1910

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ATHLETICS

At the close of school last June the outlook for a good football team for the coming season was rather discouraging. Four members of last year's team were members of the graduating class, and it was known that several other players would not return to school. No schedule had been arranged on account of the unsettled condition of affairs. But with the opening of school this fall prospects were much brighter for a good season.

Although we lost Reuber, whose work as coach surprised followers of football in the Northwest last year, we are very fortunate in securing Case, the former Minnesota star and assistant coach at that institution last year. His work with the squad has already proved his ability to turn out a winning team. Case has the assistance of Mitchell, who played four years with Annapolis, and knows how to put ginger into the team.

What we need more than anything else is more men to turn out on the squad. If you can't make the team you have a chance to play on the second team and you will at least learn the game and help the first team to develop their plays. There are from twenty to twenty-five men out every afternoon, but the coaches could use many more.

In Payne, who played half on the Carlisle team last year, Whitworth has one of the greatest halfbacks in the Northwest. Colbert, who has already made a name for himself in the Northwest by his punting and his ability to carry the ball through a broken field, has returned to school.

Hazlett at full is showing up remarkably well for a new man. Bringolf, who played quarter for the Tacoma High School last season, has been playing the same position with us. The end positions are well taken care of by Captain Dennis and Tanner of last year's team. Among the linemen Schroeder, who made his "W" two years ago, is doing fine work, while McReavy of last year's team and McInnis are showing up very well. Williams, a new man, at guard and Paul at center are also holding their own. Several other members of the squad are coming out well, among them being Pyke, Longstreth, Frazer, Massa and Everett. Altogether, the prospects for a winning team are brighter than last year, for the team has the advantage over last year's in the number of good substitutes available.

From now until after the Washington game secret practice will be given, only members of the squad being allowed on the field. As usual, the greatest interest centers in the Washington game. Whitworth's chances for winning were never better, and every student should be looking forward to attending and helping the team with their rooting. The game will be played at Seattle on Oct. 23.

Manager Duff should be congratulated on the excellent schedule arranged for the team. The schedule thus far arranged is as follows:

Oct. 9—U. P. S., at Tacoma.
Oct. 23—U. of W., at Seattle.
Nov. 12—Whitman, at Walla Walla
Nov. 16—W. S. C., at Pullman.
Negotiations are also pending with Albany College and Multnomah Athletic Club of Portland.

**U. P. S. Game.**

On Oct 9 Whitworth played the first game of the season with the University of Puget Sound at Athletic Park. Straight football was the order of the day and the game was almost entirely lacking in spectacular plays. An unpleasant feature was the unnecessary roughness indulged in. This was begun by the U. P. S. players and Whitworth men were forced to retaliate in order to protect themselves.

Three minutes after the kick off Payne was sent over for the first touchdown. After this touchdowns were registered in quick succession until a total of thirty-nine points had been piled up. Just after the opening of the second half the U. P. S. made their only score on a fluke. Bringolf signaled for a forward pass. Just as he caught the ball Beardsley smashed into him and he fumbled it. Beardsley picked up the ball and ran sixty yards for a touchdown. Thomas kicked goal, making a total of six points for the Methodists.

The lineup follows:

- Dennis, Frazer . . . . Culbertson, Metcalf
  - Left end.
- McReavy . . . . . . . Green, Wickman
  - Left tackle.
- Shroeder, McInnis . . . . Atterbury
  - Left guard.
- Paul, Longstreth . . . . Christensen
  - Center.
- Williams . . . . . . . Case, Benbow
  - Right guard.
- McInnis, Shroeder . . . . Moore
  - Right tackle.
- Tanner, Pyke . . . . K. Atterbury
  - Right end.
- Bringolf . . . . . . . W. Beardsley
  - Quarterback.
- Payne, Wingate . . . . Decker, Mitchell
  - Right halfback.
- Colbert . . . . . . . T. Beardsley
  - Left halfback.
- Hazlett . . . . . . . Thomas
  - Fullback.

**The Class of ’09**

Miss Jessie La Wall is teaching English and Latin in the Sumner school.

Miss Willert teaches English in the high school at Sunnyside.

Mr. Guy is at home on the farm near Chehalis.

Miss Rolleston is teaching music in Tacoma.

Mr. Paul is a theolog at the San Francisco Seminary.

Mr. Joe Turner is a medical student at Johns Hopkins.

Mr. Ghormley is with the company building the new Harriman depot at Seattle.

Miss Edith Ware is in the long distance office at Spokane.

Miss Mary Cox is a teacher of Latin and English at the Enumclaw high school.

Miss Pearla Robbins teaches history and mathematics in the eighth grade at Anacortes.

Mr. Palmer Kennedy is at Columbia studying law.

Mr. Towne is at the Auburn Theological Seminary.

Miss Laetitia Clark has a graded school at Crocker.

Miss Beaven teaches English and history in the grammar school at Mt. Vernon.

Mr. Doud is talisman with the Defiance Mill Company.
Huge of body, ruddy of complexion and of a jovial nature withal, comes George L. Case, Minnesota's pride and joy, to grace the Department of Athletics in Whitworth.

Your first impression of him is that he must be a mistake—that is, in the position of coach, for he looks altogether too good-natured to be a football player and you are afraid also that he is—well, too tubby to get down and play with the team. These impressions last about as long as would a snowy day when you see that rod at the top of the skis.
Faculty Meeting.

Dr. Martin asked that a "special" meeting of the faculty be held one afternoon. Dean McKay quickly reported, "I'll be there 'immediately". Miss Douglas, arriving a little late, sighed "Botheration! This positively must not occur again." Fifteen minutes had elapsed before Professor Edwards appeared. He had his usual excuse to offer: "I thought I would be called upon to make a speech, so I had to fill up on jokes from the Ladies' Home Journal." Professor Hewitt had been given up entirely when word was received that if they would wait "a bit" he would be there. Professor Beardsley was absent, sending no excuse. Professor Fox at last made his appearance with "Everything has gone ad scaterratun' today." Fully an hour had passed when Professor Randall came in out of breath. "I stopped just a minute en to talk to Miss Wilcox." The meeting was on the point of adjourning when Coach Case arrived and put in his plea, "I've been ready for an hour, but there has been two girls standing right by the door ever since 3 o'clock."

In closing, Dr. Roe adjusted his glasses and said: "This tardiness must be attended to."

CRITERION

The Criterion Literary Society has made an excellent beginning of its year's work. Programs consisting of essays, readings, book reviews, musical numbers, debates and speeches, both prepared and extemporaneous, are given each Saturday night in the Criterion room at the gymnasium. This society places special emphasis upon debate work, and is the only organization in school which gives an opportunity for debate and parliamentary drill. The musical numbers have added much enjoyment to the programs, the male quartet being especially good. The new Criterion pennants will be on sale by the time this issue of the Whitworthian appears. Each member of the society should own one, and place it close beside his Whitworth banner for loyalty to your Literary Society must rank second only to loyalty to your Alma Mater. The Criterion claims among its members some of the strongest men and women in the institution, and the leaders in student activities. To have been a member of the Criterion Literary Society, and to have received the practical training it gives its members, will be of very great value to every Alumnus. The price, however, must be paid in good, solid work.
SOCIETY

The Christian Endeavor Society of Bethany Church entertained at the home of Dr. Roe Friday evening, November 5. Each one present represented some book. Many of the stunts were very unique and clever. Miss Flora Matheson won the prize, having guessed the largest number of books. After refreshments, all gathered around the piano for an old-fashioned sing.

* * *

Kappa Gamma held its annual initiation and banquet Saturday evening, November 13, in the Residence. The following new members were initiated: Grace Redmond, Mildred Smith, Mary Smith, Evelyn Johnson, Ruth Evans, Helen Kalbus, Flora Matheson, Sara Fox, Sara Crandall, Charlotte Hanley, Margaret Longstreth. Kappa Gamma is a literary society of limited membership for literary work among girls of college rank. Socially, Kappa Gamma has always held a prominent position at Whitworth and numbers among its members many of the most charming girls in College.

* * *

Tuesday evening, November 9th, was the time for a jolly gathering at the gymnasium. The occasion was the basket supper given for the benefit of the football team. Coach Case and his trained troupe gave an exhibition of hand ball during the early part of the evening. About half past nine o'clock the baskets were put up for sale, and some lively bidding ensued, followed by lively trading until each pair of manly hands held gingerly the box or basket which contained the wished-for name. It did not take long for congenial groups to gather, and then—the way the contents of those boxes did disappear! The fact that the lights went off in the midst of the “feed” caused little inconvenience to most of the crowd, but Gus Williams claims to have found trouble then. Professor Hewitt’s order, “Hike!” came all too soon—interrupting a lively game and some interesting tete-a-tetes. The evening was a financial as well as a social success, and Coach Case has a reputation all his own as an auctioneer.

* * *

Monday afternoon, November 1, the teachers of the faculty held a reception at the Residence to the ladies of the city. The day was very disagreeable, yet many came. The College orchestra gave several delightful numbers, to the pleasure of all present.

* * *

Miss Helen Brown, a former student, with her friend, Miss Boyle, of Alaska, visited the Misses Ross and Presby, October 24 and 24.
A very delightful afternoon was spent by the Sigma Delta Gamma girls at the home of Miss Frankie Smith Saturday, November 6th.

Joy Hills, who was a member of the '11 class last year, is taking a kindergarten course in Chicago.

Grace Denman left last week for New York, where she will continue her studies in vocal music.

Clara Young, a last year's Freshman and treasurer of the Y W C. A., is teaching in the public school at Dryad, Wash.

Anna McDonald, a graduate of the music department, '08, is now living in Olympia. She still continues to teach music in Tacoma and we see her once in awhile.

Edith Strange, who graduated last year from the music department, is teaching music at her home in Sedro-Wooley, and in neighboring towns. Miss Strange visited old friends at Whitworth October 29-31, and expects to return to College next year.

Mark Bradway is living in Los Angeles, California. He attends Leland Stanford University.

Percy Colbert, '08, has accepted a position as instructor of mathematics in the High School at Puyallup. He is also coaching the football team there.

Ethel Leach, a graduate of the '08 music class, is studying music at the Conservatory in Boston.

Barton Kauffman is attending the Wharton School of Finance in Pennsylvania University. This is his second year there.

Ethel Ware is one of Spokane's stenographers.

Thomas Judson is a Senior at Harvard this year, in the Collegiate department.

Grace Dykeman is at her home in Castle Rock.

Dr. Henry H. Armstrong, formerly of the Greek Department at Whitworth, is at the American Classical School, in Rome, Italy. He is engaged in archaeological researches, under the direction of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

On October 22 the girls at the Residence held open dorm to all the students and their friends. The occasion was decidedly the most pleasant one of the kind in some years, the girls serving dainty refreshments in their rooms, which were gaily and tastily decorated. Toward the end of the evening games were played in the parlors and a general social time was enjoyed by all present.

On Friday evening, October 29, the annual Hallow-e'en party was given at the Residence, carrying into effect some very clever plans of Miss Douglas. The first part of the evening caused much amusement. Old fashioned games were played later in the dining room, much to the enjoyment of all. All were masked in sheets and pillow cases.

A banquet was given at the College Tuesday evening, November 2nd, to the trustees, ministers and elders of the city. After dinner, toasts were given, Coach Case representing the student body and Dr. McKay the faculty. Many of the elders and ministers of different churches of the city responded with enthusiastic speeches over the present outlook of the College. Much pleasure was added to the evening by a speech given by the newly-elected financial agent, Rev. Atcheson.
Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. meeting of October 20th was led by Miss Helma Hunter. Her topic was “The Shepherd Chapter.” She used the outline given by Miss Rennels at summer conference, giving the four phases of life.

Miss Bertha Amerman had charge of the meeting on October 27th. “The Work of Miss Matthew in Japan” was her subject. Miss Maude Scott gave a talk on the characteristics of Miss Matthew.

On November 3rd the meeting was led by Miss Maude Daub. At this meeting Mrs. Mitchener, a trained nurse, gave the girls a practical talk on nursing and the type of women needed for nursing. Her talk was very interesting and helpful. We hope to have her again soon.

Miss Lulu Martin led the meeting November 10th. An interesting talk on the training school for secretaries and extension work was given by Miss Howe, of the city Y. W. C. A. At this meeting it was decided to have services in the afternoon at three o’clock every day during the week of prayer. Two joint meetings will be held with the Y. M. C. A. Monday and Thursday afternoons.

The Y. W. C. A. has taken up extension work with the city workers. Miss Daub was appointed chairman of the extension work committee, adding a new member to the cabinet.

A Training Course for Girls.

Mrs. Mitchener, a trained nurse of the city, has been secured to teach a class in practical nursing, provided a sufficient number of students join the class. The object of this class will be to teach the girls some of the things in practical nursing which every girl should know. It is the plan to give each girl a certificate when she has completed the work and has passed an examination, which will be given by one of the leading doctors of Tacoma.

The class will meet once a week and the charge will be very small, so it is hoped every girl of the College will avail herself of this splendid opportunity.

FACULTY AND STUDENTS HERE

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE.

A large party of the faculty and student body heard Senator Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, on Thursday evening, October 28th. His theme was “Representative Government.” He traced the development of the present commercial system of the United States and showed its power in government. The lecture closed with a plea for honest and incorruptible men as Senators and Representatives. Throughout his speech the audience was deeply impressed by the straightforward earnestness and the sincerity of Senator La Follette’s efforts toward a restoration of true representative government in the United States.
Dr McKay was trying to clear up some of the knotty problems in Philosophy for Mr Everett and to illustrate a conception he described a square, hard, wooden table. He then asked Mr. Everett if he had that in his head. The answer came slowly “Yes.” The Dean thought this the solution of the difficulty and told him to take it out forthwith.

*Nov. 09*

Modest Case.

To serve at the waitress table is quite a coveted honor on Sunday evenings.

By special invitation Coach Case graced that position recently and spent several days thinking out what he should talk about.

Some culprit placed a sharp tack on the seat the coach was to occupy at this repast and he sat thereon throughout the meal, with never a sigh. He confessed afterward that he was so embarrassed that he never noticed the tack until he got outside.

*Those Auburn Tresses.*

The Senior class have chosen as their motto, “Carpe diem,” which, by liberal translation, may be read, “Seize the opportunity.” There was one dissenting voice—that of Mildred Smith, who remembered the golden locks of Mark Bradway, alias Golden Opportunity, and sighed because it made her “homesick.”
What Will We Come to?

Miss Douglas was getting quite excited in house meeting over open dormitory and when advising the girls concerning refreshments said: "You can serve drinks as strong as you like."

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What's In a Name?

Eager to keep up his end of the conversation at the table, Mr. O'Brien sometimes is an easy mark. His neighbor at one time remarked casually that Mrs. Taft had offered $500 to any woman who would name her child after the presidential dog. Of course, Inquisitive Clarence wanted to know the name of the dog and was told that it answered the common name, "Stung."

---

Another Fickle One.

Miss Fleet, in accounting for her lack of appetite at a recent spread, said that she believed herself pining away.

Noting the alarm written on some of the faces in the room, Miss Douglas hastened to assert her belief that "Lillian is not a girl to pine away."

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A Delicious Repast.

One of the finest chicken dinners ever tasted in the North End was held in Olmstead Hall Saturday evening, October 30, from one o'clock until five-thirty. All present report a good time and plenty of chicken. The exact expenses are not known, as Dean McKay apportioned them.
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The Whitworthian for December '09

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EDITORIAL

Since some of the Northwest College publications—notably the "Whitman College Pioneer," in its issue of October 25—have commended the action of the athletic management of the University of Washington in canceling the game scheduled with Whitworth, we are compelled to state just what transactions took place in regard to the game, so that our position in the matter may be clearly understood.

Before the season opened, Coach Case held a conference with Coach Dobie and at this meeting Dobie promised Whitworth a game on October 23, although no contract was signed. Later a contract was forwarded to Washington, which was similar to most foot-ball contracts. It contained a clause providing that the members of both teams should be bona fide students of the school which they were to represent. A day or two before Whitworth's game with U. P. S., Case called Dobie up over the 'phone and was assured that the contract had been received and was satisfactory, except for a clause regarding the choosing of officials. This clause Case readily agreed to change.

The following week, after Whitworth had beaten the U. P. S. by a decisive score, Manager Duff received a contract from Washington containing a clause which required that no one should play who had taken part in Inter-collegiate athletics for more than four years, or, if he had participated in athletics at any other college, he should not be eligible unless he had attended his institution for one year, the word college to be construed to mean Carlisle Indian School and Haskell Indian School (which are preparatory schools). The receipt of the contract sent by Whitworth was not even acknowledged. Case could not agree to this contract, as it would leave him without a full team, and it would have been clearly unfair to refuse to allow any member of the team to play simply at the request of Washington.
When the game was arranged the University management knew as well as at any later time that Whitworth was not a member of the conference and could not be expected to abide by its rules. The only stipulation that they had a right to demand was that our players should be bona fide students and we did not wish to play any one who was not such a student. We want it understood that we desire clean athletics as much as any Northwest College, and as Whitworth is rapidly taking her place among the more important colleges of this section, we feel that she should meet them on common ground. In order that this may be realized, we shall apply for admission to the conference this winter.

Surely no school ever started a foot-ball season with such a dismal outlook and yet made a successful record.

At the time other schools had a schedule prepared and contracts signed, we were still without so much as a manager. At the opening of the season the coach, himself an unknown quantity, so far as we were concerned, knew of only one or two of the old team he could depend upon to play. And all in a school where there are not more than a score of fellows who could possibly play in an intercollegiate game. A poor prospect, indeed.

Captain Dennis, arriving from Alaska a short time before the college opened, began a vigorous campaign of correspondence and interviews inducing the old men to get into school early enough to practice and interesting new men in the college.

Brooks Duff, whose late election as manager handicapped him greatly, secured us a very good schedule and worked for two weeks before school opened getting the uniforms and apparatus in shape.

Coach Case, never hesitating at the lack of material, spent some time before the opening of school with the manager and captain recruiting a squad.

Without the work of these three men, Whitworth could have played no games, and we wish to acknowledge our debt to them.

About thirty men were out for the first and second teams, ranging from 120 to 180 in weight. They practiced faithfully and with such spirit that they were anxious to meet schools which had hundreds of men to draw a team from. Had the larger institutions of this Coast such spirit as is found here in Whitworth, Yale might be easily defeated.

Our season's games are as follows:

Whitworth versus—
University of Puget Sound, 39 to 6.
Fort Warden Soldiers, 23 to 0.
Whitman College, 0 to 0.
Washington State College, 0 to 38.
Total scores—Whitworth, 62; opponents, 44.

Every team played outweighed us from 10 to 46 pounds to the man, (average).
THE WHITWORTHIAN

HAIL TO THE CHIEF!

Mr. Albert Payne, right half-back on the '09 team, has been elected to succeed Rollin Dennis as Captain.

Mr. Payne is a new man this year, but has shown such knowledge of the game and qualities of leadership that his success next season is assured. We congratulate ourselves that such a player is with us and promise him our heartiest support.

RESIGNATION.

I hereby tender my resignation to the Student Association of Whitworth College of the office of Editor-in-Chief of The Whitworthian.

The duties are too arduous and the support too meagre to allow of even average class work while preparing and getting out an issue of this paper, and as this effort consumes four weeks of each month, there is no time in which to make up lost standing.

It is with deep regret that I give up The Whitworthian and if I can be of any assistance to my successor, it will give me pleasure. If I might name the next Editor, I should feel tempted to suggest one of those who are so liberal with their criticism, because such a person could tell at once what does not appeal to him.

I wish to thank the Department Editors, Mr. Crandall and Mr. O'Brien, for their faithful work.

DOUGLAS JOHNSON.
TWO GAMES
CHARLOTTE HANLEY '12

All was excitement at Beldone College. The foot-ball game with Henton, Beldone's keenest rival, was to come off in three weeks, and, though a smaller college, Beldone showed good signs of winning. The foot-ball players had practiced faithfully, and their own ability, coupled with their coach's excellent training made them formidable foes.

The students had made all plans to charter a boat, and had practiced songs and yells until they were hoarse. Never before had so much spirit been shown in the college, and it affected everybody that came within the vicinity of the campus, and just as the enthusiasm was at its height, word was received that their rivals had canceled the game.

The disappointment and disgust of Beldone was as evident as had been the enthusiasm. No reason was given, and, of course, the students declared it was because Henton was afraid of being beaten. Interviews between the two colleges accomplished nothing, and Beldone resigned itself to the inevitable.

Just at this point, however, a third party intervened, who played a game of a different sort.

Leslie Gordon, a member of the Junior class of Beldone, and one of the most charming girls of the school, went over to Henton to attend the annual ball given by the Juniors.

"If it was not for the fact that I know I'll have a glorious time," she confided to the girls, "I wouldn't go over for the old thing. They're nothing but a set of crawfish, but as I won't spite them much by absence, I might as well by my presence. The only trouble is, the coach is the cause of their backing out, and I suppose I won't get a chance to tell him what I think of him, as I've never met the gentleman. I'll take it out on the rest of them, though, and relieve my mind even if I don't make any impression on them."

The night of the ball, however, Leslie wasn't in such a vindictive mood. In the first place, the delicate blue of her gown seemed to have a soothing effect on her; (whether it was because of the peculiar property of blue, or whether she knew it was most becoming to her yellow hair and blue eyes, cannot be said). At any rate, by the time she arrived at the ball-room and was under the spell of the brilliant lights, beautiful decorations and happy people, she had forgotten all about her resolution to unburden her mind to the "crawfish."

As the evening progressed, and Leslie was enjoying herself to the fullest extent, one of the girls came up to her and told her that the coach wanted to
meet her. "You really ought to feel flattered, Miss Gordon. The coach is anything but a ladies' man, and would walk ten blocks to avoid meeting one of the girls. Needless to say, we're all simply crazy over him, and he knows it, too, but the heartless wretch is unmoved. Shall I bring him over to you?"

By the time the chatterbox had finished, Leslie had made up her mind to get even with the coach.

"No, thank you, Miss Eliot," she replied, "my card is full now, and I really don't care to meet him," and she turned away, much to the astonishment of Miss Eliot.

"Well, if that isn't cool," she ejaculated to herself. "Most girls are perfectly wild to meet the coach, and I believe she's the first girl he ever sought an introduction to. Well, she's pretty enough to get anybody she wants, so I suppose she's spoiled. I wonder how my Lord Mason will take such a snub, though? He'll probably get over his conceited idea that all girls are running after him. Poor fellow, I hate to be the witness of his embarrassment."

As a matter of fact, Leslie had been for the most part in fun when she made her reply. A little streak of vanity and a desire to be sought after prompted her to act as she did, and for a while she thought nothing of it.

But a little later in the evening she happened to glance over in a corner and saw the coach talking to one of the chaperones. He was making a brave show to be interested in the conversation, but she could see that he was looking at her oftener than at his companion. At first she put the thought away as being too conceited to keep, but a pair of handsome dark eyes would persist in haunting her, with their look half of wistfulness, half of anger. As she was sitting down, waiting for her partner to bring her some punch, Miss Eliot passed and whispered to her:

"He took it awfully hard, poor fellow. I think he's as mad as can be, but it's more because his pride was shaken than anything else."

Leslie threw back her head.

"If he'd had any pride, he wouldn't have backed out of a foot-ball game just because he was afraid of being beaten."

"I hope she'll tell him that," thought Leslie, as Miss Eliot departed. "I almost wish I'd been introduced to him, now, so I could tell him a thing or two. Maybe it isn't too late yet."

As she was dancing the next number she asked her companion casually what the coach looked like.

"Who, Mason?" he answered. "You don't mean to say you haven't met him? Why, I heard him asking somebody a little while ago for an introduction to you. I'll bring him over after while."

"Don't put yourself out," Leslie replied, indifferently. "We're just a little bit angry with him, you know, and I'm not anxious to meet him."

As Leslie desired, her opinion got back to the coach.

"So that's what's the trouble, is it?" he said. "Well, I generally get my way when I make up my mind to it, and I've made up my mind to meet Miss Gordon. Take me over, Burton."
After the introduction, an embarrassing silence followed. Then Mason said: "I suppose I've broken all rules by insisting on being introduced to a girl who had refused an introduction, haven't I?"

"It seems that way," said Leslie coolly.

"Well, I'll break another rule by asking you why you didn't want an introduction?"

"Of course it isn't necessary that I answer your questions, but I think if you use your common sense, it will tell you."

"Well, somebody else told me, so I won't have to bother my common sense. Do you think that is fair grounds for snubbing me? You, of course, don't know all the reasons for my calling the game off, so you oughtn't to sit in judgment on my motives. When I made the decision my reasons were perfectly good, as your coach will soon know. If I'd known things were going to turn out as they have, I wouldn't have backed out. I'm truly sorry I did."

"It isn't too late yet, is it? I did so want to go and wave my big new pennant."

"That depends partly on your coach, and partly on you. Can you answer for one?"

"Perhaps," she answered softly.

As for the game, it was played, and Leslie waved her big new pennant. Her mind wasn't on the game, though, but on a certain tall, dark figure she saw occasionally, moving about on the field. And when the game was over and the bells and shouting told her it was 5 to 0 for Beldone, she forgot to yell, for "her coach" was standing beside her, and the look she gave him, as she put her hand in his, told him that he had won one of the games, after all.

LOCAL COLOR.

He put his arm around her,
The color left her cheek,
But showed upon his overcoat
For just about a week.
DOES IT PAY?
LEOTA WARBURTON ’12

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Coverton
C-o-v-e-r-t-o-n
Rah! Rah!

“If I give one more yell before the game, I won’t be able to when its called, so I’m going to quit,” and Jessie Shames’ voice proved her words.

“That’s a wise stunt. George would miss your melodious squeal, I’m sure.”

“Never mind, Mabel, you had better be pretty good to me and not make any slurring remarks. I’ll tell—you know what.”

“Dare you to. Dare you to!”

“But to lay all joking aside, I hate to see this game played. It means so much to both teams to win. I never saw George so completely wrapped up in anything as he is in this game. Three years’ defeat has only made him more determined to win, and, as he says, he’ll do it ‘if it takes every inch of him.’”

“Girls, notice the anxiety Jessie has over the team. Glad I’ve not got the disease. I don’t think any boy is worth spoiling a good football game.”

“Just wait till you do, Sue, and no one will come near you. You jabber too much now, and what will you do then?”

A shout from Remington’s bleachers attracted the attention of the girls to the field. At either end the teams were having a short signal practice. It was easy to see that Coverton would be compelled to rely on the agility of her men to win the game. The clamor of the spectators almost drowned George Hancrust’s voice as he gave his team their final directions.

“We’ve got to win!” You know it means the championship, but even if it does, play square. I want the last game I will ever play to be on the level. Hill, stick to Renter; he’s a fierce one. Bader, remember your interference means everything. Umpire is beckoning; line up!”

The shrill notes of the whistle break the tension that for a few minutes has silenced the anxious observers.

Remington’s ball. They slowly advance toward their goal and make their yardage twice, but on the third attempt lose the ball. Thus the game proceeds, first one team and then the other gaining some small advantage.
“What? Is that the whistle? I’m sure they haven’t played that long. Jess, look at your watch.”
“It is forty-five minutes since they began. How exhausted the boys are! I guess they realize time is up.”
“I don’t believe it, but I suppose it is so. I might as well try to rest for the next half,” and Mabel sat down to recuperate for the rest of the contest, which would be more exciting than the previous part.
Again the whistle screams. Up and down, back and forth the ball travels.
“Unless our boys do something and do it quick the game will be a tie, and that will give the championship to Dem.”
“Oh, Sue! they will! I know they will. See! Our ball on that fumble. That’s the thirty-yard line, too.”
While the spectators wore exulting over this great piece of good fortune George Hancrulst was endeavoring to calm his excited team. He gave his signal in a firm, steady voice, which braced every man 15-63-62-9-5-41: Hill was successful in this end run. Again and still again Coverton broke through the enemy’s line for small gains. Only three yards left to make.
“They’ve won! They’ve won! George made it. Jess, what—
The expression of her friend’s face checked Mabel’s remarks and she glanced back to the goal. All the team were watching a man who was bending over George Hancrulst attempting to revive him. Twice the plucky captain tried to rise and failed. By this time all exultation had ceased. A substitute was called while George was being carried into the clubhouse.
At the end of the three remaining minutes the score stood 6 to 0 in favor of Coverton.
That night the reception hall was festive with the usual decorations of pennants and class colors. Anxiety seemed to have deserted Coverton. The only blight on the evening’s frolic was the absence of the captain of the victorious team. His friends were rejoicing over the encouraging report of the doctor. The moonlight dance was casting its spell over all when suddenly the lights flashed on. Immediately the music stopped striking a discord that seemed a prophetic omen. Coverton’s popular president was standing by the orchestra. “Students,” he began, and although his voice was scarcely more than a whisper, those at the back of the room could distinctly hear him. “George Hancrulst has played his last game. He was unable to say more. No further explanation was needed. As quietly and quickly as possible the students retired.
The championship had been won, but at the price of a young man’s life. Does such dearly bought glory pay?
The Whitman - W. S. C. Trip

(Special Correspondent)
Photographs by the writer.

They who remain at home look with envy on the football men as they start on a trip. Had they the trip to take, however, with its changing cars, poor hotels, bad meals, vigorous training, and hard games, they would believe the pleasures well earned.

It is a great honor to be one of eleven to represent a college in a contest of mind and muscle and the men feel that they have much more than their own fight on hand when they go into such a game.

It was then, with this spirit that the Whitworth team set out on the morning of the 11th of November, for Walla Walla. A twelve hour ride brought them there at nine o'clock in the evening and they were compelled to spend the night in a very poor hotel because the proprietor of the place at which they were to stay had failed to reserve them rooms.

The morning found the ground covered with snow so that the time dragged somewhat until the early afternoon when preparations were made for the game. Several telegrams reminded the men that they were thought of by those who were not there to cheer them on and every man went into the game in the best of condition.

The story of the game is known to all and nothing need be said of it. The first half was marked by a little advantage to the Whitman team, because our team did not get together as well as they might have. There was no danger to our goal in this half however and we were dangerously near theirs twice.

In the second half, the advantage lay with us, our passing and running-back excelling that of our opponents. Particular mention of the excellent playing of the Whitworth men would include them all as every man played his position splendidly and played it as a gentleman.

A very disagreeable feature of the trip was the lack of common courtesy on the part of Whitman. The side-lines gave away our plays, giving considerable advantage to their team; no attention was given our men before or after the game, their condition not even being inquired about; and worse, the disgusting spectacle of a Whitman man, on the field, turning down his school on account of an ungentlemanly prejudice.

As soon as possible, we left Walla Walla for Pullman. The weather was very cold, our rooms had no heat, and we had to board a ways off from our hotel. There was no good place to practice on Monday, the day before the
game but the coach took the team on a side street and gave them a short warming up.

We have no regrets when we think of that Pullman game except the fact—that our men's condition and the condition of the field did not permit us to do our best. Our men were outweighed over forty pounds to the man, the field was of damp clay, soft on top but frozen at a depth of two inches, thus giving no opportunity for fast plays, passes or kicks, and to make the odds greater against us, our captain was laid out in four minutes, our right-half suffered from a strained shoulder on one side and a broken finger on the other, our right tackle had a sore rib which took all the ginger out of him, in all, a very light defense to break up a play in which a thousand pounds came charging through the line.

We were very much pleased with the concern which was showed for our men when hurt and with the sportsman-like action of the W. S. C. team on the field. The men were never guilty of dirty playing although the State College lost 106 yards in penalties, a large part for holding. After each half, hot coffee was brought to our dressing room, and on leaving Pullman we were sped on our way with lusty cheers.

Tired and sore, Wednesday afternoon, found the Whitworth team again in Tacoma, after the hardest test of endurance of body and temper they will have to go through until another season opens up.

BEGAN EARLY.

It is said that Gus Williams has been studying football longer than any man on the team. When he was five, he was taken to a football game.

The extent to which he was impressed did not become evident till he said his prayers that night. Then, to the horror of his parents, he prayed:

"God bless Papa,
God bless Mama,
God bless Gussie;
Boom! Rah! Rah!"
Football - The Game

George L. Case.

Foot-ball is conceded, by all athletic authorities as well as all followers of college sports, to be the one game of the time. This is due to the fact that all good Americans of today admire and strive to attain well-developed manhood. They find in this game a greater number of the essentials necessary for this development, namely: Physical, mental and to a great extent moral development, for the rules of the game lay considerable stress on gentlemanly conduct and try to eradicate all the elements of roughness, both in word and act.

At the present time, foot-ball has reached a critical stage in its history. We have gone through what is known in the sporting world as "an off year." The fatal injuries this year have reached a greater number than they have for several years. The public attributes the cause to the new game. This is erroneous upon its face, for if it were true, why were there not the same number of accidents last year? The game played was the same, barring one or two minor points, which had no effect upon the game itself.

In my opinion, it could come of only two conditions—the one that the teams were not in the best physical shape, the other, as has been said, that this is an off year and that an unusual lot of accidents have happened. I am inclined to believe that this latter is the only explanation.

Working upon the assumption that the cause was the new game, critics have begun to send recommendations to Coach Stagg, A. G. Spaulding and other members of the rules committee, which, if they were followed, would practically change foot-ball to basket-ball. I have no fear of any such changes going into effect, as the members of the rules committee are too good students of the game to allow it to be ruined in such a way. Should such changes go into effect, it would kill all college athletics, since they depend upon foot-ball for their support.

Can you imagine a defense to a "reformed" game? Yards to be gained in four downs—fifteen. Number of forward passes to be allowed in a scrimmage—two, and an unlimited number of backward passes. No restrictions as to where the pass is to be made or who shall receive it. No play to be made into the line by more than one man, and so forth.

Let us leave foot-ball where it is, a well-nigh perfect college game, and seek to better the physical condition of our players, and the men who have been made by this sport will more than repay us for the losses sustained.
Foot-ball Its Value To The Individual

WILLIAM PLATT, "W" '08

There is a good deal of public prejudice against foot-ball, particularly after the fatal results of the past season, and a good deal of talk about abolishing it from our colleges and universities. While we recognize and lament the fact that the game has proven fatal in so many instances, this fall, still we must also claim that there is much to be said in favor of it, and the fact that now and again a player is fatally hurt ought not to bring the game into such severe judgment as to cause its abolishment.

There is no outdoor sport indulged in that does not claim its victims, and carefully compiled statistics show that foot-ball is one of the least of the offenders. Baseball caused as many deaths in 1909 as did football, while auto racing resulted in many more. Hockey and polo each have fatalities charged to them, and even track events, such as distance running and pole vaulting, have proven fatal.

It is a well-known fact, to those who have cared to investigate carefully, that most of the disastrous results of last fall would have been averted, had sufficient care been exercised by the coaches. The two cases which caused the greatest popular outcry were those of the Annapolis and West Point players. In both cases the men were allowed to remain in the game longer than their physical condition warranted, and had they been removed when they had played to the limit of their strength, it is very doubtful if there would have been any trouble.

Even granting all that is said against the game, still the fact remains that it is the only American college game and can never be abolished from American institutions for the simple reason that there is nothing to take its place. Soccer football has been and is being tried in different places as a substitute but while on the one hand it has failed because of its inability to fill the place of Rugby, on the other hand it has been found to be almost equally dangerous.

Any college man who has been interested in the business affairs of athletics can tell you that foot-ball is the only self-supporting branch of college activities. Indeed, in most colleges, all other student interests depend on the earnings of foot-ball for their maintenance. This fact alone testifies to the popularity of the game and the hold it has on the hearts of American people.

But aside from all this, and even granting the charges against it, there is a value arising from the game to the individual players which is undoubted
On November 20 the Sigma Delta Gamma girls gave a chafing dish party in the parlors of the Residence. During the evening a story, made up of the names of books, was read, and the guests named as many authors as they could. Mr. Seamore Crandall won the prize, which was a leather-bound copy of "The Little Minister." To end the evening, oysters were served from chafing dishes.

Friday, November 26, Dr. Roe entertained the College students at his home. The party was given for the benefit of those who were unable to go home during the Thanksgiving vacation. A very pleasant time was spent in working out puzzles and playing games. The principal feature of the evening was a potato race, in which Dr. Roe won laurels for himself. After refreshments were served, the evening ended with the singing of college songs.

Quite a number of students did not go home for their Thanksgiving vacation, and a sumptuous dinner was served at the Residence. Speeches were given by Dean MacKay, Prof. Martin, Mr. Payne and Miss Hunter. The afternoon was agreeably spent with various games and other amusements.

Miss Gertrude Hoard spent the Thanksgiving vacation with her sister, Miss Mynne Hoard.

Miss Darsche, from St. Helens Hall, in Portland, visited Miss Nellie Presby during Thanksgiving vacation.

Saturday evening, November 27, Miss Marjorie Greig entertained for a number of the students. The evening was pleasantly spent playing old-fashioned games.
THE WHITWORTHIAN

Rev. C. W. Stewart, ex-president of Whitworth College, and his wife, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary December 1. All the neighbors and faculty were invited.

On the afternoon of the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of December Mrs. Martin gave an art exhibit. The display showed some very beautiful work, and Whitworth College is certainly very fortunate in having her in the faculty. She is a graduate of De Pauw University, studied under the noted Frank Peaugh for two years, and spent two seasons as a special student at the Art Institute of Chicago.

On December 3d a number of musical students, chaperoned by Mrs. Riedelsberger, attended the concert given by the noted Kreisler.

At a most delightful concert given Tuesday, November 30, in Bethany church, the college took a prominent part. The college orchestra and the male quartette furnished some excellent selections. Prof. Beardsley rendered a vocal solo and also took part in a guitar and mandolin duet with Mr. Henderson. Miss Mearns gave some most entertaining readings.

Y. W. C. A.

The regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was omitted November 17 and a joint meeting of the Y. M. and Y. W. was held next day. Mr. Strong, of the Y. M. C. A of Seattle, gave a very interesting talk on the topic, "Follow Me."

Miss Ruth Evans had charge of the meeting on November 24. Her topic was "The Beauty and Utility of Gratitude." Talks were given by different girls.

The meeting on December 1 was led by Miss Madge Phelps. Her topic was "The Student Volunteer Movement." Miss Genevieve Martin gave a talk on the crisis in the East.

Miss Helen Kalbus led the meeting on December 8. The topic was "The Habit of Happiness." Several of the girls gave some thoughts on the topic. Miss Amy Easton sang very beautifully "One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

The Y. W. C. A. have gotten out Xmas calendars. These are the first college calendars ever gotten out at Whitworth. The designs are very suggestive and attractive. They were on sale December 10. We hope every one is supplied or will be.
EXCHANGES

The University of Washington is giving her football men their due honors. In addition to the customary letter-sweaters, each player holding a W will be presented with a watch fob of solid gold in the shape of a football, engraved with the year, the position played, and the word “Championship.”

The University of Oregon Monthly is a combination of their regular literary magazine with their former exponent of the Engineering department. As a result, we find a rather curious mixture of literary and technical articles, and prominence is given to the engineering school rather than the exclusion of other departments. One of the literary articles, “Loss of Speech” is of particular merit, and could be read and heeded with profit by some people not a thousand miles from Whitworth.

Oxford University is to become a co-educational institution after its long history as a men’s university.

The subject of a recent debate in one of the Southern Colleges was: “Resolved that the College Man makes love better than the Business Man.” The affirmative won the debate. Who said that a College education does not pay?

Girls from the Freshmen and Sophomore classes of the University of Minnesota have entered the try-outs for debates this year. This is the first time that the co-eds of Minnesota have ventured into the field of inter-scholastic forsenics.

A number of Whitman girls were “bath-tubbed” recently, in addition to receiving various other punishments at the hands of loyal Whitmanites. And all because they rooted for Whitman’s opponents in a recent game of foot-ball.

The Accented Syllable

When some fiction writers try
Their thoughts do make us hot.
We get e-rot-ic novels with
The accent on the rot. —Lippincott’s

When some hair-dressers seek to give
Us hair to fit the hat.
We get er-rat-ic coiffures with
The accent on the rat. —Boston Traveler.
THE WHITWORTHIAN

And when the fisher leaves the pool
And gladly home doth hie,
We get some li-kely stories with
The accent on the lie. —Houston Post.

Or when we keep a-jingling
At the telephonic bell,
We yell out "Hell-o, Central!" with
The accent on the hell. —Nashville Tennessean.

Or when we see the hat awry,
And socks of crimson mesh,
We think "Oh, there's a "fresh-man;" with
The accent on the fresh. —Cumberland Weekly.

And e'en our smiling sweetheart
On occasions, modest thing,
Can assume di-sting-uished manners with
The accent on the sting.
Letters to Santa Claus

Whitworth College,
Dear Santa Claus:

Not long ago our vocal professor publicly announced that I had the finest tenor voice in the Northwest. Aren’t you sorry I haven’t any music? Please send me all the latest popular music.

Your worthy musician,
PROF. BEARDSLEY.

Whitworth College,
Tacoma, Wash., Dec. 8, '09.
Dear Santa Claus:

I used to write letters to you when I was a little boy and you always sent me whatever I asked for. I remember how glad I was when I got that train of cars. I am quite a man now and am going to ask for something peculiar. I want a girl that I won’t be afraid of—one that can laugh and cry and say “George.” (Also a bottle of anti-fat).

I should be very much obliged to you if you would keep this letter a secret, because I want to surprise everybody. Please do, dear Santa.

Yours in need,
GEORGE L. CASE.

Whitworth College,
Tacoma, Wash., Dec. 9, '09.
Dear Santa Claus:

Since you seem to be quite a popular man this year, and times are very hard, I feel it my duty to ask a small favor of you. I want something very badly—water in the laboratory. I lose my temper every day on account of dirty test tubes and beakers. If you grant this favor you will soften my temper considerably.

Hoping to receive a prompt reply, I am.
Your loving friend,
PROF. H. E. HEWITT.

Whitworth College,
Dear Santa Claus:

I always argued that it was undignified to write to you, but this year I have the Senior Latin class and they are by no means stupid. I wish your would tell me some means by which I might assign long lessons and keep them after the bell rings without their finding it out. Do your best.

Yours in distress,
PROF. MARTIN.

Whitworth College,
Tacoma, Wash., Dec. 11, '09.
Dear Santa Claus:

I have always relied upon my own resources until this year. I am in need, having worn out my shoes beating time to the chapel hymns.

Kindly send me a pair of half-soles.
Yours respectfully,
DR. ROE.
Whitworth College,
Tacoma, Wash., Dec. 12, '09.

Dear Santa Claus:
I am getting to be an old man, like yourself, and have taught school for years, but never before have I had a class without a girl in it. Won't you send me a girl to grace my mechanics' class?
Yours truly,
PROF. FOX.

Whitworth College,
Tacoma, Wash., Dec. 8, '09.

Dearest Santa Claus:
What men dare, I dare; even have I considered it folly to dabble in child's play, but boys are the worry of my life. I will think you the loveliest man if you will offer me some means of keeping boys away from the Residence. They just won't stay away, especially these banquet days. If a boy gets the spirit in the middle of the night he will jump up and over to the Residence, ring the bell and ask to see a certain young lady about the pleasure of her company at the foot-ball banquet. All hours of the day and night and they are driving me crazy. I have great faith in your ability and am sure you have a remedy.

Affectionately,
FLORENCE G. DOUGLAS.

Whitworth College,
Tacoma, Wash., Dec. 15, '09.

Dear Santa Claus:
I have written to you since I was a small boy, so we are close friends by this time. This year I want a new seat in chapel. I am right on the edge and always have been. If the faculty row gets any larger I will fall off the platform. I also want some new phrases to use during penmanship practice. Every one is getting so tired of "slide, Kelly, slide."

Lovingly,
PROF. W. L. EDWARDS.

The Xmas Store
FOR
Men and Young Men

The most complete line of wearables for Men and Young Men in Tacoma, such as Neckwear, Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, Shirts, Sweaters, Jewelry Umbrellas, Collar Bags, Fancy Suspenders, etc. Last but not least the Famous Stein Bloch Clothes, and Hawes Hats.

Strain & Moore
1154 PACIFIC AVENUE.
AN ESTABLISHED RULE.

Prof. Martin made this rule a few nights ago when some College boys and girls could not resist Mnehlenbruch's: "Hence forth when you go anywhere you are not to eat."

IN TROUBLE.

"What is the matter with Joe?"
"She has a Payne."

GUY THE SECOND.

Madge had never expressed her opinions before on this subject, but much to our surprise, she sighed the other day: "How I wish I had another 'Guy!'"

A MATTER OF A FEW FEET.

Margaret Johnson has been all glee for the past week. Mr. Frazer thought he would check this somewhat by saying: "Margaret, are you going on stilts to the foot-ball banquet?"
Margaret: "Why should I, when I am going with 'Shorty'?"

BRAIN FOOD.

Mr. Everett was clapping his chubby hands as he unwrapped a package addressed "Rev. M. G. Everett." It proved to be a bottle of Mellin's Food. The Seniors are so delighted with it that the Juniors are going to serve it at their banquet to the Seniors.

Here is a list of presents for the men folks, every article of which has a national reputation—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Everwear guaranteed Half Hose</td>
<td>$1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phoenix or Way Mufflers</td>
<td>$0.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>President Suspenders individual boxes</td>
<td>$0.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. &amp; P. Dress Gloves, per pair</td>
<td>$1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heidcap caps</td>
<td>$0.75,  $1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vogue Neckwear</td>
<td>$0.25,  $0.50,  $0.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. &amp; B. Slippers</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albion Sweater Coats</td>
<td>$3.00, $3.50 &amp; $4.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Belfast Linen Handkerchiefs</td>
<td>$0.25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brighton Lock Grip Garters</td>
<td>$0.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pioneer Suspenders</td>
<td>$0.50 to $1.50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brighton Arm Bands</td>
<td>$0.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cluett Shirts</td>
<td>$1.25, $1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shawknit Half Hose, (ass'td colors)</td>
<td>$1.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

UDALL
THE CLOTHIER
912 COMMERCE STREET
Out of the High Rent District
SHOULD USE FURS.

Dr. Roe was questioning Miss McCallam in Political Economy along the line of production and consumption.

Dr. Roe—You put coal in an engine. What is that?

Bertha—Production.

Dr. Roe—If you put coal in the fire to keep a man warm, what is that?

Bertha—That is waste.

DUTIFUL.

Olmsted Hall was all a-whirl with talk of the banquet and girl. Mr. Everett has several times expressed his views on the subject in a few words.

Mr. Paul to Mr. Everett: "Well, I think all the Senior girls ought to go."

Mr. Everett: "I've done my duty by the Senior class."

BEFORE THE BANQUET.

In the air at girls' dormitory:
"Have you got a bid?"
"Did he ask you?"
"Did you turn him down?"
"Who is it?"
"What did he say?"
"What shall I say if he asks me?"

Boys' dormitory, any old time:
"Leave her to me."
"If I can't get her I won't go."
"I'm going home—stung!"
"Gosh all Friday! If she turns me down, you'll hear my death knell."
"Are you fixed?"
"Who are you fixed up with?"
"Those girls are all so peachy, I can't for the life of me decide which one to take."
"Nix on the flowers."

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Every nook and corner filled with things to give HIM or HER.

Perplexing problems will vanish, after spending a few minutes among these stocks.

UMBRELLAS

An ideal gift to Lady or Gentleman. We are showing special gift lines, with gold and pearl handles, but void of high prices. Best frames, excellent covers. Priced at $2 and up to $8.

Your Gift money will go farther here and you'll be better pleased.

To Whitworth and all its Students

A MERRY CHRISTMAS and PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

The Stone-Fisher Co.
SYMPTOM ONE.

One would never doubt that Billings is in love, could he have seen worthy hot-footing it over to the Residence one evening in the snow with only one shoe on.

ANOTHER SYMPTOM.

Forgetting care-fare is regarded as a dangerous symptom, but coupled with that of taking the wrong car makes the case quite hopeless. Billings exhibited both of these when he took a young lady to an entertainment one evening and had not luck been on his side he would perhaps have lost the lady. The conductor gave him a return transfer, so he got to the entertainment all right, and it happened that a friend was there who loaned him car-fare to come home on.

A FAVOR.

In the Oriental Cafe, at Everett, when the waitress had passed:

Mr. Marinoff—Say, Mr. Brewer, do you know that girl?

Mr. B.—Why, yes.

M.—Is she your friend?

B.—I guess so.

M.—Ask her for some more biscuits.

IN RE DRESS SUITS.

Several boys were discussing whether or not they should wear dress suits to the banquet when Charles Morse asked Mr. Whitworth, "Sid, do you wear many dress suits?"

Sidney—"Very few."

Whereupon Rieman said to Mr. McDonald: "You'll have to have tails made to order, won't you?"
OUR SHOES AT THREE FIFTY
WEAR LIKE SIXTY.
WE HAVE ALL KINDS OF DRESS
FOOTWEAR

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GOOD SHOES
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COUGH CURE.
NO CURE NO PAY.

MALSTROM'S
COUGH CURE.
NO CURE NO PAY.

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POTTED MEATS, FRUITS, COOKIES, PICKLES, ETC.

EVERYTHING FOR A SPREAD.

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CHRISTMAS PURCHASES
We have the Finest Line of Books ever brought to this City
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The Whitworthian for January '10

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OLMSTED HALL.
OLMSTED HALL.

Olmsted Hall is a two and a half story structure occupying the corner of North Forty-second and Stevens street, just across the street from the Administration Building. It was given to the college by Mrs. W. A. Olmsted of Chicago. The building is now used as a dormitory for men of college rank, but it will in time be fitted up as a home for the sons of missionaries who are attending the college. From the outside the building has the appearance of a roomy residence. Through the generosity of Mrs. Olmsted it was repainted last spring.

The interior is divided into eleven rooms, one on the first floor being furnished as a parlor and reception room. The occupants of the building are self-governing. There are regularly elected officers who administer the rules made by the organization, under the direction of the college authorities.

ON PROBATION.

One action taken in the last session of the Northwest Intercollegiate Conference gives a great impetus to Whitworth athletics. Whitworth College has been admitted to the Conference on probation—we are to keep the rules of the Conference in good faith for the period of one year, after which we will be given the right to vote.

The prowess of this College in football has been almost incredible and many have doubted our ability to abide by the rules and still put out a strong
team, but we are sure that, if not able to overcome the largest of the Big 7, we will not stand lowest.
And we will abide by the rules.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

As a little two-year-old knelt in evening prayer, she looked about her and up into her mother's face and said, "Well, here we are again."
And here we are again!

No doubt you have made many good resolutions. Probably most of them are broken ere this, and the balance in a more or less bad state of repair.

Resolutions! Some one has said that hell is paved with good resolutions. All right, I for one am glad to know that there are pavements there. Pavements make for smooth running, much to the joy of our automobile friends; and if they can be assured of pavements in the future as well as in the present, it should be a great comfort—especially since no one will object to their scorching.

We all make good resolutions. When a man gets past making good resolutions it is time to hang him. He is no longer to be running at large among his fellow men. At the beginning of a new term seems to be the especial time to make good resolutions. If you were to keep count of the good resolutions made during a year you would be surprised at the number. Every time you make a good resolution you are a little better than you were before. Better make resolutions and fail to keep them than not to make them at all.

So let us resolve this Semester that for every mistake we make, and for every shortcoming we find in ourselves we will then and there make a resolution to better that condition and follow up the resolution.
The pale red sun fell behind the distant mountains and left the Orient shrouded in the hazy blue twilight. The song birds were ceasing to sing their sweet songs and all was still except the cry of the prowly fox, and the lapping of the gentle waves upon the sandy coast line.

“What made the sun red?” said little Hesa San, as she sat on her father’s doorstep.

“What makes the fox cry and the sea sing its gentle song upon the sand? The gods have decided on his death,” she said with a sigh, and knelt to offer up her even prayer.

She prayed to the gods and then went back to the cot to give the white man some more medicine and put fresh bandages on his pulsing forehead. His eyes were shut, his face was pale, the yellow fever was at its height.

The twilight ceased to be and the yellow stars flashed with all their splendor in the deep azure sky. Hesa San sat upon her mat beside the sick man through the long night and prayed and watched for the return of life. The fiery demon seemed to gain control of him once, for he raised his head from the pillow and rested his body on one arm and looked at Hesa San—madness was in his eyes—they were blue—it was the first time she had seen them. She looked away with fear in her heart and the head fell back to the pillow.

“What a wonderful man this was”—not like her own people. He was tall; his eyes were not brown, but blue as the summer skies. And his hair was not black; it was like the beautiful golden sunset. Hesa San closed her eyes to wonder, but sleep overcame her and she dozed off into the dream-land of imagination.

She had not closed her eyes for three long days but had faithfully watched over the man from the rising sun ever since he had been brought in from the mountains, and now her time had come to rest.

When she opened her eyes it was with the first blush of dawn, to find the large blue eyes peering at her from the cot; they were sunken and with darkened rings beneath. A smile played about the mouth of the white man. She looked at the eyes again—how funny they seemed! She had heard of these people, but could not imagine how they looked. She gazed again, then turned and tripped lightly out into the warm morning sunlight.

She took her tea and minced rice and sat on the doorstep to eat. Then she walked out to the cherry lane that ran down to the sea and while there she gathered an armful of the sweet-smelling blossoms that grow so plenti-
fully in Japan. She made her way silently into the house and placed the blossoms in an earthen jar beside his bed. He opened his eyes. "Good morning, little maid," he said weakly, in the language of Nipon, which greatly surprised Hesa San.

Many days passed. The gods were kind for they had made the man well and chosen him to be a friend of Hesa San, and he taught her many things.

One day she asked him: "Are the maids in your land all as beautiful as you? Are their eyes blue, and is their hair light like yours?"

He replied tenderly: "Some of them have, but some have hair and eyes just like yours."

Hesa San was silent for a long while, and sat looking out into the great calm sea lying peacefully beneath the summer sun.

"When are you going to leave?" she asked. "I can no longer live when you have gone. The stars I used to love have lost their beauty; the hazy twilights have lost charm for me, they no longer bring sweet dreams; my people I can no longer like, they are so different from the ones from the rising sun; I love only you. The white man was standing up now, a kindly look was in his eyes."

"I must go today," he said.

She caught his arm and stood looking up at him while the old father of Hesa San shuffled out of the room.

"Do you love one of your own kind?" she asked. "Am I so much different from them?" and she looked pleadingly into his eyes. He bent down and imprinted the first kiss she had ever received upon her cherry lips.

All day they sat with the old father on the step—he slept, while Hesa San and the man from the rising sun talked. But late in the afternoon he began to make preparations for his departure.

The twilight fell; the western sky was tinted gold; the shadows crept and darkened like gloomy ghosts.

He kissed the maid good-bye, shook hands with the father and was gone.

The fox cried out from among the deepening shadows; the sea waves lapped the sand-bound coast; the moon that rose out of the eastern sea looked like a war-god in red war paint; the stars shone on the heaving sea; the night wind sang its same sweet song, and wafted with it the sweet scent of cherry blossoms. But these things no longer held any charms. The white man had gone. Hesa San's heart was broken, her cherry lips soon grew cold for she had gone—

Where winds are sweet
And flowers fair,
And everyone
Finds comfort there.

The old man sat alone; a tear dimmed his eye; the fox cried out from the shadows; the sea gently lapped the coast line, and then all was silent again, except for the gentle sighing south wind that breathed into the old man's ear the name of "Hesa San."
The sun seemed to drop from its position in the sky and disappeared behind the cold snow-capped peaks which reared up more and more prominently as the rays of light dropped behind them, and stood staring with a cold, solemn stillness that sent a chill through the lonely rider who, hungry and cold, was making his way to the home where he was once more to see the one he loved.

Many years had passed since he left the old college where they spent their happiest days together. Sometimes things would go wrong and a quarrel ensue, but they would forget and forgive and all would run smoothly. It was during these trials, however, that their love was tested and found strong, so strong that years of separation had only a tendency to increase their desire for each other's company; and so all those past memories came clear before his mind as he sped swiftly over the trail.

The long days ride had chilled his body and his hands and feet were numbed, but his heart was warm for he was to spend that Christmas eve differently than any he had ever spent before.

Suddenly his horse neighed and placed all four feet solidly on the ground, stopping so short that the rider was nearly thrown from the saddle, and there just before him lay a deep, rocky canyon. Peering deep into the dark depths below he saw a white foaming stream that roared on in an angry torrent, which dropped from sight over a large fall and went thundering on far below. A cold chill ran over him when he thought of his narrow escape, and, patting the pony on the side, he muttered a few words of thanks in prayer to God, then swinging his pony to the right, he started off on a gallop, but he had scarcely gone a hundred yards, when the poor beast's foot slipped into a hole, breaking its leg and at the same time throwing its rider to the ground, where he lay unconscious.

Peeping through the window where the light shone out upon the trail—for no curtains were pulled down that Christmas eve—a different scene comes before us. The mother sits in a large rocker, darning socks, the father before the fireplace reads the weekly newspaper, being interrupted constantly by Doris, who moves from one room to the other talking to mother, bothering father, and disturbing her brother Jack who, absorbed in a book, sits before the fire that throws a cheerful glow over the little room. There is a stillness until the old clock on the mantel strikes nine and she can stand it no longer. All day she had been restless, her mind upon the one she was to
meet that night, and going to her father she shook him by the shoulder, telling him that something must have gone wrong with William for he was to have been there before dark. Yawning, the old man rose and told Jack to saddle the horses so they could ride down the trail in search of the boy.

The horses were brought to the door and the two men mounted and rode out into the dark night. No one had noticed Doris, who slipped out the back door and, going to the barn, took her little pony. Not waiting for a saddle she threw herself upon the broncho and was soon close in the rear of the two riders ahead. They were talking and she overheard her father say to Jack: "The river will be wild tonight," and in an instant a thought flashed over her mind, "The canyon road, the canyon road!" he must have taken the wrong road. Her heart beat fast and a thousand horrors fled through her mind. She knew only too well that it meant death if he had followed that road so far, for but a week ago there had been a washout that carried fifty yards of the road away, leaving a large precipice of over one hundred feet.

She spoke to her horse and he shot out at full speed and on she went, flying by her father and brother, who, seeing her, did not wait for explanations, but spurred up their steeds and followed hot in the chase around old Martin's ranch, up Wilson's hill and then down the canyon trail. Turning sharp to their left they were on the canyon road, the horses racing madly on, their hoofs ringing clear on the frosty air, and their panting breath freezing in icicles to their nostrils. They were urged on by their daring riders until the washout on the road was reached, when they were reined up short, and during the moment's pause a horse neighed. Jack dismounted and, going to the place from which the sound had come, he saw the poor beast covered with blood, spending his last few gasps for breath, for being attracted by the sounds of the other horses he had neighed to them, as horses often do when in trouble; but by this time Doris had made a discovery. She had found the form of a man who seemed to be breathing his last, and with the combined efforts of them all they took the helpless form home, laid it in bed, and Jack brought the doctor, who said that if the boy had lain for one more hour in the cold it would have been too late for him to be of any service.

Doris had saved his life and all night she stayed by his bed and on the Christmas morning he listened to the story of his rescue. Bill feebly raised his head and whispered, "It's to you, Doris, that I owe this Christmas morn."
On December 16th the Sigma Delta Gamma girls entertained at the Residence in honor of Miss Adah L. Wall, who did not intend to return after the holidays. The evening was pleasantly spent with an old-fashioned taffy-pull.


On January 7th the Kappa Gamma Society held a literary and business meeting at the Residence. The program for the meeting was as follows:

"Practical Matters."

Paper, "The Styles of 1920". Lillian Fleet
Reading, "From A to Z". Mildred Smith
Song. "Some Day"
Recitation. Evelyn Johnson
Song, "To Kappa Gamma I'll Be True". "Some Day"
Reading, "Mr. Dooley on the Magazines". Charlotte Hanley
Paper, "Difficulties of Getting on and Off a Point Defiance Car". Grace Redman

The Sigma Delta Gamma girls were entertained at the home of Clarence McReavy, Earlham Court, on Friday evening, January 14th. Elaborate preparations had been made for the entertainment of the guests, who all enjoyed the evening immensely.

Miss Hilda Bergman, a former student in the Whitworth Commercial Department, has been very seriously ill at her home. The latest reports are
to the effect that she is now convalescent and will soon be out again.

Miss Frankie Weber, who attended school here last year, is at her home in Pendleton, Ore., studying domestic science in a class of one. She is doing famously.

Miss Hazel Hamblin, who graduated from the Commercial School of Whitworth in June, 1908, is now at her home in Pendleton, Ore. Soon after leaving school she took a position as stenographer for Judge Lowell of that city. The announcement of her marriage, which will take place in the early summer, will be of much interest to her many school friends.

Y. W. C. A.

The regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held December 14. Miss Mary Grunwell led the meeting. Her topic was, "The Spirit of Christmas." Short talks on the topic were given by the different girls. Miss Short favored us at this time with a very beautiful solo.

Miss Lulu Martin had charge of the meeting on January 5th. "New Year's Resolutions" was her topic. Several of the girls gave some ideas on how to make and keep resolutions.

The meeting on January 12 was led by the treasurer, Miss Maude Scott. Her topic was "Finances."

The Y. W. C. A. is already planning about making money to send delegates to Conference. We hope to send ten, if not more, this year.
Vacation Doings

On the last Friday before the Christmas vacation the dormitory was the scene of general confusion caused by the students who were preparing to go home to spend the holidays. The excitement of seeing the others "off," the many "good-byes," "Merry Christmases" and "Happily New Years" that were to be said, kept up the spirits of those who were left behind till the last home-goer had departed and no one had time to be blue. But afterwards—blues were forgotten and the fun began.

Rev. Mather was the first to entertain, and a very pleasant evening was spent at his home in playing games.

The next evening a party was given by the Misses Martin, and is to be remembered as one of the most enjoyable social events of the vacation.

The first pleasant day was improved by going rowing. Nothing of serious import happened, other than that four of the party who had been towed across by the other boats, had to secure the services of a launch in order to get safely home again. The evening's amusement consisted of a mock trial held in the parlors of the Residence.

Christmas day was spent in playing games and at 2:30 p. m. a very appetizing Christmas dinner was served. The crowning feature of the day was the gathering around the Christmas tree at night. All were dressed as children with the exception of the faculty, who represented the Aunts and Uncles. Monday evening after Christmas the girls from the Residence departed to the home of Miss Madge Phelps, where they enjoyed for several days the comforts and hospitalities of a real home. While they were there a very delightful dinner party was given to celebrate the birthday of Miss Phelps and of Mr. Douglas Johnson.

Miss Daub and Miss Arntson both pleasantly entertained at their home, and on New Year's eve the Misses Atchison entertained the Dorm girls. The evening was spent in playing games and in candy making.

Very early on New Year's morn a party of ten set out from the college to fill the air with their melodious voices for the edification of the residents of the neighborhood. They were very liberally rewarded at Mrs. Henderson's with cider and sandwiches; and at 2 a. m. they came home none the worse for their musical campaign except a peculiar graty sensation in the region of the throat.

No time was wasted during the vacation. Every moment which threatened to hang heavily was spent in the bowling alley, and when the last holiday had gone, all those who were left behind agreed in saying they had never spent a more enjoyable vacation.
Present indications are that basket-ball will take a more prominent part in the athletics of the College this year than ever before. Enough men for two good teams have been turning out for practice every afternoon and under the efficient coaching of Professor Randall some first-class material is being developed. Manager Hoke has secured several games and nearly every mail brings offers of more, so a good schedule is assured. Clarence O'Brien has the management of the second team and some games have already been arranged.

The first game of the season was a practice contest with the fast quintet of the Tacoma High School on our floor. Although not yet in condition the Whitworth team made a creditable showing.

On January 13 a game was played with the Students' team of the Tacoma Y. M. C. A. Our team outclassed their opponents from start to finish and the final score stood 63 to 20 in favor of Whitworth. Whitworth lined up as follows: Forwards, Gamer, Rieman, Craig Hazlet; center, Lyon; guards, Calvin Hazlet, Sam Hoke.

Whitworth met defeat at the hands of Parkland on the latter's floor January 22. It was a well and closely played game, resulting in a score of 21 to 36. Whitworth's lineup was: Forwards, Pike, Lyon, Gamer; center, Lyon, McReavy; guards, Sam Hoke, Calvin Hazelet.

On the afternoon of January 24 representatives of the two well-known organizations of the school, "The Red Mikes" and "The Ladies' Aid Society," met in a basket-ball game on the floor of the gymnasium. As there is an intense rivalry existing between these two societies the game was rough and hard-fought on both sides. Cheered on by the plaudits and bewitching smiles of the many young ladies in the gallery, the Ladies' Aid won by the score of 24 to 4, and after the game each conquering hero of the winning team hastened to the side of his fair one to receive her words of well merited praise of his prowess.

The lineup follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Red Mikes</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Ladies' Aid</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pike</td>
<td>Forward</td>
<td>O'Brien, Myhre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitworth, Mill</td>
<td>Forward</td>
<td>Briggs</td>
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<tr>
<td>Billings</td>
<td>Center</td>
<td>McDonald</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul</td>
<td>Guard</td>
<td>Myhre, O'Brien</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mill, Whitworth</td>
<td>Guard</td>
<td>Coach Case</td>
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Referee—Lyon.
Exchanges

At the University of Chicago the undergraduates are no longer to be termed Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. They are in the future to be the divisions of Upper and Lower Seniors and Upper and Lower Juniors. The student government body is also divided into Senior and Junior Councils.

Carnell has lost two frat houses by fire this year. The last one which burned was valued at $4,000, and was one of the best known on the campus.

During the Christmas vacation three students from the University of Idaho visited their home high schools, talking to the students there about the University. This is some of the right spirit. Students often think that they are very loyal to their school when they wear a brilliant hat band and yell at the football games. Loyalty which boosts for the College is the kind we want at Whitworth.

The evergreen from Washington State College appears in an especially good magazine edition of December. The paper, print and general arrangement of the paper are all excellent.

A number of exchange columns are commenting upon the way University of California celebrates Labor Day. Last year nearly $3,000 worth of work was done for the improvement of the University by the students on that day. As Labor Day comes in September and this is January, we do not wonder at the enthusiasm over the idea.

The editor of the Whitman College Pioneer has resigned owing to press of work, and the last issue received was edited by his successor. And next month we of Whitworth must endure the same experience.

Editing a paper is a great thing. If we publish jokes, people say we are rattle headed; if we don't we are fossils. If we publish original matter, they say we don't give them enough selections; if we give them selections, they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to chapel we are heathens; if we do we are hypocrites. If we wear old clothes they laugh at us; if we wear good clothes we have a pull. Now what are we to do? Just as likely as not, some one will say we stole this from an exchange. So we did.—Ex.
Tales Out of School

We hope the faculty will not feel slighted because their names do not adorn the pages of this issue. They have been very faithful to the last two issues, consequently we will omit them this time. We ask Dean McKay's pardon for leaving out his letter to Santa Claus in the last number as he asked for very sensible things. Space would not permit its publication.

So far we have been very kind to the juniors but they have not been forgotten.

* * *

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, to kill as many Seniors as possible on Cap and Gown day unless they all die of old age from waiting so long for the beloved event.

(Signed) JUNIOR CLASS.

Resolved, to keep awake in all classes, especially, physiology and Philosophy.—Sidney E. Whitworth.

Resolved, to be more severe in the library.—Lulu Martin.

Resolved, to stop flirting.—Geneveive Martin.

Resolved, to take a girl to the Junior and Senior banquet.—Seamore Candall.

Resolved, to make more noise in the library.—Dougald Judson.

Resolved, to start an agency for mouse traps.—Mary Smith.

Resolved, to make googoo eyes at no one except ———.—Alma Lesh.

Resolved, to keep up the name of the Junior class.—Maude Scott, President.

* * *

THE LATEST AMUSEMENT AT OLMSTED.

Feathers have always afforded a great deal of amusement to children. Babies have been kept quiet for hours by putting molasses and feathers on their fingers.

All winter the Olmsted boys have played chess and checkers and gone to shows but the other night Mr. Billings tore open a feather pillow and now no more shows, chess or checkers. They play with feathers. The "Whitworthian" sends its congratulations to Mr. Billings for the good he has done for the Olmsted boys.

* * *

Cupid in Satin.

Charlotte Hanley was stumbling over a passage in "Horace" on "How to Make Love." Dr. Martin assisting said, "Never mind, Miss Hanley, you will learn all about this some time."

* * *

A Test of Age.

One day in chapel Dean McKay asked the young men to sing and Coach Case, Dr. Roe, Prof. Edwards and Prof. Hewitt all sang.
Almost Awake.

Dean McKay was calling the roll in philosophy and Sidney as usual was taking his regular class nap.

Dean McKay—Mr. Whitworth.
Sidney—Present;
Dean McKay—Miss Easterday.
Sidney (thinking that Dr. McKay said, "You missed yesterday")—Yes, but I have an excuse.

Dean McKay—We were not speaking of excuses; I said, "Miss Easterday."
Miss Easterday—I have been called Christmas day and New Years day, but was never called yesterday before.

* * *

Empty Rooms.

Douglas Johnson does not always have his physiology lesson, but today he was getting along famously but wasn't quite sure of all the big words.

Douglas—The nerves come through those holes in the brain I don't know what you call them.

* * *

One Leisure Hour.

Maude Scott is a very busy girl. She is president of the Junior class and Editor Elect of the Whitworthian. "She" has but one period off in the week. Upon being asked by Prof. Hewitt when she could take astronomy, replied, "I'm busy every day at 11:25 except Monday and I have Bible at that hour."
TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.
(A Green Freshman.)

We have been very mild on the Freshmen in the Whitworthian this year, in fact more so than ever before. Since they feel somewhat slighted we will endeavor to bring out a few traits in this issue.

Miss Douglas answered the door bell a few weeks ago at the Ladies' Hall and Maurice Briggs entered.

“What do you want?” asked Miss Douglas.

Maurice (hesitantly), “I don’t know what I want,” he gasped.

Miss Douglas, “Well, I think you had better go home until you find out what you want.”

After a couple of hours Maurice appeared again and managed to get this out: “I want Margaret Johnson.”

* * *

A Typical Freshman.

Viva Baldwin started to Erwin Hall day before yesterday and was so absorbed in thought that she was in the hall of the boys’ lodge before she realized where she was going.

* * *

Just “Mustard.”

Last night at dinner Sidney ordered a half dozen oysters and a glass of milk. Oscar Billings, when asked what he wanted, said (with beaming eyes) “I want a ‘little mustard.’”

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TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.

Affection.

The first year German class is progressing rapidly in more ways than one. Prof. Beardsley’s “fraulein” members have begun to think a great deal of him.

Helen Hutchison, inquiring about the correct form of the personal pronoun, said: “How do you pronounce it? dear (die)?”

* * *

Old Age.

Margaret Johnson has developed a great fondness for skating. After having skated all afternoon with Maurice Briggs, upon being asked how she was, replied: “Oh, I am all right except my arm is awful stiff from holding on so tight.”

* * *

A Grass Widow?

Some one mentioned rice-throwing at the Sophomore meeting the other evening, where upon Lillian Allen exclaimed, “Oh, I’ve had enough rice throwing.”

* * *

Lost Opportunity.

Little Duff: “Gee, boys, look what we are missing (pointing to a sign which read ‘20c, 3 for 50,’ under which Miss Smithson stood)”. Just then the car appeared and the chance of a lifetime had vanished.
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Of the College in seen in part in the foreground.

Tacoma, and the Mountain Range. The Athletic Field.

View from the Veranda of the Ladies Hall, of Commencement Bay.

Photo by A. H. Denman
EDITORIAL

It has become a fixed tradition here at Whitworth that each new Editor of the paper shall chronicle the modest flutterings of his heart in his first editorial. Not to desert time—honored custom we hereby officially announce that we take up the work with the proper feelings of "fear and trembling," "great trepidation" etc., etc. And we also beg leave to inform you that it is no joke. We will do our best to edit a paper which will meet the requirements of the student body. They are responsible for our being in this position—a position accepted at a considerable sacrifice of time and work. We will welcome any criticisms which are accompanied by suggestions for improvement. But if you can't use your hammer to build with, don't knock at all.

After considerable delay, arrangements have been completed for a dual debate with Pacific University, of Forest Grove, Oregon. The debate is to occur in Tacoma on April 13th, the question being: "Resolved that the United States should subsidize its merchant marine." It is absolutely necessary for every student of college rank to do faithful earnest work on this question. We want—we need every one of you in the preliminary tryouts. And when
the team is chosen, we are confident that the student body will support them in every step. It is up to the honor of Whitworth. We have never before entered inter-collegiate debate. Pacific has fifty years of experience back of her, and an abundance of material on this very question. The only way that we can win is for every student to work on the question between classes, talk about it at every opportunity, dream of it at night—and determine that you can and will make a record for Whitworth to remember with pride. Then when you have fully made up your mind to it—go in and win.

* * *

We are glad to give space in this issue to a very interesting report of the recent Rochester Convention, written for us by Ralph Ayers, '08. Mr. Ayers is attending the Theological Seminary at Allegheny, Pa., and was a delegate to the convention from that institution. He writes that Raphael Towne, '09 was there too, and they held a Whitworth re-union all their own.

* * *

How many times we have heard the statement that there are only a few in the College who do things!

Just who these people are, however, cannot be ascertained. Ask someone and he will tell you that it is this set; ask the next person and he will tell you that it is this set; ask the next person and he stoutly champions another faction. The fact of the matter is, neither is right.

In every clique of College students there is a small percentage who can lead the rest. These are the ones who are doing things. Whether they are doing things that count makes no difference. The motives that inspire them are entirely responsible for the kind of activity in which they excel. Moreover, those of like ideals are always ready to defend the leaders of their coterie, whether right or wrong.

Among the students who deem College a place to have a royal good time, the social leader is the one who is the chief factor in the life of the school. But can this be considered a worthy standard? Does such a leader, essential though he may be, raise the school of which he is a part, in the estimation of other schools, or does he add any permanent value to the school?

Without a doubt, it is the student with the highest ideals who exerts the best influence. His leadership is counting for most.

Athletics, if clean, Debate, Literary Societies, Christian Associations, and
the School Paper offer opportunities for leadership that will count. And who are these leaders?

It is almost universally conceded that the most influential man-of-affairs is the Christian man. That an overwhelming number of our statesmen and business men are Christian men and that our nation is proud of the fact that she is known as a Christian nation, is unquestioned. Will it be different in Whitworth?

The fact is, it is not different. It is not necessary to point out the leaders who are doing things which count here because they are too well known and even those who choose to give credit to others, do so because they do not care to admit to themselves, even, that they are not doing their part to advance the school's interests. The statement is, of course, not without exception, but the exception may prove the rule and the experience of other institutions will bear out this statement.
The Student Volunteer Convention

Ralph E. Ayers, '08.

The sixth quadrennial convention of the Student Volunteer Movement at Rochester, N. Y., December twenty-ninth to January third, has gone into history as one of the greatest, most impressive and far-reaching missionary assemblies ever held. Seldom if ever, has such an array of missionary experts been brought together representing the highest thought and authority of the Christian world. There were in attendance 3,624 delegates from the United States and Canada, representing 722 institutions, 49 states and provinces and, including the speakers, there were 29 countries represented.

Never in any convention have I witnessed such deep earnestness, undivided attention, intensity of purpose and prayerful spirit. There was no cheering, nor spurts of enthusiasm but an impressive reverence dominated the sessions from the beginning to the end. Questions of great moment, great world problems were grappled with, and conditions fairly met. The obstacles and difficulties in every problem as well as the opportunities and advantages were presented.

It is impossible for anyone who has enjoyed the privileges of such a wonderful convention to convey to others to any great extent the real spirit of the convention or the deep and lasting impressions that have been made, but I will endeavor to repeat some of the facts which were emphasized by some of the speakers that have given me a larger vision of Christ's kingdom and the great need for laborers to be thrust out into the harvest, with the hope that the students of Whitworth College may be led to inform themselves more thoroughly concerning the great need and wonderful opportunity in the unchristianized world and that many of you may be led to invest your lives when they will count for the most.

Perhaps the most encouraging mission field today is Korea. Twenty-five years ago Korea was a hermit nation. Her doors were closed to the world commercially and religiously. A proclamation of death was issued against every Christian who should enter the land. The people were groveling in the darkness of heathenism, worshipping the objects of nature and bound by the superstition of spirits.

Mr. Lee, one of the early missionaries, was stoned while going through the country and seven years of perilous labor were endured before there was a single convert. Conditions there are vastly changed now. Korea is in a
state of transition unparalleled in any other country. She is awakening and
the first sign of her awakening, contrary to the history of every other country
was religious and not commercial nor educational. The awakening came
like a great avalanche. The last of the hermit nations to open her doors, she
will be the first to become entirely Christian if the present advances continue.
Twenty-five years ago, not one Christian, today there are over 250,000; an
average of one convert for every hour since the first missionary entered the
field! Today one third of the children are in Christian schools and it is rare
that a boy or girl leaves one of those schools without becoming a Christian.
The churches are over-crowded whenever there is a Christian service announc­
ed; sometimes people stand outside the building ten to twelve deep trying to
hear the gospel message and a relay system of service is in many cases adopted.

Evidences of the work of the Holy Spirit are manifest; 1. By the wonderful
spirit of union in Korea. The Christian workers of all denominations co­
operate. A yearly meeting is held where the problems of the work in all parts
of the field are discussed and united prayer made for the work of the Kingdom.
2. By the wonderful religious awakening of January 1907. As Pentecost was
the birthday of the Christian Church so that awakening in Ping Yong was
of the Korean Church. The presence of the Spirit was manifested in that
great revival by the conviction in the minds of the people of the exceeding
sinfulness of sin and the awful hatred and disgust for it in both national and
individual life. Deep repentance and public confession of sin was emphasized,
in no uncertain note as necessary to salvation. 3. The work of the Holy
Spirit is evidenced by the earnest study of the Word of God. This can be il­
lustrated best by a story by Dr. George Heber Jones, one of the Korean
missionaries. A young native came to him to tell how much of the Bible he
had committed to memory and recited the whole of the Sermon on the Mount.
Dr. Jones, wishing to impress upon the young man the deep meaning of those
words, told him it would avail him nothing if he committed the whole Bible
unless he put it into practice. His face brightened up at this remark and he
said: "That is just the way I learned it. I found I couldn't learn it any other
way so when I had committed the first verse I went to practice it on my neigh­
br and so through the whole passage until I had thus learned it all, verse by
verse."

A Bible Institute has been established which is in fact the largest "laymen's movement" in the world, having 50,000 men enrolled. A missionary
will stop at some central point and men from that district will gather in num­bers ranging from 100 to 1500 to spend several days in an earnest and thorough
study of the Bible for ten hours a day. One in every five Christians are thus
engaged in systematic Bible study. 4. The work of the Holy Spirit is ev­
idenced by the conservation of the money and lives of the converts. Many
self supporting congregations have been developed. The total contributions
of the church last year were $135,000. This is a large sum when we compare
the conditions of that country with ours. 5. By their wonderful prayer life.
They know their task better than we do and it has driven them to prayer by the hour. They don't find time to pray, they take it.

A pastor in the north of Korea felt that his people had grown cold in prayer life and decided to go to the church at four o'clock every morning to pray over the conditions. A few of his intimate friends knew of his purpose and they joined him in these early prayer meetings. The crowd grew morning by morning until the time came when the pastor decided to take the congregation into his confidence and tell them what was being done. The next morning after he had told the congregation there were three hundred present at the prayer meeting. It grew to five and then seven hundred when the pastor decided it was time to get to work and on the following Sabbath a collection was taken and a unique offering it was, for instead of money they gave days. Each would volunteer to give one, two, or as many days as he desired exclusively to evangelistic work among those who were not yet christians. This is the kind of Christians that the Koreans make. 6. The work of the Holy Spirit is also evidenced in the personal revelation of Jesus Christ to those Koreans. Christ to them is a living and real personality. Another incident will also illustrate this point. One of the christians, an old man, owned a watermlll and decided to will it to his son but before he made out the papers he began to think of the great need there was for money to carry on the work of the gospel and of how foolish it would be to give the mill to his son who was well provided for without the mill when it could be put to such better use. So he decided to give the mill to the church. The problem for the church then was how to dispose of the mill, but the problem was solved by securing a Bible woman to tell the gospel story to their own people and the income from the mill pays her salary.

These stories of consecrated service to our Master put us to shame when we think of what we might do for Him with all our many resources. The wonderful character of the church already organized in Korea may lead us to lose sight of the fact that there is in that country yet a great harvest to be reaped. Of the twelve millions souls only 250,000 are yet in the church. Political conditions are in a state of eruption, the people are dissatisfied with Japanese rule. The need for medical work is especially great. The physical conditions of the people are almost indescribable and more hospitals are needed. At the missionary conference in Korea last September they adopted the watchword "A million of souls for Christ during the coming year 1910." Regarding this motto Dr. Jones said: "Will you join us in prayer for this? Dare you? We can win if you back us up."

One of the especially strong addresses of the convention was that of Robert E. Speer on "Our Spiritual Obligation to Latin America." In setting forth the conditions in South America we are not provoked by hostility and prejudice toward the Roman Catholic church but sentiments of good will should not bind us to obvious facts. What are the grounds of our spiritual obligation to the Latin American people?
1. It is a country of appalling illiteracy. The average illiteracy in the United States of children under ten years not in school is 16 per cent. The illiteracy of Brazil is 85 per cent of the population; Argentine Republic, 60 per cent; Chili, 60 per cent; Bolivia, 80 per cent. The population of Japan is about the same as that of all South America, yet there are three times as many teachers and three times as many pupils in the schools as in South America.

2. The deep need of purification and cleansing. According to the latest government census 18 per cent of the population of Brazil is illegitimate; of Uruguay 27 1/2 per cent, Equador 50 per cent, Venezuela 58 1/2 per cent. In Buenos Ayres it has been said that all the students who are living unsullied lives can be counted on the fingers of one hand. There is ten times more need, said Mr. Speer, for maintaining Christian missions in South America than in China. The discouraging and appalling fact is that those who should be first to speak against this condition are themselves corrupt. The priests have become a by-word for immorality. The churches are deserted and the enemies of the church triumph because of the shameful evils of the parochial priests. It is said that in Valparaiso and in all Chili only one half of the priests are leading clean moral lives. A priest in Columbia told Mr. Speer that out of eighteen priests who were his intimate friends only one was leading a clean moral life.

3. The pathetic appeal by the people themselves, for help because they know that help can come to them only from the outside. From the very beginning the very best men from South America have been asking for this help. One country has offered to pay the steamship fare for Protestant immigrants from any part of the world. The same welcome has been given to missionaries and in the Argentine Republic, against the protest of the bishop deputy, the government has voted $50,000 a year subsidy to maintain 7000 children in the protestant schools started by C. W. Morris. Every one of the great missionary foundations of Protestantism laid in South America has been laid in response to appeals coming from Latin America itself.

4. This appeal from Latin America rests rather on the recognition of its intellectual and moral need and back of that lies its fundamental spiritual need. Even Catholic forces are fearfully inadequate; 250 men for 6,000,000 in Argentine Republic along the Magdalena river there are only four churches in a distance of six hundred miles. Priests in Buenos Ayres have actually been asked to lay aside their clerical garb because they were so despised they could not get near the people. A comic paper in Peru has for its title when a pun is made of it, "Thickheaded Priests" and is made up of personal immoralities and scandals in the lives of the clergy in Peru. As to church attendance there is no town in the United States or Canada where there are not twice as many people every Sabbath as you will find in South America. Out of eighty Catholic churches visited none had a single picture or symbol of the resurrection or ascension of Christ. In every case Christ was represented as dead upon the cross or in the grave. "Where is the living Christ?" one is compelled to cry as he travels through South America.
5. Men who ought to be Christ's representatives are silent concerning him. This is very strongly emphasized by a letter of the Pope to the clergy of Chili. This is what the highest authority of the church has to say: "In every diocese, ecclesiastics break all bounds and deliver themselves up to manifold sensuality, but no voice is lifted to imperiously summon the pastors to their duty. It is sad to reflect that prelates, priests, and other clergy are never to be found doing service among the poor, never in the hospital, never in the dwellings of the afflicted or the distress or engaged in works of beneficence; that they are always absent where human misery is, unless paid as chaplains or a fee is given. You, as clergy are always to be found in the house of the rich where gluttony is to be engaged in and where good wives are to be obtained."

6. The Catholic church of South America demands of us and has a right to expect from us the help which we alone can carry to it. Mr. Speer closed with these words: "The people of South America do not object to the Monroe Doctrine, but they do object to the negative attitude of the United States, keeping the help of European nations out, but giving little constructive help herself. We have started in to discharge our commercial obligations. There is one copper mine in Peru, in which twenty American men put in more money before they took out a dollar, than all the Protestant churches of the world have put in South America in the last one hundred years! There are fifty American missionary organizations at work in Japan. There are but ten American organizations and but two British societies at work in South America. We have had the obligation facing us for a hundred years and we have passed the sick man at our door relentlessly by. Now more than any other day the need is pressing upon us. Here is an opportunity for life investment which cannot be surpassed in any country in the world, not even in the great countries of the Orient."

One of the men who addressed the convention whom we all learned to love was George Sherwood Eddy, a missionary to India. His personality is of the kind that is hard to describe but can only be felt; lovable, intensely in earnest, having a fixed purpose, powerful and persuasive, every inch a man. He spoke on "The Change in the Orient; Indian Empire and Southern Asia." The most encouraging thing that he saw during his thirteen years in India was the present unrest there and in all Southern Asia. The occasion of the unrest was the struggle between Russia and Japan. The cause lies deeper. Four causes may be assigned. 1. Western education bringing in new ideas. 2. Natural antipathy for the foreigner, the East misunderstanding the West. 3. Poverty of the masses. 4. Beginning of a general disintegration of the old order.

There is a growing dissatisfaction with life under present conditions owing to the utter failure of Hinduism to uplift and satisfy the unsatisfied heart of India. At first negative and reactionary, this movement in the end will work reforms and demolish caste and make way for the incoming of a Christian civilization.
The English are hated in Bengal as we are in the Philippines yet we know that English rule is best for them. They have 50,000 miles of telegraph lines, 50,000 miles of macadamized roads, five universities, 5,700,000 students, 2500 hospitals treating millions of patients. Twenty-two famines have swept over that country and the government has met the situation. British government with all its faults is the best instance of one people governing another.

The awakening in India is two-fold, within the church and without. On the one hand there is a mighty ingathering into the Christian church and on the other there is yet a mightier reaction from Hinduism and a growing movement of reform which is leavening the whole community and preparing the way for Christianity. The iron bound social caste system presents the greatest difficulty but it is slowly being overcome. While the population in the last decade increased 2 1/2 per cent, the Parsees gained 4 per cent, the Jews 6 per cent, the Mohammedans 8 per cent while the Protestant native Christians increased 63 per cent or more than 20 times as fast as the population.

One encouraging thing within the church is the ingathering of the mass. More than half a million have been gathered in but there are fifty million more waiting to be received. In one place in Southern India Mr. Eddy preached every night to one thousand local Christians any one of whom a few years ago could have been bought for two or three dollars. Three thousand were crowded into another place where he preached. At another mission a few miles from there there are 15,000 native christians within a radius of twelve miles. All denominations are united in Southern India, 150,000 strong. From demon worshippers they have been changed to Christian statesmen.

Another encouraging thing is the new missionary spirit within the native church. The National Missionary Society has been organized, composed of native men of all churches with the purpose of evangelizing the 100,000,000 in India who are yet beyond the reach of Christianity.

Outside of the church there is great activity, a desire for self government, a new national conscience awakened, a new demand for reform, a new attitude to women and a desire to do away with the caste system. There is also a new desire for education and a new attitude to religion. There is a great attempt to expurgate Hinduism for they see that it cannot uplift the people under present conditions. All Asia is awakening, Korea, Turkey, China, Persia. What is the significance of it? Asia is the cradle of civilization. It has influenced and is continuing to influence the thought of the whole world. It is the teacher of the West. More than one half the race is in Asia, 850,000,000 people. "Asia must be taken, we must advance at once."

Dr. S. M. Zwemer a well noted authority on conditions in the East spoke of the impending conflict in Western Asia. Persia has an influence in the Moslem world as a disintegrating power. There every movement against dead Mosammedanism has arisen. It is the aggressive power of the Moslems. Turkey has for 400 years held the papacy of the Moslem world. The Calif is the pope and the sword is his power. Arabia is at the crossroads of the na-
tional highways and is to the Moslem world what Palestine is to Christianity, having Mecca for its Jerusalem. Arabia furnishes the creed of Mohammedanism, Persia the philosophy, Turkey the politics.

The great conflict in Western Asia is between two political parties, the Liberals and the Conservatives, between two civilizations and between two religions. Never before were conditions so favorable for the entrance of Christianity. Fifty years ago religious liberty was on paper, today it is on the streets. The attack on Mohammedanism has never been as bitter by any missionary as it has by some of the leaders in that religion itself. A short time ago right in the hotbed of this Moslem world 100,000 Bibles were distributed within one month. The conflict is on. Never before have the Mohammedans been as active as now in their efforts to extend their missionary enterprises. Christianity must take that land now. The question is, Will it be now or will we hold back at this time of crisis when God has so marvelously opened the way for us or will we defer it for centuries?

There were many other strong missionary addresses presenting the needs and describing conditions in China, Japan, Russia, Africa, and the Philippines. Bishop Hartzell and Ambassador Bryce gave especially inspiring addresses, but perhaps the most striking and impressive statement of the whole convention was that of Mr. Marling, a member of the Executive Committee of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, who said: “If you young people will furnish the lives, we the men of the church who are now too old to go will furnish the money.” This challenge was peculiarly strong following a stirring address in which he showed that business men of the United States possessed the majority of the wealth of the world. Great need, great opportunity, and great urgency seemed to be the theme of almost every address of the convention. At every session we felt the pull of the world's need on our hearts. We felt that we are today facing conditions such as the church has never before faced. Mr. John R. Mott, expressed the situation well when he said: “The present generation is facing an absolutely unique world situation. There have been other times when in one or a few portions of the world the Church was confronted with a grave crisis, but never before has there been such a worldwide synchronizing of crises.”

With all this presentation of the stupendous need and unparalleled crises it is clearly evident that the world will not be evangelized without a strong energetic support at home, and one morning session of the convention was given up to the discussion of strengthening the home base. Whether it falls to us to work for the Master at home or in the foreign field we will not receive God's richest blessing and will not be able to do the work which He requires of us unless we are completely surrendered to His will and are willing to go where He leads. Unless the call is very distinctly to the contrary should not our desire be most naturally to go where there is the greatest need?

On February 4th, the Sigma Delta Gamma society entertained the young men at what they were pleased to call a picnic dinner, at the new bungalow of Mr. Greig on 42nd Street. The house was decorated with college pennants and emblems and lighted by candles, grouped about the rooms. The sumptuous spread which was before a spacious fire-place, was banked in by pillows upon which the guests sat. The evening was spent in informal games which carried out the scheme of entertainment. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Greig, Miss Douglas and Messrs. Calvin Hazlet, Douglas, Dennis, Craig Hazlet, Fox, Young, Hoke and MacReavy.

The Preparatory Department gave it annual Valentine party on Feb. 18th. The gymnasium was beautifully decorated with gold hearts and evergreens. The program was opened by the grand march, led by Mrs. Riedelsberger and Mr. Case, while the rest of the evening was passed with Virginia Reels and Minuets. Elaborate refreshments were served and everyone enjoyed the evening to the fullest extent.

The annual Cap and Gown day exercises took place on Tuesday, Feb. 8th. The Juniors had charge of the program which consisted of a clever play in which all the Seniors were impersonated. Each class then was represented in its turn, the Sophomore stunt being quite clever. Afterwards a general reception was held at the Residence followed by a luncheon in honor of the Seniors. In the evening the Seniors were guests of the Juniors at a box party for Brewster's Millions, at the close of which a supper was enjoyed at the Tacoma hotel.
On Friday, February 18th, the Cabinet girls of the Y. W. C. A. gave a delightful luncheon at the Residence for the nominating committee recently appointed. A most enjoyable noon hour was spent discussing the possibilities for officers for next year. The girls present were glad to have business and social matters so pleasantly united. The nominating committee consists of Ruth Evans, chairman, Florence Mustard, Bertha McCallum and Madge Phelps.

Saturday afternoon, February 5th, a tea was given in the parlors of the Residence in honor of Miss Hopkins. The girls brought their needle work, and spent a delightful afternoon, with sewing, conversation and music.

Theodore Cunningham was a guest at the College recently—"Speck" is almost a stranger at Whitworth now, but is always cordially welcomed by his old friends.

Carlesta Overmier, who is now attending the Annie Wright Seminary, spent the weekend with Whitworth friends February 18-20, attending the Preparatory Department party.

The many friends of Frances Lackey are delighted to learn that she will return for the spring term and graduate with her class.

Clarence McReavy has received the appointment from this district to the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. Whitworth students extend congratulations.

While the Preps were making merry at the Gym February 18th, a group of College girls entertained their men friends at a chafing dish party at the Residence. They were so quiet that their presence was unnoticed by the Dean and the going home bell didn't sound till 11:20.

One of the most successful events of the season was the vaudeville show given February 11th, under the direction of Coach Case. An enthusiastic crowd applauded the actors and compelled many of them to respond to encores. All who contributed to its success deserve great credit and we hope to hear them again.
Organizations

CRITERION

The meetings of this society have been sadly interrupted during the past month, but work in good earnest has been resumed. The members are all interested in the coming debate with Pacific, and will give the other debaters in the school a close race for places on the team.

The meeting of February 19, was rather impromptu, the program consisting of readings, extemporaneous speeches and a spelling-match, in which Oscar Billings carried off the honors.

Y. W. C. A.

At the regular meeting on February 2nd, we had the privilege of hearing Mrs. Amy P. Stacy, on "Why I should be a Christian." Her talk was logical and convincing, and emphasized by her own charming personality. We hope to have her very often with us.

Miss Florence Mustard led the meeting of February 9th. Her topic, "The Secret of Contentment" was well handled, and very interesting to all present.

On February 16th, the Association meeting was conducted by Miss Douglas, Dean of Women. Her topic "Little Foxes that Spoil the Vines," was one of the most practical and beneficial of the entire year. Some of the little foxes she mentioned were irreverence, gossip, waste of time and fretting.

"Association Work in Foreign Lands," was the subject for February 23rd, in charge of Viva Baldwin. Misses Hunter, Kalbus and Johnson discussed phases of the work in India, China and Japan.

Miss Lucy Hopkins, Student Secretary for Washington, Oregon and Idaho visited the Whitworth Association the 4th, 5th and 6th of February. On Friday and Saturday evenings she conducted evangelistic meetings in the Association room. She also met and conferred with the cabinet and the committees, giving us a great deal of help and new interest in the work.
A membership campaign was inaugurated Tuesday morning, February 22nd, at 8 o'clock, and closed Friday the 25th, at noon. Two teams, the Nips and Tucks, led by Margaret Johnson and Ruth Evans, entered the contest. The Nips won by the narrow margin of three names, and were delightfully entertained with their new members by the Tucks.

KAPPA GAMMA

The semi-annual election of officers for the Kappa Gamma society was held February the fifteenth, at which meeting the following officers were elected: President, Genevieve Wilcox; Vice-President, Lillian Fleet, Secretary, Margaret Longstreth; Treasurer, Sarah Fox; Critic, Sara Crandall.

At this meeting it was decided to have a patriotic program on the eighteenth, which was: Roll Call—Sayings of great Statesmen; Paper—Alma Lesh; Piano Solo—Madge Phelps; Paper—Ruth Evans; Impromptu Speech—Helen Kalbus; Critics report.

Y. M. C. A.

The mid-week meetings of the Y. M. C. A. have been very interesting this month. Two of the meetings were led by young men who made their first attempt at leading a meeting or speaking in public.

The Bible Study committee has re-organized its work. Classes have been started in a study of the “Foundation of the Bible” or “Why I believe the Bible to be the Word of God,” by Amos R. Wells, editor of the Christian Endeavor World. We believe that this will be a most helpful course of study for young men at this time when there is so much scepticism, and higher criticism on the Word of God. There is so much of the so-called New Thought, and Free Thinking that those who expect to stand by the Orthodox Christianity must be prepared to give a reason for the faith that is in them. We most heartily congratulate the Bible Study committee for the wise selection of this course for the spring term.

The Y. M. C. A. has been very fortunate in securing representative men of the City to give us their time Friday mornings to present the different vocation of life to the student body.

Mr. Bonia McClain, student secretary of Y. M. C. A. for this state gave us a most interesting report of the Rochester convention at Chapel, Friday, February 18th. Friday Feb. 25th, Dr. Rich, one of the most prominent physicians of the city presented medicine as a life’s work. Dr. Rich’s talk was very instructive and was enjoyed by the student body. Hon. H. G. Rowland,
former prosecuting attorney of this state will present law as a life’s work to the student body sometime in March... Dr. McLeod, pastor of the 1st Presbyterian Church of Tacoma is to present the claims of the Christian ministry on the young men of today. Mr. A. S. Allen, secretary of the Seattle Y. M. C. A., will give us a talk on the Y. M. C. A. secretaryship as a life’s work. We expect to have some able man to present teaching, also one for journalism.

We are to have the pleasure of having with us the Student Volunteer Conference of Washington, beginning March the 18th lasting through the 20th. We are to have a number of strong speakers present, among whom will be Dr. Sloan, traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. Dr. Sloan will give us a chapel talk Friday, March 18th. We are expecting a number of delegates from different parts of the state.

This convention comes at the beginning of our spring vacation, so we shall be perfectly free to give all of our time to the meetings.

---

"I BREATHED A SONG ————"

By Emilie Arntson, '12

"Close the shutters, Willie’s dead," sang Beatrice.

"Well, that’s a likely tale," interrupted her father, peering over his newspaper at her. "Do I look like a dead-beat?"

"Huh, dad, she’s not singing about you. See here, sis, I object to being called Willie and having my requiem sung before I’ve croaked,” and Bill, the football hero and “big brother” scowled fiercely, and almost realistically.

"Stung again!” asserted “the kid”. “That nice young feller works in the drug-store’s name is Willyum. Sis thinks he’s a dead one ’cause he ain’t said, most beautiful maiden, for many days I have admired thee from behind the counter, and now I summon my courage to ask thee nay implore, thee, to drink all the soda-water thou canst at the expense of yours truly.”

"Frederick!” reproved mother.

"Willie not dead!” cried the baby, lugging the old grey cat up to Beatrice —“See! He ‘queaks w’en ‘ou pulls ‘is tail.”

"What's a shutter?" asked the inquisitive one.

"Pooh!" said the serious member of the family, disgustedly. "That’s just an old song Bee found up in the attic. Don’t you folks know nothin’?"
ATHLETICS

The Basket Ball season is now in full swing and that sport has occupied the limelight during the past month. Several games have been played both on our own Gym. and on other floors. Track has also received some attention and Whitworth had several entries in the indoor athletic meet which was held at the Tacoma Y. M. C. A., on the evening of February 5th. This meet was open to all amateur athletes in Tacoma and there were a number of entries for each event. Almar Anderson took first place in the pole vault and Lawrence Young took third in the twenty-five yard hurdles. Robert Kinkade made a creditable showing in the mile.

On the evening of January 29 one of the best games of the season was played in our gymnasium with Centralia High School. Throughout the entire game the spectators were kept guessing as to which team was the better, as the close score indicates. Every member of both teams played his position well and excellent team work was exhibited. The final score was 34 to 26 in favor of Whitworth. Whitworth lined up as follows: Guards, S. Hoke and Hazelet; Center, Lyon; Forwards, Gamer, Pike, Rieman.

Whitworth met defeat at the hands of the Tacoma High School on February 11th, in the High School gymnasium. The game resulted in a score of 21 to 32 in favor of the High School.

The next evening the first and second teams journeyed to Burton, where the first team met Burton High School and the second team mixed with Vashon College. Both games were played on the Vashon floor. There was a great deal of roughness displayed in both contests.

The first team lined up as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Burton</th>
<th>Whitworth</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rover</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Van House</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burk</td>
<td>Center</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robertson</td>
<td>Guard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bibb</td>
<td>Guard</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Score—Whitworth 34, Burton 29.

The second team line up was:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Whitworth</th>
<th>Vashon</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chamberlain</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Myhre</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


Mills ........................................... Center. .................. Parks
O’Brien ........................................ Guard. ....................... Johnson
Mulligan ........................................ Guard. ..................... McKraden

Score—Whitworth 4, Vashon 17.

The fast team of the U. P. S. was defeated by Whitworth on the evening of February 17, on the U. P. S. floor by the score of 34 to 19. Lyon, Whitworth’s center, played a star game for the Presbyterians. In fact every member of the team showed stellar qualities.

The line up was:
Whitworth U. P. S.
Rieman, C. Hazelet .................. Forward ................ Cotterell
Gamer ........................ Forward ....................... Case
Lyon ........................ Center ..................... Culbertson
S. Hoke ........................ Guard ..................... Hart
Hazelet ........................ Guard .................... Decker

The spectators were treated to a very prettily played game of basket ball on the evening of February 22nd, in the gymnasium, when the Whitworth second team lined up against the United Presbyterians. Some class was displayed by both sides, first one and then the other being ahead. The game ended with the score standing 33 to 24 in favor of the second team.

The line up was as follows:
Whitworth United Presbyterian
Craig Hazelet ................ Forwards ........................ Stewart
Fox, Chamberlain ................ Forward .......................... Tucker
Myhre ........................ Center ..................... Shaub
Briggs ........................ Guard .......................... P. Miller
O’Brien, Ford ....................... Guard ........................ R. Miller

INTER-CLASS SERIES

The first game of the inter-class series was played between the Senior-Sophomore and Junior-Freshmen teams. The Senior-Sophomore team lost 32 to 2. The second game of the series was between the Third and Fourth Prep. team against the First and Second. The latter team winning 19 to 17. The third game played between Commercials and First and Second Preps. was won by the Preps. 19 points to the Commercial’s 17. The championship game was played between the Junior-Freshman—First and Second Preps. resulting in a defeat of the Preps. 34-26. This closes the series and gives the championship to the Junior-Freshman team.

A game in which the keenest interest was taken by the student body was that between the Faculty and a team calling themselves the original Red
Mikes. Intense enthusiasm was aroused and the large crowd was not disappointed in the fierce struggle which they witnessed.

The two teams lined up as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Faculty</th>
<th>Red Mikes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Beardsley</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hewitt</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Randall</td>
<td>Center</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edwards</td>
<td>Guard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Case</td>
<td>Guard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Longstreth</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crandall</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Duff</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Scott</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The game resulted in a victory for the faculty, the final score being 17 to 11 in their favor.

Some mention should be made of the playing of the individual members of the Basket Ball team in justice to the good showing which they have made. The guards, Hoke and Hazelet, deserve a great deal of praise for their consistent playing in every game. Lyons has starred in every game and his basket throwing has resulted in more than one victory. Gamer and Rieman are playing a good game at forward. Pike, the only member of last year's aggregation on the team, is keeping up to the high standard which he set last year.
EXCHANGES

As Other See Us.

The Whitworthian gets out a football issue which is interesting to people outside the school, something very few papers can do.

The Whitworthian for December should be read from cover to cover.

The Whitworthian would be more attractive if the material wasn't mixed with the ads.

The football issue of the Whitworthian contains some splendid pictures of a football game.

The arrival of the Whitworthian was appreciated. The frontispiece of your issue is inspiring and your example in this respect ought to be followed by others.

The Senior class of the University of Washington is divided at present over the purchase of caps and gowns. A large number have purchased them already; and these are loud in their denunciations of those who have not. The latter are obstinately silent, merely refraining, in the face of a storm of criticism, from yielding. Percy Dearle, manager of the Student's book store, has agreed to buy back all caps and gowns after the graduation exercises. The Seniors who have bought theirs are sure that this will bring the recalcitrant ones in line.

"If you can't hustle and make the paper a success—be a corpse."—Ex.

The Kuay for January is alive with many interesting and witty illustrations.

The University of Michigan has introduced a course in aeronautics.

If the members of the new astronomy class get discouraged, read the article in the College Chronicle entitled "Benefits From the Study of Astronomy."

The stories and personals in the Normal are especially good and the cuts are very clever.

The reason that people who mind their own business, succeed is because they have so little competition.—Ex.

The Whitworthian—displays a great interest in football.

There are several interesting stories in the October number of the Whitworthian. It has also adopted a very good plan for giving the contents of its paper on the first page.

"How is your son Hans getting along in der College?"

"He is half back on our football team und all der vay back in his studies."

—Ex.
Tales Out of School

Let It Walk On.

Prof. Beardsley announced in chapel last week that he had lost a glove.

Dean McKay arose in his usual manner and said: “I saw a glove walking up the street the other day.”

Another Lost Freshman

This same Oscar Billings who walked home from the Fair last fall started out last evening to make a call on Mr. Williams. He opened the door without hesitation and walked in, when lo! he discovered he was in the wrong house. How can we blame a poor green freshman, though, when Prof. Martin got in the wrong house the other night.

Degenerating.

Prof. Hewitt is a very fine man, but sorry to say he has one small fault. You couldn’t exactly call it “stealing” or “shop lifting,” but it’s just taking whatever he happens to want, such as pencils, apples, umbrellas, etc. He ‘fesses right up, though, when accused. Maude Scott missed her umbrella yesterday and immediately attacked Prof. Hewitt and he promised to bring it back at once. We thought it was awful when Dean McKay started off to church with a whisk broom under his arm for a Bible but Prof. Hewitt has him beat a “bit.”

By Request.

Sidney Whitworth has asked us to officially announce that he stayed awake the whole Physiology period.

When Gus Williams and Clinton Douglas start out to play basket-ball henceforth they are not to stop in the English room.

Hard to Please.

Mary Smith and Norman Pyke were carrying on quite an interesting conversation at dinner when Norman changed the subject by saying, “I would be happy if I had a bass voice like Prof. Lince.”

Mary (sharply): “I tell you right now it would take more than a bass voice to make me happy.”

Wasted on the Desert Air.

The Juniors sprung the cutest joke class day and but one man in the crowd saw the point to it, and that man was Prof. Randall. Upon finding out what it is, no wonder he saw through it. In one of the scenes Sidney Whitworth was talking to Alma Lesh and upon being asked
Quality Clothes

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WHITWORTH SONG.

To the tune of "The Stein Song."

I.

High above Puget's water
Grand old Whitworth lifts her head,
Our stately Alma Mater,
Of whom shall e'er be said,

CHORUS.

Her leal sons and daughters
Her praises sing forever,
Prosperity be hers
Forever and for aye.
(In repetition of chorus, the last two lines change.)
Here's to our college,
Whitworth, forever more.

II.

Far and wide o'er the nation
Her name is sung with love
Her children e'er will strive.
And cloyed our taste for life's gay
Chorus.

III.

The stream, lofty mountains
That guard her round about,
The rivers and fountains
 Beauties for her spread out.
Chorus.

CAROLINE C. ROE.
The Whitman Glee Club

WILL SING IN TACOMA ON MARCH THE THIRTY-FIRST

AT THE

TEMPLE OF MUSIC

This is the twelfth annual tour of the Whitman Glee Club and, from preliminary concerts, promises to be the best. Twenty-four men are in the chorus and they carry with them a concert pianist, violinist, and cellist. These form a trio which gives several numbers.

STUDENT ADMISSION —— 50c

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Douglas Johnson
WHITWORTH COLLEGE

When Buying Please Mention "The Whitworthian"
about it, Prof. Randall replied: "He teaches science and coaches basket-ball. He knows Howe."

What's in A Name.

If the readers of the Whitworthian remember rightly Frankie Weber expressed a great liking for "Whitworth" last year. Day before yesterday Sara Thomas was sort of knocking when Frankie Hale said excitedly: "Oh! I just love 'Whitworth'!"

Fallen From Grace.

Who said Jesse Scott was a Red Mike?" Did you notice how he raved over only a picture of a "girl" in the minstrel show? What if it had been a real girl? It has been moved and seconded that he be put out of the "Red Mike" society. Further action will be taken on the matter next meeting.

Which.

To mind, or not to mind; that's the question. Whether 'tis nobler for the girls to obey the rules of the dormitory, or to break one in hopes of repealing all. Whether to go out walking with a young man after dark unchaperoned, and to go down town to church with him without permission; or to go to and from basketball games and Christian Endeavor alone. Such are Miss Grinwell's perplexities.

Bribed.

The personal editor is easily bribed. Margaret Johnson and Maurice Briggs have bribed her to keep their names out this month.
THE FANCIES.
Glad hours of joy we all have known,  
And dreamful hours of sweet repose;  
While round our couch soft winds have blown  
The perfume of the sweet-breathed rose.

Then sad oft times the soul has grown,  
And clayed our taste for life's gay dances;  
And harvesting those seeds we've sown,  
We reap but dreams and golden fancies.  

W. C. S. BENSON.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.

The Artistic Turn Down.
Boys, have you been introduced to the "artistic turn-down?" You may meet it in the dining room, reception hall, parlor and sometimes over the phone. If you haven't met it, just call up some girl at the Ladies' Hall about ten minutes past eight to make a date for an entertainment beginning at quarter past. You will need no further introduction.

Confusion.
It's easy to tell where Gus Williams' mind is. He was talking to Viva Baldwin in the library for a minute and addressed her first as Miss Grunwell, then as Mary.
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TACOMA, U. S. A.

When Buying Please Mention "The Whitworthian"
The Whitworthian
for March, 1910

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MOONLIGHT ON PUGET SOUND.
An editorial in a recent exchange berates the custom of many students of putting so-called outside interests in a niche above study, and implores the students of that institute to place their classroom work first. While there are some followers of that schedule at Whitworth, they are not the ones who will read this editorial. But there are students here who have swung the pendulum too far in the opposite direction. They are in school for what they can get out of it and they get it. Their bills at the office and at the bookstore may be paid, but these bills are the least of what they owe Whitworth College. First, of course, their conception—they are loyal. That is, they love the college and are glad to note its prosperity and growth, are glad to speak well of it. But is this spirit, even with their conscientious class work, enough to make a loyal student? Not as we see it. Such students may be very complacent and self-satisfied as to their own course, but it is only because they do not know what they are missing. They are completely outside of that intangible "spirit of the school," and don't even realize that there is such a thing. For the difference of a grade of 90 and of 95 they are paying an enormous price. Not at all would we discountenance faithful, conscientious work at our books. But don't be a narrow,
selfish grind. Some of us need to occasionally adopt the little verse from Rebecca, of Sunnybrook Farm: "When joy and duty clash, let duty go to smash."

◊ ◊ ◊

It is with deep regret that every friend of the college hears of the illness of Prof. A. T. Fox, head of the department of mathematics. A long rest and perfect freedom from duty seem imperative, hence an extended trip south is planned. Prof. Fox has the rare gift of worthy popularity, and there is not a student who does not feel his absence as a distinct personal loss, and entertain warmest hopes for his rapid recovery.

◊ ◊ ◊

The tryouts for the debating team were held Wednesday and Thursday, March 16 and 17. Six men and five girls entered these tryouts. The judges consisted of five members of the faculty, Miss Douglas and Miss Mevins, Professors Hewitt, Roe and Martin. To the amazement of the student body, the three successful members were girls—Frances Lackey, '10; Emilie Arnston, '12, and Maude Scott, '11. Everyone felt that it would be undesirable to have no men on the debating team, and it seemed that their failure was due rather to lack of preparation for the tryouts than to lack of ability, so another tryout was scheduled. It was postponed twice and, as this is written, two of the boys have again asked for postponement. Because of these dilatory tactics, the Debate Council has decided that the three girls just chosen shall go ahead and prepare for the final debate with Pacific University. This debate will be held at Whitworth, April 13th, our team defending the negative on the question: "Resolved, That the United States should subsidize the merchant marine." Although the girls on the team have had no experience in intercollegiate debating, they are determined to make a worthy showing against the men of Pacific. With the help and encouragement of the students in general, they will bring victory to our college—though they are "only girls."

◊ ◊ ◊

We wish to apologize for the late appearance of this issue of the Whitworthian. The financial condition of the paper made a complete change of business methods necessary. This readjustment took some time, but new contracts have been made and the Whitworthian will appear promptly hereafter.
The Inalienable Right of Man

By Daisy.

"Just like Nellie Ryland!"
"Oh, let up, Tom. Can't a fellow do as he pleases without having Nellie Ryland dinned at him eternally? Forget your troubles and give us a rest."
Jack Bradden spoke sharply.
"Oh, you, Nellie Ryland," chirruped Lee Matson.
"Her raven locks rippled in waves of golden brown over her marble brow and nestled on her alabaster neck; her roguish brown eyes laughed scornfully from their azure depths," raved Glen Dawson with a dramatic air.
"Oh, Tom, your heart's desire—"
But Tom had vanished.
"I must have come painfully near the truth," laughed Glen, turning to the half dozen boys lounging about the room. "I do get tired of hearing about his Nellie Ryland, and I thought I'd let him see how it sounds."
"Vivid picture you drew, certainly," remarked Jack, his anger somewhat cooled by Glen's championship. But this drew the artist's attention upon himself.
"On the square, Jack," began that worthy, "why don't you take Ida to the party? You know she'd go with you and most of the fellows are taking girls."
"Oh, yes; she'd go all right," broke in Jack tumultuously, "but I think a fellow has some rights. If I want to go with a girl——"

"The inalienable right of man," drawled Lee.
"I think I'll know it myself without her assistance," finished Jack fiercely.
"Now, don't be too hard on Ida," cautioned Glen.
"Ida's all right, but I don't intend to let any girl lead me around. And Tom's eternal 'Nellie Ryland'-ing is enough to make a better man than I am mad. Just because she turned him down he has to be forever——"
"Yes," soothed Glen, "but you must make some allowance for a poor love-lorn youth in the spring."
"Do you fellows know that in just two hours we start for Fairview to play the stiffest basket ball game we've run up against this season, and I have another class yet and a suitcase to pack? Wish you'd clear out of here and give me a chance," bellowed Ben Mason, scattering the loungers precipitately.

Much sense at starting at 5 tonight to go 100 miles and play at 8 tomorrow night," remarked Jack, as they scurried off.
"That's one of the advantages of living in a town with only one train a day," Glen assured him.

Two hours later the Overland express pulled out of Lester with a wild waving of caps, fluttering of handkerchiefs and chorusing of college yells.

Three cheers for the Fearless Five!
Bring back the championship," were answered by "Three cheers for the Crimson and Gold! Trust us." The bell clanged and the heavy coaches lumbered down the track with our friends of the afternoon on the rear platform—except Tom, deemed too lovesick even to play basket ball.

Upon returning from the diner at 6:30 Jack Bradden was surprised to find a girl's hat and a volume of Lavendar and Old Lace in his seat, but since the car was crowded he was obliged to push them to the back of the seat and sit down beside them. He would have forgotten the incident immediately, but there was something strange about having a girl's hat in the seat beside him, and the subtle charm of its femininity kept drawing his eyes and thoughts that way. He found himself, against his will, studying the folds of the ribbons and slant of the quills, unconscious of the presence of a girl in the aisle beside him, until he heard a voice which he recognized as belonging with the hat.

"I left it somewhere near here," the voice was saying. "I was sorry to take your seat, but the car was crowded when I got on and I couldn't find another. Then I saw a friend, so I laid my book down and went to her without thinking I was not in my own seat."

Poor Jack was red at the realization that her property was concealed behind him, when he saw the other boys moving about to see if it could be possible they had sat down on a lady's hat without finding it out. Glen was saying, in his droll way:

"I'm sorry, but it isn't under me," which brought a smile that chased the look of apprehension from the fair face.

Jack sat painfully silent and conscious of a growing sense of guilt. How could he confess now that he had been sitting by her hat all this time while the other boys were searching the car for it? For Ben had started on an exploration. He was coming straight for Jack, and, foreseeing an embarrassing disclosure, the unhappy youth sprang to his feet, hat and book in hand, almost upsetting the surprised girl, and extending them with a courtly bow and "Allow me to present you," which brought down the applause of the whole car. The girl accepted them with the same dignity, blushing almost as red as he and thanking him warmly. After she was gone Jack could remember just one thing about her—that her eyes were brown and seemed to be laughing at his confusion.

At 10 o'clock the boys expected to reach Glendale, where they would be obliged to wait an hour for a train to take them the last twenty-five miles of the way on a branch road to Fairview. The motion of the train had a sleepy effect upon Jack, who was beginning to doze when the brakeman thrust his head in the door and called, "Gren—"

"All aboard!" called the conductor, as Ben, in the lead, appeared on the platform. Jack, as he passed the last seats of the car was aware of a roguish pair of brown eyes laughing up at him, and paused to tip his hat.

The bell jangled, the engine panted, the brakemen swung their lanterns and shouted "All aboard!" the wheels grated and the huge monster of the rails heaved and rumbled away into
the night. The prospect, as the boys
looked about them, was a bleak one.
The tiny station was set in a little
clearing, but little larger, beyond
which the mountain pines reared their
massive trunks like the dark sides of
a pit. By the pale light of the rising
moon Glen deciphered the name over
the station door, gave a low whistle
and consulted his watch.
“Stung!” he remarked laconically.
Marooned!
“Nine-thirty, March 6, at Grenville,
fellows,” he announced, “due at eight,
March 7, at Fairview, with the last
train in twenty-four hours out of
sight. What's the name of the place
we were to get the branch, coach?”
“Glendale.”
“Glendale! Train due at 10 o'clock,
and here we have jumped off at Gren­
vile at 9:30. Ten miles to walk, over
the ties, in an hour and a half. What
do you know about that!”

This time there was a chorus of
whistles, a craning of necks, to make
out the name over the door, and
numerous consultations of watches. A
council was held and Jack set out to
reconnoiter. He came back with one
finger up, warningly.
“There's an old handcar over there,”
he said, “but that car on the siding is
full of men, so we'll have to be care­
ful or the game is up.”

“Oh, explain yourself, Jack,” Glen
demanded. “Our little minds don't
travel with such leaps.”

“I thought you would see that,” re­
turned the other. “But to be explicit:
We can take that handcar and work it
down to Glendale, if we can do it
without waking up the workmen in
that car. See?”

“How do you know there's men
there?” objected Ben.
“Heard them snore, of course. Come
on, though. Tempus fugit, and ten
miles in an hour is pretty good time.
Easy now; don't make a noise.”

After much puffing and panting,
pushing and coaxing, they succeeded
at last in getting the unwieldy thing
on the rails. Then came even a more
puzzling task; that of stowing the
suitcases away in the tool box, and at
last they set out, slowly and cautious­
ly. But at the first motion of the
handlebars the thing emitted a fran­
tic shriek. Ben groaned and stopped.

“Oil,” he gasped. But Jack's quick
ear had caught the sound of a stir in
the car on the siding and, with a mut­
tered “Pull for your life; they're com­
ing and we're thieves, now,” he set
the example and the car sped down
the track shrieking like a mad thing.
Jack, who was facing the retreating
station, watched the dark objects tum­
bble out of the work car and gave fre­
quent bulletins.

“They see us,” he announced, as
they ran toward the track. “Faster!”
A pistol shot rang out and the fugi­
tives realized that a greater distance
must be put between them and what
had become a danger.

“They're getting out another car,”
groaned Jack. “Faster, if you love—
they've got it on,” he interrupted him­
self. Then the car shot around a
curve and their pursuers were lost to
sight.

“A long, straight stretch,” answered
Ben.

Then we must get out of reach be­
fore they come in sight again. They
won't have time to shoot, I hope, when
they are working that. Here they come! Oh, hurry!"

Then it settled into a race in which Jack could spare strength only to gasp, now and then, "They're gaining," or, "they're losing," in which every nerve was tense and every muscle working.

"Pull, boys!" pleaded Jack. "Oh, what's this," as they shot into a little tunnel. But they soon emerged again to the open track and, striking an easy decline, dashed frantically down. On and on they sped; through black forest, around sharp curves, down gentle slopes or up grades where the pursuers gained alarmingly. Not a sound was uttered by the panting boys as the panic of flight got hold of them and they realized the desperation of the men behind them.

Jack was becoming exhausted and almost ready to surrender when he remembered that a certain pair of brown eyes had once laughed at him, and he gave the handlebar a jerk which made Ben look up in surprise and ask: "Are they gaining?"

"No; we're holding them steady now."

"Glendale!" shouted a chorus as the car rounded a curve and the station lights came in sight. Jack felt a childish desire to cry, but laughed instead when he heard poor little Lee sob, "Oh, you Glendale!"

"There's not a soul in sight," groaned Ben, "and those fellows will kill us before we can explain."

---

**A Divorce**

Prof. Hewitt says that "affinity" is a mighty convenient word but does not mean much. Quite a bold statement for a married man, eh?

---

**Voices of the Night**

'Tis twilight, and I, musing, sit alone;
A star gleams brightly from the grey-blue sky,
And watches over, from its place on high,
The world, which now so still and calm has grown.
I hear the gentle ripple of the sea,
The croaking of the frogs from muffled throats;
I hear the night-birds trilling their last notes,
The rustling of the grass upon the lea.
Thou gentle voices of the night, sing on;
Your every sound is music to my ear;
It takes away the sadness and the fear,
And brings to mind the pleasures that are gone;
You fill my heart with gladness and with joy,
Your sounds bring sweetest peace without alloy.

—Marvel Carvonne.

---

**The Dreamer**

Alone to wander while the shadows fail,
Down shaded by-paths' lonely way;
And list the whip-poor-will's sad, plaintive call—
His reverie to the dying day.

I seek the woodland with its peace sublime,
And leave the thoughtless world behind,
Where fairy winds sweep dew from vine to vine,
Inhale that, the perfume of the mind.

—Willard S. Benson.
On the evening of February 25th, the Colonial party was given by the college students. The gymnasium was the scene of festivities this year, beautifully decorated and well equipped with essential cozy corners. Most of the guests wore Colonial costumes. A delightful program had been prepared, consisting of a violin solo by Mr. Henderson, vocal solo by Prof. Beardsley, a number by the College quartet, and a court dance given by eight college girls. Then Hazel McKay and Master Virgil, dressed in quaint little costumes of Colonial days, gave the French minuet. Prof. Buell and Miss Douglas led the grand march, which was followed by Virginia reels and minuets. Delightful music was furnished throughout the evening by the orchestra. The refreshment committee served a delicious and dainty supper. This annual party, always an enjoyable occasion, was far more successful than ever before, and marked an event long to be remembered by the guests.

* * *

The first of a series of lectures arranged by the commercial department was given by P. C. Kauffman in Mason Library, March 11. Mr. Kauffman's subject was "Banking." He traced the history and growth of the banking system and of clearing houses. This lecture was of the utmost practical value, and deserved a far larger attendance.

* * *

A farewell spread for Miss Sara Thomas was given by Frances Hale and Ruth Jones, March 16th. After full justice had been done to the abundance of good things to eat, the girls held a "sing." Miss Thomas is very popular among the younger set and the best of good wishes go with her to her new home in Aberdeen.

* * *

The deserved popularity of Miss
Margaret Mearns was well shown by the large audience which greeted her appearance in a recital on March 4th. Her program was varied and delightful, the selections ranging from the tender pathos of "Laddie" to the rich humor of "Judy O'Shea Sees Hamlet." Miss Mearns is complete master of her art and always delights her audiences.

* * *

On Tuesday, March 15th, Professor and Mrs. Voris opened their delightful home on Verde street to the Senior class. Games appropriate to St. Patrick's day provided entertainment. Miss Madge Phelps won the prize in the guessing contest. The evening was one of the most delightful in the history of the Class of 1910.

* * *

Mrs. McKay entertained Wednesday afternoon, March 16th, complimentary to Miss Lillian Fleet, who left college at the close of the winter term. The parlors were decorated in daffodils and delightful music was furnished by several of the college musicians. Miss Fleet, who was one of the most charming and popular girls in college, will be greatly missed by her many friends.

* * *

The Fellowship dinner of the Student Volunteers' Convention was held in the dining room of the Residence Saturday evening, March 19th. Dean McKay was toastmaster, responses being made by Mr. Scott, of U. P. S., Mr. Seaman, Mr. McLean, Dr. Sloan and Miss Hillis of Bellingham Y. W. C. A. The occasion was enjoyed by all the guests.

* * *

A large party of students spent their Easter vacation in the Norris and Norton cottages at Manzanita Beach. The days were spent in rowing, fishing, and tramping; the evenings, around the fireplaces or bonfires on the beach, and they say that there is no more pleasant spot than a boat on Puget Sound when the moon shines as it did that week. Those composing the party were Miss Lucile Howe, Frances Lackey, Madge Phelps, Helma Hunter, Maude Scott, Helen Kalbus, Margaret Johnson, Mary Grunwell and Viva Baldwin, Prof. J. L. Randall, Monroe Everett, Douglass Johnson, Gus Williams, Louis Paul, Maurice Briggs, Milton McDonald, Norman Pike and Clarence O'Brien. They were chaperoned by Mrs. Swan. During the week the party entertained Prof. and Mrs. Martin, Prof. and Mrs. Beardsley and Jennie Beardsley, Walter Briggs, Massa Izumi, Alvin Scott and Lulu Martin as guests for a day. Walter Douglas, a former member of the class of 1912, who has been at the University of Michigan this year, spent several days at the college just before the Easter vacation.

* * *

Walter Briggs spent several days in Tacoma on his way to Portland, Oregon, where he entered a sanitarium. All the old students wish him speedy recovery and will welcome him back to college next year.

* * *

After the regular meeting of the Kappa Gamma on Friday evening, a
very enjoyable "spread" was had. Mrs. McKay was the guest of honor. The members sat around on pillows and voted, before they left, that the refreshment committee deserved much honor. The place cards were clovers with the head of the patron saint on them.

The regular meeting of the Kappa Gamma was held in the Residence on the evening of March 5th. The whole program was in keeping with St. Patrick's Day.

Roll call—Responded to by continued Irish story.


Paper—"The Irish in America," by Ruth Evans.

Piano solo—Irish medley, by Sara Fox.

ORGANIZATIONS

Y. M. C. A.

A conference rally was held on March 2nd. Mildred Smith, who was at the Breakers conference last summer, conducted the meeting and told about the aim of the summer conference. Helma Hunter, in her usual humorous manner, spoke about the fun enjoyed there. Lulu Martin told about the leaders and girls met at conference, and Maude Scott discussed ways and means of going there.

Twelve girls, by registering, signified a desire to go to Breakers this summer.

Several other girls have expressed a wish to go, too. Whitworth wants to have at least twelve representatives at the summer conference this year, and as many more as can go.

The meeting of March 9th was conducted by the association president, Genevieve Martin. Twenty-one new members were received into the association. After a short address of welcome to the new members, the officers for next year were elected.

The officers elected were: President, Helen Kalbus; vice-president, Florence Mustard; secretary, Mary Grunwell; treasurer, Lulu Martin. After the meeting home-made candy was served.

March 16th being the last Y. W. meeting before the Easter vacation, an Easter song service was given. Marguerite Maulsby had charge of the meeting. The program included solos by Lulu Martin and Grace Berry, and a duet by Margaret Johnson and Amy Easton. The reports of the treasurer and president for the past year were read. The treasurer's report showed all bills paid and a good balance in the treasury. The president's report showed considerable advance made this year along all lines, and a prosperous and hopeful condition of the association.

The cabinet members for the coming year, as announced by the new president, Miss Kalbus, are as follows: Membership, Florence Mustard; financial, Lulu Martin; Bible study, Maud Scott; Missionary Com., Genevieve Martin; extension—social, Ruth Evans; room, Bertha Amerman; inter-collegiate, Maud Daub; devotional, Agnes Pamment.
With the coming of spring vacation the basket ball season is at an end. We can safely say that in many respects it has been the most successful season for this sport that Whitworth has ever had. Under Professor Randall the team has had better and more consistent coaching than in previous seasons and their playing has shown careful training. By his able management Mr. Hoke has been able to come out even on expenses, so that no debt is left for the student association. A very large percentage of the games played have been won, the team losing only three or four games during the entire season.

The only out-of-town trip was taken on February 25 and 26, when the team went to Centralia and Olympia. The Centralia game resulted in a defeat by the score of 29 to 39, although it was a closely contested struggle. The line-up was: Rieman and Pike, forwards; Lyon, center; Haelet and T. Hoke, guards.

At Olympia Whitworth mixed with the fast team of the Tumwater Athletic Club. We were more fortunate than on the night before and won the game. Our line-up was: Gamer and Pike, forwards; Lyon, center; Hazlet and Hoke, guards. The score was 28 to 22.

The next game was played on our own floor against the University of Puget Sound. There is always the keenest rivalry when these institutions meet and it was not lacking on this occasion. Puget Sound brought a delegation of rooters with them and they succeeded as usual in furnishing plenty of noise. But their rooting was of no avail when Whitworth got into action, and an overwhelming defeat was administered, the final score being 50 to 22. Every man starred, but Pike and Lyon did most of the scoring, Pike making 18 points and Lyon 16. Rieman showed up well in throwing fouls.

The teams lined up as follows:
On the afternoon of March 10 one of the most notable events of the year in the way of sports took place when a game of basket ball was played between the Junior-Sophomore girls and the Freshman girls. The good crowd, the enthusiastic rooting, and, last but not least, the game itself, all contributed to the afternoon's enjoyment.

The following was the line-up:

**Junior-Sophomores:**
- G. Martin, Forward
- Warburton, Forward
- Daub, Center
- Allen, Arntson, Guard
- Kalbus, Guard

**Freshmen:**
- Mustard
- Greig
- Matheson
- Johnson
- Ross

Score — Junior - Sophomores, 4; Freshmen, 12.

Referee—Miss Howe.

On the evening of March 11 occurred an event no less notable and no less enjoyable than that last mentioned. It was the game between a picked team of college girls and the Sigma Delta Gamma girls. The occasion was a most delightful one in many ways, from both the standpoint of aesthetics and athletics. The graceful throwing of baskets and such expressions as "You first, my dear Alphonse," made the game unique indeed. The score was 10 to 8 in favor of the college girls.

The line-up was:

**Sigma Delta Gamma:**
- College:
- G. Martin, Forward
- Warburton, Forward
- Baldwin, Center
- Kalbus, Guard
- Johnson, Guard

**Sight:**
- Sigma
- Delta Gamma
- College
- Delta Gamma
- United Presbyterian

Score — United Presbyterian, 13; United Presbyterian, 13.
You've never met our faculty?
Then you have missed a treat.
A nobler group of women and men
You will not often greet.
The first, of course, is Dean McKay,
For he is in the lead;
The shortest man, the broadest man,
The man whom all must heed.

The second is Professor Fox;
The oldest one, you say?
Yes, but he can play baseball
And hunt and fish all day.
Next to him comes Dr. Roe,
Who teaches history,
And never fails if you are late—
Well, try and you shall see.

Miss Douglas we shall look for next;
O, what a stately poise!
The dread of every girl in school,
The terror of the boys.
Professor Randall, long and slim,
Whom all the girls adore,
And who, in turn, likes all the girls—
Of course some less, some more.

Professor Hewitt, "I presume;"
If you've not met him yet,
Will gladly "spare the time" today
To stop and talk "a bit."
Professor Martin's gentle voice,
In accents low and sweet,
Arises from a Latin room,
His students dear to greet.

Mr. Case's auburn hair
And jolly Irish face
Have won for him in Whitworth's heart
A well deserved place.
Mrs. Reildesberger next
Upon the scene appears,
And with her music, sweet and low,
Can move a stone to tears.

Mrs. Martin's very meek
(To look upon her face),
But in her classes, we are told,
She rules with iron mace.
Professor Voris has a way
Of soothing college ills,
By asking students month by month
To pay their ancient bills.

Professor Beardsley is a "shark"
At playing basketball;
He's padded well and is not hurt
By every petty fall.
Professor Edwards is the man
Who reads the funny page,
And fills his mind from day to day
With jokes of doubtful age.

Miss Wilson is a timid soul
And locks her door with care,
To guard against the cats and rats
That scamper on the stair.
Two days a week, down in the Gym,
The girls all congregate
To take their training of Miss Howe,
Their strength to renovate.
Miss Mearns, our elocutionist,
Our hearty love has won
By character, sincere and strong,
And work most nobly done.
The college has a man of late
Who's called Professor Lince,
And if you've ever heard him sing
You know that he's a "prince."

Now this is all our faculty
And we are satisfied
To trust our training to their care
And by their rules abide.
Nor could you find a better group,
By searching everywhere,
To whom to send your girls and boys
For training and for care.

Robert L. Kinkade, '18.

EXCHANGES

Many of the girls' colleges in the East have taken an active interest in the shirt waist strike. Vassar, Bryn Mawr and Wellesley girls took an active part in showing sympathy with the strikers. Wellesley sent in an order to the New Model Shirt Waist factory for a thousand waists.

A professor of sociology at the University of Wisconsin recommends a school year of twelve months.

The student council at Michigan has chosen a tight-fitting toque or skating cap as the official headgear for all university students. The color of the cap and tassel will indicate the class and college of the wearer.

The University of Southern California has issued a world challenge to debate. Cornell and George Washington Universities have accepted the challenge.

Since I've married, my family represents the whole of Great Britain. I'm English, my wife is Scotch, the maid is Irish, and the baby Wales.—Ex.

One of the men to be seen playing with the Tigers, the Tacoma baseball team, is Mr. Smith, recently from the University of California.

Taken from an article in the Maroon (U. P. S.) , called Tacoma in 1920: "There is to be a football game at the U. P. S. this afternoon. . . . The final score is 49 for the U. P. S. and Whitworth 0.

In a recent speech Augustus Thomas told this story about Nat Goodwin: "Say, Nat," said Willie Collier to Mr. Goodwin, after the latter's marriage to Miss Goodrich, "invite me to one of your weddings, some time, won't you?"
Tales Out of School

All the Difference in the World

Miss Douglas was looking sternly over the boys' side of the Freshman English class and vainly endeavoring to find some one who could give the Latin word for poet. "Haven't any of you had Latin?" she asked with withering scorn. Whereupon Claude Fitzsimmons proudly raised his hand. "Ah, have you studied it?" she sighed, slightly mollified. "Oh, no," he said, quickly dropping his hand; "I just took it."

A New Route

Dr. Roe waxes quite eloquent in the polygon class at times. Upon being asked the meaning of "Passenger Postage," he said: "I don't exactly know, but I think invalids and children are sometimes sent by postage."

Not an Old Maid

In Latin examination Margaret Longstreth asked Prof. Martin if she should decline Cicero in the plural. "Yes," responded Prof. Martin, "if you think he wasn't a pair of twins." Margaret so hates to decline a single man.

Up to Date

Sara Crandall, in German class, speaking of a carriage waiting at the door for a young lady, said, "The wagon awaits us."

"Amo" in Disguise

Miss Douglas evidently has a hard time getting Latin from her English students. Last week she asked George Henderson the meaning of
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"egotistical" and he replied, "doubtful, isn't it?" "What does 'ego' mean," she inquired persuasively. "I love you," replied Henderson.

A Helping Hand
If any one is a little bit shy about getting dates from Miss Douglas just call on Helen Kalbus. The Y.W.C.A. team, "The Tucks," were to entertain "The Nips," of which Helen was a member, and she forthwith arranged a date with Miss Douglas for the entertainment.

A Red Mike's Ideal
Jimmy Lyons, upon being asked if Dante's life was always a happy one, replied that he didn't think so. When questioned further for the reason, Mr. Lyons, fencing for time, said, "Well, he married."

To Flee Is Noble
Music in chapel has taken on a decidedly new impetus. With the new hymn books ordered by Mr. Kinkade, the strains of tenor from the faculty, and the banjo accompaniment from the student body, the air is filled with sweet sounds. Miss Douglas and Dr. Roe naturally approve of the banjo tones, but Dean McKay prefers a violin.

"How?"
Will some one kindly tell us?
Will some one answer why?
To us it is a riddle,
And shall be till we die—
Only sixteen people to chaperone,
Yet we should like to know Why Professor Randall got another one
When he so well knew "Howe"?
Socialism

Benson is a Socialist, so they say; in his room he has all the books the Socialists ever published.

Henderson asked him one evening, "What is real Socialism?"

"You have a newly-bought package of peanuts in your pocket, haven't you?" questioned Benson.

"Why sure," replied the musician. "Well, let me see it and I will demonstrate Socialism."

Henderson handed him the unopened package, and he immediately emptied half the contents into his pocket, then gave the other half back.

"Is that Socialism?" questioned the musician.

"Sure," replied Benson. "You see, George, the rule of Socialism is: All men are equal and should share equally with one another what they possess."

"You Socialists are a hot bunch," said the musician in disgust.

"Yes," replied the poet, "you know the Lord helps them who help themselves."

Good English Manners

Margaret Maulsby, in "Deutch" class, explained the meaning of "schon" (before) in the best English "already yet."

Keep Off the Grass

Yes, spring is here, and the "No Trespassing" signs are seen on every hand. Mildred hasn't put any out, but if any one trespasses on her property they hear from her just the same. She came into the library one day, indignantly sputtering, "What do you think of Helma! She was smiling right at Mr. Hewitt."

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The Whitworthian
for June, 1910

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EDITORIALS

This issue closes a very trying year for The Whitworthian. While the paper has fallen far below the editorial ideals, we have no apologies to offer, for we feel that we have done our best. In the past five issues under our charge we have been compelled to sacrifice ideals for dollars. In those five issues the business manager has succeeded in paying off a debt that looked overwhelming four months ago. So, don't "kick" too strenuously about the few stories, or about the advertisements mixed up with the reading matter. The editorial soul yearned mightily toward adorning this issue with cuts of the Seniors, of the athletic and debating teams and the staff. But the business manager said a stern "Nay! Nay!" so we are resigned to a humbler lot. But we have the brightest of prospects before us for next year, and wish the new staff unbounded success—and we
know, judging from the personnel of the staff—that their year will be very successful. We bespeak for them the loyal co-operation of every student.

The outlook for next year is most promising on all sides of school activities. Most of the rooms in The Residence are now engaged. Olmstead Hall will probably need to be used for a girls' dormitory next year. It is planned to make The Lodge entirely a scholastic building, moving the boys to Erwin Hall. The lower floors are to be the Commercial-School rooms, and the upper rooms are to be fitted for laboratories. Lest it prove too great a shock to weary nerves, we won't tell you that there is a strong probability of having the heating plant installed in the Gymnasium. Prospects for a winning football team are good. Judging from present appearances, some of last year's men will have to hurry up to keep their places on the team from the new men. The inter-class and free-for-all track meets held this spring have awakened an interest in track work never felt before, and next year Whitworth will do things on the cinder path. This year also witnessed our initial appearance in inter-collegiate debate. Next year will witness some victories for us.

We are looking eagerly forward to next year, and extend best wishes to all students and faculty members for a joyful, refreshing vacation.
I could never quite understand why Margaret Cameron could care particularly for me. In all my college life I had not met such a girl—tall and willowy, with large grey eyes, and a winsomeness that made her the most loved girl in school.

I sat thinking of it one afternoon when the halls were quiet and the other girls had gone on a picnic to the beach. I had a history theme to write, and that meant poring over "Plutarch's Lives," so I was obliged to give up my good time. Margaret was loath to go without me, but under my persuasion she reluctantly consented.

As I watched her walk across the campus, I thought, "What can she possibly see in me to like so well?" I am small, neither dark nor light, hot-headed and impetuous, with nothing about me to warrant a second look—yet we were the "David and Jonathan" of the school.

I was still thinking about it when the great clock in the hall struck; this awakened me from my reverie, and I again went at my theme. I had it nearly finished when I heard laughing voices, and Margaret rushed unceremoniously into my room, her eyes sparkling. "Oh, Allison, there's a new girl in school; she came while we were gone. Do drop that awful book and come. She's walking in the rose garden now. I want to see what she looks like."

She didn't wait for me to drop the "horrid book," but waltzed me out of the room before I could say a word, dropping my "Plutarch" in the confusion, and scattering the pages of my beloved theme all over the floor. To tell the truth, I was a little curious myself, for in the four years I had been at Mrs. Hendrie's school no girl had ever entered in the middle of the year. It was a very select place and you can imagine that we were a trifle excited over our new arrival.

From the big windows in the front hall we could see her walking among the roses. Her face was turned from us, but I saw that she was of much the same stature as Margaret; her hair was very dark, while Margaret's was like the sun, and she had a decidedly dignified bearing.

That evening as Margaret and I came down the stairs on our way to dinner, we met Mrs. Hendrie, who stopped and said to Margaret, "Miss Cameron, I am going to ask you to take our new girl, Katherine Aldrich, in to dinner with you. She has been here only a few hours and things are strange yet. I'm asking you to do this because you always make one feel so much at home."

Accordingly we hunted Miss Aldrich up and took care of her that evening. She wasn't a particularly striking girl, but there was something about her that rather fascinated one, and an air of dignity that made one almost afraid to say much to her.

The next afternoon I chanced to
glance out of my window and saw Margaret, with the new girl, walking off toward the "Retreat," a secluded little nook among the massive elms, where Margaret and I so often slipped away from the others, and read or just rested. Tears of anger rose to my eyes, for I had intended to ask Margaret to go to the same place with me that afternoon.

I didn't study any more, but sat thinking. Unfortunately for me, I am one of those poor individuals who want a monopoly or nothing at all. Now I wanted Margaret all to myself, and when I found her out with a new girl, about whom she knew nothing, I was slightly provoked.

I was still gazing out of the window when they came back. Margaret came up to my room, and I heard Miss Aldrich go down to hers, a few doors down the corridor. I made no attempt to open the door, but Margaret came right in, seated herself on a cushion I'd been using for a footstool, and started to tell of their walk.

"O, Allison, it was glorious! I showed Katherine all the lovely places on the campus, and the little nook where we read—and Allison, she's the nicest girl! I admire her courage in coming here to school, where all the girls have money, for she has no parents and lives with a grouchy old uncle, who can't afford to send her to school, so in the summer she earned enough with her music to carry her through one winter here. Wasn't it plucky?"

"Anyone might do the same thing," I answered indifferently.

"Why, Allison, you're not one bit complimentary. I'm going to bring her in before study hour tonight. I've told her so much about you that she's very eager to know you."

"Well," I retorted, "you needn't bring her in. I have another theme to write, and I'll have to go to work on it directly after dinner, for I'm behind a little in my work."

"O, you're always writing themes," said Margaret petulantly. "Has something gone wrong, Allison? You don't act one bit like yourself today. I'll bring Katherine in; she'll cheer you up; she says the Wittiest things."

This was about as much as I could stand of Katherine Aldrich, and I jumped up quickly, sat down at my study table, and started to work on a French translation—without a word to Margaret.

"Why, Allison, child, what is the trouble. Bad news from home or has something gone wrong in class?"

I was angry with myself, now for letting my impetuous temper get the better of me, and I blurted out, "If you would kindly stop descanting upon Katherine Aldrich and her brilliancy I would feel all right."

For one brief moment Margaret looked hurt, then she coughed and said, "O, Miss Jealousy, caught in the act! Who would have believed it? I'm merely making her feel at home; that's all. No one is going to take your place."

For weeks after that all was plain sailing. I avoided Miss Aldrich as much as I possibly could and followed Margaret around like a shadow.

But it was in the spring when the crash came. It is then that the school chooses one of our number to hold the Perkins Scholarship. Two days before the election I saw that the faculty had put two names on the bulletin board—Katherine Aldrich
and Allison Reid. For a minute I was speechless; I hadn’t the ghost of an idea that my name would be taken under consideration. I found out later, though, that my grades were even higher than Miss Aldrich’s.

The next thought that struck me was, “Whom was Margaret voting for?”

As I walked down the hall I passed Margaret’s room, full of girls talking over the election. The door was ajar, and I heard Carroll, the baby of the school, say that “she would vote for Allison, no matter who else was up.” Then Margaret said, “Yes, but Katherine has more social polish than Allison. We want to consider that.” Then another “loyal” called out that “Allison had lots of common senses, which was worth more than all the social polish in the world.” I had not meant to listen, but it’s such a temptation, you know, when you hear your own name mentioned.

By this time I was pretty much provoked, and told myself that if Margaret Cameron wanted to vote for that “nobody” she was perfectly welcome to.

The next day I stayed in my room pretty close, and when I heard anyone coming I quietly locked the door and failed to answer their knocks.

On the day of the election I put in my vote as quickly as possible and went straight to my room. If I had stayed I certainly would have said something horrid to somebody and that would never have done, especially on such a day as that. When I reached my room I banged the door and prepared to make myself comfortable on my couch. For some time I half dozed; then I heard a clapping and loud voices. Several girls were coming down the corridor, and I heard Margaret say, “Well, I’m truly glad she has won. She has worked hard enough to get a dozen scholarships.” She stopped at my door, but the rest passed on. She opened the door carefully, thinking I might be asleep, for when I left her I said I had a bad headache and was going to take a nap. But when I turned my face to the wall she ran over to me and sat on the edge of the couch.

“O, Allison, I’m so glad! Of course the girls have told you. We are all so happy over it. And to think I voted for the girl who won.”

I felt too miserable to say anything that approached sense, so I blurted out, “Go away! What do I care if she did get it? If you’re so glad, go and tell her so. I want to sleep.”

“Why, Allison, what—” I had never heard Margaret’s voice sound just like that. She didn’t even finish, but quietly left my room.

Some hours after, Carroll came in with a bound, regardless of headache. “Aren’t you glad as can be, Allison? Aren’t you happy that you’ve won the scholarship? Do get up, and at least look pleased. Why, I don’t believe you care anything about it. Are you speechless from sheer joy, or what is the matter?” It came over me like a flash. I was the lucky girl, and not Katherine Aldrich, and I had made such a stupid blunder, and had been so rude to Margaret.

“Carroll, have you seen Margaret? Tell her I want her,” I called, as she left. Margaret’s door was closed and her “not to be disturbed” sign out. I felt worse than ever now; I’m always
sorry after everything has been said, and someone's hurt. That's a failing of mine.

The next day there was great consternation in school when a telegram came for Margaret, saying that her father had lost nearly all his money in a business deal, and for her to come home.

Fear seized me. "What if she should go without seeing me? I simply must go and tell her how sorry I am for being rude."

I couldn't make up my mind in the forenoon, and after luncheon Carroll came flying in. "O, Allison, the biggest news. Margaret isn't going home after all. But Katherine went early this morning, and she left a check for Margaret, and a letter saying that Margaret would get more out of the year than she herself could and the check was to keep her through the remainder of the term. And at the end of the letter she said that none knew her address, so the check couldn't be sent back to her. Of course Margaret didn't want to take it; she said at first that she would give it to the school, but the school doesn't need it, so I guess she's going to keep it."

Carroll had fairly hurled this at me, and when she finished she was very much out of breath, but I gathered that Katherine had left Margaret money enough for the rest of the year.

For an hour after Carroll had gone I sat pondering over what I knew I must do, and thinking how horrid I'd been to Margaret and Katherine. Finally, when I remembered what I'd said to Margaret on the day of the election, I hesitated no longer, but went quickly to Margaret's room. I felt rather shaky all the way there, but Margaret was a generous soul, and I knew she couldn't be very bad to me, although I didn't deserve any leniency.

I knocked and went in. Margaret was sitting by the window, her chin on her hands. When she saw who it was she smiled and half arose. That smile nearly proved my undoing. If she had been cross with me I'm positive I could have gone through the ordeal more easily.

"Margaret can you ever forgive me? I know I was dreadfully rude, and I'm so sorry. It was all that ugly temper of mine, and I just couldn't be nice. And to think that I've treated you so shabbily. But I was so filled with the thought that Katherine was taking you away from me—and when you came in so happy over the election, I couldn't but think that Katherine was the lucky girl, and now that she has sacrificed so much, so you may stay with us—oh, Margaret, please!"

She looked squarely into my eyes and said, "Of course you're forgiven, Allison. I've been unhappy to think that you were cross with me, but it was only an unlucky misunderstanding, and it's all over now." Then, with her dear old smile, "Carroll brought me a new book today. Let's go to the 'Retreat' and read."

—Marvel Cavone.
On Thursday, May 26th, a track meet was held on the campus between the Faculty and the students. Although no world's records were broken some very promising material was discovered, and with this as a foundation a good track team should be developed next season. Prof. Randall was the individual star of the meet. Case also was a good point scorer for the Faculty.

The winners of the different events were as follows:

100-yard dash — Randall, 1st; Fraser, 2nd; Pike, 3rd.

50-yard dash — Pike, 1st; Case, 2nd; Whitworth, 3rd.

Four-legal race — Beaty, 1st; Ford, 2nd; Case, 3rd.

Fat men's race — Crandall, 1st; Case, 2nd; Masq, 3rd.

Short men's race — Beaty, 1st; Ashland, 2nd; Edwards, 3rd.

Potato race — M. Scott, 1st; M. Grunwell, 2nd; Mrs. Martin, 3rd.

Shot put — Paul, 1st; Case, 2nd; Crandall, 3rd.

Standing broad jump — Randall, 1st; Anderson, 2nd; Kinkade, 3rd.

Running broad jump — Randall, 1st; Flannigan, 2nd; Anderson, 3rd.

Running high jump — Scott, 1st; Randall, 2nd; Anderson, 3rd.

Pole vault — Anderson, 1st; Flannigan, 2nd.

Relay race — The Faculty team, composed of Randall and Case, won.

The students won the meet by 75 points to 42 for the Faculty.

Just before the meet the young ladies gave a pretty pennant drill on the lawn under the direction of Miss Howe, their Physical Director.

A number of years ago, when the college was located at Sumner, Whitworth had the champion track team of the Pacific Coast; and there is no reason why we should not have a first-class team next season.

On June 3rd a second track meet was held, this time an inter-class meet. This was won by the Preparatory and Commercial teams.

The following were the results:

220-yard dash — Chamberlain, 1st; Kinkade, 2nd; Whitworth, 3rd.

Shot put — Crandall, 1st; Paul, 2nd; Lyon, 3rd.
50-yard dash—Lyon, 1st; Flannigan, 2nd; Pike, 3rd.
High jump—Scott, 1st; Lyon, 2nd; Flannigan, 3rd.
100-yard dash—Fraser, 1st; Lyon, 2nd; Chamberlin, 3rd.
50-yard hurdles—Flannigan, 1st; Lyon, 2nd; Scott, 3rd.
Running broad jump—Anderson, 1st; Scott, 2nd; Flannigan, 3rd.
Standing broad jump—Mulligan, 1st; Chamberlin, 2nd; Paul, 3rd.
Pole vault—Anderson, 1st; Scott, 2nd; Lyon, 3rd.
Mile run—Ford, 1st; Longstreth, 2nd; Kinkade, 3rd.
Relay—Won by Preps.

The last baseball game of the season was played with the University of Puget Sound. While Whitworth was defeated, the team acquitted themselves well and a good exhibition was given. The score follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>U. P. S.</th>
<th>R. H.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Culbertson, 2b</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Grill, ss</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Case, 1b</td>
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<tr>
<td>Irvin, cf</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Druce, lf</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chester, 3b</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Starhowe, rf</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beardsley, c</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bonner, p</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td><strong>Totals</strong></td>
<td><strong>5</strong></td>
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**Whitworth**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>R. H.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Flannigan, 1b</td>
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<td>Chamberlin, p</td>
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<td>Pike, 2b</td>
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<td>Myhre, 3b</td>
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<td>Hazelet, cf</td>
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<td>Johnson, lf</td>
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<td>Beaty, ss</td>
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<td>Mulligan, c</td>
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<tr>
<td>Reman, rf</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Totals</strong></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

While the baseball team have not won a large proportion of their games, they deserve a great deal of credit for the showing they made when they were so poorly supported by the student body.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. work has been very successful this year in every department. The delegates came back from the conference at Breakers enthusiastic and with a new spirit for the work.

A number of successful social events have crowned the year. Those of special note include the opening reception given jointly by the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. at the beginning of the fall term. This was successful in making the new students feel welcome and in re-uniting former students as they returned to school.

A little later in the fall the Y. W. C. A. entertained new members by a spread, held in the Association room. This proved a popular initiation stunt and it was very pleasingly arranged and carried out.

As a parting “stir” for the members, the retiring officers gave an April Fool party in the parlors of The Residence a short time before the election of new officers for spring term. The girls were delightfully entertained with progressive games and prizes. As a proof of the success a remark may be quoted that “I really didn't know girls alone could have such a good time.”

Whitworth is planning to send more conference delegates this year than ever before, and it is hoped many of the girls will go. With this year's success to encourage us, we
are working and hoping for great things in the Y. W. C. A. next year.

Meetings

The regular Y. W. C. A. meeting was held on May 25. It was a "Senior" meeting, having a Senior leader, and the others wearing their caps and gowns. Miss Hunter spoke on "What Y. W. C. A. Means to a Girl Throughout Her College Course."

The last meeting of the year was held on June 1. Leader, Francis Lackey. Her topic, "Purpose, Praise, Power," was very well presented, and since her talk was largely made up of her experiences during her College course it was well appreciated by the girls.

Commencement Events

Commencement season opened Friday, June 3rd, with the recital given by the Intermediate students of the Music Department. The program consisted of piano solos from MacDowell, Bohm, Grieg, Leschitzky and other famous composers, and violin and vocal solos. The students participating in this recital were: Piano, Irving Mather, Catherine Urquhart, Ruth Jines, Amy Easton, Mary Grunwell, Eleanor Mather, Will Presby and Dorothy Crandall. The violin numbers were by Eunice Prossor and Oscar Fry, and the vocal by Amy Easton. All the pupils acquitted themselves with great credit.

The Advanced Students' Recital in Mason Library, June 10, attracted a large and critical audience. The following program was rendered in an artistic manner, winning merited applause:

Song. Op. 55. No. 5. MacDowell
Leota Warburton
Gavotte. C. Major
Le Papillon. Lavallie
Marjorie Greig

Romance Serenade. Op 84. No. 1

George Henderson

Repos d'amour. Op. 2. No. 4. Henselt
A Musical Snuff Box. Op. 32. Liadow
Japanese Study. Op. 27. No. 2. Poldini
Agnes Pamment


MacDowell

MacDowell

MacDowell
Ethel Carr


Sinding
Marguerite Maulsby

The Miller's Wooing. Faning
Whitworth College Chorus

Miss Jean Turnbull and Idene Howe, who are graduating this year from the School of Music, gave a joint recital Tuesday, June 7th. Miss Turnbull played four selections with

Miss Howe played a group of four numbers from Chopin, including the Funeral March, Op. 35, and Polonaise, Op. 53. She shows much power and intelligent sympathy in all her numbers. Earl Hoke delighted the audience with his tenor solos, "Who Is Sylvia," and "Even Bravest Heart," responding to an encore with "Celeste."

The Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered in the First Congregational church, June 12th, by the pastor, Dr. E. T. Ford. The graduates, attired in scholastic caps and gowns, occupied prominent seats. Dr. Ford gave a very scholarly and inspiring address.

The Faculty concert was given in Mason Library, Monday, June 13th. The appearance of these talented musicians drew a large and appreciative audience from the musical people of the city. Mrs. Riedelsberger and Miss Wilson, of the piano department, Olof Bull, violin, John W. Lince, voice, and Miss Mearns, of the Oratory Department, gave a program which was highly artistic and pleasing.

One of the most enjoyable events of the whole Commencement season was the Alumni banquet, given in the beautifully decorated dining-room at The Residence, Saturday night. Miss Zilfa Phillips, '04, welcomed the members of the class of 1910 into the Alumni Association. After a program of clever toasts, the Alumni, young and old, gathered in the parlor and spent a most delightful evening with reminiscences and old college songs.

The Academy graduating class held their exercises in Mason Library Tuesday evening. The students who graduate this year are Calvin and Craig Hazelet, Nellie Presby, Roy Sliger, Horald Curtis, Erma Biggs, Nob Inagaki and Adah Wall. All the orations were of exceptionally high rank.

The Library was packed to the doors on Wednesday night, June 15th, anxiously waiting for the curtain to go up for the first act of the Senior play, Louis Stubb's "Farm Folks." Nor were they disappointed, judging from the laughter and applause. Every member of the cast showed decided dramatic ability. Miss Wilcox as Delia Slocum, Henry Longstreth as Bijah Finn, and Helma Hunter as Mrs. Peasely scored especially strong hits. The dramatic personae was as follows:

Philip Burleigh.......Monroe Everett
Bijah Finn.......Henry Longstreth
Amos Goodwin.......Irving Duff
Dave Weston.......Rollo Fraser
Butler ...............Norman Pike
Mrs. Burleigh.......Frances Lackey
Delia Slocum.......Genevieve Wilcox
Mrs. Peasely.......Helma Hunter
Flora Goodwin.......Madge Phelps
Grace Burleigh.......Grace Redmond
Sara Goodwin.......Mildred Smith
Sara Goodwin.......Mildred Smith

The week culminated in the Commencement exercises, held June 16th in the First Presbyterian church. The address was delivered by Dr. M. A. Matthew, of Seattle, an interesting and inspiring discourse. Announcement was then made of the winners
of the prize essay contest. Miss Frances Lackey won the first prize, Mr. Louis F. Paul the second prize. The subject of the essays was, "America's Relations With the Orient, Past, Present and Future."

The degrees were conferred by Dr. A. L. Hutchinson, President of the oBard of Trustees. The members of the class were as follows:

Mary Genevieve Wilcox, A. B. (with Honors).
Frances Hannah Lackey, A. B. (with Honors).
Monroe Green Everett, A. B.
Helma Rachel Hunter, A. B.
Henry Longstreth, Jr., B. S.
Grace Holde Redman, B. S. (with Honors).
Mildred Smith, B. S. (with Honors).
Madge Stocton Phelps, B. S. (with Honors).

After the conferring of degrees was the reception to the class, the graduates standing in the receiving line with Dean and Mrs. McKay. The church was beautifully decorated by the members of the Junior Class. Five Junior girls assisted in serving, the Misses Martins, Lesh, Smith and Scott.

Lawrence Phipps, '08, and assistant in Latin, 1908-09 was a visitor at the College, June 1. Other Alumni who have been drawn back to Whitworth recently are Will Paul, Pearla Robbins, Reta Willert, Jessie La Wall and Palmer Kennedy, all last year's graduates. Elmore McMasters, '07, was score-keeper at the inter-class track meet. Grace Sharp, '04, seems almost a stranger. Harriet Fraser, '07, made a brief call at The Residence a few weeks ago.

Dorothy Sander, of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, a sister of Will Sander, '06, has been visiting Miss Gertrude Rolleston.

Miss Douglas left Commencement night for New York, and will sail for England on June 25th. She will visit Scotland, France and Italy during the summer, and see the Passion Play at Oberammergau. She is anticipating a delightful and profitable summer.

Professor and Mrs. Hewitt entertained the Astronomy Class May 23rd. The evening was spent outside on the lawn looking through the telescope at the comet and the total eclipse of the moon. A profitable and delightful evening closed with music and candy.

On Field Day, May 26th, thirty-two girls, under the direction of Miss Howe, gave an exhibition of gymnasium work. The procession of white-robed girls carrying pennants from different colleges left The Residence at 3 o'clock, following the Whitworth banner carried by Miss Grieg and Miss Mustard. After the march the girls gave a wand drill and the Swedish clap-dance.

A party of sixteen enjoyed an all-day launch party Saturday, May 28th. Dinner was eaten on the beach at Manzanita, followed by a cruise on the Sound. The steady downpour of rain failed to dampen the spirits of the crowd, though it compelled a change of program.

The Senior Class spent the afternoon of May 30th at American Lake, the occasion being the annual Senior picnic. Several delightful hours were spent on the water, both before and
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after the picnic supper. Besides the Seniors and the under-classmen who are in the cast for the Senior play, there were present Professor and Mrs. Martin, Misses Ayers, Smith, Scott, Evans; Messrs. Jesse Scott and Norman Pike.

The Y. W. C. A. served tea on the lawn Friday afternoon, June 3rd, and discussed plans and delegates for the conference. Miss Hillman, of the city association, was the guest of honor.

Miss Grace Sharp, an alumni from the class of 1904, spent the week-end recently as the guest of Flora Matheson at The Residence.

Tales Out of School

"Cause and Effect."

One night at dinner the topic of conversation happened to be about the different causes that produce the same result. Mary Smith had just been enumerating the various things which make her cry, when Norman Pike, eager to spoil all serious thought, said, "There are just three things which will make me cry, onions, horseradish and Helma."

No Masculine Callers.

Ruth Jones very sweetly answered the door bell yesterday, when, lo, a man asked to see Miss Smith. "Well, I don't know about that," quickly retorted Ruth, "Mary is laid up with a sprained ankle." "Yes, I know," replied the gentleman, "I am the attending physician."

Seven of the eight Seniors hope to
distinguish themselves in the pedagogical world. The following is a sample of their attempts to secure positions:

**A Typical Application.**

"Superintendent of City Schools, Tacoma, Wash."

"Dear, Skool Bored—,

"I am a-thinkin' of graduaten from kollege this yeer comin' and I am lookin' for a job. I hain't had no hexperience but I don't think I need none to teach skool. I cant' teach nothin' very well, not havin' specialized, but I can make a stab at near to anything from the times tables to Laton and Greak. If you think you might need for somethin' I will drop in. Takin' for granted I will hear from you suddinly, I stay,

"Yours respectfully,

JAMES PATCH."

"P. S.—Dad calls me Jimmy and I have had lots of success getten along with youngsters."

"Some Days Must Be Dark and Dreary."

It was the first afternoon that was sunshiny since Will had arrived and he and Frances so wanted to have a quiet talk together. After hours of weary walking, reluctantly they strolled homeward. On the top steps of the third floor stairs, Frances shouted in disgust, "Why, there isn't a log in this whole country that isn't water-soaked!"

"Too Bad."

Miss Douglas, having asked Helen Litelle to explain why the Hiatus is used in prose, received the following answer: "So we can get our breath."

---

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  - Black Calf
  - Black Vici
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One and two strap styles, with Cuban or Military Heels.

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Whereupon Miss Douglas coolly informed her that she thought the pause had some other function besides merely that of preventing Freshmen from strangling to death.

"I've a notion" why Prof. Hewitt never says "a bit" any more.

"The Artistic Temperament."

Flora Matheson has taken a wonderful fancy to painting of late. She has taken up a special course this spring, called "Nature Study." Her favorite study hours are in the afternoon and evening, after classes are over. Whether she looks or whether she listens she hears the music of the "lark" and the murmur of the "Brooks."

"Effective Cure for Spring Colds."

The dormitories were almost given over to hospitals this spring, so many sickly people. But what care "they," Florence Mustard and Howard Chamberlin, for a cold. Oh! Heathen nations lift your eyes! Why, this is the secret: When Howard gets a cold he immediately calls for a "mustard plaster," and, now listen, when Florence gets a slight cough she uses "Chamberlin's Cough Cure."

In the recent elections to college honors, Teachers' College of Columbus University has singled out a young woman for an honor—that has but few precedents in the history of the institution. Miss Leland has been chosen a fellow in education. She is one of three women, on whom, so far as the college records show, this signal honor has been conferred. —New York Sun.

Smile a Few and Boost a Bit.

Here, you discontented knocker,
Growlin' 'bout your countless ills,
Chloroform your dismal talker;
Take a course of liver pills.
Stop your durn ki-o-tee howlin',
Chew some sand and get some grit;
Don't sit in the dumps a growlin',
Smile a few
and boost a bit.

Fall in while the band's a-playing,
Ketch the steps and march along,
'Stead of pessimistic braying,
Jine the good old Whitworth song.
Drop your hammer—do some rootin',
Grab a horn, you cuss, and split
Every echo with your tootin',
Smile a few
and boost a bit.

—Adapted.

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