William Oestreich

WHEAT

Junior Number



WHEAT

VOL. XI. MAY, 1916 No. 6

Published during the school year by the Students of Ritzville High School, Ritzville, Washington.

Entered as Second Class matter at the U. S. Postoffice at Ritzville, Washington, March 6, 1906. All correspondence relating to subscriptions, payments, editorial comment, change of address, exchanges, etc., should be addressed to "Wheat," Box 708, Ritzville, Washington.

The Copy .....15c.
Subscription (year in advance) .....75c.

"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.

Table of Contents

	PAGE
Literary	12
Junior Wheat Staff	30
Editorial	31
Athletics	35
Locals	36
Society	38
Debate	41
Forum Notes	41
Philo Notes	42
Jokes	43
Senior Notes	45
Junior Notes	48
Sophomore Notes	49
Freshman Notes	50
Exchanges	51
List of Contributors	52



Dedication

To the class, which for four years has gone before us breaking trail and thus making it easier for us; to the class, which by their example has given us courage to strive onward, when the goal seemed distant; to the class which has stood by us, ready with a cheerful smile and a helping hand, this, the Junior Annual is dedicated.



EVERETT EDWARDS

"His face was a title page to a whole volume of roguery."

Wheat Staff **Football**

Captain Basketball Team

Class Play **Senior Double Quartet**

GERTRUDE MORACH

"No magic shall sever
Thy music from thee."—Poe.

Pres. Glee Club **Class Play**

Wheat Staff **Philo**

HAROLD MARTIN

"A quiet smile played around his lips
Like eddies and dimples of the tide
Play 'round the bows of ships."
—Longfellow.

Wheat Staff **Glee Club**

Senior Double Quartet

Class Play **"Alaska"**

LLOYD GILLIS

"A full rich nature free to trust
Truthful and almost sternly just."
—Whittier

Football **Basketball**

Class President

Senior Double Quartet

"Preparedness"

HILDA DIRKS

"She was a woman for a stirring life."

Vice President of Senior Class

Glee Club **Senior Double Quartet**

Debate **Philo**

Wheat Staff **Class Play**

"Valedictory'

MARTHA ROBBINS

"All the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart."—Bryant.

Editor-in-Chief Wheat **Class Play**

Debate **Pres Philo**

"Salutatory"





GEORGE FREEZE

" 'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends."—Wordsworth.

Student Body President

Debate **Forum**

Class Play

"Pan-Americanism"

LORA ESTEP

"She was like a prayer offered up in the homliest beauty of one's mother tongue."—Hawthorne.

Glee Club **Wheat Staff**

Senior Double Quartet

Class Play

WILL OTT

"Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms."—Wordsworth.

Senior Double Quartet

Class Play

PAULINA KRAMER

"She was just the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary."—Lowell

Class Play

"Advantages of Country Life"

ELLSWORTH EDWARDS

"Who with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn."—Wordsworth.

Football **Basketball**

Senior Double Quartet

Class Play

FLORENCE KIRK

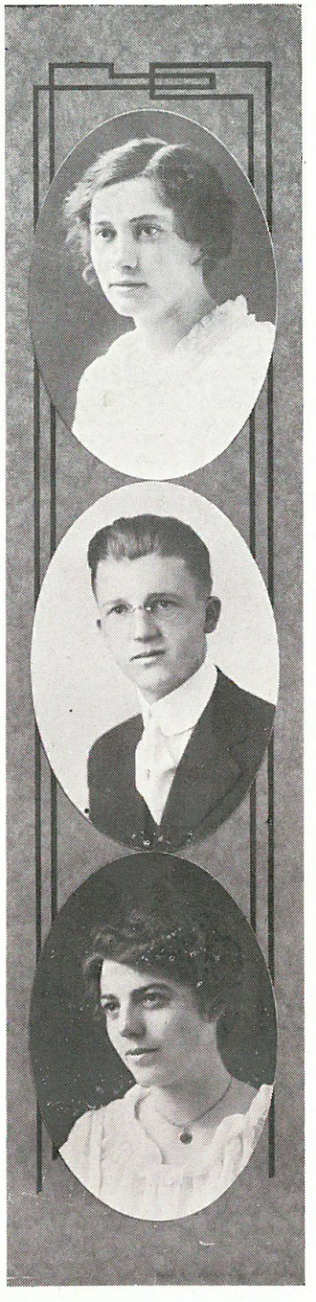
"A happy girl
Eyes glad with smiles.'—Whittier

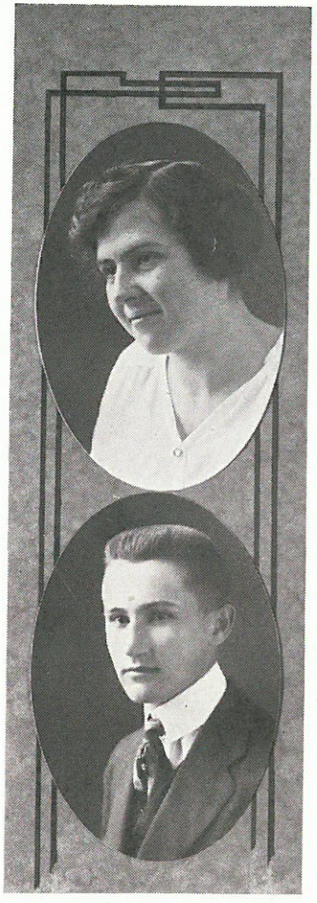
Glee Club **Philo**

Senior Double Quartette

Class Play

"Social Centers"





RUTH BARTON

"Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act
And make her generous thot a fact."
—Whittier

Glee Club **Class Play**

Senior Double Quartet

WILLIE WERTTEMBERGER

"Not content that former worth stands fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last."
—Wordsworth

Class Play

TO THE SENIORS

Four years ago you entered here
This Senior Class so bright
You have worked and you have struggled
And the goal is now in sight.

You are looking to the future
And your path seems fair and bright
For the fire of youth burns steady
And no shadows mar the sight.

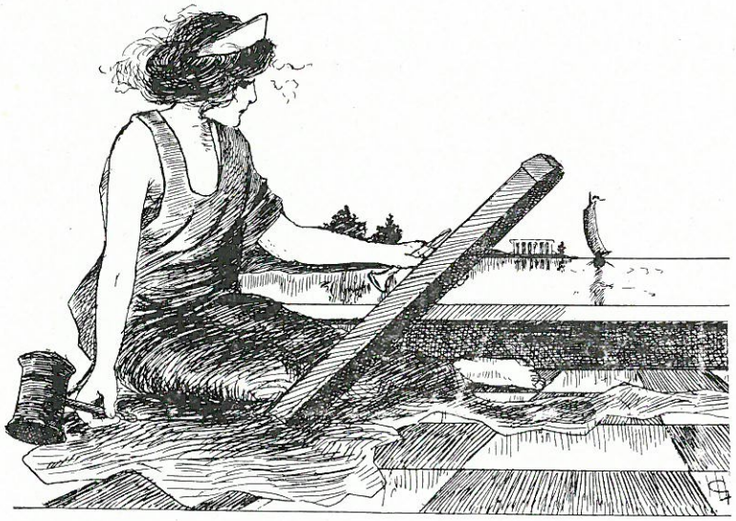
Your minds were shaped and molded
By the teachers one and all;
May you all have ready answers
For life's problems great and small.

"Life is real and life is earnest"
Are the words of long ago.
May they now be doubly heeded
As into the world you go.

May the path loom always sunny
And success crown every act
May the memories of your high school days
In future years come back.

Farewell Seniors, you must leave us
Leave the dear old Ritzville High
May the colors prove symbolic
Of success, whate'er you try.

A. S. '17



LITERARY

SALUTATORY

Parents, teachers, members of the school board, school-mates and friends. We welcome you to-night, not to hear our obituaries with tears and grieving, for this is a time to which every high school student looks forward with great anticipation. If anything compels him to leave school before his course is completed, his greatest regret is that he will not graduate. Commencement is a time at which relatives and friends are also deeply concerned. It should not be a time for sorrow, even though everything dear to us thru close association must be changed for new interests. But rather, everyone shauld rejoice that another milestone has been reached. And as we turn and pass another corner, with anxious eyes and a prayer on our lips that we may prove strong enough to meet each difficulty and master it, the hearts and hopes of our friends are with us.

Will you listen to a class declaration of independence? Not such an article as our fore-fathers signed, for we have endured nothing which would call for such a declaration. But perhaps a declaration as to what we hope to do, even tho it remains with us to prove our declaration by our actions in future years.

To-night each one of this class will receive a diploma, the reward of our four years work, and the motto we have chosen "Out of school life, into life's school", will be emblazoned upon our

shields. We must prove our worth and valor, or fall by the wayside. It is not what is written on that diploma that counts, whether it be classical, scientific or otherwise, for the best classical student may become later the best scientist. But it is the knowledge you really possess and the manner in which you apply it to your sphere of life that proves your worth, or results in utter failure. It does not matter how much Latin, German, Algebra or English you know that counts, but whether, when you meet diffieulties accompanied by black despair you are going to prove your strength and come out victor.

Nor in this day and age is it only the boy who meets difficulties and hardships. The woman to-day has as many trials as the man, if not more. To-night, as we stand upon the threshold of life, in the full vigor of our youth, it is not only the lad who tries to pierce the mist and discern what breakers may lie ahead in his course, but the lass also has her fears and doubts, and likewise is trying to see into the future. Several years ago, a girl was educated up to the standard of a little bit of music, a bit of French and a little bit of embroidery. The college girl was looked upon as a masculine curiosity, and was therefore shunned and dreaded. To-day, the woman who does not aspire to a college education is looked upon as unnatural. This, however, is not a treatise on votes for women, but merely a statement of fact. With the vote, the woman receives greater privileges, but also greater responsibilities.

And again it is not absolutely necessary to go to college to make the most of your life. Altho to-day conditions are such that almost everybody who really desires an education can obtain one easily, sometimes it is impossible to go to college, no matter how much one wishes to do so. That, however, should not daunt us, but we should continue our studies and reading as much as possible. Very often it is not the college graduate who is able to make the most of his opportunities.

We, as a class, should strive for the very best that is obtainable, raising our standard as we climb. You achieve nothing by keeping your eyes down-bent. In the words of Browning, "Ah! But a man's reach should exceed his grasp, Or what's a Heaven for?" No one knows what the future may hold. The class of 1916 may furnish a president or presidentress, noted statesmen or college professors. It may furnish only honest men and women with true and high ideals. After all, if we did not have a good foundation in good, true men and women, these United States of ours would soon amount to nothing.

If we are not fated to play the leading role, we shall try to do our parts well, because the success of the play may depend upon us. We should always remember, "Don't scorn to be a rush-light,

because you can't be a star." If glory does not come to us in this busy world, let us so live our lives that we may approach our maker before the final bar of judgment, and hearing this, "Well done, good and faithful servant," know that our reward is ample, and above all, earned. Allow me to close with this little poem so often quoted, but nevertheless holding many truths for us all:

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way,
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day,
With a craven soul and fearful?
O, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it.
It isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only—how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face,
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
To lie there—that's the disgrace.
Why the harder you're thrown, the higher you'll bounce,
Be proud of your blackened eye,
It isn't the fact that you're beaten that counts,
But how did you fight—and why?

And tho you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,—
If you played your part in the world of men,
The Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a bounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only—how did you die?

—Martha Robbins, '16.

VALEDICTORY.

Friends and classmates: As we pause upon this memorable night to look back upon four years of High School life, we sadly realize that the class of 1916 will soon be a thing of the past. Time has carried us through twelve years of school work until tonight we stand at the entrance of life's greater arena—the true Commencement of the struggle for the realization of our hopes and

our ideals. Time is inexorable and it now demands that we discontinue our old associations. Although we know it is inevitable, yet it is sad to contemplate the fact that many of these associations formed in school will, through force of circumstances, never be renewed. Only memories of our alma mater, of our teachers and of our former classmates are left for us to cherish. Tonight brings about the dismemberment of our class. Therefore it is with sad hearts that we bid our classmates and the people of Ritzville "Good-bye." Altho some of us may linger among familiar scenes, many will enter upon various phases of life, some attending the Washington State College, others the University of Washington, and the University of Idaho. We have enthusiasm and confidence and they are inspired by the spirit that education fosters.

Our first feeling now upon recalling the many opportunities which have been offered to us by the Ritzville Schools, is one of gratitude to those who by their influence have helped to make one of the most important periods in our lives a success as well as a pleasure. It has been made possible for us to enter from "school life into life's school" with proud hopes and ambitions. We have been taught not only to think but to perform. The duty therefore devolves upon every graduate of Ritzville High School to raise her honor and dignity in return for the benefits received. What shall we accomplish in this coming age? We, individually must solve this question for ourselves. If we strive to raise the standard of our school we will work directly for these United States of ours as well. The youth of every state will be responsible for the future of this great country. Great as it is, yet greater can it become. Each generation must either maintain or lower its position in this world. Who can predict as to the role which every member of this class will play? Consequently, kind friends, we consider this night not a sad parting to be remembered with regret, but as the commencement of the broader life which is opening before us. Our aim is to play our part in this world drama in such a manner that Ritzville High School may say:

"His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world—'This was a man'."

Friends, as the shade of the class of 1916 is receding into the distance and vacating forever her place in the halls of this, our beloved High School, we bid you all, "farewell," and hope that happiness and prosperity may continue to dwell with the people of Ritzville.

—Hilda Dirks, '16.

ADVANTAGES OF COUNTRY LIFE

In all ages and among all nations the surpassing advantages of country life have appealed to representative men of all classes of society. These advantages are manifold, for they affect a great uplift in the physical, mental and moral condition of all those who are so fortunate as to enjoy their benefits.

Free outdoor life develops a strong physique. Is it not reasonable, therefore, that all children should have that privilege? But how many children in the big cities receive the advantages of such a life, which should be the God-given right of every child? Good health, which means a perfectly sound body, depends on sufficient food, plenty of sleep and an adequate amount of fresh air. It is the country boy who has all these advantages. He has all the fresh milk, butter, poultry, eggs and vegetables he desires. From earliest childhood he develops physically in the best way by playing out doors day after day where there is an abundance of fresh air. He is not exposed to the impure and diseased atmosphere that is always about a city. It is not only in childhood that the country boy enjoys the advantages of country life, but also during the very important "teen" age, when all boys are, or should be, growing into a strong manhood.

Boys in the country are keenly in love with camping, fishing, hunting and field sports; besides possessing a true love of nature with all its beauty. The city boy, on the other hand, attends the theatre, picture show, dances or parties, all indoor amusements, and games, usually in poorly ventilated rooms, where hundreds and hundreds are breathing the same air over and over again, robbing it of all its oxygen and giving off carbonoxide, which poisons the system of all those breathing it. The result of such amusements and games is heart failure and weak lungs, indigestion and every possible condition that hinders the development of a sound body.

Let no one say that country life may be a very good thing for older, but not for younger children. I will venture to assert that the chances for country-bred children to grow up to a high type of manhood and womanhood and to be able to do things worth while in the world are four to one in their favor, as compared with those who are city bred. In both the professional and business world most all great men, not only of today,but also of earlier times were born in the country. Washington and Lincoln, the greatest men America has produced, laid their foundations physically, mentally and morally in the country. The most successful men are not those whose health has been undermined by years of city life, or who have inherited physical weaknesses from city-bred forefathers, but are rather those in whose veins flows rich,

red blood, betokening a strong constitution gained by an outdoor life in early years. Compare the health of a bookkeeper, banker, or school teacher, who does indoor work for many years, with that of a farmer. Compare the pale sickly appearance of the former with the fresh, healthy color of the latter, due to the pure air and sunshine and to his more vigorous physical development.

Outdoor life develops the body not only physically, but also mentally, for it is not only through play that a country child is developed, but the regular duties which he has to perform and which increase with his age and growing strength, assert a very powerful influence in establishing orderly, methodical habits, and a sense of personal responsibility, which are such valuable traits of character.

Where can a child best be held responsible for some kind of work? In a city, a boy's responsibility seldom begins until he starts school. He is usually free from home duties until he is old enough to make his own living. In the meantime he loafs about on the streets, gets into bad company, where he often learns to drink and smoke, habits if indulged in long, impair his mind and ruin his physical health. But the country boy, on the other hand, has to get the cows or horses, feed the chickens, or work for a little while in the garden. He becomes acquainted with the habits and traits of animals. He watches the squirrels run about in the fields, or listens to the birds sing their songs in the woods and meadows, or hears the bees buzzing about in the flowers. He observes how the different birds build their nests and take care of their young. He learns how nature provides for all human beings; and learns to concentrate his mind by having certain definite duties to perform. He develops his imagination and his love of the beautiful by watching nature's wonder about him. He trains his reasoning power by studying the tricks of animals at play. He lays a sound foundation for future mental power, which will make his life worth while to himself and his country.

To be sure it is necessary for the young man to go to the city to receive the advantages of a higher education, but for this very reason, it is all the more necessary that he should receive the foundation of good health and alertness which can best be gained by a life close to nature during boyhood.

The advantages of country life appealed to men centuries ago, when the difficulties were tenfold greater than they are at present. Then farmers did not enjoy the benefits of well graded highways, railroads, telephones, reapers, automobiles and combines, and had very little machinery of any kind. Today country life can be made much easier and more pleasant both for the farmer and housewife. The farmer's wife no longer needs to be a drudge, wearing her life out laboring incessantly under conditions de-

structive of body and mind, and under hardships which crush every finer feeling. There is no reason why she cannot have all the conveniences which her sister in the city enjoys, for making housework easier and more pleasant. The ideal modern farm home with its gas or electric lights, its water system, its improvements of every description, makes a far greater appeal to many women of the present day than does a home in the city, where they have to live under conditions not conducive to the best all round development for themselves and family.

From a moral point of view the life of the agriculturist is the purest and most sacred life imaginable of any class of men; pure because it is the most healthful, while vice can hardly find time to contaminate it, sacred because it brings duty perpetually before his view, giving him thereby the most exalted notions of the Supreme Being and an endearing view of the divine benignity. The churches are a good index of the moral conditions of any community, but in cities churches are very poorly attended, for there are too many other things which afford amusement, while in the country it is one of the social centers which attracts young people, and the result is a better race of men. Discipline is another important feature of a moral mind, for as the boy is bent so grows the man. If you teach boys to co-operate in play, to perform their regular duties every day and to know and respect their parents, you have laid the foundation for men who in business or professional work will be fair and honorable, and who will consider the interests of their fellow men as being equally important with their own.

Too many of our people are crowded into the limited space of the city and never see the streams running so musically through the long grasses, or breathe the pure air that is laden with rich perfumes. They know little of the birds, the wonders of plants and animal life, or the broadening effect of daily contact with nature in her various moods.

These wonders are a gift which nature brings to all those who are willing to share them. It is this love of nature which enables us to read with appreciation the beautiful poems written by so many of our poets, who have expressed their love for the lakes, mountains, streams, flowers and woods. The artists and poets receive their inspiration in the country, but it is not they alone who have this love for the beauties of nature. This is the rich heritage of all who are country-bred people. It is through this love of nature that so many country children become poets and artists or famous men. Although the country people are often apt to grow dull and to fail to appreciate the charm of nature, yet as soon as they are pent up for some time in a city, they long to go

back again to these scenes and pleasures which were loved and lost for a while.

Nature with her varying beauties makes an appeal to men deeper and more lasting than any other, perhaps because she has a message for his every mood. This has been expressed very beautifully by our own poet Bryant:

> To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language; for his gayer hours
> She has a voice of gladness, and a smile,
> And an eloquence of beauty, and she glides
> Into his darker musings, with a mild
> And helping sympathy, that steals away
> Their sharpness, ere he is aware

P. K. '16

PAN-AMERICANISM

The time has arrived when the people of this nation must awaken to the fact the the South American countries are no longer the hot-beds of revolutions, but are worthy of being considered powerful nations of the world, and that their friendship will mean our safety and their distrust will mean militarism in America and undoubtedly a repetition of the bloody scene now being enacted in Europe.

The development that has taken place in South America during the last twenty-ifve years is remarkable. The masses of our people have little comprehension of conditions in the more advanced South American republics, and are incredulous when told that the most beautiful city of the American hemisphere is not in the United States, but in South America, or that the most imposing public avenues of the new world are in Rio de Janerio and Buenos Ayres. The capital of Argentina has a more extended system of stone docks than any North American port. It has a larger number of public taxicabs than New York and Chicago combined.

As far as other matters are concerned the leading South American countries take better cahe of their immigrants than we do. They also have school systems and institutions of higher learning that are as efficient as those of the United States. The largest and most powerful dreadnaught in the world does not fly the "Stars and Stripes," but the flag of a South American republic.

It is with these states that President Wilson has taken definite steps toward establishing a Pan-American union for co-operation and friendship.

Last fall many of the influential statesmen of the several American nations, were assembled at Washington, D. C., and problems pertaining to the commonwealth of the American continents were discussed. Now that the establishment of such a union for mutual benefit has been successfully begun, it is the duty of the United States as the largest nation and political leader in this hemisphere to do everything within its power to encourage its development. But the question arises as to how such a union shall be operated.

Throughout all the ages of history there has never been any attempt to confederate such a large group of prosperous nations as the twenty-one American republics. The first step that must be taken before we can speak of the success of such a nation is to gain the confidence of all the South and Central American republics.

Our attitude toward Mexico during the Mexican War of 1846 and the Spanish-American war, together with the acquisition of the Panama canal zone during President Roosevelt's administration, has given these republics the impression that the United States intends to encroach upon their independence and soverignty, rather than to aid them in their peaceful development and the strengthening of their governments. Therefore they rather fear the United States.

But this difficulty has been partly overcome, for President Wilson has declared that the United States does not desire to acquire another foot of territory. Then, again, owing to the European war, these republics are directing their attention more to the United States, and are becoming more familiar with our government and our attitude toward them.

The generally accepted plan for conducting such a union is that the various states should elect delegates for the purpose of meeting in convention, where questions of vital interest to the American continents should be discussed and acted upon for the benefit of all the states. How these delegates should be elected is a matter for each state to determine for itself. But it is no more than reasonable that the number of delegates from each state should be determined by its size and standing as a nation. This would give the stable governments a larger representation, for they would have to bear the greater responsibility.

The place of meeting could be at the various capitals or any other convenient place decided upon by the delegates at their former meeting. The method of procedure at such a convention is

probably not of such great interest to this nation at this time as the possible benefit that would result from such co-operation.

The first thing that would be accomplished by this union would be protection to the smaller states. As the situation now stands it is almost impossible for one of the larger republics alone, to restore order in a smaller one, for the other larger countries would fear aggression, and would oppose such a movement although it might be for their own benefit. For example take the Mexican situation. It would undoubtedly be for the benefit of all American States of the United States should intervene and restore order. But the A. B. C nations of South America have stated that if the United States should invade Mexico they would immediately oppose such a movement. But if all th larger republics would cooperate, order could be restored and stable governments would exist in all the smaller unstable republics of today

Another great achievement that would be accomplished by the union would be the development of our commerce with South American nations Commerce is often called the life blood of nations. These twenty republics in the year 1914 bought and sold in the market of the world products valued in excess of $2,500,000,000. This in turn shows an increase of nearly one billion of dollars in the last decade. It is remarkable more over that within the last ten or twelve years the value of exchange of products between the United States and South America has increased nearly one hundred per cent. But the increase might and ought to be more rapid until the commerce would be far greater than it now is if mutual understanding and co-operation among the American nations were established.

South America has an abundance of natural resources that are still undeveloped. There are such agricultural facilities, mines and forests as can be found nowhere else on the globe. South America produces a large variety of commodities, and if trade were encouraged there is no question but that the commerce of the American nations could exist independent of that of European nations. And in case of disturbance in Europe it would not be necessary for any American nation to levy a war tax

One of the greatest hindrances to the development of our commerce with South America is the lack of mutual understanding among the American nations.

There is a certain class of newspaper writers and public speakers in the nited States, as well as in South America, that are always attacking foreign nations, and they undoubtedly have lost an opportunity of arousing a feeling of resentment against each others country. But if a Pan-American union were firmly estab-

lished this hinderance would be overcome and commerce would begin to flourish.

Probably the most important achievement that would be accomplihsed by a Pan-American union would be the maintenance of peace in the hemisphere. If European Nations had had some means of mutual understanding the present awful condition of affairs would undoubtedly have been avoided. Had these nations worked under a plan of co-operation for the benefit of humanity instead of selfish greed, universal peace would have been attained. But as the case stood each nation along the line of militarism, had to be exceeded by its neighbor, until finally this madness had to end in a conflict.

This situation can and will be avoided in America if a Pan-American union is firmly established and maintained.

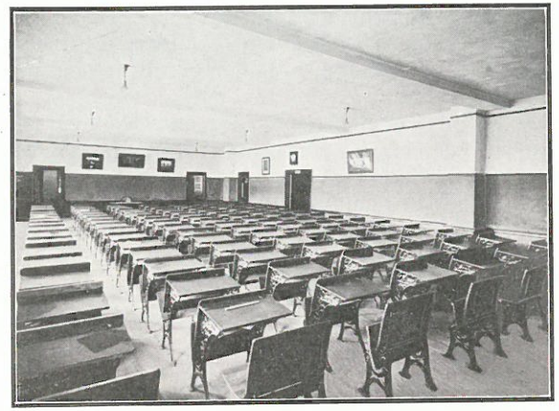
George Freeze '16.

IT ISN'T THE SCHOOL—IT'S YOU.

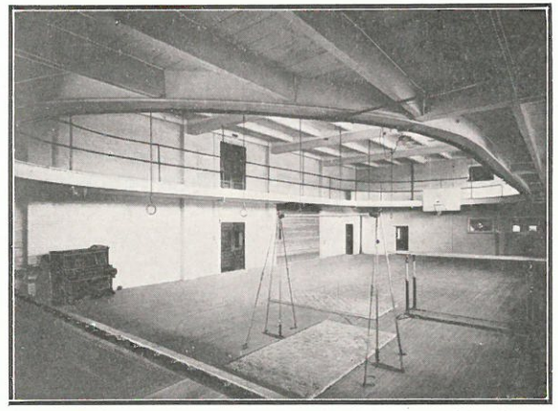
If you want to live in the kind of a school
Like the kind of a school you like
You needn't slip your books in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.
You'll finally find what you left behind
For there's nothing that's really new.
It's a knock at yourself, when you knock your school,
It isn't your school—it's you.

Real schools are not made by gents afraid
Lest somebody else gets ahead.
When everyone works and nobody shirks.
You can raise a school from the dead;
And if, while you make your personal gain,
Your neighbors can make one too.
Your school will be what you want to see
It isn't the school—it's you.

—Ex.



Assembly Room



High School Gymnasium

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"Allwooo-hooo hooo! Aren't you ready yet?"

"In a moment, I'll be right down."

"Well, hurry up. You're late now and it's dress rehearsal and I haven't all my things together."

At last Sally came down the steps, slipped into her coat and went hurriedly out of the house with her suit case to meet Helen who was waiting for her.

The rest of the cast for the Senior play were already at the opera house and the practice had begun. Everything went smoothly until the last act. John had gone to college to see Kate graduate. Both were on the campus and the stage was set for the proposal.

"Kate, I love you, will you be my wife?"

"I-er I am afraid I shall be late."

"No, you shall not go, you must listen to me. I want my answer, will you be my wife?"

"I-er-er I-I"

"Kate, I love you". (Puts his arm around her)

"I think there was something the matter with my heart."

"Put your head on his shoulder, Kate. No not that way, wait a moment." The coach came to the stage and gave directions rapidly.

"Say, come up and show me, won't you?" Unsubdued laughter from the wings as coach comes on stage and after removing her coat takes the place of Kate.

"Now what was your line? 'I think there was something the matter with my heart?' Allright, now. Put your arm around me, no you stand over there. 'I think there was something the matter with my heart.' Now you do it."

More laughter from the wings. This time the scene went off splendidly, without an interruption.

After the curtain fell on the last act on the night of the performance many of the students of the high school came into the dressing rooms to congratulate the youthful dramatic stars.

"My! Wasn't that the best ever?"

"I never saw anything like it."

"The best yet. You did splendidly."

"I just laughed myself sick."

Girls! Girls! Have you seen this? And it's a diamond, and look where she wears it. On her engagement finger. Kate, when did it happen?"

The girls crowded around Kate, whose grease paint could not conceal her blushes, and demanded an explanation.

"Why, John just slipped it on when he proposed in the last act, and-a-and-aand"

Curtain.

FORGET.

Forget the slander you have heard
Forget the hasty unkind word,
Forget the quarrel and the cause;
Forget the whole affair, because
Forgetting is the only way.
Forget the storm of yesterday,
Forget the weather if its bad
Forget the knocker, he's a freak;
Forget him seven days a week.
Forget you're not a millionaire,
Forget you haven't a thing to wear.
Forget the home team lost the game,
Forget the umpire was to blame.
Forget the days when it is cold,
Forget to kick, forget to scold.

—Ex.

HER GRADUATION.

Ethel White sat by the little study table in her dingy attic room deep in thought. This was her Senior year in High School and graduation was only three weeks distant.

She was an orphan and had no relatives so far as she knew, for her father had married an actress against the wishes of his parents and had been disowned as a result. He took his wife's maiden name and was known as Ben White, in order to conceal his identity. When Ethel was five years old her mother died and she and her father lived alone in a modest little apartment, for his income was too small to allow them any of the luxuries of life. Three years before our story opens, Mr. White had been killed in a wreck, and since that time Ethel had been working in a canning factory during the summer months and attending school in winter.

It had taken all her hard earned money for school books and clothes and now a month before commencement she had nothing left. O! how she wanted graduation clothes like the other girls were having! And worst of all she wanted a Senior class pin. Her school days had been happy ones and she felt that she must have this pin as a token of remembrance, for this would probably be her last year in school. She had been one of the Seniors chosen to give an oration too, but she felt it would be a disgrace to the class to appear in her white muslin dress that had seen three years of wear. She had tried to get work after school hours but it seemed no one

wanted a High School girl for such a short time, and tonight she was deciding the big question as to whether or not to leave school.

A small gold locket on a slender chain hung about her neck. She opened it and two pictures met her gaze. One was that of a young girl with dark eyes and golden hair, like her own, and the other a picture of a handsome young man with dark hair and a determined look about his mouth and chin. "Father, mother," she whisperer, and her grief seemed to find vent in an outburst of tears. "If only you were here to tell me what to do."

Ethel was not a girl to give way to useless grief, so she soon dried her tears, picked up the evening paper and again looked through the want ads.

"Wanted: A young girl to be a companion to an elderly lady. Good pay. Apply 203 Riverside, Boston," held her gaze.

Now Ethel lived in a suburb, about thirty minutes ride from Boston. "I can at least apply," she said to herself. The letter was soon written and mailed and then came the long period of waiting for the answer. At last it came, bringing the glad news that she might come.

The following day at school seemed a long one, for she was very anxious to try her new position. At last the small hand of the clock pointed to three, school was dismissed and she was waiting on the corner for her car. The time went more rapidly now for she was thinking how her dress would be made, and she might be able to save enough for a class pin too. After leaving the street car, it took but a little while to find the house. It was a handsome brick structure with a large portico and pillars, standing in the center of the block and surrounded by grass and trees. Ethel thought she had never seen so many beautiful flowers. A maid answered her ring and led her down the long hall and up stairs to Mrs. Reem's room. Ethel was awed and almost bewildered by the beauty and richness of the furniture and the soft heavy carpets and draperies. "O, if I could only live here and feel that I belonged to someone," she breathed.

Mrs. Reems greeted Ethel kindly and led her into a sunny little room overlooking the garden.

"Remove your hat, my dear, and rest a little while before I tell you what I shall expect of you," said the old lady as she busied herself about the room. While Ethel was removing her wraps she stole a glance at her employer. She had snow white hair, bright blue eyes and such a sweet motherly face. Lines of worry and sadness were plainly visible about the forehead and eyes, and Ethel's heart went out to her. She had always dreamed of a grandmother like this.

Ethel's work consisted of reading, or otherwise entertaining Mrs. Reems for two hours daily. They enjoyed each other's company very much and soon became fast friends.

One evening Ethel had been detained at school, and arrived later than usual. She went up to "grandmother's" room as she loved to call her and finding the door open, softly entered. Mrs. Reems was looking at a picture of a little boy and weeping bitterly. Ethel stole up behind her and put a comforting arm about the stooped shoulders, "Please tell me about the baby, grandmother," she said. Mrs. Reems wiped her eyes and drew Ethel down beside her. "Its a long story, my dear, but its good to tell it to someone," she answered, as she began.

"The picture you are looking at is my baby boy. He was our only child and his father and I planned great things for him. He was always impulsive and a little head-strong, but forgiving and quick to relent," and here the mother's eyes beamed with pride. "He grew up to manhood and one day told us of his engagement to a poor actress, Rena White. This was a hard blow and one from which we never recovered. We pleaded and reasoned with him to give this girl up, but to no avail, and in a fit of anger his father bade him choose between her and his home. He chose the former and to this day we have never seen nor heard anything of him. His father relented on his dying bed and begged for his son. I have searched everywhere and can find no trace of him." By this time Ethel was trembling visibly and tears were starting in her eyes. "You poor child," exclaimed Mrs. Reems, "I shouldn't have told my troubles to you. I'm so sorry I have caused you pain."

Ethel could not speak, but she drew the locket out of her dress, opened it and laid it in Mrs. Reems' hand.

That evening was a very happy one in the Reems mansion, and it is needless to say that Ethel's dream of beautiful graduation clothes and a class pin were realized.

—A. E. S. '17.

THE FRIEND.

He never investigates you.

He is better than a lover because he is never jealous.

He wants nothing from you except that you be yourself.

He likes you just as you are. He does not want to alter you.

He likes your success. And your failures endears you to him the more.

In his presence you can be indiscreet, which means you can rest.

A friend is a person who is "for you" always, under any suspicion.

A friend is an inpregnable citadel of refuge in the strife of existence.

He likes your moods and enjoys your pessimism as much as your optimism.

You give to him without reluctance and borrow from him without embarrassment.

Like the home post with your country's flag flying, after a long journey, is a friend.

It is he that keeps alive your faith in human nature, that makes you believe it is a good universe.

Anybody may stand by you when you are right; a friend stands by you even when you are wrong.

He is the antidote to despair, the elixir of hope, the tonic for depression, the medicine to cure suicide.

Whatever kind of coat you are wearing suits him. Whether you have on a suit or hickory shirt with no collar, he thinks its fine.

If you can live fifty years and find one absolute friend you are fortunate. For of thousands of human creatures that crawl the earth, few are such stuff that friends are made of.

The highest known form of friendship is that of a dog for his master. You are in luck if you can find one man or woman on earth who has that kind of affection for you and fidelity to you.

—Exchange.



FLOWER BOX

"Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart."—Longfellow.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concers and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry.

Give us to go blithely on our business all day; bring us to our resting beds weary, content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.—Robert Louis Stevens.

Poverty is no shame, but the being ashamed of it is.

Speaking without thinking is shooting without aim.

We grow to like what we think of, so let us think of the good, the pure and the beautiful.

A man is but what he knoweth.

Who never doubted, never half believed; where doubt, there truth is—'tis her shadow.

What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me.—Browning.

The one thing in the world of value is the active soul.—Emerson.

Men were born for the service and benefit of each other.
—Marcus Aurelius.

WHEAT

VOL. XI. MAY, 1916 No. 6

JUNIOR WHEAT STAFF

Editor in Chief ..... Lucile Hein
Literary Editor ..... Anna Scott
Exchanges ..... Marie Horch
Athletics ..... Henry Wellsandt
Locals ..... Helen Shock
Jokes ..... Leon Bodinger
Society Reporter ..... Ruby Bauer
Senior Reporter ..... Lora Estep
Junior Reporter ..... Winifred Ross
Sophomore Reporter ..... George Bodinger
Freshman Reporter ..... Venita Lambert
Forum Reporter ..... Harley Hollenshead
Philo Reporter ..... Carolyn Bauman
Artist ..... Florence Carlson
Business Manager ..... Harley Hollenshead



EDITORIALS

A great topic of discussion is that of education. Is a high school or college education worth while? All those who have attended an institution of higher learning say "Yes.' There are a great many people for and against it. The standard of teachers has been raised and all other positions of offices of importance demand a good education.

Our attitude at school, on the streets and in our homes bears the marks of an education. Are we improving as the days and weeks go by? Are we doing our best for the sake of the parents who have sacrificed everything for us? Are we bringing home grades that make their eyes sparkle and their hearts glad? Everyone must answer this for himself. We have but a few more weeks now before saying goodbye until next year. Let us make these few weeks the best ever so that our vacation may be spent without regret for the past.

Most pople have a wrong conception of school spirit. Many students think the boy or girl who can root the loudest at a baseball or basket ball game has the best school spirit. This is not the case. School spirit is the intensity of school life made by livliness and vigor. School life is just what you make it, and its success lies with each member of the student body. School spirit may be for self advancement, or it may be united with that of other students; and thus in co-operation secure the highest successes in school life.

Our interest should be directed toward everything in the school, that is, we should be interested in the welfare of the school as a whole. Some students think that if they belong to an

athletic team, they should not be interested in the debating or literary societies, and vice versa; but this is not the spirit that should be shown. These organizations are a part of the school and as such should receive our support.

The different phases of our school life, such as athletics, and social work by classes and school organizations are all for our good. By failing to exert school spirit toward any of these organizations, we shall meet with a great personal loss.

Vacation is here. What is vacation and what is it for? Is it necessary to the school a great many may ask? These inquirers are not students. For most students look forward to vacation. Some people are advocating twelve months of school. This does not seem quite fair to the student. The average student works as long as any day laborer. It has long been admitted that mental work is much harder than physical work. The student needs time for recreation, for outdoor exercise which he cannot get while in the school. Of course the athletics will give some outdoor exercise, but there are a few in our high schools who take athletics, and as a general rule you will not find the students with the highest grades on the athletic field. Recreation is necessary to the individual student so why not to the student body, which is made up of the individual students?

Vacation does not necessarily mean doing nothing, although it is synonomous with rest. Any change of occupation will give us rest. It is because many students do not realize this that they spend a great deal of time doing nothing, but what they call resting. It is well for the student if he can spend the three months of vacation resting or enjoing himself in out-door sports, but there are students working their way through our high schools who cannot afford this. They need the summer vacation to raise funds for the next school year. Vacation is looked forward to by these students for they are anxious to show that their education is practical and worth working for. It is also a good time for others to put into use those truths which they have learned during the school term. It is usually this type of students who are most interested in every phase of school activity.

By observing the students during their vacation one can form a good opinion of the attitude of those students in school. It is often by the conduct of those students that the school is judged.

Are you conducting yourself in a manner that will reflect upon or mar the name of your school? Will your vacation be of such a nature, that no matter where you spend it, those with whom you come in contact may form a good opinion of your school?

HOW TO LIVE

Worry less and work more,
Ride less and walk more
Frown less and laugh more
Drink less and chew more,
Preach less and practice more.

Learn as to live forever. Live one day at a time and as tho' you would die tomorrow.

So should we live that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower—
A self-reviving thing of power
That every thought and deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need.

Do not count little pleasures too small to bestow whenever you have a chance.

God never tells us to equal somebody else. He tells us to do our best.

Labor is the law of happiness.—Stevens.

Politeness goes far, yet it costs nothing.

The man is blessed who every day is permitted to behold anything as serene and pure as the western sky at sunst. There is no winter in the sky tho' snow covers the earth.—Thoreau.

It isn't just as we take it,
This beautiful world of ours;
Life's garden will yield as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers.

This world that we're a'livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat,
With every rose you get a thorn,
But aint the roses sweet?

If you choose to view yourself as a martyr you can find stake and fagots at every turn of the road.

Parents, teachers, friends, cannot bring you to a noble manhood or womanhood. Only God and your own choice can do that.

There can be no real friends that are not real friends. The association that makes worse instead of better is not friendship.

Love, compelling love to pay
Finds him bankrupt every day.

It is friendship which is free and not always counting returns that is blessed.

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not, is a fool; shun him.

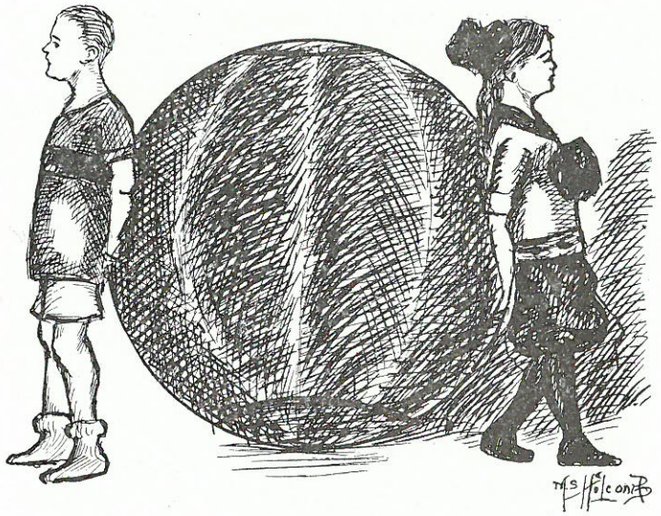
It's a good thing to scatter sunshine;
It's the best way we know;
It's a good thing to make hearts happy—
To bring gladness where we go.
Kind hearts scatter sunshine,
Kind words dry the tear;
It's a good, good thing to make hearts happy,
That's why we're here.

Every insincerity is a nail ill driven, a door ill hung, a garment ill sewed or a line ill traced.

Anger is like fire—not always wrong, but always with a tendency to run wild and consume what it should not.

Work for some good,
Be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower,
Be it ever so lowly.





ATHLETICS

Soon after the opening of the school year, Captain Gillis called a meeting of all boys interested in football. Great enthusiasm was manifested by all the students, and a good turn-out promised.

About twenty-five boys showed up for practice, and worked hard during the entire season, and there was a good chance for the Inland Empire championship. The first game was played with Davenport on the home field. A return game was scheduled, but on account of bad weather and sickness in both teams the game was cancelled. Owing to the fact that other near-by High Schools did not have teams it was impossible to arrange for other games.

At the end of the football season, Captain Edwards called a meeting of all "boys who could carry a basketball suit." Several days after the meeting practice started under the direction of Coach Claypoole. Competition was great, so all the boys trained and worked hard and a splendid team was the result.

Out of the fourteen games played Ritzville lost only one, that was to Davenport. The return game was forfeited to us, thus giving us the championship of the Inland Empire.

The High School will greatly feel the loss of three of their best athletes, Lloyd Gillis, Everett Edwards and Ellsworth Edwards, who will graduate this year, to whom much praise must be given for their faithful service.

But all praise is not due the team alone. Too much credit can not be given to Coach Claypoole, who has worked with some of the players for four years, and has taught them the science of the game, which has given us the championship of the Inland Empire for several years in one branch or another.

LOCALS

Rev. Just, pastor of the German Lutheran Church, gave a very interesting talk to the student body April 12.

Professor Craig of the Cheney Normal, spoke on "Higher Education" April 24.

Mrs. W. B. Schock visited the school April 27.

Mrs. Jones, organizer of "Mother and Daughter Home Canning Clubs," gave a brief talk May 5th.

The Senior play, "All's Well That Ends Well," was presented Friday night, April 28, to a large and appreciative audience. The play was very well given, and great credit is due to the cast as a whole, as it would be difficult to give special praise to an one member.

Too much praise, however, cannot be given Miss Olive Jones, who coached the play and really made it the success that is was.

The property manager and his assistant also deserve a great deal of credit for the splendid scenic effects, due to their ingenuity and untiring efforts in arranging the various stage settings.

The play was a decided success, both financially and otherwise. Over one hundred and twenty-five dolalrs were cleared, part of which will be used to purchase a memorial for the high school. This profit is due mainly to the careful forethought of the business managers, in keeping down expenses, which othererwise would have been more than the ordinary cost of staging a play.

Following is the cast:

John Willett, a young architect ..... Everett Edwards
Amos North, of North & Son, bankers ..... George Freese
Shiny, a lazy darky ..... Ellsworth Edwards
Hank, Carrol's hired man ..... Will Ott
Kate Newton, a Vassar student ..... Lora Estep
Wanda Carrol, her half-sister ..... Ruth Barton

Mrs. Carrol, of Great Falls ..... Hilda Dirks
Sally Webb, Kate's room-mate at Vassar ..... Martha Robbins
Helen Conway, a freshman ..... Gertrude Morach
Polly Snow, a Vassar student ..... Paulina Kramer
Matty Hart, a Vassar student ..... Cora Koch
Miss Page, matron of the girls' dorm ..... Florence Kirk
Business Manager ..... Harold Martin
Assistant Manager ..... Miss Rapp
Property Manager ..... Lloyd Gillis

The Senior class wishes to extend its appreciation to all those who helped in any way toward the success of this, their "maiden effort."

Baccalaureate Sunday

Hymn ..... Congregation
Prayer ..... Rev. O. T. Just
Scripture Reading ..... Rev. C. W. Williams
The Lord is Great.....Walter Howe Jones
Boys Glee Club
Sermon ..... Rev. T. H. Harper
How Lovely are the Messengers .... Mendelssohn
Girls' Glee Club
Hymn ..... Congregation
Benediction ..... Rev. O. B. Whitmore

Commencement Program

Song—"In the Harbor We've Been Sheltered".....Calss '16
Invocation ..... Rev. J. Morach
Salutatory ..... Martha Robbins
Oration—"Development of Alaska" ..... Harold Martin
Oration—"Advantages of Country Life" ..... Paulina Kramer
Song—Class Song ..... Class '16
Oration—"Preparedness" ..... Lloyd Gillis
Oration—"Social Centers" ..... Florence Kirk
Song—"The Miller's Wooing" ..... Double Quartette
Oration—"Pan-Americanism" ..... George Freese
Valedictory ..... Hilda Dirks
Presentation of Diplomas ..... D. A. Scott
Benediction ..... Rev. Fr. Egerland

Class Motto—"Out of School Life Into Life's School."
Class Colors—Grimson and Gray.
Class Flower—Red Rose Bud.

SOCIETY

The Senior Class enjoed a "hike" and a wiener roast at Mud Lake April 5. They started after dismissal at 4 o'clock and reached their destination about half past five. Everybody helped collect the wood for a fire, over which the wieners were roasted and the coffee made. Several flashlights were taken and games played. At a reasonable hour the party returned to town, reporting the best time ever.

Mrs. Friesinger delightfully entertained the Senior Class at her home Friday, April the fourteenth. Games suggestive of Easter were played and at a late hour dainty refreshments served. The class presented Mrs. Friesingr with a beautiful leather bag in appreciation of her help and interest All returned to their homes voting Mrs. Friesinger a delightful entertainer.

The boys of the Forum Debating Society entertained their friends at a wiener roast at Mud Lake on Wednesday, April 19th. They motored to the lake after school, and shortly before dark a large bon-fire was built The girls were surprised to find that wieners formed only a small part of the eats. The latter part of the evening was enjoyably spent in playing games among the sage brush and scab rock. At a late hour they drove home and by their singing one could easily tell that although they were weary they had spent a delightful evening. The girls hope that the boys will "come again.'

On Wednesday, May 3rd, the Junior and Sophomore classes went on a hike to Mud Lake. They started immediately after school and arrived there in a comparatively short time. Wieners were roasted over a large bon-fire and later they played fly-sheep-fly. Although the crowd that was present was small considering the enrollment of the two classes, everybody reported a good time.

A Hard Times Party was given by the Philo in the gymnasium on the evening of May 4th. It was for the purpose of raising funds. A small fee was charged at the door. Before refreshments were served the girls wer sold for one-third cent per pound. It was said by some that the girls put rocks in their pockets when they were weighed.

The rain favored the Seniors, May 6th, as they made their way out to Rocky Ford for their annual picnic. Upon reaching

the grounds they secured shelter in a cave where they remained until afternoon, when the rain ceased and the sun came out warm and bright. The wind blew with full force, soon dring the grass and making it very pleasant to roam about. The afternoon was spent exploring caves. After leaving the class roll in the top of the cave and taking a farewell look at the lunch basket, they motored home, all reporting a very delightful time, not excepting the disappointment of the rain.

The first annual banquet of the Philo was given Thursday evening, May 18, at the Masonic hall. The decorations were in blue and gold, the Philo colors, and over the tables hung clusters of blue and yellow butterflies. On the corner of each place card was painted a tiny butterfly. The guests were the faculty and Forum. Martha Robbins, who was president of Philo during the past year, acted as toastmistress. She gave the opening address which was followed by a response from Joseph Gaiser, who is president of Forum. Gertrude Morach rendered a pleasing selection on the piano and Helen Schock gave a reading that was enjoyed by everyone. The faculty members and officers for the ensuing year of both societies responded with toasts.

One of the most unique and entertaining affairs of the school year was given on the evening of May 19, when Miss Jane Olive Jones entertained the Senior play cast at the home of J. S. Edwards. Upon the arrival of each guest a profile silhouette was made and when all were completed a contest was started to guess who belonged to the different figures. The prize, a leather address book, went to Harold Martin. After this the boys who were instructed to bring aprons donned them and were told to make a cook's cap. Lloyd Gillis, Everett Edwards, Harold Martin and Ellsworth Edwards made the best caps so each was given charge of a table and was told to choose one boy and two girls. Chafing dishes and cook books were brought in and the party at each table prepared their own banquet.

The Junior class gave a reception for the Seniors in the Masonic Hall on Saturday, May 20th. One feature of the evening's entertainment was a mock Commencement given by the members of the Junior class. The program consisted of salutory, essays, orations, class song, and presentation of diplomas. Later in the evening the Seniors made memory books. During this part of the entertainment punch was served and at a late hour ice cream and cake were served in the dining room at small tables.

Miss Florence Kirk entertained the Senior class at her home on the evening of May 24th. Various games and guessing contests furnished entertainment for the greater part of the evening, after which light refreshments were served by the hostess.

One of the most enjoyable social affairs of the season was the 12th Annual Banquet of the R. H. S. Alumni Association, given in honor of the 1916 graduating class at the Adams house on May 26th. Covers were laid for seventy-five. Blue birds were used on the candle shades and hundreds were suspended from the ceining about the room. The place cards were bluebirds poised on the rims of the tumblers. Small red and grey '16 pennants were placed upright in the fruit cocktail. Large vases of red rose buds were placed at intervals along the tables. An elaborate menu was served and an entertaining program was rendered.

The annual High School Picnic was held at Rockyford on Crab Creek, May 26th.





The debating team of 1915-16 was represented by three Seniors, Martha Robbins, Hilda Dirks and George Freese. The question for debate this year was: "Resolved, That the Monroe Doctrine should be abandoned." The four debates of the series came in the following order:

Affirmative—	Negative—
Rosalia,	Ritzville
Ritzville	Pasco
Ritzville	Palouse
Waitsburg	Ritzville

The team won three of the debates, loosing one to Pasco. Ritzville High School received third place in the number of decisions given, Pasco receiving first honors and Endicott second honors.

FORUM NOTES

The Forum has had a "banner" year in the history of the Society. We have a membership of sixteen, all doing work of very high order. Joe Gaiser, acting as president, has conducted the meetings in a most interesting manner. Arthur Clodius, Vice-President, William Smith, Secretary, and Harley Hollenshead, Attorney, have filled their respective offices to the best of their ability.

The Forum stands for efficiency and good results have naturally followed. George Freese, a member of this year's debating team, and president of the High School Student Body Association,

is one of our active members of whom we are very proud. The members of next year's Student Body Executive Committee are all members of the Forum.

The Society during the year has been very active socially, having given four or five large entertainments. We are also doing things financially in helping to pay up the debate debt and we are glad to be able to support the High School.

Regular semester elections will be held on May 17, 1916.

PHILO NOTES

Philo is a girls' literary society which was organized at the beginning of the semester. There were about fifteen charter members and since that time others have joined and been accepted upon trial until Philo has now a membership of twenty-eight. The following were the officers for '15 and '16:

Marth Robbins ..... President
Lucile Hein ..... Vice President
Anna Scott ..... Sec. and Treas.
Winifred Ross ..... Major General
Florence Kirk ..... General

Regular meetings were held each week which consisted of debates, stories, music, readings, and talks on various subjects.

Five committees were appointed to raise money for the debate team. A goodly sum was raised and twenty-five dollars has been paid as our share o fthe debate debt.

The Declamatory contest was held at the Philo meeting April 18. Those trying out were Anna Scott, Ruby Bauer, Lucile Hein and Helen Schock. Miss Schock won first honors so will be the high school representative at the county meet at Lind.

A Philo pin has been adopted.

The first annual banquet will be given May 18 at the Masonic hall.

At the meeting May 9th the following officers for the ensuing year were elected:

Anna Scott ..... President
Mabel Robbins ..... Vice President
Althea Johnson ..... Sec. and Treas.
Caroline Bauman ..... Major General
Ruby Bauer ..... General



CHAFF

Miss Rapp (in German I)—"Leon, translate, 'I am astonished.'"
L. B.—"So am I."

Cart. (in Physiology after learning to tie a severed artery between wound and heart)—"If you cut an artery in your head would you tie a rope around your neck and twist it?"

BY DEGREES

Hubby—"My Dear, isn't that dress a trifle extreme?"
She—"Extreme, Why I put this on in order that you may become accustomed to the one I am having made."

OH! BUT.

Father (caressingly)—"You will get over it, it was only puppy love.'
She—"B—but he was such a nice puppy."

WAY AHEAD

First father—"I hear your son is pursuing his studies at college."
Second father—"Yes, but I am afraid he is losing ground."

Jim—"A dancer reminds me of o tow boat."
James—"Why?"
Jim—"Because she lives on her toes.'

TOO BAD

Her ideal is shattered.
What happened to it?
She married it.

"I hear you skated into an air hole the other day."
"That's what people say, but is was full of water."

Mrs. N. B. G.—"Dear, you were talking in your sleep last night."
Mr. N. B. G.—"Well, I have to talk some time haven't I?"

An old, wrinkled, anemic lady walked up to a big young man, gazing in a window in the Strand and said: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself; a big, strapping young man hanging around town, when you should be in the trenches; why don't you do something for your country?"

The young fellow turned around and looked at her, then he smiled and said: "Well, where's your war baby?"

"Was her father violent when you asked him for her hand?"
"Was he? I should say so; I thought he would shake my hand off."

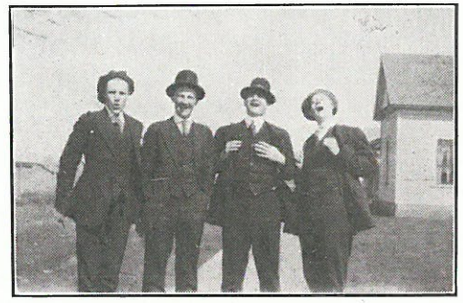
Business caller (looking at picture)—"This, I suppose, is a picture of Miss Pechington."
Mr. P.—"Yes er-er- when she is having her picture taken."

I sat alone in the twilight,
Forsaken by God and man,
And murmured over and over,
I'll never eat onions again.

If a Chicken smiles at you—
Safety First!
Please be careful what you do—
Safety First!
You may not mean any wrong;
She's but one girl in a throng,
But your wife might come along—
Safety First!

THE CLASSES

SENIOR NOTES



Senior Quartet

FAREWELL FACULTY AND FELLOW STUDENTS

Mr. Giles (Physics)—"When are you induced to do a thing?"
Martha—"Depends upon the amount of pressure."

The Senior class went on a hike out to Mud Lake April 5th, and had a very enjoyable time.

Garret (Eng. IV.)—"In early days you had to have a man on the throne."
Miss Jones—"Not necessarily. Did Queen Victoria have a man on the throne?"
Garret—"No."
Martha—"She had a man behind it, though."

Mr. Giles—"How would you tell a fellow to take exercise?"
Bright Student—"Tell him to go out, take a walk, chop wood and sing."

Miss Jones (To Harold)—"Dear, I'm so glad you stayed."
Harold—"Thank you."

M. Yeaman (Civics)—"Is Ritzville a first class city?"
Harold.."No! The Bread Basket of the World."

Student (in Girl's Phy. Class)—"Say, Mr. Giles, after you have been out quite late for several nights, what makes your lips parched and burn?"
Mr. Giles—"I am afraid it would be ambarrasing if I told you."

The Senior class play was a great success. There was a large crowd out and no one seemed to be sorry that they attended.

Miss Jones, (Eng. IV.)—"The grave digger sings a song, then throws up a skull."

George—(Eng. IV., quoting Hamlet)"There's the the recipee (respect) "

Mr. Giles—"That little girl of our's is a patriotic little chap. She walked and talked on Washington's birthday."

Garret (Eng. IV., reading)—"And ever your finger on your hips." (lips)

Mr. Giles (Girl's Phy. Class)—"I am awfully bashful. When I was a kid, going to see the young ladies, I used to feel like walking past the house several times before going in. But you could never tell that I was bashful after I got inside of the house."

George (Reading Eng. IV.)—"He fell to such a proposal." (perusal)

Mr. Yeaman (Civics)—"Why did they say that election is to be held on the first Tuesday after the first Monday?"
George—"So it won't come on Sunday."

Mr. Giles (In Physics)—"You can't see black. You just miss the rays of light that are not reflected back from that space occupied."
Bright Student—"A negro is a vacant space, then?"

SENIORS' FAREWELL

Here's farewell to the Senior's life,
To the school that proved so true;
To the ever-watchful faculty,
And the class advisor, too.

Heres good-bye to the Sophomores;
To the Freshies green and bold;
To all the picnics and good times
We treasure just like gold.

Oh! it's great to be a Junior,
And take up Senior's care,
But it's best to be a Senior,
And become "Aluminum ware."

IMAGINE

Lloyd Gillis—without a smile.
George Freese—with two tickets for the show.
Ellsworth Edwards—without a pompadour.
Ruth Barton—skinny.
Harold Martin—with Gertrude at the movies.
Martha Robbins—not talking.
Skee Edwards—without a lady love.
Lora Estep—bashful.
Willie Werttemberger—flirting.
Hilda Dirks—at the foot of the class.
Florence Kirk—not doing something.
Gertrude Morach—taking advantage of leap year.
Willie Ott—doing the turkey trot.
Paulina Kramer—chewing gum.
Miss Rapp—shooting beans in assembly.

At one of the Senior parties each member of the Senior class was to sing his or her favorite song. Following is the program as rendered.

Miss Marie Rapp—There's a Little Church Around the Corner.
Lloyd Gillis—My Little Dream Girl.
Lora Estep—When Irish Eyes are Smiling.
Harold Martin—Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl.
Gertrude Morach—Run Home and Tell Your Mother.
Everett Edwards—Honest Little Girlie, I am Strong for You.
Martha Robbins—Just a Cozy Little Flat and You.
George Freese—They Always Pick on Me.
Ruth Barton—When You're a Long, Long Way From Home.
Ellswarth Edwards—Any Way You Cook Chicken is Good Enuf for Me.
Willie Werttemberger—In Lonesome Land.
Paulina Kramer—College Life for Mine.
Florence Kirk—Don't Wake Me Up, I'm Dreaming.
Wille Ott—Any Little Girl.

JUNIOR NOTES

We are enjoying very much the study of Browning's poems.

Miss Jones (Anc. Hist.)—"Roman Colonies were descended from whom?"
W. R.—"Original three hills.'

Leslie (reading Eng. III)—"Anulling youth's brief years do I demonstrate." (remonstrate.)

Expressions by Mr. Giles in Physiology:
"The oxygen is carried by the blood in the form of iron-ox-hide.." (iron oxide)
"Blood is a radish liquid." (reddish)
"The short bones may be longer than the long ones."

N. E. (Eng. III)—"I got a song out of it. I don't get the prayer part."

R. B. (Phys.)—"I have heard of people having kidney trouble and they had it just below the waist.'

Flo. C.—"Little hot water pipes warm the air as it passes in through the nose."

Miss J. (Reading in Eng. III)—"That's my last Duchess hanging on the wall." (painted)

Mr. Giles—"What causes blushing?"
R. A.—"Something about the heart."

L. B.—(M. and M. Hist.)—"If they paid forty dollars they could vote."
F. L. "If they paid eighty dollars they could vote twice."

H. W. (Anc. Hist.)—"Christ was born in ——— no time."

Miss —. (Discussing Evelyn Hope, Eng. III)—"What kind of love is this?"
Flo. C.—"Love at first sight."

L. O. (Ger. I)—"Und zieht den Vorhang zu. And looks at the hills."

Miss R.—"They went so far as to prohibit what?"
L. B.—"Booze."

Miss R.—"Fred, do you think when you were that age you never cried?"
F. L.—"I know I didn't."
Miss R.—"If your mother told the story it would likely be different."

Miss R.—"Was pfluckte Rudi in Walde?"
L. O.—"Er pfluckte Wolfen." (Beeren)

Miss R.—"I never have any trouble with my eyes. I see too much."
"We agree with you, Miss Rapp."

SOPHOMORE NOTES

Both divisions of English II. have finished Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" and have commenced Irving's Sketch Bok.

R. K. (reading in Eng.)—"I wish my wife was in Himmel." (heaven).

S is for study, an unknown thing,
O is for 'onor, to which we all cling,
P is for playtime, an essential of success,
H is for happiness which we all possess,
O is for oral recitations and such,
M is for Miss Jones, our adviser, whom we honor much;
O is for oratory, which makes us great,
R is for our reporter, whose writings are all late,
E is for energy of which we spend a lot,
S is for SOPHOMORES, Johnny on the spot.

The Sophomores and Juniors had a "wienie" feed at Mud Lake Wednesday, May 3. It was not very well attended, but those that went reported a good time.

Miss Jones (Eng.)—"Let me see, I can't think."

Miss Jones—"Do you know where Lincoln was sitting?"
A. J.—"Yes, he was sitting on a box."

FRESHMAN NOTES

At the beginning of the school year more pupils enrolled in the Freshman class than any other, and now at the close of the year it is still distinguished by its large number of active students.

Mr. Wolcott (in Spelling class)—"Victuals are not much used now-a-days."

We wonder if he thinks we live on German and Shorthand. (?)

Miss Cox (Gen. Sci.)—"Harry, how many wisdom teeth have we on each side?"

Harry L.—"Oh, that is according to how wide you are.'

Lee O.—(when Mr. Wolcott was praising a third-grader's writing)—"Maybe she was just naturally born 'muscular movement.' "

Miss Jones (Eng. I)—"What's the length of exposition?"
Lee O.—"Oh, it's just as long as it is."

Mr. Wolcott (in writing)—"Take the whole world (word) on the count of eight."

David W—"They tried to vaccinate me once but I skinned 'em."

Mr. Wolcott—"They ought to have used the rig on you they do on elephants."

Miss Jones (Eng. I)—"Merle, what does beau mean?"
Merle (scratching her head)—"It's a-a-a boy that a girl goes with."

Mr. Wolcott—"Somebody stole my mustache while I was in Spokane."

Voice—"That fellow got the worst of the bargain."

Merle—"Gurth was the swine herder of Cedric, the Saxon, and when the story opens he is herding sheep in the woods."

With apologies to Longfellow:

Lives of Sophomores now remind us,
We must make our lives like theirs,
And in parting leave behind us
All our troubles and our cares.

EXCHANGES

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US

We are always glad to receive your magazine. We think the last number, "Senior Wheat,' especially good.—Zodiac.

We consider your paper of the first class because of the excellent appearance, arrangement and quality of all your departments.—Oak, Lily and Ivy.

The Senior number of "Wheat" has a number of good stories. With the exception of the exchange department, the paper is a very creditable one.—Utolakean.

A classy paper with some fine stories.—The Boster.

Your literary department is doing excellent work. A few more cuts would improve your paper.—The Wa-Wa.

Your various department headings are very clever. You have plenty of jokes and show excellent school spirit.—The Gondolier.

The cover design of "Wheat" is very neat and pretty.

WHAT WE THINK OF OTHERS

The Kinnikinick—Your paper is good, but why not have a few more cuts?

The Elevator—Your paper could be improved by a few more cuts.

The Erisophian—The story "Done in the Dark" is very good. Your paper has no table of contents.

The Voice of South High—Your paper is certainly full of good material. Your paper has many compliments. Why not comment on other papers and help them,also?

The Palmerian—The story "Two Girls and an Annual' is very good. Your paper should have a few cuts.

The Lake Breeze—Your paper is good. The stories "Rodney's Sister," and "His Mother's Advice," are exvellent. The new way of handling your exchanges is very clever.

The Lyceum—Your's is a neat paper, but why not have a table of contents?

The Red and Black—You have a nice collection of stories.

The Opeechee Chronicle—A few more cuts and a table of contents would improve your paper.

The Comet—Your paper has much variation and is very good.

The Booster—Your paper is good. The jokes are very clever.

Utolkean—Your paper is very nicely arranged and very classy.

The Tiger—Your paper has a large literary department.

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,
Pioneer National Bank,
Ritzville Flouring Mills,
Ritzville Trading Co.,
German-American State Bank,
White River Lumber Co.,
Myers-Shepley Co.,
Rosenoff & Co.,
S. S. Frantz Jewelry Co.,
St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Co.
The Store for Men,
Golden Rule Store,
A. L. Wiffin & Co.,
Adams County Abstract Co.,
Ritzville Garage,
Table Supply Co.,
Thiel Cigar Store,
Emerson Drug Co.,
G. Fisher
Dr. F. R. Burroughs,
Adams & Naef,
John Truax,
Day Imus,
Evans Brothers,
Washington Water Power Co.,
Dr. H. G. Davenny,
John Pelcom,
Charles Hollenshead,
Link's Place,
Red Cross Baths,
C. W. Rathbun,
J. I. Joyce,
Rasty's Cafe,
Will Thiel,
W. R. Peters,
John Ott,