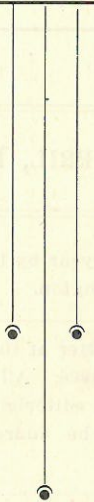


WHEAT

Freshman Number





WHEAT

VOL. XI. APRIL, 1916 No. 5

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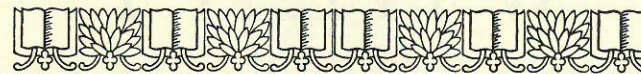
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"Wheat" is devoted to the interests of the Ritzville High School Students, Faculty and Alumni, and all those interested in the welfare of our school.



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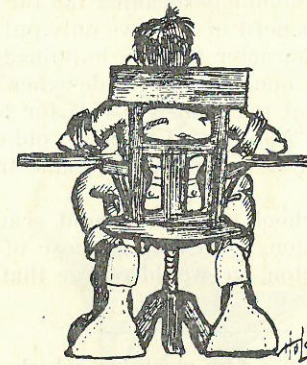
APRIL, 1916

No. 5



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WITH THE EDITOR

SUPPORT OF THE HIGH SCHOOL PAPER

Many of the high school students think, because they have not been elected to the staff, that they do not need to help support the paper. But their idea is wrong. The staff cannot publish the paper alone. They need the support of the high school students. Without this support they become discouraged and, as a result, the paper is not as good as it would have been with the just support.

Now comes the question, "How can one support the paper?" There are numerous ways. In the first place one should subscribe to the paper. Another way to support it is to send in good material and have it in on time. Most students are able to write something and should use this ability to the betterment of the paper.

With the loyal support of the students, a better paper could be published.

HONOR

The great men of our nation made this country what it is today. How did they do it? By living an honest life and doing what was right. These men were not born wise. They had a beginning just like any other ordinary man, but it was their ambition to

make their life worth while, that fitted them for the honor that is given them.

There is only one complete meaning for the word "honor," but we may all have the benefit of it, if we only put forth an effort.

What kind of a character are you building? A character that will hold its color or one that will fade when it is put into the light? Each individual must answer this for him or her self.

The old saying is, "You cannot teach an old dog new tricks," so we as a whole had better learn the honorable tricks of life before we are too old.

If we, as high school students, would scan the lives of the great men of our nation, for example those of Abraham Lincoln or of George Washington, we would realize that it pays to live an honorable life.

There remains only a few weeks in which to bring to a successful close another school year. To those who are to graduate the time spent with us now seems short. Upon completion they will leave to mingle with the world and its opportunities. What they do and the success they attain will to a large extent determine the success or failure of those who are to follow.

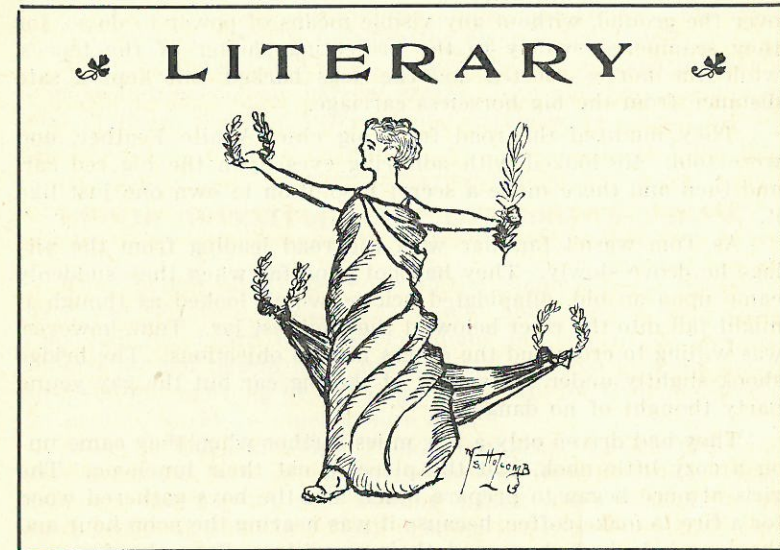
In taking up your new duties, what ever they may be, remember that the young people of today are the ones who will be identified with the worldly activities of tomorrow. Seniors, we look to you.

What is the cause of failure on the part of most high school students? At the end of the semester some find that they have failed in one or more subjects. They say the subject is too hard or the lesson assigned too long, but is that the reason?

In most cases they have probably failed to apply themselves in such a way that they will get the most out of their school work. There is a tendency on the part of some pupils who enter high school to choose those courses which they think will be the easiest, instead of those out of which they will get the most good. Each pupil should give a great deal of thought to the course which he or she intends to follow. With the choosing of a high school course really lies the failure or success of the future life of the pupil. It is a place where the road divides. One should know by this time what he intends to make of himself and should choose a course to fit that work. If the studies are a little hard, he should put forth additional effort and build a better character thereby.

Again, the pupils do not try. They look at a lesson and say, "Well, I don't care whether I have it or not." At the end of the term they are not prepared for examination and fail again. When a lesson is assigned if each student did his or her best there would be better lessons and finally at the end of the term there would be fewer failures.

Editor



THE PRICE OF CARELESSNESS

A big red car sped along the highway carrying five very care-free and gay young people, all unconscious of the accident that was to happen because of their carelessness.

Tom and Lois Palmer were the sole owners of the big car. Tom had invited his chum, Arthur Nail, to accompany him, his sister and her two friends, Maude Sanders and Lavelle Ashby, on a trip, that would take them into a section of Indian Territory. The roads were hard and so tempting to Tom that he threw the car into full speed, regardless of his small knowledge of the road.

It was a delightfully cool day. Now and then the sun peeped lazily from behind the large, fleecy clouds upon the green world below. Only the singing of the birds and the chug-chug of the big red car as it climbed a long hill, broke the stillness.

They had ridden for several miles at full speed and by this time were beginning to feel chilled. So Tom, thinking it would be best to slow down and warm up, brought the car down to a reasonable speed. It was well that he did so, for just at that moment, the road made an abrupt turn, which Tom never could have made with the car at full speed. They rode on for about a half mile, when suddenly the trees grew thinner and they could see not far ahead an Indian village, in which the men were sitting lazily around the tepees, smoking ridiculously long pipes, while the squaws were doing various kinds of work.

Evidently the children, as well as the cayuses and dogs were not accustomed to the sight of a carriage running smoothly along

over the ground, without any visible means of power to do so, for they scampered swiftly to the protecting shelter of the tepees, while the horses snorted and the dogs barked, but kept a safe distance from the big horseless carriage.

They inquired the road from big chief White Feather, and were told. He looked with admiring eyes upon the big red car, and then and there made a secret resolution to own one just like it.

As Tom wasn't familiar with the road leading from the village he drove slowly. They had not gone far when they suddenly came upon an old, dilapidated bridge, which looked as though it might fall into the river below at the slightest jar. Tom, however, was willing to cross and the others had no objections. The bridge shook slightly under the weight of the big car but the gay young party thought of no danger.

They had driven only a few miles farther when they came upon a cozy little nook, just the place to eat their luncheon. The girls at once began to prepare lunch and the boys gathered wood for a fire to make coffee, because it was nearing the noon hour and the long ride had sharpened their appetites. Soon the fire was blazing brightly and the coffee boiling, but it seemed a very long time to these five hungry people before everything was ready.

Um! How good the cold chicken and the rest of the lunch tasted. And that hot coffee just put new vigor into their muscles. At last their ravenous appetites were satisfied and they declared themselves ready for a jaunt.

The rest of their time until 4:00 o'clock was spent in rambling through the woods, laughing, shouting and sometimes singing snatches of song.

After several hours of tramping they returned to the car, and were soon on their way home. Tom thought he knew every inch of the road, so turned the car into full speed. Soon they came in sight of the old, rickety bridge. They were going too fast, and were too near the bridge to think of slowing down. Oh, if he had not been so careless he would have waited until past the bridge before speeding. It was too late now. They struck the bridge. It quivered, screeched, groaned and tumbled into the river below with a crash.

All had presence of mind enough to grab at the loosened plank of the bridge as they floated past. By the help of the two boys the girls were at last safely settled on some boards that were not torn apart by the fall, thus making a sort of raft. Finally by clever manipulation, the raft was steered shoreward, and the party landed on the grassy banks of the river.

A while after the accident happened a very downcast and dripping party of five, stumbled into the Indian village. When chief White Feather learned the sad fate of the big red car he

made up his mind that his cayuse, Thundering Dunbar, was good enough for him, for if it fell into the river it could swim.

After the Indians had safely piloted them home, and the party were talking over their narrow escape, Tom and Lois exclaimed, "and to think that the Price of our Carelessness should be the big red car."
V. L. '19

THOMAS' ADVENTURE WITH THE MOHAWK INDIANS

The Thomas family had come to the Mohawk valley when the place was not very thickly settled and had taken a homestead. They had not heard rumors of Indians for some time but Mr. Thomas did not like to leave his wife and children at home alone. However, one morning he had to go to the mill for flour and would not be able to return much before dark.

After he had gone, Mrs. Thomas awakened the children and after breakfast they all busied themselves with household tasks. Mary, the eldest child, was washing dishes, when suddenly there was a knock at the door. Upon opening it, she saw a young man, a runner, who said to her:

"You must leave at once. The Indians are again on the war path, burning, stealing, killing as they go. Leave at once." With that he hurried away.

Mary ran to her mother and told her what he had said. What were they to do? They had only two horses, and Mr. Thomas had driven those to the mill. The nearest neighbor lived several miles away, and the children were too small to walk so far. So Mrs. Thomas decided it would be best for her to await her husband's return. She quieted the children telling them to go on with their work. She, herself, finished sweeping, and then began her baking. As soon as the children finished one thing she had something else for them to do. And so the day passed.

In the afternoon, they gathered everything she wished to save; she wrapped them up and had the children bury them. When it was about time for Mr. Thomas to return, she washed the children and prepared to leave.

It was almost dark when Mr. Thomas came at last. They put the children in the back of the wagon and the food in the front and started for the fort.

They passed many other families, some of whom were walking and after traveling all night, arrived at the fort late the next morning. Word soon came that the Indians had been gotten under control, so after resting they returned home. On the way they heard many pitiful stories of homes that had been burned and of people who had been killed. How thankful they were when they saw their own home standing just as they had left it!

M. M. K. '19

FAY'S RESOLVE

"I do wish mother that you would let me go to Aunt Lucy's" said Fay. "I just know I would not go anywhere alone."

"Fay," was the answer, "I have a presentiment that something dreadful will happen if you go."

"But mother," Fay insisted, "I have always minded you. Why will you not let me go just this once?"

"Well," sighed her mother, "if your father thinks he can spare the money, and is willing to let you go, I will not hold you back; but it seems if I let you go something not pleasant will happen."

When Fay's father came home, Fay rushed to meet him and began teasing to go. Fay was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Burns and almost always had her way.

"Father," pleaded Fay, "mother says I may go if you will give your consent. Please! Please! Please!!"

"Well, Fay, I think your mother knows best. If she says you may go, I will not object," said Mr. Burns, finally.

With this much encouragement from her father, Fay begged her mother until she finally gave her consent.

So Fay was very happy for the next few days, because she was going to visit her aunt in the city. But her mother still seemed very worried and the day before Fay was to leave was very ill. Not wishing to keep Fay at home when she seemed so anxious to go, she made light of her feelings until her daughter had departed. Nevertheless, she was very ill indeed and grew rapidly worse.

Meanwhile Fay was having a fine time. She wrote two letters home telling what she was doing but was very disappointed not to receive any answers. This did not trouble her long among her various pleasures. One day she was preparing for a party and on going downstairs, found her aunt crying. When she asked what was the matter, her aunt, without speaking, pointed to the telegram, which read:

"Come at once; mother very ill."

Instantly the party was forgotten. Fay had no thought for anything now but to hasten home as quickly as possible.

Upon their arrival they were met by the family physician who put his arm around Fay, saying, "My dear, you must be a brave little girl. If no complications set in, I think I can save your mother, but you must be very good and be quiet."

During the many dark days that followed, Fay crept noiselessly about the house, and many times resolved that if her mother was spared she would not in the future oppose her wishes. And when the danger was over and she was allowed to see her, the first words Fay whispered to her mother were that she would never again leave without her willing consent.

A. L. H. '19

A NARROW ESCAPE

One night Bob and Helen were returning from the dance talking and laughing merrily, when suddenly, as they were about to enter the yard, dark forms seemed to rise on all sides of them. A muffled cry for help, a short struggle, and Bob was thrown head-long into a waiting car and rushed off.

Oh, what a dull pain in his head where he had been cut when thrown into the car. He could not even move an inch nor utter a sound, he was so tightly bound and gagged. "Would they never stop?" he thought as he dropped off into unconsciousness.

When he recovered his arms were unbound and he was lying upon an old blanket in a dark cave. He tried to get up but fell back weakly. Looking out of the cave he saw about a dozen men seated around a fire and to his terror recognized the Mexican, Pedro Lopez, and his followers, the most noted bandits in Texas.

"He'll have to give ten thousand dollars if he wants his son back or we'll shoot the young fellow at sunrise day after tomorrow," Bob could make out as he caught snatches of their conversation. Just then he saw their leader, Pedro Lopez, hand one of the men on horseback, a note with directions to put it in the office of Mr. Benton, Bob's father, where Mr. Benton would be sure to find it the following morning. The next moment the man was off.

The following morning the Benton family were both surprised and dismayed at Bob's mysterious disappearance. Their anxiety was increased when the news came that Helen Hunt, who had been with Bob the previous evening, was also missing. The whole village was stirred by the news, and soon a large body of men, led by Mr. Hunt, were scouring the country for miles around.

Mr. Benton went to his office late that morning to await there the report of the searching party. He was surprised to find a note lying on his desk, but hurriedly opened it and read:

May 10, 1912..

Mr. Benton:

Your son Bob is safely in our hands with no chance of being rescued by any of your party. Unless you leave \$10,000 in cash in the old oak beyond the church at twelve o'clock tonight, your son will be shot the following morning.

His face fell as he slowly read the note and a tear trickled down his brown cheek. He went thoughtfully down the street and back to his own home.

Two thousand dollars was all the money he had and with that he and Mrs. Benton had been planning to buy the cottage in which they were living. As they were discussing how they could raise the money, suddenly the door was flung open and in

rushed little Johnny, with their big yellow dog, Fido, running at his heels. Taking a small piece of paper from under the dog's collar, he handed it to Mr. Benton, whose face lit up with joy as he read the message written upon it.

"Dear Folks," it read, "am being held captive by Pedro Lopez and his bandits about five miles from the boundary line in Mexico. If they ask for ransom don't you give them a cent. Please send help as soon as possible. Fido will show you the way.

Your loving son, Bob."

Promptly at midnight Pedro Lopez and two of his men met at the old oak. To their joy, they found two big heavy bags, which jingled as they lifted them to their saddles. Not stopping to open them, they went right on to camp where they were greeted with shouts of joy. Hardly could they wait till they had climbed off their horses to open the bags, when to their chagrin they found them filled with pebbles.

The men swore and raved and drank fire water until every barrel in camp was empty. Pedro Lopez was almost beside himself with disappointment and in a thundering voice told Pierre, his servant, to clean all the guns and load them so they could get that young scapegoat off their hands as soon as possible.

Meanwhile Bob had fallen into a broken sleep, from which he was aroused by the sound of someone stealthily creeping into the cave. To his joy he recognized a Mexican who had once worked for the Bentons and who was a very faithful and good friend of Bob's. But a feeling of horror came over him when the native grasped his hand and said shortly, "Goodbye, forever, dear friend. Pedro Lopez has ordered you to be shot at sunrise, and no power in heaven or on earth can keep him from it. So g-g-ood-bye," and with a sob he was off.

The hours dragged slowly and Bob watched the first gray streak of light as it came into view. True to his word, Lopez himself came after Bob and with a kick and a curse, ordered his men to tie Bob's arms and blindfold him. The men had not fully recovered from the effects of the liquor the night before, and with unsteady steps led Bob to the spot where he was to be shot.

Oh, why didn't his father send help? Had he forgotten him? And where was Helen? Why didn't they come to rescue him? These and a thousand other questions entered his dizzy mind as he awaited his doom. Then the pistols cracked and Bob fell backward. The men gave two or three cheers, ordered Pierre to attend to Bob's burial and were off to camp to get the rest of their night's sleep.

That night about nine o'clock one might have seen fifty men led by Mr. Hunt and Mr. Benton, stealthily and noiselessly steal

close to the campfire of the bandits. They had found the guards asleep, had quickly overpowered them and then crept on to the camp. They found the bandits dancing and yelling around their campfire, highly intoxicated and not one of them carrying their weapons.

Yelling and shouting, they completely surprised the men and soon had every one securely bound. Lopez cursed and swore, but Mr. Benton, with a revolver, pressed against his breast, ordered him to be quiet and tell where his son was.

At first he would not answer, but finally with a grin spitefully said, "That good-for-nothing son of yours is in his grave now, and a hell of a good place it'd be for you, too!"

"What! You-you-you old scoundrel that you are. You—you," and he stopped, panting for breath. "You killed my son? You'll pay for this, and dearly, too!" he ended hoarsely.

Lopez led them to Bob's grave with faltering steps, for now he was becoming frightened. Kneeling over his son's fresh grave Mr. Benton reverently said a few words of prayer and then turned slowly away.

When he reached home, Mr. Benton lingered at the gate, wondering how he could tell Mrs. Benton of the terrible loss which had to come to them. Suddenly his attention was arrested by the sound of voices. Wasn't that Bob's voice? And Helen's, too? He started to run and to his great amazement and joy saw Bob and Helen standing in the doorway. Had Bob risen from the dead? Surely he had seen Bob's grave, had wept over it, and he could prove it by the other men. But no! That was Bob and with a cry he sprang into his arms and wept for joy.

Meanwhile, when Pedro Lopez saw Bob, he fell on his knees and for the first time in his life prayed to God to save him. "O, save me, save me, please," he wailed like a child. He became more frightened every moment for he thought he was seeing Bob's ghost. Finally in a spasm of fear he fell at Bob's feet, uttering long drawn out, wierd cries.

Quite a crowd had gathered by this time and they were all eager to hear Bob's story. "Well," began Bob, smiling, "when they tried to shoot me yesterday morning, our good friend Pierre here, had loaded their guns with blank shot. When they fired I fell back as though I had been shot, and they were all so drunk none of them noticed anything unusual so they went back to camp. When they had left I hastily rose from my grave. Pierre covered it up and we left camp, going northward. We had gone about two miles when we came upon an old moss covered cabin. Upon trying the door we found it locked, so we battered the door down. To our great surprise we found Helen lying on the floor unconscious.

"The bandits had captured her also, locked her in the cabin alone with scarcely anything to eat, and when we found her she

had been there three days. We placed her on one of our horses and only this morning we reached home. But to good old Fido and to Pierre here, we owe both our lives. If it had not been for them. Helen and I would both be dead by this time. And, O, yes, of that ten thousand dollar reward for capturing our would-be murderer, Pedro Lopez, Pierre shall receive one-third. And I guess that's all my story, isn't it Helen?" he asked, smiling.

"Just a minute," shouted Mr. Benton, "Five thousand dollars of that money shall go to Bob and Helen as a little gift from me, to help build their new home."

Bob and Helen stood in the door way, the wind gently blowing their hair, as they watched the crowd slowly disperse and Pedro Lopez being led away by the sheriff to meet his doom.

L. O. '19

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

You have failed in exam? What matter for that?
Failure is something that everyone meets.
Let that be forgotten and buried and then—
Take heart and a start for credits to gain.

If credits you sought and have failed in your scheme
Just get down to work and forget to be mean.
Forget all your mischief; your lessons prepare,
And let them alone be your constant care.

If in class you are tempted to laugh or grin,
Just remember in class room those things are a sin.
Don't ever chew gum or eat candy in school,
For if you do this, you'll sit on a dunce stool.

Some bright, sunny morning, you'll find in your path
An evil obstacle, that'll tempt you to wrath;
But shut your teeth hard and close your eyes tight,
And soon you'll climb upward and be doing right.

Now, dear reader, this may not concern you,
And I'm sure if you take heed, you'll walk
Right through your exam. or your test
With an average of ninety and your mind at rest.

V. L. '19

THE TRACK MEET

The annual track meet between Yale and Harvard was being held on a bright, clear day in June. Only the two mile event remained to decide the victory in favor of either Yale or Harvard. The score board showed them a tie. The call for the two milers had already been made and the coaches were giving their last words of advice.

"Do your best, boys!" said the Yale coach, "and you Bob, watch that red-headed fellow. He is Harvard's crack two-miler. Take the lead and keep it all through the race."

At the crack of the pistol, the runners were off with Bob in the lead and setting the pace well up. He finished the first, second and third laps without abating his speed. Then upon looking back, he saw that the red-headed fellow and himself were the only ones in the race who had any hope of finishing first. The others had been left far behind. His breath was coming in gasps and his legs felt as if they had weights attached to them, but he kept on doggedly.

The goal was only fifty yards away, and the Harvard man was five yards in the rear. Bob felt as though he must fall out and forfeit the race, but the trainer was at the finish and beckoning for him to run faster, and the whole Yale rooter's section was yelling for him to win.

This put new life into his weary frame and making a last desperate effort, he crossed the tape only a yard ahead of his opponent, and plunged into the crowd of rooters that was eagerly awaiting him.

After Bob had sufficiently recovered his breath to speak, he eagerly inquired, "What was the time?"

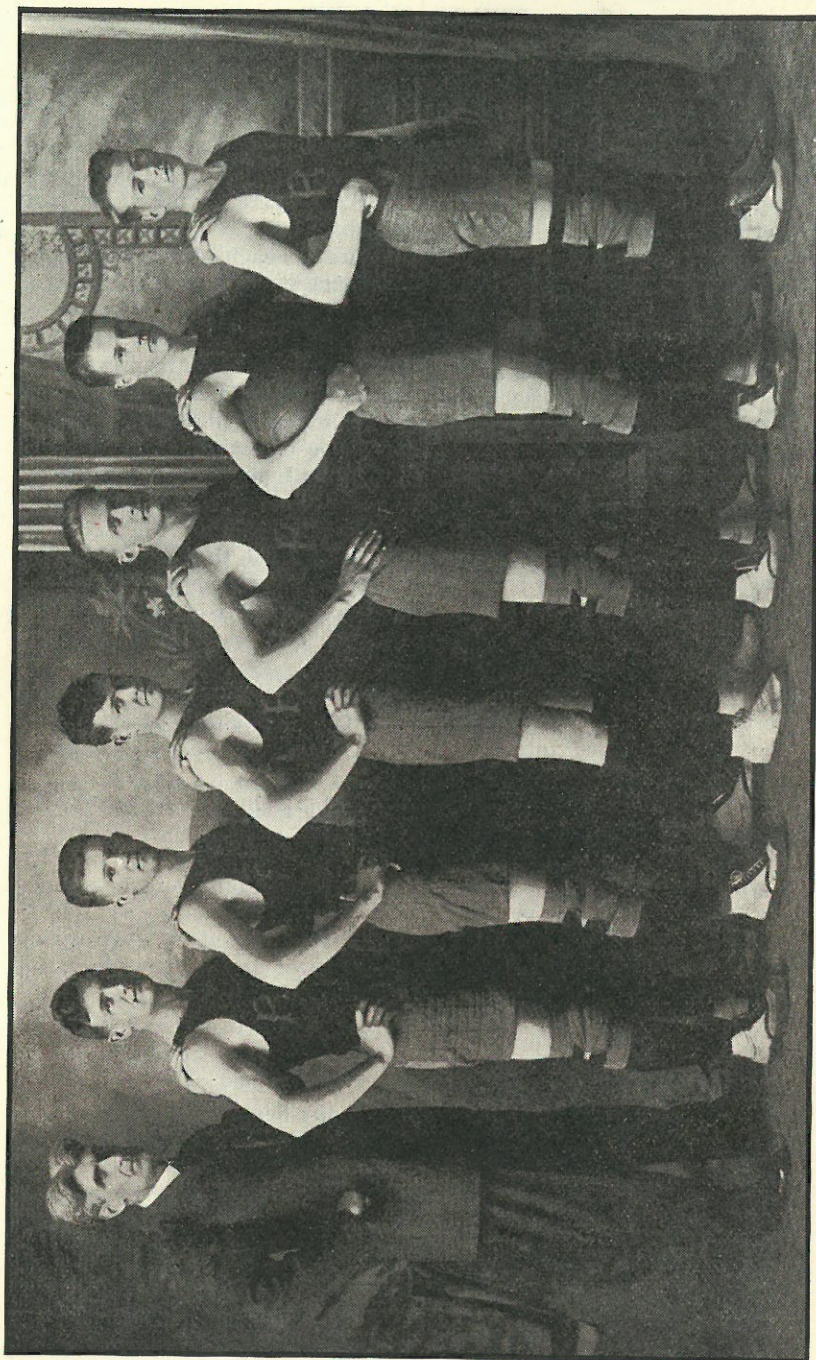
"You bettered our record by ten seconds, and won the race by a good yard. We owe this victory all to you, but don't be standing around here and getting a cold," said the coach.

So Bob walked to the gymnasium surrounded by a group of admiring friends, feeling much elated over the honor which he had brought to himself and, best of all, to his school.

H. R. '19

Something is wrong with the Seniors
The Juniors are no longer bright;
Something is troubling the Sophomores but—
The Freshmen are always just right.

H. B. '19



ATHLETICS

On Wednesday, February 26, Ritzville and Bonner's Ferry met in a basketball contest. The Ritzville boys defeated the Bonner's Ferry boys by a score of 18 to 38.

On February 16, Captain Lewis called a meeting of those who were interested in baseball. At this meeting it was decided to carry on baseball. The turnout has been very good.

List of games played by Ritzville high school this year:

Harrington 21, Ritzville 45	Sprague, 7 Ritzville 29.
Sprague 14, Ritzville 27	Harrington 13, Ritzville 32
Pullman H. S. 20, Ritzville 30.	Cheney Athletic C., 29, Ritz. 33
Pullman Preps 5, Ritzville 20	Edwall 7, Ritzville 16
Davenport 21, Ritzville 20	Odessa 4, Ritzville 13
Lind 21, Ritzville 45	Odessa 10, Ritzville 48
	Forfeit from Davenport

Monday evening, February 21, Prof. B. H. Claypoole, Jack Kimbel and members of the first and second basket ball teams of the high school were entertained at an elaborate six course dinner at the Edwards' home. The house and table decorations were carried out in colors and ideas appropriate to Washington's birthday. After dinner toasts were given by all the boys and then Everett Edwards, captain of this year's team, presented to Mr. Claypoole a diamond stick-pin, as a token of appreciation from the boys for the way in which he "coached them on to victory."

Finally Jared Harris was elected captain for the coming year. The high school students sincerely hope that success similar to that of this year will attend the team which represents us for the 1916-17 season.

Here's to the memory
 Of the captain
 And the team
 That gained the fame
 That made our name
 That raised our scores
 That brought the roars
 That won the games
 That landed the claims
 That made us again
 At the season's end
 The champion players
 Of the Big Bend.

FORUM

On February 17, 1916, the Forum gave the Philo girls a feed. There were about twenty-eight members of the Philo present, and the faculty also made their appearance. The evening was enjoyed by all. After the program games were played and refreshments were served by the boys at ten o'clock. The members of the Forum want to take this opportunity to thank Miss Rapp and Miss Cox for their assistance. We appreciated their help very much.

The program was as follows :

Opening address Prof Giles
 Song Assembly
 Dictation Joe Gaiser
 Reading Miss M. V. Jones
 Comparison of Forum and Philo Harley Hollenshead
 Extemporaneous Speech Elmer Miller

The Forum has fifteen members enrolled now and they are all doing splendid work. The Forum wants only the best in the school—best meaning those who are willing to put their best efforts into making the society a success. We do not want the most popular fellows in school unless they are willing to work for the benefit they may derive from the Forum.

At present we have some of the best talent of the high school and the work on a whole has improved fifty per cent over that of last year.

PHILO

The Philo girls are having many enjoyable times ,helping raise money for the Debate Fund. Not only are they having good times but they are accomplishing something worth while, by giving financial support to the High School. In doing this they have given candy sales, bake sales, and have had many social gatherings.

The girls gave a basket social March 14th in the High School gymnasium. A goodly sum was realized and a very enjoyable time reported.

A bake sale was held in the Ritzville Trading Co. on March 26, which proved very successful.

The Philo have taken in a large number of new members, which shows that Philo is interesting and helping the spirit of the

school. The girls motto is "Beat the Boys," which they are trying their best to do.

Their meetings are held regularly every / Tuesday night promptly at seven-forty-five in the High School Assembly and sometimes in the gymnasium.

Everyone is cordially invited to visit Philo and we sincerely hope that all girls who are interested in literary work will join. Very interesting programs are rendered.

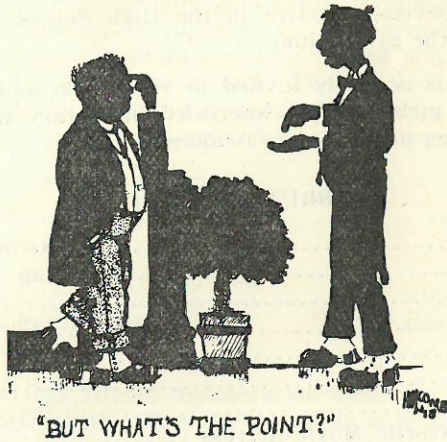
FEBRUARY 29 PROGRAM

Philo Song General Assembly
 Roll Call Leap Year Rhymes
 Business President
 Piano Solo Gertrude Morach
 Recitation Marie Horeh
 Cartoon Elsa Bauer
 Philo Yell Anna Scott
 Life of My Favorite Movie Actress Martha Thiel
 Reading Florence Carlson
 Paper on Francis Willard Carolyn Baumann
 Dialogue Margaret Wiffin, Mary Lemman
 Extemporaneous Class..Hilda Dirks, Ruby Bauer, Florence Gilson
 Original Story Audrey Tiller
 High School Yell

MARCH 28, PROGRAM

Philo Yell General Assembly
 Roll Call Original Verse
 Business President
 Reitation Arcola Glasgow
 Romance, Billy Burke Florence Carlson
 Vocal Solo Lora Estep
 Pantomine
 Martha Robbins, Carrie Ott, Hilda Dirks, Pearl Lemman
 Madeline Turk, Merle Kirk
 Reading Helen Schock
 Dialogue Florence Gilson, Martha Thiel
 Original Story Winnifred Ross

CHAFF



Willie, they say that your brother drowned last night."

"Yes; he was a good swimmer, but he belonged to the union, so he swam for eight hours and then quit."

Mr. Giles: "Can you get that problem, Margaret?"

M. C. (slowly): "No Sir!"

Mr. Giles: "Ah! there is a little Sophomore who does not know her lesson."

Mr. Wolcott: "I have just received the report of my daughter's grades."

D. W.: "How old is she, anyway?"

Mr. W.: "Eighteen."

Voice: "There's your chance, Dave!"

Judge: "What pretence did your husband have for beating you?"

Woman: "He didn't have any pretence, he had a club."

Mr. Giles: "Pearl, why can't you get your lesson?"

P. L.: "I don't know."

Mr. Giles: "Thinking too much about your beau, I guess."

P. L.: "No, Sir."

Miss Jones: "What is meant by lorica?"

E. S.: "Corset." (Corselet)

Pat: "Mike is you a Socialist?"

Mike: "You bet I am."

Pat: "What is socialism?"

Mie: "Well, for instance, if I had two million dollars I would give you one million, and if I had two houses I would give you one."

Pat: "That is fine, and if you had two hogs would you give me one?"

Mike: "Aw shut up thar now. You know that I have two hogs."

Ruth Barton (in Civics): "I think that some day we will have a woman for president."

H. M.: "Women haven't any brains."

R. B.: "Women are just as smart as men are."

H. M.: "They are not."

F. J. (reading in English): "Dear darlings with a fiendish race." (Dire dealings with a fiendish race).

Miss M. V. Jones: "All those who are going to graduate will please come down to the gymnasium."

Senior: "That music will not help me any, because I'm not going to graduate this year."

Skee: "That's kind of uncertain, Miss Jones."

Miss Rapp: "Jared and Charles may leave the room."

J. H.: "We will do that, Miss Rapp."

C. W. (going out): "Goodbye, Miss Rapp."

Mr. Claypoole (Alg. I)—"Do you think you can work that now, Mary?"

M. L.: "Well, I can if I have somebody to help me, but I can't work it alone."

Mr. C.: "You had better get a help-mate then, eh?"

Teacher: "Give me a synonym for cute."

Student: "Bow-legged."

Teacher: "Now give me an antonym."

Other Student: "Knock-kneed."

A. H.: "Bless your heart, Mary."

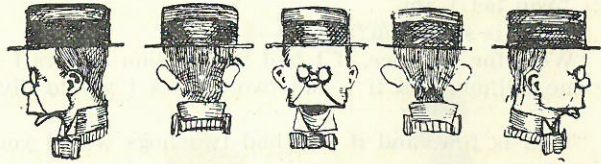
M. L.: "No, bless my gizzard."

A. H.: "No, we haven't any gizzard."

M. L.: "We have too a gizzard, same as a chicken has."

After A. H. had read a problem incorrectly several times:

Mr. Giles: "Ada, you want to get your mouth to go off with your head."



THE CLASSES

SENIOR NOTES

Seniors, Seniors, who are we?
Just look around and you will see;
Everyone as busy as fleas,
Not a moment even to sneeze.

Ruth B. (Civics, discussing townships and ranges) I don't understand what a range is."

Willie W.—"Didn't you ever see a cook stove?"

Miss Jones—(Eng. IV)—"Hamlet lying down at Ophelia's feet, where he watches the King."

Lloyd—"How could Hamlet watch the King when he was lying at Ophelia's feet?"

Mr. Giles—(Explaining electricity)—"Electricity becomes more dense at points. For instance; there was a steer standing by a fence. The electricity came down the fence jumped off on to the horns of the steer, through his body, and off his tail, and tore a big hole in the ground behind him."

Paulina—(Phys.)—"Do we have to name every artery or duck (duct) or whatever you call them."

Mr. Yeaman—(Civics)—"Suppose two men were running for representative and there was a tie. Who would settle it?"

Ruth—"I don't know; they'd draw straws, I suppose."

Mr. Yeaman—"I don't think straws would go with men. It might with women."

The Seniors have commenced on the regular Senior play and are progressing rapidly.

Gertie—(Civics)—"Will women ever be senators?"

Harold—"No, senators have to be 30 years old and women never get that old."

Mr. Giles—(Phys.)—"How do the tissues get their food from lymph?"

M. C.—"The food lays in the lymph and the tissues get their food there."

Mr. Giles—"The hen lays in the nest but she doesn't get her food in the nest."

Mr. Yeaman—(Civics)—"Wesley L. Jones talked for thirteen hours on one subject."

Ruth—"I could talk that long but it would depend on who I was talking to."

The seniors are reading Hamlet and find it very interesting.

Mr. Yeaman—(Civics)—"What are the qualifications for governor, John?"

John—"I don't know."

Mr. Yeaman—"If you got enough votes could you serve?"

John—"No."

Mr. Yeaman—"Why?"

John—"I haven't got the brains."

JUNIOR NOTES

The Wheat staff for the Junior Annual has been selected.

The English III Class have just finished Carlyle's Essay on Burns, and are giving their brains a rest by reading Browning's Shorter Poems.

H. S.—"Mr. Yeaman almost slapped me today."

R. B.—"What for?"

H. S.—"For putting my hands on his chest."

Miss J. (Eng. III)—"What is the final result of Brer Fox's trick in the Wonderful Tar Baby Story?"

A. S.—"He got stuck on the tar baby."

L. H.—"Who was the hobo poet?"

F. L.—"Me."

We are very proud of the work of the members of our class in the general play.

G. B.—“He had a very promising marriage.”

Miss J. (Eng. III)—“What was the cause of his death?”
Leslie—“He taught school in St. Charles college.”

English III Compositions:

“We were all sparkling.”

“One of the men watched all knight.” (night)

“The broom was called to order.” (room)

“The ground covered the ground completely.”

“Here was the home of the squires.” (squirrels)

F. C. “He became the head of all the flutes.”

Miss J. (Eng. III)—“What did he write?”

(Silence)

Miss J.—“A Dog’s Tail.” (tale)

H. W. (Anc. Hist.)—“The pirates kept telling Caesar they were going to kill him. Caesar said he didn’t care. They weren’t really going to kill him, they just said that.”

Miss J. (Eng. III)—“When did Mrs. Browning die and what was the result on Browning’s life?”

A. S.—“Oh, was she his wife?”

H. W.—“What is a swain, a pig?”

L. H. (Shorthand I)—“Meow. meow, said the cow.”

I. R. (reading English III)—“Rats!,”

Miss J.—“Oh, no!”

Junior (Eng. III)—“The mayor quacked.” (quaked)

H. W. (Eng. III)—“What do you mean, Brunswick?”

Miss J.—“Where is Brunswick?”

Vera—“In Holland.”

H. W.—“Yes, it once belonged to Holland.” (Howland)

H. H.—“He was raised on a farm quite a while.”

Miss J. (Eng. III)—“My friend fell in with some Southerners.”

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The English II classes have finished Goldsmith’s “Vicar of Wakefield” and are now beginning Shakespeare’s “Merchant of Venice.”

M. C. (Anc. Hist.)—“And he was rescued from the river by a wolf.”

The Sophomore class have recently heard from Shirley Krueger, who reports she is doing nicely.”

J. C. (Geom. I.)—“Given the triangle ABC—e—e—e”

Mr. Giles—“Hurry up, Julia or you’ll run down before you finish.”

George Bodinger has fully recovered from his recent illness and has resumed his school work.

The Sophomore Class had a meeting February 25 for the purpose of electing officers for the second semester. The following were chosen:

President	Herschel Gillis
Vice-President	Madeline Turk
Secretary	George Logan
Treasurer	Joseph Gaiser
Sergeant	Arthur Clodius

Miss M. V. Jones (Eng. II)—“Gladys, what is the meaning of ‘smoked him.’”

Gladys—“He seized him up.”

The Sophomores held a hard times party in the high school gymnasium Friday, March 24. Everyone reported a good time.

We are Sophs, as you may know,
And what we know, we know, we know, we know
And what we don’t know, we don’t know, we don’t
know, we don’t know,
So what do you know? We don’t know.

—Dedicated to Freshmen

The class of ’18 are very proud of the showing made by the Sophomores in the high school play.

FRESHMEN NOTES

Who said the Freshmen always fail and are so green? The class of '19 had more on the "Honor Roll" than any other class.

The two divisions of English I have finished the poem "Marmion," and have started reading "Ivanhoe."

Miss Cox—"I am not going to chase you up." (Up what?)

Louise (Current Events)—"It would make enough dye to paint all Spokane."

Miss Cox (Gen. Science)—"Salt lowers the boiling point in freezing ice cream."

Miss Jones (Eng. I)—"Don't use **love** when you just **like** a person. Love applies only to those things that cannot return their love."

Miss Cox (Gen. Science)—"What is rain?"

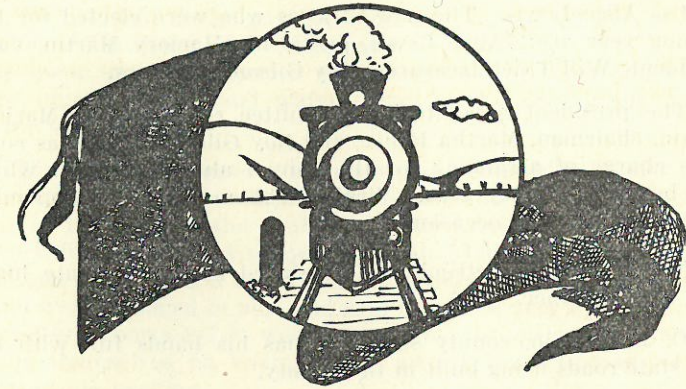
V. L.—"Rain is condensed vapor coming from way up."

Mr. Claypoole's division of Algebra I have begun the study of "Powers and Roots."

David (Gen. Science)—"Are diamonds melted?"

We have discovered why P. L. looks so sober. She saves all of her smiles for H. H.

LOCALS



The Girls' Glee Club of the high school rendered some interesting vocal selections at the Taylor meetings.

A faculty meeting was held March 7th, after school.

On March 13 President Leavenworth of the Orphans' Home, Seattle, spoke to the assembly about their experiences with babies.

The Boys' Glee Club of the high school was under the direction of Paul Taylor while he was here. They rendered some very successful vocal selections at the Taylor meetings.

Mr. Schofield gave several interesting talks to the boys of the Ritzville high school, while Mrs. Schofield talked to the girls.

Prof. Claypoole was absent from school several days on account of illness.

On March 20th Prof. Giles announced that the students should keep off the grass.

On March 30, ex-President E. A. Bryan, of Washington State College, and H. C. Sampson of Spokane, gave very instructive talks along the lines of industrial and educational advantages of the present day. They took up the first period and part of the second and were received very enthusiastically. The students would gladly have given the entire second period to these men, not as Mr. Sampson suggested, because they were eager to listen to any Tom, Dick and Harry in order to get out of school work, but because both speakers brought messages of true worth. We hope that every student of the high school will take to heart what Dr. Bryan and Mr. Sampson had to say to us, and will apply it to their future life, in school and out.

ALUMNI NOTES

On March 13th a meeting of the Alumni was held at the home of Miss Alice Lewis. The new officers who were elected for the ensuing year are: Alice Lewis, president; Marjory Martin, vice-president; Will Thiel, treasurer; Roy Gilson, secretary.

The president appointed a committee consisting of Marjory Martin, chairman, Martha Bauer, and Roy Gilson, which has complete charge of arranging for the annual alumni banquet which will be held on May 26th. Virgil Kirkham has been appointed toastmaster for the occasion.

'05: Harry W. Pettijohn has resigned as deputy state highway commissioner.

O. J. Despain, county surveyor, has his hands full with the new state roads being built in the county.

'09: Frank Perkins is assistant cashier of the Pioneer National Bank.

Will Thiel has just been elected assistant cashier of the German-American State Bank.

'10: Zora Wiffin has gone to Chicago to study music.

Zerita Peters has resigned her position as deputy county auditor.

'11: Harley Smith is a dentist at Enterprise, Oregon.

Clara Sittner spent most of the winter at Oberlin, Ohio.

Ed. Kauffman is bookkeeper for the Big Bend Motors Co.

'12: John Danekas has purchased a Saxon automobile.

'13: Ruby Hauschild is cashier for Myers-Shepley Company.

Joe Faucher is working in the Herzog Art Furniture Company at Saginaw, Michigan.

'14: Violet Johnston has returned to the State University of Seattle, after spending a week's vacation at home.

'15: Norman Robbins is attending school at Kent's Hall, Readfield, Maine.

Emma Sittner has been doing her sister Clara's work in the Ritzville Trading Company during the latter's absence.

Fred Haupt and Wallace Leonard have been appointed alternatives to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Helene Wittrock, 1914.

SOCIETY

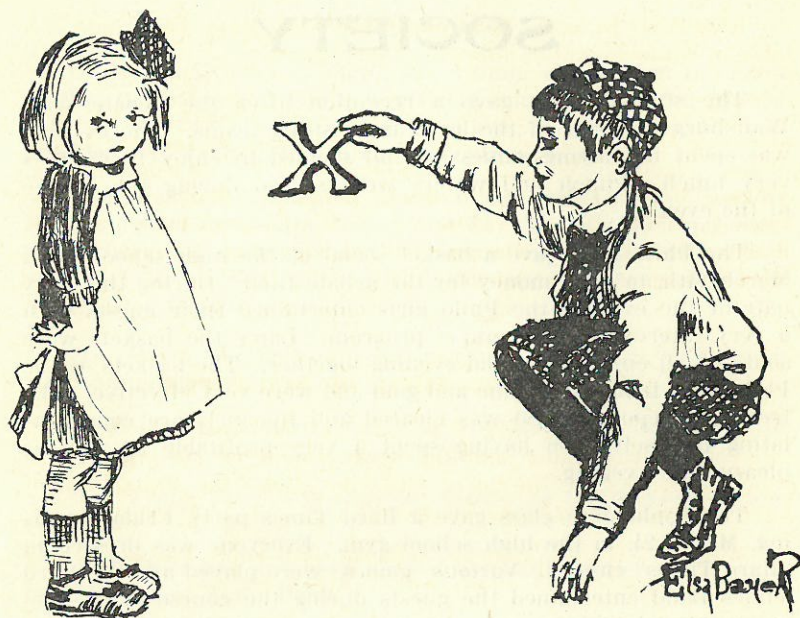
The student body gave a reception after the debate with Waitsburg in honor of the local and visiting teams. The evening was spent in playing games and all seemed to enjoy themselves very much. Punch and wafers were served during the course of the evening.

The Philo girls gave a basket social at the high school gym, March 14th, to raise money for the debate fund. During the early part of the evening the Philo girls entertained their guests with a very interesting and unique program. Later the baskets were sold and all enjoyed a social evening together. The baskets of the Philo were trimmed in blue and gold and were very effective. The treasurer reports \$17.80 was cleared and the girls are congratulating themselves on having spent a very profitable as well as pleasurable evening.

The Sophomore class gave a Hard Times party Friday evening, March 24, in the high school gym. Everyone was dressed in "Hard Times" clothes. Various games were played and the Hard Times Band entertained the guests during the course of the evening. At a late hour refreshments consisting of fried potatoes, bread and butter, "wienies" and coffee were served, around a camp fire. A flash light picture was taken of the crowd before they started for home.

Appearing in a typical home drama the students of the high school presented in a pleasing manner "The Girl from North Carolina" to an audience of considerable size last Friday evening. The play itself was a wholesome representation of the faults of the "newly-rich," to gether with the love of things that persists among people in high station. It was not too heavy and one well adapted to high school performance.

While there were places where the players faltered a little, for the most part the play went off smoothly, the young men and women carrying their parts quite successfully. Elmer Miller starred in the role of "Mr. Rogers," a broken down Southern white farmer. Vera Harris as "Mrs. Rogers," "Lucile Hein as "Nora Desmond," entered into their characters completely, while Ruby Bauer made an attractive "Esmeralda." The others who had parts were: Anna Scott, Harley Hollenshead, Ellsworth Edwards, Herschel Gillis, Lloyd Gillis, Everett Edwards, and all of them did well.—Journal-Times, March 16.



CHANGES

THE ERISOPHIAN—Your paper is very good, but you have not enough jokes.

THE GONDILIER—Your exchange is written in a very interesting form.

THE INGOT—The poem, "Friendship," in your March issue is certainly good.

THE FRAM—We enjoy your paper very much, but it might be improved by keeping the advertisements and the news separate.

THE TOLEDO—Your exchange department is very good.

NOR'EASTER—You certainly have a dandy paper, which shows good high school spirit. Your jokes are above the average.

OPINION—You have a neat little paper. Your literary department and jokes are very good.

COURANT—The story of "Black and White" in this month's paper is very good.

RED AND BLACK—Your paper was very good this month. A table of contents would improve it very much.

A few of the papers received are:—The Budget, Berne, Ind., Crescent, Laeland, Florida; Stylus, Sioux Falls, S. Dakota; Megaphone, Prescott, Wash.; "Kinnikinick, Cheney, Wash.; Breeze, Albran, Mich.; Tiger, Little Rock, Arkansas; Whitman College Pioneer, Walla Walla; University of Washington Daily, Seattle, Wash.; Manual Arts Weekly, Los Angeles, Cal.; College Quest, Reed College, Portland, Oregon.

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF OUR PAPER

WHEAT—We welcome Wheat to our exchange list. It is an interesting little paper and the arrangement of the material is good. Judging from the poem, "Ritzville High," the students must have cultivated a rare school spirit.

WHEAT—We are glad to exchange with you. The only thing we would suggest is to secure a few advertisements.

WHEAT—This is a new paper to us although it is ten years old. We enjoyed the Sophomore number very much.

WANT AD. COLUMN

Wanted—More noise in assembly the second period. (?)

Wanted—A god hair dye. Several H. S. Students.

Wanted—A mirror. Junior Girls.

Wanted—A teacher who can teach something besides German and Shorthand in spelling. Freshmen.

Wanted—A smaller class after school. Faculty.

Wanted—A black jaw-breaker. M. F. W.

Wanted—A stick of gum.

P. L. would appreciate some whipped cream chocolates.

Wanted—Order in the Assembly. Mr. Giles.

Wanted—A mustache. Junior.

Wanted—A respectable, good-looking young man. M. M. L.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

This year we have asked the business men to contribute to all issues of Wheat and as an appreciation of their support, a list of those contributing will be published in each issue of the paper, and a statement to the effect that the paper is supported by these men. The Commercial Club has endorsed this plan.

We, the undersigned, subscribe to all issues of Wheat:

First National Bank,	G. Fisher
Pioneer National Bank,	Dr. F. R. Burroughs,
Ritzville Flouring Mills,	Adams & Naef,
Ritzville Trading Co.,	John Truax,
German-American State Bank,	Day Imus,
White River Lumber Co.,	Evans Brothers,
Myers-Shepley Co.,	Washington Water Power Co.,
Rosenoff & Co.,	Dr. H. G. Davenny,
S. S. Frantz Jewelry Co.,	John Pelcom,
St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Co.	Charles Hollenshead,
The Store for Men,	Link's Place,
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