

1909

## The Whitworthian 1908-1909

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# THE **Whitworthian**

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VOL. V

NO. 1

OCTOBER  
1908



PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

# **OLYMPIC PURE PRODUCTS**

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**THE PUGET SOUND FLOURING MILLS COMPANY**

**TACOMA, WASH.**

When Buying Please Mention "The Whitworthian"

only a few of the experiences that make a Y. W. C. A. conference a wonderful power in the course of a girl's life.

Often during the years at college, responsibilities are thrust upon us—work we must do always with the feeling that the college is watching us and, moreover, is criticizing us. It can not be otherwise. In the close acquaintanceship that comes in the class room and dormitory and in the various college activities, we are measured, sometimes correctly, usually harshly. As a result of this, we become hurried and vexed, and live and think in an unnatural manner.

Every girl who has been to a conference can but wish for all college women the opportunity of being in a place where no such condition ever exists. The ruling note at Seaside, as at Silver Bay, New York, and Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and the other conference gatherings, is sympathy and breadth of spirit and heart. Even after we come back to our workday world, the remembrance of those ten days

remains refreshing. What girl present will ever forget the beach meeting the last night of our stay! After the evening service where Dr. Foulkes, a wonderfully spiritual man, had spoken, all the girls gathered around a great driftwood fire out by the ocean. As a result of the unsettled weather, great breakers were dashing up on the rocks and pebbles, almost to our very feet. And to the accompaniment of the waves' unceasing roar, we sang all the old familiar hymns that we had just come to love doubly well. Our own Whitworth association song, "Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult of Our Life's Wild, Restless Sea," and "Jesus Savior, Pilot Me," came to have new meaning there where the very air was filled with the awful strength of the sea.

We covet for every Whitworth girl the privilege and opportunity of a Y. W. C. A. conference; not a convention, for that means business and routine, but a real vacation conference. After a year's hard work and discouragement, it never fails to bring inspiration and enthusiasm.





## The Skirmishes of the Sophomores



THE night of September sixteenth, nineteen hundred eight, closed down on the city of Tacoma clear and cool. It was the kind of a night when gnomes and dwarfs and fairies are wont to venture abroad.

Well might the brawny policeman have been on his beat that night; well might the Freshmen have been watchful; for that night had been chosen by four members of the mighty Sophomore class of Whitworth College — Harrison, Judson, Skirving and Whitworth—on which to communicate to the world at large, and especially to the Freshmen class, the rules which had been prepared for that class by their wise and kind elder brothers, the Sophomores.

So, shortly after twelve o'clock, these sturdy Sophomores sallied forth armed with manifestos, brushes and pails of paste. Up one street and down another they went. No place which presented a favorable surface was missed.

After the streets had been liberally supplied, Mason Library was cautiously approached. While light blazed from a hundred incandescents, the four began work in earnest, allowing no conspicuous place to be passed over without its decoration.

About three A. M. they ascended to the cupola and made preparations to nail the large pennant to the top of the flag pole. This difficult task was accomplished by Harrison and Skirving. About six A. M. the four set to work greasing the roof of the cupola so as to make the ascent impossible for any daring Freshman.

In the meantime a large platform had been laboriously placed in the stairway leading to the cupola. This was nailed securely in position, thus effectually barricading that means of approach.

About seven o'clock the four were joined by another Sophomore, Everett, and a bountiful repast was served from the abundant provisions which had been provided. Everett, having had a good night's rest, was left to guard the pennant, while the rest took a short, but much needed sleep.

After a time a council of war was held and the day was divided into five watches, one watch for each Sophomore. Nothing, however, was attempted by the Freshmen during the day.

Both Freshmen and Sophomores attended the Y. M. C. A. stag "feed" held in the gymnasium that evening. Everett, Harrison and Skirving succeeded in leaving early without being intercepted. These three with Judson, ascended the roof and stationed themselves in the cupola of the Library.

Whitworth soon found that he was being watched by a detachment of Freshmen, and awaited a favorable opportunity to escape.

The meeting adjourned to the lawn in front of the Ladies' Hall, and while the others entertained the girls with songs, the Freshmen seized Whitworth and carried him away to a room in the basement of the Ladies' Hall. Here he was bound hand and foot and locked in.

He soon escaped, however, but found it impossible to join his classmates who were guarded by Freshmen.

Meanwhile the battle raged between the Freshmen and the Sophomores. Chop! Chop! went the axes of the Freshmen, cutting away the fortifications that the mighty Sophomores had planted. At intervals a long two by four attached to a rope was thrown down from above among the besiegers to hinder their advancement.

Masa very bravely started to ascend, his head protected by a chair, but smash came the two by four through the bottom of the chair and Masa gladly retreated. Following behind him was President Kroeze, who wished to put an end to the unnecessary noise. Those above, thinking a rush was to be made and taking President Kroeze for a Freshman, again threw the two by four down the staircase, knocking him windless.

After the fortifications had been battered down and the Sophomores still would not give up, representatives from the Junior and Senior classes came upon the scene and a compromise was effected. Members of the combating classes sawed down the flagstaff and the Sophomores took their pennant away with them.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week later, while Whitworth was out walking, enjoying the beauties of the evening, he ran into a bunch of Freshmen who were painting the city blue. They immediately pounced upon this Soph and compelled him to accept their company while they decorated the sidewalks with huge twelves. By watching his chance, when the guards were not looking, the prisoner escaped.

Skirving, having smelled a mouse, was getting anxious for Whitworth's return. He was overjoyed with Whitworth's information and accompanied by Harrison, they three left the Club House.

The Freshmen, who had followed Whitworth, discovered that the Sophomores were on and hastened to pursue them. In the scurry they passed a few feet from the

Sophomores, but at a whistle from one of their number rushed to the other end of the block. Then, certain that their enemies were somewhere within that block, the Freshmen began a thorough search.

As they were again approaching, the Sophomores fled—two of them entirely escaping—but Whitworth was for the second time captured. In order to have him safe this time, they bound him hand and foot in an arm chair in the boiler room.

But Whitworth was not daunted by this action, and after knocking the chair to pieces, again gained his freedom, although he searched diligently for two hours for his companions, he was forced to wend his way to the Club House.

Meanwhile Skirving and Harrison had secured paint and were vigorously painting elevens over the Freshmen's twelves. Since early dawn was approaching and the Sophomores had accomplished their task, they, too, returned to the Club House, satisfied with their night's work.

The following day was the climax of the trouble between the Freshmen and Sophomores, when the cane-rush took place.

The cane was placed in the middle of the campus, the opposing men—four Sophomores and nine Freshmen—lined up on opposite sides and equally distant from the cane. At the command, a rush was made and the Sophomores got the cane, the Freshmen piling on top of them.

A desperate fight followed. The Sophomores hung to the cane, but they were outnumbered, that one by one they were pulled out until Everett alone remained on the bottom. Skirving and Whitworth showed their grit by continually diving into the bunch of humanity and as often being pulled out.

After ten minutes of hard battle, the fight was called off, resulting in three hands of the Sophomores and eight hands of the Freshmen still on the cane. An hour later the Freshmen appeared in their caps,

white with a blue '12, which would have been forfeited to the Sophomores had they lost the cane rush.

According to the rulings of the upper classmen there is to be no more open rivalry between Freshmen and Sophomores.



## To the "Softies"

We have witnessed your attempt, Sophomores.

At bravado and contempt, Sophomores.

And we'd like to have you know,

That in spite of your proud crow,

We ne'er met so weak a foe, Sophomores.

Where ignorance is bliss, Sophomores.

You are "it" without a miss, Sophomores.

You can't see your sad mistakes

So we warn you—"put on brakes."

It will save you many aches, Sophomores.

Do you know what laughs you start, Sophomores.

You will break your mater's heart, Sophomores.

There were lessons to be learned,

But your studies you have spurned.

And the title "fool" have earned, Sophomores.

When you've learned a thing or two, Sophomores.

Then we may look up to you, Sophomores.

But until you've proved your worth,

You're the object of our mirth;

You're too foolish for this earth, Sophomores.

Go back and study well, Sophomores;

Work hard and time will tell Sophomores;

If no water's on your brain,

You'll be rewarded for your pain,

Though we fear our hopes are vain, Sophomores.

# 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.*

## EDITORIAL STAFF

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The editorial staff of the Whitworthian extends heartiest greetings to the new students of all departments. We are proud of our college, from its location to its ideals, and we are sure that you, too, will soon share our pride. This initial issue of the Whitworthian of 1908-9 is dedicated to you. Hereafter our college paper is yours also—yours to subscribe to, yours to enjoy, yours to boost. Its columns this year are to be filled with that contagious something called college spirit, with which we hope you also are possessed. We old students feel that there is no other place under the sun where such delightful hours of work and fun may be spent as our Whitworth College campus. Before a month has passed, don't you think you will feel that way too?



At the beginning of the year, let us remind ourselves that the student body makes Whitworth College. However devoted and farseeing the trustees may be, however well equipped and conscientious the faculty may be, nevertheless, it is on the way we students plan and carry out our work and pleasure that the present, and even the future, of our college depends.

Long ago we learned that it is impossible to live for self alone, to be continually absorbing and never yielding forth for others. We know that we are not making the most of our year at college if we merely dig away at our Latin and Greek and mathematics courses and neglect the other aspects of college life. Then let us profit by what we know. Some where or other let us find time for athletics—football, basketball, baseball; for literary society work either in the college or prep departments; for Christian Association work; and above all—which concerns the editor most—let us support our college paper. Those of us who can write stories, if we only would,

don't run from the literary editor whenever we see him coming with Whitworthian written over his face! All of us have ears to hear; then let us write down on a slip of paper every good joke or telling personal that we happen to hear said, and drop it immediately in the personal editor's box near the office door. Do the new students know that the personal pages form the most popular department of the paper?

Here is another practical way for ALL the students to give their support to the Whitworthian. Subscribe! Pay your dollar to your class editor IMMEDIATELY before your money is all gone. Then later in the year, when the business managers are facing money problems, none of us will be troubled with a guilty conscience.

Every one will acknowledge the necessity of a football team as an advertisement for our college. But do we always realize that the Whitworthian goes, or should go, to every high school of the state, and that a poor, unattractive paper advertises a poor, unattractive college? We recruit our students from the high schools and in this day and age no young man or woman intends to tuck himself or herself away for from one to four years in a college of no spirit, while less than fifty miles distant there is an enthusiastic, powerful university.

Did you ever have this experience? Some one asks you what school you have been attending. You answer, "Whitworth College;" then the bewildered look in the other's face make you hasten to add, "in Tacoma." The editor, for one, will be heartily glad when such experiences have become memories merely. For the sake of our own personal selves, we need to make the Whitworthian as popular a paper in the high schools of the state as is any other college paper. Then students will come to us and bring added honor to our alma mater.



All old students regret very much the fact that Miss Maude Scott, who was elected editor-in-chief of the Whitworthian for the year 1908-9 will not be back at college this year. Under her leadership we were assured of a prosperous year for our paper, both in its literary and financial aspects, for Miss Scott has the rare ability of imparting her own enthusiasm to others. We unite in wishing her success in her present work and cordially hope that she may be with us again in 1909-10.



Among the platitudes that it is customary to hear at this time is one to this effect, "Begin the year right." We will change the wording a little for our own purpose, "Don't begin the year with bluffing and cheating." The first is unwise because it leads directly to the second. This is an astonishing but undeniable fact, that many students scrupulously honest in other details, invariably cheat in examinations. If that is your plan at present, Whitworth is sorry for you. Change it and Whitworth will respect you.

The editor views the appearance of this issue with a great deal of trepidation. We never wrote an editorial before, and must even confess to skipping that page as a usual thing. Down in the bottom of our heart there is a certainty that we will run out of subjects before the year is finished. But that is of the future. We hope that you will pardon the mistakes and lack of plan in this issue. We are determined that the Whitworthian shall be a success this year and to that end we promise our best efforts.



"If you have hard work to do,

**Do it now!**

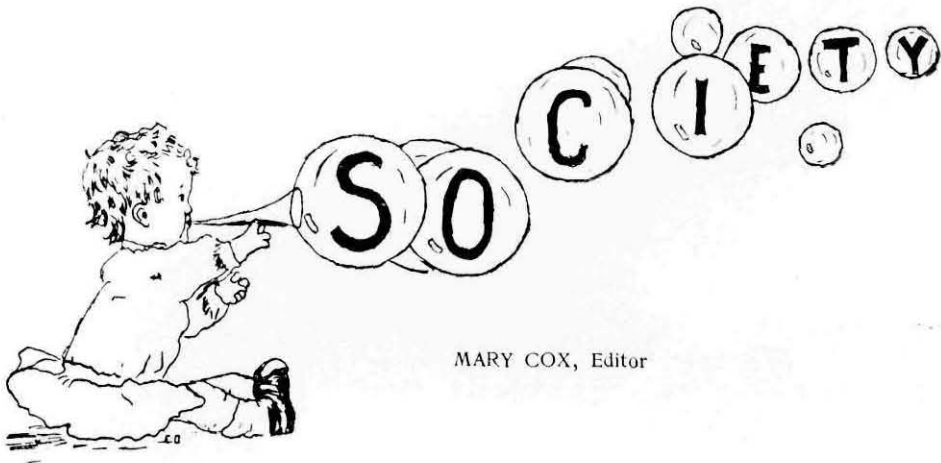
Today the skies are clear and blue,

Tomorrow clouds may come in view,

Yesterday is not for **you**;

**DO IT NOW!"**





MARY COX, Editor

### Opening Reception.

The first event of the year socially was the opening reception to new students, given by the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Saturday evening, Sept. 19. Hundreds of students and friends from the city were present and were received by Dr. and Mrs. Kroeze, Mary Cox, president of the Y. W. C. A., and Sidney Whitworth, president of the Y. M. C. A. Later in the evening a program was rendered. Professor Fox announced the numbers. Miss Cox and Mr. Whitworth each gave a brief welcome to the new students, and musical numbers were rendered by Miss Grace Dykeman, Miss Anna MacDonald and Mr. Chas. Morse.

Miss Lillian Fleet presided over the daintily appointed punch table and was assisted by the Misses Rowley and Willert.

### Y. W. C. A. Spread.

On Saturday evening, the 26th, the members of the Y. W. C. A. spent a delightful evening over the first spread of the year. The great cloth was laid in the reception hall of the residence, daintily decorated with flowers and hand-painted place-cards, and surrounded with gayly-colored cushions. About fifty members

sat down to the good things that are dear to the heart of the college girl. Mary Cox, the president, acted as toastmistress, and introduced Frances Beaven, who responded to "Way Up on the Mountain Top," and Rita Willert who told of vacation fun "On the Banks of the Columbia." Miss Clara Young responded on behalf of the Freshmen with the toast "You're Just My Style." At the conclusion of the toasts the girls adjourned to the parlors where they had a jolly "sing" until a late hour.

### House-Warming of New Gymnasium.

The new Gymnasium and Literary Hall was formally opened on Monday evening the 27th, when guests filled to overflowing the halls and parlors of the new building. The rooms on the lower floor belonging to the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. were furnished and decorated with great taste, as were also the halls on the second floor, devoted to the literary societies of the college and academy. The guests were introduced to the receiving line by the Misses La Wall, Robbins and Cox. In the receiving line were Dr. and Mrs. Kroeze, D. S. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Longstretch, Dr. A. L. Hutchison, Dean and

Mrs. McKay, Dr. and Mrs. Higgins, Prof. and Mrs. Hewitt, and Lawrence Phipps. In the Gymnasium proper a delightful program was rendered which included piano solos by Mrs. Reidelsberger and Miss Wilson, a vocal solo by Mr. Albert Gray, a Scotch reading by Miss Mearns and two short addresses by Dr. Hayden of Seattle, and Supt. A. H. Yoder of the Tacoma schools. The school orchestra also played in good form. Ices were served in the upper parlors by Miss Livermore, assisted by the Misses Lesh, Fleet, George, Ware and Willert.

The new building is 116x88 feet in size, is three stories high in the rear and two in front and is finished elegantly throughout. It contains besides the Gymnasium proper, swimming tank and shower baths, four large halls. Of these the two on the lower floor are the property of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., and those above belong to the literary societies of the college and academy.

#### **Fruit Shower.**

Thursday afternoon the Ladies' Auxiliary of the college held their first regular meeting for the year in the Ladies' Hall. A delightful program was rendered, Mrs. Ghormley, the vice-president, presiding. The numbers included piano solos by Miss Katherine Robinson and Miss Anna McDonald, a violin solo by Mr. Olof Bull, and two readings by Miss Mearns, "My Inheritance," by Frances Ridley Havergal, and the well-known old ballad "The Low Backed Car." At the conclusion of the program a short business meeting was held and later light refreshments were served,

Mrs. Lawrence presiding, assisted by several dormitory girls.

Miss Lucy Hopkins, who has recently come from Oberlin College, Ohio, to be the Y. W. C. A. student secretary for the Northwest, was a guest at the college on the 23rd, when she addressed the first Y. W. C. A. meeting of the year.

Recent guests at the Ladies' Hall were Mrs. Callahan of Mt. Vernon and Mrs. Menzies of Roslyn.

Dr. Kroeze has returned from Ellensburg where he represented the college during the sessions of the Presbyterian Synod.

The opening meeting of the Criterion Society was held in the Gymnasium Friday, Oct. 2. A short informal program was rendered consisting of piano solos by Miss Strange and Mr. Major and a reading by Mr. Platt, after which a short business session was held. Plans were discussed for the coming year and the following officers were elected: President Miss Genevieve Martin; vice-president, Mr. Ghormley; secretary, Douglas Johnson; treasurer, Miss Rowley; reporter, Miss Arntson; sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Longstreth. The membership committee had several names to propose for membership, and after voting these in, the society adjourned for a social time. Refreshments were served with Miss Rowley in charge, and a delightful little "sing" held. Later in the evening the new president announced her committees so that the society is now in running order and many enjoyable programs may be expected.





KENNETH GHORMLEY, Editor.

Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah!  
 Whit—worth! Whit—worth!  
 Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah!  
 Whit—worth, Whit—worth,  
 Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah!  
 Whitworth, Whitworth  
 Ray!!!!

The prospects for a winning team this year are exceptionally bright. In the first place we have with us as coach, Arthur Rueber, who did remarkably fine work for us last year, and this year he expects to do even better. Besides being a player of great ability, he is an ideal coach, maintaining a firm control over all the men and always paying strict attention to business. Last year he sprung a number of surprises on the teams of the Northwest, and this year he promises to come out with some more. Every man has the greatest confidence in him, and if Whitworth does not have a winning team it will be no fault of the coach.

Another encouraging fact is the number of old men out this year. Of last year's first squad, Capt. Grosseup, Platt, Guy, D. Doud, Rueber, Dennis, Ghormley, Colbert and Paul are back in uniform, leaving only a few places to fill with new men. Among these Tanner and McCreavy of the Tacoma high school and Hazelet are showing up in fine form. Tunison and McQuillan are promising additions. Tanner will

hold down the quarter position and McCreavy and Tunison will make the old tackles work. In Grosseup and Paul we have a pair of ends which will be hard to beat and you can count on their making their distance when called upon. Ghormley will continue at full, with McQuillan and Colbert as half-backs. Colbert, as usual, will handle the kicking department of the game, and he has no peer in the Northwest.

Unusual preparations are being made for the U. of W. game, and in our next issue we hope to be able to say that **Whitworth Won**. Phillips, tackle for Northwestern, is here from Aberdeen coaching the line, while Rueber centers his attention on the back field. The first game of the season was Oct. 10th, with U. P. S., Whitworth winning by a score of 10 to 0. The other games come at intervals of about two weeks throughout the season, giving the team time to recuperate after each hard game. The schedule this year is by far the best ever arranged for a Whitworth team. Much credit is due to Manager Platt for his untiring efforts along this line.

The coach will do his part, the team will do its part, the manager has done his part and it only remains, if we want a championship team, for the students to do their part. Now what is the students'

part? It is first, to pay your Student Association dues and "Do it now." Second, buy colors and learn the yells. Third, turn out to every game and to practice when convenient, and give the team all the encouragement possible. They need it and you need it. Fourth, don't knock, but do all you can to boost. We can win this year and we will if every one helps.

More men are needed to turn out on the field. If you cannot make the first team yourself, you can play on the second, and by so doing, give the first team the practice so necessary to perfection. Between twenty and thirty men have been out each night, but Coach Rueber says he could use lots more, if so turn out without being urged. Practice is every afternoon at 3:30.

Saturday included. New suits have been ordered for the first squad, so there will be plenty of suits for all. The team this year will be fitted out with new red jerseys, black stockings and the best union-suits made, a move that will add a great deal to the appearance and also to the usefulness of the team.

The schedule is found below, and it is the duty of every student to keep these dates open and attend these games.

Oct. 10, U. P. S. at Tacoma.

Oct. 17, U. of W. at Seattle.

Oct. 27, Whitman at Tacoma.

Nov. 7, Oregon at Eugene.

Nov. 14, U. P. S. at Tacoma.

Nov. 21, Willamette U. at Tacoma.

Nov. 26, Thanksgiving game, pending.





RITA WILLERT, Exchange Editor

As yet, it is almost too early to expect many exchanges; a few, however, of our favorites have appeared already, and we are glad to welcome you again at Whitworth.

It is the desire of this exchange column to come into closer touch with our fellow colleges, to encourage them when anything is especially worthy of praise, as well as to criticize anything that might be better.

In turn we hope that they may feel free to do likewise with us and we will appreciate very greatly, not only their encouraging remarks, but also their just criticism, for only by being told of our errors may we expect to improve.

Often we are prone to consider the exchange department of a college paper a

mere joke gallery and nothing more, and many times we have reason for thinking so. Change your opinion now, for this year we are going to try to make it instructive and helpful—not only pleasing to our sense of humor.

Any new ideas gained or suggestions offered by other college papers that we think would be of profit to us, will be published under the head of "Exchanges" this year—so keep a look out for such!

Through this medium we invite other colleges to exchange with us and perhaps in this manner we can be mutually helpful to each other.

Remember your paper, no matter in what part of the country you are located, will always be heartily received at Whitworth!



## "Nothing at All"

JESSIE LAWALL, Personal Editor

Owing to the fact that college has just begun, very few personals have been handed in; so the editor is using this as a catch-all page.

Edith Denham, at the Y. W. spread, after each girl had given her name—"Now let's change our names."

We wonder what name she would prefer.

A college orchestra has been organized. The next in line is a glee club. We know that there is good material among the boys, so let's have it.

E. George—"I'm not a special, but I'm badly mixed."

L. J. S.—"Say, Vadic, I'm going to whisper something in your ear after dinner."

Vadic—"Oh no, you're not; I couldn't stand the pressure."

Edith Ware (at the Y. W. spread)—"I'd rather sit on someone's else knees than my own."

By the radiator on a cold morning, Mary Cox—"Don't get in between Kenneth and me."

Miss Russell, watching Coach Rueber being knocked down in football practice—"There won't be anything left for Miss Douglas by the time they get through with him."

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Calvin Fox (stuck in translating Caesar)—“Oh, great Caesar!”

Mr. Phipps—“That’s who we’re studying.”

Mr. Higgins, in beginning Greek—“No, wine is not feminine, its too strong.”

Mr. Fox in algebra—“Don’t you see that, Mr. Kinkaid, that’s as plain as the nose on your face.”

Dean McKay—“The next time he puts his finger in the fire, he doesn’t put it in.”

Reta W., looking at Will Paul standing on the football field with overcoat thrown over his shoulders—“Who’s that lady out there.”

Edith S., at table (having been called a puzzle)—I’m a puzzle that you cannot solve.

A Young Man—May I have the puzzle if I can solve it?

No, indeed! It is already promised.



“**S**OME people never stop to think, and wouldn’t think if they did.”

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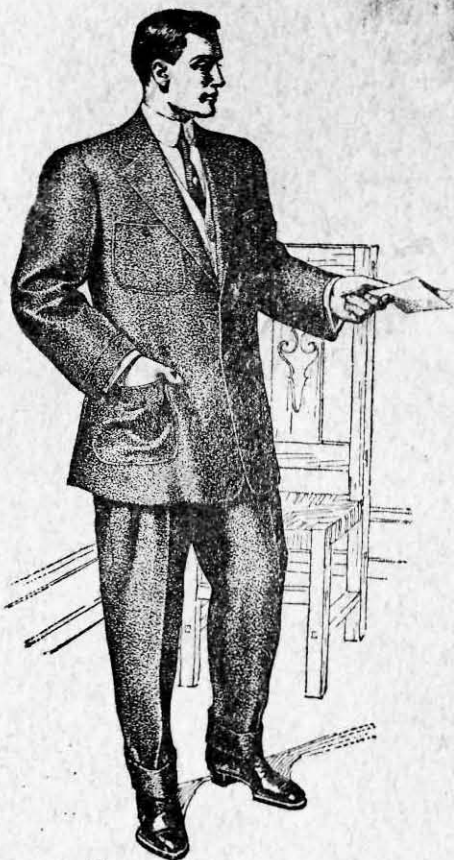
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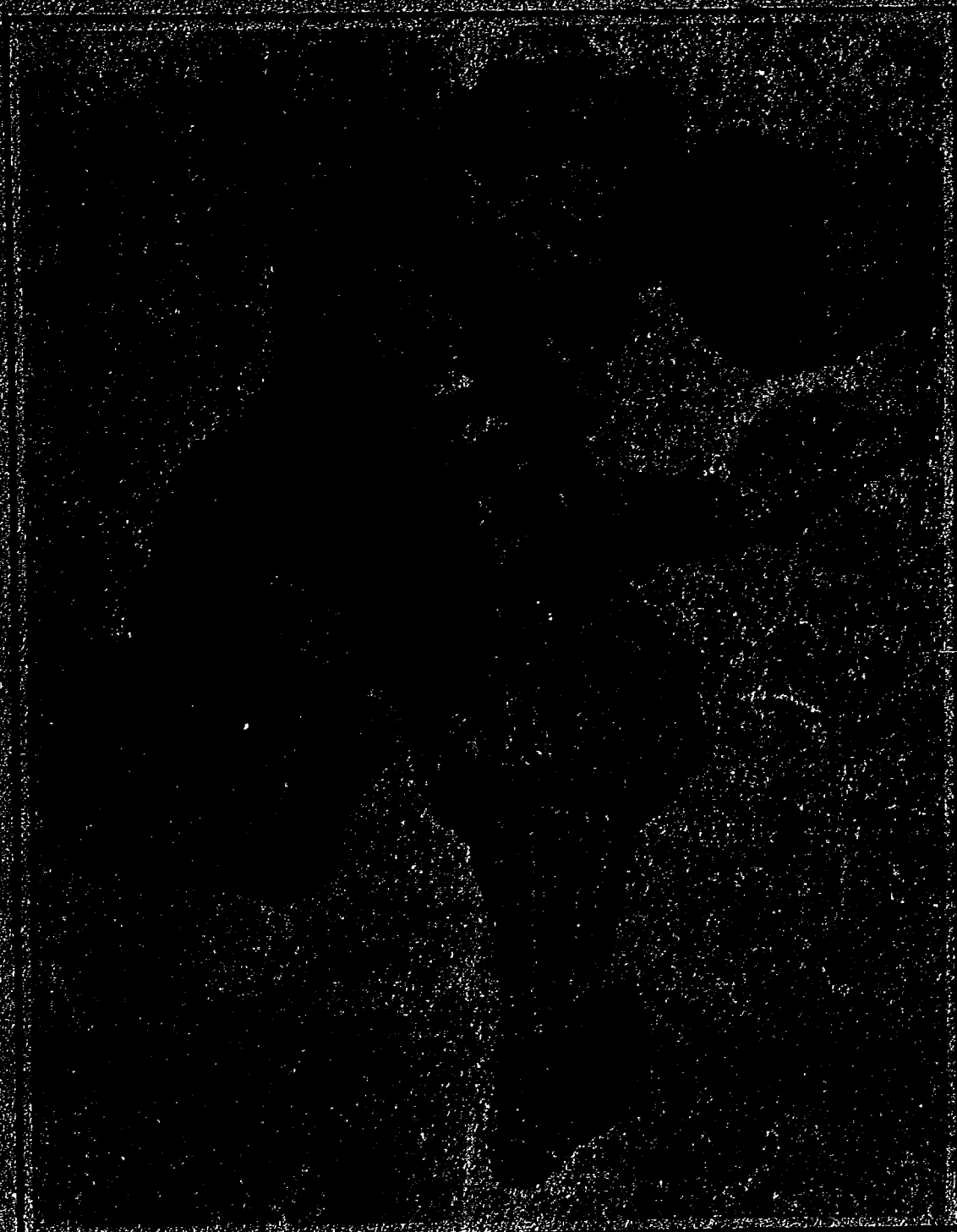
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# THE WHITWORTHIAN

*Issued Monthly During the School Year*

Volume V

TACOMA, WASH., NOVEMBER—DECEMBER 1908

Number 2

## Football and the Co-Eds.



IRLS, have any of you found time to engage the new coach in conversation?" Truth's eyes were pensively fixed on a certain figure in the rug at the side of the fireplace, but underneath their long dark lashes they were dancing with merriment.

"Time! I guess we all have time, but how about him?" Virginia drawled. "Haven't I followed him around like a shadow for the last two weeks, ever since I first caught sight of his 'bonny blue eyes', and hasn't he eluded me every time!"

"I wonder if I haven't had better luck than any of you. I persuaded Jim Holmes to introduce me at the reception last night and the dear man gripped my hand so hard that my fingers tingle yet." Truth still appeared very pensive.

The girls were gathered in Beth Carey's room in the dorm around a glowing fire, for although it had been but two short weeks since college opened the Indian summer nights were sharp and crisp. One by one the new masculine element of the year was being lined up, from the greenest freshman hardly out of short trousers to the big blond giant of a football coach, whose head was encircled with the bright

halo of Michigan gridiron prowess. But for some very obscure reason this hero refused to be lionized; he firmly and industriously avoided girls.

"Surely some one of us will prevail before the year is over! He isn't a girl-hater because Jack Maitland says his walls are just covered with girls' pictures. Truth, what makes you look into the fire so longingly?"

Truth looked up and smiled at the girls.

"Mischief," she answered. "I've been concocting a scheme. Do you know what Jim told me last night? Some times it makes me laugh and then other times I just rage all over."

"What was it, Truth? Tell us, do dear," came from the half dozen girls present.

"This captivating new coach of ours has called the squad together in solemn conclave and ordered them to cut out pipes, cider, etc cetera, and girls during training!"

"Whyee! What does he mean?" Carolyn Wells exclaimed. Carolyn was a "steady."

"Girls are rather disturbing to the working of a fellow's heart, you know. Also, girls arouse in him the finer emotions and make him less of a brute. As a result he doesn't play as good football as there is in him."



The girls were at a loss for exclamations.

"And the worst of the whole affair is that the boys agreed with him that it was best."

"What's your scheme, Truth?" Carolyn asked. She was wondering whether Gerald Cartwright had agreed.

"Just this. Each of us choose a fellow from the squad and by a little skillful manipulation force him to break 'training.' We can show his honor that he hasn't reckoned with the co-eds."

This was greeted with a whirlwind of laughter.

"Just a trifle sarcastic, Truth," Nell Brown said. "Girls, did you ever notice that every time Truth gets that pensive, faraway look in her eyes it bodes ill for someone?"

"I resign all my claims to the coach to you, Truth," Beth said, as she cut the pinoche, sadly neglected since the disclosure of the coach's radical measure. "If your big, pensive, brown eyes can't charm him, my green ones certainly can't."

Thus it was that the twenty odd fellows of the football squad suddenly found that there were twenty odd girls among the co-eds who were above all charming and altogether lovely.

Washington was only a small college; there was no room for grinds. Every available man turned out for football and if they were forced to "cut out" the girls, no amusement was left these girls but midnight spreads, and one is always sick the morning after such dissipation. The coach had some small degree of reason on his side they admitted, but even though he was ambitious to turn out a winning team, it was preposterous to attempt to apply the conditions of a great university like Michigan, with its hundreds of men, to a little college like Washington!

Carolyn was especially indignant. "Yes, I know, it would be nice to make a record

in football, but what's the use if we can't have any fun out of it? When the fellows finish a game and are all tired out and sore, just think how they would appreciate having the girls tell them how well they played, and how glad we are that they made a touchdown, and call them poor fellows, and tell them we're proud of them! Why, that's where I have my fun! I just love to see Gerald get red. And besides, I know he plays lots better in the first place when I tell him just before the game to dig in."

As the fall wore on, the girls saw with ever increasing delight that their rebellion was succeeding and gradually growing into a full fledged revolution. When the fellows came in after a hard and discouraging practice with the stern words of the coach ringing in their ears, it was very soothing and heartening to catch the gay nods and brilliant smiles that certain pretty girls sent openly across the tables in the dining room. Numerous were the toasts drunk in answer at the training table in the corner, and much the chaffing indulged in.

Finally the scrubs, in a bunch, called on the coach and demanded the privilege of taking girls to the various college functions.

"Get out, fellows, you make me tired," was the disgusted answer. "Take the girls where you please, but not one of you makes the first team. You can't bother with girls and play football."

When Truth heard the coach's answer, indirectly of course, she gave over so faint a sigh. Somewhere her tactics were at fault, she told herself.

"I'd begin to believe that he has a girl in the east that he's devoted to heart and soul if it wasn't that he so pointedly keeps away from us all. Surely if he were entirely indifferent he's act like the other boys do! Tomorrow I'm going to ask him over to the Hallowe'en party, and if he

refuses I'm going to cut him dead, not only during the football season, but as long as he stays here. I might have a chance if he'd ever give me an opportunity to talk to him, but I will not throw myself at any fellow's head."

After chapel the next morning, Truth, with her little speech all prepared, managed, by strenuous endeavor, to waylay the coach.

"Coach Lawrence, several of us dorm girls are planning a Hallowe'en party, and we'd like very much to have you come," smiling bewitchingly, with her long lashes raised just a trifle.

"I'm very sorry, Miss Armstrong, but I hardly see how I can arrange it to accept."

"Oh, I'm sorry too; but doubtless there are plenty others who will be glad to take your place." With this closing shot Truth walked indifferently away, yet tears of wounded pride started in her eyes.

The coach went to his room, locked his door, pulled out his pipe from the bottom of his trunk, where he had stowed it away until the end of the football season, and muttered comprehendingly, as he struck a match, "Jove, but her eyes can shoot fire."

Settling down in a big chair he gave himself up to revery. In the upward curling smoke of his pipe, a girl appeared; a girl with wavy black hair, with deep dark blue eyes shaded by long silky lashes, eyes that could smile and eyes that could flash lightning. Toward noon he roused himself.

"No sir, it's no go. I see now that the girls have deliberately planned this, and I'll have to give in. The fellows can do all the queening they like provided they leave the girls alone for a day before the games. But I tell you Yost could never have made us the team we were if there had been any girls in the case. So just

for principle's sake I'll stay by it myself even though that girl can smile so bewitchingly."

The Hallowe'en party was a success, but the coach was not one of the number.

The next three weeks were one glorious victory. In the morning the fellows talked with the girls, in the afternoons they turned out and practiced with vim and energy, and on Saturdays played and won their games. The evening of their last game the girls were again gathered in Beth's room, waiting the telegram announcing victory or defeat. Suddenly from the boys' dorm across the campus the sharp, crackling Rah, Rahs broke out, then around the open windows in silence the girls waited for the score. One-two-three-four-five-six Washington!! Six-five-four-three-two-one-nothing-Island!! Washington had won. In the excitement Truth slipped out to her own room and hid her hot face in the pillows of her couch.

"I do care, I do care," she sobbed. "I'm so glad his team won. And oh, I wish I hadn't disgusted him with my silliness! He thinks I'm so bold and forward, and he won't ever have anything to do with me. I don't blame him one bit for treating me horridly, but I care a whole lot. Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

Before she sobbed herself to sleep that night she had brokenly resolved that her only protection was to continue cold and distant.

The Thanksgiving game played, plans were immediately begun for the football banquet to be given toward the middle of December. Owing to the girl's maneuvering in the early fall, there was not as much speculation as usual in regard to who's who with the football squad. But the coach's choice was much in doubt. He had shown absolutely no preference toward any girl the whole season, and, as the days passed by, still seemed indifferent. For his own part, the coach knew

that Truth Armstrong would never consent to go with him and yet when he thought of another girl, dark eyes with long lashes smiled into his.

Finally Carolyn Wells went to Gerald and told him about the girls' rebellion.

"Now Truth made up that plan," she concluded, "and so all our fun this fall has come through her because none of the rest of us would have dared start such a thing. And we girls think the coach ought to take her to the banquet and you boys have got to help."

Cartwright promised to see the fellows. As might have been expected, they thoroughly agreed with the girls and even showed their appreciation of Truth's plan by demanding that she respond to the toast "Football and the co-eds."

"Come on, I've got a starter for a plan," Jack Maitland announced. "The girls will have to do most of it. Let's go and find Beth and Carolyn."

Two hours later Beth sauntered into Truth's room, her cheeks red tinted, hair flying and eyes sparkling.

"Been out walking?" Truth asked indifferently.

"Yes, out to the Narrows," Beth answered enthusiastically. "It's just the best kind of weather for walking, so cold and crisp. Jack showed me the menu cards for the banquet, too. Say, Truth, do you know, I feel sorry for the coach. He's just dying to come over and ask you but he knows he doesn't dare."

"Of course he doesn't dare," Truth interposed grimly.

"And he swears he won't ask any other

girl so he's walking the floor for hours at a time and the rest of the day he sits huddled up in a chair smoking his pipe. I almost wish you'd take pity on him; he's really very nice, you know, and I can't bear to think of your not going to the banquet."

In spite of herself Truth smiled. From a dozen different girls she heard the same pitiable tale in the next two days. Over the way the boys were hammering at the coach.

"Go in and ask her. She can't any more than turn you down and I doubt if she does that. Be a man anyway."

A week before the banquet he decided

"If she won't go with me nobody else shall, so I'd better plan on leaving for Island City tomorrow. I'm morally certain she'll turn me down with the very same words I used about that Hallowe'en party. I guess I'll go over to the dorm and take my 'no' like the duffer I am."

As he passed the library Truth came down the stairs, and when she saw him it was too late to turn back. With a slight nod she continued, but the fates of frost and ice intervened. The second from the last step was loose and covered with a thin sheet of ice. Her foot slipped and she fell forward into the coach's arms. Instead of setting her on her feet and gallantly continuing his way, he held her firmly and quietly asked:

"Truth, will you go to the banquet with me?"

"And with her old bewitching smile Truth answered, "yes."

FRANCES LACKEY, '10.



## A Newsboy's Appreciation of the Whitworth Team.

Ain't we the happy-happy kids though?  
Our team is the finest ever!

Them P.-I. newsies thot they had us goin' once, but now they can't say a word. Th' Seattle team did get us the first game in the season an' then was when th' ruff-necks that peddle the Post rubbed it into us, but our team couldn't play th' whole Varsity. Anybody could get out a big team in a big school like that.

Gee! After that game, th' P.-I. guys slung out a lot of rotten dope about us bein' easy, an' not playin' good ball, an' our men foul'in'; an' we had a lot of scraps but they had to sit up an' take notice soon because we turned in then an' put it over Whitman an' them Oregon gazaboos.

Ye see th' fellers that carry th' P.-I. get to slingin' mud just th' same as it does. Why, I wouldn't carry that paper if you'd gimme the job of editor. It never gives us a show, just because we're Tacoma.

But just th' same we've got the candy kids, right here in our town, when it comes to handlin' th' pigskin.

I saw every game—paid my fare too—none of yer peakin' through th' fence, or climbin' trees fer Willie. He's a sport an' pays his way. See!

I bet I know all the fellers on that team. Once I went out to see 'em practice. Then I found out where they got the stuff from.

D'you know Coach Rueber? Well, there ain't another coach in th' country can hold a candle to him when it comes

to riggin' up a speedy football team. When they do things wrong, he turns in an' shows 'em an' makes their way look so sick that they work hard to get on to his.

Talk about yer fine players! I tell you there was some lallapaloosas in that bunch. When you can beat Puss Colbert, you've got to get up early. He is the peaches when it comes to puntin' an' runnin' with th' ball. Then that new feller McQuillan is great at tacklin', an' Paul, th' quarter, knows how to send that ball for th' weak places in th' other team. I guess we don't have to take no second place when yer countin' stars.

They were there on team work, too. Did you see them called a fightin' machine in th' papers. Well, that's what they was. They'd call th' signal, snap th' ball, an' every man would go where he was supposed to go, an' th' referee would say "second down, two yards to make."

If th' other team wanted to play old style, Whitworth had some tricks to show them, an' if they looked for tricks they got disappointed.

But mostly they played new style. Did you see that play where Puss gets hurt an' can't get up to where th' team is, an' they play th' ball an' make a forward pass to him an'—its good fer 30 yards every pop. They're just chuck full of that kind of plays.

Well, I gotta go an' peddle my papers, but you bet that's th' best team in th' North-west.

DOUGLAS JOHNSON, '12.



Whitworth Football Squad—1908

# ∞ FOOTBALL 1908 ∞



Whitworth .....	4	U of W. ....	24
Whitworth .....	10	U. P. S. ....	0
Whitworth .....	17	Whitman .....	11
Whitworth .....	16	U. of O. ....	10
Whitworth .....	45	U. P. S. ....	0
Whitworth .....	18	Willamette ....	0

Total pts scored 110      Opponents .... 45

Pretty good record, eh! We all think so even the faculty. Out of 14 candidates Coach Rueber has turned out a team that has gone through the season with only one defeat, that at the hands of the strongest candidate for northwest championship honors, the U. of W. Too small to be asked to join the northwest conference, we have beaten two of the conference teams and by comparative scores rank ahead of at least two or possibly three of the others, ranking below only

University of Washington and possibly Pullman

The credit due for the fine showing of the team this year is due to Coach Rueber, who has performed marvelous achievements with scant material, to Manager Pratt who worked himself sick to give the team a good schedule, to the individual members of the team who have worked hard and consistently for the past two months, and last of all, to the faculty and student body who have stood back of the team with their support throughout the whole season.

Too much credit cannot be given to Coach Rueber who thought out the plays that have resulted in more than one touchdown for Whitworth, and who has worked hardest for the success of the team, doing



anything from building fires and carrying water, to making speeches and arousing enthusiasm for the games. Very few coaches have shown the tact and patience coupled with hard working ability that Rueber has. The team has confidence in his ability as a football player, and they know when he says a thing that it must be about right, and so it is done. The mutual confidence between coach and team has done much to win games this year.

Manager Platt is responsible for the excellent schedule this year, which enabled the team to make such a good showing among the northwest colleges, and so deserves a great deal of credit. Few men have worked as hard for the success of a team as Platt has for the success of Whitworth's team this year, although burdened down with other work all the time. Not only did he arrange an excellent schedule, but he has supplied the team with new uniforms so that their appearance has been greatly improved as well as their usefulness.

Captain Grosseup has throughout the season shown good judgment on and off the field, and has made an excellent leader all around. His never-failing good nature has smoothed over crises when trouble was imminent and he has gotten more work out of the men than any other would have.

The whole team deserves credit for their faithfulness and hard work. Practice is very monotonous and the men who have given two hours a day all fall for this should have the credit due them. Now let us turn out for basketball and make as great a success in that as we have in football.

#### **WHITWORTH 18, WILLAMETTE 0.**

On Saturday, Nov. 21, Whitworth defeated the fast Willamette team by the score of 18-0 on a field covered with water

and in the midst of a drenching rain. The condition of the field made fast playing out of the question, but in spite of the rain Whitworth succeeded in scoring three touchdowns in the first half. No scoring was done by either team during the second half, although each team threatened and was held. Whitworth worked the forward pass a number of times for good gains, one pass from Paul to Grosseup resulting in a touchdown, while Willamette relied almost entirely on old football whenever they got possession of the ball. For Whitworth, Paul, Colbert, Grosseup and Rueber played the best game. Nelson, Sullivan, May and Cummings performed the best for Willamette, putting up a strong game both on the offense and defense.

#### **First Half.**

Willamette kicked off and the ball was run back 15 yards. Grosseup recovered a long kick planting the ball on the 30 yard line, from which point it was shoved over for a touchdown in three bucks by Colbert, McQuillan and Rueber, Rueber carrying it over just one minute after the play had started. Goal kicked. Whitworth 6, Willamette 0.

Willamette kicked off again and the ball was returned 20 yards. An end run by Colbert, a forward pass and two line bucks placed the ball near Willamette's goal, where it was lost on a fumble. A blocked punt was recovered by Whitworth behind the goal line, but the touchdown was not allowed because Whitworth roughed the kicker. Whitworth got the ball on the 40 yard line and took it to the 30 yard line where Paul circled the left end on a fake buck for a touchdown. Colbert kicked goal. Whitworth 12, Willamette 0.

Willamette again kicked off. On an exchange of punts Whitworth got the ball in midfield. Dennis gained 15 yards on a

forward pass and Colbert added 25 on a fake punt. On the next play Grosseup caught a forward pass and ran it over for a touchdown. Colbert kicked goal. Whitworth 18, Willamette 0.

### Second Half.

No scoring was done in this half, due largely to the poor condition of the ground and ball. Three times Whitworth planted the ball within the 5 yard line, only to lose it on a fumble or on downs. Willamette's only chance to score came in this half, when a fumbled punt and three penalties gave the ball to Willamette on the 10 yard line. Line bucks failed as did a drop kick and the danger was past.

The teams lined up as follows:

Whitworth.	Position.	Willamette.
Dennis .....	L. E. ....	Winslow
McReavy .....	L. T. ..	Nelson (Capt.)
Tunison .....	L. G. ....	Belknap
Guy .....	C. ....	Blackwell
Doud .....	R. G. ....	Reese
Rueber .....	R. T. ....	May
Grosseup (Capt.)	R. E. ....	Moore
Paul .....	Q. B. ....	Wimberly
Colbert .....	L. H. ....	Sullivan
McQuillan.....	R. H. ....	Lowe
Ghormley .....		

Tanner ..... F. B. .... Cummings

Length of halves, 25 minutes.

### WHITWORTH 45, U. P. S. 0.

On Friday, Nov. 13, the Whitworth football team defeated the U. P. S. football team by the above score in a very one-sided game, at the Athletic park. Whitworth showed form at all times, but decidedly better form in the second half when long runs and forward passes enabled her to score almost at will. While open work was the rule of the game, whenever mass plays were necessary the backs and tackles never failed to make the distance. U. P. S. showed better form

than in the game played earlier in the season, but seemed to lack teamwork and a knowledge of the game. They were also very deficient in tackling and in running interference, in both of which Whitworth was good. In fact, the interference of the Whitworth backs on end runs was the best of the season.

### First Half.

Whitworth's first touchdown came after seven minutes of play. Colbert kicked the ball into U. P. S. territory and Whitworth secured the ball on the 15 yard line. McCreavy carried it over in two bucks. Tanner kicked goal. Whitworth 6, U. P. S. 0

The next touchdown came after a series of mass plays carried the ball close to the U. P. S. goal, where Colbert circled left end for a touchdown. The puntout failed. Whitworth 11, U. P. S. 0.

The half ended soon after.

### Second Half.

Paul returned the kick-off 20 yards. A forward pass from Tanner to Colbert added 20 more. The next play put the ball near the goal line and Rueber carried it over. Tanner missed goal. Whitworth 16, U. P. S. 0. After that touchdowns came fast, as a result of onside kicks, forward passes, line plunges and fast open field work, Colbert securing two after sensational runs of 60 yards each. Paul scored one after a pretty quarter-back run of 15 yards. Ghormley was shoved over for one and Tanner, capturing on onside kick ran across the line for another. Colbert kicked four goals making the final score 45-0. The last touchdown was made in one minute of play, Colbert getting the ball on a forward pass and running 60 yards for a touchdown on the first play after the kick-off.

The lineup was as follows:

Whitworth.	Position.	U. P. S.
Dennis .....	L. E. ....	Culberson
McCreavy .....	L. T. ....	Schiller
Tunison .....	L. G. ....	Scow
Guy .....	C. ....	Mehaffey
Doud .....	R. G. ....	Newby
Rueber .....	R. T. ....	Green
Grosscup (Capt) .....	R. E. ....	Gordon
Paul .....	Q. B. ....	Schanafelt
Tanner .....	L. H. B. ....	Green
Colbert .....	R. H. B. ....	Decker
Ghormley .....	F. B. ....	Olson

### OREGON 10, WHITWORTH 16.

On Saturday, Nov. 7, Whitworth achieved the greatest football victory in the history of the institution by defeating the crack Oregon eleven by the score of 16 to 10. The fact that Oregon was looked on as a sure winner, only emphasizes the importance of Whitworth's victory, as it places us among the foremost teams in the northwest. Oregon, contrary to her expectations, soon found Whitworth a worthy foe, and despite the fact that they were playing on their own grounds and were cheered by their own rooters, her team could not rally enough to win. In fact, the best team won. Whitworth played as one man, the whole team aiding the man with the ball, forming interference on punts and using their brains. Her defense was as near perfect as it is possible to get. Eight times the heavy Oregon backs charged the light Whitworth line, only to be held on the last one and the ball punted out of danger. Both in old style football and in fast open field work Whitworth had decidedly the best of it. Colbert's work in the open field was spectacular to say the least and resulted in two of Whitworth's touchdowns. The other came after two short kicks recovered by Paul put the ball on the three yard line, from which it was shoved over in two bucks by McQuillan and Tanner. On defense Whitworth had by far the best of the game. Time after time Dennis and

McQuillan threw the backs for a loss of from 2 to 10 yards, while the line held like a stone wall throughout the whole game. Oregon should have had only 4 points, her other points coming from a touchdown on a blocked punt after the ball had been forced near Whitworth's goal by two 15 yard penalties. In the punting line Colbert had it over both Moulten and Clark, one punt being good for at least 70 yards. The tackling of the Whitworth men was much fiercer than that of Oregon, as was their ability to run back kicks. Capt. Moulten could negotiate only one out of three of his famous place-kicks, the others being hurried by the fast charging of the opposing line-men.

#### First Half.

Oregon kicked off to Whitworth and the ball was downed on the 30 yard line. Bucks failed and Colbert kicked to Oregon's 35 yard line. Oregon failed to gain and kicked to Colbert on the 50 yard line and with good interference he tore over the line for a touchdown. Tanner missed goal. Score 5-0 in favor of Whitworth.

Oregon kicked off again. After an exchange of punts Whitworth suffered two 15 yard penalties, placing the ball within the 5 yard line. On the attempt to kick out of danger the ball was blocked and Michael fell on it behind the line. Oregon kicked goal. Oregon 6, Whitworth 5. No scoring was done in the remainder of the half.

#### Second Half.

Whitworth gained possession of the ball in the middle of the field. Two onside kicks recovered by Paul put the ball on the 2 yard line. McQuillan carried it to within a foot of the goal and Tanner carried it over. Goal was kicked. Whitworth 10, Oregon 6.

At this point Clark went in and his punting and penalties put Oregon within

striking distance for Moullen's place kick which tied the score. 10-10. Whitworth kicked-off behind the goal line and Clark kicked from the 25 yard line. Colbert caught the ball and with good interference raced for the goal. Running away from his interference he knocked off Clark, dodged Latourette, and crossed the goal line. Tanner kicked goal.

#### **Whitworth 16, Oregon 10.**

No more scoring was done, though Oregon threatened once and was held.

The Eugene News says: "No better men ever played on Kincaid field than the Whitworth back field taken as an aggregation. Every man outplayed Oregon, particularly in team work. Their line-men brushed aside the Oregon warriors with the greatest ease and their back field excelled the Oregon team in all departments."

The lineup was as follows:

Oregon.	Position.	Whitworth.
Means .....	C .....	Guy
Giles, Sweek ..	R. G. L. ....	Tunison
Moullen (Capt)	R. T. L. ....	McCreavy
Kiltz .....	R. E. L. ....	Dennis
Voigt .....	L. G. R. ....	Doud, Platt
Main .....	L. T. R. ....	Rueber
Michaels, .....		
Dodson ....	L. E. R. ....	Grosseup (Capt.)
Chandler, .....		
Latourette ....	Q. ....	Paul
Hally, Hurd ..	L. H. R. ....	McQuillan
Hayes .....	R. H. L. ....	Colbert
McIntyre, Clark	F. ....	Tanner
Time of halves, 25 minutes.		

#### **WHITWORTH 17, WHITMAN 11.**

On Tuesday, Oct. 27, Whitworth won the first important intercollegiate football victory in the history of the school, when she defeated Whitman by the score of 17-11. As the score indicates it was a very close game and the final result was in doubt up to the time the last whistle blew. Whitman's greatest strength was in her long end runs and cross bucks,

while Whitworth relied more on straight football. The weight of the two teams was about even, so that there was no advantage from that and the victory was earned. For Whitman, Martin and Borleske starred, both in defence and offence. On offence they were their best ground gainers, and each broke away for long runs which resulted in touchdowns. For Whitworth, the entire back field played a hard game and tore off many yards through Whitman's line, as also did the tackles, Rueber and McCreavy. On defence McQuillen was the star of the game. Many times he threw the Whitman backs for a big loss when they tried to circle his end, and many times he caught them going the other way. Paul at quarter played an exceptionally strong game, generaling the team well at all times and working the quarter back run for two touchdowns from about the 15 yard line. On old style football Whitworth was far ahead, pushing the ball on line bucks from the center of the field over the goal line for the second touch down. Whitworth showed up much better in the second half than in the first. During the first part of the first half especially, they played a listless game, allowing Martin to run around end for 40 yards and a touchdown within the first three minutes of play. After that they steadied themselves and improved gradually until by the end of the half they were working well and in the second half outplayed the visiting team.

#### **First Half.**

Whitman kicked off to Tanner, who returned the ball 25 yards. Whitworth kicked and Whitman secured the ball in mid-field. Two bucks netted 15 yards and on the next play the ball was given to Martin, who circled the end for 40 yards and a touchdown. Belt kicked goal. Whitman 6, Whitworth 0.

Whitworth kicked off to Whitman who advanced the ball several yards. Neither side could gain consistently on mass plays and punting was resorted to by both teams. Finally Whitman fumbled the ball on her own 20 yard line and Rueber fell on it. Rueber gained 2 yards and on the next down, Paul working a fake cross buck, circled the end for a touchdown. Tanner missed goal. Whitman 6, Whitworth 5.

The half ended with no further scoring.

### Second Half.

Whitworth kicked to Whitman. Whitworth gained the ball on downs, but soon lost it on onside kick. Whitman was obliged to punt and regained the ball on a fumble. Being unable to gain, Whitman punted. Whitworth in turn punted and held Whitman. After an exchange of punts again, Whitman recovered a punt on Whitworth's 40 yard line. On a cross buck, after a delayed pass, Borleske broke away for a 40 yard run for a touch down. Belt missed goal. Whitman 11, Whitworth 5.

Colbert kicked over the goal line on the kickoff and Whitman kicked out from the 20 yard line. McQuillan returned the kick 20 yards. Line bucks by Rueber, Ghormley, McQuillan and Colbert placed the ball on the 2 yard line and Ghormley was shoved over for a touchdown. Tanner kicked goal tying the score. Whitman 11, Whitworth 11

Colbert again kicked over the goal line and Whitman again kicked out. Straight plunges by Rueber, McQuillan and Ghormley and a 15 yard run by Colbert placed the ball on the 15 yard line. Paul again worked the quarter back run for the third and winning touchdown. Tanner kicked goal. Whitworth 17, Whitman 11

The ball see-sawed back and forth the remainder of the game, and time was called with the ball in Whitworth's posses-

sion on Whitman's 35 yard line

Final score Whitworth 17, Whitman 11.

Coach Blanchard of Whitman said: "I have no complaint to make. Whitworth won on its merits. They have the best team. I am sure Whitworth gave us a harder battle than Washington. There were none of my players crippled. They were defeated in good condition and on their merits."

This was the opinion of the spectators generally, but is far more valuable coming from the coach of the opposing team.

The lineup was as follows:

Whitworth.	Position.	Whitman.
Tanner .....	L. E. ....	Lewis
McCreavy .....	L. T. ....	Wilson
Doud, Tunison ..	L. G. ....	Morrow
Guy .....	C. ....	Clemens
Platt, Dennis ....	R. G. ....	Mathews
Rueber .....	R. T. ....	Bassett
Grossep (Capt) ..	R. E. ....	Proudfoot
Paul .....	Q. B. ....	Schmidt
Colbert .....	L. H. ....	Martin
McQuillan .....	R. H. ....	Borleske (Capt.)
Ghormley .....	F. B. ....	Belt

### U. OF W. 24, WHITWORTH 4.

On October 17, in a fiercely contested game, Whitworth went down to defeat before the heavy Washington eleven by the above score. The teams were more evenly matched than the score would indicate, and for 45 minutes neither team was able to score. After McQuillan, Tunison and Doud were injured and substitutes took their places, Washington with a fresh line and also a stronger one, was able to score four touchdowns in rapid succession, which with a safety and two goals made up the total of 24. Whitworth's score came from a place kick from the 30 yard line by Tanner. Eakins was largely responsible for Washington's victory, his long high punts enabled the ends to get down the field and get the ball, unless it had been fielded perfectly. Three of Washington's touchdowns came in this

manner. Colbert, McQuillan, Paul and Grosscup put up a fine defensive game, but even their fine work could not stop the rushes of the fresh Washington line in the last half. The time of halves also worked very disastrously for Whitworth, the long half coming last completely used up the light men.

The first half was a continual see-saw from one end of the field to the other. One team would get the ball, hold it for a time and then lose it again. Once Whitworth had the ball on Washington's 15 yard line but could get it no further, and at one time Washington had the ball on Whitworth's 15 yard line but could get it no further. The rest of the play was in the center of the field.

The second half was a repetition of the first for 20 minutes, but after the Whitworth regulars were laid out and Jarvis and Babcock replaced Swarva and May for Washington, the Washington team could not be held. Their first touchdown came from a forward pass by Coyle to

Mattson, who ran for a touchdown. After an exchange of punts Colbert was tackled behind his own goal line scoring a safety. A fumbled punt, a forward pass and a fake buck gave Washington her second touchdown. Another fumbled punt, two line bucks and a forward pass resulted in the third touchdown. Two onside kicks by Colbert placed the ball on the 30 yard line and Tanner kicked it over the goal from placement. A misjudged punt recovered by Grimm gave Washington her last touchdown.

The team lined up as follows:

Tanner, Dennis	.. L. E. ....	Grimm
McCreavy	.. . . L. T. ....	May, Jarvis
Doud, Platt	.... L. G. ....	Flaherty
Guy	..... C. . .	Tegtmeier, Beck
Tunison	..... R. G.	Swarva, Babcock
Rueber	..... R. T. ....	Eakins
Grosscup	..... R. E. ....	Mattson
Paul	..... Q. B. ....	Coyle
Colbert	.... L. H. B. ....	Wand
McQuillan	.....	

Hazelett	.... R. H. B. ....	Mucklestone
Ghormley	..... F. B. ....	Wells, Willis

Time of halves 25 and 35 minutes.

## Second Team Football.

The second football team has just closed the most successful season in its history. Out of a total of five games they lost but one, to Puyallup by a score of six to five. The team started the season with most of last year's men back in school, and with the addition of several new men, developed into a fast, well-balanced team.

The first game was played on the college campus, with the Tacoma High school second team, and was won by a score of 5 to 0. The two teams were very evenly matched, Whitworth not having rounded into form so early in the season. The only score was made after a long run by Dennis, Whitworth's right end. The ball was on Whitworth's 20 yard line, when

the High school tried a drop kick which was blocked. Dennis scooped up the ball and ran to the High school's five yard line where he was downed. Sherrod carried the ball over the line on the next play, but failed to kick goal. The stars of the game were Dennis and Barrett.

The next game was played at Sumner, on October 24, and resulted in a victory by a score of 12 to 0. The team still showed a lack of confidence, which kept the score as low as it was. The two touchdowns came on in each half, each one being scored soon after the half started. Whitworth's line showed up well in this game, especially Masa and Shibogaki, the two Japanese tackles. Barrett was the



star of the back-field. The team was treated finely at Summer, being entertained at a reception in the evening.

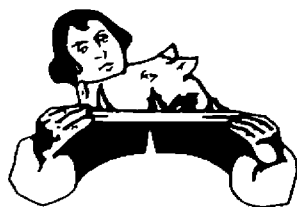
On the following Saturday the team met its only defeat by Puyallup, by a score of 6 to 5. The result of this game was the more disappointing as Whitworth outplayed Puyallup at every stage of the game. Whitworth's touchdown came three minutes after the game started, the result of a clever forward pass from Hoke to Dennis. Sherrod missed goal. Neither side scored again in the first half, although Whitworth threw away a chance of scoring when Hoke tried a forward pass which failed, on Puyallup's 15 yard line, when it was unnecessary. In the second half Puyallup secured the ball on Whitworth's 20 yard line as the result of a mistake in signals, and soon carried it over the line. Goal was kicked making the score 6 to 5. That ended scoring, although Whitworth carried the ball two yards to Puyallup's one, and the game ended with the ball in Whitworth's possession on Puyallup's 10 yard line. Shibogahi also starred in this game, seldom failing to gain at least 10 yards every time he carried the ball. Barrett starred on defense, his tackling being especially fierce.

The next game was played at Shelton on November 7. The trip was made from Tacoma in a launch, chartered for the occasion. Shelton put up a stubborn defense but was finally beaten by a score of 16 to 0. Pike, playing end in place of Dennis, who had put up such a gritty game all season, but who was out on ac-

count of injuries, played a star game on defense and offense, scoring two of the three touchdowns. The other was made by Ask. Barrett, the clever little half-back, was obliged to retire at the end of the first half with a sprained ankle. Ask, who played on the team last year, but who did not turn out until late this year, took his place and the first time he was called upon to carry the ball, tore through the line for a 50 yard run to a touchdown. Hazlett and Sherrod showed good form in line bucking.

The last game was played with the second eleven of the University of Puget Sound. The visitors outweighed our team, but were clearly outclassed by their lighter, but clever opponents. The team showed better form in this, their last game, than in any previous ones and played so fiercely that they bewildered their opponents. Hazlett, Barrett, Ask and Shibogaki advanced the ball almost at will, while Sherrod punted in good form. The final score was 16 to 0.

The season, as a whole, was a success. The men worked hard and faithfully, and were possessed by the proper spirit, helping each other along. Their record of 54 points scored against their opponent's 6, is a record of which they may be proud. The men who played on the team were Hegg, Ante, Whitworth and Bradway, guards; Masa and Shibogaki, tackles; Longstreth, Dennis and Pike, ends, Hoke quarterback and captain; Barrett, Hazlett and Ask, halfbacks; Sherrod, full-back; Holgerson and Sawyer, subs.





**Captain Thaddius Grosscup**—Sophomore. Phillips Andover academy. Three years on Whitworth team. Captain 1907 and 1908 teams. Position right end. Age 21. Weight 151.



**Percy Colbert**—Graduate. Graduate of Ellensburg High school. Fourth year on Whitworth team. Captain of 1906 team. Position left half-back. Age 23. Weight 165.



**William L. Paul**—Senior. Graduate of Carlisle. Third year on Whitworth team. Position quarter-back. Age 23. Weight 156.



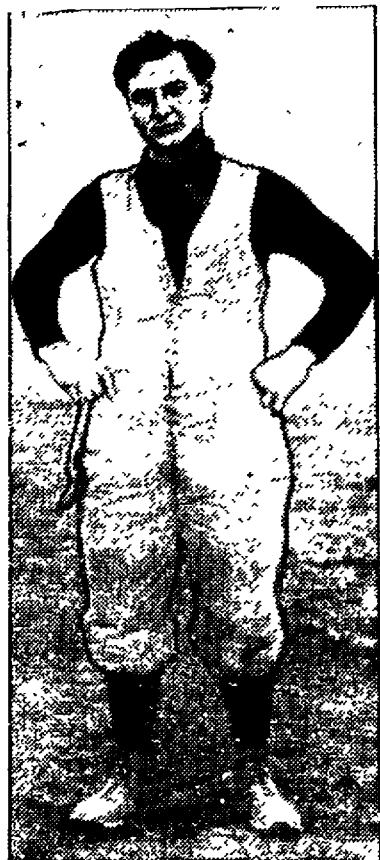
**Richard Doud**—Senior. Whitworth academy. Third year on team. Position right guard. Age 21. Weight 156.



**David Guy**—Senior. Chehalis High school.  
Position center. Third year on team.  
Age 22. Weight 165.



**Kenneth Ghormley**—Senior. Whitworth  
academy (?) Two years on team. Posi-  
tion full-back. Age 19. Weight 155.



**William Platt—Junior**      Second year  
on team   Manager 1907 and 1908. Po-  
sition guard. Age 25   Weight 175.



**Horace Rueber — Junior**      Graduate  
Rochester High school   Second year  
on team   Right tackle   Age 20. Weight  
166.



**Roland Dennis**—Freshman. Whitworth academy. Second year on team. Position left end. Age 19. Weight 156.



**Claude McQuillan**—Freshman. Graduate Rochester High school. First year on team. Right half-back. Age 20. Weight 173.





**Ernest Tanner**—Freshman. Tacoma High school. First year on team. Position, end, quarter-back, full-back and half-back. Age 19. Weight 156.



**Arthur C. Tunnison** — Freshman. Pana, Illinois, High school. First year on team. Position guard. Age 24. Weight 180.



**Coach Arthur Rueber**—Captain Northwestern university team 1905 Coach University Chattanooga 1906. Coach Whitworth 1907-8.



**Clarence MacReavy**—Senior Prep. Tacoma High school. First year on team. Position left tackle. Age 18. Weight 162.

(NOTE—The Whitworthian regrets being unable to secure a picture of Mr. MacReavy in time for this issue, but will present his smiling features to our readers at a later date.)

# 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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And so the season is ended. But with the ending of the season comes the privilege of summarizing the advantages gained and also of taking breath that we may hurl ourselves unitedly into our next task.

Looking back over the years, we can see the many periods of privation, of struggle, of endless disappointment. Five years ago, Whitworth college had a faculty of fifteen members, and our strength could be measured by the contempt of the city high school who numbered our's among her "practice games." No recognition was accorded us by any of the northwest colleges, which is now being obtained only by vicious prodding in the nature of "surprises."

We are not far distant from that "memorable" first victory over the local high school, a time when the entire college put on her gala dress and fond constituents looked with proud eyes upon the stalwart heroes who had humbled the pride of a high school.

Since then Whitworth's growth has been steady and when not in numbers, it has been in intenseness of spirit; for without a doubt, the Whitworth spirit of game-ness and courage is in a large measure the cause of her progress.

With this year, Whitworth college is claiming her equal place with the colleges of the northwest. We have a right to it and we will have it. Our record on the athletic field when our handful of determined men successfully coped with great and recognized schools is indicative not only of a new found strength, but is also indicative of our forward move "All along the line." The spirit of effort is general, not single, and as a college, full-fledged, earnest and fearless, putting away the things of childhood, we now take our rightful place among the circle of colleges in these northwestern states of America.

The approach of examination brings to mind some oddities that persist in existence. Whitworth still clings to ancient practice, so out of harmony with the general forward movement, of having three terms of school. But what is more peculiar, is that the first term ends on the eighth of December, not two weeks after the end of the football season, and but a week or two before the Christmas holidays. The argument for such an arrangement is that each term is then of equal length and the payment of a term's tuition would procure for the purchaser no additional time. Then, too, such a custom is unique. No other school or college of any importance has such a system. And can not our admirers and supporters see the advantage of our unique position? We are alone, absolutely alone. This makes us conspicuous and being conspicuous we are able to attract to our college high school graduates, no matter when they graduate.

Instead of saying that "All time is out of joint," we can say "All our terms are out of joint." If we must cling to the honored, if it is honored, and ancient, for who can gainsay its age, custom of having three terms, why can not the term begin with the new year? With the term beginning as it does, the college practically prohibits the registration of new students because either the applicant is not through high school or else our term is so far advanced that he can not hope to make up.

All good high schools have the school year divided into two semesters, the first one ending in February. All universities and up-to-date colleges are also run on the semester system, which conforms to that of the high schools. The advantage is obvious. High school students who graduate in February can enter universities or colleges with beginning classes in these colleges without the discouraging necessity of making up work. If it is the part of wise men to adjust their plans to the general practice, it is the part of wisdom for colleges to arrange their time according to general practices. If it is foolish for an employer to make his men work until three and then send them for their dinners to restaurants that are not prepared for such irregularity, it is foolish for colleges to arrange their terms so that graduates of high schools can not conveniently hope to enter.

Consider for a moment the anomaly of an up-to-date college out of joint with the source of her life, the high schools. That the harmony of the forward movement will be completed is the hope of all of Whitworth's students.



Even more than of the success of her eleven on the gridiron, Whitworth is proud of the sportsmanship of her team, her coach, and her rooters. To be known as a team of gentlemen is the highest aim to which any organization can aspire. It even precedes that of championship; for wherein does the glory of a successful team lie when it can be said that victory has been obtained by questionable means. To fight hard but cleanly and generously is the part of a gentleman; to fight hard but wickedly, viciously, aiming to win by knocking out the other fellow bespeaks the spirit of a

coward. And it is this spirit of meanness that Whitworth college especially despises and by her conduct on the athletic field even in the stress of intense effort she is proud to say that her representatives have been true to her traditions of sportsmanship and courage.



Owing to the fact that merchants and business men generally are unusually rushed during the holiday season, heretofore much trouble has been experienced in obtaining the advertisements required to put out a December issue of the Whitworthian. In order to avoid this, the staff decided to issue a double number during the first week in December, calling it the Annual Football Issue. We feel that the success of our team demands this recognition from the college they are honoring. We make this statement in order that subscribers may understand that the next issue will be the January number.



The Whitworthian wishes to take this opportunity to express its regret that by some over-sight the last edition of the paper did not contain the picture of the new professor of chemistry, Mr. H. E. Hewitt. He comes to us from Sioux Falls college where he has been at the head of the Science department. His work in Grand Island college together with his work in biological research especially fits him for his position here. We feel that we already know him and value him both as a teacher and as a friend.

## Football in the Northwest.

The football season of 1908 has drawn to a close. In many respects the season just closed has been one of the most dramatic, yet altogether one of the most successful in the annals of northwest football. Teams doped early in the season as winners have fallen low in the scale, while others given little attention by the early prophets have been returned high up on the ladder.

The most serious disappointments have been the University of Oregon and the Oregon Agricultural college, champions of 1907. At the beginning of the season many critics believed that the O. A. C. was sure to repeat its great record of 1907, while others picked Pullman because of her great wealth of material, as the most likely northwest eleven. Even the champion University of Washington team was not looked upon as very dangerous, and Whitworth was never mentioned as a possible contender. So far have the dopesters gone amiss that the wise man has ceased to be a prophet.

One of the most pleasing features of northwest football this year has been the increased interest taken in the game by the general public. The crowds attending the big games reminds the follower of football of the big games in the east, and has added much that has heretofore been lacking. The cities of Portland and Seattle have become especially fond of the sport, while Tacoma and Spokane are not far behind.

Although this is the third year for what is known as "new football," this is the first year that it has been used to any ex-

tent by all the teams in the northwest, and it has been the teams that have used a combination of both "new" and "old" football that have been most successful.

Washington State college made the almost fatal mistake of not developing a variety of plays. Her team played a very consistent old-time game, and finished the season without a defeat, yet in her three conference games she failed to score even a single touchdown and W. S. C. may thank Downes, Fortune and Halm's good right toe for the high place that she holds today. Too much credit cannot be given the University of Washington team for winning the championship. A team of disgruntled stars was made to bow humbly before Coach Dobie. He then drove them at a pace that only the best of athletes could stand, with the result that the University of Washington had the best team ever developed in the northwest. Oregon's victory over O. A. C. following defeats by Whitworth and Washington, was one of the many surprises of the season, and marks Oregon as one of the hardest fighting teams of the year. Oregon was very fortunate in having Capt. Moulten, the greatest place kicker the northwest has even seen. Her victories over Idaho and O. A. C. were both due to Moulten's place kicks. Because a number of her best men were not in condition, O. A. C. took a very decided slump near the close of the season, and although they fought desperately, were unable to stand the pace set by Oregon and Washington.

Whitman college should be proud of the plucky little team that represented the

Walla Walla institution. Although they lost their important games, they were game losers and fought to the end.

The poor showing of the Idaho team was due to fraternity rivalry that disrupted the team and made team-work an impossibility.

The greatest surprise of the year was Whitworth's victories over Whitman college and the University of Oregon. These victories brought Whitworth from an obscure and uncertain position among non-conference teams, to third place among all teams of the northwest. Colbert's two touchdowns from punts against Oregon,

and the "do or die" spirit with which the team fought through the whole season will live long in northwest annals.

How they stand. Number of games played and number of points scored against conference teams.

	No. of Games.	No. of Points.
Washington .....	4	59
W. S. C. ....	3	14
Whitworth .....	3	37
Oregon .....	3	35
O. A. C. ....	3	9
Whitman .....	4	11
Idaho .....	3	25

ARTHUR RUEBER.







MARY COX, Editor

**Y. W. C. A. NOTES.**

On Friday evening, October 23, the Western Student conference of the Young Women's Christian Association held its opening meeting in the chapel at Whitworth. Thirty delegates were in attendance from the University of Washington 18 from Bellingham, while Ellensburg is to be congratulated for sending its five.

The conference was especially fortunate in having as its leader this year Miss Bertha Conde, who has but recently returned from a Y. W. C. A. visit over the world. Our dear Miss Gage needs no introduction to many of the girls and, aside from what she said to us, her sweet, unselfish presence was all that was needful to set the tone of the conference. We were glad to welcome Miss Lucy Hopkins, the new Northwest Student secretary. She is both charming and practical.

Too much cannot be said of the Bible hours led by Miss Conde. Although necessarily brief and hurried, they opened up to us a vision of the possibilities of one phrase even, and gave us a deeper insight into the character of the Master we are following. Miss Gage's talk on the work of the Northwest and the way the students co-operate was also very much enjoyed. She told us many little incidents of conference life, of practical ways in

which the girls had proved the worth and power of the conference.

The closing meeting was held in Bethany church, at which Mrs. Stoutenborough of Seattle, gave the conference address on "The Women of the Bible." She treated her subject in a very original and delightful way and we are very sorry that more of our girls were not present to hear her.

Whitworth girls have been working since college opened this fall on their plan for reception and entertainment, and as proof of our success we need only quote the following from the Pacific Wave: "The conference at Whitworth was the best ever held. Whitworth women showed themselves ideal hostesses."

The meeting of October 28 was led by Miss Reta Willert, at which several of the girls gave very interesting conference echoes.

Miss Jay Hillis led the meeting of November 4, outlining for the girls several of the qualities necessary for true Christian womanhood.

The succeeding week the meeting was held in the Residence and led by Miss Lillian Fleet. Miss Lackey told of the week of prayer and plans were made for noon prayer meetings in the chapel. After the reading of a letter from Miss Stella

Fisher, who until recently has been secretary in Tokyo, Japan, Miss Cox sang very charmingly "Our Blessed Redeemer."

The subject of the meeting of November 18 was the "Work of the Home Mission Boards," led by Miss Genevieve Martin. The girls of the Northwest are planning a Christmas box for Miss Margaret Matthew, who has taken Miss Fisher's place at Tokyo. Our association decided at this meeting to contribute a Whitworth pillow and a souvenir spoon of Mt. Tacoma. We all wish Miss Matthew encouragement and strength in her hard year of language study and adaptation to new conditions.

#### KAPPA GAMMA.

Kappa Gamma, the oldest and the only organization of its kind at Whitworth, has opened the year with good solid work along literary lines. The officers for the term are: Miss Laetitia Clark, president; Miss Ethel Strout, vice-president; Miss Wilcox, secretary; Miss Beaven, treasurer; Miss Reta Willert, critic.

Since the annual initiation in October, when six new members were entered, the society has sustained regular semi-monthly meetings with splendid attendance and interesting programs.

On November 7, the following "Renaissance" program was skillfully carried out:

"Renaissance and What It Meant to Literature ..... Joy Hillis  
Piano Solo ..... Gertrude Rolleston  
Reading: Selection from "Faerie Queen"  
..... Ethel Strout  
Sonnets from Shakespeare—memorized  
..... Ethel Ware, Lillian Fleet

In the next program, for the 21st of November, the debate seems to be the chief attraction, although the other numbers as well are full of promise.

"The South as a Productive Literary Field" ..... Mary Cox  
Oral Synopsis of a Late Novel ..... Ethel Strout  
Piano Solo ..... Olive Christofferson  
Thanksgiving Story—original plot....  
..... Edith Ware  
Debate: Resolved, That the short story of literary merit exerts a broader usefulness than the long novel.  
Affirmatives—Miss Lackey, Miss Robbins.  
Negatives—Miss Beaven, Miss Wilcox.

A charming event in the college social life during the latter part of October was the annual initiation and banquet of the Kappa Gamma sorority, Wednesday evening, October 21, at the Residence. The weird traditional ceremonies were performed for the benefit of the new members, six in number. Following the initiation they were escorted to the dining room for the annual feast, which was served at a long table handsomely appointed and decorated in violets and violet-shaded candelabra. The place cards were dainty affairs, bearing the Kappa Gamma seal. Miss Laetitia Clark, the president, presided, and introduced the speakers, Miss Douglas, Ethel Strout and Joy Hillis. Twenty-one sorority girls were present.

During the Y. W. C. A. conference, which was held at the college October 23-26, a reception was given to visiting college girls Saturday afternoon in the Residence. The officers of the Whitworth association received informally and while tea was being served, Miss Mearns gave a reading, Mary Cox sang a group of songs and Sara Fox played for the guests. Lillian Fleet presided over the tea table, assisted by the Misses Willert, Beaven, Young, Maulsby, Clark and Hunter.

During the conference, among the dis-

tinguished guests entertained at the dormitory, were Miss Weed, dean of women at the U. of W; Misses Sperry and Gray, of the Bellingham normal faculty; Miss Gage, Miss Conde, Miss Hopkins and Miss Raymond.

Fully 150 guests attended the reception given in the Y. W. C. A. room of the Gymnasium in honor of Miss Stella Fisher, assistant national Y. W. C. A. secretary of Japan. The members of the city association and the combined associations of the U. P. S., joined in giving Miss Fisher a royal greeting. During the evening the college orchestra played very delightfully, and Miss Horner of the U. P. S sang. Punch was served later in the evening. In the receiving line were Miss Hillman, Miss Douglas, Miss Fisher, Miss Raymond of the U. W., Miss Orpha Cook of the U. P. S., and Miss Mary Cox.

The first recital of the year was given Friday evening by Miss Vienna Niel Riedelsberger of the Music School, which proved to be a rare artistic treat. The program follows:

Music next week will include the opening Faculty Recital at Whitworth college, which is announced for Friday evening at the Mason Library building. The program will introduce Mrs. Vienna Riedelsberger, the new head of the piano forte department, and her assistant, Miss Rachel Wilson. Both are accomplished musicians, and much interest attends their first appearance. The program will offer the following numbers:

- (a) Elevation ..... Florstein
- (b) Scotch Poem ..... McDowell
- (c) Valse Caprice ..... Moskowski

(d) The Eagle ..... McDowell  
Mrs. Riedelsberger

(a) Melodie ..... Friml

(b) Gavotte ..... Friml

(c) Russian Romance ..... Friml

Mrs. Riedelsberger

Aus Den Carnival ..... Grieg

Fantasia ..... Mozart

Miss Rachel Wilson

Etude ..... Chopin

Polonaise, op. No. 1 ..... Chopin

Polonaise, op. No. 7 ..... Chopin

Mrs. Riedelsberger

March Rakoszkzy ..... Liszt

The Hallowe'en party given October 31 in the Ladies' hall was a very jolly affair, accompanied with all the weird gaiety of the ghostly occasion. The guests were received at the door by a ghostly figure who greeted them by shaking hands with an icy, slimy glove. A number of other ghosts then escorted the guests through the ghost procession, disclosing to them numberless weird sights. Before the grate in Miss Douglas' parlor three witches told fortunes. In the reception hall the dormitory girls sat in a great circle on the floor and told ghost stories with Miss Edith Strange as the satanic leader. The usual bobbing for apples and popping corn took place in the dining room. Old-fashioned games were played, ending with the graceful Virginia reel, and coffee and doughnuts were served as refreshments. The evening's entertainment was under the direction of Miss Douglas, who was assisted by a committee of dorm girls.

The new string quartet is doing excellent work under the direction of Mrs. Riedelsberger. The members of the quartet are: First violin, Charles Morse; second violin, Erna Biggs, viola, Jean Turnbull; cello, Douglas Johnson.

A very charming affair of dormitory life was given Saturday afternoon, November 7, when four of the girls entertained at afternoon tea for the ladies of the neighborhood. The hostesses were the Misses Alina Lesh, Lillian Fleet, Gertrude Rolleston and Pearl Robbins. The afternoon was spent over Christmas sewing and tea was served.

Dr. and Mrs. Kroeze entertained on the evening of the seventh, for the freshmen and sophomores. Their beautiful new residence was thrown open for the first time to any of the college classes, and Mrs. Kroeze proved herself as usual, a royal hostess. Progressive games were played and the good old college songs furnished music for the merry guests. Mrs. Kroeze was assisted by several of the girls in serving ices.

The faculty members and their wives were entertained on the evening of the eleventh by Dr. and Mrs. Kroeze at their home. The evening was spent quite informally, progressive games furnishing the amusement, in which the prizes were won by Miss Wilson and Mrs. McKay. Eighteen guests were present.

William Platt, manager and substitute on the football team, was taken seriously ill on the morning of the 17th and was removed to one of the city hospitals. Although he has been very ill, his condition is not serious, and he is now on the way to recovery. His mother, Mrs. Margaret Platt of Seattle, spent several days with him at the hospital.

The Misses Edith and Grace Denman had as their house-guest last week Miss Anita Spense of Vancouver, B. C.

The senior class, at a called meeting, elected for their president Miss Reta Willett; vice-president, Palmer Kennedy; treasurer, Kenneth Ghormley; secretary, Laetitia Clark. A Greek motto was selected and will be placed upon the class pins, which, it may interest you to know, have been ordered and will appear at Whitworth soon. We may also mention the fact that our caps and gowns are expected ere long, and that we (but don't tell the juniors) are anticipating great and wondrous things on the first Tuesday after Christmas holidays. That's "Cap and Gown Day," you remember!

Thad. Grosseup, captain of the football team, entertained his eleven at a stag dinner given in his home on the 23rd. After their long rigorous training the boys did ample justice to his hospitality. The team had broken training the evening before at a spread given by some of the second team men in their honor, at the club house.

Students who were compelled to spend Thanksgiving vacation at the dorm, report a very enjoyable time. A truly royal dinner was served them and each adds to his collection of souvenirs a humorous pumpkin man place card.

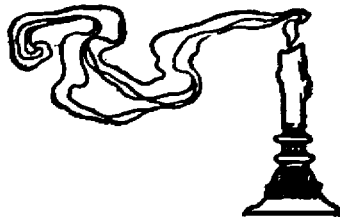
After the Willamette game Saturday, November 21, the Whitworth girls entertained in the Residence in honor of the Whitworth and Willamette elevens. The reception hall was artistically decorated with autumn foliage and the parlors were made gay with college pennants and pillows. Coach Rueber introduced the boys to the receiving line, the Misses Lesh, Strange, Lackey and Dykeman. Later in the evening an informal program was given, consisting of selections by the or-

chestra, vocal group by Miss Dykeman, and piano solos by Miss Robinson and Miss Rolleston. After dainty refreshments were served by the Misses Bernice George, Russell, Presby and Brown, the Willamette boys left to catch their train, saying that they didn't mind being beaten

by Whitworth at all, after the jolly time we had given them.

---

Miss Carrie Roe and Miss Andriette Bowen gave a delightful little spread to dormitory girls after the reception.



"Noah was six hundred years old before he knew how to build an ark—don't lose your grip."

## WHISPERS OF FORMER STUDENTS

Francis Bisson is attending the U of W. this year.

Reid Heilig is working for his father in Fairbanks, Alaska. He gets the Whitworth news through the "Whitworthian."

Elizabeth Hemphill is teaching in Okanogan.

Sara Ghormley '07 is teaching her second year in the high school at Chehalis, Wash.

Ralph Ayers, '03, entered the Allegheny Theological seminary in Allegheny, Pa., this fall.

Edna Robinson is one of the teachers in the Buckley public school.

Madge Phelps is a junior in Wellesley college this year.

Olga Johnson and Andora Cox, both of the class of '08, are teaching in the Buckley schools. Miss Johnson has charge of the seventh grade and Miss Cox is one of the teachers in the high school.

Kittie Robinson, who graduated from the music department last year, is meeting with great success as a teacher of music in Tacoma.

Lillian Allen is teaching near Buckley.

Harriet Fraser and Agnes Streeter, of the class of '07, are teaching in Puyallup.

Fred Metzger '06, who received the Rhodes scholarship, is at Oxford university.

Anna Roehl is stenographer for Henry Longstreth, Sr., in Tacoma.

Harriet Davidson is assistant principal in the school at Washtucna, Wash.

Claude Stallard teaches at Waterville.

Whiting Mitchell is attending the medical college in Minneapolis, Minn.

Civilla Dennis '06, is teaching in the Chehalis schools.

Margaret McLean, who graduated from the school of music at Whitworth last year is continuing the study of music in Boston, this year.

Elmore McMaster '07, is in business in Tacoma. He is one of the advertisers in the "Whitworthian."

Walter and Maurice Briggs are at their home near Harrington. We have heard that they expect to be with us again next year.

Mabel Gerber is teaching at Wapato.

Winogene Jones is at her home in Buckley, but expects to take up her studies again at Whitworth after the holidays.

Edna Huggins, who is now a Y. W. C. A. secretary in the city association of Seattle, was among the guests at the Y. W. C. A. conference at Whitworth, in October.

Julia Loose attends the U. of W

Laurence Phipps '08, is assistant teacher in Latin and mathematics at Whitworth.

Charley Rodman '07, entered Princeton university this fall.

George Rossman '07, is attending the University of Chicago.

Susie Garretson '07, is at her home in this city

Carl Norton '07, was greeting old friends at the college this fall.

Maude Scott is principal of the school at her home in Kiona.

May Schlott is stenographer in a lawyer's office in Las Vegas, N. Mex. The "Whitworthian" keeps her posted in Whitworth news.

Percy Colbert '08, could not remain away from his alma mater. He is taking a few studies and making a record on the football field.

Alice Latshaw is attending the U. P. S.

Thomas Judson, who would have graduated with the '09 class, entered Harvard as a junior this fall.

Lee Doud is at Berkley this year

Wm. McCauley '07, is attending the school of medicine at Ann Arbor.

Anna McMaster '07, is now living in Seattle.

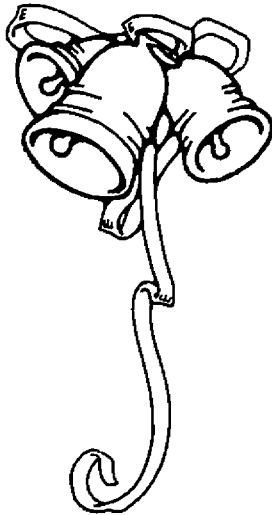
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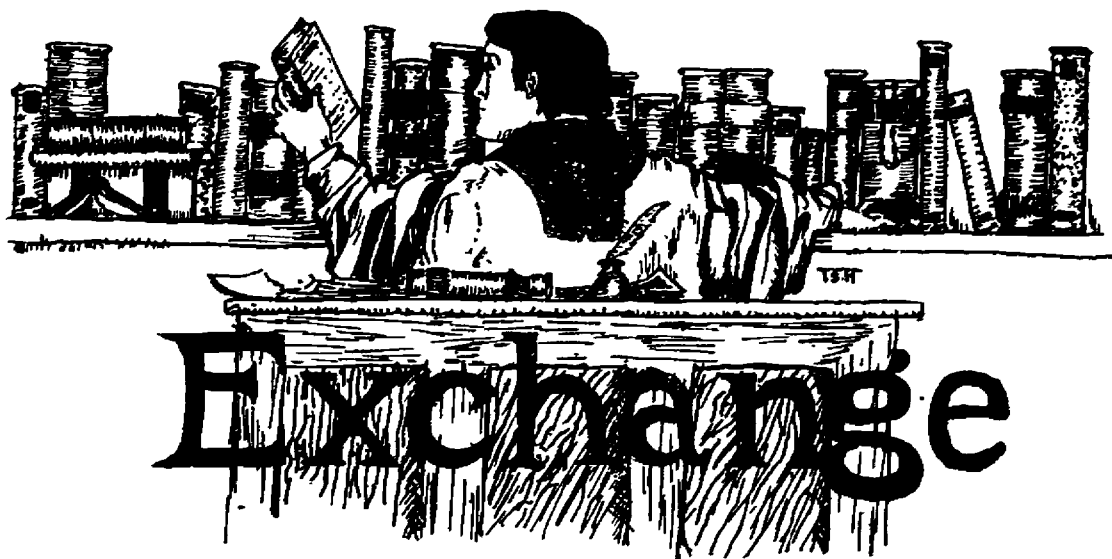
#### From Professors.

Prof. and Mrs. J. H. Whiteley are teaching in Tuscon, Ariz.

Dr. Armstrong is teaching at Yankton college in South Dakota.

Miss Liberta Brown is at her home in Forest Grove, Oregon.





RITA WILLERT, Exchange Editor

Many exchanges have arrived at Whitworth during the past month, the majority of which are old, faithful acquaintances, always eagerly looked for at this end of the line.

Among the newcomers is "The College Chronicle," from Northwestern college at Naperville, Ill. If you are in need of a hearty laugh, just pick it up and gaze at the caricatures on page 30, for they are certainly clever.

Your home-talent for art is 'sehr gut,' Northwestern!

Say, have you seen it? It's something new and its name is "Washingtonian."

Good? Yes, splendid! Our state university needs to be congratulated on the fine edition just out. Accept our heartiest!

"Young man," said the clergyman, taking him by the collar, "I believe Satan has got hold of you."

"I believe he has," replied the youth.

An editorial in "Whitman College Pioneer" says, "Knockers at Whit-

man are no more. Today the Whitman student body is a bunch of boosters. If a few boosters can make a whole student body of boosters, what can a whole student body of boosters do?"

Three cheers for Whitman !!!

It is this spirit that helps any school to take defeat gracefully and that spurs it on with hope for future victory.

How's this for a debate? "Resolved; That Freshmen be excluded from all college activities." It was up for debate in one of our neighboring universities and freshmen, how do you suppose it turned out? In favor of the affirmative! Too bad, but —

Evidently they didn't carry the affirmative into effect, however, for in the same university the freshmen were THE active class and the sophs were so dead that the following funeral notice was posted:

"The death of the one humble class of '11 is tragic in the extreme. Having lived a life of innocence and humility for one year, it is sad that the bright young life should be claimed by grim death. There is no one on the campus who has a harsh



word to say against the simple life that was brought to so untimely an end "

The burial took place on the campus with all due rites, and in the presence of the entire university.

Moral: (for the sophs)—"Be alive and show that you are alive "

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"Said Q 2 B

I C U R

Inclined 2 B A J,

Said B 2 A

UR mind I C

Shows signs of slight D K."—Ex

---

"Tahoma," your's is an excellent paper, well arranged and artistically designed throughout. Your "boostability" is admirable and when you get your new stadium, you will well deserve it.

---

Will you pardon us, "Oregon Monthly" if we suggest that you add a local column to your paper. It will increase interest by showing us your personality and it will draw us closer to gether as student-bodies.

---

"I've been sight-seeing all day and I'm tired."

"Sort of rubber-tired, eh?"

---

"The Y. W. C. A. conference which was held at Whitworth college last Friday, Saturday and Sunday, was the most successful ever held in the northwest."—Pacific Wave of U. of W.

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"During the Y. W. C. A conference the Whitworth girls made us feel delightfully at home, and we could not help but admire the ease with which they entertained so many delegates"—Messenger, from Bellingham

We gratefully recognize such remarks, but would add that the pleasure was mutual, for we enjoyed having you with us as much as you enjoyed being here.

To the Oregon Agricultural college, the Whitworthian extends sincere sympathy in the loss of your much-loved Prof Coote, whose death occurred on the twelfth of November.

May the memory of his faithfulness and loyalty ever be an incentive in your lives toward true nobility.

---

"Let it be borne in mind that it is not only the sole object of our colleges and universities to make scholars of their young men, but also to prepare them in every respect to combat vice, ignorance and disease in this world. A point less in scholarship is not too great a sacrifice to make for self-restraint, presence of mind, courage and obedience, taught on the grid-iron."—Black and Red, from Wisconsin.

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Want something good? Read "Homer" in the Albany college paper, also "A Drama in Conventionalities" in the "Oregon Monthly."

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#### Obscure.

Pat and Mike were planning to meet at a certain place at a stated time, and were puzzled to know how each could tell whether or not the other had been there first. Said Pat, "If Oi get there first, Oi'll put a chalk mark on the sidewalk."

Said Mike, "And if Oi get there first, Oi'll rub it out."—Ex.

---

U. of Minnesota has organized a new musical club. It is open to both men and women, and includes among its members the best musical talent of the college. What an addition that is to any school! Whitman, you know, has a famous glee club that tours the northwest at least once a year, and wins applause on every hand, but not satisfied with that, they have decided to organize a mandolin club also.

May we not follow their splendid exam-

ple and search out our latent talent. Get busy, everybody, right now!

We have a winning football team, why not a glee club that would increase our honors as well. Now that the football season is nearly over, and competition is necessary as a stimulant, suppose we try musical competition for a change.

---

Our exchange list includes:

"Monmal"—Montana State Normal  
 "Tahoma"—T. H. S.

"Washingtonian"—U. of W.

"Pacific Wave"—U. of W

"Oregon Monthly"—U. of O.

"Albany Student"—Albany college, Oregon.

"Maroon"—U. P. S.

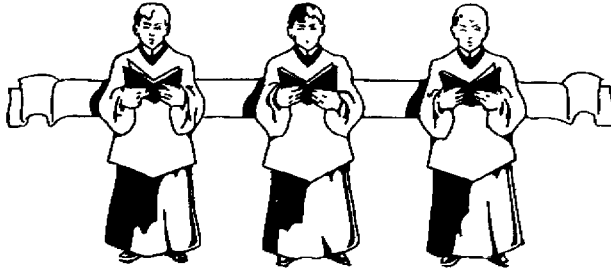
"College Chronicle"—Northwestern college.

"Whitman Pioneer"—Whitman.

"O. A. C. Barometer"—O. A. C. Oregon

"Whims," "Totem"—Seattle Highs.

"Orange and Black"—Spokane; and others.



## Concerning the Duties of a Football Manager

**D**URING the exciting thrills of the season's games when students and other enthusiasts are picking their all-star players, which starts from the moment the squad turns out for the monotonous training grind and extends to the big Thanksgiving day struggle, at which time championships are usually decided, the football manager, a chap who, to do his duty earnestly gets scarce time enough to eat his noonday meal, and who frequently is required by stress of constant work, to postpone his 6 o'clock repast until long after the players are snugly tucked away under the covers, is entirely overlooked and forgotten—a rank outsider and by nineteenth of the followers of the great college sport, which indeed would scarcely be able to thrive without him, is unthought of.

How few are there among the thousands who look on and cheer when football games are being decided, who stop to consider what labors have been those of the football manager to make the yearly encounters the pleasing spectacle they are?

The work of the manager of a football team has no limit. It commences at mid-summer when he first plans his schedule and continues until the last game has been played, which is sometimes not until the winter frosts begin to show in the early morn, and during this season he is constantly at his post of duty.

### His First Duties.

In the first place the manager must set about long before the season opens to arrange his schedule of games. In this he

must endeavor to avoid conflict with other games to be played in his locality and he must be careful to select opposing elevens that will be suitable to his team, and at the same time prove good attractions that they might be well patronized, for without patronage no football team can expect to prosper.

In this work he is frequently confronted with serious obstacles, which at times seem almost insurmountable. A manager of this team or that team with whom he has a game listed has trouble in meeting other dates, and asks for a change in the schedule. This necessitates a great deal of manipulation. The loss of time from other duties, saying nothing at all of his studies, which he is frequently forced to neglect altogether, and similar worries which are his until he has finally swung his dates around to accommodate the wishes of fellow managers—and a man who attends to the business end of a football aggregation must be accommodating—form only a small portion of his work.

This fixing up of a football schedule requires the writing of many letters, the sending of telegrams, and many visits to the long distance telephone, all of which takes up much time and gives great mental worry.

### Football Fund Depleted.

When the season's schedule has been finally completed the supplies necessary for the running of the team get the manager's attention. The training table must be provided and the players must be uniformed, and footballs and other useful and indispensable articles for the practice,

conditioning and training of the men are put up to the manager to furnish. Often the football fund of the season previous has been depleted from frequent visits thereto. At times when the manager looks upon the wealth of the athletic end of the institution his eleven represents, it has dwindled to such an extent that it would scarcely resemble "pin money for Saturday," but this is no excuse for him to offer when his players are crying for "rubbing stuff" and other such needed merchandise. He must see that the men are well provided for and that they want for nothing required for proper preparation—condition to a football team means much. Funds for the training of the squad must be had at all hazards, and the manager's duty in this line, although a heart-breaking series of terrible complications at times, to which all managers will attest, has often been a stumbling block; but good managers usually overcome this drawback by tact, which is proof of their ability.

#### **Real Work Commences.**

When the time advances to a point where advertising begins to require the attention of the manager, his real work commences. The success and future prosperity of his team depends upon him to assemble a crowd on the field, for without spectators a football game is of little consequence. A manager prides himself on drawing big attendances to his games. It shows that he has attracted the interest of the public and this brings the money into the box office. It proves, too, that he has hustled in giving the game publicity, and no football manager scorns the reputation of being a good hustler.

To do all this he must visit print shops to get out his advertising matter, which usually consists of posters announcing the games in flaring type, programs, tickets, etc., etc., and there generally is an abundance of the et ceteras. He must see that

this "billing" is properly distributed to get the best results, and he must place the tickets on sale at the proper places and announce and create the required demand for the disposition of them.

#### **They're From Missouri.**

He must visit the newspaper offices and keep the football editors supplied with the data he would have made known to the public, and this forms no easy part of his work, for newspaper critics are odd customers—many of them having emigrated from Missouri—and they require a certain amount of the manager's attention each day.

Approaching the time set for the game, he must forward transportation to the opposing team, provide hotels for them, meet them at the depot or wharf, escort them to their temporary headquarters and see that they have been comfortably installed.

On the day the game is scheduled to be played he must gather together his attaches who are to assist him in the handling of the spectators. After assigning his lieutenants to the box office where the tickets are to be sold, and to the entrances where the tickets are to be taken up, and the ushers to the various posts, he must "make the rounds" and oversee the work of his assistants, being careful to see that everything is being conducted "ship shape."

#### **Can't Even Celebrate.**

At the conclusion of the game every one on the team, from the coach down to the merest "scrub" who has officiated as linesman, joins in the festivities of celebrating victory, which is the happiest moment of a collegiate player's life. Not so with the manager. He must see that the tickets and money are counted and the receipts must then be carefully placed in the college vault, after which follows the most unpleasant part of his duties—the paying off of the numerous bills contracted for and attendant upon the bandling of the game.

This duty is unpleasant because the manager will often find upon running over his figures that the expenditures have quite outgrown the receipts and leave a distressing deficit. This, however, is but one of the numerous little fretting spells the manager is subjected to.

**Hasn't Time to Talk.**

When the first game on the schedule has gone into football history, he must busy himself on the next, and thus he goes to the very end of the season, through one long continuous grind of trials and brain-racking duties.

There is little glory in managing a football team, excepting to know that the work has progressed well and that nothing has been left undone. There are few who can really appreciate what a task it is save the manager himself, and until the season has been closed and the football men begin to turn their attention to other athletic sports, he has little time to tell you even this.

To William Platt, the affable manager of the Whitworth football eleven, belongs much of the credit for the great success of his team.

BIDDY BISHOP.



## Appreciation From a Newspaper Man.

**W**HITWORTH's success in football this season compels Northwest critics, however reluctant they may be in doing so, to recognize the Red and Black eleven as one of the leaders in this section of the country. Fair minded judges are driven to it by the great victories over Whitman college and Oregon university, so-called "conference" teams, and the magnificent football displayed by Coach Arthur Rueber's eleven in all its other games. It is not difficult to figure on the basis of these victories and a comparison of the scores in other games how Whitworth is entitled to second place in the ranking of the Northwest colleges. Certainly, not the most prejudiced critic can crowd Whitworth into lower than third place.

No one can dispute the claim of Washington university to the Northwest collegiate championship. The state university eleven has won the title fairly and beyond question. It has defeated every other Northwestern team of prominence and, in most cases, by decisive scores. Included in its list of victories is one over Whitworth college—one relished perhaps as much as any other and one gained only after Whitworth had been overpowered through sheer physical superiority. Until well along in the second half of this game, Whitworth outplayed the state university. But Whitworth was playing beyond its strength and when the collapse came it was complete. In a few minutes, aided by luck, Washington had piled up its score of 24. The writer at the time of the game declared that the score (24 to 4)

did not represent the superiority of the victor over the vanquished. A score of 10 to 0 would have told the story more accurately, as most spectators now agree.

And the team, as a team, must be recognized by football critics in the Northwest, so must the individual players be given recognition. The selection of an "All-Northwest" eleven is purely an arbitrary choice, based on the judgment of the critic who makes the selection and influenced to a large extent by his personal prejudices. But nevertheless every player named as a member of any one of these "All-Northwest" teams, gains distinction by the selection. Three, at least, of Whitworth's players, deserve places on the "All-Northwest" team, either as regulars or substitutes. Were the writer delegated to name such an eleven he would begin at right end and without a moment's hesitation give the position to McQuillan of Whitworth. As a defensive end, the Whitworth player is in a class by himself. He has time and again smashed up interference and tackled the opposing runner behind the line for a loss like no other end in the Northwest, and like few ends in any section of the country. He has prevented opposing ends from getting down the field under punts, and in every respect has played the greatest defensive game of any player in the position in the Northwest.

Colbert and Paul are two other Whitworth players who should not be denied consideration in the selection of an "All-Northwest" eleven—Colbert for his running with the ball, his deadly tackling and

his superior punting, and Paul for his generalship in handling the team and his ability to get into every play. No quarterback that the writer has seen in the North this year has been so successful as Paul in getting down the field to recover an onside kick, or in being on the spot to tackle the safety fullback when he catches a punt. His forward passing has been splendid, and has enabled Whitworth to bewilder its opponents so frequently with his play.

While the playing of some of the "stars" has been brilliant, the feature of Whitworth's play this season which impresses the spectator the most is the team work. Individual playing sometimes wins games, but it is team playing that wins championships. To many spectators, the man carrying the ball on a long run is the hero who may have won the game. To the football virtuoso, however, it is the interference, which made possible the winning run, that excites his admiration. The real football "fan" finds more delight in a line buck with every player on the team pushing and pulling the man carrying the ball than he does in 110-yard run around an end through a clear field. Whitworth's interference and the "helping" tactics, shown more partic-

ularly in the later games, have called forth general comment from football critics.

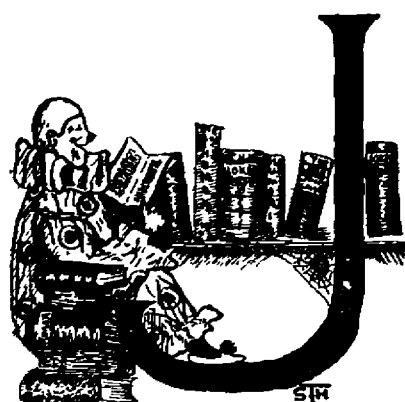
The success of the team as a team must be credited largely to Whitworth's coach—Arthur Rueber. If he has a peer in the Northwest, we are too prejudiced to see it. With the rather scant material he has had to work with, he has achieved little less than a wonder. And this, by the way, is the view which is held throughout the Northwest where football is talked.

To an observer living in Tacoma, it is apparent that a new order of things has been established at Whitworth college within the past two years. A college spirit has sprung up which is making Whitworth a real college. This spirit culminated this year in a winning football team and it will, if maintained, bring victory in every other college enterprise. It is a fact that a college can be rated by its spirit as much, if not more, than by its curriculum.

The city of Tacoma is beginning to recognize this spirit and Tacoma citizens entertain a kindlier feeling for the college than ever before. The time is not far distant when Tacoma will jealously claim Whitworth as her college and give it the deserved support.

CARL W. ROSS.





# JOKEs

## and

# Personals

JESSIE LAWALL, Personal Editor

L—H—n F.—If Frances and I should go canoeing this afternoon, would you go, Alma?

Alma—No, I always have someone along that knows how to take care of men when I go canoeing.

Dean McKay—Your's is a very fine paper, Miss Willert. You seem to have a complete mastery of the Platonic Philosophy.

Reta—Perhaps it is a case where appearances are deceiving though, Dean McKay.

It doesn't always work you know.

Greta—I would change places at the table if it would not make me feel too bad to leave Mr. Hazlett.

Prof. Beardsley—Heine wrote an article on "The Feet of Gottingen Ladies."

Ethel Ware—Pity he couldn't have found a bigger subject.

Is your name Brambaugh, Mr. Flanagan?

Pearla—Oh, Alma, I hear the scenery was simply grand at the Narrows today, is that right?

Wonder why Puss had so much to say

just then to his next door neighbor at the training table. He generally is interested in what transpires at the senior table, you know.

Jessie, in Physiology—Gert, why won't you let me sit back there?

Gertrude—There isn't room. Dave and I are so close together.

Rollin is doing a terrible lot of "queening" these days, isn't he?

Prof. Higgins opening the door on the mission study class—Isn't there a faculty meeting this afternoon?

Dr. Roe—Yes, but this is not it even though it may look it.

Greta—Nobody loves me.

Florence—If the girls love you, isn't that enough?

L. P.—Say, Jessie, do you know we're going down to Olympia to play Saturday?

Jessie—Oh, dear! I wanted to go to the Tacoma-Seattle game.

Dr. Roe (speaking of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth)—They were exceptional men, both of them



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Helen B (discussing the hereafter with X)—I don't believe that everyone goes to Heaven when they die, for if they did, after a while it would get so full they couldn't crowd 'em all in.

Dr. Kroese (in 3rd Prep Bible)—Those who have conflicts at three o'clock please raise their hands.

Two hands up.

Dr. K.—What do you have at three?

Fitz.—I go home.

Dr. K.—And you, Mr. Douglas?

Douglas—Why-er-I-ah-I go home, too!

Bright idea, wasn't it? Does he take the South Tacoma car?

Why did Mr. Rieman want to change places with Miss Grunwell in the commercial room.

Miss D—gl—s (talking of Paradise Lost)—Milton didn't know any more about Hell than we do—or at least, he did not at that time.

Mr. Major (addressing Miss W—ll—rt)—My dear, will you go to China with me?

See here, Major, we'd have you know she is already promised, but the land is not China, it is across the Northern boundary of the good old U. S. A.

W. P.—Say, Mary, do you know anything about parliamentary law?

M. C.—Should say I do!

W. P.—Well, who was Thomas B. Reed?

M. C.—Oh, everybody knows him. He was speaker of the senate.

A. D.—I'm going to get a mask for the Hallowe'en party that will cover my whole face.

Nellie P.—You'll make a hit that way, all right.

Ralph H—lg—son, translating Latin—I love much money.

Dr Higgins—Maybe so, but that is not what it says here.

Miss Douglas (in old English class)—How will you know the way to decline man.

G-u-v-ve W-le-x—Look up the exceptions.

Miss D—It would be impossible for it to come under any regular rule, wouldn't it?

Pretty good, eh!

Edith D. (when Skirving was saying goodbye)—Don't squeeze my hand so hard, it hasn't recovered from last night yet.

H. H. should be more gentle.

Frances Lackey (suggesting something to say in the telegram to our team at Oregon)—Go it Bill!

Coach Rueber—Just wait until after football season and I will show you fellows what a queener is!

When Alma, Pearla and Lillian received postals from Eugene signed R. D., Gert-rude read them and said: "Ah, isn't that nice! No one but Dick could think of such nice things to say."

But they were only from Rollin Dennis. Another fond hope shattered, Gert, there is more than one R. D. in the world.

Little Willie Hegg has a right to be chesty these days, he plays football and sometimes talks to a girl

Ask L N or C H. about local color.

Resolved, That the next time Misses Wall and Moore "See Seattle" they had better have a chaperone.

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Florence Mustard (winking at Craig Hazlett at table)—I just got a bread crumb in my eye.

C. H.—Please get another one in soon.

“What are you going to do with that piece of Puss’ sweater you got at the Whitman game?”

Alma—“I’ll keep it and sew it on again some time”

Genevieve Wilcox, making plans for cap and gown day—“Thank goodness, we don’t have to buy caps and gowns for the seniors.”

They say the juniors will see the point in that—hope some one will.

Miss Douglas, walking up to Coach Rueber after the Whitman football victory, grasped his hand and said: “Mr. Rueber this must be the happiest moment of your life.”

This is leap year, isn’t it?

Dr. Roe—Miss Robbins, why did Queen Elizabeth never marry?

Pearla—Why—I suppose—because she didn’t want to.

Prof. Fox—Books closed. What is the tan?

Horace Rueber (still searching through his book)—I can’t find it, Professor.

Henry L.—Mary, I want to see you at the Second Team game tomorrow.

Mary—I can’t possibly go, my dear boy.

H. L.—I’m not your dear boy

Dean McKay (as Helma H. is rushing through the pages of her book to find the answer)—Before you find it in the book Miss Hunter, just tell us what you think about it.

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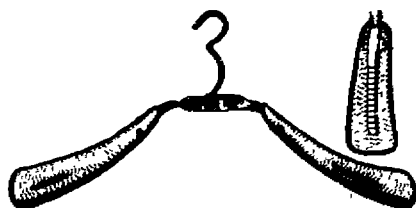
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K. G.—I'll tell you who knows how to hold hands—that's Will Platt

Ed—th W—r—That's what he does

E. P. (watching football game)—McQuillan would be the greatest player in the west if he only had endurance

Edith D.—What? Doughnuts? We made doughnuts this morning. I'll go and get some

Miss D. (in 3d year English)—What is the meaning of "fallow"? Come now, some of you farmers surely know. Clinton, you tell us

Wafted from the Chemical Lab —

Little bits of copper,

Little bits of zinc,

Mixed with strongest acid,

Makes an awful odor.

Phipps (correcting Frankie Smith session on the black board)—No, put your foot up here.

The Personal Editor is ready to receive "hush money" provided the offers are very liberal

Some of the new students

Mr. C. Douglas—A gay deceiver

Miss Greta Moore—"I like to talk to her, one never knows what she is going to say or call you next."

Miss Daisy M—"A Daisy" (H. H. S.)

Mr. Harry Flanagan—Oh, really now.

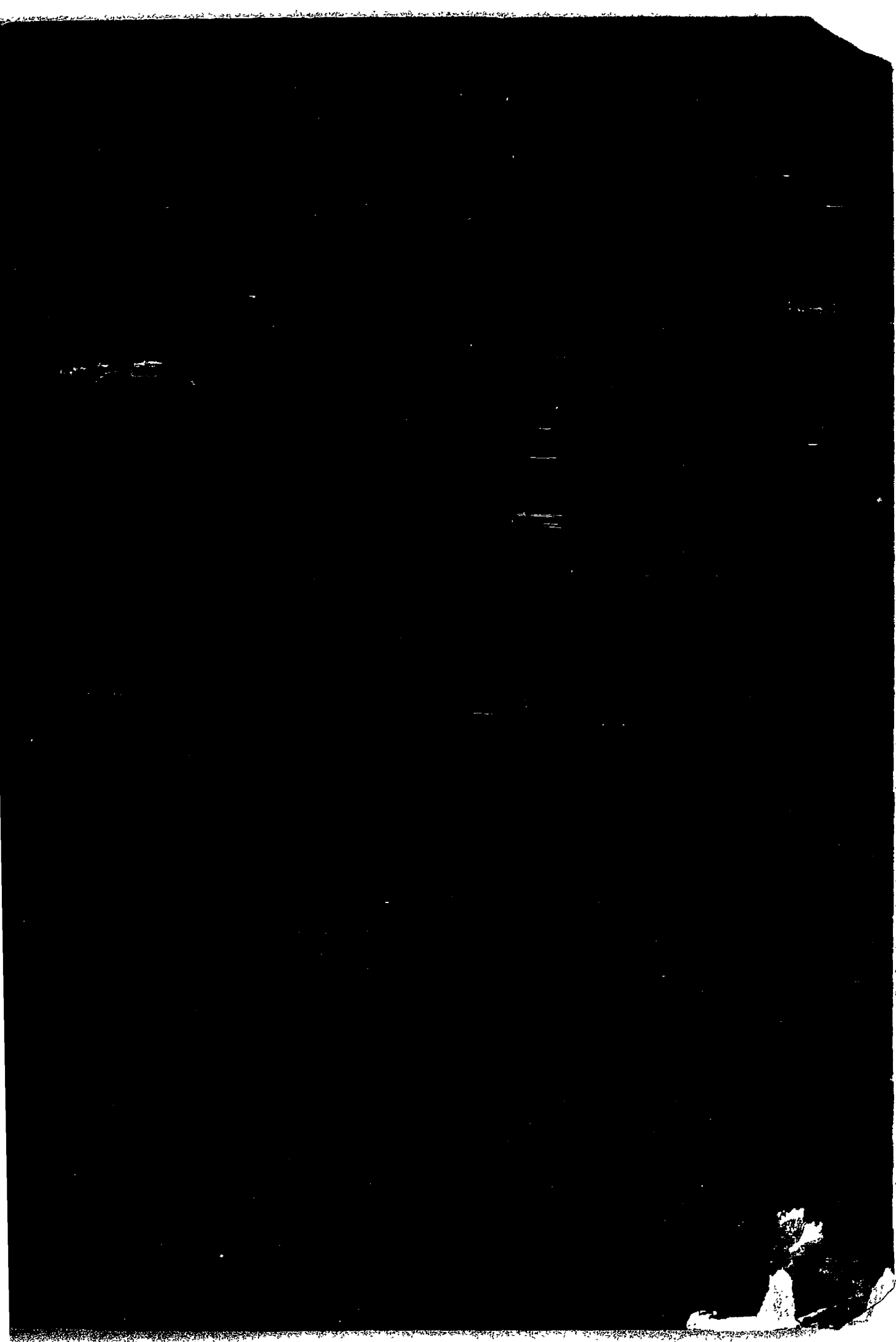
Mr. Huntley—Appearances are sometimes deceiving

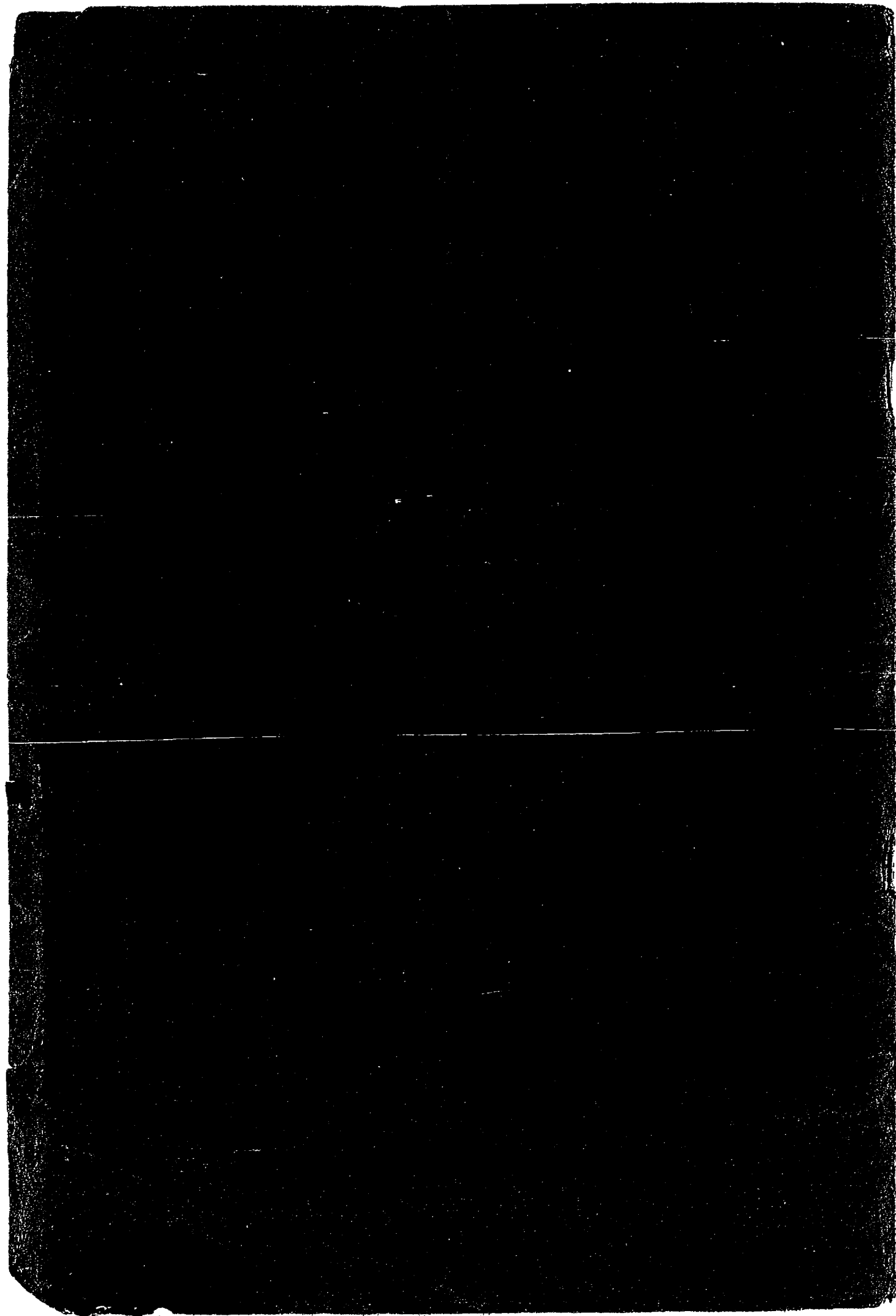
Miss Ida Menzies—"She wouldn't turn her head and speak to me if the whole world depended on it" (P. J. B.)

Miss Sarah Thomas—A little quiet (?)

# The End



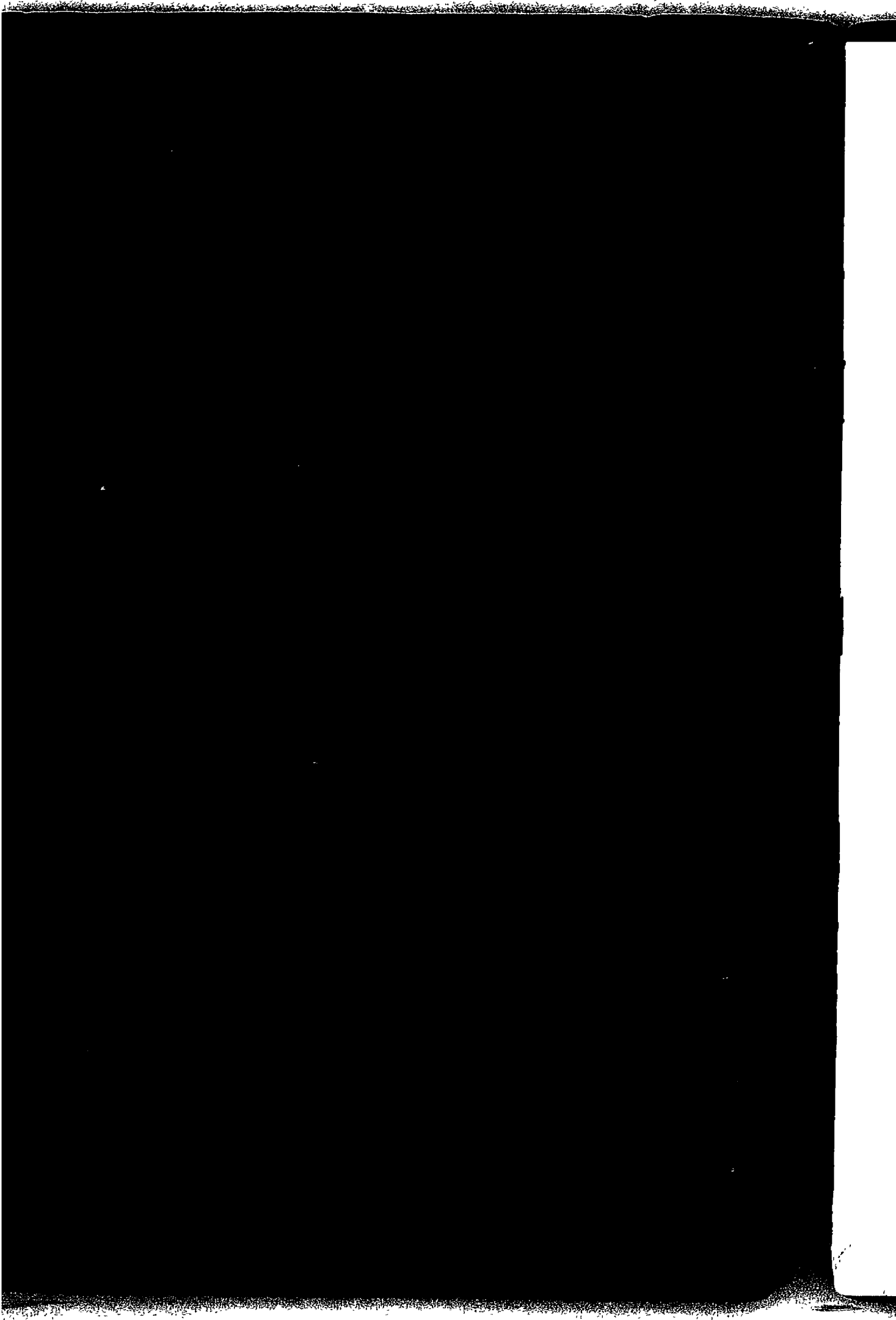






The  
**WHITWORTHIAN**

FEBRUARY 1909



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Art Department

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS

When Buying Please Mention "The Whitworthian"

# THE WHITWORTHIAN

Issued by the Students of Whitworth College

Volume V

TACOMA, WASH., FEBRUARY 1909

Number 3

## The Lost Chord—Found.

"Weep no more my lady,  
Oh, weep no more today,  
For the sun shines bright in my old Ken-  
tucky home,  
In my old Kentucky home, far away "

The last faint notes of the song died away, and the chug-chug of the boilers way down in the hold went ceaselessly on. Jack Corey yawned and stretched the kinks out of his joints, which had been cramped in the narrow berth for an hour or so.

"By jove, but it does sound good to a fellow to hear that song again. In all the four years I've been gone, not once have I heard that fine old tune that we chaps used to sing at home. Let's see—been away four long years—queer a fellow's feelings change so trivially in that length of time and his looks—Jove! a beard does make a difference in his looks, all right!" And he paused in front of the swinging mirror in the farther corner of the room. "This beard certainly does add even more than four years to my appearance, but they say a growth of this sort on the chin well becomes a doctor; gives him that indefinable air of importance and superior wisdom. and if that's the case it is a good thing I've cultivated this addition, for I feel now as though I needed something to speak in my favor, to sort o' back me up, as it were. Yes—come to think of it,

all those old German M. D. profs. of mine wore Vandykes—evidently belongs to the profession. At any rate——"

"Well, old chap——" Jack turned so abruptly to the door that the speaker was somewhat taken aback.

"A—er—I beg your pardon. I should have said 'Mr. Jack L. Corey, M. D., graduate of Yale and late of Berlin University, Germany.' "

Bob Maxwell's blue eyes sparkled and his jovial mouth expanded into a broad smile as he continued: "Well, Mr. Jack Corey, M. D.——"

"Just cut that, Bob, I didn't mean to scare you into such propriety but you took me so by surprise, I wasn't expecting anyone this evening."

"Sorry I interrupted your soliloquy. S'tanding in front of the mirror there as you were when I came in, you would make an excellent study that could be done in browns and aptly called 'Reflections.' "

Jack grinned now. "Yes, you'd find an apt study for yourself in almost anything your eye lit upon, it seems to me. That artistic temperament of yours is indeed quite remarkable, old boy. Remember that first famous cartoon of yours at school, "The Fall of Rome," that was occasioned by Dr. Barlow's accident. I can almost see the poor old fellow yet as he went sliding and bumping down the steps

of Arams Hall with his armfull of ancient histories hurled in every direction and his intellectual hands grasping at empty space "

Both men gave vent to a good hearty laugh at the remembrance of this incident back at college. They had graduated from Yale together and had accidentally met again in Europe, where Jack completed his medical course and whither Bob had gone "for pleasure and for art," as he expressed it. And now both were homeward bound.

The steamer gave a sudden lurch forward as if so eager to get home again it could hardly endure to cover the remaining distance in steady, patient effort. The jerk sent Jack into the embrace of a large cushioned chair near the porthole, laughing and exclaiming, "Ha! Ha! That's my punishment for making fun of poor old Barlow's mishap. Suppose you sit down, too, Bob, it's really quite comfortable after you've once landed."

"Thanks, can't do it this time. I didn't even intend to stay this long. Our chat switched me off from my original purpose. I heard some charming feminine voices singing above and I wanted you to go up on deck with me and investigate. Did you hear them?"

"Did I? Who that has been a stranger in a strange land for four years could help hearing his native song. I was born in Kentucky, you know, and as for investigating those feminine voices, I'll leave it to you, Bob. There's only one voice in all the world I'd care to hear right now, but that voice is still back in old Kentuck as far as I know." The confession brought a hint of sadness to Jack's voice. A shadow crept over his face, and Bob, noticing it, said, "All right, old chap, I'll meander up on deck and satisfy my own curiosity. So long." And merry, happy-go-lucky Bob was off.

Seldom did Jack Corey allow his feel-

ings to control him so completely as now. He lounged in his chair, staring blankly at the opposite wall and struggled with his thoughts. These thoughts had troubled him before but never so forcibly. The singing of that song, so familiar, and the brief confession he had just made to Bob were too much for him. For ambition, he had given up the one big essential to a man's ultimate success and happiness—the love of a sweet girl. And now he regretted it.

Ruth Ellis, the dark-eyed, dark-haired young Southern girl, meant more to him than he imagined a girl could mean to any man. He placed her alongside the French madamoselles that had coquetted with him, whom they labeled the rich young American doctor, and found her a thousand times more sweet and modest. How domestic she was in comparison with the sporty English women he had met abroad, and how companionable!

"Yes there's no use talking, I was a fool to leave Ruth as I did. Her voice is really the only one I care to hear, but, like as not, I never will hear it again. A fellow may obtain an advanced education abroad but, by Jove, what good will it do him if in the effort to get it he loses the one essential that the whole of Europe cannot supply?"

On the upper deck Bob Maxwell, with his hands thrust deep in his overcoat pockets and his collar turned up high, strode leisurely and apparently disinterestedly past a group of three American girls, who had ceased singing and were chatting quite seriously: "I didn't think she'd be able to stand the trip home, for while we were still in Liverpool she grew so much weaker."

"Oh, well, she'll be all right real soon. Guess its homesickness more than anything else. I never would have stood those youngsters as long as she did—the brats—they would drive anyone mad with their

everlasting questions. Here comes Mrs. Van Olen now—forever flying around like a chick minus its head."

"S-h," came from the other two and the conversation was suppressed.

Mrs. Van Olen of portly build and evidently the chaperon of the party, walked up briskly, pulling her scarf more tightly about her head as a protection from the night winds.

"See here, girls, I don't want you to sing any more tonight. It's hard on your own throats and very trying on the nerves of our little invalid below. I'm afraid she is becoming delirious and the captain says the ship's doctor isn't aboard this trip, so I hardly know what to do, for we are still more than a week from home." Then a happy thought came to her and she spoke to the tall girl nearest her: "Grace, tell that young man over there in the big overcoat to get the stewardess for us." Bob overheard this remark and, seeing that he was the young man in question, came toward the group.

"Madam," he addressed the chaperon, "you seem to be in some sort of trouble; perhaps I can help you. A doctor aboard? Why——" and he happened to think of Jack, whom he had left only a short while before. "Yes, he's a friend of mine and would be glad to assist you, I know. Stateroom 13, did you say? All right."

Bob smiled as he left the group and thought to himself, "Those three girls would make a fine pose for the Three Fates just as they are—so solemncholy-like."

"A case for you, Jack—take your grip and hike as fast as you can to stateroom 13 and I'll remain in charge here till you get back." Jack looked puzzled, but Bob jested: "Don't worry, old chap; your sheepskin and other valuables will be carefully guarded."

Glad to get rid of his own troubles, the young doctor hastened to 13 and entered with his most professional air. He hesi-

tated, however, for a minute on the threshold when he saw the flushed cheek against the pillow and the heavy black braids thrown carelessly back, but gripping himself firmly, he stepped over to the couch and listened to the delirious words.

At first only a rushing of disconnected sentences, which drifted off into a droning monotone, could be heard, and then he caught the words, "balsams," "pines" and "home" jumbled together incoherently. Res'ful thoughts undoubtedly accompanied the words, for soon the tossing figure on the couch seemed lulled to sleep and the breathing became more regular.

"Nervousness exaggerated by loneliness and overwork," was the diagnosis he reported to Mrs. Van Olen, who at once became sympathetic. "Yes, the poor girl has been doing kindergarten work in London for the past year and the strain evidently was too much for her."

Jack looked brighter. "Oh, well, in less than a week I'll have her back to her old self again if all's well, and provided you follow directions implicitly."

For five days Dr. Jack Corey noticed every sign of progress in his patient with evident satisfaction.

"She is getting on famously," he told himself on the evening of the fifth day, "and it seems to me I'm winning my first case on my own merits and this old Vandyke isn't an absolute necessity after all. Think I'll abandon it for good."

So it was the next morning that Jack, minus the beard and minus professional dignity, encountered his patient up on deck, reclining in a comfortable steamer chair and snugly enveloped from head to foot in her warm rug.

Cautionously he approached with, "Good morning. My patient is better this morning, I see."

Ruth Ellis, dark-eyed and native of old Kentuck, looked up, startled, and gave a cry of surprise. "Why, Jack! Wherever

did you come from?"

Then with sudden realization as she noted the twinkle in his eye, "Jack, were you the doctor?"

"Yes; was, and still is—Dr. Jack Corey, graduate of Yale and late of Berlin University, Germany."

It was Bob Maxwell who happened along so opportunely and answered the question for Jack, but Bob was wise in the ways of men and did not linger, but

striding down the deck, hands deep in pockets, and with the wind ruffling his curly hair, he said, half aloud: "From the look on the old chap's face, she must be the possessor of that 'one voice in all the world.'"

Bob's curiosity was innate, and he turned for one glance only

"Gee! What an effective sketch in colors that would make for 'The Lost Chord—Found.'"

VIRGINIA BROWN, '09.



### Criterion Literary Society

Very satisfactory programs have been given in the society during the past few months. There are several new members and the attendance has been increasing. Lively interest is shown in the preparation of programs, especially in the matter of collecting debate material. The debates have been well planned and were entered into with enthusiasm.

The musical numbers have been exceptionally good and with few exceptions all who have been placed on the program have been willing to take part. The present officers are competent and progressive and are to be congratulated upon the success of the society. There is a distinct need covered by this organization in student life and some students are missing a large share of their school experience by not belonging to it.

### REPORT OF TREASURER

OF THE

#### Student Association

#### Financial Report to January 31, 1909.

To football .....	\$207.50	
Last year bills .....	18.50	
From Student Assn. . . . .		\$227.50
Balance of Multnomah game .....		152.25
Balance of second game..		5.05
Balance on hand .....	158.80	
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$384.80	\$384.80

HENRY LONGSTRETH, JR.

Treasurer.



# 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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In these days we hear much of the high standard of student activity at Whitworth. We point with just pride at our record in athletics. We firmly believe that we have the most intelligent, the most capable students in our ranks that any college can have. But, as the case sometimes is with college students, our minds have been so filled with the idea of our high standard that our sense of honor has become dulled, and dirty work has crept in.

A high standard involves honor—not only toward other colleges, but toward ourselves. We have honor—we expect it in others. In the dormitories we leave our rooms unlocked, secure in the honor of our fellow-students. If the trust is violated what feelings of surprise he have that anyone should stoop so low! Our feeling implies the statement, "I am above it."

Are you? It is an obvious fact that at a low estimate five-eighths of the student of Whitworth cheat in examination. These students do not come mainly from the preparatory department. They are not youngsters who will learn more common sense as they grow older. The most marked examples are members of the Junior and Senior classes. Look at the records—those who hold the highest marks, with a few exceptions, have obtained them by cheating. And some of the most flagrant offenders are professed Christians.

But this disgrace is not confined to any one class or rank. It has permeated the whole student body. There are some people of whom no one expects anything higher or better. As for the others—curious, isn't it, that these are the ones whose "sense of honor" is most highly developed? Both say, "I haven't anything against cheating, but I would hate to be found out," or "So and so said I cheated. I didn't, either." It's all the same.

This practice is a manifest wrong. Those who should be its most strong defenders weakly point to other colleges and explain how much worse examples they

contain. But we are talking about Whitworth. Some blame rests with the professors. The present system of examination is absurd; students are crowded by the fifty into one small room, idly put on their honor, and the examination proceeds. One teacher is heard to say, "Well, I know they cheat, and I know who do it, but I can't catch them;" another teacher grandiloquently announces, "It is above me to watch them; they are on their honor." Still another requires a signed statement that no help has been given or received. That peculiar "sense of honor" which permits cheating, will permit lying.

It is all very well to say that the student who cheats wrongs only himself.

But human nature is very much the same the world over and will assert itself. When records are made out, and comparison of grades is made by students, consciousness is forced to take second rank. This is certainly adequate compensation and incentive for honest work, isn't it? The bright, intelligent person finds it exceedingly hard to rival the equally bright person who is reinforced by the text. The one who is merely industrious and is consciously plodding his way toward the goal is completely eclipsed by one riding a pony. When the rules of the road says that all must walk, it is not fair to give any one a chance to cover the ground any other way; it is a manifest wrong.

Bad as the situation is, there is a cure for this state of affairs; and the burden of this cure rests equally on teachers and students. At the present moment there is not a single class that can be absolutely trusted. The proof of this is the experience of every member of Whitworth College—that even when the class is on its honor **THERE ARE THOSE WHO WILL CHEAT**. Another proof is the pride of the cheaters in telling their skill.

Students are not alone to blame, for teachers unknowingly have placed a premium on cheating. One professor announced to a class at the beginning of the winter term that hereafter they would use notebooks because it had been his experience that those students who kept notebooks received the highest marks in examination. Of course, it never entered that teacher's head that the cause of this phenomenon was the ease with which notebooks can be copied into examination papers.

Astounded at the charges of this article, do you ask for a remedy? Here it is. Among the students there must grow up a continually enlarging sentiment against this kind of work. A public opinion that says "Cheating is a disgrace" is our only remedy. The students can stamp out the pernicious habit. Furthermore, this they must do before Whitworth can rank among the best of colleges.

As for the faculty, can they not realize that they have work to do also? They can make the announcement that the papers of cheaters will not be examined, and then use backbone enough to carry out the rule because of the principle involved.

As a final word, however, all must recognize that time is required for the solution of all ills. We know also that an appeal made to the students in the right way will bear fruit; the time for action is at hand. Will you do it?



## COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Ray S. McDonald and Hilda Bergman, Editors

### SOME LONG GAINS OF SHORTHAND.

The average young man has inherent in him the qualities which will enable him to achieve success. After a reasonable amount of general education has been acquired, the young man is confronted with the question of "What can you do?" There is a deadline, as it were, between him and the world of business which he would enter.

There are many helps over that deadline. The one which has helped many of our most noted men in business and professional life is that of shorthand.

A position of confidential relation to a man who has achieved success is certainly most helpful. To take the dictation of a strong mind, to come in close personal contact with the detail workings of a great business enterprise, is at least one of the most likely roads to an after life of success.

John Hay was himself a great man, but the added advantage to him of being private secretary to the immortal Lincoln cannot be measured. One of the greatest men in Philadelphia today is John H. Converse. Not only as the head of the great Baldwin Locomotive Works is he known, but also as philanthropist and an active leader in all movements that tend to benefit mankind in general. Mr. Converse began life as a shorthand writer. He was chief clerk to Dr. E. H. Williams, General Superintendent of the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. When Dr. Wil-

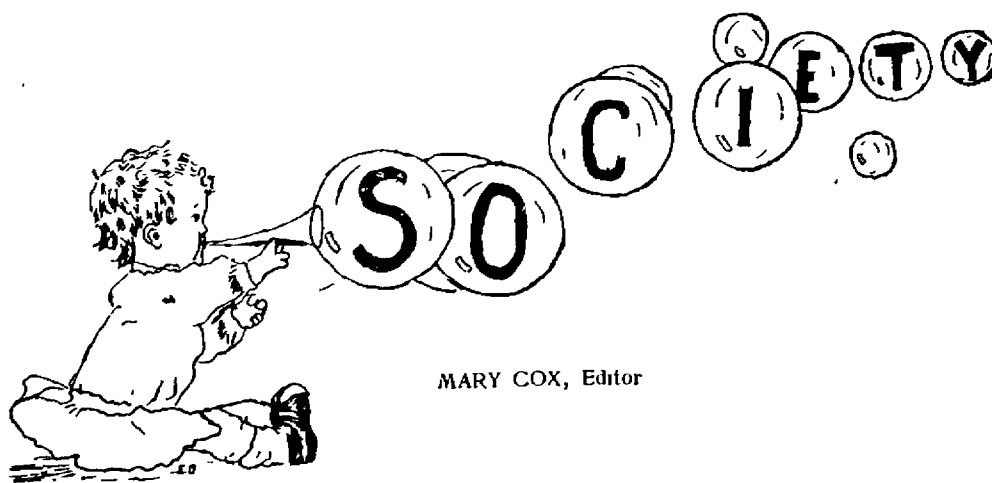
liams left the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad to become a member of the great firm known as the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Mr. Converse accompanied him. The transition from the post of confidential correspondent to that of a member of the firm was a natural and no very difficult task.

There are numerous instances of a similar nature: Hon. George B. Cortelyou, Hon. W. T. Harris, F. A. Vanderlip, William Loeb, Hon. Frank S. Black—all these and many others made their start as stenographers.

It is hard to overestimate the value of proficiency in shorthand as a special aid to the beginner in business in obtaining a better position than would be possible without this acquirement. It is not difficult to call to mind men who are indebted to their mastery of the magical art for the position of higher rank and more remunerative compensation that they are enjoying. The long gains of shorthand vastly outweigh all the difficulties incident to its acquirement. On the balance the use of shorthand vastly outweighs all the difficulties incident to its acquirement.

Mr. Tanner is again at work in the Commercial department.

We can report two new students in this department—Miss Jennie Harms and Mr. Mat'ison.



MARY COX, Editor

A number of college students were guests of Mr. Will Sampson early in the month, when he entertained in delightful fashion at the Lakeside Club at American Lake.

Dr. and Mrs. Roe entertained the faculty members recently at their home. After transacting the usual business, a social hour was enjoyed.

The Y. W. C. A. cabinet girls enjoyed one of their jolly luncheon spreads on the 11th. The spread was laid in Miss Mearns' studio and was beautifully decorated with flowers and dainty hand-painted place cards. The cabinet girls present were the Misses Lackey, Hillis, Ammerman, Robbins, Bergman, Fleet, Strange, Clara Young, Cox.

The violin recital given in the library by Mr. Charles Morse on the evening of the 4th proved a delight to the students and many of the musical people of the city who came out to hear the young violinist's fine work. This was Mr. Morse's first recital in Tacoma, and he proved to be a musician of more than average ability, and one of whom his college is justly proud. He was assisted by Vienne Reidels-

berger, pianiste, and Ernest Newell, 'cellist. The recital program follows:

Sonata, violin and piano, Op. 24 ..... Beethoven

Piano—

(a) Prelude ..... Borowski

(b) In My Neighbor's Garden...Nevin

Violin—

(a) Aria for G String ..... Bach

(b) Serenade ..... Dardla

(c) Legende ..... Wieniawski

Cello—

(a) Arioso .....

(b) Canzonceta ..... De Valle de Paz

Violin—

Concerto, No. 7. .... Rhode

Alelgro.

Andante.

Trio—Violin, 'Cello, Piano.

(a) Andantino ..... Jaddassohn

(b) Nocturne ..... Widor

The newly elected officers of the Senior class are: President, David Guy; Vice-President, Laetitia Clark; Secretary, Palmer Kennedy; Treasurer, Joe Turner.

Miss Reta Willert has been elected Treasurer of the Y. W. C. A.

Guests at the dormitory during the past month have been Miss Anna Roehl, of Auburn; Miss Katherine Reynolds, of Seattle; Dr. Overmeyer, of Raymond.

Wednesday evening, the 16th, the annual football banquet was given in the dining hall of the Residence. This is always the most elaborate affair of the mid-winter season, and the appointments were complete in every way. Cut flowers and candelabra decorated the tables; the pillars and walls were festooned with the "Crimson and Black" in effective manner, and the place cards were miniature footballs done in water colors under the direction of Mrs. Crandall. Dean Donald McKay presided as toastmaster and expressed in happy manner the satisfaction of the school over its most successful football season. Miss Frances Beaven responded to the toast, "Football and the Co-eds." Coach Rueber spoke for "The Team," Calvin Stewart, '97, for the alumni, and Will Paul, acting football manager, gave a practical talk on "Ways and Means." Captain Thad Grosseup responded to "How It Feels to Win," evoking great enthusiasm, and Rollin Dennis, the captain-elect for next year, gave his ideas on "How it Feels When You Are Going to Win." At the conclusion of the speech making the college orchestra played a delightful program.

On New Year's day Mrs. Kroeze and the ladies of the faculty who were spending the holidays at home kept open house in the old-time fashion, at the Residence. During the afternoon many friends called to pay their respects over the teacups. The ladies were assisted in serving by the Misses Helma Hunter and Mary Grunwell.

Miss Edith Strange entertained Miss Mildred Stuart, of Seattle, during the week-end of the Colonial party.

Miss Myra Benson, a former '09, spent Monday afternoon, the 19th, with friends at the dormitory.

The Centralia basket-ball team were the guests of the Whitworth team at dinner at the Residence before the game.

On Saturday evening, January 30th, Miss Bergman entertained the dorm. girls at a spread in honor of her little niece, Miss Florence Lundquist.

Mr. Platt was over from Seattle to attend the Colonial party and also the presentation of football sweaters.

On Friday evening, February 19th, about two hundred students and friends of the college gathered in the Residence for the annual Colonial party. The majority of the guests were in Colonial costume, and the scene in the flag-draped parlors was one worthy of Revolutionary days. The arrangements of the evening were commemorative of the occasion from the invitations written on one sheet of paper, folded and sealed with wax, to the refreshments of cherry sundae. After the following very enjoyable program, the dining room downstairs was thrown open for the old-fashioned Virginia Reel and Minuet.

#### College Orchestra—

"Se Saran Rose" . . . . . Ardito  
Miss Grace Dykeman.

"Legende," Op 17 . . . . . Wieniawski  
Charles Morse.

"Maegre Moi" . . . . . Pfeiffer  
"Oh! Love, But a Day" . . . H. H. Beach  
Albert Gray.

#### Orchestra

"Ye Olde Tyme Minuet" . . . . .  
Misses La Wall, Lackey, Willert,  
Dykeman, Denman, Gillam, Clark and  
Fleet.

The The programs were also suitable to the occasion—a design of brilliant red cherries on a cherry leaf done in water colors.

One of the very delightful features of the evening was the presence of so many alumni and old students and their lively

college spirit added much to the evening. Among them were the Misses MacMaster, Ghormley, Garretson, Winnie and Sherley Johnson, Huggins and Brittian, of the '07 class, and Messrs MacMaster, Norton and Stewart, '07, and Kenneth Smith, a former '08.

Altogether the evening was passed very pleasantly and fully justified the elaborate preparations made by the college students.

The culmination of Whitworth's successful football season occurred Thursday evening, February 25th, when the members of the team were presented with certificates entitling them to wear the official football W of Whitworth College, together with sweaters. Professor Fox, as President of the Executive Board for Students, made the presentation speeches. Thad Grosseup, as captain, responded and Dean McKay spoke on "The Spirit of Whitworth," paraphrasing for his theme the name of our college to "White Work." The students then gathered around the piano, joining in a good hearty football "sing," after which the girls served chocolate and sandwiches. The members of the team receiving W's were Dennis, Rueber, Tunnison, McQuillan, Guy, Doud, Grosseup, McCreavy, Paul, Ghormley, Colbert and Platt.

The Seniors passed a very enjoyable evening at Dick Doud's in honor of St. Valentine. Each member of the class brought an original valentine, and Miss LaWall and Mr. Towne drew cuts for the most unique. After this each one took their turn at pinning a cupid's dart on a pillow made in the class colors, green and white, Mr. Paul receiving the pillow as a prize. On the wall in one room were advertisements expressing characteristics of each one present, the prize for guessing

the most going to Miss Rolleston. Later in the evening Mrs. Doud served dainty refreshments and one more of the '09 parties was finished.

The Preps. held their annual Valentine's party on the evening of February 12th. The library was gaily decorated with ropes of cedar and strings of red hearts, and forty couples spent the evening in dancing the Virginia Reel and Minuet. Numbers of college students were on the outside to get a "hand-out" of refreshments, for which the Preps justly have a reputation.

On February 18th Dr. and Mrs. Kroeze gave a reception to introduce Dr. Danner, the new student pastor, to the people of Tacoma.

Miss Mearns recently presented her younger pupils in oratory in a recital at Bethany church. Mr. McDonnell contributed to the evening's pleasure with a cornet solo, and Miss Thurmond sang a vocal group.

Friday, the 26th, Professor Bull gave a students' violin recital at the Temple of Music.

Miss Ethel Strout entertained a party of students at her home Saturday, the 13th of February.

About seventy-five college students spent Washington's Birthday on a launch party to Redondo Beach. In spite of an occasional fall of mist, everyone reported a pleasant time. This was the first launch party of the year, and the fore-runner of many others to come.



Joe Turner, Editor

### Basketball.

The first game of basketball of the season was won by the U. P. S. by the score of 21 to 13 in a close and exciting game on our own floor. The Whitworth team showed that they had not practiced together before they came on the floor, but they played a good game nevertheless. The U. P. S. excelled in basket-shooting and so were able to carry off the victory.

The next game was with the Tacoma High School, in which we were defeated by the score 29-19. The High School team passed in fine style and their forwards shot well. Whitworth showed the lack of practice, but there was great improvement over their former appearance.

On the following night Parkland defeated us by the score of 5-11 on their own floor. The small gym, poor lights and the cold room all attributed to this defeat.

January 29 the team went on a trip and played Centralia High School that night and Winlock Athletic Club on the next night, and lost both games, the first by the score of 35-13 and the second by the score of 17-8. The strangeness of the floors was largely accountable for the defeats. The team reported a fine trip notwithstanding their hard luck.

On February 5 the team played the Tacoma High School on their own floor, and although they played the best game

so far this season they were not able to stop the High School forwards, and lost by the score of 52-29.

After six defeats, the team beat Parkland by the score of 39-27 in a fast game in our gym. It came as a pleasant surprise to many and as a just reward to the team. Paul was the star of the game, throwing 17 fouls out of 23 called. McReavy also played a fine game at guard and center.

February 10, Whitworth won from Hoquiam High School by the score of 36-34 in a very close game. At the end of the second half the score was tied at 34. The game was resumed to play off the tie, and at the end of an exciting minute and a half Paul threw the winning basket. McReavy and Paul were the particular stars, making 12 and 11 points respectively.

In the second game with the U. P. S. on the Methodists' floor, our team was defeated 34-21. The game was marked by rough play.

The return game with Centralia on our own floor resulted in a victory for Whitworth by the close score of 27-21. The contest was hardly fought from beginning to end. Hegg shone especially bright by throwing six baskets from the field.

February 27, our five won a closely contested game with the Aberdeen High at Aberdeen. The score was 11-11 at the end of the first half. Whitworth started the

second half better accustomed to the floor, and when time was called the score was 27-18. We are glad to report that the feature of the game was the teamwork.

The team won handily from Hoquiam High on this same trip, 38-15. Our representatives showed great improvement, and surprised the Hoquiam team somewhat by the victory.

The line-up of the team has been as follows:

Forwards—Hegg, Pike, Paul, Turner

Centers—McReavy, Tanner, Dennis.

Guards—McReavy (Capt.), Sherrod, Paul, Hoke

In conclusion we may say that though the team has won five and lost seven games, there is no reason for disappointment, for the victories all came at the end and the defeats at the beginning. Furthermore, results show that our team has developed considerable teamwork, now that they have cut out most of the rough play. It is also to be said that had an earlier start been made, there would have been several victories more to our credit, for certainly there has been big improvement.

#### Football.

Whitworth 10, Multnomah 4. In the

last football game of the season, our eleven won a well-earned victory against Multnomah in Portland, thus establishing for certain our rank next to the University of Washington.

Our team, as usual, was decidedly outweighed, but excelled in defensive play, judging, punting, catching and carrying the ball and in executing the forward pass.

The first half ended 4-0, with Whitworth at the small end of the score, but in the second half, after hard fighting, the score was equaled by Tanner's field goal. Then by a series of line smashes the ball was forced down the field, Ghormley going over for a touchdown. Colbert kicked goal. The line up:

Whitworth.	Multnomah.
Dennis . . . . .	L. E. R. Alexander, Reed
McReavy . . . . .	L. T. R. . . . . Oswald
Tunison . . . . .	L. G. R. . . . . McMillan
Guy . . . . .	C. . . . . Carlson
Doud . . . . .	R. G. L. . . . . Conant
H. Reuber . . . . .	R. T. L. . . . . Walker
Grosscup . . . . .	L. E. R. . . . . Smith
Paul . . . . .	Q. . . . . Stott
Colbert . . . . .	L. H. R. . . . . Pilkington
	Alexander
Tanner . . . . .	R. H. L. . . . . Cutting
Ghormley . . . . .	F. . . . . Knudson

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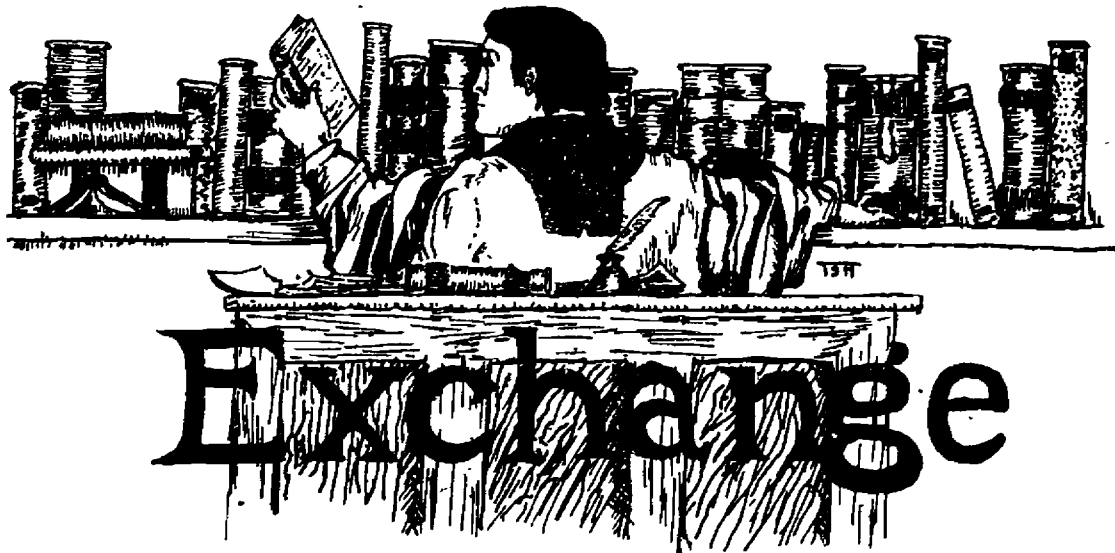
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RITA WILLERT, Exchange Editor

It may interest some of our readers, especially among our own students, to hear that Fred Metzger, the Rhodes Scholarship man from Whitworth, is already showing his true sportsman's spirit. The following is a clipping from the Wadham College Gazette:

"This year's Junior four were quite up to the average in form and above it in numbers. In the final the weight of the American four told against a light crew in a strong head wind, though both rowed well. The winning team was: G. C. Huckaby, Fred D. Metzger, A. L. St. Clair and W. T. Stockton."

Three cheers for Fritz! Depend on it, he will always be in the team that wins.

The Xmas "Monmal" contains a couple of good stories, also a paper on the Swiss education. The Swiss educational institutions are worthy of study, for no nation spends so much per capita in educating its youth, and in no civilized country is the percentage of illiteracy so low. This article is a good subject for the pedagogy class to read.

The Tacoma High still has the "Tahoma" toeing the mark and keeping up to its

high standard of excellence, both in the material and in its arrangement.

New method of reading Latin—

"Forte dux in aro"—forty ducks in a row.

"Bonī leges Caesaris"—bony legs of Caesar.

"Caesar sic dicat inde cur egressi lieto"—Caesar sicked the cat on the dog. I guess he licked her.—Ex.

Lost—The personal page from the "Phoenix." Can the students of Tarkio give us any information as to its whereabouts?

The Freshmen at the University of Wisconsin are compelled to wear little green caps with a cardinal button. Whenever a freshie meets a soph he must bow and press the button. What next!—Ex.

Delighted to receive among our exchanges the "Adelphian" from Brooklyn, N. Y. It seems good to feel ourselves in touch with our friends on the other side

She—So he praised my singing, did he?

He—Yes, he said it was heavenly.

She—Did he really say that?

He—Well, not exactly, but he probably meant it. He said it was unearthly.—Ex.

1. Be sure of one thing—yourself.
2. Every duty done makes the next easier.
3. Employ your time well.
4. Do not reckon on chance.
5. Be prompt always.
6. Live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy and fear.
7. Get happiness out of your work or you will never know what happiness is.
8. The sweetest thing upon earth is the pleasure of pleasing.—Ex.

How are those for New Year's resolutions?

Suppose we add a ninth—Never break any of the above eight.

Be sure you go to the exchange shelf and look at the "Orange and Black Supplement." Nothing in it but cuts of the team, taken separately and in a bunch, but did you ever see such splendid ones?

We must indeed congratulate you, "Orange and Black," on this new idea of yours and also on your paper proper. It has improved greatly since the opening in September.

This year, for the first time in the history of any University, Harvard will give a degree for proficiency in business education. The degree will be M. B. A., master of business administration. Several courses, including the study of banking trusts, corporations, railroads, rate-establishments and other closely allied subjects, are offered.

Dr. Charles Eliot, for forty years Harvard's President, has resigned his position. He is one of America's foremost educators and has been prominently before the public on account of his strong opposition to the excessive development of college sports.

Teacher—Only fools are certain; a wise person hesitates.

Freshie—Are you sure?

Teacher—Positively certain.

"The Volante," of Grand Island, Neb., is a newcomer to Whitworth. We welcome you heartily, hoping you may decide to fly in this direction regularly each month from now on.



### Young Men's Christian Association.

The Y. M. C. A. meetings for the last month have been up to the usual standard in interest and attendance. Beside the student leaders, we have had Dean McKay and Dr. Hutchinson, who have given us very profitable counsel. The change in time from morning to 3:10 in the afternoon has not decreased the attendance, as was feared. It is the desire of the Association, however, that more of the men would be present to derive a benefit and stimulate the interest in the things for which it stands. There is no organization

that works for the good of Whitworth more zealously than the Y. M. C. A., for it seeks to improve the student and the student makes the college.

Mr. E. C. Mercer, of New York, was with us for a few days in January. The thoughts he left with the young men will stick to them. He had the experience to back up everything he said, and left the disquieting knowledge that other colleges were away ahead of us in the interest in Christianity.

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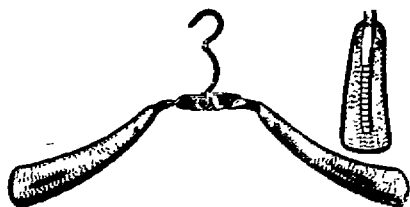
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**Y. W. C. A. Notes**

The meeting of January 27th was addressed by Mrs. W. E. Roe on the subject, "A Christian Life: Its Foundation." This was the first of a series of talks on "A Christian Life" to be given by outside leaders.

A number of ladies of the faculty and neighborhood were present and after the meeting tea was served and a pleasant social time enjoyed by all.

Misses Ethel Ware and Florence Mustard led the meeting of February 3rd, giving several helpful suggestions regarding our relations to our neighbors here at college.

Dean McKay gave the Y. W. C. A. a most interesting and helpful talk at the meeting of February 10th, taking as his theme lessons from the 121st Psalm.

On February 17th the meeting was led by Miss Edith Strange, the topic being, "A College Girl's Temptations." The leader's talk was followed by remarks from several of the members, who spoke on the various temptations which are most often encountered in college life. Miss Cox sang a solo in her usual charming manner.

Miss Lucy Hopkins, Y. W. C. A. student secretary for the Northwest, is expected at Whitworth some time in March.

Announcements of the Y. W. C. A. summer conference have come and are posted on the bulletin boards. The conference is to be held at Breakers, Wash., this year, and Whitworth should have a large delegation.

The missionary committee would like to call special attention to the notice of the Student Volunteer movement, which has recently been posted in the library.

**Kappa Gamma**

Many gay times and gayer girls have made the social side of Kappa Gamma as great a pleasure to its members as the literary phase. Probably no affair, however, has caused a greater stir among the girls nor was awaited with keener interest than the charming little "at home" for which Miss Ethel Strout was hostess on the afternoon of January 23. Clever little booklets, in which the life history of each sorority girl was to be written, gave wide scope for originality and fun, and the hours of the afternoon went all too quickly. Dainty refreshments brought to an end one of the jolliest parties of the term, and each girl went home happy in the fact that though "Though the years stretched long before her," yet she had made a "Life History" in a single afternoon.

On the evening of January 16, instead of the usual literary program, the girls met for an informal discussion of the play "A Mouse Trap." After a few formal words of greeting from the new president, Miss Pearla Robbins, Miss Hillis read the play and the cast of characters was suggested. The evening was closed with a solo by Miss Mary Cox.

Saturday evening, January 30, the following program was given in memory of Edgar Allen Poe:

Piano solo . . . . . Olive Christofferson  
Edgar Allen Poe—

His Life . . . . . Genevieve Wilcox  
His Writings . . . . . Alma Lesh  
His Memory . . . . . Frances Lackey  
Reading from Poe . . . . . Joy Hillis  
Vocal solo . . . . . Lillian Fleet

Special care had been given in the preparation of the program, and each number was a treat.

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# Personals

JESSIE LAWALL, Editor

Avis D.: "It makes me hot to think I can't have steam heat."

Nell P.: "That's convenient for you. It makes me cold."

Man at Box Office: "Three or one?"

Mr. McDonald: "T-t-w-w-wo."

Just ask the Seniors and the Juniors about Hollandaise potatoes and "hard-tack."

Ruby M.: "I don't care. I am a Freshman!"

Barrett: "You mean you are by annexation?"

C. McR.: "Doesn't it give you a shock every time you hear the name Smith?"

Frankie S.: "I should say so. I am going to change it."

Miss D.: "Mr. Morrill, explain 'ambrosial weeds'."

V. M.: "It means heavenly vegetables."

Joe Turner: "Well, I'm going to be a ladies' man now, for sure."

The Junior girls certainly did have it in for Joe! Was it one of them he neglected to ask to the banquet?

Dave (whom the girls sent to town for pennant materials): "I would like some white thread, please."

Clerk: "What number?"

Dave: "One."

Mr. Morse: "I think our great musicians are all getting old and there seem to be very few coming to take their places."

Miss Strange: "Yes, I believe all the great people are dying off and I don't feel very well myself."

"Milton McDonell" said Grace Redman, "is a remarkably fine lad. If he were much finer we could not see him."

Miss Hilts: "Don't you think Whitworth is slow? My! I get so homesick I can hardly live."

Miss Weber: "Oh, you horrid thing! I just love Whitworth!"

Miss D.: "Now this Bacchus is an old friend of ours."

Kenneth: "We'd miss the co-eds very much if we didn't have them. How would it seem to come up to the library these cold mornings and warm your hands at the radiator?"

'Nuff said. We see Kenneth has not been warming his there.

Have you seen Pike-Hunter?

Who would have thought that Helma was a Piker?

Suppose you have all heard how Mr. Paul hated to leave Aberdeen to play in that New Year's game?

Dave (at Senior-Junior banquet): "Great medical discoveries have been made lately. I heard that a man froze while falling from the fifth story to the sidewalk and broke in two. Then the doctors thawed him out, took a few stitches and he is still living. I didn't believe it. But Horace Rueber, while coasting, ran into a telegraph post and knocked his cheek off. It grew on immediately."

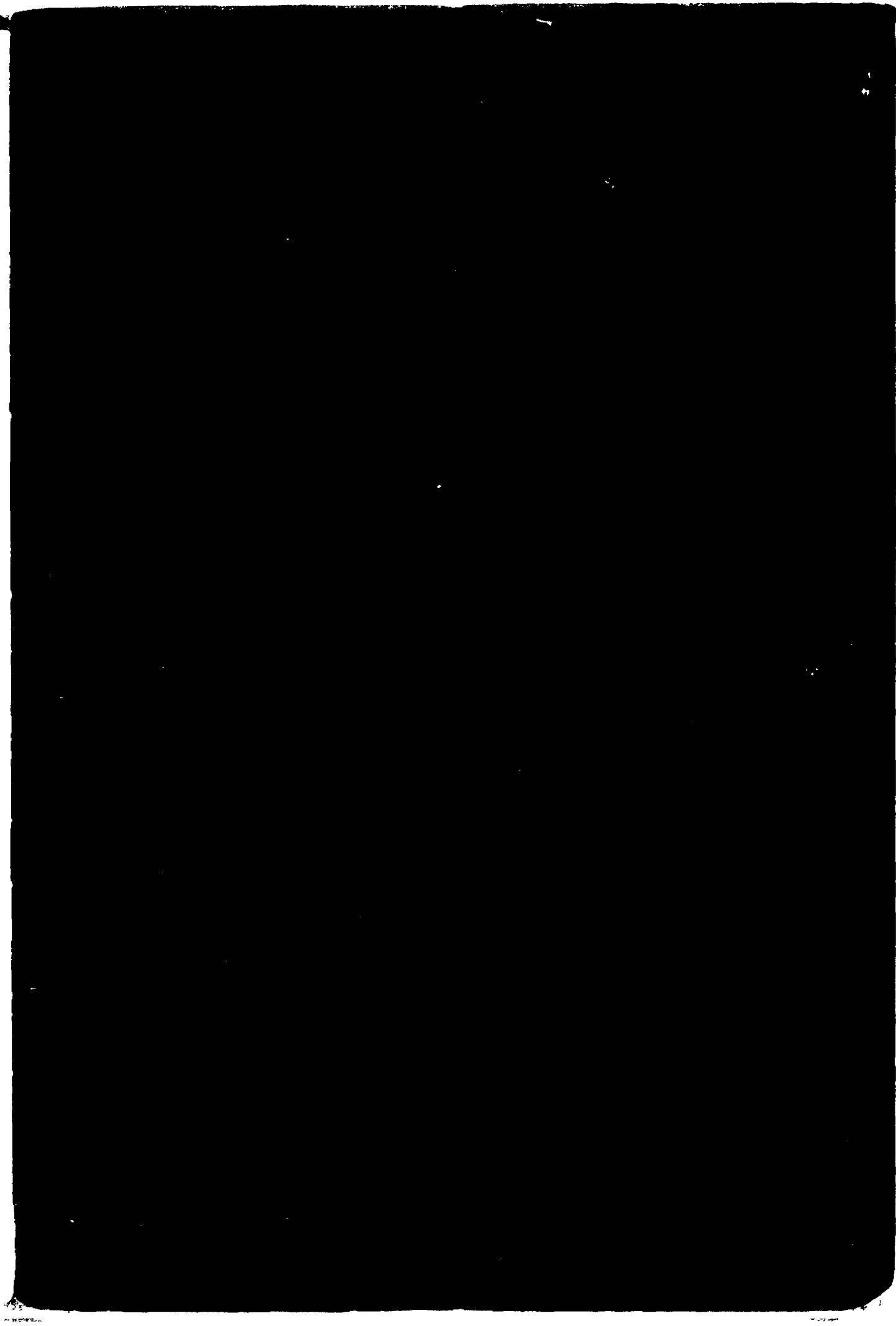
Debate was announced from the platform by Dr. Kroeze.

Bradway: "Is there any admission?"

Miss D.: "Mr. Hoke give a syllogism with the conclusion 'Mr. Hoke is a good student'."

Earl Hoke: "All boys are good students and I——"

Miss D.: "Oh, give me something with a grain of truth in it."



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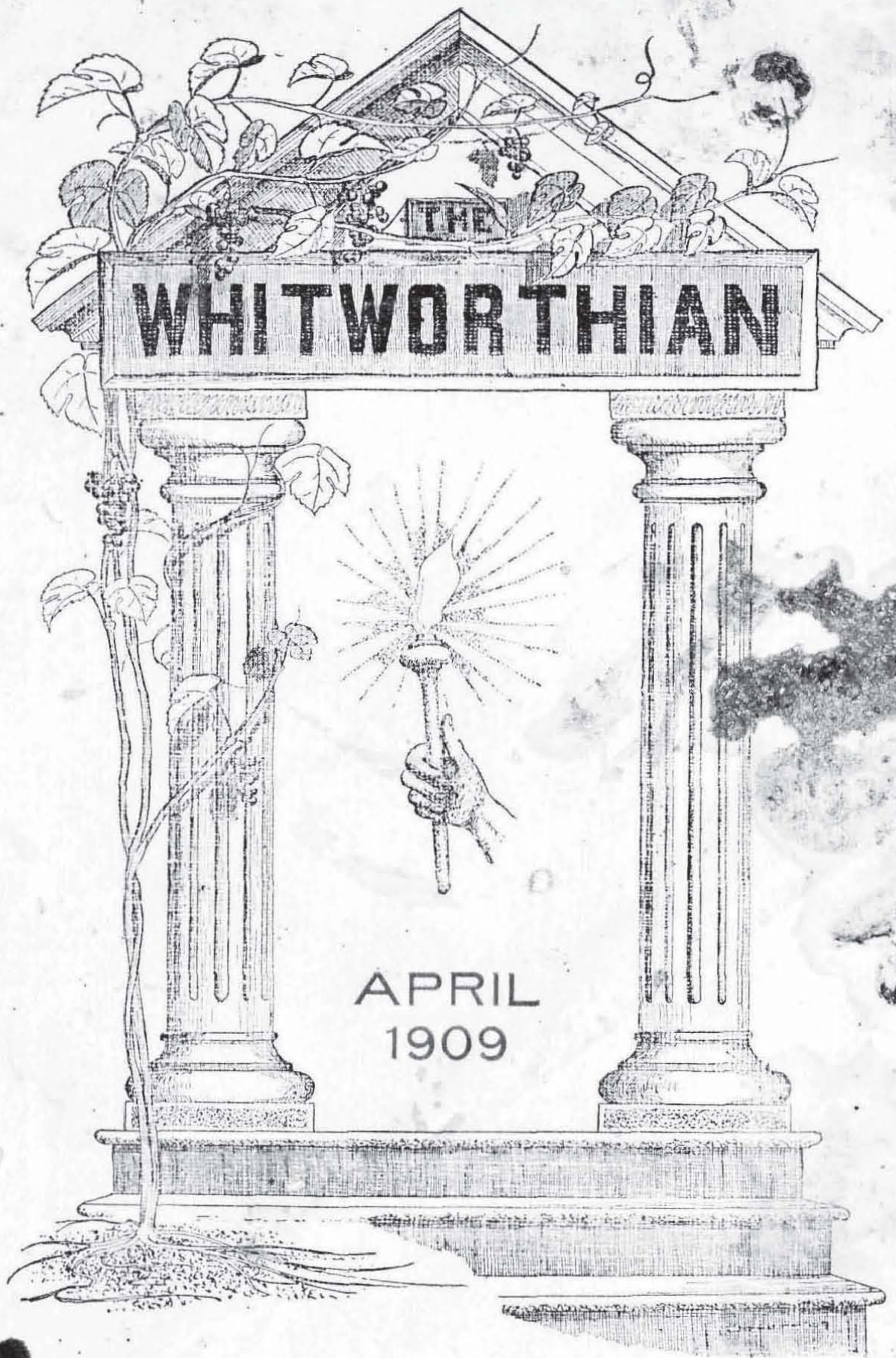
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Dr. L. Raymond Higgins has been called to take the chair of classic languages and literature. He also is a man of liberal education and experience. After taking his A B degree in Brown University, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Cornell.

Dr. Higgins comes to us direct from Grand Island College, and has already impressed the students in college Latin and Greek of his eminent fitness along those lines. He has a thorough knowledge of the trend of Greek and Roman thought and its influence on present day language, thought and literature. Dr. Higgins' ability as a lecturer has also attracted his students.





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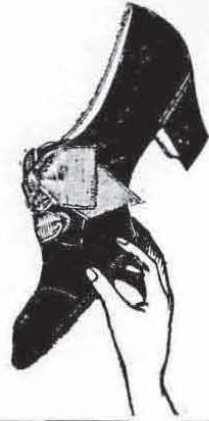
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# THE WHITWORTHIAN

Issued by the Students of Whitworth College

Volume V

TACOMA, WASH., APRIL 1909

Number 5

## A Leaf From the Memory Book of an Alumna.

"Girls, girls, can't we do some devilment tonight! Just think, only three weeks left of my last year at college and nothing exciting has happened the whole nine months. I'll dare you to slide down a bedclothes rope and rob 'the Greek department's' chicken roost!" Bernice Graymont's voice was a melodious drawl of despair.

"We'd blister our hands," Nan Whitmore objected soberly.

"Crazy," was Bernice's answer. "You surely can't think I mean it. Why, 'she' would order us off the premises of this college. Seniors or no. The north hall doesn't rule this college any more." One of Bernice's chief talents was a gift for mimicry and her picture of the august dean was irresistible.

Several days later the two girls were leaving Science hall together.

"Senior vacation has begun! One more hour's work on my thesis and then never another minute's study for me! It's too good to be true!" exclaimed Bernice executing a little skip that threatened to jar her mortar board and tangle her feet in her gown.

"I've just been thinking, Bernice, why couldn't we slip out some night soon, just

we six Senior girls, for some kind of a farewell jamboree. You know the Juniors have been arranging decorations on the colonnade for the Prom, and the ladder is still up; at least it was this morning, and even if it is gone we can get Winston or somebody else to put it back for us. We could climb through Helen's windows, down the fire escape to the second floor balcony and then down the ladder to the ground. "And then come over to Science hall and have a spread in the Museum! Oh, won't that be a lark for a dignified Senior! It's just like being a Freshman again. Bernice was all afire with enthusiasm. "What'll we have to eat? I'll make a list right now." Both sank down on the grassy edge of the path and leaned back against a great maple on the bark of which their initials were soon to be carved as the concluding ceremony of Senior class days of '08.

"Dill pickles," Bernice began scribbling. "Divinity fudge—we'll make that after supper tonight—potato chips."

"They have lovely pressed chicken down at the new delicatessen store on Thirty-fourth street," Nan interposed. "All right. Pressed chicken, grape juice. Do you suppose we want oyster stew?"

"Sure, any old thing, since its such a lark."

"Crackers and oranges and bananas. I'll make some nut salad. Oh, I forgot, Genevieve will want olives. You and Hazel Brown go down and get the stuff now and hide it behind the owls on the north side of the room while I tell the rest of the girls about it."

"I got the picture all right, but now I'd like to know what scrape you two girls are planning?"

"Oh, it's Winston," Bernice exclaimed while Nan mourned. "Why didn't you let us pose. I just know my cap was at a horrible angle."

"That's why I took a snapshot. I'm around getting some last pictures before old naught eight is gone forever. But now I'm ready to listen to that scrape," seating himself turk fashion opposite them.

Bernice swore him to a solemn oath of secrecy and then related their plan.

"Good enough," he exclaimed as she finished. "I'm mighty glad to see you girls getting some spirit again. Things have been worse than dead over there since the new regime began. Sure, we'll see about the ladder, and say, if you have any stuff left over some of us fellows might happen around."

"Come along, all of the '08 bunch, if you want to. We're going to buy half a dozen times what we'll eat," Nan answered rising. "You and Bernice can sit here as long as you please, but these edibles must be purchased, so I'm going."

"If you'll divest yourself of that drapery, Bernice, we'll play a tennis set," Wins'on suggested.

At exactly the stroke of 12, six alarm clocks in the North hall began pealing. Twelve eyes flew open and twelve hands smothered the peals under pillows and comforters. As soon as their quickly beating hearts gave them courage six white figures arose, slipped on kimonas, slippers

and heavy coats and gathered by an open window in Helen Stewart's room.

"Who has a chafing dish?" Nan whispered. "I forgot to take one over."

"Here's mine. We'll get the alcohol from the chemistry lab. I know where Harvey keeps the key of his locker."

"Oh, girls, it's cold," Genevieve chattered as she began the descent. "Now, give me a part of the chafing dish."

"Hist; don't make so much noise!"

With no serious mishap all reached the bottom and stole darkly over the campus, climbed into the chemistry lab, through an open window and then mounted the stairs to the museum in single file. As they opened the door all that the excited girls could see in the pale moon light was eyes here, eyes there, eyes everywhere. But horrors of horrors, a huge, dim, heavy form just at the side of the door moved right towards them and blinked its fiery eyes most fearsomely.

Every girl choked down a scream. Then after a second's dead silence, Bernice threw off the spell of terror and spoke decisively.

"Aren't we crazy! Someone has put phosphorous on the eyes of all the animals. Goodness, but I was scared for a minute!"

"I'm scared yet," Helen whispered convulsively. "I opened the door first, and I just know I saw that black bear turn half way around."

"But Helen, it couldn't have turned, you know. It was our imagination because these eyes frightened us so badly."

All the same every girl passed that dark furry object with the horrible eyes on tip-toe. Nan giggled a trifle hysterically.

"One thing about this place," she said, "we wont need to turn the lights on! Now, we'll all have to be quiet for we would not dare wake up the girls on the third floor. If they hear noises down here they might think the monsters had all come to life."



In a silence broken only by the faint rustle of paper and the tinkle of forks and spoons, the girls arranged their spread on the floor by the side of the largest grizzly bear. Through a window above the moonlight shone in grewsomely, while a whole row of solemn-eyed owls looked fiercely on.

Finally Bernice whispered "Oh, girls, will that stew never be ready? The owls are getting on my nerves. I can almost hear them hooting. 'You'll get caught, you'll get caught.'"

"Not any plainer than I can see that black bear by the door picking up its pedestal and marching over to devour us alive," Helen answered. "Come with me, Bernice, and let's investigate the thing. Please do."

"And then you might go on around and see that all the doors and windows are tight shut," Nan suggested. "I think we might risk talking a little that way."

"Come on, Helen, let's take a hold of hands. Be sure to have the oysters ready for us when we come back," Bernice said scrambling to her feet.

They tiptoed silently across to the door and stood looking at the bear from a safe distance. Then Bernice went nearer and as she touched the furry object it moved slightly. She crumpled weakly to the floor pulling Helen down beside her.

"I know what has happened," she whispered. "The boys have tried to scare us. You remember this bear is mounted on a pedestal that swings around and—see that string! The boys tied it to the door so when we opened it the bear did really move."

"I don't wonder I was frightened," Helen shivered and held Bernice's hand a little tighter.

"Let's hurry around so we can tell the girls about it."

Back by the grizzly bears the others were quietly watching the stew, now near-

ly done, when a happy thought struck Nan.

"Hazel," she whispered. "the girls must be just about where the case of birds is. Imitate a crow, just to frighten Bernice. She pretends to be so brave!"

Instantly a hoarse caw, caw, pierced to the farthest corner of the room, followed in a second by a terrific clatter and bang on the other side.

The girls started to their feet with shortened breath. In the general confusion the bottle of grape juice was upset over the salad; but slight attention was paid to the ruin of their spread as they listened to Bernice's laughter smothered tale of overturning the mammoth eagle, the pride of grim old Prof. Smith's heart. "And there it lies under the table." But we'll right this bunch of trespassing. Seniors cease their laughter and hold their breath. Above their heads a door slammed, soft footsteps pattered down the halls and in a few minutes a smothered shriek reached their ears. With excitedly beating hearts the girls held each other close and listened, immovable. On the side of the hall toward the boys' dorm, a window was thrown up and quavering voices screamed:

"Help! Help! Burglars!" Gradually the cries gained in intensity until the girls below felt that the whole campus was aroused.

Bernice was thinking fast. "I made the fuss. I must find a way out."

"Here girls, let's stuff the eatables in this drawer and hide somewhere, because that noise will soon bring a regiment of boys over. Quick!"

Any suggestion was welcome. With hands trembling with nervousness they piled the chicken and crackers, stew and oranges in the lower drawer of a mineral cabinet.

"I believe I could hide in one of these myself," Hazel exclaimed, pulling open a



similar drawer. "Push me shut, some one."

"Here, wait a minute, girls," Helen was frantically picking out string from the paper their spread had been wrapped in. "Come on, Bernice, help me tie the door to the black bear again."

In spite of fingers stiff and cold from nervousness this was accomplished quickly and along with the others the two were safely hidden away.

Five minutes later a valiant band of five boys and three revolvers, twelve girls and as many brooms burst in the door of the Museum.

"Hands up roared the foremost young hero. "I saw you move, you villain. Hands up!" Then as the others behind pressed him into too close proximity to the villain that had so plainly moved he muttered. "Quit pushing back there, you fellows."

"Hands up!" echoed the others in a straggling chorus. But by this time the girls had caught sight of these thousands of awe-inspiring eyes, and with one accord they dropped their brooms, raised a shriek and retreated to the bottom of the stairs. From that point of vantage they watched the boys bravely enter and switch on the lights.

"A-a-a-h! it's only phosphorescence, fellows!"

"Sure enough!" came from the bottom of the stairs; "why didn't we guess. We saw some Senior boys come out of there about ten o'clock. Let's go back up and find out who made the noise."

But in vain. All that their most thorough searching could reveal was the mam-

moth eagle lying with both wings broken beneath a table.

"Prof. Smith's heart will be shattered into particles," a masculine voice mourned.

"By Jove, it looks as if these screech owls had been shedding some of their blood! See that red stain on the floor?"

An open window in the Chemistry Lab. and the disturbed eagle clearly proved the suspicion that some one had been attempting to rob the museum, but had been frightened from the deed. So the boys and the revolvers betook themselves off, and the twelve girls went back to sleep, two in a bed, with barred windows and locked doors, further strengthened by dressers pushed in front. And as they left, the girls in the drawers of the mineral cabinet heard this last statement:

"I tell you, fellows, I wasn't scared. I did see that black bear move half way around."

This is the tale of the famous burglary of Science Hall and the destruction of the mammoth eagle, the only specimen of an extinct species.

The following afternoon Prof. Smith opened a drawer of Mineral Cabinet No. 10, in his search for a jaw bone of a dinosaur. His investigation was rewarded, to the immense delight of his onlookers, especially of six Senior girls, by the sight --not of the dinosaur, but of a heterogeneous mixture of eatables: dill pickles, divinity fudge, potato chips, pressed chicken, grape juice, crackers, oranges, bananas, nut salad and olives.



# 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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Kenneth Ghormley '09	Business Manager	Sidney Whitworth '11	

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Hilda Bergman			
Raymond McDonald, Commercial Department			

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"Give me the good old days. Things are not now as they were then." How often do we hear the expression of this sentiment on the campus and in college halls. Junior and Senior wish for their Freshman days, and some would even go back to their prep. years. Have we forgotten that this was also the desire of the Junior and Senior of that time, and that we are only expressing a feeling that is immemorial?

Ask some one why he feels thus. "Oh, things were different then; we had some spirit, the right kind of spirit. There wasn't this constant bickering; the fellows all stood together then, there weren't the innumerable cliques and jealousies among the girls. Things were doing then. Why—" and then a string of delightful reminiscences. Who has not heard them!

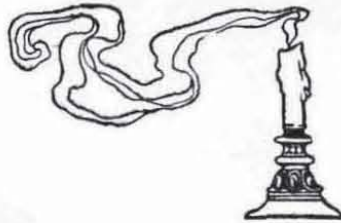
Yes, things were different then. There was spirit. But, every man and every woman of Whitworth College, stop and ask yourself who made that spirit. Will you acknowledge that the students of that time were more capable of loyalty, had more intelligent minds, could enter more fully into fun, than YOU can? Think that Whitworth is passing thru a testing period, only one of the many that come in the history of any project, and make or mar that project. Will you let it be said that you deserted your school when it needed you most? Will you let it be said that you found other things to interest you and let the college you had chosen for your alma mater fail for want of your interest in it? Surely the fact that you are here means that you have chosen Whitworth for your alma mater. One of the greatest danger the American people is facing is the fact there is little of an unquestioning loyalty and reverence in its soul.

A great man of antiquity, who has been almost unequalled in moulding the thought of the generations that have followed, lived his life and even went to his death because he believed that "knowledge is virtue." We know the situation; we know that only from us can this spirit, so undefinable, rise that will make our college mean to us what it means to our alumni. Let us throw aside our selfish personal interests, and work together as one. The spring has come on, and is just inviting us to class and organization launch rides and picnics; the baseball season is here and depends on us for its success. What matters it if we are not champions, if all take delight in our team! If we have the spirit, then we can be champions; but the spirit must come first.

Will not all the student body respond and recreate at Whitworth the good old days?



The Whitworthian staff welcomes with delight the amendment that was added to the by-laws of the Student Association at a recent meeting. Everyone realizes that it is a big test of loyalty for three men to give the greatest three-fourths of their leisure time to the decidedly uninteresting, monotonous and thankless business of rustling ads. for the student paper. It is only fair that an opportunity to obtain remuneration be given the men who do stand this test. Whitworth has taken a long step forward by this action.





## College Notes

The second Thursday after the spring holidays the Students' Association held its annual election of officers. The following students will manage college business next year: President, Henry Longstreth, '10; Vice President, Ethel Strout, '10; Secretary, Frances Lackey, '10; Treasurer, Horace Rueber, '10; the Whitworthian staff: Editor-in-chief, Douglas Johnson, '12; Literary Editor, Ethel Strout, '10; Society Editor, Grace Redman, '10; Personal Editor, Helma Hunter, '10; Athletic Editor, Sidney Whitworth, '11; Business Manager, Monroe Everett, '10; Assistant Business Manager, Brooks Duff; Ray McDonald, Football Manager.

At a meeting held a week later an amendment was added to the constitution and by-laws as follows: That the remuneration of the business managers of the Whitworthian be 10% of the money collected, provided that the budget of each issue be fifty dollars and that the deduction of this 10% shall not lower the budget below fifty dollars. As further business Henry Longstreth resigned the position of football manager and Brooks Duff was unanimously elected in his place.

Tennis is receiving a decided boost at Whitworth this year. A call was issued for the formation of a club and Coach Rueber, Monroe Everett and Elsie George were appointed as a committee on constitution and by-laws. Clay will be brought up from the athletic field to improve the present court and two lawn courts are being planned. The students are showing

much interest and plan to send representatives to the tournament to be held in Seattle.

Mrs. Willert of Mineral spent Easter with her daughter Reta at Erwin Hall.

Mrs. Crandall, head of the art department, has been very ill for several weeks.

The dramatized version of Tennyson's "Princess" has arrived and the cast is being arranged. This play will be given by the Seniors on class day and will form one of the most interesting events of commencement week.

Rev. Wilson of Seattle was a visitor at the college on Friday, April 2.

The usual restrictions were laid on dormitory girls in regard to spring walks, with a few more stringent ones, at a recent house meeting. They are given below so that no one concerned may be guilty of breaking rules because of lack of knowledge. No walks may be taken to the park, the Narrows or to the beach without previous permission; no gentlemen need call at the residence before 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon; all students must be back from walking in time for vespers Sunday at 5 o'clock; all students are positively forbidden to cut classes in order to walk.

A number of the students attended a very clever entertainment in Germania hall on Friday the 2nd, given by the Japanese of the city in the interests of the Japanese mission work.

Seiro Shibogalki, '12, who has been confined in the hospital with typhoid fever, has sufficiently recovered to be about, but will not enter school this year.

S. A. Crandall, ex '09, and sister, were visitors at the college last week, after a stay of two years in Alaska. Sac looks

well and reports a fine time during his stay in the North. His sister has entered the preparatory school and will finish in June.

A college prayer meeting has been started which meets every Thursday evening in the English room in the gym.



## Criterion.

Owing to the miscarriage of plans the first two meetings of the month were not up to the usual standard of excellence. The meeting of last Saturday night, however, was a decided improvement over the former. The first number on the program was a musical number given by the Misses Lackey, Dykeman, Strange and Thurmond. The question for debate was:

"Resolved, That the United States government subsidize our steamship lines."

Mr. Johnson, Miss Hunter and Mr. Scott upheld the affirmative, while Mr. Turner and Miss Genevieve Martin spoke for the negative. The speakers on the negative side succeeded in convincing the

judges with some very eloquent speeches. Impromptu speeches and the critic's report closed the program.

The program for Saturday, April 24, is as follows:

Roll call.

Quotations from Mark Twain.

Life of Mark Twain, Edith Denman.

Book Review, Mark Bradway.

Debate. "Resolved. The moral standard of American fiction is higher than that of foreign. Affirmative, Miss Arntson, Miss Lackey. Negative, Mr. Kinkade, Miss Weber.

Short story from Mark Twain, Bessie Gilliam.



Joe Turner, Editor

### Baseball.

On April 10, in the first game of the season, the State Business College defeated the Whitworth baseball team by a score of 8 to 0. Our nine did much better than the score would seem to indicate. Up to the ninth inning neither side was able to score, and not one of the Business College team got farther than second. In the sixth, Dowd took McReavy's place in the box. During this inning the Business College ran up a score of six runs, and then added one in each of the two innings following.

Ed. Hall, brother to the Tiger fork-ball artist, was the pitcher for our opponents, and the credit for the zero at our end of the score may be given principally to him. The line-up:

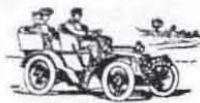
S. B. C.—Campbell, c; Sawyer, ss; Cromwell, lf; Enright, 2b; Hall, p; Wake-

field, 3b; Reynolds, 1b; Pollen, rf; Cornell, cf.

Whitworth—Paul, lf; Pike, 2b; Reuber, cf; Dowd, rf; Mulligan, c; Barret, 3b; Silver, ss; McDonald, Guy, 1b; McReavy, Dowd, p.

On April 17, Whitworth met defeat at the hands of Steilacoom by a score 12 to 8. Up to the fifth inning the game was ours, 7 to 1. Then came the "balloon ascension," and costly misses let in several runs. In fact, both teams accumulated many errors, Whitworth 10 and Steilacoom 7. In hitting ability our nine excelled, getting 13 hits as opposed to Steilacoom's 6. McReavy pitched a magnificent game, fanning nine men.

Whitworth's line-up was the same as in the game with the S. B. C., except that Rueber served as catcher, with Mulligan and Bentley in right field.





## Y. W. C. A.

Under direction of the Bible Study Committee, the girls in the dormitory held morning classes during Passion Week.

The association had as its guest April 5 to 8, the student secretary of the Northwest, Miss Lucy Hopkins. The cabinet and committees held individual meetings with her. All were charmed by her personality and obtained many helpful ideas for the coming term. Miss Hopkins also led the Easter meeting on April 7.

The Misses Lulu Martin and Mildred Smith had charge of the meeting on the 14th of April. Their subject was "The Industrial Problem; Girls in the Mill Cities." It is the aim of the new devotional committee to present subjects to

the girls that will give them a practical knowledge of the Y. W. work.

Miss Lackey, the new president, led the first meeting of the spring term. She took for her subject, "The More Excellent Things," an address given by Robert E. Spear before the Southern Conference, and appearing in the Association monthlies of November and December, 1908.

The finance committee held a successful candy and popcorn sale in the bookstore last Thursday.

The hour of the Association meeting has been changed back to 10:30, with the understanding, however, that next year it must be held at 3:10.



## Y. M. C. A.

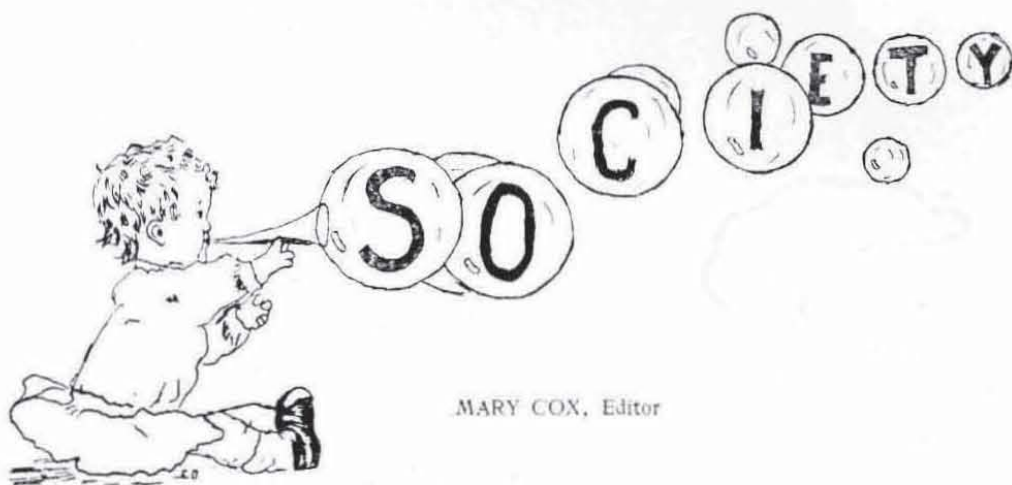
The Young Men's Christian Association has held regular meetings with an increased interest during the month. All the leaders have been students except at the meeting of March 26, when Mr. Smith, of the Y. M. C. A. of Seattle, gave us a pointed talk on the "Choosing of a Career."

Definite work has been considered and steps have been taken, by which the members of the Association can be of help to new students in the way of securing work for them and interesting them in the school. Details of the plan will be given in the next issue of the Whitworthian.

The Handbook, which is issued by the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A., will be more attractive and put in a more substantial cover than that of last year. It is the purpose of the committee which has it in charge to send the Handbook to prospective students as well as those who will be back.

The chairmen of the committees which will serve during the next year are:

Douglas Johnson—Religious Meetings.  
Robert Kinkade—Missionary.  
Ralph Major—Finance.  
R. S. Towne—Special Handbook.  
Sidney Whitworth—Special Conference.  
Sidney Whitworth—Bible Study.



MARY COX, Editor

Mrs. Voris entertained recently in honor of the girls of the Y. W. C. A. The guests spent a delightful afternoon over their sewing and dainty refreshments were served.

Miss Lucy Hopkins, student secretary of the Northwest Y. W. C. A., was a guest at the residence for several days about the first of the month. While here a spread was given in her honor by the Y. W. C. A. cabinet. The following girls were present: Misses Lackey, Lulu Martin Hunter, Clara Young, Spalding, Genevieve Martin, Maulsby, Strange, Bergman, Amerman.

The Senior class was entertained on the evening of the tenth by Profeser and Mrs. Voris. Their home was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and Easter games furnished the entertainment. In the egg-rolling contest the prize was won by Miss Jessie La Wall. A dainty supper was served and the Seniors departed at a

late hour, having spent one of the most delightful evenings of their class history.

Miss Hilda Bergman was hostess on the evening of the 17th for a jolly spread given in honor of her sister, who was spending the week-end at the Residence.

Recent guests at the dormitories have been Mrs. Harms of Chehalis and Mrs. Willert of Mineral.

The gymnasium was the scene of one of the jolliest social affairs of the month on the evening of the 16th when it was filled with students and their friends who had met to enjoy a "Cafeteria party." The arrangements were in the hands of the dorm girls who served refreshments in Cafeteria style throughout the evening and an informal program was given.

The Misses Pearl Robbins and Gertrude Rolleston, chaperoned by Mrs. Doud, went out in Dick Doud's machine to watch the baseball game with Steilacoom.





RITA WILLERT, Exchange Editor.

We acknowledge the receipt of "The Adelpian," New York; "Black and White," Naperville, Ill.; "The Maroon," U. P. S., Tacoma; "Evergreen," Pullman; "Pacific Wave," U. of W.; "Taft Oracle," Connecticut; "Monnal," Montana; "Albany Student," Albany; "Tahoma," Tacoma High School; "Aromaz," Spokane; "Whitman Pioneer," and others.

The Alumni of the U. of W. are to have June third for their own day at the A. Y. P. exposition. The committee expects over 300 old grads to return and join in the reunion. What festivities there will be at the "U!"

Mr. Fred H. Sutton, graduate assistant in mathematics at the University has evolved a new method for the study of that science. He says his plan will lessen if not entirely do away with the difficulties encountered by the students of mathematics. Perhaps even the most unmathematical brains will now be able to star in that subject.

If you want a good, lively baseball story you will find it in the Spokane Col-

lege "Aromaz," under the title "The Back Stop." It certainly is a well written and entertaining little story.

Do you know that the University of Leipzig is nearly 500 years old. Its 500th anniversary will be held next July.

"A man convinced against his will,  
Is of the same opinion still;  
A maid convinced against her will,  
Is not convinced nor even still." —Ex.

"Quenching the Seattle Spirit" in the last Tahoma is good, only I'm afraid the poor Seattle-ite will consider himself "s ung" pretty hard should he read it through.

The Tacoma High school is working up a splendid orchestra. At the first rehearsal there were fourteen instruments and much enthusiasm in evidence.

Mistress: "I saw the milk man kiss you this morning, Jane. I'll take the milk in myself after this."

Jane: "It won't do yer no good, mum. He promised to kiss nobody but me."

Freshie: "Who's doing that singing? It sounds like a church choir."

Soph.: "Oh, that's the Dairyman's Association singing 'Shall We Gather at the River.'"

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp, "I bathed in the spring of 1860."—Ex.

A scholarship fund of \$50,000 has been given to Whitman College by Mr. and Mrs. Steven H. Matthews, who are in this way

showing their interest in the building of a "Greater Whitman."

"If an S and an I and an O and a U  
With an X at the end spells su;  
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,  
Pray what is a speller to do?

Then if also an S and an I and a G  
And an H, E, D, spell side.

There's nothing much left for a speller to  
do

But go and commit souixeye sighed."  
—Ex.



## Kappa Gamma.

At a recent meeting of the Kappa Gamma the plan of meetings was changed in order to accommodate town girls. Hereafter one literary program will be held at 4:00 o'clock on the second Thursday of each month, and on the Saturday two weeks later the girls plan to spend a purely social evening.

The following girls have been elected officers for the spring term: President, Reta Willert; vice president, Olive Christopherson; secretary, Clara Young; treasurer, Edith Ware; critic, Genevieve Wilcox.

One of the best programs of the year

was given Thursday, April 15, in the Residence. The general theme was "The Short Story of the Present Day," and was presented as follows:

"The Development of the American Short Story," Ethel Strout.

Reading, "My Favorite Short Story," Pearla Robbins.

"Facts About Edith Wharton," Laetitia Clark.

Reading, "Burial on Pyramid," Frances Lackey.

Reading, "Story Story by Edith Wharton," Joy Hillis.

Current Events, Lillian Fleet.

Critic's Report, Genevieve Wilcox.

# Personals

JESSIE LAWALL, Editor



## Wanted to Know if

Miss Moore's pet ailment is Fitz?

Miss Wall's appearance is Young?

Miss Hunter's weapon is a Pyke?

Miss Ross' maxim is "grin and Barret?"

Miss Stinebourne's knowledge of Latin includes "hoc" (Hoke)?

Phipps (in first year Latin): "Flanigan, decline the active subjunctives of amo."

Flanigan: "Amen."

Joe T.: "Say, Paul, who was Pentecost, anyway?"

Paul: "What's that?"

J. T.: "Wasn't Pentecost some relation to Passover? I get those Bible fellows so mixed."

Slim McDonnell: "Brains will tell in the end."

Miss Harms: "Then I guess there is no danger of you ever betraying a secret."

Pyke: "Small things amuse small minds."

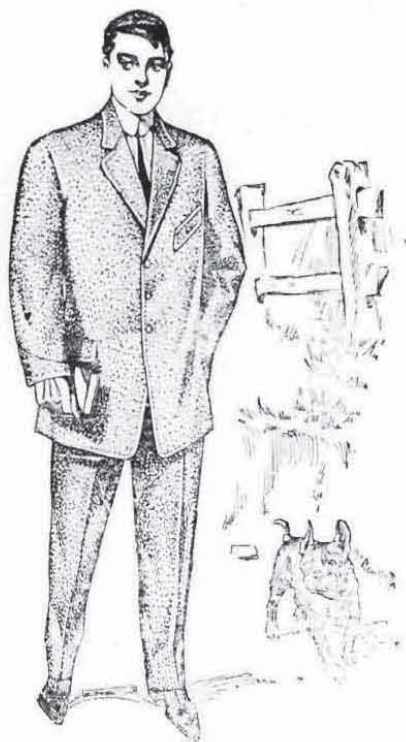
Helma: "Oh, you horrid thing!"

We rather think the joke was on Pyke.

Willie Hegg (translating German): "The women still take care of me."

F. B.: "You don't look it."

Mr. Everett (in Freshman Latin): "Do we take both Odes and Episodes in Horace this year, Professor?"



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A U. P. S. Girl (visiting Whitworth):  
 "Yes, Clara's hair is a lovely shade of Maroon."

Mr. Kinkade (addressing Miss Young):  
 "Oh, Miss Nicholson——"

Prof. Hewitt had explained the various kinds of aphasia in the Physiology, then asked a question about the lesson.

Student: "I know it, but I can't express it."

Prof. H.: "I guess you have an attack of evasia."

Phipps (after ball game): "Miss Wall, why haven't you your lessons? Young has his."

Two girls walking from Erwin, and seeing a clay pipe on end down in the ground—

B. A.: "Look! Is that for ventilation?"

H. B.: "Yes, for the ventilation of China."

To A. W.: "Stay Young and keep Young."

Pyke (in Commercial Law): "What is the law with regard to marriage before a person is of age?"

Sufferin' Cornelius! Are we going to have another elopement?

Little-Willie-Hegg-of-Sedro-Woolley was out walking with a GIRL the other day, and he is going to speak to her the next time he meets her, too—if he can't help it.

Elsie G. (discussing eye in Physiology): "Some people are able to close one eye without the other."

Elsie's college education is doing her some good, isn't it?

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The Coach prefers bonfires for two.  
And Sarah dropped her tooth brush down the well.

Ask Duff about his "big brother Sylvest."

Ethel: "There, don't move; that will be the cutest picture!"

The Coach is a land-lubber, all right; he forgot about the tide, and lost his boat while crabbing on Mosquito Island.

Phipps: "You girls use an awful lot of butter; don't you know butter costs money?"

And Henry thought he had to climb the roof to get upstairs. But Tish took it out of Mr. Rueber for that joke.

Phipps (in Latin): "I so love the country that I always spend most of the summer there."

Ethel S.: "I see where I go to the country this summer."

K. G.: "What did you do this vacation, Joe?"

Joe T.: "Oh, I stayed home most of the time. We have a new hired girl and she's a peach."



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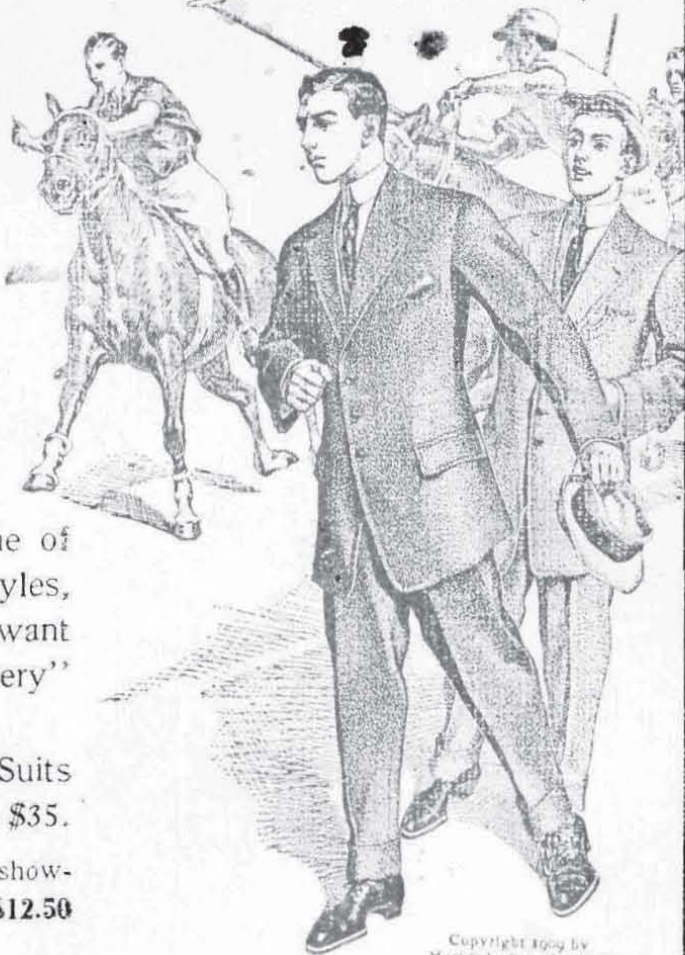
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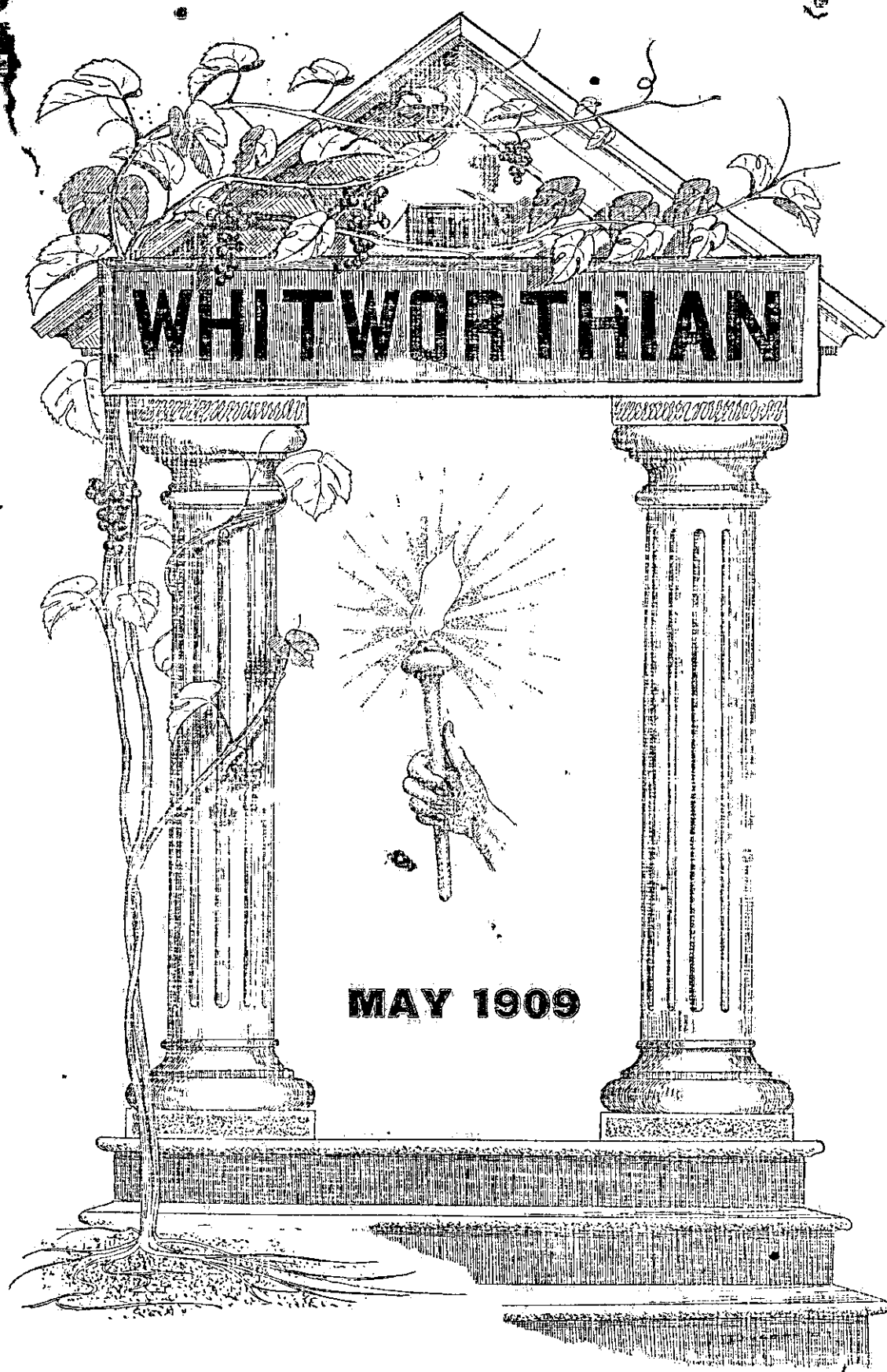
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## The Whitworthian for May

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# THE WHITWORTHIAN

Issued by the Students of Whitworth College

Volume V

TACOMA, WASH., MAY 1909

Number 6

## Thirteen the Lucky Number.

It was the day before the annual Junior party for the Seniors at Carlton College. Six Junior girls were gathered in Sara Leslie's room discussing the coming event. Suddenly the seventh girl, Bessie Hammond, rushed in looking very downhearted and as tho she had lost her last friend.

Sinking down on one end of the couch, she almost sobbed out: "Girls, what will I do? I simply can't go to the party now at all. It's just horrid that we have only thirteen in our class, and that the Seniors have an even number, too."

Sara, laughingly said: "I thought you were thinking it so fine a few days ago that there were only thirteen."

"You horrid thing! You know I can't go, and you say that just to tantalize me," answered Bessie, sharply.

"You must go, Bessie," said Sara, emphatically, suddenly changing her tactics. "We can't get along without you. You've planned it all and what will the program be without you to be mistress of ceremonies? And then, we must have your solo."

"So far as the solo goes, that can be omitted. Do you think I'm going to be the only one without a fellow? Well, I guess not," and Bessie flourished out of the room, head in the air.

After the door was closed, Sara turned to the girls. "Well, what can we do? This certainly is a great mix-up. She has planned the whole affair, coupled everyone off, and only a week ago was afraid she'd have two boys on her hands," laughed Sara as she moved uneasily around the room.

"And now what, Sara?" asked Charlotte Barnes. "I thought she expected a friend from her home to be here to go with her. I know she turned one fellow down, because she said she had company."

"Well, she did expect someone," slowly began Sara. "Yesterday she received a letter saying that her cousin, Charles Maynard, is very sick and will not be able to be here for the party. He lives at her home and is just like a big brother, you know."

"What's the matter with the second one? Do tell us quick," said May Southern, impatiently, who was down among the cushions on the couch.

"Oh," laughed Sara, "he's that fellow she got acquainted with at the beach last summer. Haven't you heard her talk of George Willis?"

"Oh, yes; he's the fine looking chap whose picture is on her dressing-table," said Charlotte.

"Is he sick, too?" asked May.

"I don't know. This morning Bess got a telegram from him saying that he was awfully sorry that it was impossible to come."

"Great position to be in, isn't it?" said May, disdainfully.

"Now, Mayze, if Dick hadn't asked you, you might have been beauless," said Charlotte.

"Well, I didn't turn him down like Bess did Carl," answered May.

Turning toward the girls Charlotte said: "What are we to do, girls? Bessie must go. The success of the evening rests upon her. Hasn't she some friend she can ask on short notice?"

"I have an idea," said Sara, as tho she hadn't had any lately. "Do you remember Phil Bartlett, who was in our Freshman class, May? Well, he was Bess' steady that year, and she has been with him every time she's been at the U lately."

"She had a quarrel with him Easter vacation, when she was there. She won't speak to—"

"Phil Bartlett?" broke in Charlotte. "He's my cousin's room-mate at the U. Come to think of it, I heard Jim say two weeks ago that Phil had a girl at Carlton whom he liked very much, but who 'was on her ear' at him, to quote Jim."

"Yes, and Bess is sorry she acted so horrid to him, but she won't tell him so," said May.

"I have it, girls," cried Sara, joyfully. "One of us, as Bess, will call Phil up over the long distance and ask him if he can come."

"Oh, jolly," said May, crawling out from among the cushions; "let me do it? I can mimic Bess's voice to perfection."

"All right, you may do it," said Sara. "Tell him to call at 8 o'clock sharp, Friday evening. Now, don't give yourself away, May," warned Sara, as May flew to the matron's office to phone.

The girls waited in suspense while she was gone. What if he wasn't there? What if he had an other engagement and couldn't come? What then could they do? Bess wouldn't go with a Freshie or a Soph. This was their last resort.

May came into the room while they were still thinking reasons for his not coming.

"He's coming, girls; he's coming," sang out May as she banged the door. "He said he'd be delighted to be present at the party given by his old class."

"Now, girls, how'll we manage to get Bess to go?" asked Sara, anxiously. "If she knows Phil is coming she'll have a sick headache sure, like she had last Sunday when Carl Brady came to take her out in his new auto."

"Leave that to me, girls. I'll get her to go," said Sue Hyman. Bess' room-ma'e, who had been sitting quietly in a corner.

"All right, Sue, we'll let you manage her. She'll never suspect you of doing anything of the kind."

After dinner on the night of the party, Sue hurried to her room, where she found Bessie trying to read a book, but looking very down-hearted.

"What do you think, Bess," exclaimed Sue, rather excitedly. "I just received word that father will be here this evening on the seven o'clock train. How stupid of him when he knows it's the night of the party."

Bessie's face brightened as tho she had a happy thought, and then fell.

Sue went on rather nervously, "I suppose father will have to go, but I wish he had chosen some other time for his visit." Then, turning suddenly to Bessie, said. "You can go now, Bess. I'll go call up Carl and tell him the circumstances. He'll immediately propose talking you, for he felt awfully hurt to think you wouldn't go with us. Oh, won't that be jolly?" exclaimed Sue, embracing Bess.

Bessie's face clouded. "No, sir, Miss Sue, you needn't think I'll go with Carl Brady. But," more cheerfully, "I'll go with your father. He's capital company."

So it was decided that Bessie would go with Sue's father. Sara came in and was greeted by Bessie with, "O, I'm going, going, Sara. Sue's father is coming. Isn't that lucky?"

Sara was "so glad," and hurried to tell the other girls who were all dressing for the party.

A few minutes before eight Sue was called to the parlor. She was all ready to go, so hurried down to meet her father—who wasn't there.

Passing Phil Bartlett and several others in the reception hall, she skipped out with Carl Brady, who was waiting for her.

In a short time the other girls went down. As they were descending the steps, Bessie saw Phil Bartlett waiting with the other fellows, but no Sue, nor Sue's father. What was she to do?

Before she could solve the problem, Phil stepped up to her with some pleasant greeting, took her arm and marched off with her. She hardly knew what was happening, it had come upon her so suddenly. Phil Bartlett of all fellows! How did he get here and where was Sue's father. Phil must be sorry for his actions a month ago. There were some of the thoughts that ran thru Bessie's mind on her way to Potter's Hall, where the party was to be held.

What was Phil saying? O, yes, boating was lovely. She wished she could go on the lake canoeing soon. Would she go with Phil tomorrow? Certainly she would be delighted. So the engagement was made for Saturday afternoon.

After all the guests had arrived, Bessie hunted up Sue and demanded an explanation. Sue said that it would take too long. She'd have to wait till after the party,

when all the girls were to meet in their room.

Bessie was surrounded by her many admirers all evening. She was jolly and chatted with such ease and grace that all wished to be near her. The program was very entertaining and Bessie sang in her most charming manner when her number came.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Junior girls were gathered around the open grate in Sue's and Bessie's room after the party.

Now girls, tell me quick. You know I'm dying of curiosity," exclaimed Bessie.

Sara then told her how they carried out their plan of getting Phil, and then Sue told the rest.

"We were just fearfully afraid that you'd find out and wouldn't go," said May. "And then we'd have had Phil on our hands anyway."

"Girls, this is rich," said Bessie. "I don't think thirteen is unlucky any more. You don't know how I appreciate what you've done for me, for I don't know when I've had such a jolly time. I never would have thought Sue's father was not down in the parlor. I—you girls!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Glorious, isn't it, Bess? Just like it used to be when we were Freshies," exclaimed Phil the next afternoon, as he and Bessie went skimming along the lake in a canoe.

"Freshie," laughed Bess. "Last night for a moment I felt as green as we represent them to be."

"What about?" asked Phil, surprised.

They were in their old spot now, under some overhanging willow trees, near the shore. Bessie told him of the trick played on her, and how his blissful ignorance of it carried the day.

Phil laughed heartily, and then asked,

rather seriously, "Are you sorry my coming was unknown to you?" it is to be friends again."

"Aye, and more than friends," Phil

"No, Phil, I should say not. How good answered softly.

L. M. '11.



### ACT NOW !

Act Now—don't wait for chance or fate  
To bring the prize;  
Seize now the rope, that's held by Hope,  
And Realize.

Climb high—don't stop, there's room on  
top,  
Where eagles fly;  
Above the mass and doubting class,  
Great honors lie.

Don't cringe— don't flinch, should fortune pinch,  
And all seem lost;  
With might and main, TRY, TRY again,  
At any cost.

Fight on; don't yield life's battlefield  
To friend or foe;  
Press to the front; receive the brunt,  
And strike the blow.

Be brave, be true, in all you do;  
Hold honor high.  
Be sure you're right, then force the fight  
And win or die. —Munyon.

## An Auto Idyll.

Miss Patricia Stone came riding down the woodroad in her automobile. Her chauffeur was driving, not that Miss Patricia could not do it, but because she did not except when wishing excitement. Her garb and accoutrements proclaimed that she was on her way to one of the trout streams. As they came around a woody bend they saw a young man standing beside the road. This was Mr. G. Chauncey Cecil St. John, of London, visiting the States. He was tall and lank, with a shallow face and a dispirited yellow moustache; withal he sported a monocle and an ingratiating smile. When the young lady first saw him she was slightly annoyed; then her face cleared and she said with a smile, as the motor came to a halt before him: "Why, how do you do, Mr. St. John?"

He looked up with his best smile. "Miss Stone, how delightful! My word, I am most pleased to see you. You see, these woods, don't you know, are so confusing, nothing like them at home, you know, that I was really quite unable to proceed farther."

"Won't you ride on with me, Mr. St. John?"

"Why, really, you are too kind. Why, I should be delighted, don't you know?"

"Very well," said Miss Patricia. "Morgan, you may sit in the rumble. Mr. St. John, sit by me and I will drive."

Morgan got out with an inward chuckle, climbed into the rumble and sat firmly down, holding on to both sides. Meanwhile, Mr. G. Chauncey Cecil St. John scrambled up beside Patricia. Miss Stone

had a great and powerful attraction for Mr. G. Chauncey, both for her beauty and capability (for Cecil had neither) and the millions to which she was heiress. But of course the money had no attraction for him, he said to himself. When everyone was seated, Miss Patricia said:

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, indeed. So kind—"

But the wind blew away the rest of his sentence along with his hat. It was a new hat and quite stylish. But he had no time to deplore its loss, for if the start had been violent it became ten times worse. The car sprang ahead with lightning speed, then turned into another road with a lurch that brought a small squeal from St. John. This road proved to be corduroy, and Mr. G. Chauncey would have sworn that he bounced two feet up every time without touching the seat between. His monocle waved at the end of its cord and his green kid gloves were ripped with futile grabs at the seat, whenever he was anywhere near it. Finally, after rushing helter-skelter through a shallow stream, the road lay clear and smooth before them. Miss Patricia slackened her pace a little.

"Now, she said, 'we can begin to go a little."

A gasp came from the crumpled figure by her side. He had not thought it loitering before.

"Now for a little spin," she cried, and away they went. The bouncing had been bad, but this steady rush took his breath away. Just then, seeing a stump in the middle of the road, Miss Patricia dodged it with a curve that brought the long-

suffering motor around on two wheels. St. John was beyond gasping, but he turned pale. The car righted itself with a thump and shot on. Right ahead was a deep valley with steep sides. Chauncey braced himself. The car dropped away from under him with a sickening swoop, and he clutched at the seat with desperate hands. Then they made a sharp turn and came to a standstill. Miss Patricia spoke crisply and cheerfully:

"There, we have had a nice little run, and we will fish a while before we return." She was calmly unconscious of his crushed and cowed condition. "Morgan, give Mr. St. John a rod."

St. John pulled himself together, and by the time the rods were prepared he was almost cheerful again.

"Come on," said Miss Stone, "there is a good riffle," and she waded out. St. John started to follow, but the water was too cold and wet.

"My word," he exclaimed, "it's cold! I must fix up my flies." He scrambled out onto the bank, while the lady went scornfully on. She cast a few times in the

stream, then went up on the other bank over a deep hole. Just as she got there the bank gave way and she fell into the water. Mr. G. Chauncey Cecil St. John stood with open mouth, but luckily Morgan, the chauffeur, was braver, so he sprang in and pulled her ashore. She was somewhat annoyed, for this was entirely unpremeditated. She looked St. John over and said acidly:

"Saw her nose above the water,  
Making bubbles nice and fine,  
But, alas! I was no swimmer,  
So I lost my Clementine."

"I think that we had better start for home."

Going back Mr. St. John sat in the rumble, the chauffeur drove and Miss Patricia Stone sat wrapped in her overcoat. When they reached the hotel, Mr. St. John excused himself hastily and went to his room. Miss Patricia looked over the machine.

"It's in rather bad shape; one tire punctured and other things wrong, and I'm rather damp; but it's cheap at the price."

JEAN DALE.





# 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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In these days of questioning and unrest, when parties make charges and counter-charges of wrong-doing, poor judgment, and impudence, with equal vehemence and positiveness, the question naturally arises: What is right and who is the criterion of right? What are that person's qualifications, what are the credentials, and by whom are they approved? The action of young people particularly is subject to criticism as examples of dire incapacity. The question then arises, Are the youth of our country devoid of all sense of right? or is the sense of right acquired with age? It may be said that those who stand opposed to the free exercise of individual judgment by young people will hold that age insures correct judgment and that no matter how defective a person's judgment once was, age corrects this. Their attitude is, "Look at me; I am older in years, superior in learning and intellect. I inherited a judgment naturally more keen than yours and now improved by experience. I know what the right is. But you, why you are a mere youth with years varying from sixteen to twenty-six. You are only a Freshman or a Senior, and altho you may be the finished product of four years of our effort, you are being sent out into the world totally incapable of discriminating between right and wrong." At least such is the construction that must be put upon an attitude that says, "You are all wrong, all wrong."

Standing upon the inheritance of our forefathers, through whose veins coursed the spirit of liberty, exhibiting the same faith that caused the young men of our country to sacrifice their lives for this nation, first in the days of the Revolution, and then in those most trying days of the Civil War, we must say, with all the vehemence of our youthfulness, that we believe in ourselves, we believe that we are capable, that we are brave, that we will be noble and patriotic, and that when our elders shall pass from the field of activity, we will be able to carry on the work of the nation.

Ours is a work of faith and courage, blessed by inexperience, of rushing in and carrying along by our very impetus a task that older heads may shirk because they are afraid to fail, because experience has undermined their courage and they are

afraid to fail again. But not only is this faith in the young necessary to the young, it is equally necessary to the old; for otherwise with the passing of these same older heads, what a calamity would fall on our land left in the hands of weaklings. What sorrow must constantly attend our fathers, if they are in any sense patriotic, as they see the country surely moving under the influence of foolish youths. Or is this equipoise of judgment like a coat to the donned whole, entire, when we, altho now irresponsible and foolish, arrive at some certain age?

After all, the question of right is still a question of right to be solved by an intelligent exercise of our own powers; but the question is a personal one between the God of our fathers and ourselves.



As the end of the college year is drawing close, examination time is likewise nearing. We all can realize that the numberless duties of our "college course" have sadly interfered with our studies this spring; and that were the finals to begin tomorrow, many of us would be sitting up "early" tonight in preparation for this culminating event of the year. Then, as the wee sma' hours grow smaller and smaller, would we not waste many of the last precious moments in vain regretting that we had cut so many classes and had kept so many social engagements instead of preparing our lessons day by day?

But when you have read thru your Whitworthian to this department, as doubtless you always do, don't let this warning send you to the depths of despair. For this is only a warning. Three weeks are left before the finals begin, and many little paths of consciousness can be traced thru your cerebral hemispheres in that time. So remember, the next time you have a new novel, just out, and a box of chocolates, that your Philosophy or English isn't prepared, and that chocolates will leave you with a headache, and refrain. But should you continue in the downward path to destruction, we have warned you and can justly wash our hands of your fate. Indeed, we will be entitled to say, "I told you so."



The attention of the students should be called to the fact that an annual prize is offered at Whitworth for the best essay on a subject chosen by the Faculty and submitted to them. The subject is announced March 1st, and this year is, "The Conservation of Our National Resources." Too few Whitworth students have taken advantage of this opportunity in years past, and from present reports there will be a prize apiece for the contestants this year.

The privilege of submitting an essay is open to all college students. No harm can possibly be done by an attempt; the subjects chosen are always those on which people should be informed, and the practice in composition can only be a benefit. Let us hope that next year more than two or three will begin to work early in the spring and make the honor of winning this prize worth working for.



## The Athletics of the Ancient Greeks.

In view of the recent opening of the new Y. M. C. A. gymnasium in this city, the building of a High School stadium, the proposed intercollegiate contests at the A.-Y.-P. Exposition, and a report that San Francisco intends to ask for the next Olympic games, it may not be amiss to call attention once more to the place occupied by athletics in the life of the Greeks of the classical period.

The Greek has been the schoolmaster of the world in many lines of science, art and literature. The genius of that gifted people bequeathed to us no inconsiderable share of our civilization. Not only various forms of our intellectual inheritance, but, what is even more important, many of the vivifying ideas that stimulate human society can be traced back to Greece. So our athletics, both the name and in no small measure the forms and spirit, are derived from Greece.

Undoubtedly our scientific age has greatly improved upon the Greek athletics in some ways. A modern well-equipped gymnasium contains much finer apparatus than the old Greek wrestling schools ever saw. We can have expert medical examination and treatment. We may pity the old Greek for not possessing the regulation baseball and bat, and not knowing the delightful thrill of our national game. On the other hand, he might, were he here, reproach us for caring more for excitement than beneficial physical results. And it is an open question whether he would approve of undeveloped youths of the high school age engaging in the violent, hazardous sport of American football.

The Athenian lad was instructed in school in three branches—gymnastics, music and literature, including writing and reading. After the fourth century B. C. some mathematics was also taught. Foreign languages were not studied and science was undeveloped. Thus it will be seen that gymnastics constituted a large part of Greek education, were universally and systematically taught, and not crowded in after a day's work of intellectual study. The exercises usually performed were running, jumping, wrestling, throwing the discus, and those of a warlike nature, as throwing the dart and handling the sword. The aim was to train and systematically develop the whole body, and to teach self-control and moderation. This systematic and universal physical training, combining play and work, lasting a dozen years, and pursued with direct reference to its moral as well as physical benefit's still has its lessons for us.

Many local athletic meets were held throughout Greece and some of these were combined with musical and literary entertainments. The greatest of these festivals was held every four years in mid-summer at Olympia and lasted five days. All free Greeks, properly qualified in body and in character, were allowed to participate in the games, but the entries had to be made ten months previous. As centuries went by, new events were added and the festival increased in magnificence. Besides the ordinary stadium contests, the events included various chariot races, which took place in a hippodrome. Large crowds attended from the entire Greek

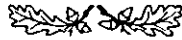
world, and all the great men of Greece visited Olympia. The first day of the festival was one of administering oaths, of sacrifices, processions, drawing of lots, and prayer to Zeus, in whose honor the games were instituted. The last day was one of awards, sacrifices and banquets.

It is worthy of notice that these ancient games had a religious aspect and called for rigid requirements as to moral character and high standing. Only those who fulfilled these requirements could compete for the prize—the ivy wreath of the Isthmian games, the parsley chaplet of the Nemean games or the olive crown

of Olympia. Says Professor Gildersleeve, "It was this spirit that victory was a token of the favor of the gods and that the games were haloed that makes the difference between ancient and modern athleticism, between Diagoras, their leading boxer, and James Corbett. It was this spirit that taught the Greek that the body must be more than a tabernacle; it must be a temple."

When we cease to divorce religion from everyday life, when we learn to "do all to the glory of God," we shall approach nearer the idea of athletics as exemplified by the ancient Greeks.

L. R. HIGGINS.



## Y. M. C. A.

On Saturday and Sunday, May 15 and 16th, a delegation from Whitworth went to Burton to attend a conference composed of the officers of the Puget Sound College Associations. Dean McKay was one of the speakers and a very helpful meeting was held.

At the regular meeting May 5th, the Association was addressed by Arn S. Allen, General Secretary of the Seattle Association, and Mr. Douthitt, Physical Director of the same Association. Mr. Douthitt presented the physical directorship as a life work, telling of the large field for this kind of work now opening up, not only in the Y. M. C. A. but also in schools and colleges and in city playground work. Mr. Allen followed with a stirring address on the opportunities for good in the position of General Secretary.

The Bible Training Class is now fairly started. The purpose of this class is to train leaders for next year's Bible classes in the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Miller, of the Tacoma City Association, is the leader, and ten or twelve men have already enrolled, so there will be plenty of material for leaders next year.

Mr. Seaman, Pacific Coast Student Secretary, visited the college May 9th in the interests of the Northwest Student Conference, which will be held at Columbia Beach, Oregon, June 19th to 27th. This Conference is the opportunity of a lifetime to come into touch with the strongest men of all the institutions in the Northwest as well as to spend a delightful vacation on the shore of the Pacific. Whitworth should send a large delegation. Not only members of the Y. M. C. A. but all men in the institution should attend.



Joe Turner, Editor

**BASEBALL.****Whitworth vs. Puyallup High.**

Pursued by a streak of hard luck, our nine lost to Puyallup by a score of 8-4. Three home runs by Turner, Tanner and Doud, but in no case did the swat count for more than one.

**U. of W. 12, Whitworth 1.**

On April 23, before a crowd of about 25 on the U. of W. campus, the team received the worst drubbing of the season. The one-sided score was largely due to Clark, the crack U. of W. pitcher, who has won several games from the Seattle league team. He allowed Whitworth but four scattered hits, two to Reuber and one each to Pyke and Barret. The U. of W. team backed him up well. On the other hand, our team had a bad slump. Several costly errors let in runs. McReavy gave the Seattle aggregation only nine hits, but at times was wild. The line-up:

Whitworth—Tanner, c; McReavy, p; Paul, 1b; Pyke, 2b; Barret, 3b; Turner, ss; Reuber, lf; Doud, cf; Silver, Sherrod, rf.

U. of W.—Taylor, c; Clark, p; Moullen, 1b; Lockwood, 2b; Brown, 3b; Mochhit, ss; Hicking, lf; Million, cf; Coyle, Stewart, rf.

**Whitworth 10, U. P. S. 5.**

This victory against the Methodists on

their own field made up for a multitude of defeats. Whitworth was there to win. Altho several errors were made, they usually were not costly. Everyone was hitting well, and, what was better, our 15 hits came in bunches and in connection with U. P. S. errors. The individual star of the occasion was Reuber, whose great one-handed running catch cut off two runs in the ninth inning. McReavy in addition to pitching a steady game walloped out a home run. The line-up:

Whitworth—Tanner, c; McReavy, p; Paul, 1b; Pyke, 2b; Barret, 3b; Turner, ss; Hazelet, lf; Reuber, cf; Sherrod, rf.

U. P. S.—Haw, c; Watkins, p; Case, 1b; Anderson, 2b; Culberson, 3b; Warren, ss; Gordan, lf; Kraus, cf; Decker, rf.

**S. B. C. 6, Whitworth 3.**

Our second game with the State Business College, altho a defeat, was well played. A couple of bade errors and several close decisions by the umpire practically gave the game to the business school. Newton and Campbell, battery for our opponents, played an exceptionally good game.

**T. H. S. Seniors vs. Whitworth.**

In this practice game, in which only seven of the first team and the coach took part, the Whitworth eight won by the narrow margin 7-6. The features were

the Whitworth batting rally in the eighth inning, and the coach's successful attempt to cover the whole outfield.

#### **Steilacoom vs. Whitworth.**

The second game with the "Bugs" at the Asylum grounds, Whitworth lost by the close score of 10-8. In the seventh inning the game was ours, 7-4, but in their next time at bat Steilacoom made six runs. A close decision by the umpire, a couple of hits and poor fielding contributed to lose the game for us in this inning.

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#### **Faculty 11, Red Mikes 10.**

The most interesting game of the season from a spectator's viewpoint was the one pulled off between the Faculty and the Red Mikes, a well known local organization. The brilliant lights on the Faculty team were the Dean, who gave a remarkable exhibition as a base runner; Prof. Hewitt, who used his shins to advantage in stopping the ball; Prof. Higgins, who got a home run (contributory negligence on the part of the R. M.'s), and Prof. Beardsley, heavy hitter. Coach Reuber in the box, Paul as catcher, Fox at first and Phipps at short, did very little, al-

though, to their justification, it must be casually mentioned that between them they made all the put-outs and got all but one of the hits. In criticism of the Red Mikes, we may say there were only two things the matter with them—first, Reuber in the box for the Faculty; second, lack of practice. The line-up:

Faculty—Paul, c; Reuber, p; Fox, 1b; Higgins, 2b; Hewitt, 3b; Phipps, ss; Beardsley, 1f; Edwards, cf; McKay, Roe, rf.

Red Mikes—Ghornley, c; Bradway, McDowell, p; Longstreth, 1b; J. Scott, 2b; Kennedy, 3b; Turner, ss; Bradway, McDowell, 1f; Duff, cf; A. Scott, rf.

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#### **TENNIS.**

There has developed exceptionally great interest in tennis this spring. Since the organization of the club, with Paul and Pulford as president and treasurer respectively, three courts have been fixed up, and these are in use every afternoon.

The recent try-out of candidates for the tournament at the U. of W., May 15, has resulted in the victory of Sawyer and Pulford.

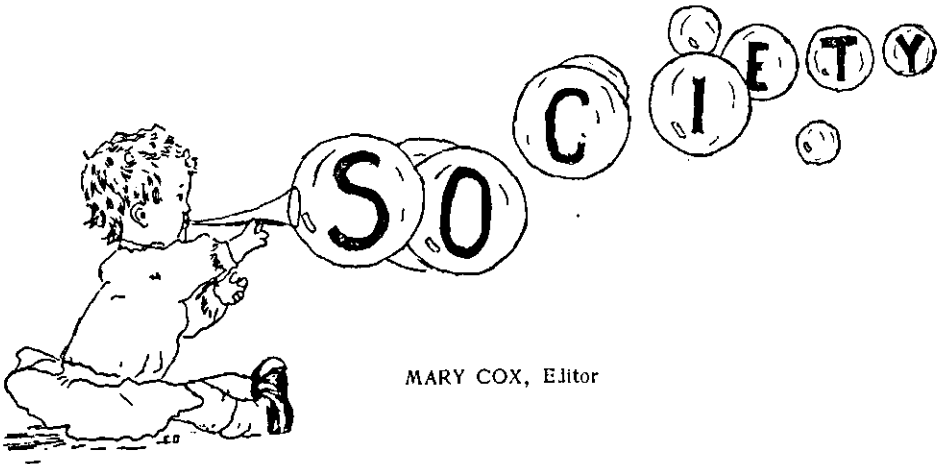


#### **COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.**

Miss Sara Thomas has been out a few days on account of illness.

Mr. Donald McInnis, from Port Angeles, is a new student in the Commercial department this month. He is taking the Bookkeeping course.

The advanced Stenography class has just completed a three weeks' set of Office Practice Work. This practical work, altho hard, has been enjoyed by those taking it. It is a new addition to this course and has proved very successful.



MARY COX, Editor

The social life of the college has been rather quiet of late, due to the fact that everyone, and especially the Seniors, are busy with preparations for the gayeties of Commencement week.

The chief social event of the month was the annual Kappa Gamma party, given on the first day of May in the college gymnasium. The great room was made very attractive with small fir trees, cozy couches and Oriental rugs. Dog-wood blossoms were used effectively as floral decorations, and in the center of the room was the May Pole, from the top of which hung long gayly colored streamers.

A novel form of entertainment was provided by the silhouette portraits of the sorority girls, which were painted and hung about the room, the guests being required to guess the identity of each. Mr. Joseph Turner proved to be the prize winner. Following this Miss Mary Cox sang two May Day songs, "Life Was Made for Love" and "The Heart That Sings," and Miss Joy Hillis read a description of spring from "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

The prettiest feature of the evening's entertainment was the May Pole dance, given by sixteen of the girls, who made a dainty picture as they stepped off the old-

fashioned measure and wound the ribbons about the pole.

By popular choice Miss Alma Lesh was chosen Queen of the May, and, after being escorted to her throne by her sorority sisters, was crowned by the president, Miss Margaretta Willert. After this the Queen presided over the rest of the evening's amusements, which consisted in old-fashioned ring games. At a late hour dainty refreshments were served. About two hundred guests were present.

Miss Helen Brown left for her home in Valdez, Alaska, during the past month. On the eve of her departure for the North, a party was given in the Residence in her honor by a number of the younger students.

A large party of students attended the Mischea Ehlman recital on the evening of the 11th. After the concert they were entertained at supper by their chaperon, Mrs. Vienna Riedelsberger.

The many friends of Miss Elsie George will be sorry to hear that she has been obliged to leave college and return to her home in Sunnyside because of illness.



A marriage of great interest to the college students was that of Miss Luta Warren and Mr. George Elmore McMasters, which was solemnized at the home of the bride last month. Mr. McMasters graduated from the Civil Engineering department in the class of '07, and the bride was well known in college circles. Mr. and Mrs. McMasters are now at home at North Forty-first and Gove Streets.

There were about eighty present at the annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of Whitworth College, held at the Residence on Friday evening, May 7th. Mrs. Wilbur R. Todd, retiring president, presided, and after the reading of the reports officers were elected as follows: President, Mrs. J. A. Whitaker; secretary, Mrs. James Garvin; treasurer, Miss Clara Olds; vice presidents, Mrs. Balabanoff, First Presbyterian; Mrs. Ghormley, Bethany;

Mrs. Hoke, Calvary; Mrs. Rice, Immanuel; Mrs. Craig, Westminster; Mrs. Martin, Sprague Memorial; Mrs. Hoover, United Presbyterian.

After the business was concluded there was an interesting program, including selections by the College Orchestra, a violin solo by Mr. Morse, and cornet solo by Mr. MacDonell, with Miss Strange as accompanist. Recitations were given by Elizabeth Higgins, Cecilia McReavy, Margaret Riddle and James Roe, members of Miss Mearns' class in Expression. Then the Rev. Dr. McLeod gave a short address, which was listened to with pleasure. At the close of the program the ladies, assisted by four young ladies from the college, served frappe, and the guests lingered for a pleasant social time. The parlors were decorated effectively with dogwood and apple blossoms.



## Y. W. C. A.

Miss Joy Hillis led the meeting on the 21st of April. Her subject, "The Power of Prayer," was treated in a very interesting and helpful manner.

The meeting on April 28th was led by Miss Marguerite Maulsby. Her subject was "China." Various phases of the Chinese were discussed by Misses Lulu Martin, Bertha Amerman and Frances Lackey.

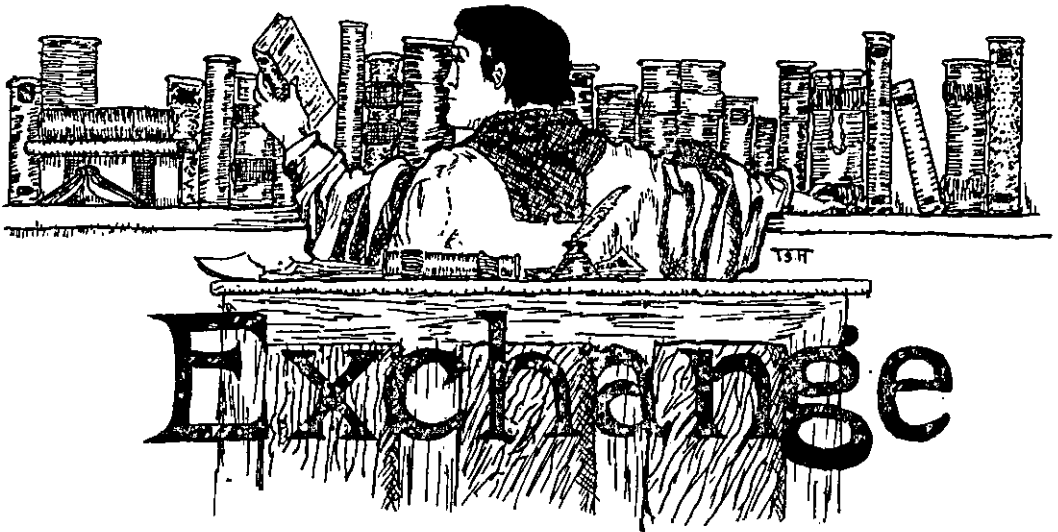
The Misses Virginia Evans and Bessie Gillam had charge of the meeting on May 5th. Their subject was, "The Work of

Fanny Crosby." A duet written by Fanny Crosby was sung by the Misses Edith Strange and Grace Dkyeman.

On May 12th the meeting was led by the Misses Helma Hunter, Hilda Bergman and Lulu Martin. Their subject was, "Lessons From Ruth, Job and Isaiah."

The Finance Committee recently held successful pie and cookie sales.

The chief work of Y. W. C. A. at this time is preparation for the Summer Conference.



RITA WILLERT, Exchange Editor.

A chair of Oriental subjects has been inaugurated just recently at the University of Washington. Dr. Gowan delivered the address on the theme, "Significance of the Orient to the State."

"Washington plays the first intercollegiate tennis match of the season Saturday with Whitworth College. The tournament will be played on the local courts, beginning at 10 o'clock. The strength of the collegians is not known definitely, but if reports are true the matches will be the fastest ever pulled off here."—Pacific Wave.

A Harvard graduate of the class of 1897 has given \$50,000 to the University to be used in salaries in the Department of History and Government. The aim is to improve the instruction of municipal government.—Ex.

In the month of April over three centuries ago, was born the greatest of all English poets, William Shakespeare. To the people of his time, Shakespeare was no genius, no divine prophet, whose utter-

ances should guide posterity. He was considered one of a large company of playwrights whose work was not out of the ordinary. Now, however, his works are considered the best in the English language and he is ranked as the greatest genius of English literature. His genius especially lies in his ability to understand and picture human nature.—Ex.

Teacher: "Now, Willie, which month has 28 days?"

Willie: "All of them."

"The Latin word for worst is pessimus, and the word for best is optimus. From these Latin adjectives we get the words optimist and pessimist. And these Latin meanings well describe. We all know the worst kind of people who are continually mourning about the nature of things and the dismal prospect. Then we all know the best kind of people who look upon everything in a cheerful and hopeful way. Pessimism is destructive, optimism is constructive. The world has no need of pessimists, but optimists are in demand."—Ex.

"The governor of Nebraska has vetoed the appropriation for a building for the State Historical Society on the University campus. His objection was that the amount was not large enough for completing the work and that all should be given or none."—Ex.

#### According to Physics .

"I believe Mrs. Henpeck would rather quarrel with her husband than with any one else."

"Decidedly! Force always seeks the line of least resistance."—Ex.



## Criterion.

The Criterion has had excellent programs this month, new life has been put into the society and most all the members are working hard to make the closing of our school year the best part of the society work.

All of the committees have taken special pride in trying to make their part of the work excel all other parts. This is what it takes to make a society; no president can make a society what it ought to be without the help of each committee.

The music committee is to be especially recommended for the work it has done in providing special music for each program.

At the next meeting the society decided to give a special program to the public on May 29. A special program committee was appointed, consisting of Miss Hilda

Burgman, Mr. R. S. Town and Miss Jennie D. Thurmond.

The debate of April 24 was characterized by special interest and preparation. The question was: "Resolved, That the United States should establish postal savings banks." Affirmative, Miss Lackey, Miss Arntson; negative, Mr. Kinkade, Mr. Whitworth. The decision of the judges was two to one in favor of the affirmative.

May 8 the program was as follows:

Piano duet, Misses Dykeman and Gilham.

Reading, Mr. Kinkade.

Vocal Solo, Miss Edith Strange.

Debate, "Resolved, That the future of the Eastern States is not greater than that of the Western States." Affirmative, Mr. Turner, Mr. Whitworth; negative, Miss Hilda Burgman, Mr. Douglas Johnson.

# Personals

JESSIE LAWALL, Editor

## Popular Songs and a Few Hymns.

"I Want Someone to Call Me Dearie."  
—Sherrod.

"Dreaming."—Fox.

"Why Girls Leave Home."—H. Rueber.

"Be Sweet to Me, Kid."—W. Douglas.

"I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark."  
—Coach.

"I Wish I Had a Girl."—Hegg.

"Tacoma" (South).—C. Douglas.

"No Wedding Bells for Mine."—Barrett.

"Because I'm Married Now."—E. Hoke.

"Saved by Grace" (Denman).—Morse.

"Harrigan" (hair-again).—Phipps.

"I'd Better Be a Lobster Than a Wise Guy."—McReavy.

"Meet Me in the Rose Time Florence"  
(Musard).—Flannigan.

"I'm a Poor Married Man."—Young.

"Honey Boy."—Major.

"Every Day is Ladies' Day With Me."  
—Bradway.

"I Picked a Lemon in the Garden of Love."—Kennedy.

"I Love the Last One Best of All."—Slim McDonnell.

"I'm But a Stranger Here."—Everett.

"All I Want Is Just a Little Fireside."  
—Paul.

"I'll Take the Leavings When You Get Through."—Guy.

"I Care Not for the Stars That Shine"  
(as long as there's no moon).—Whitworth.

"Waiting at the Church."—Rieman.

"I Love to Steal a While Away."—Fitz.

"Take Me As I Am."—Kinkade.

"Oh Gee! I'm Glad I'm Free."—Turner.

"I'm Awful Lonesome Tonight."—Henderson.

"Mary Had a Little Lamb."—Longstreth.

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Personal Ed.: "Joe, what is your favorite song?"

Joe T.: "Home, Sweet Home."

---

Mary C. (in Library): "Now, be quiet; I want to study."

---

E. S. to D. J.: "There was only one monkey in the Park while I was there. And the peacock was so pretty, it was spreading its foliage."

---

Senior to Junior: "Your class is all right as far as it goes, but you see it lacks boys."

Wm. Paul (interrupting): "I knew that one young lady lacked a boy, but I didn't know the whole class did."

---

Dr. Danner (in lecture): "And Whit-Sunday—"

Joe T.: "Which Sunday?"

Dr. D.: "Yes, Whit-Sunday!"

Joe T.: "Well, I don't know which Sunday; that's what I'm asking you."

Frances Beaven (as Edith leaves class room): "Oh, there goes the bell(e)!"

Frankie S. (in Latin): "His Eryies fines fraterni—Here is the end of brotherly Ergx."

Edith Ware: "I'm thinking."

Friend: "What for?"

E. W.: "Because I have to."

Dean McKay: "Corns are being harvested all over the country."

Professor: "Tell all you know about the Norman conquest."

Student: "I don't know Helma very well, Professor, but I'll inquire about her."

Pearla: "What have you been doing all morning?"

Dave: "I have been busy keeping malice out of my heart, but the little rascal keeps me busy."

Mr. Everett: "Edith—say there are lots of Ediths around here, aren't there? It's a fine name, all right."

Wanted—To know if Jesse Scott ever got anywhere on time?

E. W.: "Frances, did you write that story in the Whitworthian?"

Wm. Paul: "No, it was synonymous."

Look at it again; it's a pretty good joke.

Dr. Danner (calling roll): "Brother Amerman!"

Prof. B. (addressing K. I. G.): "Talk in a little more childish language. Be a child."

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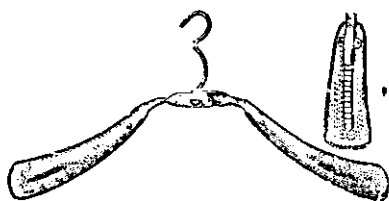
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E. St—ne (reciting in Bible and winking at H. S.)

Dr. D.: "Oh, can't you keep your eyes off these boys?"

Mr. Smith: "Whom are you talking about, Ellen?"

E. H.: "The handsomest man in college."

Mr. S.: "Oh, you mean Mr. Bradway."

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N. P. (reading in English): "I intend opening the chamnagne (campaign) with the white and gold."

Prof. Fox (in Trig. class): "All right, who has the first?"

Bright Student: "I have the second; is that the first?"

Prof. F.: "No, that's the second."

Dr. Roe: "What's the highest state of civilization?"

Edith W.: "Love."

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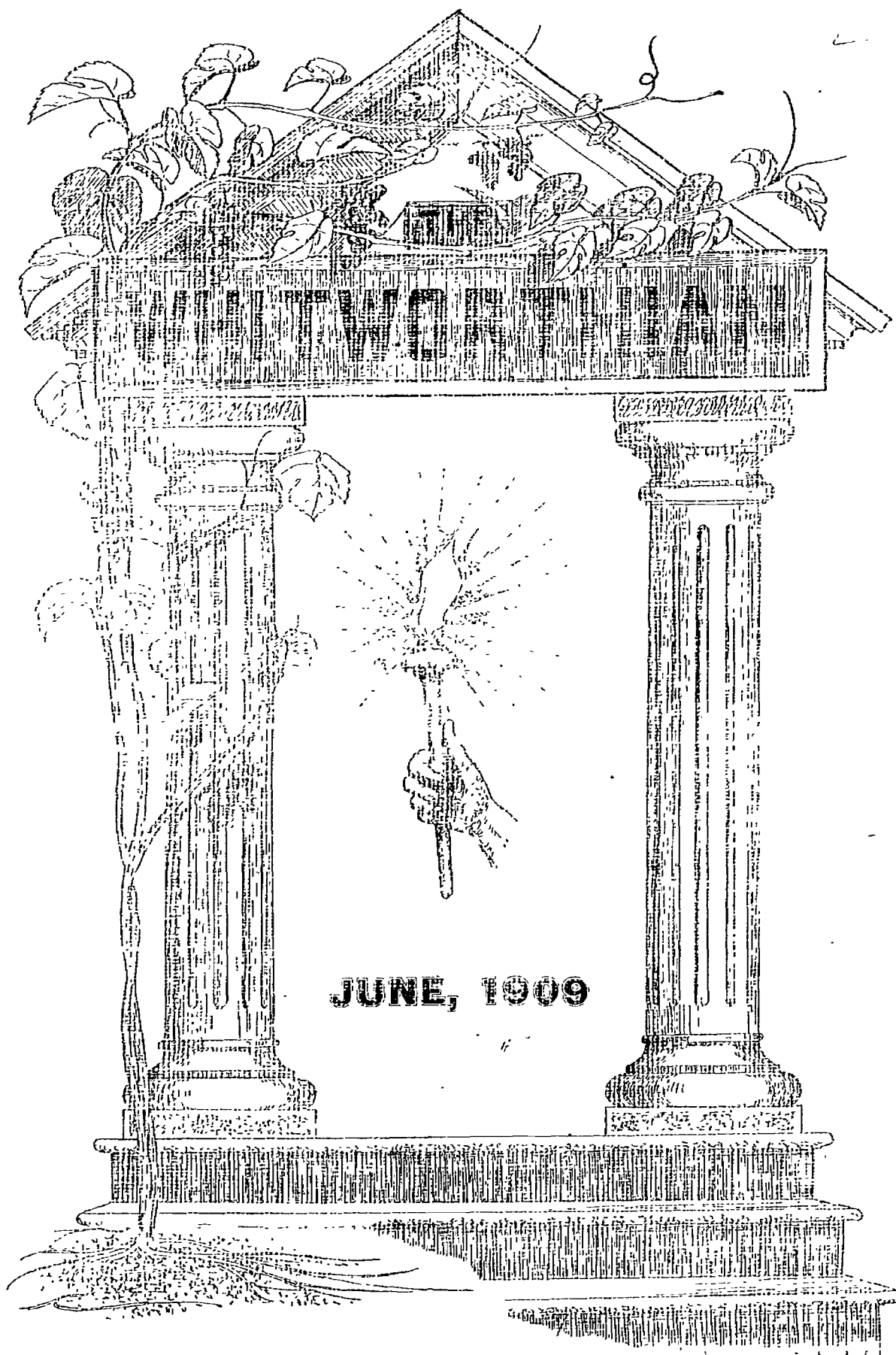
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## The Whitworthian for June

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When Buying Please Mention "The Whitworthian"

# THE WHITWORTHIAN

Issued by the Students of Whitworth College

Volume V

TACOMA, WASH., JUNE 1909

Number 7



DONALD D. McKAY, D. D.

We respectfully dedicate this issue to Donald D. McKay, our Dean, as a token of our regard for his high Christian character and gratitude for his deep and sincere interest in student life.

## THE CLASS OF '09



**Marguerita Willert**, Bachelor of Arts, Exchange Editor of the Whitworthian, member of the Kappa Gamma and Y. W. C. A. for four years. She is also a Hypnotist, but being modest in regard to her ability, disclaims all honor. And her strange thing about her is that she adores Englishmen. Well, everyone to her taste.



**Jessie K. La Wall**, Bachelor of Arts, member of Kappa Gamma and Y. W. C. A., Personal Editor of the Whitworthian and president of the Senior Class. She has an air of propriety, but her tastes are very erratic. Last year she developed an alarming fondness for the bookstore; this year it is the ten cent show; next year—the little Professor.



**David James Guy**, Bachelor of Science, for three years a member of the foot ball team. If you want a hearty laugh, just talk to him and you will laugh all right. He is the only Guy in the class and we got him from the Juniors. He is going to be a doctor, and with his ready wit and cheery manner he will help along many a patient to the "sweet bye and bye."

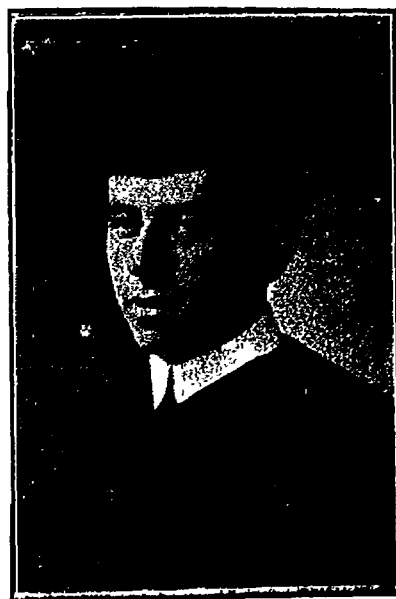
**Gertrude Rolleston**, Bachelor of Philosophy, graduate of Music and Normal Music Departments, member of Kappa Gamma and Secretary of the Students' Association. From her appearance you would never take her for a musician, for musicians are usually rather frousy. Still (let us whisper it) she is open to the charge of being a bit Doud-y, and if she doesn't mend her ways she is liable to be a Doud all her life. But she is well liked in spite of it and we wish her many successes.



**Joseph K. Turner**, Bachelor of Science, member one year each of base ball and basket ball teams, member of Criterion Literary Society, Athletic Editor of the Whitworthian. Some day when we hear of the famous Dr. Turner we will all be glad we once knew him. He is supposed to be a woman hater, but there is one sure route to his heart. If you wish to reach that destination just offer him a piece of pie and see if he doesn't prove susceptible.



**William Lewis Paul**, Bachelor of Arts, member of football and baseball teams for four years, basket ball two years, President of the Criterion Literary Society, and Literary Editor of the Whitworthian. He is a swell, at any rate, he has a lackey and that is more than any one else in the class has. He intends to be a D. D., but ministers are proverbially poor, so time must tell as to whether he can support this lackey all his life.





**Kenneth Irwin Ghormley**, Bachelor of Arts, member of the foot ball team two years, member of Criterion Literary Society and Y. M. C. A., Business Manager of the Whitworthian. Last year he successfully passed the Rhodes Scholarship examination. He doesn't present an especially infantile experience, although he is the baby of the class. Like all small boys he has an antipathy for girls, but there has been a marked improvement in his ways because he doesn't always grunt when one of the fair sex speaks to him.

**Edith C. Ware**, Ph. B., Member of Kappa Gamma and Y. W. C. A., for four years, also member of Criterion Literary Society one year. She is the silent member of the class for that is the only way she can preserve her dignity. She has one pronounced virtue and that is bravery, for she dared to enter the Political Economy class alone with eight boys.



**Mary C. Cox**, Bachelor of Arts, member of Kappa Gamma and Y. W. C. A., for four years and has served on the Whitworthian staff. The class owes to her the success of its four years of college life. She has been mother confessor to her classmates all this time and knows everything worth knowing. She has not decided whether she will be school teacher or a prima donna, but she will be successful whichever she is.





**Pearla M. Robbins**, Bachelor of Science, member of Kappa Gamma and Y. W. C. A. for four years, and Secreatry of the Students Association in '07. Should you ever be in the Residence and hear a bird like voice trilling "Would You Care?" you would immediately recognize the Robbins. She is the only girl in the class who can boast of a charming dimple in each cheek. She has made good use of them and we Know she will fulfill her chosen vocation successfully as the wife of an M. D.



**Palmer Kennedy**, Bachelor of Science, member of Criterion Literary Society, and of the Red Mike Society. Take notice of his big grey eyes for they are the admiration of every girl in the Junior class. It must have been because of them that a teacher once called on him to recite for "he had such a wise look." He intends to be a lawyer and his wise look will win for him many a case.



**Raphael S. Towne**, Bachelor of Philosophy, member of the Y. M. C. A. for four years. He is the most serious and earnest worker in the class. Perhaps that is because he is a married man and has been sobered down to the hard realities of life. He is going to be Sky Pilot and so continue his faithful work in the Y. M. C. A.





**Laetitia Clark**, Bachelor of Arts, member of Kappa Gamma and has served on the Whitworthian staff. She is a right smart girl and not afraid of any c-a-ow. By the tilt of her nose you can tell that has executive ability. She is ready to beard the lion in its den at any time.



**Mary Frances Beaven**, Bachelor of Philosophy, member of Kappa Gamma, has served on the Whitworthian staff. In its Sophomore year the class made this valuable acquisition. She came full of life and mischief, always ready for fun. When she reads that she will say: "Now you're shoutin'."



**Richard C. Doud**, Bachelor of Science, member of football and base ball teams four year, President of Students Association. He is just good old Doud whom everybody knows and likes. . If there is anything to be done, work or play, he is always there to do it. He doesn't believe in the sentimental "Woodman, spare that tree" for he is trying to make his fortune as a lumber king.

# 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.*

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Frances Lackey '10	Editor-in-Chief	Monroe Everett '11	} Ass't Business Managers
Kenneth Ghormley '09	Business Manager	Sidney Whitworth '11	

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Rita Willert '09	Exchange Editor	Jessie LaWall '09	Personal Editor
Joe Turner '09			Athletic Editor

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	Esther Metzger, Preparatory Department		
	Hilda Bergman	} Commercial Department	
	Raymond McDonald		

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The management of the Whitworthian wishes to take this means of thanking the students and advertisers who have helped to publish the paper this year, for their support. It is only through the generosity of our advertisers and the faithfulness of the editors and contributors that such a paper can be published, and as we leave the control in other hands, we wish for them the hearty co-operation of all concerned, which we have enjoyed the past year.

This has been a year of complexity, of work, of troubles and life struggles, all of which has its force in the building of character. But, as we are an aggregate of human beings, with the frailties of our order, we cannot without an absolute degree of absoluteness, catalog either our own position or that of those opposed to our way of thinking. What we can do is to compare it with those of some accepted standard.

We are blessed first with the opportunity of being in college, meeting other students who are impelled with a like desire to be taught, and also meeting teachers who are here because they are interested in the uplift of the young people of our land. The interest in the student is pre-supposed just as interest in any work is a condition for success. And yet, were we to hear anyone saying that he cares not a snap of the finger about them or what they think we should seriously question that person's interest. It is common knowledge that he should care, for it is through the bonds of sympathy that he must succeed in impressing the youth with his (or her, for that matter) own character. But of course, if it is not a very good character, if it is full of deceptions, revengeful purposes, sleuth-like practices of eaves-dropping, contradictory statements so as to assume all credit for righteousness and throw the blame of misdeeds elsewhere, no better guarantee can be given any student body for the integrity of its character than such a disregard for their thoughts and feelings.



SIDNEY WHITWORTH



FRANCES LACKEY



MONROE EVERETT

An autocratic method as a quality of leadership in a popular government never has been successful. The power of a Demosthenes is to be found in persuasion; the ascendancy of a Cicero is not to be found in an autocracy, but in a masterful appeal to the reason and sense of justice of common people; the strength of a Lincoln is not in bulldozing, but in his "malice toward none and charity for all"; the dominancy of a Roosevelt is to be found in a close sympathy with the common people.

Everywhere in history, we find the strength of great men, not in an ultra-critical attitude that proclaimed, "You do not agree with me, and so you are wrong, for I cannot possibly be. I, the unbiased son of a prejudiced race, created for these particular times, am the only one able and qualified to lead you to success." But we do find it in a sympathetic leadership that could stretch out the hand of brotherhood and softly mold, not painfully jar, the thoughts of passing time into sterling character.

We are privileged, as we study, either to become leaders or to be able to recognize the qualities of true leadership, to have the perfect example of Christ. We find Him summing up these qualities in this, "He that would be greatest of all must become the servant of all." Christ found His leadership in service, which pre-supposes sympathy. He found His work in loving and living for those whom He came to help, lead and serve. We can hardly suppose that He, the type of a perfect leader, would say: "I have no time to win your sympathy; My work is that larger one, at variance with your smaller one of self-interest, of financing the institution." No, because Christ would be broad enough to encompass both jobs.

Yet to those of our number who are graduating, we must say that it is not your inability to attain such a type as is laid down by Christ that will be blamed, but it will be for any lack of effort to try to attain it which may be noticed. The world is entitled to your best effort, and if you set yourself at variance with love, pointed out by Christ as the only means of conquering the world, you must fail to win the sympathies of the world, and certainly of your own company.



Commercial Faculty and Graduates

## COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Ray S. McDonald and Hilda Bergman, Editors

The Commercial School of Whitworth College has just completed its third year of work. These three years have been years of preparation in the securing of equipment and of placing everything on a firm basis. Under the able and skilful directorship of Mr. Edwards this department of the college is a complete success and will increase in size and usefulness as the years continue. For the past year the work has been so heavy that the services of an assistant have been necessary and we understand that next year another assistant is to devote his entire time to this department. There has been a very marked increase in attendance in the Commercial Department this year over that of

previous years.

Plans are under way for increasing the floor space to more than double that occupied at present. Under this plan the shorthand and typewriting department will occupy rooms especially fitted for its use. Additions to the equipment of the bookkeeping department will also be made. It is the intention of the management to make the equipment of its Commercial school equal to that of the best Commercial Schools in the country.

There are many advantages for one seeking a business education in attending a commercial school connected with a college; advantages both to the students of the college and commercial department.

Here, while taking commercial work, the student has the benefit of the social life of the college and of dormitory life in some instances, Christian associations, Literary Societies, a well equipped gymnasium, recitals and entertainments and all such advantages which the college students always have and which the student in a commercial school not connected with a college cannot enjoy.

As it is at Whitworth, the majority of commercial students are also enrolled in the college; the women taking English or Music; the men Science or Mathematics

and in many instances making positions on the various athletic teams of the college; thus the two lines of education work hand in hand—each one aiding the other.

It is not only for office work that we need a commercial education. It is for every day life. What'ever we do we will need some phase of it; we hear a sermon or lecture and wish to take full notes—here the knowledge of shorthand is advantageous, we wish to write a business letter, for example—here is the opportunity for the use of our knowledge of type-writing; and in a hundred other ways does the use of this education come to us.



## Y. W. C. A.

On June 2nd, the Y. W. C. A. held the last meeting of a very successful year in all lines of work, devotional, social and financial. At one time it was feared our usual good attendance was beginning to fail us, but the changing of the hour of meeting back to 10:30 immediately remedied this difficulty. The membership has been an increase over previous years, and while not so good as we should like, we must remember that our aim is intensive rather than extensive. In regard to the hour of meeting, the girls must bear in mind that we begin next year with the hour at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and all must bend their energies toward making this a favorite hour of the week.

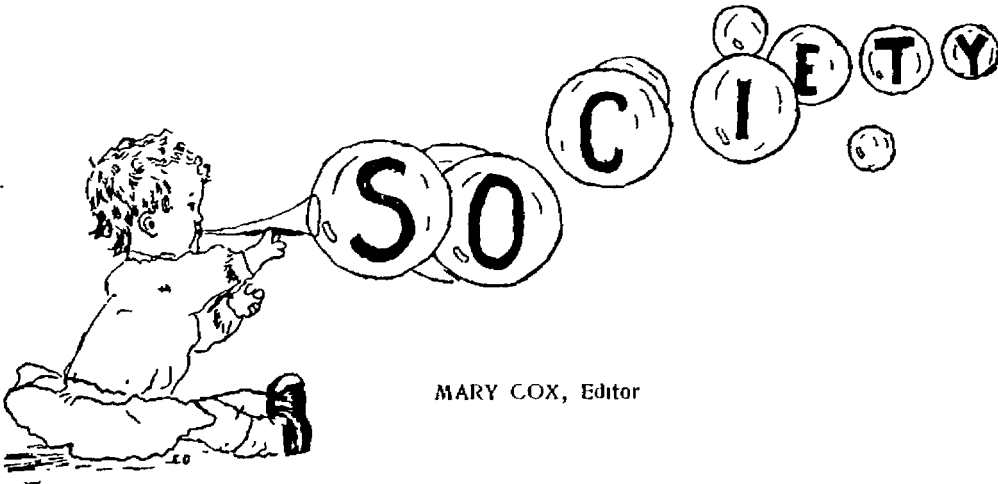
The definite aim before the association this spring has been the work of the summer conference, held at the Breakers, Long Beach, Wash., from June 19 to 29. Two meetings were held this last month on that subject, one on May 19, by Miss Lackey, in which she gave an epitome of an article by Mrs. Robert E. Speer on "The Reasons for a Summer Conference." Miss Lulu Martin presided at the other meeting, on June 2, at which Miss Hillman of the city

association spoke. After giving us a few thoughts of the Biennial Convention, at St. Paul, from which she has just returned, she gave us a very definite idea of the work of the city association here in Tacoma, and its plans for work in the summer during the Exposition in Seattle. Her talk held the attention of the girls as no other talk this year has done, and left a new idea of Y. W. C. A. work in many minds.

May 26, Miss Bertha McCallum led a missionary meeting. Her subject was "India," and was treated in a thorough and instructive manner.

The finance committee, and especially the treasurer, Miss Young, must be congratulated on the successful work they have done this spring. Several pie and candy sales have been held, and the returns of these, together with the conference money returned by alumni girls, gives us \$45 in the treasury.

As our present plans are, five girls from Whitworth will attend the summer conference—the Misses Strange, Hunter, Smith, Lulu Martin and Lackey.



MARY COX, Editor

A few more days and then we sever.  
So let's be jolly while we're together.

A few more days—and then, to fifteen of our number the class parties, dorm. spreads, launch rides, catboat sails, tennis, afternoons and all the jolly times that help to make up for four long years, will be things of the past.

Commencement week is now upon us, beginning Friday evening, June 11, with the annual recital of advanced music students. Saturday evening will be the graduate exercises of the Academy. Sunday, June 13, the Baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Dr. A. L. Hutchison in Immanuel Presbyterian church. Monday evening, June 14, the President's annual reception to the graduates and alumni will be held in the Ladies' Hall. On this evening Dr. and Mrs. Kroeze and the Seniors will be received. Mrs. Kroeze will be assisted in serving by a group of Junior girls. Tuesday evening the annual concert of the faculty of the School of Music will be given in Mason Library. Wednesday will be Senior Class night, when the annual Senior play is given at Mason Library. This year the class will present "The Princess," under the direction of Miss Mearns. The cast is as follows: King Gama, Father of the Princess.....

..... Kenneth Ghormley  
Arae, Son of Gama. .... Palmer Kennedy  
The King, Father of the Prince .....  
..... Richard Doud  
The Prince, Lover of the Princess.....  
..... William Paul  
Florian ..... { Friends } Joseph Turner  
Cyril ..... { of Prince } ... David Guy  
Ida, the Princess, and Head of the College of Maidens ..... Rita Willert  
Lady Blanche . { Ladies of } Frances Deaven  
Lady Psyche .. { Court } Pearl Robbins  
Melissa, the Daughter of Blanche .....  
..... Gertrude Rolleston  
Girl Students, College Porteress, Woman Post, Woman Guards, Heralds.

Miss Mary Cox will sing the interludes between the acts.

Thursday evening will be Commencement proper, when Dr. McFadden, of Spokane, will deliver the convocation address, and the degrees will be conferred upon the Seniors. This will be held in the First Presbyterian Church of the city, and then it will all be over, and we will be out in "the wide, wide world."

During the past month a series of recitals have been given by members of the class which graduates from the School of

Musie The first was given by Miss Sara Fox, on the evening of the 28th She was assisted by Mr. Chas. Morse, violinist. We give the program below:

Sonata, Op. 7 ..... Grieg  
 Allegro Moderato  
 Andante Molto  
 Minuet

Violin (a) Bercense (by request) .. Godard  
 (b) Minuet ..... Beethoven  
 (c) Ave Maria .. Schubert-Wilhelmj

With Sweet Lavender, Op. 62  
 Indian Idly, Op. 62 .....  
 Scotch Poem, Op. 62, No. 2 .. MacDowell  
 From a Log Cabin, Op. 62 ..  
 Alla Tarantella, Op. No. 2..  
 Prelude, Op. 28, No. 20 .....  
 Prelude, Op. 28, No. 7 .....  
 Prelude, Op. 28, No. 3 ..... Chopin  
 Nocturne, Op. 61, No. 2 ....  
 Waltz, Op. 64, No. 2 .....  
 Violin, Souvenir de Moscou, Op. 6 (Airs  
 Russian) .. . . . H. Wieniawski

Liebeswalzer, Op. 57, No. 5 .. Moszkowski

The second recital was given by Miss Edith Strange, on the evening of June 1. She was assisted by Miss Lona Leake, soprano. The program:

Carnival Mignon, Op. 48 ..... Schutt  
 (a) Prelude  
 (b) Serenade d'Arlequin  
 (c) Tristesse de Colombine  
 (d) Polichinelle (Burlesque)  
 (e) Pierrot reveur (Nocturnette)  
 (f) Caprice—Saganelle

Song—To the Moon ..... Chaminade  
 (a) Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 2..  
 (b) Impromptu, Op. 29 ..... Chopin  
 (c) Polonaise, Op. 40, No. 1..

Polonaise, E Major ..... Liszt  
 Song—L'Oiseau ..... Meyer  
 Concertstueckde, Op. 40 ..... Chaminade

Orchestral parts played by  
 Mrs. Vienna Neel-Riedelsberger

The third recital was given Friday evening, June 4, by Miss Gertrude Rolleston, assisted by Miss Zilpha Phillips, contralto.

The program follows:

Impromptu, Op. 142 ..... Schubert  
 Theme and Variations  
 Grillen, Op. 12, No. 4 .....  
 Nachtstucke, Op. 28, No. 4. . . Schumann  
 Aufschung, Op. 12, No. 2. . .

Song—Across the World .....  
 ..... Mrs. H. H. A. Beach

Etude, Op. 25, No. 7 .....  
 Mazurka, Op. 33, No. 4 .... } ..... Chopin

Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 2 .....  
 Polonaise, Op. 26, No. 1 .. }

Song—The Lark Now Leaves Its Watery  
 Nest ..... Pellissier

Concerto, Op. 49 ..... Godard  
 Orchestral parts played by  
 Mrs. Riedelsberger

A large party of students heard the Ben Greet performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," when the company played here last month.

Dr. and Mrs. Roe entertained in delightful fashion for the Seniors Wednesday evening, June 2. A novel form of entertainment consisted of an "adjective game," which created much merriment. Dainty refreshments were served, after which the Seniors gathered about the piano and sang with the heartiness that '09 music for which '09 is famous

Miss Grace Smith, of Seattle, was the guest of Miss Hilda Bergman recently at the Residence.

Mrs. Strange and Mrs. Jones, of Sedro-Woolley, were at the College for Miss Edith Strange's recital.

Miss Claude Stallard, of Waterville, is the guest of Miss Pearla Robbins at the Residence.

Mrs. Jos. King, nee Miss Alice Halferty, of Spokane, was the guest of Miss Lillian Fleet last week at the Residence.

The Seniors held a farewell jollification Saturday evening, when they had supper at Point Defiance Park, and spent the evening on the water.

Thursday, June 10, was the occasion of



the recital of the School of Oratory. The Library was crowded for the evening, and the audience thoroughly appreciated the work of Miss Mearns' students. Several students of the School of Music assisted. The program is given below with a few historical facts about "Sappho":

#### LADIES OF ATHENS.

##### Dramatis Personae.

Xanthippe .....	Josephine Ross
Aspasia .....	Helen Nippolt
Sappho .....	Nellie Presby
Nicostrata .....	Jean Turnbull
Damophyla .....	Ruby McRae
Cleobula .....	Ethel Steinborn
Phylisia .....	Sara Thomas
Pythias .....	Eva Ritchey

##### Sappho—Historical Facts.

About 600 B. C. Sappho, a Grecian widow, founded a School of Poetry, on the Island of Lesbos. Her fame spread throughout Greece. She gathered around her many brilliant women, among whom

were Damophyla, known by her hymn to Artemis, and Erinna, who died broken-hearted when compelled to leave the literary delights of Lesbos for the drudgery of spinning in her Rhodan home. Tradition says that Sappho loved Phaon, a Lesbian youth, who did not return her love, and for whom she threw herself from the far-famed "Lover's Leap," thus perishing.

##### Dramatis Personae.

Sappho .....	Josephine Ross
Damophyla .....	Helen Nippolt
Erinna .....	Jean Turnbull
Phaon .....	Horace Henth

Attendants.....	{ .....	Ruby McRae
	{ .....	Nellie Presby
	{ .....	Eva Ritchey

Piano—Salute d'Amour .....	Elger
Miss Nellie Lemon	

Cornet .....	
--------------	--

(a) Rosary

(b) Evening Star

Milton McDonald



## Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. has had one of the best years in its history. There is a larger membership than ever before, and the meetings have had a good attendance. Three Bible classes and one mission study class have been carried on at least a part of the year, and several special meetings and some social gatherings have been held. It is hoped that next year the Association may be of still more assistance than it has been in the past. We want the students to feel that we are anxious to help them in every way possible and are planning some practical ways in which help

may be given, among which is an employment bureau. The employment committee consists of Prof. Edwards, M. G. Everett and Henry Longstreth, who will give information to any asking for it.

Whitworth expects to have the largest delegation in the history of the institution at the Northwest Student Conference at Columbia Beach. It is hoped that at least ten will go. The Conference begins June 19th, and will close the 27th. Those who have attended previous Conferences can testify to their helpfulness as well as to the good times enjoyed there, and those who go will never regret the time spent.

## Criterion Literary Society

What better things can we wish for any one when they come into our midst than that they join our literary society? What good will the most accomplished scholar do in this life if he does not know how to express himself? Demosthenes had knowledge, but when he appeared before the people he was made sport of, because he could not express himself.

There are many young men and young women today who hesitate to stand before an audience because they do not know how to express themselves. Twenty-nine young people have taken advantage of the Criterion this year. We are glad to look back over the year's work and see the marked improvement in the greater part of our members.

Our diversified programs have been exceedingly interesting, they have consisted of quotations from our great men, debates, essays, oratory, declamations, readings, impromptu speeches, vocal and instrumental music. The following program program was rendered May 22:

Reading ..... Wm. Paul  
Piano solo ..... Ralph D. Major

Debate, "Resolved, That we should have equal suffrage in this state." Affirmative, Emilie Arntson, Lulu Martin.

Negative, Robert Kinkade, Masa Izumi. Impromptu speeches by Ethel Ware and Frances Lackey.

The last program was given in an open meeting Saturday night, May 29. The most interesting feature was the debate. "Resolved, That the United States should make an alliance, both offensive and defensive, with Great Britain." Affirmative, Sidney Whitworth, Wm. L. Paul. Negative, R. S. Town, Joe Turner. The decision was in favor of the affirmative. Alvin Scott gave a reading.

Monday night, June 7, the society had the annual party. All the members were there and enjoyed a jolly good time together. After playing games and singing college songs, we were served with ice cream and cake. The nominating committee made the following report, and officers were elected for next year. President, Sidney Whitworth; vice president, Emilie Arntson; secretary, Alvin Scott; treasurer, Douglas Johnson; marshal Mark Bradway.



### Report of Treasurer of Student Association

#### Receipts.

Student Association dues .....	\$262.00
Balance of Multnomah game .....	152.25
Second Team, etc. ....	5.65
Received Football Banquet .....	4.00
	<hr/>
	\$423.90

#### Expenses.

Football expenses .....	\$207.50
Baseball, '08 .....	9.50
Clay for diamond, '08 .....	9.00
Certificates, Football .....	8.00
Dental bill .....	5.00
Basketball, etc .....	6.50

Tribune ad. ....	2.40
Basketball deficit ..	24.50
Football tickets .....	3.00
Base balls .....	15.00
Platt's hospital bill ..	22.50
Football sweaters ....	91.74
Base balls .....	9.40
Telephone .....	1.00
National Printing Co. ....	2.25

---

\$417.29

Bills to the amount of \$24.25 are unpaid.

HENRY LONGSTRETH, JR.,  
Treasurer.



RITA WILLERT, Exchange Editor

How do you approach a difficult task? Do you dread it, fear it, hesi'tate before it, try to go over or around it; or do you face it with boldness and determination, with the courage of the conqueror?

Do you approach it with the attitude of the victor or the vanquished? Are you bea'en before you strike a blow by your admission of weakness and lack of confidence? Everything depends upon the attitude of mind with which you approach a difficult task. If you are cowed before you begin it, if you start out with an admission of weakness, that you are not equal to the emergency, you are foredoomed to failure. But if you believe you can conquer, success will be your reward in the end —Ex.

Do you know what spring fever is? If not, you can easily find out in the last "Volante." They seem to be suffering with it intensely back there.

Read "The Bend in the River" if you want a fresh, live story told by a student from the University of Oregon.

The date of Junior Week has been changed at Brown College from May to

April, so that the cornerstone of the new memorial library may be laid during the festival. This new library promises to be the most artistic of all the buildings on the campus.

The University of Washington students are requesting the Board of Regents to paint the Science Hall and the two dorms a cream color to correspond to the "Ad." building. If this is done, and all the buildings are painted a uniform color, the campus of the "U" will appear much more attractive.

Teacher: "Bessie, name one bird that is now extinct."

Bessie: "Dick."

Teacher: "Dick? What sort of bird is that?"

Bessie: "Our canary. The cat extincted him."—Ex.

Doctor (to patient): "Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be had."

Patient (too sick to care for anything): "Very well, doctor; have as many accomplices as you like."—Ex.

Told by Phil Sheridan.—"I always

laugh when I think of a certain Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule that was kicking quite freely. The mule finally got his foot in the stirrup, when, in his excitement, Pat remarked: 'Well, begorra, if you're goin' to git on, I'll be afther gittin' off.' "

An Englishman, fond of boasting of his

ancestry, took a coin from his pocket and, pointing to the head engraved upon it, said: "My great-great-grandfather was made a lord by the king whose picture you see on this shilling."

"What a coincident," said his Yankee companion. "My great-great-grandfather was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent."



## A Song of the Sea

Oh, give me a day when the sky is grey,  
And the waves are capped with foam.

And the sea gull cries,

As he veers and flies

To the cliffs of his wind-swept home;  
And the catboat plunges and flings the  
  spray,

While the Gods of the sea winds moan.

Oh, give me a night when the stars are  
  bright,

And the water lies black and deep,

And the sea birds rest

In their rocky nest,

As your silent watch you keep;

And you pity the land lubbers lying  
  ashore,

While the Gods of the sea winds sleep

M. C., '09.



THE COLLEGE ORCHESTRA



Joe Turner, Editor

### Tennis.

In a dual tournament with the University of Washington, our representative, Pulford, won the singles from Murray by a score of 2-6, 7-5, 6-2. Murray began the



SCHUYLER PULFORD, '12

first set full of confidence and easily ran away with it. But Pulford soon solved the Washington crack, and found his weak points. Murray seldom played net, and

this fact lost him many points. He had a fine stroke, but when Pulford played it right, sent the ball out over the barnyard. By taking advantage of these weak points of his opponent, and playing his own strong game, Pulford easily took the last two sets.

In the doubles, our men, Sawyer and Pulford, were defeated by Monerief and Van Kuran, of the University of Washington. Score 6-3, 3-6, 6-3. This match was a good one, and the teams were well balanced. The University of Washington men shone at net play. The serving was about equal. Our team was at some disadvantage because Pulford went into the game tired out from the singles. Moreover the University of Washington team had played together for years.

### Portland Tournament.

At the Portland tournament four colleges took part—the University of Washington, Oregon Agricultural College, University of Oregon and Whitworth. Pulford was matched first against Newland, to whom he lost, and who won the championship. Murray easily won from the Oregon Agricultural College man, but in turn went down to defeat before Newland.

This tournament was held upon asphalt, a disadvantage to Pulford, who had never played except on clay courts.

After the tournament an intercollegiate association was formed, with the above mentioned colleges as charter members.

**Football.**

Brooks Duff, our football manager, reports that negotiations are under way for games with Willamette, Whitman and Oregon University. It is definitely announced that George L. Case, assistant coach of Minnesota, will be football coach next year. He comes with recommenda-

tions from Governor Johnson, Gilmore Dobie and Doc. Williams.

**Baseball.**

Only two games have been played since the last issue of the paper. In both, Whitworth won. Scores: Whitworth 4, T. H. S. Seniors 3, and Whitworth 19, Sumner High School 6.



# Personals

JESSIE LAWALL, Editor

Margaret Longstreth (sneezing): "Fitz-simmons! Fitz-fitz-fitz-simmons!!!"

Helma: "Don't you know I help mow the lawn?"

Arline B. (in Horace): "Listen! Oh, two-horned queen——"

R. Major: "That must be a cow."

Dr. Danner: "Will some one who is reverent and holy answer the question of the 'Lord's Supper?' Miss McRae, will you please answer it?"

Dr. Danner shows good judgment.

Helen Kalbur (translating in German): "Then I sat down and peacefully awaited the coach (Rueber)."

Edith S.: "I couldn't eat any lunch this noon."

B. G.: "Why?"

Edith S.: "I ate a buffalo this morning."

Paul: "What do you know about bills?"

Fr. Beaven: "I've had several (uproarious laughter) but I got rid of them!"

Henry Longstreth: "I'm on the verge of nervous prostration. I have something on my mind."

Henry wants us to put in the circumstances, but there are some things we can't allow in this column.

Did Joe get his pie? Well, maybe!

Mildred S. (in Surveying): "What's a bench?"

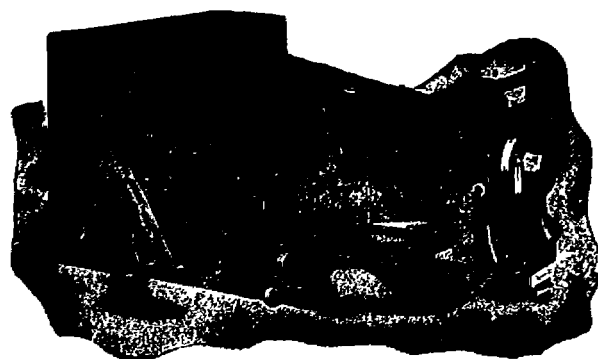
Mary S.: "Something to sit on, you chump!"

Is that the way Mary does her surveying?

From the number of Personals handed in this month, we conclude that Whitworth has adopted the motto, "Be good, and let who will be clever."

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## RHODES BROTHERS

When Buying Please Mention "The Whitworthian"

## Who Won Out?

The sun came flooding into the room through the lattice of foliage just outside the window.

Bob Harlan pounced out of bed in high spirits. "Whoop-ee! It's going to be a bully fine day and we can have the jolliest kind of a time."

There was a muffled yawn and long-drawn-out sigh from his roommate, who burrowed his head deeper into the pillow and rolled over on his couch for another snooze, which, however, seemed impossible; for Bob kept at him with: "Six-thirty already, Al! Get up and be a sport. You know Joyce will be deucedly disappointed if you don't appear at the festivity today."

"Hang it! Let a fellow sleep, can't you? I don't give a rap about tagging around out in the park with a flock of girls, even if Joyce is one of them. Of course, if I could get her separated from the bunch—but, hang! She is forever looking after some of her less fortunate sisters, seeing that they have a good time, and it's generally up to me to amuse and entertain them all if I am to be anywhere near her at all. I'm getting mighty tired of it—if anyone should ask you."

Al was up now and wide awake, but his disgusted countenance didn't jibe at all with the brightness of the morning.

The Senior Class of Clark College had planned for this final jollity of the year, and were anxious to have every member of the class present; but here was Albert Seton balking, as it were. Not before the whole class—oh no! but in the secret of his own room and before no one except his patient and long-suffering roommate, Bob Harlan.

"This getting together in a bunch suits

me O. K. sometimes," said Al, "but when it's just a week before we all go home it seems to me we might be allowed the company of those particular ones we care most for."

"Better say that particular one. You know it is singular in your case, Al, yet I can bet you on it, that if 'that particular one' knew your selfish reason for not wanting to go, she wouldn't admire you quite so much. 'Whole hog or none' with you, eh?"

"Don't rub it in at any rate! Do you think she'll be angry, Bob?"

Bob thought a while before answering, and took time to tie his stock. "No, not angry; she couldn't get angry, could she? But I dare say, old man, that she will be righteously indignant or—maybe she won't even miss you. I told you Holman Burke was going along, didn't I?"

Al looked up in surprise. "Hol—why, no, you didn't! I thought he was off on the trip with the team."

"Nope; sent a 'sub.' He's getting wise to his position with Joyce and wants to make the most of it. You better come along, old boy."

It was very evident now that Al was thoroughly bothered, for were not he and Holman the bitterest of rivals? Should he desert and thus play into the very hands of the enemy? Bob saw his chum wavering for a minute, and cherished a hope that this last bit of news would decide him to go, but, instead, Al emphatically announced that it was a cinch he wouldn't go; Burke could go and get stung or even get the glad hand, if he wanted to, but as for Al Seton, he'd show people that he would not be led about to the park or any place else for the sake



of a girl.

"Think I'll take a jaunt up to the river and fish," he added, with his most independent swagger toward the chiffonier, where he violently jerked a collar from its box.

"Fish running pretty good now?" ventured Bob, at the other end of the room—a safe distance. The storm had blown over though, and Al seemed quite amiable now, as he answered:

"Yep; Prof. Rider got a six-pounder the other day and was so proud of it he had it put up for the 'Lab.' One of the keepers of keep-sakes wanted a scale or two to paste in her memory book, but he said it was altogether too valuable a specimen of the finny tribe to be treated like that."

"Queer old duck—that Rider, isn't he?"

"Yes, always up to some new and unheard of scheme. He makes fun of the girls for keeping souvenirs of everything; but, by jiminy! he's got enough truck in that curiosity shop of his in Science Hall to furnish a national museum of useless nothings. He'd never do it, though; too valuable to Prof. Archibald Rider himself. At least he fancies they are."

And so the conversation drifted away from the shoals of disagreement and into that of more peaceful waters, much to Al Seton's outward satisfaction. Inwardly, he was at sea, wondering what Joyce's idea of him would be if he stayed away, and what success Holman would have if he went. Holman, indeed, was a tall, well-built sort of fellow and extremely genial—a rival justly to be feared, and Al realized it.

A few hours later, though, true to his word, Al, with lunch basket and fishing rod, strode across the campus, none too merrily. A window on the second floor of the Lodge went up with a bang, and Bob's head appeared. "Well, I see you're off. Good luck to you, and a good catch.

## Young Men's Suits



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So long!"

"Thanks! So long, Bob!" and the head at the window disappeared again.

At the other end of the campus, Al passed four or five of the Senior girls with wraps and baskets, on their way to the park car, and he hauled off his hat perfunctorily. Some of these very girls were the ones who were spoiling his day for him. These were the ones that hung around when he wanted Joyce to himself. Why couldn't they let him have her just this one day, the sillies? Thus he thought, but the girls little suspected that such thoughts were in his mind, for they bade him a merry good-morning and said they'd see him later.

"See me later, will you?" he said to himself. "I guess that's where you have another think coming. If you imagine I'm going to turn up at your pink tea in the park, you are mistaken."

Mad he was, in fact too mad to contain it, and a few blocks further on when he heard a familiar voice calling his name he decided to ignore it and keep right on. An ejaculation of disgust was confided to the fish pole. The voice called again, this time a little nearer, and it sounded sweetly familiar to him, so he turned.

"Albert, wait just a minute, won't you, please. We'll walk down to the car together. I'm so glad we're getting an early start, aren't you? The park will be lovely."

Her cheeks were rosy from running, but she looked bewitchingly fresh in white duck. A few little tendrils of fair hair had loosed their moorings and were curling about her temples.

"I'm all out of breath. Wait till I get it—there! This? Oh, it's pickles. No, not very heavy. You can carry these sandwiches, though. Thanks! Isn't this a beautiful morning, Al?"

"It surely is. You beat it all to nothing, though, Joyce. Nobby little hat

## *"If It Is New We Have It"*



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you've got—deucedly becoming, too.”

Joyce accepted this with a saucy toss of her head and a demure “Thank you; but I don't feel as happy as I might this morning. It isn't going to—there, we've missed that car!—it isn't going to be a complete '09 union today, after all, just because of one person's disloyalty.”

Al's conscience gave him a vigorous prick and he felt the flush creeping over his face, but he let her go on.

“Holman Burke isn't going to come, and he hasn't any fit excuse for not coming, either.”

“Why, what's gotten into the chap?” With difficulty Al collected his wits to ask that. He was really surprised to have her mention the name of all others that they almost always kept still about when they were together.

“I don't know what's gotten into him,” replied Joyce. “He said he would go on condition I promise to spend the afternoon and evening on the water with him, ‘away from the bunch,’ as he expressed it.”

“The chump!” (an undertone from Al.)

“But I told him it was pure selfishness on his part to expect to break away from the others, and act so exclusive, especially since it's our last jollification together. Don't you think so, too?”

“Selfish?” (He was applying it to himself now.) “I should say he was selfish. The fellow is a brute. Who expects such a thing? Did Holman say he wouldn't go then?”

“Yes, he said he'd already planned a fishing trip up the river, anyway. Isn't that class loyalty for you? When a fellow is disloyal to his class, he can be disloyal to any individual in that class, too.”

Al kicked himself. “Jove! that hits me all right. Me for loyalty to class after this, if by so doing I can prove myself loyal to at least one member in that class.”

Luckily, Joyce couldn't read these



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TACOMA

thoughts that were going through her companion's mind.

"Can you take these pickles, till I put on my sweater? I'm afraid I'll be cold on the car." She looked up to hand him the pickles, but drew them back with an exclamation, "Oh! never mind I didn't notice your hands were full already. You are pretty well loaded down. What are you taking your fishing rod for—to get it fixed? I didn't know they repaired them at the park."

Al didn't know they did, either. All he knew just now was the sensation that his ears were burning and that the sense of guilt was upon him. He must make some excuse for that lunch basket he was carrying, too, so he swung it at arm's length and said with feigned indifference, "Don't you think a person has an enormous appetite when he is out on a picnic, Joyce? I brought this extra along in case the girls' supply runs short."

"Oh!" with a scornful arch of her eyebrows. "You're a fine fellow, you are. Did you think we girls couldn't get enough together to satisfy your hungry mouths? I'm sure there will be nearly enough to feed a whole regiment."

Al flung down his fishing pole and made a grab for the sweater Joyce held, "Here, Joyce, let me help you put it on—car's coming."

"Thank you, Albert; don't forget your rod"

"Don't think I'll take it, after all, Joyce; too bulky to carry."

A sense of possession came over him, as he sat in the car next to Joyce. What did he care if those girls did like to be near Joyce. Could he blame them? And if he had to share her with them occasionally, would she not be that much dearer when he could enjoy her company alone?"

The car sped along.

Al felt a touch on his shoulder, and looked up to see his roommate standing near him, hanging to one of the straps.



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**UDALL**

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Bob leaned over and queried in a half-suppressed whisper, "Well, old chap, how's the fishing?"

And Al answered back, "Best of the season, Bob—fine catch."

"Guess Holman will have to look for the 'other good fish in the sea,' eh?"

"According to the signs, yes"

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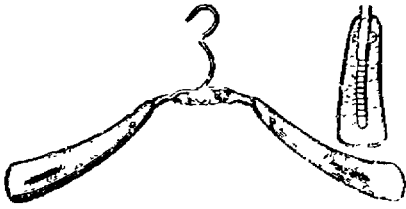
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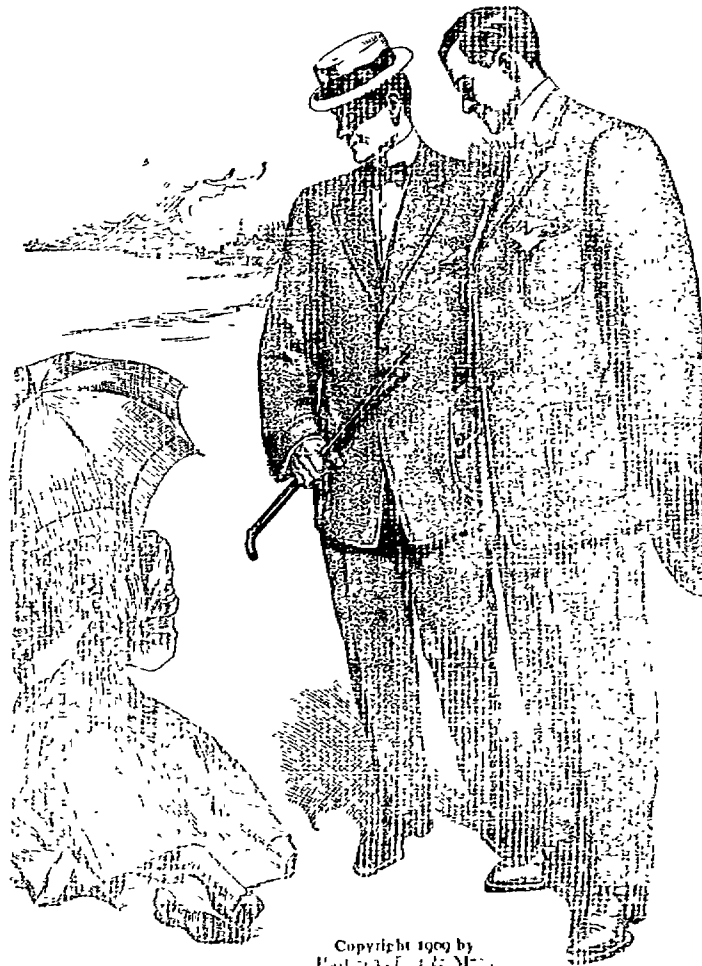
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