic Metzger took a post graduate course in college this last year; he was a member of the football team and he had a high reputation for scholarship. Kenneth Ghormley was a Junior, a member of the football team and well spoken of for brains and good fellowship. Everyone felt glad for the honor of Whitworth that each had passed, and sorry that both could not go to Oxford. The voting was done according to the wishes of Mr. Rhodes that "in the election of a student to a scholarship, regard should be had to (1) his literary and scholastic attainments, (2) his fondness for and success in manly outdoor sports, such as cricket, football and the like, (3) his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness and fellowship, and (4) his exhibition during school days of moral force of character, and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates. Mr. Rhodes suggested that the second and third requirements should be decided in any school or college by the votes of fellow-students, and the fourth by the head of the school or college."

Several hours passed before a decision was reached, and then it was announced that Metzger was chosen. The contest was a close one and honorable to both. The good wishes of Whitworth College will be with Mr. Metzger when he goes to Oxford in the full assurance that he will deserve them.

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**Criterion.**

The chief feature of the program for April 5th was the "Peak Sisters," given by the girls of the society. The quaint costumes of the twenty girls, their ridiculous songs and actions, furnished great amusement for the audience. A goodly number of visitors were present to enjoy the program.

On April 18th a trial debate will be held, at which time the debaters for the contest with the Thalian Society will be chosen. The question is, "Resolved, That it would be for the best interests of the United States for Congress to pass a general emigration act excluding from the country all foreign emigrants of the laboring class."
A Trip to Hades.

I had been traveling in Arcadia for several weeks, and one afternoon, while strolling along the bank of the River Styx, I was accosted by a strange looking person, whom I afterwards found was a guide. He asked me if he might have the pleasure of showing me the beauties and wonders of Hades. Now, I had read a great deal about the nether world, and always had a wild desire to know just what sort of a place it was. Accordingly, I jumped at the chance.

As I stepped into the boat that was to take us across the river, I was agreeably surprised to find that the oarsman was HARRISON, an old school friend of mine. But in place of the regulation oars, he was using a pair shaped like immense spoons. I was not obliged to ask the reason for the strange shape, for I knew Harrison of old. We soon arrived at the gates. Sitting just outside, shivering, was a forlorn looking fellow, whom I scarcely recognized as the once jolly HORACE RUBBER. When I inquired why he was not inside, where the air was warmer, he replied: "They will let me in on one condition. You know I had a habit of falling asleep in Prof. Fox's Algebra class. Well, if I can manage to keep my eyes open till all the Freshmen have arrived here safely, I will be allowed to go in. It will be hard work, though, for some of that class are so good that I'm afraid they won't land here." I sympathized with him, and went on.

As I passed through the gates, the first person I saw was ELIZABETH HEMP-HILL, sitting before an immense oven, warming her feet. She explained that she had been at work there ever since she came, for the simple reason that she always had "cold feet" at Whitworth.

Over in one corner was a pale, slender boy, crying softly. I left the guide and went over to him. When I asked what the trouble was, he said, in a low, sad voice: "They have made me rub all that lovely red from my cheeks." "Why," I thought, "this must be REED." And sure enough, it was, but his best friend could not have recognized him with that pale face. I was sorry when I had to leave him, for he seemed so unhappy.

Further on I saw two melancholy persons sitting facing each other. Over their mouths were strong iron bands. I would not have recognized them, but as I came nearer to the boy (who, by the way, had a very decided pug nose), I saw a lock of hair sticking straight out from the back of his head, and I knew it must be BISSON; and, of course, the girl was FLORENCE. Seeing that they couldn't talk to me, I inquired of the guide the reason for their sitting thus. He told me that it was all on account of their quarreling at meals. I knew it must be a trial for both of them, for I remembered them as remarkable talkers.

A short distance from them was an energetic looking girl sitting before a table, piled high with pies of all kinds. When she had finished the piece she was eating, I was surprised to see her take a small microscope and carefully examine the plate. "Ah," she exclaimed, "there's a piece left!" I knew in a minute that it
was BESSIE GWINN, for she always had a remarkable appetite for pie.

I looked around, hoping to see more of my old friends, and as I walked slowly back and forth I saw two attendants holding a wild-eyed girl, who kept screaming, "I am a mathematical genius! This is a mathematical truth, a great mathematical truth!" In a moment I knew that at some time she had been in one of Prof. Fox's classes. She kept on repeating these words and I went over where she was. I was greatly astonished to find that it was MAUDE SCOTT. One of the attendants told me she had lost her mind trying to get ahead of the rest of her class.

My time was limited, and I could stay no longer, so, after taking one last look at my old friends, I left the place where I had spent such a pleasant afternoon, and was soon on my way across the river.

"Leap Year Bargain Counter.

In order to enable some young ladies in making their leap year selections, some kind hearted citizen submitted the following list. Note carefully, young ladies, and seize this opportunity to make up for lost time.

The first on the list is the charming blonde, SIDNEY MACSWEEN; mamma's pet; papa's joy; nationality not known, but is thought to be of French descent.

CLEON ASK.—Drug store complexion; "girlish ways attend him" (one of the choicest on the market).

MILLARD HARRISON.—Beautiful voice; sweet disposition; winning ways. Very good bargain.

LAURENCE SKIRVING.—Ladies' man. Nuf sed!

REED HEILEG.—Baby face; pride of the Lodge; to know him is a liberal education.

FRANCIS BISSON.—Expert potato digger; excellent housekeeper; German nationality.

LE ROY VEACH.—Fickle; gallery god; Holy Roller. Only one of his kind.

HORACE RUEBER—Dainty feet; likes home cooking; especially adapted for bluffing.

JACK HEATH.—Looking for someone to love. Girls, here's your chance.

DOUGALD JUDSON.—Gentle voice; very shy; must be gently approached.

There are many more rare bargains, but from all appearances they do not need to be advertised.
Our Dormitory.

Razzle, dazzle, zis, bah, boom,
Clear out, clear out, give us room.
We're right in it, don't you see.
Dormitory, dormitory, he! he! he!

To the stranger who hopes to enter into our jolly life we offer the advice of "experience":

DON'T ENTER the dormitory if you're not in the mood for a joke.
DON'T DESPAIR because you have "nothing to wear" to the Faculty reception. Your neighbor's wardrobe may supply your wants.
DON'T RING the door bell after 10 o'clock if you are locked out; the neighbors may take you in.
DON'T BE DISTURBED upon coming home from the theatre if you find your room "To Let." Take your candle and mount the stairs. The trunk room is a fine place to store furniture.
DON'T THINK your bed is an acrobat, and that it may walk off in the night because you find it on its back with a shoe on each leg.
DON'T FEEL OBLIGED to sleep with a dummy because you find it in your bed.
DON'T FAINT when you find a dead mouse in your closet. Many a mouse has led a strenuous life.
DON'T GO TO BED hungry. Your key may fit your neighbor's door.
DON'T EAT but one piece of cake at lunch.
DON'T GET EXCITED. You'll be warned in time to chuck a few things under the bed before Miss Douglas makes her annual visit.
DON'T STUDY too hard.

Can Anyone Answer?

Why is Mildred A. Smith?
Is Edith Strange?
Can Cleon Ask?
Is David A. Guy?
Why is Lillian Fleet?
What will Edith Ware?
Is Marion Young (s)?
Why is Ruth Brown?
Is Sidney A. Fox.
Is Florence Mustard?
Will Helma Hunter?
PERSONALS.

Miss D. (in Freshman English): "If a man wishes to persuade me, he must make me think as he does."

"Generally speaking, Bisson is——"

"Yes, he is."

"Is what?"

"Generally speaking."

F. B. (at table)—"Mary, why do you wait on Reed like that?"

M. Smith—"Natural instinct, I guess."

Prof. Fox (in Surveying class)—"If there was no gravity and you started a free body to moving it would go forever."

Grosscup—"Well, then, Professor, if you jumped you could get to heaven."

Prof. Fox—"Yes, if you didn't jump down."

Miss May Schlott, while visiting a friend in the country innocently inquired if they gathered milk and picked eggs!

Bisson had a fountain pen,
It's ink was black as jet,
And every time he used the thing,
The ink was gone, you bet.

(Name of author not known.)

Prof. W. (in Chemistry class)—"How many times did you read this lesson?"

H. Rueber—"Oneee."

Prof. W.—"That is not enough."

H. R.—"That is as many times as I ever read my lessons over."

Prof. W.—"I know you are smart, but you can't do that in my class."

Miss D. (in English)—"Oh, I don't necessarily want a man to talk simple to me."

F. A. M. (returning from a walk with M. II.)—"Heavens! my hands smell of tobacco."

Calvin (at the Park Saturday afternoon): "There are lots of dears here, Ruth."

Margaret L.—"Why on earth doesn't the rest of the second baseball team come down to practice." And the only one missing was Hoke.

Erna M.—"Ah, I wish I could take U. S. history instead of general."

"Why?"

Erna—"Because this last term they have taken up Cizeka."

Miss Brown to Ruth—"You have been letting yourself grow so lazy lately—just like Calvin Fox."

Someone on the diamond—"Come here, Veach! Veach!"

Frankie S.—"Oh, yes, of course; Veaches is peaches."

If it doesn't concern you, let it alone.

Esther M.—"Girls, did you see how Sara blushed Friday night when we called her a bride?"

Irene H.—"But a bride shouldn’t blush."

Sara C.—"Well, I wouldn’t have minded if it had been true."
Helen B. in her room—“Ruth, stay down here and study so I can talk to you.”

One of the girls speaking to Al-e C-l-s—“What is your favorite flower?”

A. C.—“Sweet Williams, of course!”

Then came the street car rude,
And oh! how Sara sighed,
For the boys kept up their song
As the car went speeding along,
Then they all bid her farewell
With a loud and howling yell.

Wanted—
Something to improve my temper.—Sherrod.
Something to increase my vocabulary.—Geo. Cizek.
A prevention for blushes.—Hegg.
Jake—“Well, maybe I can have the Doctor next year.”

Fred M.—“I always do right for right’s (Wright’s) sake.”

Is it safe for Gertrude to ride on the car without a chaperon?

Prof. Voris—“When lead is oxidized it turns red.”

Madge—“Guess I get oxidized pretty often.”

Dean Heath in geometry—“When some boys lose their hearts, they lose their heads, too.” Now was that a hit at Hoke or Cizek?

Bertha Amerman (planting flower seeds)—“Love in a mist. What’s that, Maude?”

Maude S.—“I’m sure I don’t know. It’s new to me.”

B. A.—“Well, it’s new to me, too, but I’m going to experiment with it this spring.”

Chorus from Bible class: “Loveliness sat on an eiderdown cushion.”

Reta Willert, looking over some papers that the Dean has marked: “My, Englishmen’s writing is hard to read, isn’t it. I am getting pretty well used to it now, though.” We wonder how.

Sara was a maiden shy,
With a love look in her eye.
But alas! how she did blush,
When down the stairs there came a rush,
Then to her they turned an eye
To see the bride go passing by.

In Soph. English: Miss Hunter, who is Burns?

Helma—I don’t know.

Miss D.—You don’t know! Why don’t you? You certainly ought too!

We have heard about Miss Douglas’ Scotch blood before.

Dean Health to Geo. Cizek in geometry: “I don’t see how your face is solid, but I do understand that your head is.”

Wonder why the Sophomores didn’t put that game with the Third Preps in the paper? May be this is the reason Third Preps. 37 Sophs. 9.

Is Fitzsimmons between two or three fires?

Miss Page, in Bible—“What class does the Ring Bird belong to?”

M. S.—“Aristocratic.”

Erna, reading history—“An army that might hope—”

Helen B.—“What did you say about Hoke?”

LeRoy V., practicing baseball—“I’ll get this one or bust.”

Frankie S. (watching him)—Oh, dear! I hope he gets it!”
After hearing a paper read in Botany, the only thing Sherrod could remember was, "You must not sit outside at night when you are in the country, if you wish to avoid malaria." He thinks he will risk it.

Sara C. to Mr. Kinkade—"Oh, Mr. Kinkade, let's go off in the corner; we want to talk low, you know."

Girls—Oh!
Sara—Oh, we are only going to talk about Latin."

Miss Douglas in Third Prep. English—"Mr. McDonald, I wish you would read that as it is written. Isn't there an interrogation mark in your book?"
Mr. McD.—"No, ma'am; there's only a question mark."

Dr. Roe in History—"Harold was dead and couldn't say much, so we have received the story from William's friends."

In Hall: Frankie S.—"Oh! Miss Garretson, who is that new boy? Get him in our class."
Miss G.—"Why, Frankie, aren't you satisfied?"

Madge—"I don't need an umbrella when the moon is along."

Laurence—"I've found a new name for Jessie now." Congratulations are in order.

Gertrude—"I pressed my coat tonight. My, but it was big to get around."

Dr. Armstrong in Latin—"Be still, my heart, you have endured worse things than that."

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"There is no use in prolonging this talk. Niccolo is to be our guide tomorrow, and you know that the canoe will hold only four."

"Very well, Miss Curtis, but mark my words, you'll be sorry. That dago doesn't know any more about these mountains than you do. You will lose the trail and have to camp out all night. I hope then that you will remember that you refused the services of a competent guide. Goodbye."

And he actually dropped down the cliff and jumped into his launch without giving me a chance for another word. I tossed my head and strolled leisurely toward the tents, singing "Good Old Summer Time," very loudly—Ted just hates that song.

Well, Bertie was provoked all right when I told her that Ted Brunton had gone back to the hotel and wouldn't be with us the next day. You see, she and Jack have been married just long enough for about all the sweets and none of the bitter in married life. So of course she thinks it her righteous duty to couple off every man and maid in her acquaintance. I suffer most of all, being her sister. They had found Theodore Brunton at the hotel a couple of miles down the river, and had almost made him a member of our party. My only refuge was Niccolo, an Italian youth with soulful eyes, who flopped our flap-jacks and toasted our bacon in approved camp style. Whenever I heard Ted Brunton's launch chug-chugging up the river I'd fly to the kitchen tent and talk to Niccolo. I may as well say right here that I didn't really dislike Mr. Brunton, but I was just a little tired of him.

So Bertie scolded in vain. "But Nita, he is so nice! I don't see why you act so. And then he is so experienced. Why he knows all about these mountains."

"That's just it! He is so everlastingly conceited! It won't hurt him a bit to find out that we can have a good time without him. I think Niccolo is a perfectly competent guide, or he wouldn't have offered to take us up the mountain."

So Bertie said no more, and we started the next morning in gay spirits.

We started so early and climbed so steadily that we were well up the mountain before it got warm. We were so elated by our rapid progress that we decided to rest for an hour or two and then continue our climb after emptying the lunch box. There was a lovely shady slope, and clear, cold water near by, but alas! they proved too strongly beguiling, for it was almost two o'clock when we awoke to the fact that we must be moving if we expected to get back to camp that night.

The climbing was horribly steep, the rocks all bare and slippery, and the sun mercilessly hot. Bertie and I set our teeth firmly, and pushed on. But when at last we scrambled to the very highest pile of
rocks, all our toils by the way were forgotten. Before us were the undulating plains and hills, a sea of green, with golden-brown, sun-flicked billows. We looked down to our camp, and saw the pigmy tents close beside the tiny, twisted, turquoise-blue river. Then raising our eyes above the camp, above the little chain of mountains that guarded the turquoise river, we looked upon the towering peaks of the grand old Rockies. Our Mount Baldy dwindled into a mole-hill as we tried to realize the immensity of that range. The sun was almost setting, and all the dazzling white and steely-blue were veiled by a wonderful softness. It was easy to imagine that we were within sight of the very gates of heaven; the wonder of it, the sublimity of vast space, filled us with holy awe.

But holy awe gave way to chilly reality in a few moments, as the chill of evening suddenly descended upon us. Again we scrambled down the slippery rocks, and to our joy found the trail at once. Our silent reverence was over, and we raced down the path, singing gaily and throwing pine-cones at each other like children. Niccolo was in the lead, picking out the trail over fallen logs and through grassy dells where we could see no sign or trace of man or beast. Suddenly he stopped short.

"Stand still, evra body. I no see-a the trail." He went back a few feet to where the trail was very plain, and then started to make a wide circle. We stood still, a little frightened until the reassuring shout "Here he is, I find-a heem!" sent us scurrying around a sharp turn, and we were off again. But our gaily had calmed, and we hurried on in silence, save for the crunch of twigs and the rolling of stones down the steep gulleh.

The light had been slowly fading since we left the peak, and now, almost with the swiftness of a thunder-clap, darkness settled down; the darkness of the forest, with only blackness and the moon of the pines above us, blackness and slipperiness underfoot, blackness and wierdness all about us.

Again we were off the trail, and Niccolo called, "Evra body stand still. Maybe I find heem again." His voice, the first sound any of us had made for several minutes, woke us to our peril. Jack kicked a stone loose, and it fell a long way, before striking a rock. We knew then that we must be almost on the brink of a precipice, and stepped back in alarm. Since the trail had not been very near such a place, we must have lost it some distance back. We tried to force our way through the underbrush, but a few minutes of that decided us to camp for the night.

Jack and Niccolo found a comparatively clear place, but it sloped at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Fortunately there was an abundance of dry wood, and Niccolo began breaking up little twigs.

"Got-a de match?" he inquired of Jack.

"Only two," answered my brother-in-law, and our hearts sank like lead.

From the direction where we had heard twigs crackling vigorously for the last few minutes, came a low-pitched hoarse growl. Jack seized his gun, and Niccolo hastily scratched one of the matches. It blazed flickered, and died away. With a muttered imprecation Jack laid aside his gun and took the other match. He crumbled up an old letter, and struck the match—the paper blazed, a few twigs crackled, and our fire was burning.

Bertie and I had stood with our arms about each other, watching these preparations in a vague way. The blackness, the wierdness, the ominous growl (not till later did we know it was from a bear) had combined to make us feel that we were shadows moving in a dream. Now we braced ourselves against a tree-trunk, to keep from sliding down hill, and view-
ed quite cheerfully the prospects before us.

"I'm hungry. Where's the lunch box, Jack?" came pleading from Bertie.

"The lunch box! Heavens on earth, girl, did you suppose that I had been carrying that box all afternoon? I had my gun, and dragged you nearly every step of the way, and now you expect me to furnish hamsandwiches and lady fingers! Why don't you ask for an automobile?" Poor Jack. He was worried, and hungry, and a man. Bertie began to cry, and Jack melted like butter in the sun.

Well, Niccolo and I moved to the other side of the fire, and let them make peace in private. I held tight to a log to keep from sliding into the flames, and was dreaming that doughnuts were raining down from the sky, when Niccolo exclaimed, "Ah, Miss Nita, look-a! I found heem in my pocket! See!"

"Heem" proved to be-a lemon! Oh, the rapture with which we thirsty, hungry people eyed that lemon.

"The juice is for thirst, and the rind for hunger," said Jack.

We ravenously devoured every morsel of our quarter, but it made Bertie sick. Jack tried to comfort her, and so Niccolo and I moved to the other side of the fire again. I was seated upon my faithful log, wondering how a strong-minded girl like my sister Bertha could become a tearful and clinging piece of femininity after she was married. The sensation of being watched impelled me to turn my head, and there on his knees before me, with his hands clasped above his heart, the soulful-eyed Niccolo!

"Oh, Miss Neeta, I love-a you so much-a.

You are so beautiful! (I have freckles and a pug-nose.) And you like-a me. You come-a and talka to me many times. Willa you marra me? Oh, no do not go away! You-a must---" At the psychological moment came a loud "Halloo," and Ted Brunton dropped into our midst as from the clouds.

Niccolo jumped up, and I, for once in my life thought quickly.

Niccolo, see, this is Mr. Brunton, my fiance. The man to whom I am engaged, you know. Do you understand?

Ted gasped, and Niccolo heaved a big, soulful sigh. Jack and Bertie had scrambled up to our level by that time, and I had a few moments to think. Ted led us up, just a little way, to a wide trail, which we easily followed by the starlight. I seized Jack's arm, and made Bertie walk with Ted. Poor Niccolo trailed slowly and sadly behind.

In half an hour we were at the launch, and chugging across to camp. Bertie was garrulous in her relief and thankfulness but neither Ted, Niccolo nor I said a word. Jack seemed to smell a mouse.

I jumped from the launch before it had fairly stopped, and started to run up the bank, but Ted called, "Miss Curtis! Just a moment, please." There was no help now, and I had to face the music. Jack and Bertie disappeared into the tents.

"What did you tell Niccolo up on the mountain?"

"A fib. I had to do it."

I don't believe that I remember exactly what we said next, but any way it doesn't concern other people. Niccolo left the next day, but Ted can make lovely flapjacks.

MAUDE SCOTT, '11.
The Doctor.

It is often in remote and secluded places that one finds the most eccentric characters. Perhaps this is because such characters naturally drift to out of the way places or perhaps it is because the seclusion tends to accentuate their idiosyncracies. However this may be, it was in a small and difficultly accessible mining camp close to the crest of the Rockies that we found the subject of this sketch. Our first sight of him as we entered the camp was of a man hastening from a shanty and stopping short in the middle of the street to scrutinize the occupants of the approaching wagon. We had time to notice only a man, slightly under the normal stature, dressed in black broadcloth. His unusually large forehead was made more prominent by the backward tilt of a wide-brimmed black hat, secured by a silk cord. His hand was either plucking the cord or was stroking the full, flowing black beard. In less time than it takes to tell it his keen eyes had sized up the new arrivals, and he continued with quick and nervous step across the street to the hospitality of “Frenchy’s Place.” Pride in the dignity of his profession and the in-born politeness of the Kentucky gentleman forbade his accosting the new comers in the free and easy manner of the camp at the post office that evening. Among the strangers, however, was one who had made his acquaintance on a previous visit. To this one the doctor made known his desire for a proper introduction. As the strangers were presented he greeted each with profuse politeness, but gave no opportunity for familiarity, and soon hastened away. In the following days we often met the strange man. He was always polite, nervous and in a hurry. The presence of a young physician in the company formed a bond of attachment and warmed his heart toward us all. It was not long before he gave us a cordial invitation to visit him at his “office,” which was a room in the shanty in which he held bachelor’s hall.

A rainy afternoon afforded opportunity for the visit. We found the doctor a good entertainer, and both entertainment and surroundings were indeed unique. The public office, which was entered directly from the street, was a room about twelve by sixteen feet but seeming smaller because so overfilled. Whatever the rude furnishings lacked in style was amply made up for in profusion of things. A broad easy chair, upholstered with a much soiled bed-quilt, faced the entrance. Beside it stood a table piled high with pamphlets and papers, while another and larger one behind it supported a similar burden. A huge stove not only occupied its own share of room but seemed to hold at bay the chairs and stools that cluttered the floor. In front of the one window beside the door was a couch and next it an old fashioned secretary whose pigeon holes were far too full to permit of closing the drop-leaf writing board. A bookcase held an array of old leather backed tomes between which were stuffed pamphlets and folded papers. The walls were covered with material for a whole press clipping agency. His filing system for newspaper matter was the doctor’s special pride. For years he had clipped from papers and magazines items of interest
and information. The shorter clippings were fastened together into long strips. Then a nail was put through a bunch of strips and driven into the wall. Another bunch was nailed above and overlapping this like thatch on a roof. Doubtless some connection exists between the subject matter of the items that are grouped together, but in many cases no mind but the doctor's could trace the connection. To us the collection appeared but a medly of miscellaneous information covering the whole range of human information and interest.

We were soon eagerly listening to his vivacious recital of anecdotes and reminiscences, interspersed with much homely philosophy and shrewd observations on life. Many slights and much ridicule had not embittered him. Years that had passed heavily over him had left him still able to see the humorous side of life and to relish a good story or joke. Under his unattractive exterior there was a kind heart that showed itself sometimes in strange ways. He did not avoid recounting his efforts to secure the acquittal of a man who had coldly shot down another. His “expert testimony” had been warped, not through any desire of gain, but out of sympathy for the wife and children of the murderer. He stoutly defended his course in having maintained before the jury that the man had died of pneumonia, though there was a bullet hole clear through his chest.

He told us many incidents out of his rich experience through twenty odd years of life in the mountains, the only physician in a radius of thirty miles. Many a freezing ride, and many a weary tramp over the bleak passes did he take to reach some unfortunate one who otherwise had died. Many a dark night did he ford the swollen streams to bring help to some sufferer. Under stress of necessity and with but crude means he had undertaken many difficult surgical operations, successful perhaps only because of the virility that comes from a life close to nature. Perhaps the men of the camp do not realize the value of his services nor realize the heart burdens that drove him to the solitude of the mountains. Yet it was with his aid that the struggle for life has been won in many a prospector’s cabin. Thus in this out of the way place this disappointed man was still rendering services to his fellows, and in spite of his peculiarities doing a needed work.

PROF. F. T. VORIS.
May, with her pleasant weather and sunshiny days, holds out promises of picnics, launch parties and automobile rides. Dates have also been fixed for several musical recitals during the month and the various college societies are working on plays or special programs for the commencement season. One of the regular chapel announcements is, "There will be a very important meeting of the senior class at 12:20."

Miss Ross, student Y. W. C. A. secretary for the Northwest, was a guest of the Whitworth Association the first week in May. Miss Ross addressed the students at vespers Sunday evening and also led the regular Y. W. meeting, Wednesday morning. On Monday a cabinet luncheon was given in her honor to which the cabinet members, Miss Douglas and Miss Ross were invited. Miss Ross brought with her many new and helpful suggestions which, doubtless, will be used to make the association work stronger.

Miss Lillian Fleet was hostess at a dainty spread, Monday evening, May 4. Miss Douglas, Miss Ross and a number of residence girls were present and enjoyed a pleasant half hour.

The members of the Senior class were entertained by Miss Andora Cox at her home, April 29. All those taking part in the Senior play were served by Miss Cox. refreshments were served by Miss Cox. A delightful automobile ride in Mr. Richard Doud's auto completed a very pleasant evening.

A rainy evening did not prevent the preps who went on a first of May launch party to Stone's Landing from having a very jolly time. There were about thirty in the party. The crowd was chaperoned by Mr. Sonnema who is reported by them to be a most acceptable chaperon.

Mr. Richard Doud took a congenial crowd in his automobile out to American Lake for a picnic dinner, May 1. Coffee and chops cooked over a big bonfire seemed doubly good after the pleasant ride.

Miss Mary Cox, the new president of the Y. W. C. A. gave a very charming dinner to her cabinet and the former president, vice-president and treasurer of the Y. W. Covers were laid for fourteen at the daintily appointed table. After dinner music and conversation occupied a very pleasant evening.
The Whitworth Dramatic Club had their initiation April 11. The Misses Crandall, Clark, Robbins, Lesh and Lackey were taken into the society. A theater party for Mary Mannering, chaperoned by Miss Douglas, was given for them. After the play they were the guests of the Club at a charming little after-theater supper.

Miss Anne Dykeman spent the weekend, April 26, at the college with her sister, Miss Grace Dykeman.

Miss Ruth Frances spent several days at her home in Centralia returning May 4.

Miss May Schlott entertained a small crowd of college students at the home of Prof. Edwards, Friday evening April 24. The evening was passed very pleasantly in games and taffy-pulling.

On Friday, May 1, Miss Bertha Ammerman entertained at Dr. Roe’s home. The hostess had at first planned a May day party out on the lawn, but a sudden rain storm made the grass too damp. A very enjoyable time was passed in the parlor in playing the old fashioned games of spin the platter. Then every one made merry in a candy pull, the boys, especially, rivaling each other in keeping from being stuck up until the girls came to their assistance. After a jolly “sing” every one returned home before the dread eleven o’clock struck.

On Monday afternoon Prof. Whitely took his chemistry class for a visit to a smelter accompanied by several other students of the science department. Prof. Whitely can no longer lament that he always returns from such expeditions alone for Sidney McSween stuck to his side very faithfully the whole trip.

Sonnet to Puget Sound.

When on thy lovely waters, Puget Sound,
I gaze and number all thy beauties o’er
It seems the loveliest spot that I have found
Tho’ I have traversed seas from shore to shore.
There are your banks all decked in sombre green
Ruled with lofty pines and stately firs;
And there, your waters of ever changing sheen.
Welcome to all the roving mariners.
Yet, oftentimes, your billowing waves ride high
And cruel tempests shake the towering trees
But soon again all clear becomes the sky
And peaceful calms again possess the seas
And it is not e’en so with us in life
Does not a quiet rest succeed all strife.

—09.
On Saturday, April 5, occurred the first base ball game of the season, when the second team played the Puyallup High School, on the college campus. The teams were pretty evenly matched and the game was close. The weather was very indelent which made it hard to play on the sloppy field. The game was finally called off on the 8th inning on account of the rain. Our old friends Tom Runnalls pitched for the visitors and Ask did the twirling for Whitworth. Final score Whitworth 9, Puyallup 7. Puyallup found Ask safely seven times while Whitworth got ten safe hits on Runnalls. Odell and Ganes each got a two bagger for the visitors while Veach, Harrison, Skirving and Ask each got a two-base hit for us.

The next Thursday, April 9, the second team met with defeat at the hands of the High School team. The game was played on the college campus and was largely attended. Our boys were handicapped by the loss of Ask, he being conditioned in some of his studies. Veach did the pitching and played a good game, striking out six men, walking three and allowing ten hits. He was poorly supported, however, and the game was lost on errors. Whlentz and Brokaw, were the battery for the High School. Coblenz struck out ten men and walked four but the boys found him safely seven times. Frank Bisson and Horace Rueber both getting a two-base hit. Tanner and Harrison were each hit by a pitched ball and given their base and later Tanner got a two bagger. The features of the game were Tanner’s wielding of the “ash” and Bisson’s base stealing.

The High School got 16 runs and Whitworth 10.

On the 22nd the Beutel Business College team came out and were defeated by a score of 22 to 4. Our boys played a good game, securing 11 hits on Golmer and making two errors, while the visitors got only 8 hits and made 9 errors. Veach McClure and Dick Doud all took a hand at pitching in this game. Veach struck out 4 men and walked 1, Dick struck out 6, and McClure 2 while Golmer struck out 10 and walked 6. Smith and Longworth each got a two-base hit for the visitors and Harrison landed one safe for three bags for Whitworth.

The next game was played with the U. of W. team here on the college campus. It was a perfect day and a large crowd turned out to witness the game. Hughes pitched for the visitors and Ask was again in the game for us. This was the first college game of the season and was all the more eagerly watched on that account.

The line up was:
- P. Ask—Veach.
- C. Colbert.
- 1st base—Grosseup.
- 2nd base—Hoke.
S. s.—Dan Bisson.
3rd base—Teats.
R. f.—Frank Bisson.
C. f.—Horace Rueber.
L. f.—Paul.

Neither team played very good ball, Whitworth making 8 errors and the U. of W. 6. Hughes struck out 7 men and walked 1 while Ask struck out 6 and walked 3. Teats, Grosscup and Paul each got a two-base hit while Tegmier for the U. sent the ball over left field fence and got a home run. The U. got their hits at just the right time and seemed to play in a streak of luck. This with the errors lost he game to Whitworth. The U. of W. got 14 runs and Whitworth 7.

The following Saturday we played a return game with the U. at Seattle. This was a much better game. Both teams played faster, cleaner ball and consequently the game was much more interesting. This was evidenced by the score. U. of W. 5, Whitworth 2. The teams lined up the same as on the previous game and the same batteries were used. In the second, with none gone Grosscup singled and was followed by Paul and Rueber who each got a single. Thad went to second on Paul’s hit and Ruebers hit brought him home. Paul went to third on Ruebers hit, then Rueber stole second. Frank Bis-

son hit a grounder to second which was returned home and caught Paul on the plate with Rueber and Bisson on base. Hoke and Ask struck out putting side out.

The other run came in the fourth when Paul got a hit with two men gone. He stole second and third, then Bisson hit to third and got to first on an error letting Paul come home.

The University, after being shut out in the first three innings, made 3 runs in the fourth. With two men on bases Teats came to the bat and knocked a home run bringing in all three. They got another run in the fifth and the last in the seventh. Hughes and Clark for the University struck out 4 and 5 men respectively and Ask fanned 6. Our boys only made one error as against three for the University. The last two innings were shut outs for both sides, none getting to first. There was one pretty double play made on the University. With a man on third and one on second their catcher Kihl came to the bat and knocked a bunt to Ask who returned it to Colbert who then sent it to Grosscup, catching the men at home and on first.

This is the last college game on the schedule but several more games will be played.
The Whitworthian

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The end of the school year is near at hand and while we are busy with preparations for commencement week and the many pleasures of the season are uppermost in our minds, let us not forget that we must have an extra good number for the commencement issue of the Whitworthian and to do this we must have a lot of good boosters. The staff has not yet called upon the students for financial assistance other than subscriptions. We hope in the near future to test your loyalty to the paper by asking for assistance from the students in a way that will give pleasure both to the donors and the management of the paper. Be ready for it.

Among the many chapel addresses to the students it is gratifying to listen to a speaker who tells us something aside from the fact that we are the nicest bunch of students he has ever seen.

The talk given by Dr. Lyman Sperry May 7 was one of these exceptions. His address was certainly very instructive and to the point. He pictured the two roads of life, the two possible careers of a young person. It is only in recent years, he said, that woman has been given a chance on an equal footing with men. A few years ago there were only seven vocations in life, open to woman; now there are over three hundred and fifty. Oberlin college was the first to bestow degrees upon women. In 1841 that college converted three old maids into bachelors. Now we have in our country many special colleges for women and coeducational schools everywhere. Woman has been compelled to rely more upon her own resources because of the evil habits of men. There is going on that horrible injustice in the world in which we demand the purity and honor of women when we free men guilty of the same.

He said, too, that young people are thoughtless, ignorant and want to be unrestrained. They think their fathers and mothers are “has been.” Some of the biggest fools on earth are graduates of colleges and some of the wisest people never saw the inside of a college.

Dr. Sperry closed his address by say-
I congratulate you that you are alive, that you live in the best country in the world, that you live in the best time in the world's history. Be optimistic not pessimistic. Be industrious not lazy."

Whitworth has good cause to be proud of one of her former students, Ivan Doseff, who has not only made such a splendid record on the foot-ball team of the University of Chicago but has done such a splendid work in assisting his fellow countrymen who were out of work and on the verge of starvation. The Daily Maroon, the student paper of the University speaks as follows of him:

"Ivan Doseff, Chicago, '07, has made his former fellow students prouder of him as a man than they ever were of him as a great foot ball player. His unhesitating self-sacrifice of his career to help his stranded countrymen who are starving in Chicago, has reflected only the highest credit upon him and upon the university from which he received his degree three months ago."

Ivan, after spending what money he had for alleviating the sufferings of the Bulgarians, led about four hundred of them to the city hall and appealed for help. Employment was secured for about a hundred and Ivan is planning to send the sufferers back to their own country.

As a foot ball player, Stagg has called him the most remarkable player the 'varsity ever had.
Criterion Literary Society.

Once more Whitworth College became alive with the scent of battle and this time the parties interested were the Thalian Literary Society of the Academy and the Criterion Society of the College department. The challenge was issued by the Thalian Society and after a few meetings of representative committees, the quietude of preparation possessed the two camps. The silence was ominous and portended a great struggle. So on April 25, before an interested and expectant audience, the joint debate opened with a song "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Then the presiding officer, Prof. A. T. Fox, announced the occasion of the gathering and read the conditions of the debate. The question was: Resolved, That it would be for the best interest of the United States for Congress to pass a general immigration act excluding from the country all foreign immigrants of the laboring class.

The deep argument that showed research and hard study was noticeable throughout the speeches of Miss Maude Scott and Mr. Sidney Whitworth, who advocated the proposition for the Criterion Society. However, this was more than offset by the beauty and excellency of the appeals offered by Misses Erma Biggs and Ruth Brown for the Thalian Society. They excelled by far in presentation and in the polish of their talks, and the audience surged with interest as they made their appeal in strains of patriotic sentiments. Nevertheless, since the judges were compelled to decide on purely logical grounds, the Criterion was awarded the decision.

This occasion emphasized one fact, Whitworth College must have a literary society of the first rank; a society that can represent our college against other colleges; a society that can demonstrate the intellectual worth and standard of our college in contests that test brains and not brawn. Let us have it for the interests of the college demand it.
In the "Occidental" there were a number of excellent, short sketches but not one personal was in evidence.

Remember it is the personal column that adds interest. It is through this medium that we seem to come into personal contact as it were, with the students life of the different colleges.

"Jay hawker" still keeps up its previous record. You are always heartily received at Whitworth.

Teacher—"When was the 'Revival of Learning'?"
Student—"Before the last exam."—Ex.

Applied Shakespeare.
Freshman year—"A comedy of errors."
Sophomore year—"Much ado nothing."
Junior—"As you like it."
Senior—"All's well that ends well."

Read "Solving the Servants Problem" in the "Albany College Student" for this month. It is to laugh!

Millie—"Why is the way of the transgressor so hard?"
Willie—"Because it is trod by so many feet."—Ex.

Have you read the "Kodak" yet? It deserves your attention.

The world is old, yet likes to laugh;
New jokes are hard to find.
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind.
So if you meet some ancient joke,
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a fake—
Just laugh—don't be too wise.

"Whims" is quite brilliant this month—lots of good jokes.
"Boldness is Happiness" ought to be read by all of us for it is intensely interesting throughout.

Teacher: "What are the three words most used by the juniors?"
Pupil: "I don't know."
Teacher: "Correct!"—Ex.
"Tahoma" and "Pacific Wave" both are maintaining their usual high standard.

Most of our exchanges possess efficient staff-artists and they certainly are a valuable addition to any paper. Would that someone would volunteer to become our artist! Don't let genius lie hidden any longer.

An Irishman was walking along a railroad track one day. There was a switch in front of him. Suddenly a train was heard coming behind him and instead of jumping off the track he began to run, saying to himself: "Begorra, if I can reach that switch me life is saved."

Never mind, the nationality accounted for it.

Sunday school teacher: "Johnny, who was the first man?"

Patriotic Johnny: "George Washington."

S. S. teacher: "No, Adam was."

Johnny: "Oh, well, if you were speaking of foreigners he was."

---

Dedicated to My Class-Mate Jake.

(If so desired, it may be sung to the solemn (?) strains of "Marching thro' Georgia.")

Soon he will be leaving me—
End of all the fun.
Next year I will wear his cap.
In his place I'll run.
Over, all the sport for him
Rollicking is done
And I'll be left all alone.

Juniors, cheer up, never mind!
U will find another.
Nicer chap may hap along;
It may be his brother.
Only seek the best advice,
Run and tell your mother
That you'll be left alone.

Cho:—
Alone, alone
And I'll be left alone.
Alone, alone
And I'll be left alone.
Over, all the sport for him;
Rollicking is done,
And I'll be left all alone.

Cho:—
Alone, alone
That you'll be left alone.
Alone, alone
That you'll be left alone.
Only seek the best advice,
Run and tell your mother
That you'll be left alone.

'09
PERSONALS.

What made Helen B. scream when a match was struck?

Avis D.—“But they never caught us when they lit their old matches.”

H. S.—“Why didn’t you powder up Friday night, Helen?”
Helen B.—“Well, I didn’t want to get any on Earls coat.” Judging from the silence she was wise alright.

Dougal J. to Geo. Cizek—“Whats the matter, George, been in a fight?”
Geo. C. (with a black eye)—“Oh! go on, Erna said the other day she just loved black eyes.”

It was on a beautiful day
When Calvin was about to say,
“Will you take a ride with me
On a lauch party that’s to be
Given on next Friday eve?
She will go I do believe.”

Just then Sherrod came along
Singing sweetly his love song
And beat poor Calvin by a mile.
So Calvin ‘stuck but a little while
And when Sherrod saw that he had won
Said—“Now then, Calvin, you are done.”

Says Sherrod—“For this maid I’ll care
Miss Ruth B. with auburn hair,
And I’ll keep her warm aboard the boat
Just as long as I keep’s afloat
Then if it sink and I save her life
’Tis sure, I’ll win her for my wife.”

But the base-ball team was to play
A base-ball game this very day
In a little place of great renown,
A little place called Sumner town.
So the launch party we could plainly see
Was only a phrase and could not be.

But there is another who is fair;
Mr. Heileg, with real dark hair,
Who knew of a party who was going to leave
On Friday as ’twas drawing toward eve.
He says—“I’m older and farther along,
So can beat poor Sherrod singing that song.”

He met little Ruth in the dining room
Her checks were flushed as though in bloom,
My, but she is a pretty girl,
With dainty hands and teeth of pearl.
“I’m sure now, Ruth, with me you’ll go.”
She looked rather funny but didn’t say No.

“Now Mr. Sherrod and Calvin Fox,
I have you both as though in a box,
And if you don’t quit and let me go,
Soon the reason I will know;
For I love her more than both of you
And she says she loves me too.”

Erna Me—“I could not for the life of me put my hand between Ruth’s and Heileg’s faces.

Some of the girls (when Dan was at the bat)—“Oh, Erna, look at the bat.”
Erna B.—“I don’t want to look at the bat. I want to look at the batter.”
It must be noted that makehes were lighted when Alice C. or Hegg had a free hand.

Margaret L. (at a base ball game after some one had stolen 2nd base)—"I don’t see why they call that stealing. Everybody saw him."

Avis D.—"Yes Mr. Hegg is so bashful that he won’t even look at a girl."

Miss Garretson—"Why Willie! How do you ever expect to get an education?" We wonder what kind of an education she meant.

Miss D. in 3rd year English—"Why did Satan go alone to earth?"

Edith D.—"The rest had to stay home to take care of things."

Avis—"Mr. Gordon doesn’t look so cute with his hair brushed back."

Helen Brown—"Well, that is none of your business."

Avis—"Well, you don’t like to see Carl not looking nice."

Vadie Rowley noticing a loose lock of Miss Brown’s hair while at Vashon—"Say Mr. Rueber, where do you want it?"

Alice Coles—"Has Kinkaid the measles?"

Georgia Mc—"Yes, of course he has."

Hegg—"The only reason that all the girls are after me is because they know they can’t get me."

Ruth Brown has been admiring the reeds and rushes lately.

Erma Biggs (as Dan got to first base safely)—"Dan always gets there by hook or by crook."
Walking seems to be a favorite amusement for the students during these balmy Spring days but the girls do well to abide by a few simple rules such as, to give the boys plenty of room on the side-walk; not to go over the hill to the Narrows nor to the park; not to return from a ball game with a boy unless accompanied by the same on the way to the game; not to make side wanderings on the return trip from C. E.; by no means to go boat riding nor to look for a boy with whom to walk, and one hour Sunday afternoon is amply sufficient time in which to get exercise.

It is wonderful how bracing the evening air is and what new beauties of nature have been discovered in the block immediately south of the ladies hall since these rules have gone into effect.

---

Miss Douglas—"Mr. McSween, when did Chaucer come?"

Sidney—"The sixth century."

Miss D.—"Botheration!!!"

---

Erna McL. and Helen B. arguing about shadows.

H. B.—"I have been studying shadows for ten years."

E. McL.—"Well I am eighteen! I guess I know more about moonlight than you!"

---

Ayers—"Whenever you see me with a girl you may know it is a committee meeting."

Dean. Heath—"A committee meeting like the one you had Sunday afternoon?"

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Erma (on Sunday to Ruth and Calvin)—"Who carried the conversation today?"
Calvin—"I guess I did."
Erma—"Dan and I have so much to say."

Helen Brown (to Hazel Hamblen)—
"Have you seen Ruth up stairs?"
Hazel H.—"I haven't been up since I came down."

Willie Hegg (after hearing that the girls couldn't go walking after dinner)—"Gee that makes me sore. I won't have anything to do till study hour."

Miss Douglas (after scolding Mr. Cizek in English class)—"Now we will discuss satan for a change."

Willie Hegg—"With Helen Davies behind me and Lillian Litton in front of me I blush all the time at meals."

Miss Brown, to Palmer in Moral Education—"Mr. Kennedy, give us your opinion. You sit there looking so wise but saying nothing."

Several inquiries have been handed to the personal editor as to whether everything on the books-store counter, from the one to the two o'clock hour, is for sale. She would refer them to Mr. Phipps.

Madge (when Prof. Beardsley was sick)—"Well, I think I'll go down and see Mrs. Beardsley and cheer her up."
"Well, you'd better not; he's got the mumps."
"That doesn't make any difference. I've been exposed to a lot lately and it doesn't have any effect."

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Mr. Hegg (in Geometry when Avis is looking at him)—"Yes, Dean, when two planes are perpendicular they are parallel."

Mr. Ayers—"I went walking Sunday afternoon—"
Henry L.—"Well, that's strange.
Mr. A.—"Oh no! It wasn't Strange."

Walter Douglas speaking of something he had heard said—"Florence told me so."
Bessie Gwinn leaning but not seeing him mistook him for the coach and exclaimed—"Oh, does the coach call her Florence!"

Too bad, Dave! You have the sympathy of the students, but Doc's got the stand in with the family.

Palmer and Kenneth, tho' slow to take girls for themselves, enjoyed taking care of Vadie Friday evening.

The ladies man is certainly very fatherly when it comes to holding children in the trolley car.

Lawrence Phipps in Bible, strongly upholding the fair sex—"Anyhow a woman ought to be taken care of. That's what she is made for!" Lawrence seems to be assuming his share of the burden early.

Notes from the Prep. Launch Party.
Erna Me to Barret—"Just this close!"
We wonder how close 'this' is.

Erna Biggs—"Is that you, Mr. Veach, I did not know you were there."
Frankie S.—"You bet I know he is here."

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