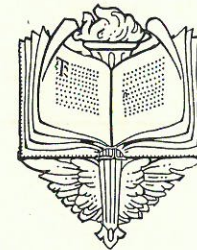


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WHEAT

FRESHMAN NUMBER

MARCH, 1917



WHEAT

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

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

Editor in Chief Jesse Dewald
Assistant Editors Gail Haight, Martha Kanzler
Literary Editor George Weber
Society Esther Thiel
Locals Leah Lewis
Jokes Fred Koch
Athletics Eugene Cassady
Exchange Alfred Yohnka
Senior Reporter Helen Shock
Junior Reporter Althea Johnson
Sophomore Reporter David Gaiser
Freshman Reporter Harry Bodinger
Philo Reporter Ada Helme
Forum Reporter David Dirks
Business Manager Harry Bodinger

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Here's the one who us upholds,
And she's a bonnie Scottish lass,
Tis she who ne'er a Freshie scolds,
For she's Advisor of our class.
—F. K.

WHEAT

VOL. XII

MARCH, 1917

NO. 5

THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

It was a warm morning in May. The sun was shining brightly and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The air was filled with music made by the little birds in the nearby trees. The little brook bubbled with joy. All the world seemed to take a part in making this a pleasant morning. And there was a reason for it was the last day of school.

In the distance a dark figure was seen moving along the grassy flower-covered road. It was Hans, making his last trip along the road to the little schoolhouse on the hill. His heart was filled with more joy than that of the gay little birds.

Now beside this road was a large oak under which he had often rested, when on his way to school. Upon reaching the tree, he sat down under it for the last time. Hans was happier in that seat of grass and flowers in the shade of the old oak, than he would have been on the throne of King George. As he sat there pondering over the by-gone school days, he heard a clattering of hoofs down the snakelike road. It was a troop of riders who rushed up to where he sat. They picked him up and carried him off. On, on they went till at last they came to a small shack, hidden among the trees and bushes.

It was a little one-room house with one small, dirty barred window. The door was low and heavy. A short chimney stuck out of the moss-covered roof. At a distance the house could hardly be distinguished from the trees and vines.

Here they stopped and he was taken inside the cabin. He was put in one corner of the cabin and as he was sick and lame from the long ride, he soon went to sleep.

In one corner of the cabin was a shelf on which many old and odd books were standing. In another corner was a small table on which enough food was placed to last one person at least two weeks. A bed stood under the window and a lamp was on a low three-legged stool. It was evident that this place was once inhabited by Namon, the head of the seven highway robbers.

When Hans awoke it was almost two o'clock. He got up and examined the room. He tried the door but it was locked from the outside. So he went to the table. Here he found some bread, water and cheese. But he could not eat. Time moved slowly. Minutes seemed like hours. He went to the bookshelf and took a book. While looking through the book a letter fell from it. He picked it up and to his surprise saw he address, "Jacob J. Wister," written upon it. He tore it open and found two hundred dollars in bills. Upon reading the letter enclosed he saw that the money was sent to his father in payment for several articles which he had bought. But why should Namon leave such an amount of money where he had imprisoned Hans Wister. The reason, thought Hans, was that the thief had misplaced the money and not being able to find it right away gave up the search. How the thief became possessor of the money was still a mystery to Hans.

It was now late in the afternoon, but there were no signs of being freed from the place. Why should Namon do this? Had Hans done anything wrong to him? He remembered that four nights ago a man came to his father's house and asked for a horse. His father not knowing the man had refused to lend it to him. Could this Namon be the man? If so they had kidnapped him in order to repay his father.

On the fourth day of his captivity he thought of a bold plan for making his escape. It was dangerous but it was the only way. After soaking his clothes he lit a pile of paper which was lying in one corner. Fortunately the trees, grass

and bushes were green or they would have caught fire. He was free.

He started for home. As he drew near their home, Jack, the dog, ran out to meet him. That night the house was filled with joy from cellar to garret. His father told him how they had searched for him. Hans told his father all that had happened and showed him the letter he had found. Hans then said, "Your surprise is not so great as my sorrow for I have missed the last day of school."

Fred Koch, '20

FRESHMAN CLASS POEM

We Freshmen, Oh, we Freshmen,
Though green and fresh we are,
We'll soon clean up the Sophies,
And make them melt like tar.

And how about the Seniors,
Who are proud and boastful still;
Oh, they'll give up at the end,
And let us have our will.

For with us victory shall be,
In the field or in the class;
And Junior friends will all agree
Until the very last.

Then let us rally round our colors
The gray and crimson gran,
And here's our motto, tried and true,
"We can because we think we can."

And the rose, our dear class flower,
We will wear it year by year;
Even tho' there comes the hour,
When we're no more Freshmen here.

Fred Koch, '20.

A MIDNIGHT RAID

His name was John Alexander Jessops. That is the name by which he was known to his parents. The members of his gang called him Slim, and Slim we shall now call him.

On this particular evening he was dragging his feet dismally down the length of the hall to his room. He knew that the gang was waiting for him down by the big oak. But his father had persistently remained awake that night, and he had no chance to leave the house.

Little he knew that his nightly prowlings were suspected by his parents. The day previous his mother had discovered a long rope under the bureau, and had thought a long time on the apparent causes of its presence there, but said nothing.

On this particular evening Jessops, Sr., had acted very strangely, as if he had something on his mind. Instead of going to bed at nine, which was his usual hour, he remained up, reading his paper, although once the sharp eyes of his son discovered that it was being held upside down.

The gang had notified Jessops, Jr., that day that they were planning to make a raid on a neighboring watermelon patch and wanted him to "be sure and not miss it."

After he had given his father and mother sufficient time to go to sleep, he arose and crossed the room, which he had previously cleared of chairs, and felt under the bureau for his hidden rope. Taking it out he made it fast to a spike in the window sill and climbed down it.

When he reached the tree he found the gang just ready to depart for the "scene of action." Numerous questions were asked as to the reason for his tardiness, but he did not deign to answer as it would have hurt his pride.

As they moved off down the road they did not notice a man stealing along in the shadow of the trees and little did they dream that their every movement was being watched by a pair of keen eyes.

When the patch was reached, they posted scouts around the field and went after the melons. It took but a short time

before they were off again down the road. The man who had followed them to the patch was still in chase, but he took the greatest care now, as they were on the watch for the slightest movement which might prove hostile.

After the great feast Slim bade his friends farewell and started for home. When he had gone quite a distance from the scene of the feast a man emerged from the shadow of trees and followed him. When the home was reached, the man lurked in the shadow of the fence while Slim climbed his improvised ladder and gained his room. The man now walked up to the door, took a key from his pocket and opened it.

As he turned to look back the moonlight fell on his face. It was Jessops, Sr. But instead of a stern look, his face was lighted with a humorous smile, which did not die away as he climbed the stairs to his room. As he climbed into bed he said to himself with a chuckle, "let the little beggar have all the fun he wants to. I was a boy like him once, myself." And with these words he fell asleep.

Walter H. Kurtz, '20.

IN THE LAND OF WIGWAMS

Bob had nothing to do. He had written his theme for English; he knew his history well enough, but he could not work his equations in Algebra. He sat half asleep reading "The Last of the Mohicans."

Suddenly he found himself in a clearing. On all sides was a dark dense forest. He could hear the sound of running water. Suddenly a part of the thicket opened and, as if by magic a tall straight Indian stood before him. The Indian stopped short at seeing Bob, looked at him curiously, and by gestures showed that he wished Bob to follow him.

Amazed and a little frightened, Bob did so. They walked through the thicket until they came to a path. With the Indian leading and Bob following they hurried along the path. Soon they came to another clearing in which was situated an Indian village. In one part of the village several

squaws were cooking and several dirty, ragged children were playing near them. The Indian stopped a moment and spoke to Bob. "Pale face stay here, I come back," and hurried away to a neighboring wigwam.

Bob stood where the Indian had left him, undecided whether to run or to wait. He had not made up his mind when the Indian came back accompanied by another of the tribe. By gestures and a few words they made him understand that he was to live with them, as though he were really an Indian. This he did not want to do and so he began to fight, hitting the Indians in the hope of escaping.

The Indian bought down a tomahawk and just then Bob heard a loud bell. Opening his eyes he heard a second bell. Silently he took his German text out of his desk and went to class, vowing that he would never read Cooper's "Last of Mohicans" again. L. L. '20

THE FRESHIES

We are the jolly Freshies;
Twenty-five or more;
We are not a very big bunch
But you ought to hear us roar.

From every township we,
Into R. H. S. have come;
We hope to graduate in four years,
As well as we've begun.

We like the stately Junior;
Admire the seventeen;
But judging from the Sophomores,
We think they're somewhat green.

JUST LIKE WASHINGTON

When I'm a man I'm going to be
A soldier brave and true,
And do the things that Washington
Has been supposed to do.

George Washington he crossed the Alps
In seventeen eighty-six,
He got the southern negroes
Out of an awful fix.

He fought with Alexander;
He crossed the ocean blue,
And landed in America
In fourteen ninety-two.

He won the battle at Cannae
And made old Caesar run;
He drove away the "Fortunate"
And made the British hum.

He did, he did som any things;
Oh, how I'd love to be
A hero like Geore Washington,
And be as brave as he.

George Weber, '20



—EDITORIAL—

Many students have a mistaken idea of class loyalty. Some of the students think that class loyalty is just going to class meetings and attending class parties. This may be class loyalty in its narrow sense but real class loyalty includes far more.

If a student has ability in certain lines of work and does not exercise it he not only injures himself and his school, but he does not show loyalty toward his class. For example certain students have ability in athletics—basketball, football, track work, or in some other athletic line. Others have ability in dramatic lines, as debate or literary. These students by turning out for these various school activities show high school spirit and also class loyalty.

It is not only students with the special talent who can show class loyalty, but every individual member, by doing his best in his studies shows class loyalty, for the scholarship of the whole class is raised to a higher standard.



—LOCALS—

Mrs. J. O. Adams and Mrs. V. A. Chargois visited school March 2nd.

Mrs. Porter of Ralston visited school Friday, March 2nd.

The last debate of the season was held in Ritzville on Friday, March 9th. Pasco high had the negative and was represented by Genevieve Nye, Donald Gibbons and Loran Maybe. Lucile Hein, Elmer Miller and Joseph Gaiser upheld Ritzville. Pasco carried home the victory.

Margaret Wiffin and Florence Carlson had the honor of being models at the Fashion Show held at the Rex Theatre March 10th. The entertainment was given by the Style Shop, the Trading Co., Myers-Shepley Co., and Keihn and Koch.

Harley Hollenshead injured his hand quite seriously while working in the office of the Journal-Times. He crushed it in the printing press.

Charlie Brace was obliged to leave school and return to his home in Lind.

The Glee Club presented a two-act operetta, "Polished Pebbles" at the Rink, March 30th. The operetta was directed by Miss Douglass. Those taking leading parts were:

Joseph Gaiser, a wealthy bachelor Uncle Bob
Ruth Adams, his sister Mrs. O'Brien
Mabel Vetter, her niece Rosalie
Margaret Wiffin, her daughter Winnifred
Yetta Rosenoff, her daughter Millicent
Mabel Robbins, the town gossip Mrs. Gabble
Mary Lemman, country girl Martha
Arthur Clodius, country boy Nick
Theodore Clodius, local character Mr. Gabble

IMAGINE—

Mr. Olson with a mustache.

Miss Jones undignified.

George Weber sober.

Martha Kanzler six feet tall.

Mr. Stewart singing a solo.

Miss Douglass a grouch.

Esther Thiel with a 48 chest.

Eugene Cassady not scrapping.

Mollie Horch a wall flower.

Harry Bodinger with long pants.



One of the most important high school parties of the season was given by the junior class at the high school gymnasium, Friday evening, February 24th. The class consists of about twenty members, each of which was permitted to invite another member of the high school. A delightful program was given. At a late hour dainty refreshments were served.

On the evening of February 14 the Glee Club gave a party at the high school gymnasium. The evening was spent in games and music. The refreshments were doubly enjoyed because of the difficulty in retaining them.

A theatre surprise party was given by some of the Sophomore class, Thursday evening, February 22nd, in honor of David Gaiser. After the show the guests adjourned to the Gaiser home, where dainty refreshments were served. At a late hour the guests departed.



SENIOR NOTES

F. C. (giving a current event in Civics) "Germany would go agin their own relations."

Mr. Olson (Civics) "What does the county corner do?"

Student: "He investigates mysterious deaths."

L. B. "Domestic?"

Mr. O. "They wouldn't be international."

Miss Rapp (speaking of the trains in Germany) "Their coaches are not fixed like our wagons."

The Senior Class have received their pins and they are very proud of them.

The Senior Class has pledged \$10.00 to help beautify the high school grounds. This is the first class to do anything of the kind this year.

The Senior party will be held March 23. Altho it is an unlucky date we hope to have a good time.

Student: "Miss Jones, don't you think a cement vahse would be nice for the Seniors to leave on the lawn?"

Miss J. "I don't believe I ever saw a cement vahse, but I have seen a cement vase. A vahse is an exquisite vase."

Student: "Does the same rule apply to laff and lahugh?"

V. H. (Eng. IV.) "They were on a diary."

JUNIOR NOTES

The next wheat will be the Junior issue. Watch for it. Take particular notice of the cover. It's classy.

The Juniors planned to have their Class Day March 16, but the plan was not sanctioned by the faculty, so we were sadly disappointed.

Mabel Robbins was the only Junior on the honor roll for the last six weeks.

The two candy sales given by the class proved very successful.

The Eng. III. class is studying Shakespeare's Macbeth, and finds it more difficult than the previous classic work.

The Juniors gave a party in the gym February 23. Each member invited a friend, making an attendance of about thirty-six.

Talk about your talent! Notice the number of Juniors who had leading parts in the operetta!

Gladys Fowler (Eng. II) "Abraham Lincoln was a rail splinter."

SOPHOMORE NOTES

A. C. (Geometry) "My diametry if five feet. (The diameter of a circle.)"

T. C. (outside of class) "My geometry is going to undergo a serious operation. I am going to remove it's appendix."

Botany. "What kind of wheat is best, bearded or beardless?"

C. C. "Beardless." (She does not seem to be in favor of beards.)

Mr. Yeaman (Botany) "You can go out and get some dirt."

Student returning) "I can't find any."

The Sophomore English class has completed "Silas Marner," and are now studying "The Merchant of Venice."

(Miss Rapp had borrowed Earl's knife) "Earl, I wouldn't carry such a dull knife in my pocket."

Earl "The knife is all right but you don't know how to use it."

Miss Rapp (German II) "Here, Max, take this pencil; you can't write with that one."

Max: "Oh, I guess I can write all I know with it." (We do not doubt it).

FRESHMAN NOTES

The Freshman Class is going to have a class party March 23.

D. W. (Algebra) "Aw, gee, I don't see how you get that."

Miss D. (Ancient History) "How did they make great amphitheatres at Rome?"

M. K. "They took two small theatres and slapped them together."

Miss R. "Where is Etta Kiehn?"

E. R. "They got her in the hospital."

Miss R. "You don't say."

E. R. "Yes ma'am' I did say."

The English I Class is studying "Ianhoe" and finds it very interesting.

Miss R. (Eng. I) "Where is your book, Alma?"

A. R. "I don't know."

Miss R. "You may sit with Merle" (meaning Gladys).

Mr. Olson's Division II of Algebra have finished Graphs and they are glad.

Miss D. (German I) "Der Esel suchte den Hasen (rabbit) (Hafer-Oats)"

Miss R. (Eng. I) "Give me a moral or lesson we learn from the parable, 'The Prodigal Son.'"

G. W. "Children come unto me."

M. K. (Anc. Hist.) "Ceasar was even under the spell of Cleopatra, an Egyptian Queen, for three months."

Miss D. (Anc. Hist.) "Who was under the archbishop?"

F. K. "The doorkeeper."

V. T. (German) "They have two names for Saturday in German. Is that why they say, 'Heute uber acht Tage?'"

F. K. (Anc. Hist.) "They use spoons to eat the food what they can't manage with the fingers."

Ted C. (Latin IV) Reading—"eis" (pronouncing kiss).

Miss D. "It is long, isn't it Ted?" (meaning the vowel).

Eng. I. Carrie H. "Steers (tears) were in his eyes."

Eng. I. Ed. R "He was a darned (daring) man."

PHILO NOTES

March 6th found the Philo girls at one of their regular meetings. Since there were not many of the members present the meeting was given over to a general discussion. The talk by Mr. Olson was helpful and duly appreciated. He discussed with them ways in which they could build up their society. The Philo girls hope to benefit by the suggestions.

The Philo and Forum held their joint meeting Wednesday, March 14, in the high school gymnasium. The membres were glad to see a number of visitors present.

The following St. Patrick's program was an unusually enjoyable one:

Roll call for Philo....Name of some girl they have brought to the meeting.

Forum roll call....Quotation from my favorite poet

Reading Ruby Bauer

Significance of St. Patrick's Day Ruth Adams

QuartetteJoe Gaiser, David Dirks, Helen Schock and Lucile Hein.

Irish Jokes Mary Lemman

Paper on Ireland Arcola Glasgow

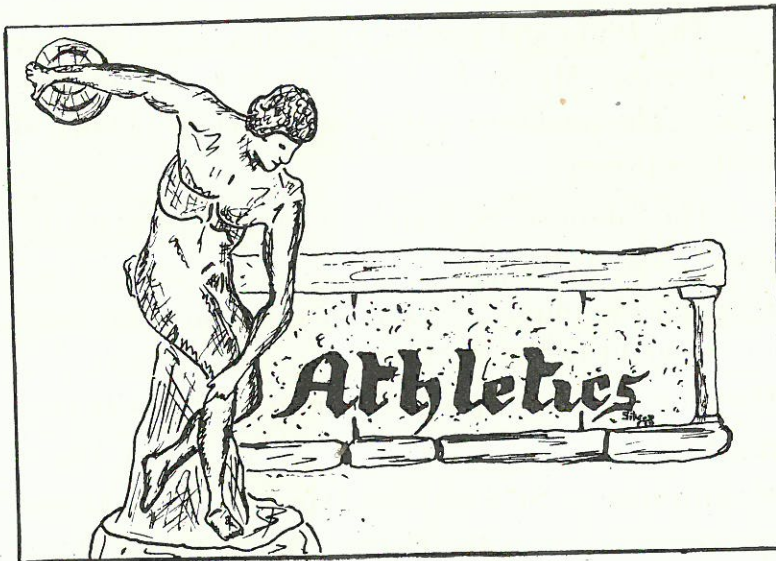
Continued Story Caroline Baumann, Earl Heater, Carrie Ott, George Logan.

Vocal solo Miss Douglass

The Benefit I Expect to Derive from Forum—

—James Setters

Play Grace Murray, Winifred Ross, Arthur Clodius, Henry Wellsandt, Herschel Gillis.



The Adams County School Meet

This meet is meant to be an annual affair. In the past only spelling, declamation and tennis contests have been held. Now, track and school meets, industrial work and exhibits. Last year the meet was held the first Friday in May. Mr. George, 8th grade principal, will coach the team for the high school. He has had considerable experience in athletic work. There is good material, although it will be the first attempt for several years in track work.

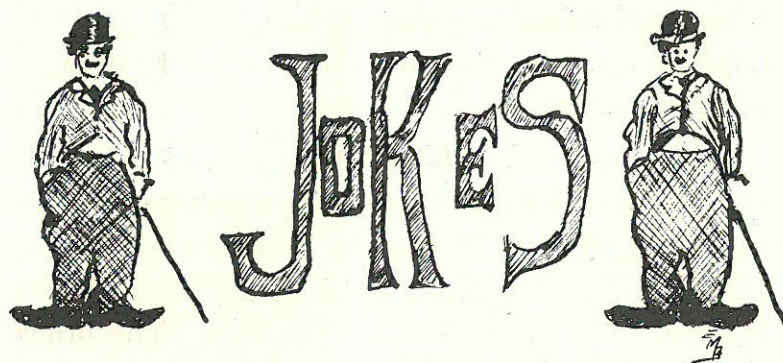
The staging of this meet, however, will be a considerable expense. Although the Commercial Club has promised its support of the undertaking it will be necessary for the students and the general public to support the meet by their presence, if it is to be the success hoped for. The student body

will award emblems to those taking part in the track meet on a similar basis as the awards are made in other activities.

Emblems

Those entitled to basket ball emblems are Captain Rowe, Garrett Billington, Fred Lewis, Herschel Gillis, Melvin Lemman, Louie Schaefer, and Earl Heater. The first three are Seniors. The others have one or two years left to play basketball.





Soph: "I just got thru telling that Freshie what I thought of him."

Junior: "Did he get mad and want to lick you?"

Soph: "No."

Junior: "Then you didn't tell him the truth."

A parson was once visiting one of his members and was just going home when he suddenly stopped and said: "Jimmy, go and get my big book." (bible)

Jimmy soon returned with the Sears Roebuck catalogue.

Teacher: "Now, children, what two things are helping mankind rise in the world?"

Student: "The alarm clock and the step-ladder"

Algebra Teacher: "Define 'term.'"

Pupil: "Nine months of the darnest Algebra problems."

Lottie: "He wore my photograph over his heart and it stopped the bullet."

Tottie: "I'm not surprised, darling; it would stop an alarm clock."

Teacher: "What did Caesar do as a member of the triumvirate?"

Student: "He turned to Gaul."

A parson was once invited to dinner by a family named 'Owl.' His name was Jones and he was always in the habit of being late. As he did not come the family began to eat. They were nearly through when the parson arrived. He entered and said:

O, God of love,
Look from above,
And bless the Owls,
Who ate the fowls,
And left the bones
For Parson Jones.

Soph: "Do men ever go to heaven?"

Senior: "Why do you ask?"

Soph. "Because I never see pictures of Angels with mustaches."

Senior: "Some do get there by a close shave."

Teacher: "Leah, what did you do to Harry?"

Leah: "I pulled his hair."

Teacher: "Harry, what did you do?"

Harry: "I pulled back."

Teacher: "Don't you know it is not right to pull a girl's hair?"

Harry: "Aw, I pulled my head back; not her hair."

Freshie: "John, you exasperate me."

Soph: "I do not; I don't even know what that means."

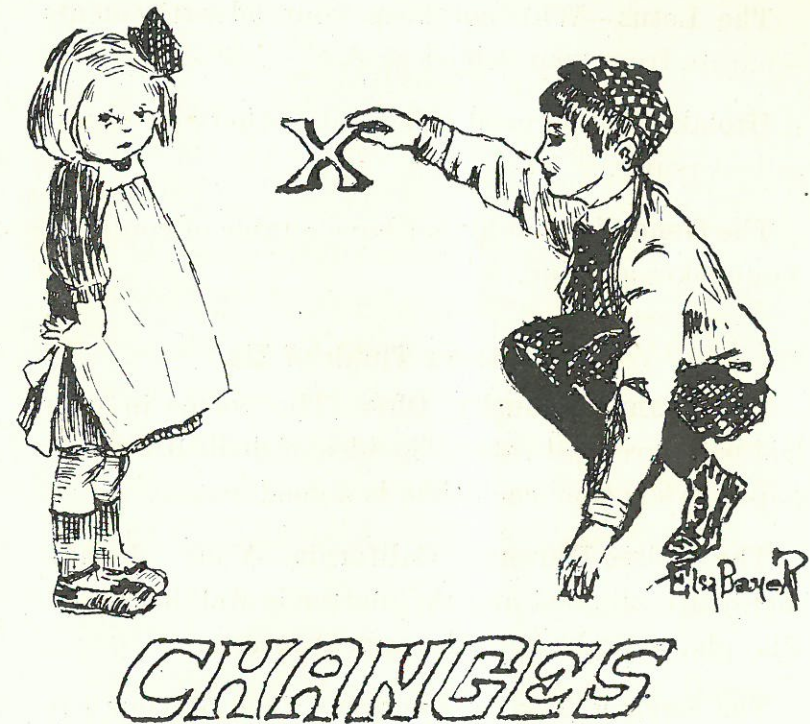
Teacher: "Where was Columbus when he was 42 years old?"

Pupil: "Going on 43."

THE FRESHMAN

When we were in the Eighth grade but one year ago,
We thot we were lords of the school,
And poor seventh grade had a hard row to hoe,
Which soon caused their ardor to cool.
But now to our most intense sorrow and rage,
The Sophomores look at us with scorn;
While the big upper classmen seem greatly amazed
If aught but green clothing is worn.
Our revenge may come soon or it may come quite
late,
But sometime 'twill surely come true;
That these upper classmen will start cursing fate,
When they're handed a lemon or two.

We Freshies thru high and thru college will go
The boys in good business be seen;
The girls will all marry and be just as now,
As joyful and happy as queens.
For they are far-famed for their beauty so rare,
And they know the charms they possess;
The boys will be proud of their pompadour hair,
As they comb it and brush it with zest.
So good-bye to Freshies; hello to the Sophs,
As we pass one year to the next,
And tho we don't want our poor heads to pop,
We'll learn all there is in the text.



Comments and Criticisms

The Ingot—Your paper is good, but why not have a few more cuts and jokes.

The Mirror—Your exchange is large and well written.

Tech Monthly—Your paper has many fine cuts. Why not have a table of contents?

The Ah-La-Ha-Sa—Your athletic department is excellent. Your stories are interesting. We like your cover design. Come again.

Oak Leaves—The department "Prosa Versus" is very fine. A few cuts would add to the appearance of your paper.

The Lotus—Why not keep your advertisements separate from your school work?

Utolakan—You need a few cuts, otherwise an excellent paper.

The Gondolier—Why not have a table of contents. Your jokes are fine.

What Others Think of Us

The Fram, Sandusky, Ohio—The poems in your last issue are first rate. The idea of dedicating your paper to someone each time is a good one.

The Toltec-Durango, California—Your departments are all good and the matter is well arranged. The photographs help the appearance.

The Review, Toccoa, Georgia—Each of your editions has well developed departments. Come again.

Orange and Black, Waterloo, Iowa—"Wheat," a new exchange from Ritzville, Wash., is very good, especially the stories. All departments have good material.

The following exchanges have been received:

The Ingot—Hancock, Michigan.

The Mirror—West Hoboken, New Jersey.

Tech Monthly—Scranton, Pa.

The Ah-La-Ha-Sa—Alberta Lee, Minn.

Oak Leaves—Vassalboro, Maine.

The Toltec—Durango, Colorado.

St. John's Echo—Shanghai, China.

The Midget Quill—Marquette, Michigan.

The Lotus—Dover, Delaware.

The Forum—Greenfield, Ohio.

The Crescent, Newberg, Oregon.

Manual Arts Weekly—Los Angeles, California.

Reed College Quest—Portland, Oregon.

State Normal School Journal—Cheney, Wash.

Washington College Pioneer—Walla Walla.

The Future Citizen—Milledgeville, Ga.

Stylus—Sioux Falls College.

Willamette Collegian—Salem, Oregon.

The Weekly Messenger—Bellingham, Wash.

The Howard Times—Howard, R. I.

The Oak, Ivy and Lily—Milford, Mass.

The Palmerian—Lordsburg, California.

The Gondolier—Venice, California.

The Tu-Endi-wie—Point Pleasant, West Va.

Somerville High School Radiator—West Somerville, Mass.

The Moscowian—Moscow, Idaho.

Gem O' The Lake—Harrison, Idaho.

The Polaris—Freeport, Ill.

The College World—Adrian, Michigan.

The Review—Toccoa, Ga.

The Fram—Sandusky, Ohio.
 Orange and Black—Waterloo, Iowa.
 The Micrometer—Cincinnati, Ohio.
 The Argus—Plymouth, N. Y.
 Black and Red Review—Hannibal, Mo.
 The Vidette—Bloomington, Ill.
 The Evergreen—Pullman, Washington.

BECAUSE THE FOLLOWING PARTIES HAVE
 made this publication possible through their con-
 tributions, we believe they should receive our sup-
 port and patronage:

Ritzville Flouring Mills	Ritzville Bakery
German-American Bank	Big Bend Motors Company
First National Bank	Witt & Casey
Pioneer National Bank	Economy Stores Company
Ritzville Trading Company	J. C. Penney Stores Company
White River Lumber Company	Grill Cafe
St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Co.	Day Imus
Rex Theatre	A. K. Treadwell
Myers Shepley Company	Dr. H. G. Davenny
Rosenoff & Company.	G. H. Fischer
Adams County Abstract Co.	Wm. O. Lewis
S. S. Frantz & Co.	John Ott
A. L. Wiffin & Co.	John Truax
Adams County Mercantile Co.	Charles Hollenshead
Harris Brothers Garage	John Pelcom
Ritzville Garage	Red Cross Baths
Ritzville Ice and Creamery Co.	W. R. Peters
Thiel's Cigar Store	O. K. Baths
Pastime Billiard Parlor	J. P. LaClair
P. R. Clark	Chas. Rathbun
Link's Cleaning Shop	Ed Bodinger
Dr. F. R. Burroughs	G. E. Lovell