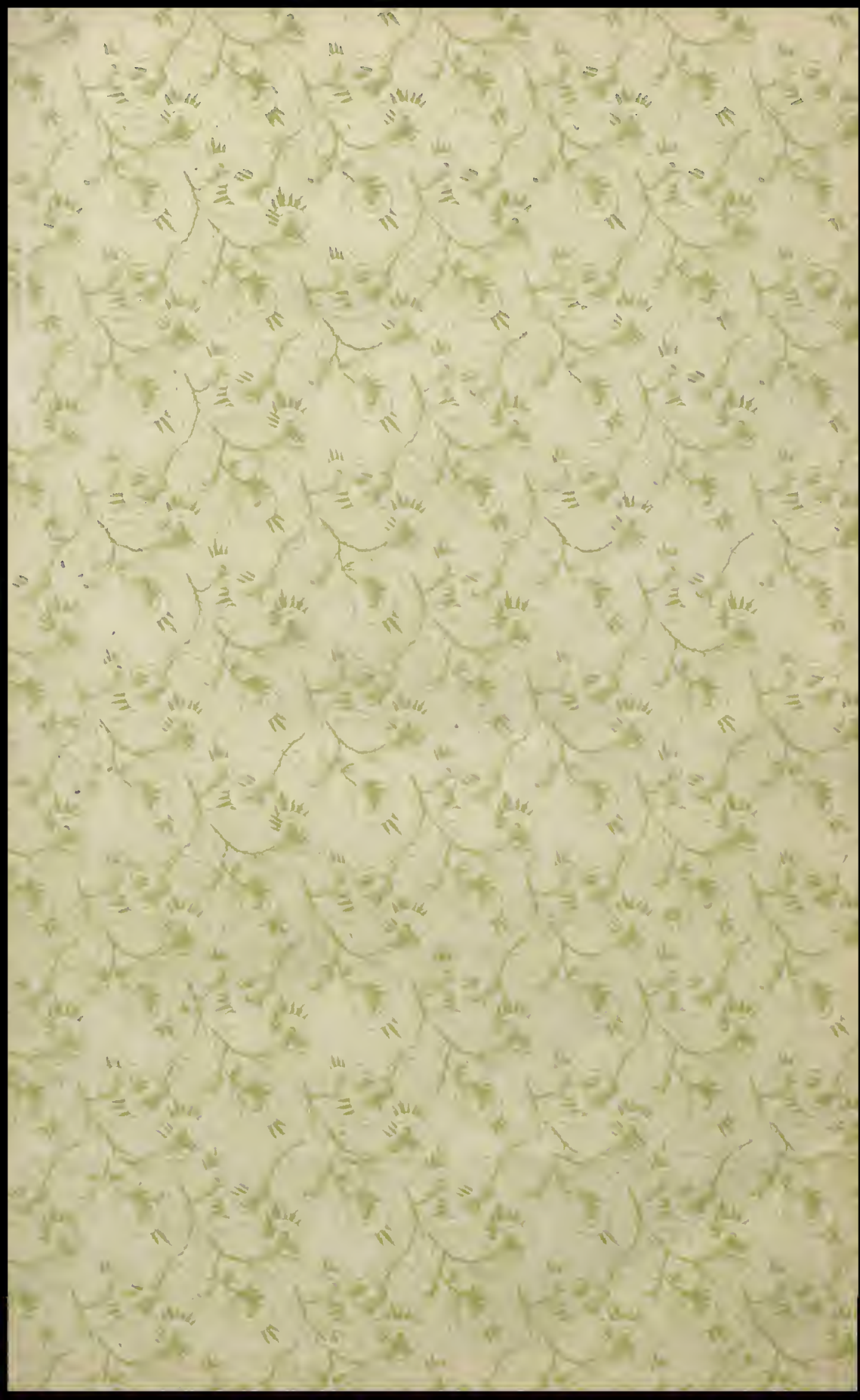
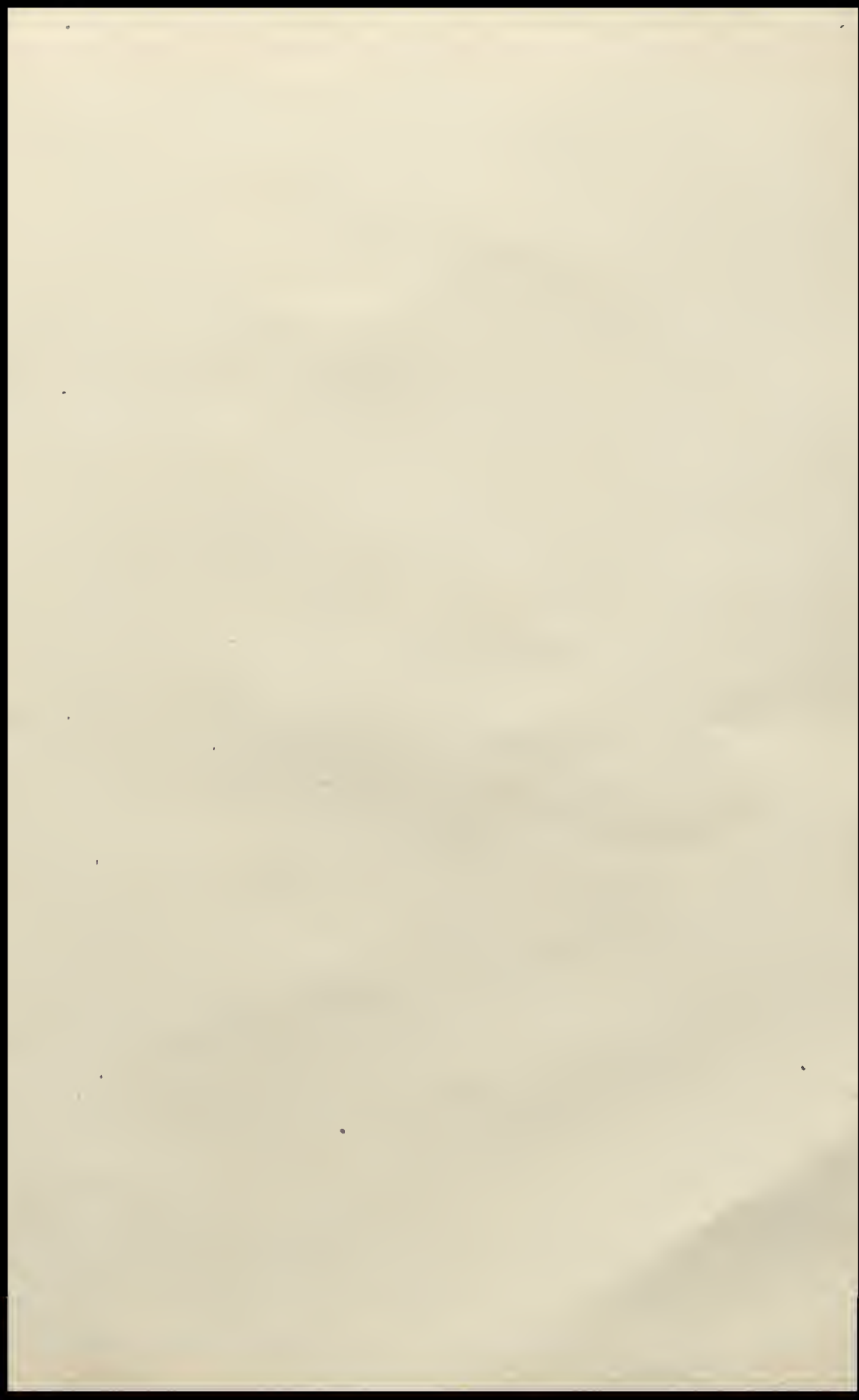


Green & Gold







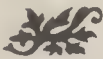


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AT SPECIAL PRICES
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OUTFIT NO. 5

1 Set No. 1163 S Instruments, 7 pieces.....	\$4.75
1 No. 2022B—6-inch 45° Transparent Angle.....	.55
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1 No. 1626—12-inch Boxwood Scale90
1 Pearwood T Square, 24-inch.....	.40

Regular price

Special price to students.....

Above outfit with 24-inch mahogany T Square.....

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1 set No. 1188 S Instruments, 10 pieces.....	\$6.50
1 No. 2022B—6-inch 45° Transparent Angle.....	.55
1 No. 2021B—8-inch 30° 60° Transparent Angle.....	.45
1 No. 1626—12-inch Boxwood Scale.....	.90
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Regular price

Special price to students.....

Above outfit with 24-inch Mahogany T Square.....

We will make up any outfit desired at special price to the student. We carry the Eugene Dietzgen Co.'s high-grade instruments only.

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We'll be pleased to show you our snappy new winter suits, overcoats and raincoats, whether you intend to buy or not.

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Not a clever style idea or pretty pattern conception will be found missing.

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**WENTWORTH CLOTHING
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ENTRANCE: 709 RIVERSIDE AVENUE



GREEN AND GOLD issued
by the students of the
Spokane High School
under the direction of
the graduating class of January
nineteen hundred and eleven.



EZRA ELIOT LOLLAR.



TJSTRONG

To Ezra Eliot Lollar, faculty director
of the graduating class of January, nineteen
hundred and eleven, this book is respect-
fully dedicated.



T.J. Sparta

HELEN JONES.
Editor-in-Chief.

J. VICTOR JAEGER.
Business Manager.



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HENRY MELVIN HART

Principals

RICHARD THEODORE HARGREAVES



EDITORIAL STAFF.

Top Group—Forest Libenow, staff artist; Altus Bowers, athletics; Truman Strong, staff artist.

Center—Fae Dyke, jokes.

Lower—Beatrice Kirkendall, alumni; Mary McEntee, literary.



Top—Carl Dickson, assistant business manager; Grant Butterbaugh, assistant business manager.

Center—Harry Beckett, advertising manager.

Lower—George Hussey, assistant advertising manager; Robert Peddycord, assistant advertising manager.





ALBERT EDWARD ABEOT.

Description: Decidedly weak.
 Occupation: Smoking stogies.
 Ambition: To depart on the 27th.
 Song: "Red Head."

CLARENCE RAY ANDERSON.

Description: Gloomy.
 Occupation: Carrying papers.
 Ambition: To rest.
 Song: "Bon, Bon Buddie."

MINNIE LEONA ANDERSON.

Description: Fliv.
 Occupation: Starting something.
 Ambition: To partake of the matrimonial bliss.
 Song: "Everyone Is in Slumberland but You and Me."

GEORGIA ANASTASIA BARRETT.

Description: Slangy.
 Occupation: Talking.
 Ambition: To live on the Emerald Isle.
 Song: "The Top o' the Morning to Yec."

BARBARA CARROLL BATEMAN

Description: Sleepy.
 Occupation: Keeping quiet.
 Ambition: To live as easy as possible.
 Song: "Dreaming."



HARRY WILSON BECKETT.

Description: Lots of it.
 Occupation: Low(e) pursuits.
 Ambition: To marry a school teacher.
 Song: "Broke, Broke, Absolutely Broke."

CARL SPURGEON BELL.

Description: Finiky.
 Occupation: Promoting silence.
 Ambition: To help Kraft fly his aeroplane.
 Song: "Lanky, Yankee Boy."

ANNA LOUISE BERGGREN.

Description: Passing.
 Occupation: Trying to get thin.
 Ambition: To be thinner than G. C.
 Song: "Any Time You Want Me Ring 1-6-9"

ABBIE ELIZABETH BOGGS.

Description: Lovable.
 Occupation: Nut sed.
 Ambition: To marry a single man.
 Song: "Love Me All the Time."

ROY EVERETT BOUGHTON.

Description: Lacking.
 Occupation: Studying chem.
 Ambition: To marry a waitre.s.
 Song: "Come, Little Girl, and Dance With Me."



ALTUS EDWARD BOWER.

Description: Cunning.
 Occupation: Talking to B.
 Ambition: To run a B-hive.
 Song: "Put Me Among the Girls."



ELIZABETH BRAUN.

Description: Supernatural.
 Occupation: Complaining.
 Ambition: To get 2 per cent more.
 Song: "Every Little Bit Added to What You Got."



HUGH BROWN.

Description: Crazy.
 Occupation: Breathing.
 Ambition: To be a bartender.
 Song: "Don't Take Me Home."



NINA EVELYN BURCH.

Description: Abbreviated.
 Occupation: Trying to make herself heard.
 Ambition: To get over having stage fright.
 Song: "Under the Yum Yum Tree."



GRANT ILLION BUTTERBAUGH.

Description: Babyish.
 Occupation: Not sufficiently matured to have one.
 Ambition: To beat Vic to the freshmen girls.
 Song: "Two Little Baby Shoes."



MYRTLE MAY CADWELL.

Description: Stubby.
 Occupation: Admiring football players.
 Ambition: To run a boarding house.
 Song: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game."

GUY ROMAINE COE.

Description: Underfed.
 Occupation: Beating Hendy's time.
 Ambition: To keep on beating it.
 Song: "There Never Was a Girl Like You."

MARION HENDERSON DAUBENSPECK.

Description: Improving.
 Occupation: Studying.
 Ambition: To advertise "Seven Sutherland Sisters."
 Song: "Who's Little Girlie Are You?"

ROY ALLEN DELGROVE.

Description: Hen-pecked.
 Occupation: Fussing.
 Ambition: To marry "some one."
 Song: "I Love It."

EARL GIMBLE DICKSON.

Description: Hooligan.
 Occupation: Same as Delgrove's.
 Ambition: To beat the clock around.
 Song: "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"


THOMAS ARTHUR DURHAM.

Description: Timid.
 Occupation: Playing football.
 Ambition: To be a pugilist.
 Song: "Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl."

NED CURTIS EDRIS.

Description: Spooney.
 Occupation: Writing heart-rending letters to Amida.
 Ambition: To beg, borrow, or steal some more credits.
 Song: "Silver Bell(e)."

ELOISE EDWARDS.

Description: Cute.
 Occupation: Arguing.
 Ambition: To have some one listen to her chatter.
 Song: "You Don't Know How Much You Have to Know."

ELEANOR REBECCA ELLIOT.

Description: Shocked.
 Occupation: Peddling hot air.
 Ambition: To rival Emma Goldman.
 Song: "That's the Reason Why."

LILLIAN HAZEN FREELS.

Description: Angular.
 Occupation: Smiling in her own sweet way.
 Ambition: To be a toe dancer.
 Song: "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet."



ROBERT EDWARD FREEMAN.

Description: Whitewashed.)
 Occupation: Absolutely nothing.
 Ambition: To run a bowling alley.
 Song: "Tough Guy."

MARY CAROLYN FISKIN.

Description: Sensible.
 Occupation: Looking wise.
 Ambition: To raise a "Bunny."
 Song: "Meet Me in Seattle."

EMILY GLADYS GAMBLE.

Description: Bashful.
 Occupation: Barnstorming.
 Ambition: To be kissed by a good looking boy.
 Song: "I Plucked a Lemon in the Garden of Love."

PANSY ANN GOLDEN.

Description: Studious.
 Occupation: Talking.
 Ambition: Tell all she knows.
 Song: "Pansies for Thought" (very touching).

GUY GLEN GRAYBILL.

Description: Engaged.
 Occupation: Chasing.
 Ambition: To catch her.
 Song: "M-a-r-r-i-e-d."



NORA AGNES GJERTSEN.

Description: Artistic.
 Occupation: Carrying one subject.
 Ambition: To get the one necessary credit.
 Song: "O You Blondie."

OLIVE MARY HALL.

Description: Bleached.
 Occupation: Being good.
 Ambition: To be better.
 Song: "I'm Mighty Glad I'm Living and That's All."

MAY GWENDOLYN HALLAHAN.

Description: Irish.
 Occupation: Carrying books.
 Ambition: To grow.
 Song: "Take Off Your Hats to Old Ireland."

HAZEL MARIE HAM.

Description: Shrunk.
 Occupation: Blushing.
 Ambition: To patent her complexion.
 Song: "Daddy's Little Tom Boy Girl."

ALFRED GUY HANKE.

Description: Happy.
 Occupation: Running a (sand) bank.
 Ambition: To get a raise.
 Song: "Why Don't You Spend Something Else
 Beside the Evening?"



JAMES ROGERS HARDIE.

Description: Dignified.
 Occupation: Looking grave.
 Ambition: Ask him.
 Song: "A Sailor of the U. S. A."

GEORGE WARREN HUSSEY.

Description: Striking.
 Occupation: Loafing.
 Ambition: To win a bet.
 Song: "The Gambling Man."

LEIGH ORA INMAN.

Description: Rough neck.
 Occupation: Starting something.
 Ambition: To be a football star.
 Song: "Glory."

JOSEPH VICTOR JAEGER.

Description: Haughty.
 Occupation: Fussing freshmen.
 Ambition: To get Fuller.
 Song: "Every Day Is Ladies' Day With Me."

HELEN MAUDE JONES.

Description: Devilish.
 Occupation: Getting material.
 Ambition: To be a society reporter.
 Song: "Loving Ways."



GRACE JUANITA JOHNSON.

Description: Thoughtful.
 Occupation: Wondering.
 Ambition: To see the last of the S. H. S.
 Song: "I Don't Want to Marry Your Family."

PHYLLIS BELLE JOHNSON.

Description: O. K.
 Occupation: Giggling.
 Ambition: To murder the faculty.
 Song: "Montana."

BEATRICE KIRKENDALL.

Description: Oh, you kid!
 Occupation: Flirting.
 Ambition: To be married.
 Song: "Love Me Just Because."

CARL FREDERICK KRAFFT.

Description: Inanimate.
 Occupation: Figuring the fourth dimension.
 Ambition: It would take a book.
 Song: "Grizzly Bear."

PAUL JAMES KRUESSEL.

Description: Modest.
 Occupation: Getting frustrated.
 Ambition: To remain calm.
 Song: "When You Dream of the Girl You Love."



JOSEPH FREDERICK LESTER.

Description: Some signs of intelligence.
 Occupation: Climbing greased poles.
 Ambition: To follow in Hans Wagner's footsteps
 Song: "Baseball."

MARION LITA LOVEJOY.

Description: Childish.
 Occupation: Looking for Jimmie.
 Ambition: To marry a fortune.
 Song: "Angel Eyes."

MARY ELIZABETH McENTEE.

Description: Catchy.
 Occupation: Posing.
 Ambition: To be an actress.
 Song: "Mary, You're a Big Girl Now."

FLORENCE ANN MACGOUGAN.

Description: Thin.
 Occupation: Preparing for matrimonial pursuits.
 Ambition: To be the "champ" fusser.
 Song: "I Want to Be a Merry, Merry Widow."

MARIE CAROLYN McSTAY.

Description: Angelic.
 Occupation: Pumping.
 Ambition: To be neat.
 Song: "When Sweet Marie Is Sweet Sixteen."



ELMER CARL MILLER.

Description: Hard to describe.
 Occupation: Making a stab at it.
 Ambition: To live in a bungalow.
 Song: "Go On, I'm Busy Now."

EVELYN DOROTHY MOE.

Description: On the level.
 Occupation: Minding her own business.
 Ambition: To find a nice quiet spot.
 Song: "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland."

BESSIE SCOTT MONTGOMERY.

Description: Batty.
 Occupation: Following Marion.
 Ambition: To cultivate a harmonious laugh.
 Song: "Betsy Ross."

PLACIE HOWARD MUNTER.

Description: Huge.
 Occupation: Studying art.
 Ambition: To be a waitress.
 Song: "Powder Rag."

ADA FANNIE MYERS.

Description: Motherly.
 Occupation: Giving advice.
 Ambition: To be a court stenographer.
 Song: "Mother."



EARL JUSTIN McWILLIAMS.

Description: Lazy.
 Occupation: Grocery man.
 Ambition: To hold his job.
 Song: "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelley?"

HARVEY EDWARD MILLER.

Description: Dutch.
 Occupation: Reorganizing the "Tappa Keg."
 Ambition: To be a frat man.
 Song: "Hang Out the Front Door Key."

MAUDE ETHEL NOE.

Description: Gilt top.
 Occupation: Student.
 Ambition: To be left alone.
 Song: "Lonesome."

URBAN PHILLIP O'CONNOR.

Description: Too busy to shave.
 Occupation: Mixing? ? ? ?
 Ambition: To reform women's street costume.
 Song: "Barber Shop Chord."

ODIN GEHART OLSON.

Description: Inspired.
 Occupation: Writing shorthand.
 Ambition: To be an orator.
 Song: "He Was a Wonderful Man."



ROBERT HORTON PEDDYCORD.

Description: Important (in his own estimation)
 Occupation: Making dates.
 Ambition: To keep one girl at least a month.
 Song: "Love Makes the World Go Round."



MAY BELL PETERSON.

Description: Meek.
 Occupation: Chewing gum.
 Ambition: To be an artist's model.
 Song: "Without a Wedding Ring."



ETHEL MAY POTTER.

Description: Harmless.
 Occupation: Kitchen mechanic.
 Ambition: To rival "Pad."
 Song: "Put Your Foot on the Soft, Soft Pedal."



HAROLD GEORGE PHAIR.

Description: Fatherly.
 Occupation: Catching the Garden Springs car.
 Ambition: To get settled.
 Song: "By the Light of the Silvery Moon."



GEORGE ALBERT PYNN.

Description: Confidential.
 Occupation: Ragging.
 Ambition: To have some one cherish him.
 Song: "Waltz Me 'Till I'm Dreamy."



CLIFFORD DALE RINEAR.

Description: Dippy.
 Occupation: Talking socialism.
 Ambition: To incite a riot.
 Song: "Midnight Fire Alarm."

ETHEL LILIAN RHODES.

Description: Overloaded.
 Occupation: Smiling.
 Ambition: To be loved.
 Song: "The Dear Little Ghost of Your Smile."

CEDRIC JAY REISINGER.

Description: Ancient.
 Occupation: Adding to Miss Long's cup of sorrow.
 Ambition: To learn to dance.
 Song: "I'd Rather Two-Step Than Waltz."

GRETTA ALICE ROBINSON.

Description: Faded.
 Occupation: Wondering.
 Ambition: To marry a dwarf.
 Song: "What's the Use?"

LILA VERLE SAYRE.

Description: Spent.
 Occupation: Bluffing.
 Ambition: To learn to waltz.
 Song: "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie."



WILLA MADELINE SCOTHORN.

Description: Petite.
 Occupation: Looking neat.
 Ambition: To discard ribbons.
 Song: "Smarty, Smarty, Smarty."

BERTHA BELLE SCOTT.

Description: Weary.
 Occupation: Studying.
 Ambition: To pursue the flowery path of knowledge.
 Song: "Back to Dear Old Home, Sweet Home."

MARGARET ANNIE SHACKELFORD.

Description: Pathetic.
 Occupation: Grinding.
 Ambition: To rival George Elliot.
 Song: "Stop Making Faces at Me."

ZORA ARLENE SHAFFER.

Description: Cold.
 Occupation: Expostulating.
 Ambition: To argue with the sphinx.
 Song: "Are You Sincere?"

MYRLE ANN SNYDER.

Description: Frivolous.
 Occupation: Minding other people's business.
 Ambition: To live in a flat.
 Song: "Call on Me if You Ever Need Help."



JAMES THOMAS STEPHENS.

Description: Always grinning.
 Occupation: Trying to study.
 Ambition: To get a sheepskin.
 Song: "S-t-u-n-g Spells Stung."

EDGAR LAWRENCE STILSON.

Description: Grind.
 Occupation: Cramming.
 Ambition: To run a dime museum.
 Song: "School Days."

TRUMAN JEFFERSON STRONG.

Description: Hot-headed.
 Occupation: Drawing.
 Ambition: To be an artist.
 Song: "Any Little Girl."

ALFRED OLIVER STUBERG.

Description: Important.
 Occupation: Trying to look that way.
 Ambition: To be supreme judge.
 Song: "I'm the Big Noise."

DWIGHT LE ROY SWANSON.

Description: Faded.
 Occupation: Hasn't any.
 Ambition: To make himself visible.
 Song: "Brother Sylves."

GERTRUDE GRACE TITMAN.

Description: Peevish.
 Occupation: Handing out sweet stuff.
 Ambition: To overcome her lisp.
 Song: "Taffy."

LELAND INGERSOLL TOLMAN.

Description: Sporty.
 Occupation: Hunting for Julia.
 Ambition: To settle down.
 Song: "Say, Boys, I've Found a Girl."

FREDA ALICE WALLACE.

Description: Decent.
 Occupation: Conducting the fussing bureau.
 Ambition: To sell tickets at the Empire.
 Song: "Fuzzy Wuzzy."

NORMA ETHEL WARMOTH.

Description: See Alta.
 Occupation: Looking for trouble.
 Ambition: To be a manicurist.
 Song: Same as sis.

ALTA IONE WARMOTH.

Description: Heavenly.
 Occupation: Looking for Frances.
 Ambition: To be a hair dresser.
 Song: Scelation from the "Three Twins"





ARTHUR ELMER WARREN.

Description: Wabby.
 Occupation: Getting credits.
 Ambition: To graduate.
 Song: "I've Never Been Over There."

FRANCES ADINE WEBER.

Description: Important.
 Occupation: Sassing.
 Ambition: Demonstrating cold cream.
 Song: "Peaches and Cream."

ALMA MARIA WESTIN.

Description: Mistreated.
 Occupation: Wearing a wise look.
 Ambition: To publish a joke book.
 Song: "Nobody Knows How Dry I Am."

GLADYS PHILENA WILEY.

Description: Pretty good picture of her.
 Occupation: Writing her autobiography.
 Ambition: To hold a young man's love.
 Song: "She Couldn't Keep Away From the Ten-Cent Store."

ALICE WINSLOW.

Description: Peaceful.
 Occupation: Resting.
 Ambition: To continue resting.
 Song: "Please Go Away and Let Me Sleep."



HELEN IRENE WHITMORE.

Description: Quite young.
Occupation: Knocking.
Ambition: To do "heavy tragedy."
Song: "Childhood."

LILLA MARGARET YOUNG.

Description: Exhausted.
Occupation: Cramming.
Ambition: To average 100 per cent.
Song: "Nobody's Little Girl."

ZOE MARGARET ZIMMERMAN.

Description: Athletic.
Occupation: Giggling like Phyllis.
Ambition: To make a hit.
Song: "After the Ball."



MURIEL WILSON LEIGH.

Description: M. Y. O. B.
Occupation: Reviewing the civil war.
Ambition: O you Kentucky!
Song: "My Southern Rose."

JULIA MIRIAM DOLMAN.

Description: Innocent.
Occupation: Teaching Sunday School.
Ambition: To be an evangelist.
Song: "We Will Meet on the Beautiful Shore."

IDA AMELIA HUTCHINSON.

HAZEL V. HOUSE.

FLOYD WILLIAM SWARTZ.

JANUARY, OUR JANUARY

There is a class we love the best,
 January, our January.
 The dearest class of all the rest,
 January, our January.

I sing of deeds full nobly done,
 Of action brave and clever thought;
 Of battles fierce, and honors won,
 And work both fair and finely wrought.

Thru all our years of High School life,
 Our boys made the football team;
 Their place the foremost in the strife,
 Of splendid praise, they are the theme.

In literature, we triumph won;
 In Quills, ere they had ceased to be,
 We great and clever things had done,
 With minds awake, and fancy free.

In all the courses of our school
 Our various students have enrolled;
 And all are brilliant as a rule,
 And thinking, so I have been told.

In basket ball, our girls and boys,
 Another mighty triumph scored;
 At various meets, oh, greatest joys!
 Some cups were added to our hoard.

And when the fire fiend swept our halls,
 A hero from our ranks sprang up,
 Who dared to brave the tottering walls,
 And carried out each precious cup.

'Twas thus, as every crisis came,
 We faced whate'er it had to bring,
 And fought for dear old Spokane's fame;
 And so we gladly, proudly sing:—

There is a class we love the best,
 January, our January.
 The dearest class of all the rest,
 January, our January.

CLASS HISTORY

My Dear Mary:

My first half year at Spokane High School is over and I am so anxious for school to begin again, for I can't find anything to interest me now. Algebra is awful, but still it adds a little spice and keeps things going.

There are more than a hundred in our class, and, of course, because we are Freshmen, we get our share of teasing and tormenting; the first of the term everything seemed to be coming our way, but, thank goodness, the last six weeks we were almost forgotten, and would have been if it hadn't been for some of the boys in our class who went in for athletics, and also one of our girls who did simply fine in a H. S. play called "The Ulster." Once in a while we get up courage enough, or, rather the boys did, to give some yells in chapel; we did pretty well, too, but everyone seemed to think it quite a joke. Why shouldn't the Freshmen have class spirit? Our class colors are gray and black (sounds sort of like we soon expected our finish, but we are not dead ones by any means nor will we ever be).

Well, Dear, I must close now, and I do hope you will answer soon, if it's only a note. Your friend,

RUTH.

SOPHOMORE

June 10, 1908.

My Dear Gertrude:

"It's awfully lonesome tonight." I can hear you tell me not to be silly, but, honest, I'm mightly interested in you. If you hadn't gone away you would have had your picture on the "Orange and Black" last month, for the paper was dedicated to our class. The prettiest girl in the class had her picture on the cover, but if you had stayed, little girl, there wouldn't have been any chance for anyone else's picture. It was a pretty good paper, if I do say so, and we are the first class that ever had the paper dedicated to them before they were Seniors.

But our picnic was the best of the season. The class loosened up and paid their dues, so, with plenty of feed, we started for Liberty Lake one Saturday. The launch was chartered and we fellows rented rowboats. Everybody got in and had a rip snorting time. If you only could have been there, Gertrude, I would have been too happy to grin. We stayed on or in the water all the time, except while feeding, consequently many noses were redder than usual when we arrived home that night: tired but exuberant. That's some word, don't you think?

You asked me if I passed in Geometry. Sure! I had a snap in that, as I told you before, my studies don't bother me much and it's a good thing, for if I didn't pass the old man would set his foot down and then there'd be "somethin' doing."

Well, little girl, I don't believe you would know me now; everybody says I have changed so, but still my feelings haven't changed in the least. The girls left here can't come up to you. Answer soon and let me know about everybody, and especially about yourself.

November 27, 1908.

Your,
DICK.

Dear Jack:

Enjoyed your last letter to the top notch, and I'm certainly glad you won a place on the team. Dad won't let me go in for anything like that, but we have a swell football team here this year. Some of the boys in the 10 A class are working hard at the game and will probably be in shape by next spring to help trim the whole state.

Everything is going on about as usual. I am still as the fellows say, quite "a ladies' man." I took a fair dame, pretty as a picture, to the Sophomore Hallowe'en party. Some time, believe me. The gym was decorated in our class colors; by the way, they are now green and white. Everybody was masked during the ground march and I couldn't find my girl at all. We danced the "Virginia Reel" (nothing else) and played all sorts of games. The fortune teller's booth was very popular. She told me I had the big head, so I cut her. A couple of the boys didn't unmask at the signal and the girls were all sure they didn't belong there. The feed, which always interests me, was great—pumpkin pie, doughnuts, cider and apples; and, believe me, we have never heard the last of that party. Such is life in the far West, Jack, old fellow; but you'd better come out and see for yourself. I have rattled on enough. So long,

DICK.

JUNIOR.

May 1, 1909.

Dear Mother:

School will soon be over and I will be so glad, for I have wrestled with Physics until I am a walking shadow and a little vacation will seem fine.

Did I tell you that I am now a member of the "Quills," an honorary literary society? We have very interesting meetings and there are six of the Quill members in our class. Quite an honor, as there are only a few members in the club.

Thank you so much for the money you sent me. I used most of it to go to the track meet at Pullman, but it was sure worth it. We have some fine athletes in our class, and I don't believe there was a single event in the meet that some member of our class wasn't in, fighting with all his might for the Orange and Black."

Well, mother, I see a zero staring me in the fact threateningly, so I had better study, for tests also will soon be here.

I will write a big, long letter and even though this one is short you know I am still,

December 15, 1909.

Your loving daughter,

JANE.

My Dear Mack:

Am I not an angel child to answer your letter so soon. But I realize how lonesome you are way up there in the woods and how you must like to get letters from the old home town.

Things are going about the same as ever here, only I am studying harder and trying to make grades that I, at least, won't be ashamed to show. You said that you used to be quite a physics shark; well, if you were only here I'd sure have you help me. I can hear you breathe a sigh of relief.

Our class pins came last week. They are small triangular shaped pins, and I think they are perfectly dear. We are all extremely proud of them. I expect when you come back you will want mine, as you always swipe every cute pin I have. Grumbling? Well, maybe a little.

You should have been here to go to the football games, Mack. I went to every one and shrieked like wild. There isn't anything I'd rather do than go to a football game, especially when so many of the heroes are in my class.

Remember that Sophomore class party when I handed a pie to you from the window? Well, we planned another class party for this term, but a number were not interested in it, so it was decided to save up the money for our Senior reception next term. Very economical, you see.

I'm awfully sorry you are lonesome, Mack, but still it's only two weeks more and then back to civilization. We will all be so glad to see you once more.

Yours sincerely,

JANE.

SENIOR.

June 14, 1910.

My Dear Jess:

Cheer up, honey; I love you and haven't forgotten you for one minute, and now that I have you at my mercy I am going to scribble you a long and pathetic epistle and tell you everything and anything.

My but last term was a busy one; it was rush, rush, rush a little bit more, but at last vacation is here. Soon, no doubt, I will weigh 300 pounds, for getting fat will be my chief occupation. As an afterthought I believe I will only make it 240, and give Skinney Coe the extra 60. Kind? Oh, yes, very!

You should have been here to help me sell tickets to the concert the Symphony Orchestra gave for our class. I can't sell tickets at all and I would sit and chew my nails hourly, trying to get courage to ask folks to buy them, but I guess everybody isn't that way, for we make good money, and with the class dues we had over \$300.00 with which to give the dear departing Senior A's a swell affair, and it was really great. Nice thing for me to brag up my own parties, isn't it? We started for Liberty Lake at one o'clock, a whole car full. Everyone was grinning valiantly in anticipation, but the anticipation was nothing compared with the realization. All the rowboats and launches, and, in fact, everything out there, was turned over to our exclusive use. Most every one stayed on the water all afternoon, consequently many noses were blistered because of the sun; many hands were blistered because of the rowing, and after dancing all evening our feet were added to the blistered list. Positively, child, I am getting sillier every minute, but you will make allowances for foolish me; there's a good girl. Supper was served at 5:30 to half of us, and to the other half at 6:30. Maybe you think the 6:30 bunch didn't get hungry; my, we could have eaten nails. A great many danced in the evening, as I said before, and as it was a beautiful night, many stayed out in the rowboats and smiled to "Mendelssohn's Tune." But, cheer up! Nothing like that in my family!

Last term wasn't all joy, however, there were trials and tribulations to beset my path. Ahem! Study, oh, but we have to study. It seems to me as if I am getting dumber every hour.

I have heard it said that all things come to him who waits, and also that the person who has to dig gets the most out of life in the end. Very consoling, but I don't want to wait and dig here any longer than eight years. Yes, I passed, but in one subject simply by the skin of my teeth. But let us not review the past woes; they are dead and buried, but once in a while they rise up from the grave to haunt me. Ugh!

There was a great deal of interest in basket-ball here this spring, and our class furnished fine material in both the goys' and girls' team, and the 12 B boys also made a dandy showing at the track meet at Pullman. I don't believe there is a class in school that has helped to win more honors for the "Orange and Black" than our class has.

There, I go bragging again. But truly, dear, I can't help it. I suppose you are getting beastly tired of my talk. But did you hear that three boys in our class hung our H. C. colors, the "Orange and Black," on the flagpole of the N. C. H. S., and then greased the pole? Wasn't that a brilliant inspiration?

Now, honey, write to me real soon, for you know it is your duty to get me fat and if you don't write, I'll worry and then by the time school begins I will be simply a bone. As I said before, I grow sillier every moment, but even if I am the silliest little piece of humanity in the world, you won't neglect me, will you? There's a dear.

Your loving,

January 8, 1910.

BETTY.

My Dear Josephine:

Just a note to let you know that I'm getting my breath now for the last sprint and then—I graduate, but not from the old South Central High School, for it burned last summer. Maybe you think we don't miss it. It's positively lonesome over here. You were anxious to know what the girls in our class decided to wear on the eventful evening. Well, after much discussion we decided to garb ourselves in lingerie waists and white tailored skirts. Quite sensible, don't you think?

It was impossible for us to give a class play, as things are now, so we have decided to do the next best thing—issue a H. S. book and call it the "Green and Gold."

Sometimes I hate to think of leaving H. S. with all its joys and sorrows, but in order that we may not be forgotten, the class of Jan., '11, will leave to the school a statute called "The Winged Victory."

The Senior reception is in one week, and we all expect to have a perfectly glorious time. Oh, honey, I wish you were here to go.

Dr. House is going to give the bacalaureate address, two weeks from Sunday.

We are all so busy lately that we don't know whether we are coming or going; but, then, 'twill soon be over and the next time I will write you, think of it, I will be one of the alumni.

Dear old High School days! How we will miss them.

And now Joe, I'm so sleepy, oh, so sleepy.

Yours truly,

JESS.

JUST A JOSH

"A little joshing now and then,
Is helpful for the best of men."

1.

Wondering is my occupation,
Wondering why things should be so,
Dreaming 'bout the whole creation,
Yes, there's lots that I don't know.

2.

Why is Guy, our high-class jumper,
Of whom we are proud as pat,
Always "beating someone to her,"
Even with his anti-fat?

3.

Altus, who is fond of insects,
Says a "Bee" will cure the grumps.
We believe him. Sure, we know it,
Because Altus holds the trumps.

4.

Why does Carl, our handsome president,
Have his feet so swelly clad?
Do you reckon he gets discount?
Yes, he stands well with her dad.

5.

Jonesy, why is she so shocking?
Really, can't that girl behave?
And she never will stop talking
'Till we push her in the grave.

6.

Where's her heart? Oh, do not ask me,
For it travels far and near;
Minnie's, too, is always jumping.
They won't ever stop, I fear.

7.

Bobby, why is he so fickle?
Yes, he's always in the whirl,
Always hunting, always looking,
For a new and pretty girl.

8.

But "Hair" Pynn, he is quite steadfast,
 And his heart he will not yield.
 Is that organ well protected
 By a "shield," just a "shield?"

9.

And about Miss Glayds Gamble,
 With her line of talk that's swell,
 I have inside information,
 But I promised not to tell.

10.

Harry Beckett's surely got it;
 Yes, 'twas Cupid and his bow.
 Higher things we all do dream of—
 Harry only dreams of "Lowe."

11.

And Abby is a mystery,
 So I've heard the people say;
 She hypnotizes all the men
 And steals their hearts away.

12.

Roy Delgrove's very fond of girls,
 Especially a few.
 Cheer up, Roy, I am silent,
 But I'd love to tell on you.

13.

Did you all know that Muriel
 Is a girl that's very plucky?
 For she came back west and left
 Her heart 'way down in Kentucky.

14.

Why does Harold walk so queerly?
 Are his feet tied on to wings?
 No, another guess is coming,
 They're tied on to "Garden Springs."

15.

Why isn't Carol Fiskén
 Fond of colors that are bright?
 I really could not tell you that,
 But still she's fond of "White."

16.

Arthur Durham, is he bashful?
 Well he used to be, he did;
 But I reckon when he's started
 He will be the "loving kid."

17.

Grant Butterbaugh, a fine young man,
Will never need the rice,
For it's against his principles
To take the same girl twice.

18.

And Marian, though very young,
Has had a good sized share.
Yes, last term every place she went
Young James was always there.

19.

Vic Jaeger is the candy kid
Whom the Freshmen girls admire,
And he in turn will flirt with them,
Even to their heart's desire.

20.

James Stephens is the grinning youth
Who used the axle grease,
And since that time the pretty girls
Don't give him any peace.

21.

Where Mary's loving heart is
I really couldn't say;
It's likely in our room somewhere,
It was the other day.

22.

I believe that Gladys W.,
Whose rhymes I sometimes scan,
Is in love with someone, somewhere,
If it's nothing but a man.

23.

Guy Graybill's our engaged man;
The girls their hopes have buried,
But, gee! It's a relief to find
That none of us are married.

24.

Wondering is my occupation,
Wondering why things should be so,
Dreaming 'bout the whole creation.
Yes! there's lots that I don't know.

—“Billy.”



New York lay before me, stretched out in a vast panorama of glittering lights and gloomy shadows, lights that invited, shadows that repelled, and over all a dreamy, invisible haze of alluring mystery. In the midst of my dreaming, a gentle hand touched my shoulder and a gentle voice asked: "Are you alone?" I turned and gazed into the eyes of Gladys Gamble,—Gladys bearing upon her meek little bonnet the inscription, "Y. W. C. A." Astonishment made me dumb and my thoughts sped back to those days in the dear golden past when this same Gladys had been known as the librarian's pest and the champion giggler of High. But even as I gazed her eyes turned toward the depot lunch counter and, following her glance, I beheld Guy Coe turning "hot dogs" and advertising his wares in that melodious voice so familiar to those who had been fortunate enough to occupy front seats in the Auditorium at school.

I stepped across to speak to Guy, but so great was the mob of frantic girls (foremost among whom, it is hardly necessary to remark, was our old friend Gladys Wiley in the garb of a patent medicine vender), that I gave up the attempt and sought the streets.

Here I hailed a cab, which proved to be driven by Altus Bower. Wishing to renew old acquaintances I mounted the box and began to question him concerning old friends.

"Where is Harry Beckett?" I asked.

"Poor Harry," was the reply; "he went to sleep in a barber's chair and the barber cut off his curls. The shock drove him crazy and he is now confined in the State Asylum. His condition is very 'Lowe.'"

Here weeping stopped the narration and he began to beat his horse.

"By the way, where is Beatrice Kirkendall?"

His face hardened.

"Cruel flirt! She left for Scotland ten years ago and joined a stock company. They say the way she recited these lines:

*'Can I not frame a fevered dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme?'*

in a presentation of 'The Lady of the Lake,' was simply superb."

"And Abby Boggs?" I asked as this narration brought before me a vision of that maid.

"Oh, she held a fine position as choir leader in a Swedish church for seven years, but as she insisted upon singing 'A Highland Lad My Love Was Born,' every evening during that time as the opening hymn, the congregation got sore and fired her."

"I can hardly blame them," I said.

"Have you seen Carl Dixon lately?" was my next question.

"Yes, indeed. He has a lovely position as demonstrator in Prof. George Hussey's Select School of Fussing."

"He is well fitted for the high and lofty position he occupies." I mused, calling to mind numerous little pranks of his High School career.

After a few more remarks I dismounted and entered the lobby of a brilliantly lighted theatre. A loquacious ticket seller, who reminded me strangely of Urban O'Connor, assured me that the original presentation of "Human Hearts" was in progress. So marked was the resemblance that I asked if by chance he was related to that person.

"I'm the old man himself," was the reply.

"But there is something lacking," I faltered.

"Hush," he warned me. "I'm in disguise. My wife gave me a safety razor for Xmas and she makes me use it." The mystery was solved and I entered.

Here a sad sight met my eye; a tall and willowy heroine in the grasp of a diminutive villian. After referring to my program, I discovered the former to be Florence MacGougan and the latter Bob Peddycord. I was marveling greatly at the size of "MacGoug" when my eye was caught by an ad in the lower corner of the program, calling my attention to the wonderful powers of Arthur Warren's Height Producer. Again I was enlightened, but still the minuteness of Bob troubled me until a kind lady informed that his growth had been stunted by cigarette smoking.

In the next scene, a prison was pictured and behind the bars stood Grant Butterbaugh in an attractive suit of vividly checked serge, and Arthur Durham in a pink kimona embroidered in foot balls, the work of admiring High School girls. Next to him stood George Pynn in a dainty costume of abbreviated skirts and high-heeled slippers. It was too much for my already weakened nerves, and when I saw Hazel Ham approaching from the wings with a sheet of music in her hands, I fled headlong. In the street I collided forcibly with a cop, who hastened to assure me that the fault was entirely his. Even in the darkness I recognized the voice as that of Jimmie Stephen's. Of course we chatted for a few minutes, when suddenly he begged me to excuse him for a minute.

In an incredibly short time he returned and informed me that, as he had to make an arrest every ten minutes, he had just "run in" a girl.

"What was her name?" I asked.

"Frances Weber," he replied.

"And the charge?"

"Blocking traffic. She announced that she would give a free demonstration of her secret complexion preparation, and the streets were crowded."

Time was precious, and so I left him. At the entrance to a museum, I paused. After my evening's experience, I almost feared to enter, not knowing what might meet my eye. But I plucked up courage and crossed the threshold, where my ears caught the strains of familiar music. Here I discovered Murial Leigh rendering a painful edition of "Plantation Melodies," assisted by a dusky banjo player, who proved to be Roy Delgrove. Before a long, lanky individual, I made my next pause, and, after reading the inscription on the platform, I recognized my old friend, Ned Edris, disguised as the "bell(e)" ringer of Spokane. Despite the dense throng, I managed to obtain an interview with the aged noise producer. After a few personal remarks, I began to inquire about some mutual friends and classmates.

"What became of Alfred Stuberg?" I asked.

Ned sighed. "His was a sad lot. He married a deaf and dumb lady, who never disputed anything he said any the strain drove him crazy."

"Very sad," I murmured.

"And what of Marion Lovejoy?"

"Oh, she is in the poor farm. The Old National Bank went broke and crushed poor Marion's fondest hopes."

"Forbear," I cried. "Was ever class so fated as that of Jan. eleven?"

Weeping I pursued my course down the street. A strange figure, bearing the tag, "Human Dray Horse," next attracted my attention, and beneath the rough exterior I detected a resemblance to Edgar Stilson. It needed no explanation, for I recalled the mighty loads of books this youth had been accustomed to carry around school.

Following the crowd, I stopped before a tent, bearing the pictures of two ladies, one bearing considerable avoirdupois and the other with elbows sticking through her sleeves, like a couple of ram-rods. Will wonders never cease? She of the uncertain weight turned out to be no other than Lilla Young, who in the past had turned her back to the teachers and hid behind her hair-ribbons; while the other was Bertha Scott, who, so cruel rumor spread it, had been accustomed to secure her seat in advance to avoid unnecessary expenses.

Next I beheld Elizabeth Braun in the guise of a sea monster, and it did not need the sign, "Human Shark," to tell me what she represented. Had I not been in her History, Shorthand, English, and German classes? After leaving this curiosity, I ran into the Siamese twins and recognized Alta and Norma Warmoth.

"How does your mother tell you apart?" I asked.

"Very simply," they replied. "One wears number three shoes and the other three and a half," and they passed on, leaving me to resume my course.

A "Danger" sign promised a little excitement, and, wandering nearer, I perceived a trainer (who, by the way, was our friend, Clifford Rinear,) putting a grizzly bear through his stunts. I was not deceived and was on the point of exposing the bear, who in reality was Karl Kraft, but on reflection I decided that it was a harmless way of earning a living, and so did not molest them.

I was turning to leave when a voice begged, "Give me a quarter, won't you?" So familiar was the voice that, absent-mindedly, I murmured:

"I forgot my class dues. I'll bring them tomorrow," when the beggar recognized me and I in turn recognized him.

"Harold Phair!" I faltered. "You a beggar?"

"Chide me not," was the retort. "I tried hard, but failed. Victor Jaeger and I financed an apartment house, within walking distance of town, for pretty girls whom we wished to take out, but it failed. 'Too much competition.'"

"How was that?" I asked.

"Well, it was this way: Minnie Anderson started a revival service on Lidgerwood Hill for those interested in dancing. The boys immediately were converted and rushed out to the meetings. What were we two against the many, and the girls packed the Lidgerwood cars every evening?"

"Poor lad! Here's a half," and I left.

Having seen all the sights at the museum I again sought the street and, after purchasing an evening paper, seated myself on the curb and began to read it by the light of a street lamp. I had no sooner started than I was interrupted by a man apparently insane, who lay flat on his back and was attempting to lift lamp, post and all.

"Hey, what's the matter?" I shouted.

"The blamed thing won't light and I'm trying to fix it," said the person, lifting his head, and by the dim light reflected on his auburn locks I knew it to be Truman Strong.

"This is a street light, not an auto," I volunteered, and, smiling sheepishly, he ambled down the street.

I moved to a more advantageous position near a shop window and opened the paper. A horrible headline met my eye: "Gambler Meets Tragic Death."

Hastily reading I discovered that my old-time schoolmate, Hugh Brown, had choked to death by the cork of a bottle of "Mummin's Extra Dry" popping into his mouth. "Oh, awful!" I cried and turned to the advertisements, knowing that nothing so horrible could be found there.

An ad decorated with hearts caught my eye, and I read as follows: "Paul Kreuzel, professional chaperon for party of one. Guaranteed to be perfectly safe in all kinds of boats (canoes and rowboats excepted)."

A little farther down the page I learned that Bert Abbott guaranteed that under his methods a fine speaking voice could be obtained.

I turned the page and among the legal proceedings I discovered that Lila Sayre was being sued for letting her pet baby elephants graze upon her neighbors' lawns. I discovered that Justin McWilliams was suing for a divorce on the grounds that when "Burke's speech" is continued for ten years it ceases to be a classic. On the society page I read that Zoe Zimmerman, a reigning belle, had mistaken a "high-ball" for a basket-ball and had ruined the dress suit of Leroy Swanson, an orator of wide reputation. Turning to the theatrical notes, I was shocked to hear that Nina Burch, the premier danseuse of the Metropolitan, had accidentally stepped on the sword while doing the celebrated "Sword Dance," and as result her understudy, Merle Snyder, would take the leading part as the angry mob in a presentation of Hamlet that night. Having finished the paper, I resumed my tour.

At the door of a dimly lighted building, which bore the inscription, "Feeble Minded," I paused, and after summoning my courage I entered and inquired of the manager if by chance there were any persons confined therein who had been students in the Spokane High School. Harshly he laughed and informed me

that the institution was filled with these same people and volunteered to show me a few examples.

The first cell proved to be padded. But such padding! Bright reds, yellows, greens and blues, polka dots, plaids and stripes met my eye.

"Herein is confined No. 232323, otherwise known as Roy Boughton," my guide informed me. "His special mania is crude hosiery."

We passed on to an adjoining cell, where a handsome youth in a football suit was playing baseball to the tune of a dreamy waltz, at the same time "fussing" a chair decorated with a large ribbon bow and a pair of slippers.

"Very sad case," murmured the keeper. "This is Leigh Inman. He's crazy on four subjects: football, baseball, dancing, and girls."

We left the pitiable spectacle and entered the next cell, where a maiden in a middy, carrying an umbrella over her head, was walking up and down in a pair of rubbers.

"That's Carol Fiskén. She imagines she's in Seattle, and we had to have her room made with a slanting floor, so as not to disillusion the poor maniac."

"Take me away," I gasped; "I can stand no more."

"Just this one," my guide urged and dragged me forward. The room we entered seemed to be untenanted, but suddenly from overhead I heard a voice cry, "Down with the aristocrats; I demand justice."

"Get off your perch, Eloise," recognizing the fanatic as Eloise Edwards, merely by her cry, and over the top of the bed appeared that person, garbed in a simple white dress decorated with ten rows of embroidery. I made my escape almost immediately, and made my way up the brilliantly lighted street, where dazzling shop windows and nickelodeons fairly blinded me.

Before one of the latter institutions I stopped to listen to the tale of woe uttered by an organ-grinder.

"I used to be a deep-sea diver," began the mendicant.

That was enough; I knew it could be no other than Leland Tolman, so I sped onward. At the next a very much peroxidized young lady who, despite her blondined locks, turned out to be Alma Westin, sold me a ticket while praising the marvelous qualities of Dr. Robert Freeman's Hair Bleach.

Having agreed to the fine results, I entered and paid another nickle to get a glimpse of "Estelle and the Fairies in the Well." Through a three foot telescope I beheld Ethel Rhodes in the guise of the queen of fairies, surrounded by Barbara Bateman, Gretta Robinson, Placie Munter, and Marion Daubenspeck, almost completely disguised as fairies. After such a shock I scarcely dared to waste another nickle, but having decided a picture entitled "A Trip Through Bohemia" could present no such a sad sight, I dropped the precious coin therein and applied my eye to the aperture.

Alas! the first scene showed Elmer Miller in a nifty artist's apron sitting amidst easles, nibbling on a dainty confection, labeled "Hot Kisses." The scene changed and I beheld Freda Wallace attired in a suit of armour standing before an easle, beautifully daubed with splashes of green paint by the artistic hand of Roger Hardy. Only the thought of the large sum of money expended kept my eye at the hole. But when the next picture showed me the figure of Anna Berggren garbed in a gorgeous costume, sitting in a field of Macaroni

and apparently singing "Rose Marie" with a true Italian accent, I fled, resigning my cash to its fate.

After leaving this "skin-game" I sauntered down the business district, reading the office signs and recognizing many old and familiar names. The sign, "Shackleford and Cadwell, Latin Translators, Four Cents a Line," occupied a conspicuous position on the window of a room on the sixteenth story. A florist shop bore the sign "Barrett and Hallahan, Importers of Genuine Irish Shamrocks." Having known these girls in school and knowing that the shamrocks were grown on a farm near Hillyard, I put little faith in this statement. However, I entered and began to question the proprietors concerning some old friends.

"Where can I find Fae Dyke?" I asked.

"Fae," they cried in unison; "she choked to death. For years prior to her death she occupied the position of head applauder to Eleanor Elliott, the dramatist, but she laughed so hard at one of her own jokes that she swallowed her false teeth."

"This is indeed sad," I murmured. "So Eleanor is a playwright?"

"Oh, yes," they cried. "Hey play, 'Helen Whitmore Among the Lilliputians, or Home at Last,' was a great success. She also wrote 'The Girl Chaser, or Guy Graybill's Adventures.' You know Helen led a very tragic life and was finally squashed to death by someone accidently putting a Merry Widow hat on her."

"And Guy?" I asked.

"He's still chasing."

After conversing a few moments longer, I left the shop and, being hungry, made my way to a Quick Lunch counter. After waiting twenty minutes while the head waitress (our old friend Evelyn Moe) arranged her coiffure and pulled down her belt, I became impatient and asked for the proprietor, who was none other than Carl Bell. Upon recognizing me, he became profuse in his apologies and blew the head waitress over the transom.

"Let me send for our fine French chef," begged Carl, and so he did. But what a shock! It turned out to be no one but Odin Olson! Despite his fancy cap and apron I recognized our old friend and immediately I put about three blocks between us, never stopping until I was a safe distance from the place.

I finally paused before a window, in which a window decorator, Herman Weller, was setting up some exceedingly beautiful waxen ladies. One of these figures appeared so lively and animated that I knew it could not possibly be wax, and suddenly I was shocked to see her wink at an unprotected youth, Joe Lester, who was passing on the street. By that wink she gave herself away, for I know now that it was Nora Gjertsen, and after obtaining permission from the floorwalker, I began to talk with her through a small window.

"Have you seen Pansy Golden lately?" was my first question.

"Haven't you heard that Pansy fell out of 'nigger heaven' at the Hippodrome the other night while watching Zora Shaffer dance the 'Merry Widow' dance?"

"This is news to me," I cried. "Perhaps you can also tell me what became of Bessie Montgomery," I suggested.

"You'll find her in the aisle to your left, demonstrating her patent hair curler," was the reply.

"Just one more," I begged. "Where is Ada Myers?"

"Oh, she's in jail. She drank a cup of cafe coffee and tried to climb the old Totem pole."

Leaving Nora I wandered down the street, until my ear caught the sound of music and I came upon the sad sight of Marie McStay singing to an unappreciative public, accompanied by a doleful organ played by our old friend, Floyd Swartz. Bestowing a nickle upon the deserving musicians, I hastened on to where I saw a group of people standing around a speaker, and was on the point of joining the throng when a cop rushed up and dragged away the speaker without more ado. Catching a glimpse of the criminals, I recognized two old friends, Olive Hall and Gertrude Titman. Pale with horror, I asked the cause of the proceedings and was informed that they were arrested every week on a charge of street speaking.

"What is the subject of their speeches?" I asked.

"Suffrage, of course," was the reply, and my informant, who turned out to be Grace Johnson, launched forth in such a tirade against the present sad state of political affairs that I hastily took my departure.

New York was proving to be too exciting for me and I determined to seek once more my old Kentucky home. But I was not even going to be allowed to leave this dazzling city in peace. While on my way to the depot in a subway car I was relieved of my pocketbook and watch by the most clever woman crook in New York, Miriam Dolman, alias Dimples. I could not cry out, for Alice Winslow was delivering such a violent lecture on "Child Labor" in my ears that I could scarcely open my mouth, and above the din of the motor I heard the chewing of gum and recognized May Peterson, on her way home after a day of hourly singing in a picture show. I managed to converse with her and was informed that Ethel Potter posed for half the moving pictures of the east. This was indeed interesting, and when she told me that Madeline Scothorn had made a fortune by posing for illustrated songs, I was more than delighted. Here at least were two illustrious members of the class.

I got out of the car near Trinity Church, resolving to walk the remainder of the distance. I was pondering on the fact that every member of the class of Jan. 11 had been accounted for. But even as I thought the light of an arc light streamed upon a white tombstone in the Trinity Churchyard and, going closer, I read:

*"Here Lies Helen Jones,
She Was Worked to Death."*

A gentle moon shown from behind the clouds as I turned away and resumed my course, a wiser and a better man.



“EDUCATED, BY GOSH”

I have staggered thru the High School
 And spent four full years and more;
 It don't seem so awful lengthy,
 Though it used to seem a score.

I have wandered, clambered onward,
 O'er the path that learning shows;
 I have dwelt in halls of learning,
 Where knowledge thrives and glows.

I have flunked and I have prospered;
 I have passed and I have failed;
 I have gone my way rejoicing,
 I have laughed and I have wailed.

Now I've reached the very summit
 Of those four long years of work;
 Looking backward, now I see them,
 And their phantoms 'round me lurk.

Now in groups they surge about me,
 Those dire shade of other years,
 Bringing drear and bitter mem'ries
 Of those headaches and those tears.

Oh! those zeroes so decided,
 And many a seventy-four
 Caused more thought than just a ninety,
 When I needed one point more.

So it all is really over,
 And at last I'm truly thru;
 But there's hosts and hosts of subjects
 That I really wish I knew.

And this paper and this writing,
 Call it diploma, but, oh bosh!
 Though it certainly does say so—
 That I'm educated—by Gosh!

—*Ruth Pugh.*



SENIOR B



SENIOR B CLASS

Born Sept. 6, 1907. Died—Not yet.

There are many things that one will remember which took place in his High School career, among which are the day of entering and the day of graduation. To look back to the first of these occasions—it seems but a short time since we made our debut into this life which has been of so much value to us both socially and educationally. To look forward to the latter—well, it seems such a short time until we will separate and each go his way like the disassociation of the H. O. ions which Mr. Clukey has been recently telling us about.

But, coming back to our boyhood days,—if we could only smoke a little and have a pipe dream—what a picture it would be; say, didn't it make you feel bad when you saw those senior girls with their hair braided down their backs a few days ago? It not only reminded one of their innocent childhood days, but it spoiled a very pretty little song forever. Of course you remember how the song goes—it is something like this, "She doesn't have to wear any rats in her hair," etc. But it really sounds flat now since seeing those little maidens as they should be seen.

There was one individual who entered High School the same time as we did, and who is not as anxious about his graduation just at present as the rest of us, so it will probably be his fate to stay behind and watch his comrades pass him in the race for the door, the last day of school. We are all well acquainted with him and probably know that his name is Henry M. Hart.

In the course of events the novelty soon wore off of this new school life and many of our number dropped out to enter the game of high finance, while the rest of us were game and wanted to see it to a finish, so we stayed with it and have been doing stunts in high finance along with the rest of our regular course. As a class, it is a well-known fact that we lead the school, for who has not heard of the June '11 class who gave the Junior Entertainment and financed the grid-iron battles, to say nothing of giving the best senior reception that was ever conducted in the history of the school?

Then, with this reputation obtained, we feel well fitted to take the place as the highest class in the school and from now on we will do our best to show the younger generation what a Senior A class should do for their school.

—June, '11.



JUNIOR



JUNIOR A CLASS

As February 18th, 1908, slowly dawned crisp and cold, with a white blanket of snow all around, a large band of freshies were eagerly waiting for the time to rush into the High School.

Our first class meeting was held in Mr. Staley's room and the whole class turned out. We elected our officers and chose scarlet and gray as our class colors. It was after this our High School career began.

Now at the dawn of our Senior year we are a studious and well-behaved aggregation, numbering about 95 in all. Our class is smaller than preceding ones, but we are as mighty.

As the North and South Sides come to school at the North Central now, we feel quite at home. We have been unable to organize our class and select our officers on account of the two sessions, but we hope to in the near future. We have not selected class pins or sweaters, but have been talking the matter over and think of deciding definitely when we are Seniors.

JUNIOR B CLASS

As the class of June, '12, entered the doors of High School on a bright September day in 1908, the one thought was, "What a contrast we are to the previous classes, for we do not resemble Freshmen in the least!" Of course, we did have some characteristics of Freshmen, but that greenness generally attributed to Freshmen was lacking in our class. As a class we have scattered over our two and a half years of school life an enviable record of high achievements. In football, basket-ball, debating and literary lines, the class of June, '12, has always been conspicuous. Along with work we have also combined pleasure, and our parties were some "class."

This last term has been an unusually busy one, although we have not yet been organized as a class, but the union of the two schools, after the destruction of the South Central, has proved pleasant and, remarkable as it may seem, peaceful.



SOPHOMORES.



SOPHOMORE A CLASS

Almost two years ago we entered this great institution and some of us have finally attained the proud distinction of being Sophomore. Never has the philosophy of the "survival of the fittest" been more thoroughly demonstrated than in this class of January, '13. Many have dropped from our midst and others have been added, but the spirit is still the same. Although we have no class organization this term, owing to the burning of the South Central building during this last summer, we are represented in debating, athletics and all other school activities, and we only look forward to the time when the class of January, '13, will, as Seniors, show how a Senior class should be.

SOPHOMORE B CLASS

On September 6, 1909, nearly five hundred students began their work for the first time in the North and South Side High Schools. Many had looked forward to this day with great anticipation, and also many had looked forward in another way. But nevertheless, both classes soon found themselves entering upon many new and interesting experiences, and finally settled down to the regular routine work. Little did they realize that an experience unusual to most High School classes awaited them in the near future. This event was the combining of the two schools, resulting from the destruction of the South Side High School.

This class was not always having business duties, but also social ones as well. During their 9 B year the North Side pupils had a sleighing party. After a jolly ride, a hot lunch was served at the school house. Each class held a picnic during their 9 A year. The South Side class held theirs at Indian Canyon. A lunch was served about one o'clock and an enjoyable afternoon was spent in games. The North High students held a bonfire party May 26, near Minnehaha. Supper was served at six and the evening was spent around the bonfire.

One fine afternoon before school closed the North High Junior B's and the Freshmen A's crossed bats in the last interscholastic game. Cundy and DeSpain faced each other with determination in their eyes. Both fought desperately for the cup. The Freshmen downed the Juniors with a score of 5-4. This settled our claims to the cup. It was presented to the class by Mr. Hargreaves at the next meeting.

On account of the rivalry and the crowded conditions it was thought best to have no class organizations, except in the Senior classes, so this present 10 B class is not organized.



FRESHMEN.



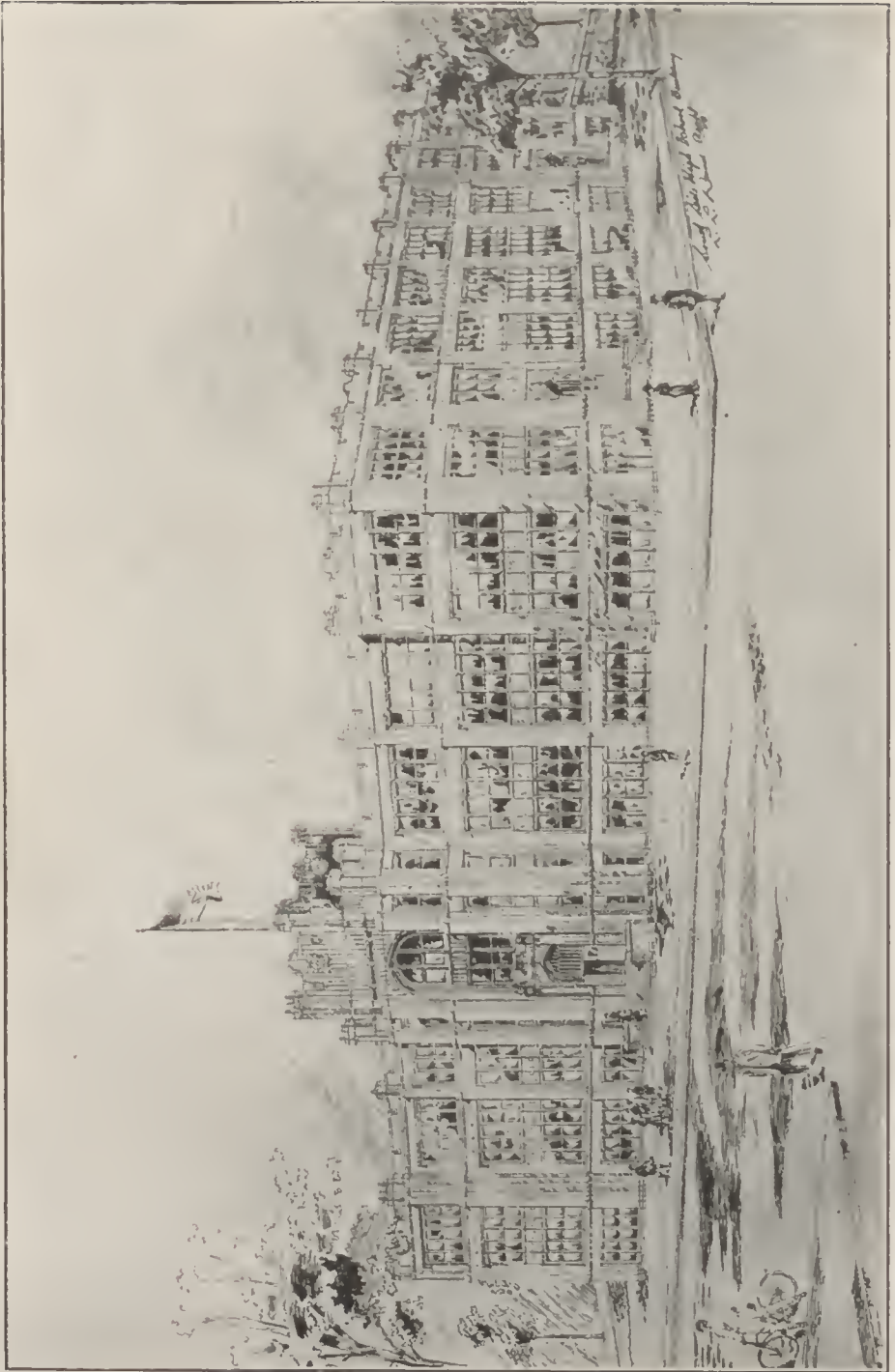
FRESHMEN A CLASS

On a cold, bleak day of January, 1910, there filed into the N. C. H. S. and S. C. H. S. several hundred freshies, all green, awkward, and very ill at ease. Much inquiring was done, but all in vain, for the hard-hearted upper classmen would do nothing but smile, which made the poor wee youngsters feel even more lonesome and out of place than before. But they soon became accustomed to this cold, heartless part of the world and began to cheer up and make friends as only freshies can. In about six weeks there were a lot of surprises and disappointments, for the freshies received their first reports. Soon after the N. C. pupils decided to organize a class, so they held a meeting and elected a president. At the next meeting they decided to have a party and in two weeks everything was in readiness for the grand event. The S. C. pupils were not as fortunate as the N. C. pupils, although they had a class organization and elected a president. They did not succeed in having a party, but it was rumored among upper classmen that they had planned a sleigh ride, but the weather disappointed them, and they lacked energy to start another. But the greatest event of the freshies' lives was the receiving of their final reports, which made some 9 A's and left others nothing but freshies.

FRESHMEN B CLASS

One hundred and fifty of them.
 Come in afternoon.
 Don't like it.
 Haven't any class organization.
 Girls more popular with senior boys than boys with girls.
 Cute girls.
 Like teachers.
 Glad when they will be Soph. A's.
 Get hungry.
 Don't like electric lights.
 Afraid to go home in the dark after school. Have to take senior boys with them to protect them against other Fresh boys.
 Don't like Algebra.

June 6th, 1907.



NEW SOUTH CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL.

TO THE OLD SCHOOL

(Ode to the South Central High School, destroyed by fire.)

Through the blue smoke's murky pall
We saw your ruined tower fall,
We heard the silent echo of its bell
Pealing forth its parting knell,
Then the seething tongues of flame
Wrapped the picture in a fiery frame—
A picture we can ne'er forget,
That fills our hearts with vain regret.
Through your halls we oft had strolled,
But now the ashes, growing cold,
Leave no trace of hall or stair,
So dear to those who lingered there.
With the twilight's fading gloom
Comes a vision of each room,
And your silent blackened walls
To our mind again recalls
Those sweet years we spent with you,
Fighting for your colors true,
Our love for you—you grand old school.

Reuben F. Wood, June, '11

DEAR OLD GIRL

I wonder where you are tonight,
 Dear Old Girl.
 I'd like to see those eyes so bright,
 And hear that step so firm and light,
 Dear Old Girl.

Oh, now the lengthening shadows fall,
 Dear Old Girl.
 And make strange pictures on the wall,
 Strange fantasies, but I recall
 My Dear Old Girl.

Perhaps those pictures that I see,
 Dear Old Girl.
 Tell what the future has for me.
 Oh, if I only had the key,
 Dear Old Girl.

Perhaps down there some Lockinvar,
 Dear Old Girl,
 Plays songs to you on his guitar,
 And, Oh, My Heart, I am so far
 From My Dear Old Girl.

In the game of hearts, keep the accounts,
 Dear Old Girl.
 You throw a heart, then back 'twill flounce,
 For hearts, like balls, don't break, they bounce.
 Dear Old Girl.

The shadow pictures have taken flight,
 Dear Old Girl.
 I can almost feel your kiss so light,
 And I whisper softly, "There—Good night,"
 Dear Old Girl.

G. W.

LITERATURE



NORR ØJERTSEN





THE EDUCATION OF JIM

Dora Doble.



Jim Russell was the most self-confident "prep" it has ever been my lot to meet. Of course, all kids come to college with a certain amount of cheek, and, in a way, the adulation which a moderately bright kid receives upon his graduation from high school or "prep" helps him in his encounters with arrogant upper-classmen. In so far it is useful. But the self-confidence, so extreme, (I speak from the standpoint of a junior in that grand old institution, the University of Michigan) should be like the skin of a banana, easily peeled off, once its mission is accomplished. Well, Jim's accomplished its mission, but still he hung on it, and even we, who remembered the exploits of his brother Bob, quarter on the team of 1904, and had indulged the kid on the strength of those memories, began to get tired of his ways. But to begin at the beginning.

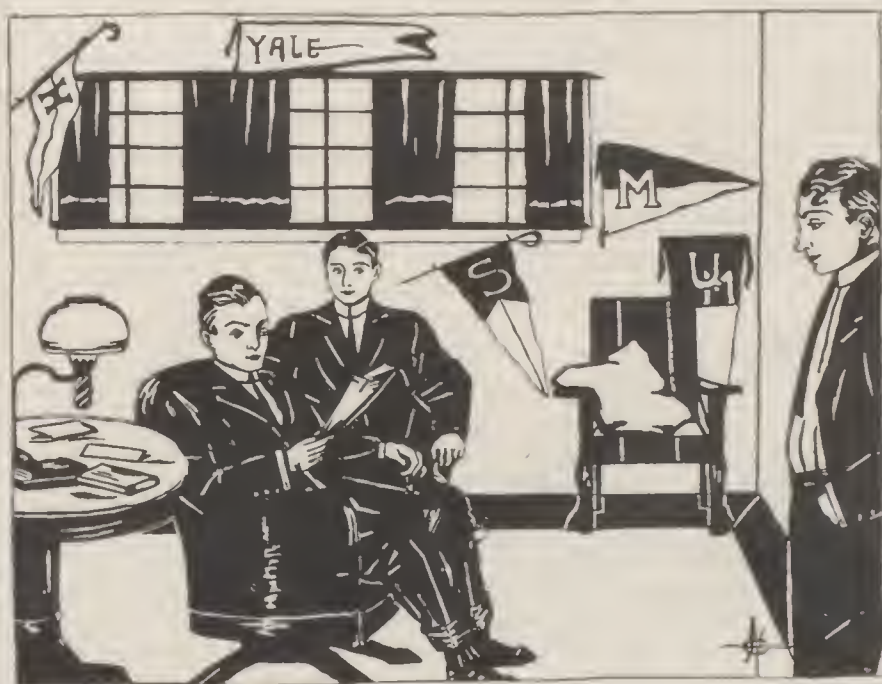
After a few days at college, getting started, Jim brought his brother's letter around to me. There were several of the fellows in my room that night, talking over the prospects for the inevitable winning team, and they surveyed him with interest while I read the letter.

He was good looking or not, according to taste, but a sentimental girl, addicted to the reading of popular novels, might easily compare him to one of Robert W. Chamber's heroes. He was tall and fair, with a thick lock of hair falling negligently over his forehead, had moderately broad shoulders and wore his "Hart, Schaffner & Marx" clothes very well. I'll not deny he had the same trick of continually holding his hands in his pockets and leaning against convenient mantel-pieces as aforesaid heroes. In short, he was what the newspapers describe as "a typical college man," of the sort to make an end run, a sensational slide for base, or become the champion "queener" of the college.

Of course, we drew him out, asking him questions about his school and so forth, and it was not long before he had unloaded upon us his opinion upon everything in general, as well as everything in particular. He walked around the room, examining my decorations, and giving his opinions on them without the least hesitation. That pennant was tacked too high up—these pictures would look so much better if arranged more at random; why didn't I use those prints as a frieze? I took it all in and let him finish his prattle, then we began to talk football again. He informed us of all his experiences at the noble game, and even had the nerve to declare that Michigan would remember the Russell name from the exploits of one James, rather than from those of Bob. Naturally we would not stand for that. But he bore up under our reproofs wonderfully—only said that he thought we seemed to be interested in the family and would therefore like to know what he intended to do in college.

Then he began to talk in a lighter vein, and we learned that he was quite a lady-killer. Further disclosures proved that he was an admiration society all to himself. Right then and there we looked at each other and wirelessly decided to "take him down a peg." After a while we let him plainly see that he was boring us, and he soon took the hint and left.

We talked over plans for a while, but came to nothing definite. But the circumstances attendant to his first lesson fairly hunted us out. But before that he got his doings into the papers, though his name was not published. Doubtless you all read about it. We had introduced Jim to all the girls and his manners made a tremendous hit. His looks, his actions, and the reputation he managed to endow himself with, created for him an enviable prestige. He became a "fusser" of so great renown that even the high school boys began to take notice. He was known as Jim Russell no longer, nor even as Bob Russell's brother, but



had a name of his very own—"Cleopatra." At length Jim got an extraordinarily bad case. It was on Clara Hewitt, our "college widow." She was a charming girl and we all fell regularly in love with her each semester; so you can well believe it when I say that Jim seemed to have the real thing.

She appeared not averse to him, and he cut lectures and recitations, abandoned all the other girls and bought loads of candy and flowers—just for her. He longed to do something "to prove himself worthy of her," as the poets say. But the freshman rule barred him from football, there was not enough honor in debating. Nothing was scheduled to give him a chance to shine.

His opportunity came one day at noon. Charlie Brainton, Jim, and I, and a few others were up in the "Medic" room, looking out of the window. A short distance away, was a large group of co-eds, with Clara in the midst of them. We tried to get them to look at us by using thought concentration, discreet

coughs, loud laughter, and other methods too ridiculous to mention. All in vain. At last, Jim, desperate, gazed wildly around the room for something to attract their attention. Suddenly he grasped my arm and, with a tragic finger, pointed to one of what are elegantly termed "stiffs" for the use of the medical classes in dissection. His idea communicated itself to us immediately. We lifted the thing to the floor and propped it up beside us, as we stood in the window. At Jim's signal we all yelled lustily, while he gave the "stiff", a slight upward push. It leaned far out, wavered for a moment on the broad sill, then plunged heavily to the cement walk, two stories below. I admit it will be considered inhuman and all that. The only excuse I have to offer is that we didn't think. The girls were terror-stricken, and all was in an uproar until it was found to be what it was. The affair got into the papers, we were all called up and lectured; but it had centred Clara's attention firmly on Jim Russell.

His opportunity had come and been seized; ours now arrived. Jim came back from his Thanksgiving vacation resolved to get in and dig until baseball season opened. One day he told us he had obtained permission, and was going that night to a neighboring churchyard to get a "stiff." Brainton and I watched him set out soon after dusk and trailed after him a short distance. He got it O. K., put it in a large sack, and began to carry it back to town. It was quite a distance, and by and by he became tired. As he came to a large snow-bank, he set it down and rested. Then the possibilities of that snow-bank became evident to him. He scooped out a large hole, laid the sack and its contents inside and plastered it up with snow. We concluded that he intended to return for it next evening.

All next day we avoided him, and shortly before dusk, we started. When we reached the snow-bank the sack was still there, and we hung around until we saw him coming far down the road, "bathed in the light of a ghostly moon." We laid the "stiff" aside, Brainton scrambled into the sack, I plastered it up again and waited for developments. Jim saw nothing out of the way, shouldered the sack and started on his journey. Presently Brainton began to moan, then to kick. Jim dropped the sack. Brainton moved to and fro, and the sack wandered across the road. Jim took one look, then fled toward town, never looking around. The pale, ghostly moon saw him going it as fast as his legs could carry him, Brainton and I laughing our heads off. We re-interred the "stiff" decently, but Jim never sought for it. The next day the story rang through the halls of learning, and Jim was in extreme disfavor at the court of his queen.

Two months passed. For the first time, Jim was very meek and humble, as a freshman should be. By the beginning of the second his disgrace began to be forgotten and he began to be the same as of old. He and Clara spoke now, when they met, and things were going as well as could be expected. He studied hard, stayed in about four nights a week, and practiced indoor baseball diligently. March came, and with it practice outdoors. Jim made the team and showed up well. In the strength of his returning self-confidence, he ventured to call upon Clara. We did not hear the details of the evening, but he began to smile like his old-time self and take her out.

Under encouragement this newly-modest blossom, Jim, soon bloomed into a gaudy sunflower; his disgrace was well-nigh forgotten and he began to king it

among us again. Especially did he give Charlie and me the high hand-shake and the arrogant smile. One more lesson, we decided, would about finish his education in the manly art of proper humility. Charlie evolved a plan, which, if it worked, would do the trick, and if it did not, would do no harm.

The Annual Senior Law ball was soon announced, and this was our second chance. To go was an honor all freshmen coveted, and Jim was wild to go, especially because he wanted to take Clara. Tickets could be bought, but only juniors and seniors were received and his case seemed hopeless.

Charlie, Jim and I were in my room one night, as usual, when the conversation, guided by Charlie's adroit tongue, turned to the ball.

Jim expressed his desire to go in no measured terms.

"Well," said Charlie, "if you're willing to risk a little danger—a very little, for it's almost a sure thing—I'll tell you how you might get to go."



Jim caught him up immediately, "Out with it, then. I'm game."

"You know Derr, that senior law grind? Well, I heard him say he had to write a thesis that night and could not go. And I just thought if you wanted to go so badly, you could get your girl, go up to the entrance, throw out your chest and say, 'I'm Derr, senior law,' Hardly anyone knows him and there's just enough danger to make it interesting."

Jim was openly delighted with the idea, slapped his adviser on the back, then suddenly calmed down.

"But supposing I get kicked out, what will my girl do? It will be all off with me then."

"Clara's too good a sport to hold that up against a fellow, particularly when he's running the risk to please her with a swell ball," answered Charlie.

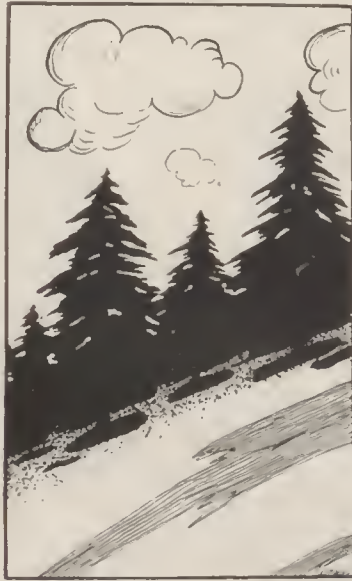
This settled, Jim started off to tell her the news.

On the eventful night we saw Jim go for Clara, watched them walk the short distance to the hall and go up to the entrance. A shaft of light struck across the table placed in the doorway. Seated at it was a fellow taking tickets. It was Derr, senior law! We saw Jim hand his ticket and say, "I'm Derr, senior law," but waited for no more. We sat on the steps of the library building for a while, not saying much, then decided to go to Mack's for something to eat. As we passed by the little alcove, called in the advertisements "The Grape Arbor," we saw a sight that relieved us of all our forbodings of the past half hour. There sat Jim and Clara with dishes of various mixtures before them. Neither was paying any attention to the "eats," however, but Jim was talking and Clara was listening with a half-sympathetic, half-tender smile on her charming face. Her bouquet of pale yellow daffodils, Michigan's own color, concealed two hands.

As we passed, Jim looked up, and as he saw us he reddened, but said manfully:

"I've cut out the bluffing, fellows."

We passed into the grill-room, our minds at rest. Jim's education was finished.



AN OLD WOMAN'S TALE

—*Aimee Votaw.*

They laughed when I told them what took place that night on the crag—the night Jim Page disappeared. They laughed and said it was an old woman's tale; but it's gospel truth, for I saw it all with my own eyes when they were as keen as they ever were. Of course, not everybody knew the whole story as I did, and a sad enough little story it was. But, after all, what truly human story is not sad?

I was Ethan Wilmot's housekeeper during all of the time that he lived out West. He built that little home for Inez and himself high up near the edge of a ravine, a half day's journey out of town. Poor old Ethan! His only passion was his love for his daughter and his spirit (if he ever had any) was crushed long before he came. There were people in the town, and miserable gossipers they were, who pretended that they knew that he had reason enough for wishing to live by himself. They used to whisper that he came to our town with the shadow of a miserable past darkening his soul, and tell how in some Eastern metropolis he became implicated in some terrible crime and turned state's evidence; how his evidence imprisoned a number of men, and among that number his own twin brother—aye, there were even those who went so far as to describe the very scene in the court room with the two white-faced men, wonderfully alike in feature, facing each other when the sentence was pronounced, fear in the face of one and hatred in that of the other! And they said that old Ethan knew only too well that it must needs be strong prison bars that would keep from him that promise in his brother's eyes. Bah! I have no use for such idle chatter, nor for the source from which it comes. And even if a man has sinned, why, leave him alone, say I; he'll suffer enough without you adding your share to the bitterness of his load.

They never dared to whisper their vile tales when Inez Wilmot was around. Far from it! They were all too anxious to win her favor to risk facing her displeasure. And if ever a girl deserved homage it was my little Inez—the gentlest, most winsome, loveliest maid there ever was. She was inclined, too, despite her cheerless bringing up, to be light-hearted and gay, as every girl should be, and as few enough of them are in this miserable world. "The flower of the crag," some foolish boy called her, and there never was a sweeter blossom grown.

It wasn't long before she had the whole town at her feet, and among the others came the wealthiest rancher in the state—Jim Page. How we hated that man, old Ethan and I. Inez had warnings enough that he was cruel and hard-headed and insufferably proud, but she was only a girl—scarcely eighteen—and she had the western curse—ambition. Her father had never denied her slightest wish, nor did he now, though it took away his only interest in life. So they weer married and poor old Ethan shrank away from humanity as he had never done before—shrank away into a miserable restless shadow.

I cannot dwell long on this part of the story. It was not a happy marriage; how could it be when there was no love? Our little Inez paid dearly for her pride. All unknown to us the gaity died out of her heart and she

faded away. And we—poor blind moles—never knew till she was dead. Life's a strange, hard puzzle, however you look at it, and our little Inez is not the only girl who has laid her heart upon the altar of ambition. There came a report with the news, though, that put new life in her father's body—a report that it was a husband's ill-treatment that caused her death. All the love that held Ethan had borne his daughter seemed changed to a furious hate for husband. He forgot his weakness, forgot his restlessness, and stood forth, I think, more like a self-willed man than I had ever seen him.

I did not attempt to restrain him when he went out hatless and coatless into the night. How could I? But all that night I watched and prayed and dreaded until with the dawn he staggered in again, his strength exhausted and a terrible fear tugging at his heart. He had struck a blow, but his poor fury had been too weak to complete his vengeance, and we both knew Jim Page too well to suppose that as long as he had any strength he would forego his revenge.

The day that followed was a trying one for me, and if ever a man atoned for a sin by mental suffering, old Ethan did for his. He lay, too exhausted to move, with his eyes following every movement and his ears straining for every sound. In his own estimation he was a murderer and he worked himself into a perfect mania of fright over the idea that Jim Page was seeking him out to take a foul revenge. And he had an odd notion in his poor old head that there was somebody besides Jim looking for him, and it was pitiful to hear him begging them for mercy, frantically appealing sometimes to one, sometimes to the other, and often to both.

I needed no doctor to tell me old Ethan was dying, but I prayed so earnestly that he might die without that great unrest on his soul that I was thankful indeed when he settled down that night into a kind of peaceful quiet. My own mind was far from easy and the air in the room seemed to oppress me so that, after old Ethan had fallen asleep, I stepped outside and began to pace up and down in front of the little house. Ah, that night was to be an eventful one for more persons than myself.

The moon was full that night and gave, as she is wont, an enchanted beauty even to the ragged rocks on the crag. I thought not of the beauty of the landscape, however, for it wasn't long before the strange part of my story occurred. They may laugh all they choose—those people in the town—but the hand of the Lord was abroad that night. Why, even one of their own members, the inn-keeper, says there were queer things happened and he swears, with truth I have no doubt, that he saw old Ethan, hale and strong as he had never been before, peering into his little parlor.

Well, be that as it may, I was walking abstractedly back and forth when I became aware that there was a figure standing in the path not very far away. I knew it, only too well, in an instant. What a miserable set of men it is that'll worry a poor, helpless fellow-mortal to the grave; aye, and push him into it—rather than forget an injury to their pride! I decided that as long as my poor strength held out Jim Page should be kept away. The miserable coward that he was! To come, too, just as the nights of fearful anticipation were over, just as his victim had ceased to expect him, just in time to make the old man's final struggle bitter with helpless terror.

I became aware of a sudden that Jim Page was moving, but not towards the

house! He had changed his course and was sneaking forward with his eyes fixed upon some object near the edge of the ravine. I turned in that direction and I nearly froze with fright. There, peering over the edge of the precipice was old Ethan himself—no, not the one that was dying, but one that the Lord in his mercy put in his place.

I said not a word, however, but stood there in the doorway watching Jim Page as he crept nearer and nearer to the silent figure and, just as he was making ready for a final spring, the figure turned. The ways of the Lord are strange, but never saw I an uglier look than was upon that face. As he turned he called out in a strange way, "Ethan!", and that was the only sound they made. They seemed (though there is no doubt which was the stronger) to be evenly matched. Backwards and forwards they struggled, closer and closer to the edge of the cliff, until with a final plunge they went over it, each tightly held in the other's embrace, in such a short time, too, that the ravine had not yet ceased to reverberate, and it called back the name the figure had spoken, it seemed to me, in a sort of triumph over the fallen two.

So old Ethan's tragedy was over. They in the village laughed and doubted and said it was an old woman's tale, but I say it was the hand of the Lord, and may He ever be as merciful to those that suffer for their sins.

FRENCH

It haunts me nights, it haunts me days,
 And all the time I battle;
 It follows me where'er I go,
 And makes my poor bones rattle.
 I groan and moan in agony;
 My brains will surely wrench
 But still it grins, and shakes its fins;
 Oh, French! French! French!
 I had a dream the other night;
 Upon a snow-white bird
 I started up to heaven,
 Where French was never heard.
 But disappointment waited me.
 Said Peter, from his bench:
 "Alles a le diable nite."
 'Twas French! French! French!
 I'd rather fly forever now,
 The bird with tears I drench,
 Because I know that down below
 The population's French.

"W."

A DUTCH PROPOSAL

Elizabeth Braun.

The sun had just gone down in the little Dutch village of Amersborg, near the Zuyder Zee. The sky was gold and red and the windows in the gray slate cottages glittered and flashed with the reflection of the sun. The meadows all around were fresh and green, with here and there a flock of sheep. Every thing was quiet and restful. The village had but one street, which was very irregular, the shops giving place here and there to the commodious dwellings of the wealthier tradesmen or farmers. Every now and then a light gleamed throughout a window, disclosing a cozy Dutch kitchen.

From one of the more pretentious looking houses there now stepped two men; the elder was the wealthiest shopkeeper of the village, the other his strong, handsome son.

"But, William," said the father, "you must try to overcome your shyness; I have spoken to Herr Schmidt about his daughter and he consents; as if anyone wouldn't consent to have you for a son-in-law! I am sure that Gretchen is also willing, and all that is yet needed is just that you ask her yourself, and then the wedding can be next Easter Sunday. You know how badly we have needed a housekeeper since your poor mother died, and I am sure Gretchen will make you a good wife."

"But, father, can't we wait a little longer, say a month or two?"

"No, William; I think it is best that you ask her tonight. You have put it off so many times already. It was different when I was young. I didn't hide my light under a bushel or else I'd never have gotten your mother. I will go with you to Herr Schmidt's door and see you go in, so that you will have no chance to change your mind."

William Steinberg was both brave and courageous, but he was afraid of girls. So the well-meaning father accompanied his son to Herr Schmidt's home and gave him a last word of advice and encouragement before seeing him enter.

As William entered the house, he found himself in the vestibule, and from the door leading to the kitchen he heard the hum of a spinning wheel, the clatter of dishes, and sounds of laughter. As these sounds smote his ear all his plucked up courage left him and he was just starting to leave when he heard someone approaching, so he quickly hid himself in a small closet under the staircase. After this he did not dare go out lest someone should come and find him and he would be compelled to give some reason for being there. He thought that if he waited till everyone was asleep he could go out quietly and no one be the wiser. As a result, he had to endure a very uncomfortable position for a long while; the time seemed interminable to him before the house became still and quiet. Once when he thought he had waited as long as he could stand it, he started to come out from under the stairs, but at the critical moment the clock in the next room began to strike, and William was so startled that his heart gave out a succession of very loud thumps, which he thought must be audible all over the house. When the clock struck he had retreated into the small recess, and there he waited breathlessly for a long time to hear whether anyone was stirring. It certainly was a very uncomfortable position and his back felt as if it were going to break.

It seemed to him as if a million pins were pricking him all over, and he had never wanted to sneeze so much in all his life before. Finally he decided that it was safe to venture out, which he did, and stretched his aching limbs and walked stealthily to the door. But to his dismay he found that he could not undo the fastening. After collecting his thoughts he softly opened a door to his right, thinking that he could get out of a window. So he walked carefully along, feeling his way with his hands, for it was pitch dark. All of a sudden his foot caught in something and he went down, head foremost, amid a fearful avalanche of pots, kettles, and tin pans.

The next moment he was sinking into something that was soft and slimy. He tried to extricate himself, but as a result of his efforts he became more and more mixed up with it. He tried to imagine what it was, but to no avail. Now he heard a stifled exclamation from the adjoining room and then a whispered consultation. By this time William had managed to free himself from his tenacious surroundings and was standing there wondering what he should do, when the door of the next room opened and the stern voice of Herr Schmidt called: "Who is there? Don't move, or I shoot. Gretchen bring a light."

"All right, father, I'm coming," she answered.

Poor William was too much dismayed and terrified to say anything. When Gretchen came and had given her father a lighted candle, she turned, and looked for one moment at William's motionless figure, then, giving a hysterical scream, cried to her father: "Oh, papa, don't go near it; it's a ghost," and with a second terrified glance at the supposed apparition disappeared into the other room. At this moment the servants appeared with more lights and Herr Schmidt proceeded to investigate the ghost.

William, who by this time had regained his scattered wits, now said: "Don't be afraid; it is only I, William Steinberg."

Herr Schmidt gave an astonished gasp, and Frau Schmidt and Gretchen, who had by this time recovered from her fright, now approached.

"Merciful Heavens! My good bread dough! Just look at it!" wailed Mrs. Schmidt as she pointed at the long kneading-trough on the floor, and at William's ridiculous dough-covered figure, which had so alarmed Miss Gretchen. It was most certainly a comical situation, and everyone now burst into a roar of laughter, with the exception of Mrs. Schmidt, who still bewailed the loss of her bread dough, and William, whose lamentable plight prevented him from joining in the general mirth. At last Herr Schmidt bethought himself of William, and, with an amused twinkle in his eye, asked him why he was there. William had reflected on what would be a good reason to give, but could think of none that would sound the least plausible, so he decided that he would have to tell the whole ridiculous truth. After telling them the story from the beginning, he turned to Gretchen and said, not the least bit abashed, for he had learned his lesson: "Gretchen, I know I don't deserve you, because I have been such a fool, but if you will only say the word the wedding can be on Easter Sunday."

Gretchen gave a very audible giggle as she glanced at his sorry looking figure, and then shyly answered, "Yes."

THE FORTUNE HUNTER

—*Roy Boughton.*

I.

Very few people in Larcens knew that Chrome Tommer was the tender of a mere soda fountain. At work he donned a large white cap and a long jacket, and his appearance was that of a thousand other such souls who toiled behind the marble. But on the streets of this popular resort he was probably thought to be the loitering son of some millionaire.

The people really knew little about him, since they were of the wealthy aristocratic class who only looked up to the more wealthy. To them he was evidently the son of some half rich Westerner, who had nothing to do but loiter away his time at expensive seashore resorts or sail about the coasts in a small jibby yacht. This was all they thought of him, and perhaps more than they cared to at that; but if they had stopped to think, they would have noticed that they had rarely seen him at any other time than on evenings or on Sunday mornings.

Also Mazie Foster, who had just arrived from New York and registered at the most expensive hotel in the place, as Miss Vanderschloff, knew nothing of Chrome. Of this he was certain, and he determined to take advantage of ignorance and perform a "stunt," as he choosed to call it, with Miss Vanderschloff.

Of course, Chrome knew that Miss Vanderschloff was rich. She had just returned from Europe, where she had been traveling for her health and beauty. Now she was the central figure in the New York society papers. Chrome had read about her in the papers himself, and being a young man of some talent, he had determined to make use of his knowledge, should she ever strike his locality. Also he had been very careful of his wages of late, and he knew where he could borrow a hundred from a friend. So Chrome decided to become a millionaire for a week, if not longer.

With Chrome it was one thing to think and another to act, so he entered into his adventure with the utmost care.

One morning Chrome briskly entered the hotel at which Mazie Foster had registered as Miss Vanderschloff, and signed the hotel register as Sidney Krauserhaus, the son of the wealthy New York merchant, whom the society papers rumored had just returned from hunting bear in the Rockies. He explained to the astonished clerk that he had left home in a hurry and had neglected to bring his nigger along with him. The clerk observed that the hotel could easily furnish him a valet, and almost smashed a bell in waking up a porter. Indeed, the clerk's slender hands were almost shaking as he handed a key to the boy.

Miss Foster was sitting in a luxurious chair on the hotel veranda. The sea breeze was delightfully refreshing, while the view was simply grand. On the horizon, beyond the bay, she could just make out the great ocean liners with their black streaks of smoke trailing behind them. In her mind, they were as fairies skimming over the water. Suddenly the loud clanging of the office bell awoke her from her reverie and excited her curiosity. She had noticed the handsome young man enter the hotel. Now who could it be? Watching her chance she slipped up to the register while the clerk was after a drink. What! Was it Mr. Krauserhaus? How delightful!

Now, Mazie Foster, like Chrome, also knew how to run a bluff. Also, everybody in the hotel thought her to be rich. What was the difference if she was not rich, so long as people thought she was. Wouldn't it be great if she could win this brilliant young man and his money?

II.

It was a glorious afternoon as Miss Foster walked about the broad beach. Gasoline launches ripped about the smooth surface of the bay. Just ahead of her a large flock of black birds bathed themselves in the warm sand, their black wings glistening in the sunlight; but Miss Foster saw none of these things. She must devise a method of capturing Mr. Krauserhaus. Soon she approached the steps of the dance pavilion. At the same time she was aware of a figure behind her. From the shadow she could see a resemblance to Mr. Krauserhaus, so she decided to take a chance. Hardly caring where she went, she managed to stumble, and with a shriek fell backwards and into the arms of Chrome. For a while Chrome thought she had fainted, but she came to before he could run for water.

"I think I had better rest on that bench," said Miss Foster, pointing to a bench near the pavilion. Chrome, elated over his luck, quickly helped her to the bench.

"I am so glad to be of any assistance to you," murmured he.

"How lucky it was for me that you were on hand," exclaimed Miss Foster weakly. "I think I have rested sufficiently now. Shall we walk back to the hotel?"

"With pleasure," said Chrome, almost stupefied.

III.

At the end of a week Chrome's money was becoming very scarce. This morning he had dropped a lighted cigarette stub into the never tiring hand of his valet, but nevertheless he was very happy; and are not all people happy who are in love? There was little doubt that Miss Foster was not happy. This morning she skipped over the beach like a lark, and threw pebbles at the waves. But at nine o'clock Chrome must leave. This troubled Miss Foster and she shed tears over the fact, between her frequent bursts of happiness.

As Chrome and Miss Foster sauntered up to the railroad station, he told her of a beautiful summer home he intended to build for her. But that would be next summer, and then she would be his happy bride. And then after many hugs and kisses he was gone.

Chrome during his life as a millionaire, had decided that seashore air would be unhealthy for him in the future. So he had decided to move to the city. He was to meet Miss Foster in a month, and he could easily run down to the resort. Also he knew of a drug store where he was certain of a position, and although wages would be lower, also living expenses would be lower.

IV.

One hot Sunday afternoon as Chrome endeavored to satisfy the wants of panting customers, a familiar girlish figure darkened the doorway. Chrome looked up just in time to notice Miss Foster coming towards him. Yes, it was really her, and something must be done. He grabbed a hammer and began tinkering with the soda fountain. Soda water flew in all directions, but of no use, and Chrome realized that she had recognized him. After addressing him in terms which made his poor ears tingle, she turned and strutted through the door,

with her head so high that she collided with an uptown sport, knocking his silk hat into the air.

"Ha! ha! a friend of yours?" asked the druggist of Chrome, who leaned against the soda fountain endeavoring to catch his breath. But Chrome only waved his hand in despair.

At six, Chrome was through for the day. He felt very faint and hungry, so he dropped into the nearest restaurant instead of eating with his friends down town, as was his habit. Being hungry, he watched eagerly for the waiter. Ah! now she was coming with a tray of dishes. But could he believe his eyes. Yes, he was certain. It was Miss Foster. When she had reached the table Chrome was doubled up with laughter. She thought him to be crazy, but when she saw his face, tray, dishes and all went crashing to the floor, and then they both laughed. Chrome was the first to recover. Taking her hand in his, he whispered, "Do you think a millionaire could live on fifteen a week?"

MY DREAM LAD

Oh, Little Lad, I was lonely;
 Oh, Little Lad, I was sad,—
 Till wrapped in summer cloudlets,
 You came, my own Little Lad.

But now the days are rosy,
 And gone are the passions mad.—
 For your soft little fingers hold me,
 My own, my dear Little Lad.

And though you are but a day dream,
 I never more shall be sad,—
 For your little presence shall linger,
 My own Little Day Dream Lad.

Eleanor Elliott.

BYE AND BYE

Cheer up, Freshmen, keep a smiling,
 You will get there bye and bye;
 Do not turn your backs disgusted,
 But stick to it 'till you die.

If you're smart, and fond of study,
 You are safe, my little man;
 If you're not, may saints preserve you,
 Work the teachers, if you can.

Oh, we Seniors have been through it,
 And we know those awful thrills
 That run up your spinal column,
 For it is suspense that kills.

Teachers really are as harmless
 As the summer wind that blows;
 But one teacher, my first year here,
 Scared the freckles off my nose.

Freshmen cases, they are awful,
 And should be against the rule.
 Take Rueben as your model:
 Have no love affairs in school.

Do not wait for pretty damsels,
 Then walk down the hall with glee.
 Information on such subjects
 Mr. Lineau'll give you free.

If you're whispering in the library
 And a solemn voice you hear,
 "Quiet, please," you'd better cut it,
 Or Miss Nunn will chew your ear.

That is figuratively speaking;
 But do not to anger swerve,
 For Miss Nunn gives you fair treatment;
 Yes, far more than you deserve.

Oh, it's great to be a Senior.
 Come on, Freshmen, have some spunk,
 For soon you will have our places,
 (At least you will if we don't flunk.)

Why is there such a thing as doubt
 To haunt us till we die?
 He dances two-steps on our heads,
 And kicks us in the eye.



S'death! 'Twill soon be over;
 It's either sink or swim.
 Oh, my, if we should get a cramp,
 We'd surely "souse the glim."

Yes, it's fine to be a Senior.
 If we stay, oh doubtful fate,
 There'd be one redeeming feature—
 Mr. Lollar. He is great.

Oh, we're not advertising
 Mellon's food, or pills for cough,
 But still a Senior always wears
 The smile that won't come off.

Cheer up, Freshmen, keep a digging;
 That's the word you must apply;
 Watch the Seniors, smile a little,
 You will get here bye and bye.

—*Gladys Wiley.*





FORREST K. LIBENOW.



FOOTBALL TEAM OF 1910

ATHLETICS

Revised football had its introduction to Inland Empire football lovers Saturday, October 1st, when our team defeated the Coeur d'Alene High School, 35 to 0. Both sides stuck to the old game, forward passes interspersing the plodding line bucks and the end runs. Spokane outclassed the Idaho 1909 champions in every department of the game, running around them, over them, and through them at all stages. Gallagher, Pynn, Kyte, and Durham were the bright stars for the locals. Burlong featured the Coeur d'Alene play.

Forward passes worked fine under the new ruling making throws over the line legal. Spokane had much the best luck in this department, peeling off two or three highly sensational stunts.

It took our boys just seven minutes to go over for the first touchdown. This was about the way the teams stacked up. Spokane has a much better team than a year ago, as indicated by a comparison with the 1909 score, when Coeur d'Alene, with almost the same team, defeated Spokane 16 to 0.

As a general thing, spectators liked the revised gridiron game. The rule prohibiting players from giving the runners assistance undoubtedly made the game more open.

Two Coeur d'Alene men were injured in the fracas, Phil Mitchell, right tackle, receiving a badly sprained ankle, and George Thompson, left end, a twisted knee. Coeur d'Alene averaged close to 160 pounds, being outweighed five or six pounds to the man. Coach Kennedy used several substitutes after the first two quarters, but they ran away with their fagged opponents. About 400 attended the game.

At 2:10 Spokane kicked off to Coeur d'Alene's 25-yard line, Barnes returning five yards. Purdy went through left for two yards in successive plays. Budlong punted 15 yards out of bounds.

For Spokane, Gallagher ripped around right end for four yards. Durham annexed two on right, the Idahoans securing the ball on a fumble. Thompson went three around right. Pynn tackled Barges for a loss of three yards on an end run, and Coeur d'Alene punted 30 yards to the center of the field to Durham.

Spokane plugged the ball straight down the field 50 yards for a touchdown, tearing off end runs, line plunges and forward passes like tried veterans.

Spokane took 15 yards on a fumbled forward pass recovered by Shiel. Shiel made four yards on right; Edris 10 on a delayed pass straight through the right wing. Gallagher ripped off five yards around right end. Kyte made five on the left side of a fake formation, and two through Coeur d'Alene's battered left side of the line. Edris tore off eight yards on a smash through the same hole, Gallagher following with four, placing the ball on the Idaho five-yard line. Durham lost two yards on a shift formation; Edris then went five straight through and over for the touchdown. Durham kicked goal.

Coeur d'Alene chose to receive the kick, and Durham sent the oval to Captain Purdy on the 25-yard line. Purdy made a neat return of eight yards. Purdy made six on a left swing and then two yards on a tackle around.

De Wald made five yards through right, but on the next play Coeur d'Alene fumbled, Gallagher falling on the ball. Spokane was penalized five yards for offside play and the ball given back to the visitors.

Marsh failed to gain through Pynn. The plucky Spokane end tackled De Wald for a loss of four yards on a left shift formation, Coeur d'Alene losing the ball on downs.

Thompson took four yards on a tackle around Durham and Edris assayed a forward pass, Edris fumbling after a gain of seven yards.

Williams failed to gain on right. Budlong made two yards on a left shift, placing the ball on the 38-yard line. Purdy tried a drop kick for goal, but missed by many feet, the ball going for a touchback. Spokane chose a scrimmage on the 25-yard line, Edris making one yard on left in two downs. The whistle then blew for the end of the first quarter, with the ball in Spokane's hands on her own 26-yard line.

The second, third, and fourth quarters were a repetition of the first quarter, Spokane being able to plunge through the Coeur d'Alene line at will.

The teams lined up as follows:

Spokane.	Position.	Coeur d'Alene.
Rouse.....	Left End.....	Thompson
Gallagher.....	Left Tackle.....	Marsh
Runner.....	Left Guard.....	Marshburn
Adams.....	Center.....	Waite
Henderson.....	Right Guard.....	Barnes
Thompson.....	Right Tackle.....	Mitchell
Pynn.....	Right End.....	Barges
Durham.....	Quarter.....	Budlong
Shiel.....	Left Half.....	Williams
Kyte.....	Full Back.....	De Wald
Edris.....	Right Half.....	Purdy (Capt.)

Substitutes: Spokane—Fancher replaced Rouse; Miller replaced Fancher; Rasmus replaced Henderson; Lewis replaced Adams; Horton replaced Durham; Wilson replaced Shiel; Peddycord replaced Edris; Edris replaced Kyte.

Officials: George Varnell, referee; A. Sanders, umpire; James Irsfield, field judge.

Linesmen: Dr. Lawrence and L. L. Rice.

THE COLFAX GAME

On account of nine regular members of the Spokane football squad cutting practice to see the Spokane Derby run at the interstate fair, they were compelled to occupy the substitutes' bench during the first two quarters and watch the Colfax High School team secure a lead of 5 to 0 on an almost entirely green team.

Between halves Coach Kennedy lectured the boys and ended by saying: "We had a little bad luck, and I think we could win this game without you fellows, but I'd just like to give you a chance to square yourselves."

They proceeded to score a touchdown on the second play of the third quarter, and thereafter swept the team from the Palouse country down the field almost at will, running up a score of 22 to 5 in the last 30 minutes of the play. They scored two more touchdowns, both of which were taken away because of stiff penalties for holding in the line.

The action of the coach was decidedly unpopular with the rooters, whose yell leader led them in a chant: "First team, first team, first team!" But

Coach Kennedy refused to make any change in the lineup, although Colfax was twice inside our five-yard line. The first time his makeshift team repulsed the visitors three times from the four-yard line, but a few minutes later a bad pass from substitute center, Lewis shot over Edris' head and gave Colfax a first down on our one-yard line, from which the ball was pushed over the line for Colfax's only score.

When the first team came dashing on the field at the beginning of the second half there was a war of delight from the stands and the aspect of the game took a sudden and sweeping change. Our scoring was largely the result of some admirably executed passing, Durham keeping up his work of the previous game by some perfect shots timed to meet the speedy Pynn and Rouse running forward to take the throws over their heads. Pynn swept down the field 40 yards for a touchdown on the second play of the second half, after receiving over his shoulder an accurate pass, and then dodging the only Colfax man that got in his way.

The Colfax team looked strong in the first half at the old style of game, outweighing Kennedy's subteam, but could do nothing in the second half. The visitors were much heavier than had been advertised in the papers, and had very little the worst of it in the weight question. The two Groff brothers were the biggest men on the field.

The punting of Frank Groff was one of the game's features. Groff drove punt after punt over Edris' head. He was hurt early in the third quarter.

Gallagher's ripping tackle around plays were one of Spokane's most consistent ground gainers. Buck O'Connor played a strong game offensively in the first half. Peddycord set the rooters to yelling with his dashes through a broken field.

Penalties were frequent, Spokane suffering the more. Twice our men were caught holding, once for tripping and once or twice for offside. Two of these penalties spoiled touchdowns. Peddycord, once, running behind a beautiful interference, skirted Colfax's end for a touchdown, but the ball was brought back and Spokane penalized 15 yards for holding. On the last play of the game Gallagher crossed the line for a touchdown, but Umpire Smith detected Rouse in the act of tripping a Colfax player and another touchdown was taken away.

The crowd was small, on account of the fair.

The original lineup and score:

Colfax.	Position.	Spokane.
Lumarson.....	Center.....	Lewis
W. Cox.....	Right Guard.....	Rasmus
D. Cox.....	Left Guard.....	Runner
A. Groff.....	Right Tackle.....	Briley
F. Groff.....	Left Tackle.....	Gallagher
De Pledge.....	Right End.....	F. Kyte
Etiinger.....	Left End.....	Adams
Stapleton.....	Right Half.....	McGregor
Chapman.....	Left Half.....	Wilson
Morrison.....	Fullback.....	O'Connor

Substitutes: Spokane—Fancher for Adams; C. Kyte for O'Connor; Adams for Lewis; Durham for Edris; Henderson for Rasmus; Thompson for Briley;

Peddycord for McGregor; Shield for Wilson; Pynn for F. Kyte; Rouse for Fancher. Colfax—Goodyear for Stapleton; Hart for Chapman; Kincaid for F. Groff; Tinnick for D. Cox.

Touchdowns—F. Groff, Pynn, Gallagher, Kyte, D. Thompson. Goals—Durham (2).

Score: First quarter—Colfax, 5; Spokane, 0. Second quarter—Colfax, 5; Spokane, 0. Third quarter—Colfax, 5; Spokane, 11. Fourth quarter—Colfax, 5; Spokane, 22.

Referee: George Varnell, Chicago. Umpire: Smith, Chicago. Field judge: J. F. Wall. Head lineman: R. Fawcett, North Dakota.

SPOKANE OVERWHELMS RITZVILLE

On October 15 Spokane High School team administered the most crushing defeat to the Ritzville aggregation that has been administered by a Spokane High School team in years. Our boys piled up a score of 72 points on 12 touchdowns and one field goal, and refused to permit the visitors to once make the necessary yardage on downs.

Spokane resorted almost entirely to forward passes, successfully negotiating 10 for substantial gains and failing at eight. The locals punted but three times, Kyte's two trials being rather mediocre, while Edris got one away for 35 yards. On no less than four of the touchdowns the ball was swept from the middle of the gridiron and over the line in exactly four plays.

Ritzville didn't know how to line up to receive a kick, and as for kick-off, well, the lads with the newly shined shoes simply bunched around the ball like a bunch of kids around a street organ.

Coach Kennedy thought it a good practice for our boys, stating that: "It gave them an opportunity to try out new plays without particularly exposing the men to injury."

Although there was not a great difference in the weight of the teams, Coach Stilwell naming 155 pounds as the average weight of his men, against 158 pounds for the locals, the Spokane eleven was a perfect machine compared with its opponents.

While the fans were not pleased with the exhibition, and had much fun at the expense of the lamentable ignorance of the visitors, they realized that every effort had been made to secure a stronger team and that something was due the Ritzville lads for yielding themselves to the slaughter.

The features of the game were the fast line-smashing of Shiel, Peddycord's 50-yard run to a touchdown, Rouse's clever forward pass gains and Durham's heady work at quarter, forward passes, goal kicks and field goal from the 28-yard line in the final minutes of play.

The 72 points scored by the Spokane boys were distributed through four 12-minute quarters. Shiel scored 25 points with five touchdowns, while Durham scored 17 with nine goals in 12 chances, a touchdown and a field goal.

Briefly, the scoring was as follows: First quarter—Touchdowns, Shiel, Thompson and Edris; Durham, three goals. Score, 18-0. Second quarter—Touchdowns, Gallagher, Shiel (2), Edris; Durham, four goals. Score, 47-0.



Shaw and Bowen

Third quarter—Touchdowns, Peddycord, Shiel. Score, 57-0. Fourth quarter—Touchdowns, Shiel; Durham, field goal; Durham, two goals. Score, 72-0.

The lineup of the teams follows:

Spokane.	Position.	Ritzville.
Fancher.....	Left End.....	Rosenhoff
Gallagher (Capt.).....	Left Tackle.....	Etter
Runner.....	Left Guard.....	Despain
Adams.....	Center.....	Kirkham
Henderson.....	Right Guard.....	Willis
Thompson.....	Right Tackle.....	Achziger
Rouse.....	Right End.....	Gillis
Durham.....	Quarter.....	Pettijohn (Capt.)
Shiel.....	Left Half.....	Thiel
Edris.....	Fullback.....	Harding
Robinson.....	Right Half.....	Proctor

Substitutes: Spokane—Ritchie for Thompson; McCarthy for Fancher; Peddycord for Robinson; Kyte for Edris. Ritzville—Bennington for Etter; Perkins for Proctor.

Officials: George Varnell, referee; H. C. Calhoun, umpire; J. Irsfield, field judge; D. E. Smith, head linesman; O. W. Tupper and Jack De Mers, linesmen.

BROADWAY DEFEATS SPOKANE

Both teams played the new football for all it was worth, with Broadway slightly more successful. The visitors seemed to divine the spots of attack and broke up pass after pass.

Spokane's three points were made on a beautiful drop kick by Durham from the 28-yard line, following an exchange of punts and several gains by Gallagher and Durham. Broadway scored six points on a touchdown at the opening of the second quarter. Spokane had just pulled off a beautiful forward pass for a gain of 20 yards when Seattle intercepted an attempted repetition on the 25-yard line. Klopfer went around right end for a touchdown on the next play, Burke kicking goal.

Spokane had an opportunity to tie the score in the fourth quarter, when, on an onside kick penalty, gave us the ball on Broadway's 25-yard line. With forward passes working badly Durham should have taken a trial at another drop kick, but he didn't, and Broadway immediately kicked out of danger.

On the whole our line outplayed Broadway, Gallagher, Thompson, Fancher, Lewis and Runner tearing up things in fierce style. Gallagher stood out head and shoulders above anybody on the field. He was everywhere on defense and offense. Shiel showed up well in the backfield.

Broadway's strong points were on the ends and in the backfield. Spokane tried end run after end run, but seldom got away with anything. Borleske's interference was good, his men stayed together until well started before picking out their men.

Peddycord made a beautiful 30-yard dash in the third quarter, after a neat forward pass, but a moment later Fulton intercepted one and ran 40 yards before being downed by Durham on the Spokane 30-yard line.

Kyte's punting was excellent during the latter part of the game. Nearly

2000 people saw the game. Borleske has but two old men on the team and the victory was a decided feather in his hat.

The Broadway game was to have been played in Seattle, but Broadway offered to come to Spokane for a guarantee of \$500. Mr. Hart offered the Senior A class the first \$250 over expenses if they would take charge of the game, the money to be spent for a class memorial. The class voted to accept the offer and elected Guy Coe as manager.

Everybody in the class worked hard and faithfully and as a result we had an attendance almost as large as that of the Thanksgiving game. The evening before the game about 400 boys met at the old high school and then marched down town, giving yells and singing songs.

The lineup and score:

Spokane High.	Position.	Broadway High.
Fancher.....	Left End	Fallon.....
Gallagher (Capt.).....	Left Tackle	Sonver.....
Runner.....	Left Guard.....	Friedman.....
Aadams.....	Center	Griffiths.....
Rasmus.....	Right Guard.....	McKean.....
Thompson.....	Right Tackle	Broadfoot.....
Pynn.....	Right End.....	Van Dyke.....
Durham.....	Center	Rocke.....
Shiel	Left Half.....	Klopfers.....
Kyte.....	Fullback	Abbott.....
Edris	Right Half.....	Burke (Capt.).....

Substitutes: Spokane—Rouse for Fancher; Lewis for Runner; Peddycord for Shiel; Henderson for Rasmus. Broadway—Humes for Van Dyke; McMahan for Fallon; Ben Abbott for McKean.

Officials: Oliver Cutts (Harvard) of Seattle, referee; D. E. Smith (Chicago), umpire; Jimmy Irsfield (Minnesota), field judge; Cisco Bullivant of S. A. A. C., head linesman.

THE TACOMA GAME

For the first time in the history of Northwest interscholastic football the Tacoma High School eleven defeated the Spokane High School eleven. Starting like a flash and quick to take advantage of the weakness of the opposing line, Tacoma ran the Spokane eleven off its feet in the first six minutes of play, and proved that speed can brush aside weight.

Spokane came to life with a start in the final quarter and gave the 1200 fans who gathered to witness the struggle a taste of "what might have been," by completely turning the tables on the tired Tacomans, rushing them across the line for a touchdown, and later coming within three yards of tying the score.

Coblentz, Tacoma's right half, was the star of the game, outpunting both Kyte and Durham, as well as being the most consistent ground gainer for the visitors. Adams also did some clever line smashing while Palmer, left tackle, distinguished himself by scoring both touchdowns.

Captain Gallagher proved the most consistent line-smasher for the Spokane boys, while Kyte showed up well in this department. Rouse and Pynn executed several successful forward passes, two of which placed the locals in a position to score their own touchdown. Edris and Miller showed up well.



PYNN, GALLAGHER (Capt.), SHIEL

The Spokane line was weaker than usual, with the right side particularly susceptible to the bucks of the Tacomans. The men were slow in getting started, and during the first three periods found considerable difficulty in locating the ball. A fumble by Robinson on an attempted forward pass from the 20-yard line was immediately responsible for the first touchdown. Left Half Adams recovered the ball and four bucks, two by Coblentz, one by Adams and the final by Palmer, placed the pigskin over the line.

The second touchdown, in the third period, was the result of a forward pass and a 30-yard run, Palmer taking the ball on a 20-yard pass from the 50-yard line and rushing across for a touchdown, after evading two of the Spokane backfield guardians.

In the fourth and final half, too late, as it afterward proved, came the awakening. Rouse set the example by negotiating a 15-yard pass, although he fumbled in the effort. A pass failed, but when the locals secured the ball on a punt the line was smashed for yardage. A triple pass, Durham to Edris to Rouse, netted 15 yards, and Gallagher and Kyte immediately added 16 on line plunges. Two failures against the line set another forward pass in motion, and Rouse took the ball to the seven-yard line. Kyte proved the man of the hour in the emergency and two bucks of five and two yards saved Spokane from a shutout. Durham kicked goal from a difficult angle.

After 10 minutes of play a beautiful 20-yard forward pass, Pynn to Durham to Rouse, a series of line-crashing bucks, a clever pass and a run by Pynn, and a 10-yard penalty for interfering with a forward pass, placed Spokane on the five-yard line, but Robinson was thrown back when he attempted to go through left guard; Gallagher failed on a buck around end, and Kyte could make no more than three yards.

The pluck shown by the Tacoma boys when the ball was on their five-yard line has never been equaled here.

The lineup and score:

Spokane.	Position.	Tacoma.
Miller ..	Left End ..	Brantigan
Gallagher (Capt.) ..	Left Tackle ..	Palmer
Lewis ..	Left Guard ..	Palmer
Adams ..	Center ..	Walsh
Rasmus ..	Right Guard ..	Mahaffy
Thompson ..	Right Tackle ..	Hart
Pynn ..	Right End ..	Hill (Capt.)
Durham ..	Quarter ..	Hamilton
Edris ..	Left Half ..	Cromwell
Kyte ..	Fullback ..	Adams
Robinson ..	Right Half ..	Fullerton
		Coblentz

Substitutes: Peddycord for Kyte; O'Connor for Kyte; Rouse for Miller; Briley for Rasmus; Watkins for Walsh.

Officials: D. E. Smith (Chicago), referee; Roscoe Fawcett (North Dakota), umpire; H. C. Calhoun (Chicago), field judge; Warren Belt (Whitman), head linesman.

Scores: Tacoma—Touchdowns, Palmier, two goals; Coblenz, two. Spokane, Kyte one, goal; Durham, one.

SPOKANE (47) VS. LA GRANDE (6)

Starting off with a jump at the call of time, the light La Grande team got the jump on the Spokane boys, and during the first quarter rushed the ball vigorously into Spokane's territory.

Here Spokane stiffened, and by a series of line bucks, in which Shiel, Edris and Durham starred, started a triumphant march down the field for the first touchdown. Forward passes and end runs varied the play, and touchdown followed touchdown, the score piling higher and higher for the local team as the game progressed.

Spokane won the toss and chose the east goal. Watson of Spokane kicked off to Rice, who ran the ball back 20 yards. By end runs, forward passes and line bucks La Grande carried the ball to Spokane's 20-yard line before Spokane was able to stop them. Shiel then intercepted a forward pass, and from that time the game was all Spokane. Spokane marched down the field and Durham carried the ball over for the first touchdown. The quarter ended with the ball in Spokane's possession on her 40-yard line.

In the second quarter Spokane made two touchdowns, one by Shiel and one by Edris. Durham kicked goal both times. Shiel was the star for Spokane in this quarter. On a forward pass he made a brilliant run of 48 yards.

Spokane made three touchdowns, Durham kicking goal each time. The touchdowns were made by Rouse, on a forward pass, by Edris, on a line buck, and by Durham, on a fake pass. La Grande scored a touchdown in this quarter. Durham kicked and Bohnenkamp blocked the kick and ran 55 yards for a touchdown. The quarter ended with the ball in La Grande's possession on her own 30-yard line.

An attempted forward pass was fumbled by La Grande, but Rice recovered the ball. Bolton kicked 25 yards and Durham was downed in his tracks. O'Connor went through the line for three yards, Edris for one, and Spokane kicked 25 yards, the ball going out of bounds on La Grande's 10-yard line. Bolton kicked 25 yards back and Durham took a fair catch. Shiel hit the line for two yards and O'Connor for three more. On a fake place kick Durham tossed a pass to Miller, who made 22 yards. Shiel went through for three yards more. Thompson took the ball over for a touchdown. Durham kicked goal.

Score: Spokane, 47; La Grande, 6.

First Half: La Grande made 218 yards in scrimmage, kicked four times for an average distance of 22.5 yards, and a total of 90 yards. The forward pass tried 10 times, the average gain being 17.3 yards. The total gain was 175 yards on the passing.

Second Half: La Grande made 218 yards in scrimmage, kicked four times for an average distance of 22.5 yards, and a total of 90 yards. The forward pass was tried 10 times, gaining an average distance of 11.9 and a total of 10 yards.

SPOKANE AND WENATCHEE PLAY TIE GAME

Spokane and Wenatchee High Schools played a hard football game to a tie at the fruit city on November 11. Both teams had numerous chances to score, but the Wenatchee team failed through repeated fumbles.



Shaw and Borden

Spokane made consistent gains, but their opponents played their greatest ball when the goal line was in danger and held when the supreme test came.

Tries for field goals either fell short or went wide, and all attempts to gain the necessary points to win were checked by the Wenatchee boys.

The bedlam of 2000 throats and horns ceased for a second as the toe of Captain Foster of Wenatchee met the ball on the 25-yard line and sent the muddy sphere, by a place kick, toward a Wenatchee victory. The cheer rose again as the pigskin soared toward the crossbars, but it died away again in the echoes among the Cascade foothills as the oval dropped six inches below the bar. When it thudded to the ground it sounded the knell on a possible Wenatchee victory and left a 0-to-0 score to answer the taunts of many months of bitter rivalry.

For over an hour the Wenatchee and Spokane High School teams received their baptism of mud and snow, and although victory did not perch on either colors, every man emerged from the ordeal to answer decisively any possible question of nerve. Drenched and chilled at the end of the first five minutes of play, with eyes and ears filled with mud, yet always watching the mud-plastered ball, the two elevents fought without a suggestion of quarter. Determined offense was met with stubborn defense, punt with punt and trick with trick.

The game was not played on a regulation gridiron of 110 yards, but it was no fault of those who laid out the field. Just 60 yards was all the length required, and over this the fierce battle was waged. With one exception, when Wenatchee, for the matter of a second, had the ball on Spokane's nine-yard line in the first half, the ball was never carried nearer than 25 yards of either goal.

Wenatchee supporters claimed that the sloppy field was the one reason their team did not score, while our eleven gave the same reason for not scoring on Wenatchee.

When the teams lined up on the snow-covered field for the kick-off, every business house in the city had closed for the afternoon. Literally everything in town was shut. Colors, horns and megaphones were aids in the spirited rooting that continued throughout the game.

The Wenatchee team started with a rush that had carried the ball to the 30-yard line before Spokane was able to stop their onslaught, but on getting the ball, Durham kicked out of danger. There were few spectacular plays and yet every play showed some one in a praiseworthy light. The tackling was hard, and on account of the slippery condition of the ball there were many fumbles. Captain Gallagher for Spokane repeatedly broke through the line and blocked punts and was able to spoil the play three times in succession in the third quarter.

The big captain was also able to make nice gains through the line, as were Kyte and Edris. Small gains were made around the ends by either team. Pynn and Miller were able to stop everything that came their way. Durham ran the team nicely and shared with Watson in the kicking. Each team tried one forward pass, which failed.

Koehler was the particular star for the local team and his one run of 35 yards in the first half, after getting through the line, was the longest of the game. Captain Foster was also of stellar magnitude with Ross.

The lineup and score:

	Position.	Spokane.
Wenatchee.		
Garland.	Left End	Miller
Milner.	Left Tackle	Gallagher
Ed Gensinger	Left Guard	Runner
Pike.	Center	Adams
Gensinger	Right Guard.	Lewis
Stephens.	Right Tackle	Watson
Sterling.	Right End	Pynn
F. Ross.	Quarter Back	Durham
Tweed.	Left Half	Shiel
Koehler.	Right Half	Edris
Foster.	Fullback	Kyte

Substitutions—O. Ross for Tweed in third quarter; O'Connor for Kyte, Fancher for Miller, in third quarter.

Referee—Roscoe Fawcett, North Dakota. Umpire—Walt Thomas, University of Washington. Field judge—Francis C. Lemon. Head linesman—Edward Carlborg. Attendance—2000.

SPOKANE TIES LINCOLN

On a field two inches deep with mud, Spokane and Lincoln High Schools battled to a scoreless tie on the afternoon of November 24. Practically the entire game was played in Lincoln's territory, Spokane being held once for downs with the nose of the ball about six inches from Lincoln's goal line, and an attempted goal from field by Durham falling short about a foot from the crossbar and less than a foot outside the posts.

The Spokane team outplayed its opponents in every department of the game and the chances are, if played on a dry field, it would have been a clean-cut Spokane victory. Spokane's goal was never in danger, while Lincoln's was almost constantly threatened.

Speaking "sentimentally" and ignoring the plain logic of a 0-to-0 score, it was a victory for Spokane, inasmuch as the Lincoln team, several pounds to the man, heavier, had been picked to win.

The game was played with a fine sky overhead, but a rotten footing underneath. The last two days' sun had dried off the water standing from the long rainy spell, but it had not thawed out the frost, and the baseball diamond that takes up practically the entire west end of the field was a solid rectangle of mud, two or three inches deep. By the peculiar turn of fate the better half of the game had to be played in this section of the field, and at the finish every player's uniform was caked and heavy with mud.

The attendance was fairly good, more than paying expenses and leaving some money for other departments of athletics. The total number of those who saw the game was about 2000.

From the time that Fancher intercepted Lincoln's attempted forward pass, the first play from the scrimmage, through the entire game the odds of the battle were with Spokane. A couple of forward passes, one covering 10 and one 16 yards, Pynn receiving both, gave Spokane a first down on Lincoln's seven-yard line before the game was five minutes' old. Spokane had three downs to make

the goal, and the fierce attack was checked by the Lincoln's line about one foot from the goal.

A penalty robbed Spokane of a chance at a field goal at the outset of the second quarter. Carr was tackled after a long punt from Kyte on his four-yard line for no return. Lincoln punted out from behind the goal line, and, a moment later, intercepted a forward pass on her own seven-yard line. Fancher returned the put to Lincoln's 20-yard line, where Durham's attempted goal from the field missed narrowly.

In the third quarter, a forward pass, Durham to Edris, gave Spokane a first down on Lincoln's 24-yard line, but Woods intercepted another attempted forward pass, and it was Lincoln's ball on her own 20-yard line.

The last quarter developed into a punting duel, Kyte and Young kicking on the first down nearly every time, trusting to the ends to recover the ball for a possible chance near the opponents' goal.

In almost the last second of play Durham dashed back through the Lincoln team for 30 yards, being downed on Lincoln's 30-yard line by the last safety man in the way between the goal. This sensational run aroused the crowd to the wildest enthusiasm and when the whistle blew before the teams could line up for another down it sent them home happy.

Kyte outkicked Young of Lincoln, and Spokane gained on almost every exchange of punts. The Lincoln ends were luckier in recovering the slippery ball on punts, and in returning kicks it was about a standoff, with the edge slightly in favor of Spokane.

It was impossible for either team to gain consistently at the old school type of football, but perhaps in this particular respect Lincoln had the better of Spokane.

In forward passes Spokane excelled Lincoln, just as our team has excelled every team they have played all season through.

Individually, Kyte, Pynn, Fancher, Durham and Lewis were the Spokane stars. Woods, Bruce and Young were the Lincoln heroes. Kyte's kicking and ground-gaining ability were powerful factors in Spokane's offense. Durham, in a large part, atoned for a whole season of play far inferior to his real ability. He played a brilliant game at handling punts and no one can criticize his field generalship. Both Spokane ends played fine ball, Pynn especially. Pynn not only handled the forward passes more surely than any man on the field, but his tackling was deadly and his interference for the man handling punts was clever. Lewis completely outplayed Fallis, who was chosen as an All-Northern guard last year. The whole Spokane line did great work, and behind a less powerful line Kyte would have had several punts blocked, or at least could not have had time to put the driving power behind his kicks.

More than any one individual it was Woods who saved Lincoln from defeat. Bruce never could get started, although he was Lincoln's best ground-gainer. Young was a power in running with the ball and he also punted well.

The lineup and score:

Lincoln.	Position.	Spokane.
Stowell	Left End	Fancher
Bruce	Left Tackle	McGregor
Bryant (Capt.)	Right Guard	Runner
Gilmour	Left Guard	Adams
Fallis	Center	Lewis
Ames	Right Tackle	Thompson
Woods	Right End	Pynn
Olson	Quarter	Durham
Young	Left Half	Gallagher (Capt.)
Carr	Right Half	Edris
Steele	Fullback	Kyte

Substitutes: Ryan for Carr; Coates for Ryan; Briley for Thompson; Watson for Kyte.

Officials: Referee, Tom McDonald, University of Washington. Umpire, G. E. Smith, Chicago. Field judge, George Varnell, Chicago. Head linesman, Carl Becker, University of Washington.

BASKET BALL

SPOKANE DEFEATED BY RATHDRUM

On December 2 Spokane basket-ball team journeyed to Rathdrum and played the first game of the 1910-11 season. The game was marred by roughness and a great number of fouls were called on both teams, Spokane being favored the most. The game was close and hard fought throughout, with the teams never more than a few points apart. Spokane's failure to score goals from free throws is what caused her defeat. Only one free throw in twenty trials landed in the basket. Spokane outplayed their opponents, making six field goals, while Rathdrum only made five.

The Spokane team plays Rathdrum again on the home floor on February 13, and if the team keeps up the record that it has made it will surely defeat the Rathdrum boys. The lineup and score:

Rathdrum.		Spokane.
McAdams	R. F.	Campbell
Sylvester	L. F.	Abrams
McNett	C.	Robinson
Bourn	R. G.	Kunkle
Mitchell	L. G.	Miller

Substitutes—Bowers and Pedicord, Spokane; Donbarger, Rathdrum.

Goals—Campbell, 1; Abrams, 1; Robinson, 4; McAdams, 1; Sylvester, 1; McNett, 2; Mitchell, 1. Free throws—McAdams, 1; McNett, 4; Robinson, 1. Fouls called—On Spokane, 13; on Rathdrum, 15.

Referee—J. M. Davies, Spokane. Umpire—Sylvester, Rathdrum.

BOYS' TEAM BEATS DAVENPORT, 33-15, AND GIRLS DEFEAT CHENEY, 18-0

Both Games on Out-of-Town Floors.

In the second and roughest game of the season, the Spokane High School team defeated Davenport on their home floor, 35-15. Davenport claimed the

championship of Lincoln County last year by virtue of a no defeat record, and because of a desire to repeat past performances the rivalry was intense. However, the superior coaching and headwork of the S. H. S. five enabled them to outplay their opponents at every stage of the game.

On the same night, December 9, the girls' team took the Cheney High School girls' team into camp by a score of 18 to 0. This was the first game of the season for the girls' team and gave Mr. Cook the first opportunity to judge what his new material could do when under fire.

The two teams lined up as follows:

Spokane.	BOYS	Davenport.
Abrams ..	R. F.	Higgins
Campbell (Capt.)	L. F.	Cameron
Robinson, Fancher	C.	Schultze
Kunkle, Miller	R. G.	Laughlin
Bower ..	L. F.	Rollands
Spokane.	GIRLS	Cheney.
L. Brozinski, M. Dosie	R. F.	M. Sullivan
K. Burk	L. F.	G. Pryor
M. Motie, H. Oliver	C. ..	L. Phillips
M. Barker, Z. Zimmerman (Capt.)	R. F.	A. Lee
L. Penn, I. Carson	L. G.	L. Rex

SPOKANE DEFEATS GENESEE

The Spokane High School basket ball team proved easy winners over the five representing the Genesee High School on December 16. This was the first regular contest in the new gymnasium. The game was characterized by rough playing and fouls were frequent during the contest, the local five being the chief offenders, and had 14 fouls called on them during the two halves.

The visitors were unable to score a field goal in the first period, but were successful in making five fouls, while Spokane was running up a total of 28.

The second half was more evenly divided after Coach Most had replaced several of the first team players. Gray of the visiting team played a great game and his throwing of fouls was the best that has been seen here for some time. He made 13 out of a possible 15. Robinson and Campbell were the stars for the Spokane boys and both players shot many difficult baskets.

Just before the game the boys of the team held a meeting and elected Percy Campbell as captain of the basket-ball five for the season of 1910-11. Campbell received the unanimous choice of his team mates. With such a man as Campbell as captain, the team can not help but be a winner. He is one of the fastest basket-ball men on the floor, and knows the game from beginning to end.

The lineup and score:

Spokane.		Genesee.
Miller, Henderson	R. G.	Spearback
Bower, Zabel	L. G.	Kane
Robinson, Fancher	C.	J. Wardrobe
Campbell	R. F.	A. Wardrobe
Abrams, Peddycord	L. F.	Trey

Officials—Hemp, referee; Taylor, umpire; J. McMacken, timekeeper.

Goals—Campbell, 5; Abrams, 7; Peddycord, 1; Robinson, 7; Fancher, 2; Zabel, 1; Bower, 1; A. Wardrobe, 1; Gray, 2; J. Wardrobe, 1. Free throws—Gray, 13.

GIRLS DEFEAT HILLYARD

The evening of December 16 Coach Cook took his girls' team to Hillyard and defeated the girls' team to the tune of 16 to 1. This was Hillyard's first game and they have some good players on their team. Miss Alice Buckley, an old member of the South Central team, played the star game for the Hillyard team. Little Miss Kittrell of the Hillyard team also played a good game. For the Spokane team, Miss Brozinskie did the best work, making six of her team's points. Miss Motie played a star defensive game, and Miss Penn scored all the Spokane points in the first half. Miss Zimmerman and Miss Barker also played a star game.

Score—Miss Penn, 2; Miss Dosie, 1; Miss Brozinskie, 3; Miss Zimmerman, 2. Fouls—On Hillyard, 1; on Spokane, 3. Referee—George Varnell.

SPOKANE WINS FROM PALOUSE

The Spokane High School basket-ball team proved easy winners over the five representing the Palouse High School, on December 23, and piled up a score of 37 to 7. The game started off like a real battle, both teams playing a fast game, but the Spokane boys worked a combination of signals which completely bewildered the visitors, and after the first half the Palouse five was completely outclassed at every stage of the game.

Captain Campbell of the Spokane team played a great game, and was easily the star of the game. Robinson also played a great game and was responsible for the lopsided score. Miller's guarding was excellent. Ancom and Kincaid played the best game for the visitors.

The Spokane boys received their new suits just before the game and wore them for the first time. This was the first time that the boys had worn long basket-ball trousers and they did not like them at first. Between halves they changed and put on short pants.

The lineup and score:

Spokane.		Palouse.
Campbell	R. F.	Ancom
Abrams, Peddycord	L. F.	Powers
Robinson	C.	Kincaid
Bower	L. G.	Wiley
Miller	L. G.	Dingle

Officials—Hemp, Spokane, referee; Harry Goetz, umpire; J. MacMacken, timekeeper.

Baskets—Campbell, 1; Abrams, 3; Robinson, 9; Bower, 6; Ancom, 2; Kincaid, 3. Score—37 to 7.

GIRLS TRIM SAND POINT

The remarkable aggregation of girl basket-ball players of the S. H. S. added another victory to their string by defeating Sand Point by the score of 20-1. The game was played in a rather improvised gym., being poorly lighted and very small. Sandpoint gained their only point in the first minute of play. Spokane

soon followed with 10 baskets, and so ended the game, 20-1 in favor of Spokane. The first half was exceedingly fast, but the last half was marred by roughness. At no time was Sand Point in the game, as the Spokane girls outclassed them completely in team work and basket shooting.

The Spokane girls have won every game played this season by a large margin. This game makes a total of 54 points scored by Spokane girls in three games against two points scored by their opponents. Not a field goal has been thrown for the season against a Spokane guard. The point by Hillyard and Sand Point were by free throws. In team work and passing the Spokane girls have outclassed all their opponents.

For Sand Point, Miss Allen proved to be the star. Miss Zimmerman, captain of Spokane, was the particular star of the evening. Miss Barker distinguished herself as defense guard, as did her partner, Miss Penn. Miss Motie, at Center, managed to get the "touch off" and also a spectacular field goal. Miss Dosie and Miss Burk, both forwards, have been playing a great game, but had rather hard luck in scoring, several hitting upon the rim and barely missed rolling into the basket. Miss "Dick" Brosinske played an exceptionally good game at running forward and secured goals from difficult angles.

The lineup and score:

Sand Point.		Spokane.	
Ragafund	F.	Burk, Dosie	
Page	F.	Brosinske	
Hines	C.	Motie	
Catlin	G.	Penn, Barker	
Allen (Capt.)	G.	(Capt.) Zimmerman	

Baskets—Zimmerman, 4; Dosie, 2; Brosinske, 3; Motie, 1. Free throws—Miss Page, 1.

Referee, Mr. Cook, Spokane; umpire, Mr. Stanton, Sand Point; Timer, Mr. H. Burt, Spokane; scorer, Miss K. Burt, Spokane.

THE GYMNASIUM

At the beginning of this school year gymnasium work was started in the new gymnasium under the direction of Mr. T. G. (Van) Cook. The new gym. is regarded as the best one in the city.

On Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week the gym is opened to the boys of the school, a gym. class being held the third and fourth periods. This class is composed mostly of afternoon students, although a few morning students attend. The average attendance for this class is about 60.

In the afternoon Mr. Cook has an optional gym class during the seventh and eighth periods. He gives work in this class that will interest the baseball, football and track and develop material in the school. The ninth and tenth periods are devoted to basket-ball practice.

On Wednesday the boys' basket-ball league play their games instead of regular class work. Monday and Friday they have regular class work, consisting of calisthenics, wands, dumbbells and Indian clubs, followed by apparatus work under the leaders' corps. This gives the students a varied program of gymnasium work and makes the work very interesting.



A brief review of debating for 1909-10 shows that in this activity the Spokane high schools have a record of which they should be justly proud. The season was successful not alone from the standpoint of the number of victories won, but principally in that debating gained a higher prestige among the student body. Greater enthusiasm witnessed the state and class debates and competition was more keen. The successful season was climaxed by the South Central-North Central debate, which bids fair to be acclaimed as the most strongly contested as well as the best supported debate in the history of the Spokane high schools.

The interscholastic debates are always the most important of the year and toward these most of the debating interest is centered. The students who are selected to comprise these teams are recognized as the leading debaters of the school and too much credit cannot be given them for their efficient work. Much of the success of the teams in the last two years is due to the untiring efforts of our former debate coach, Mr. C. C. Dill. When Mr. Dill assumed the position as coach, debating was at a low ebb, but under his careful supervision it was placed on its former plane and some of the best debaters in the history of the school have been turned out. In 1909, on the closed shop question, Spokane went undefeated until the semi-finals. We were represented that year by Miss Fae Dyke, Arnold Eggerth, and Myron Moreland.

The first interscholastic debate last year was with Walla Walla on the question of the Des Moines plan of city government. The debate aroused a great deal of interest and the students responded loyally to the support of the team in obtaining a unanimous vote for the Orange and Black. By a two-to-one vote, Spokane lost the following debate to our old rival, Colfax. The team consisted of Myron Moreland, Vaughn Huneke, and Earle Wallace.

The debating society, too, on account of its varied and excellent programs, enjoyed a prosperous year. Debates, mock trials, mock banquets, and parliamentary drill chiefly constituted the program. The exciting scenes that surrounded "Judge Moreland's" courtroom are still in our memories and it is yet a legitimate question to ask: "Who killed the cat?"

The inter-class debates were begun in the early part of the year and from the



time of the first try-out enthusiasm never lagged. Permission was granted for the holding of the semi-final and the final debates at chapel periods, which plan proved to be an excellent manner in stimulating interest. For the second time in the history of the South Central, the Freshman B class bested the

MR. DOUGLAS
DEBATING COACH

Senior A's. The argument was upon the question of co-education in colleges and the winning team was composed of Miss Florence Lilliquist and Owen Kilgore. The Senior A class was represented by Fred Carver and May Anderson.

At the North Central High School, under the able supervision of Mr. L. W. Sawtelle, director of debating, the inter-class debates likewise formed the

CHESTER MULLER

nucleus of a great deal of interest. The Sophomore B class was declared the champions and the team was composed of Floyd Ellis and Herman Howe.

Backed by a large and enthusiastic debating society, strong rivalry and loyal student support, several championship teams were turned out which won laurels for their school. Vincent White, Aubrey Martin, and Earle Hosea, debating the Monroe Doc-

ALLEN PAINE

trine with the Plaza High School, won the unanimous vote of the judges. Also on December 17th, 1939, Vincent White, Allen Paine, and Robert Merk for the North Central were victorious over the Hillyard High School, discussing the question of the educational qualification for voters. At a later date the girls' team, composed of Miss Mae Wallace, Miss Elizabeth Corcran, and Miss Inez Williams,

LEWIS SCHWELLENBACH

sent the Hillyard school down to a second defeat. By far the best debate of the year was between the South Central and North Central High Schools, in which the former won by a two-to-one decision.

The winning team, composed of Myron Moreland, Richard Munter, and Lewis Schwellenbach, defended the affirmative of the question: "Resolved, That an education and property qualification should be

MYRON MORELAND

placed on immigration to the United States." The North Central was represented by Vincent White, Allen Paine, and Herman Howe. The arguments of each were well constructed and presented in such a striking manner that the debaters never failed to

hold the undivided attention of the audience. Each school was well represented, and the constant clash of argument brought forth repeated applause.

The 1910-11 season opened under auspicious conditions. By the union of the two high schools, the amount of material from which to select was doubled and debating interest greatly increased. Although it was not deemed advisable to form a society, the work was carried on successfully and when student support was called upon it was not found wanting.

In a try-out held at the beginning of the year to select a team to represent the Spokane High School in the interstate debates, from fifteen contestants; Myron Moreland, Allen Paine, and Lewis Schwellenbach were chosen. Judging from the experience and ability of the team and the laurels already won, we feel confident that they will win for us the championship of this district. This is Mr. Malcolm Douglas' first year as debate coach of this High School, but the success the team has attained so far assures us of his ability.

The first debate of the year was held with Latah in the High School Auditorium, November 11th, 1910. The decision was two-to-one in favor of Spokane on the question: "Resolved. That an income tax should be a part of a federal system of taxation: Provided, the constitutionality of such a tax shall not be raised." A fair-sized crowd was in attendance and the arguments of the respective debaters were ably presented, especially the refutation of Mr. Moreland. Mr. C. C. Dill presided.

On December 16th, 1910, the team journeyed to Rosalia to win the school decision on the negative of the same question. This entitles Spokane to a hearing at the semi-finals, when the Waitsburg team will debate us on the local rostrum February 3d. The success of the team so far is certainly encouraging, and we feel confident that it is only a matter of a short time until Spokane will have the champion debating team of this district.

A closing word in behalf of debating. Seldom in a lifetime does the opportunity present itself as it does now of acquiring one of the greatest assets to a person's education—the art of public speaking. Education is not merely what one obtains in the shape of knowledge, but a large spart is in the ability one acquires to conquer himself and mould and shape the opinions of his fellowmen. In years hence, do not be among the lot to lament the error of your youth by not heeding the call of this beseeching activity. Students, learn now to conquer your trembling knees when standing before your classmates. Youth is the time to conquer.



SOME SPASMS

Describing senior boys and girls
 Is quite a heavy task,
 But let us hope
 They'll see the joke
 When I remove the mask.

Harry Beckett is the first to come.
 They tell me he's no preacher;
 Some people say
 That he'll some day
 Hitch up with a school teacher.

Roy Boughton seems a likely chap;
 He's given the freshmen many a shock;
 Their brains get duller,
 They see every color,
 When they view his noisy socks.

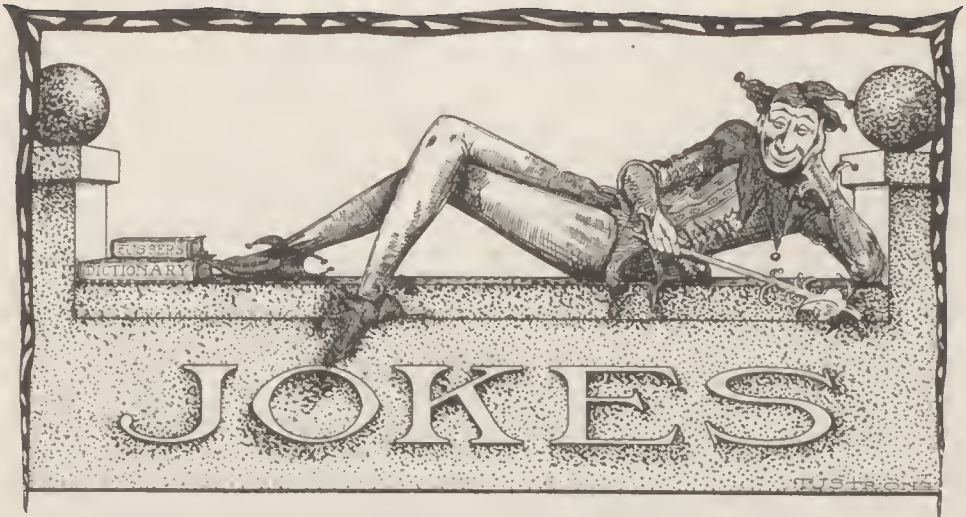
Carl Dickson is our President short,
 Who thinks that Spanish is a jolly sport;
 He studies it with might and main,
 And dreams of far-off sunny Spain,
 Where señoritas he can court.

Grant Butterbaugh is a real cute child.
 Do the girls admire him? Maybe!
 They've good cause, it is true,
 When they hear the boy coo;
 You know, he's the senior class baby.

Some people call him "baby face."
 If you knew Ned, you'd say they were cruel.
 I've heard people tell
 He's captured a "Belle"
 Who is teaching a small country school.

"Vic" Jaeger has a mania for freshmen girls;
 It's enough to put his head in a whirl.
 There's one, it is said,
 That's quite turned his head,
 And his heart at her he has hurled.

—B. M.



Miss Wright (translating German): "‘She promised him a little kiss.’"
 Ned Edris: "‘Stingy, wasn’t she?’"

Maid of High School, e’re we part,
 Give me back, no, not my heart,
 But my class pin, signet ring,
 Football pennant, everything
 That I bought and gave to you
 When our High School love was new.

Urban O’Connor: "‘How do you say ‘has he,’ in German?’"

Mr. Ringlier: "‘Hat er.’"

U. O.: "‘Full of it, aren’t you?’"

IN LATIN

Eleanor Elliott (translating): "‘In the meantime Aeneas was holding the course with his fleet in the midst of the land.’"

ON HALL DUTY

Miss Robinson (taking Mr. Most by the coat sleeve): "‘Don’t you know it’s time to be in your session room?’"

Mr. Most: "‘Oh, it is, is it?’"

Miss R.: "‘Why don’t you move along and do your duty?’"

Mr. M.: "‘I will, when I get ready.’"

Mr. M. made his departure, but soon returned, smiling broadly.

Mr. M. (to Miss R.): "‘You didn’t know I wasn’t a student, did you?’"

Miss R.: "‘I do now!’"

Mr. M.: "‘Why?’"

Miss R.: "‘Because a student would have been respectful.’"

Gladys: "‘Ned told me he wanted to see you very badly.’"

Florence: "‘What did you tell him?’"

Gladys: "‘I told him to come to breakfast some morning.’"

Albert Anderson (in History VII, to Mr. Beddall): "‘You didn’t have your references in the library.’"

Mr. B. (mournfully): "‘No. The librarian put me out for a week for talking!’"

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING PAYS

Wanted—A grown-up appearance. Generous compensation for same. Mr. Douglas.

To Let—A goodly crop of winter whiskers. For particulars see Mr. I. C. Libby.

Notice—Mr. Filer will conduct a class in dramatic reading. Demonstration free. Favorite selection, "The Task."

Lost, strayed or stolen, in or about the High School Library, one full-grown dignity with two buttons off. Finder please return to M. M. B., room 63, and receive reward.

Physical culture, and sleight-of-hand taught in twelve lessons. Bear in mind that the membership of the class is limited. Call early. W. S. Wallace.

Wanted—A sure but harmless recipe for subduing seniors. Ezra E. Lollar.

Found—A Freshie that knows something. For particulars inquire at office. Mr. Hart has him caged for preservation.

Lost—A brand new, perfectly good joke. Mr. Hargreaves.

CONFIDENTIAL

Wanted—A new kind of patent curlers. Mr. Troth.

Wanted—A kindred spirit, or soul's affinity. Must be good cook. No other need apply. Mr. Ringleire.

Eleanor Elliott (bribing Mr. Filer, who is on hall duty): "Have a doughnut which I cooked myself.

Mr. Filer: "Do you like to boil doughnuts?"

BOYCOTT! BOYCOTT!

A boycott is hereby declared upon Dunn because he hath sworn to flunk any and all pupils who put jokes concerning him in the Annual. Let us protect our rights and chastise the despot!

Miss Wright: "Ned, translate: 'Und aller Augen blitzen hell.'"

Ned Endris: "'And all eyes blazed like ——.'"

Miss Wright: "Don't be too literal, please!"

ROMANTIC POETS UP-TO-DATE

Ill fares the youth to hastening tests a prey,
Where flunks accumulate and grades decay;
Bluffs and ponies may flourish and may fade,
A breath has wiped away a whole month's grade.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist—
And still it neared and neared;
He had been out till 3 A. M.,
And his sight was slightly queered.

Breathes there a maid with soul so dead,
Who never to herself hath said,
As under the mistletoe she hath stood:

"These fellows here are all no good!"
 If such there be, go,—mark her well,
 For her no newspaper will ever tell,
 "Her bridal gown was simply swell!"
 For she must be a lemon.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Flora Lean Jibbey

Dear Miss Jibbey:

I am teaching in a school room located in the basement, and there is a certain teacher on the third floor whom I should very much like to talk with at the noon hour. This period is so short, however, that I scarcely more than reach the top floor when I have to go back. Can you help me? J. C. S.

The only thing I could suggest would be to have her meet you on one of the floors between the basement and the third floor. This would save time, and also, you would not exert so much energy climbing stairs.

INTERFERING PARENTS

Dear Miss Jibbey:

I am madly in love with a beautiful young girl. Her parents object on account of my youth. What can I do to convince them of my capability.

W. S. W.

You could powder your hair and wear knee breeches instead of kilts, which might contribute to your grown-up appearance.

TO CURB ONE'S PROPENSITY FOR FLIRTING

I am a very beautiful young girl and receive much attention from men. I have broken five hearts and now I want to reform. What course shall I pursue? CHARLOTTA C.

First bleach your hair. Dark auburn is very conducive to flirting. Then by degrees, you may be able to control yourself. By no means wear your hair in puffs, and pin every curl back. Never wear pink, frilly waists.

TO AVOID SEPARATION

My wife's affection has faded! How shall I make her care for me again?

J. G. Mac.

Learn a few fundamental facts about "How to be happy tho' married," and wipe the dishes for her twice a day.

HOW TO GAIN ATTENTIONS

I am tired of single life and would like to be taken care of for a while. I am pretty, but shy, and I am very much averse to doing anything which would make me conspicuous. Will you please help me? LYLLYAN A. S.

Your case is indeed a hard one, and the only suggestion I can offer is that you have recourse to a personal in some good newspaper.

GET BUSY

Every day there comes to my room on some trivial errand a teacher who looks into my eyes long and earnestly. He seized my hand the last time, and watched me intently while he held it in his firm grasp. We have been on the faculty together for some time, and I don't know exactly what to think.

CORINTHIA.

Perhaps he was counting your pulse while he held your hand in his firm grasp, but you will be safe in pricing materials for wedding gowns.

TO THE FAT MAN

I am furiously in love with one of the pupils in my class, but she will not lavish her affections upon a fat man. Shall I take exercises to make me grow tall so that my avoirdupois will not be so conspicuous, or shall I wear striped clothes to make me look more slender?

COACH K.

You had best try to grow a little taller since you are so very short. Meanwhile present her with many flowers and take her to the North Side Confectionery twice a week.

NEVER BE IMPETUOUS

I am very fond of a young girl, who in turn thinks a great deal of me. She has been away to school and will return in a few days. I feel sure that I shall have to fold her in my arms and kiss her fondly, and I have had my hair beautifully curled for the occasion. Will it be improper for me to thus display my consuming affection?

ALONZO P. T.

You had best find out if she is accompanied by another brave knight, before you demonstrate, and if the coast is clear, then proceed.

(Revised to apply to the library needs.)

Speak to me only with thine eyes
And I will answer too,—
For it's as much as my life's worth
To speak aloud to you!

GIRLS, TAKE NOTICE

Mr. Lollar (instructing in letter forms): "Never make a dash after 'Gentlemen.' It is not good form."

Mr. Hart (presiding at graduation dress meeting): "All girls who want to wear dresses please rise."

Senior Girl (soulfully): "If a young man whom you thought a great deal of was gone for a whole year, would you kiss him on his return?"

Irreverent Freshie: "No, I'd kiss him on his mouth."

A RURAL TRAGEDY

Their meeting was sudden,
Their meeting was sudden,
She gave up her young life,—
'Twas the only life she had.
Now she sleepeth 'neath the willows,—
In peace she slumbers now.
Believe me, there's something doing,
When a freight train hits a cow!

—Pynn.

PECULIAR AND PERTINENT

If you want to start something, put a demure blonde, a football hero and a sprig of mistletoe in the upper right-hand corner of room 47. You won't have to wait long.

THE CRADLE-SNATCHERS' TRIO

Grant Butterbaugh (?).

Robert Peddycord (!).

Victor Jaeger (x!z!).

Owing to the fact that Mr. Lollar's pet cat had stolen his pink hair ribbon,

he could not wear his hair down Kindergarten day, which he regretted very much.

Miss Nunn absent-mindedly warned a meek looking bald-headed man at the City Library that said library was for reference study only, and that he must not speak above a whisper. The week looking b.-h.-m. fell in line with the rest of us and subsided.

Have you ever noticed that automobiles are like people? The cheap ones are noisy.

Of all sad words e'er writ or spoke,

The saddest are these: "Just write a joke!"

Pluto: "Who is that frail looking spirit going toward the furnace?"

Charon: "He's a joke editor."

Pluto: "Take him to Elysium at once."

Mr. Bedall is not fond of a warm climate, and therefore will not see his pupils hereafter in the library.

History and Mathematics are waging a battle royal for the supremacy of influence upon economic conditions. With bated breath we watch for the outcome.

Miss Collins is very much opposed to holding hands at the theater unless it is very dark.

Lines of Caesar oft remind us;
We can make our lives sublime,
Just by asking silly questions,
Taking up our teacher's time.

—H. Knapp.

Mr. Dunn: "Can you prove that proposition?"

William P.: "No; I was thinking of a circle that wasn't round."

IN LATIN SOME MORE

H. H. (translating): "'He killed him and extended him about to die upon the yellow sand.'"

Mr. McMacken (turning wheel at electric machine): "What makes the electricity?"

Modest voice from rear: "The crank behind the machine."

Alone, alone, all, all alone;
Alone in the big dark hall;
And only the mistletoe was seen,—
A meeting, a smack,—that's all.

APROPOS OF THE DISTRIBUTION OF AMERICAN SAFETY LEAGUE PINS

Eloise Edwards (to Guy Coe): "Let me take your safety pin."

Alice (aged 6): "Mamma, Bobby kissed me five times today."

Mamma: "Why, daughter, it is very wrong to do that. Where did he kiss you?"

Alice: "Out on the front curbing."



Our Alumni are many and widely scattered. Since the graduation of the first class in 1891 from the old S. C. H. S.—beyond the memory of many of our present students—they have gone out in ever increasing numbers and have straightway or ultimately entered life's arena. The older graduates are now to be found in almost every section of our state, engaged in almost every conceivable vocation. Lawyers, doctors, preachers, teachers, business men, mechanics—all may be recognized in the ranks of our graduated students, while many, probably the majority, prefer allegiance to the higher institution, through which they may have passed, yet it is impossible that they forget the institution in which their characters were developed.

Sylvia Mudgett, '09, is now attending Oberlin College.

Frances Ash, '10, is in an Eastern finishing school.

Aimee Rosenhaup, '10, is also attending a finish school.

Effie Hymen, '09, an old "basket-ball star," is now in the city.

Merle Sherwood, '09, is now in the city, having gone to Whitman one year.

Verna Prescott, '09, is at Washington State College.

Bernice Anderson, '08, is attending the university at Seattle.

Grace and Genevieve Prescott, '09, are going to school at Pullman.

Edwin Matthias, '07, is at Stanford.

Rex Gardner, '09, is going to Pullman.

Ross McElroy is a Kappa Sigma at W. S. C.

Thomas Atwater, Jan., '08 is attending Whitman College.

Gladys Bazeau, June, '10, is teaching music in Vancouver.

Abbie Forester, Jan., '07, was married last summer and is residing in the city.

Paul Wiesman, '07, is studying medicine in an Eastern college.

Waldo Brown, '08, is surveying in the city.

Clare Giboney, '09, is attending an Eastern college.

Margaret Johnson, '09, is working in the city library at Portland, Ore.

Norma Clark, '09, is a Soph. at Smith College.

Louise Johnson, '07, is teaching school at Prosser, Wash.

Warren Clark, '07, is studying Law at Harvard.

Noel Thompson, '10, is drafting.

Fred Jones, '10, is working in the city.

Laura Wentworth, '09, is a member of the Junior class at Smith College.

Nelson Hartson, '07, is a senior at the University of Washington.

Bertha Biglow, '07, will graduate this year from the university at Seattle.

Edna Spannagel, '08, will graduate from the University of Washington in June.

Willard Dunn, '08, is now a married man and is living in the city.

Margarete Newman, '09, is enjoying society life in the city.

Mae Ihler, June '10, is teaching school in Idaho.

Isabella Baehr, Mary Castello, Bessie Daniels, Lola Derr, Dora Doble, Allene Dunn, Lillian McDonald, Lillian McLeod, Ruth Moody, Ruth Rnisel, Ira Rouse, Leland Argall, Joseph Brinkerhoff, Wayne Butterbaugh and Ralph White, all of the June, '10, class, are taking a post-graduate course.

Helen White, June, '10, is in the city.

Edna Rowell, '09, is working at the Washington Water Power Company.

Harold Kennedy, '10, is also working at the W. W. P. Co.

Mae Anderson, '10, is trying to run the town of Nez Perce.

Clayton Evanson, June, '10, is collecting for the gas company.

Ellen Forester, Jan., '10, is in the city.

Marion McCallum, '10, is in the city studying music.

Fenimore Owen, Jan., '10, is attending the University of Washington.

Florence Allen, '10, is going to Stanford.

Clyde Johnson, June, '10, is working at the Scandinavia Bank.

Clarence Smith, Jan., '10, is also in the Scandinavia Bank.

Marion Hayden, June, '10, is working on a survey.

Fred Carver, Jan., '09, is working at Bartlet & Carver's.

Rhea Buchanan, June, '10, is one of the assistants at the City Library.

Gladys Lowe and Isabelle Kenevan, '10, are teaching school in Emida, Idaho.

Alice Lilliquist, '10, is a freshman at Whitman College.

Harriet Bolger, '10, is sorority girl at the University of Idaho.

Louise Curtice, June, '10, is attending school at Stanford.

Ray Morgan, '10, is in a bank at Lamont.

Lucy Sherwood, '09, is at Spokane College.

Mable Lucas, Jan., '10, is attending school in Boston.

Mable Porter, '09, is a Soph. in Wellesley College.

Ethel Baskerville, '09, is in the city studying music.

Hazel House, '10, is in the city.

George Febiger, '10, is attending the University of Washington.

Elenor Laidlaw, '10, is in the city.

Merle Monroe, '09, our "athlete" in Pullman.

Fred Olds, '09, is also in Pullman.

William Paine, '09, is attending Cornell.

Verna Anderson, '10, is working in the city.

Merna and Mildred Brown, '10, are both going to business college.

Helen Rutter, '09, is in the city.

- Gladys Grier, Jan. '09, is a Delta Gamma at the University of Washington.
 Fielding McClaine, '10, freshman in Cornell.
 Guy Hanchett, '10, is in the city.
 Scott Jones, June, '10, is in Dartmouth.
 May and Kate Crookerwit, '10, are visiting in Holland.
 Ida Jamieson, '10, is in the city.
 Lillian See, Jeanie Cameron, Grace Campbell and Eva Pearson, Jan., '10, are at home.
 Theo Burger, '07, is attending the Medical College in Chicago.
 Alvin Jensen, '09, is a frat man at the U. of W.
 Delos Sutherland, '10, is attending school at Berkeley.
 Edna Grosscup, '10, is in the city.
 Florence McEachren, June, '10, is studying music in the city.
 Margarete Odgers, '10, will go to La Salle Seminary next fall.
 Gordon Davis, '10, has taken up stage life.
 Dan Drumbeller, '09, is at Stanford.
 Myrtle Falk, '09, is teaching school in Oregon.
 Bessie Harrington, '09, is studying in an Eastern college.
 Donna Meed, '09, is studying music in New York.
 Ruth Motie, '09, is in the city.
 Sam Russell, '09, is working in the city.
 Doris Mathewson, Jan., '09, has been teaching school, but is now in the city.
 Kathleen Kimball, '08, is now enjoying society life, having been to a finishing school.
- Mae Bolger, '07, graduates this year from the University of Washington.
 Hazel Parson, '07, is married.
 Hugh Churchill, '07, is working in the city.
 Vaughn Huneke, Jan., '10, is in Stanford.
 Edith Smith, '10, is attending school at Whitman.
 Leah Finklestein, '09, is at Whitman College.
 Joe Shield, '10, is taking a prominent part in the Glee Club at Pullman.
 Wesley Englehorn, June, '09, is at Dartmouth.
 Harry Goetz, '10, is a freshman at the U. of W.
 Neva Rowell, '08, is teaching school in Rockford, Wash.
 Leon Oppenheimer, '09, is at Stanford.
 Grover Harrington, '09, is at Michigan.
 Carlos Close, '10, is attending Stanford.
 Wallace De Witt, June, '09, is at Princeton.
 Alva Kitt, '08, is at Whitman College.
 Helen Severance, '09, has been traveling in Europe for the past year.
 Hazel Dart, '09, is attending Whitman College.
 Levi Robinson, '09, is at Whitman.
 Lillian Pierce, Edith Wilson, Philip Knight, Gustav Meese and Burton Robinson, all of June, '10, are at Whitman College.
 Bert Abrams, '09, is working in the city.
 Edwin Ferguson, '10, is working at J. W. Graham & Co.'s.
 Sylvester Stryker, '09, is working in the city.
 James Ferguson, '10, is working at the Old National Bank.

- Carl Dunn, '10, is working at the Regal Shoe Company.
Paul Hahn, '10, is in the city.
Martha Burgman, '10, is in town.
Harry Andrews, '10, is taking a course in law at Spokane College.
Jesse Beyer, '10, is in the city.
Claire Daniels, '10, is going to night school at Jenkins Institute.
Robert Doble, '10, is reporting for the Herald.
Leon Ellis, '10, is studying law in Chicago.
George Forrest, '10, is working at the Washington Theater.
Earl Klingensmith, '10, is working on the Chronicle.
Carl Laney, '10, is going to Spokane College.
Ed Law, '10, is on a survey at Chelan.
Charles McCormick, '10, is working at the Emporium.
Jerome Prager, '10, is working at Prager's store.
Dan Remly, '10, is attending a medical college in Philadelphia.
Warren Sheedy, '10, is now in the city.
Horace Weber, '10, is working at Weber's, on Riverside.
Rose Cohn, Jan., '10, is studying music in the city.
Bertha Thusan, June, '10, is in the city.
Evelyn Jamieson, June, '10, has entered Wellesley College as a freshman.
Helen Morgan, '09, is in the city, enjoying a society life.
Agnes McEachren, '09, is home studying music.
Mark Hayfield, '09, is going to the University of Washington.
Elinore Stephens, June, '10, is a sorority girl at the U. of W.
Grace Shawler, June, '10, is in the city.
Roselind Barr, June, '10, is attending the University of Washington.
Edna Peterson, '10, is at Wells College in New York.
Edith Smith, '09, is at Whitman College.
Roy Railsbach, June, '10, is working for a wholesale firm.
Bert Ritter, '10, is attending school at Pullman.
Catherine Buckley, '09, is working at Murigg Troyd's drug store.
Byron Johnson, '09, is working in the city.
Bernice Klein, '09, is teaching school in Washington.

THE STAFF

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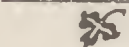
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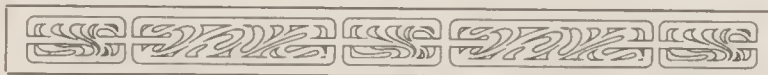
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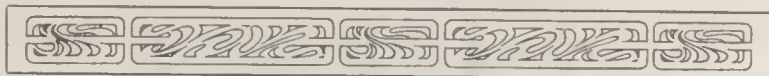
I WISH to thank the merchants and business men for their loyal support of this Annual, and I sincerely urge the students of the Spokane High School to show their loyalty by patronizing the advertisers in this paper.

Wishing these merchants continued success in the future, I am,

Yours sincerely,

J. VICTOR JAEGER,

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