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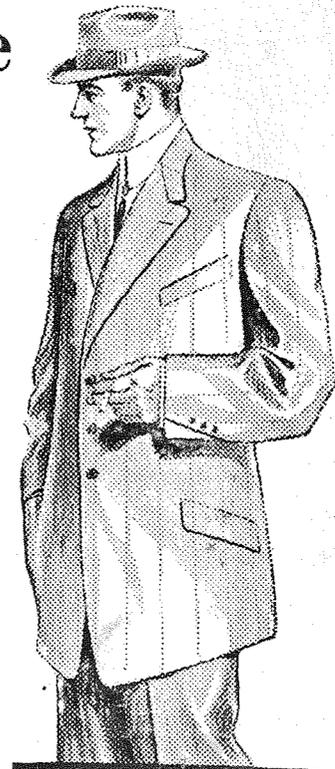
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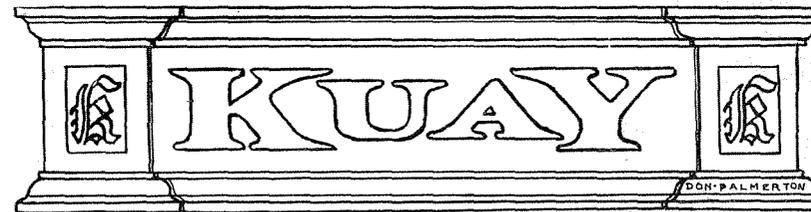
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## Her Father's Violin

THE last gorgeous red and yellow flame of the late October day was fading as quickly and surely as the dahlias and poppies in the Misses Laird's old fashioned garden. The frost had laid its careless white fingers upon the flowers the night before, and all day the crimson and yellow petals had fallen until their withered stalks stood bare and ugly at its close. Nature may be severe in Western New York but her wonderful autumns and beautiful springs are very dear to her children.

Deep in Miss Martha Laird's heart dwelt the beauty and quiet dignity of the smoothly rounded hills and fertile fields, but she would have been quite unable to voice these feelings. Her father's forefathers had laid out the thrifty farm she now surveyed, and for twenty years she and her sister Emily had labored and toiled upon it. The thrifty Scotch instincts of their race had made their efforts successful and the big farm yielded abundantly. Miss Martha thought vaguely about these things as she fed her chickens and shooed them into their coop, and the quiet half melancholy color tones of the coming twilight must have had a reflective influence upon her.

For as she went slowly up the path to the old rambling farmhouse she thought of her mother's death and of her father's re-marriage to a foreign girl whom he had found wandering and destitute, then of the little boy born of this marriage, and she traced him also through his turbulent childhood and undecided, aimless young manhood until he, too, married and his young wife had died giving birth to a girl baby. Then she remembered his calm white face as he lay in his last sleep, with his dark curls lying carelessly upon his forehead. She had thought of putting his beloved violin upon his breast but the narrow coffin had been too small, so she had taken it up into the attic and laid it carefully away.

As Martha stepped upon the porch of the house, her mind came back to realities. She remembered that the baby had grown to young girlhood as dreamy and impractical as her father had been. Her face hardened a little, she thought quite a good deal of the girl, in her way, but the sensitive impulsive child had missed that great tie of human sympathy, namely—love. As Martha entered the kitchen a tall angular woman of middle age relieved her of her basket of eggs.

"Where's Lancy, Emily?" Martha inquired of her sister as she took off her shawl.

"I sent her down to neighbor Cordall's with some butter. I never saw such a child; she came in here at about four o'clock with a field mouse she

had found, and wanted me to let her keep it HERE in THE KITCHEN," Miss Emily snorted indignantly.

"I was just thinking about her," replied Martha. "If only her father had not named her that heathenish Spanish name, Elena. I do believe she's going to be just like him. She's crazy about that little violin he gave her just before he died, she was only two years old at the time, I remember, and now she can play anything. Let's see, why she can't remember him."

At this moment the kitchen door opened noisily and a girl of about fifteen rushed into the room. Her black hair had tumbled from her neck and hung in rebellious curls upon her shoulders, her face was red and tear stained and her big brown eyes were swimming in tears. Her chin was quivering while her body shook with noiseless sobs.

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated Martha.

"Oh, oh; I've ruined my violin. I,—I was playing on it, in the hay loft,—and I dropped it, old Dobbin—stepped on it."

"Serves you right for taking it down to the horse barn. You ought to have known better," said Emily, sternly.

The child made no reply, but went quietly upstairs to her own little room where she gave vent to her grief in heavy sobs. The remnants of the little violin she laid carefully upon the bed and wrapped them up in a sheet of brown paper, then kneeling, she prayed: "Dear God, I have been very careless and have ruined my dear violin. Please tell papa I am very, very sorry, and if he will send me another one, I'll be ever, and ever so careful of it. Please make me good, dear God, and tell my own mama and papa that their little Elena will try and be better. Amen."

This entreaty was repeated every night for many weeks. Elena grew white and quiet which was very unusual for her. Even Emily and Martha noticed it, and Martha who was younger and more sympathetic than her sister, spoke to Emily upon the advisability of giving Elena her father's violin, which lay in the attic closet. But Emily was firm.

"No!" she declared emphatically. "It's the best thing for her to get along without it. She does not know of its existence and I don't intend she shall." So the matter was dropped for the time being.

With the winter, came buttermaking time, and Emily and Martha made three or four pounds every day, so twice a week they took their butter to the village eight miles away. It was necessary to be gone nearly all day so Elena was left to look after the house and to feed the poultry.

It was one of the market days that Elena wandered up into the attic. The sun had shone all day. The clear sky was turquoise blue and the snow served to brighten the landscape. Elena sat down on a window seat where the sun shone in, and looked thoughtfully about her. She was seated in a

long low room, with big closets at either end. Odds and ends of old furniture stood around and the bare floor had been stained by age a soft grey. Elena picked up a book from a musty pile in a corner and carefully turned the pages—it was a book on Spiritualism and her father's name was written on the fly leaf. Elena was immediately interested. She began to read. Once started, she read and read until the sun blushed a dark crimson and the indescribable haze of sunset gathered in the room.

She finally closed the book and sat half asleep thinking about the topic the book had set forth, "The Spirit Abroad." Suddenly she sensed that some one was near, and lifting her head she looked around. There in a shadowy nook sat a man looking at her, but with such a tender gaze that she was not frightened in the least. His high white forehead and its dark curls were brought out from the gathering dusk with a pale radiance and his gentle eyes smiled quietly at her. A question was upon her lips but the answer trembled in her heart. Yes; she knew this man. Oh! how often had she dreamed of him; she knew only her father could look so tender and loving.

The dream father arose, walked or rather floated to the south closet, opened it and took out a violin fashioned of some dark wood, and a bow. He came back to his seat and began to play. With the first, long, deep note, almost like a call, an answering echo awoke in Elena's soul and with a little cry she listened. Softer, slower now with a majestic sweep as of angel wings, the harmony rose and fell in intoxicating cadences, while the child lived in every palpitating note. Then as the music grew fainter, and softer, so her heart beats seemed to lessen until with utter silence she nearly swooned.

She longed for him to go on but he arose, went back to the south closet, laid the violin and bow upon a shelf and with a parting smile at Elena he vanished in the shadows. Elena sat entranced. Every emotion had been aroused and played upon until the conflict had left her weak and pale. She heard her aunts arrive and when they called her she answered dully and went down stairs.

Martha started as she saw her.

"Why, what's the matter; you look as though you'd been seeing ghosts! What HAVE you been doing?"

"A man has been playing for me on a violin," answered Elena dreamily.

"Well of all things!" snorted Emily. "Who was he and how'd he get in?"

Elena smiled vaguely.

"I couldn't tell you."

"But what did he look like?" insisted Emily.

"He was tall with dark hair and eyes; there was a little scar on his chin, too," answered Elena reflectively as she went outside to feed the doves.

The two sisters exchanged startled glances.

"Wasn't HE a spiritualist?" questioned Martha. "I do believe he was, now that I think of it. He used to say the dead love us and watch over us, just as if they were alive, but only a few people can see them. Laney described her father perfectly and he died before she was old enough to remember him. Oh, pshaw; there CAN'T be,—there ISN'T any such thing."

"Well, the next time we go away," declared Emily emphatically, "I'm going to lock that closet door and all the outside doors to the house so there will be no more serenaders."

Next market day, Emily was as good as her word, and Elena was given strict orders not to let any one come in. As soon as they were gone Elena sped up the attic stairs and sat down on her former seat, hoping that the dream musician might come again. But she waited in vain. Suddenly an idea struck her. She would look in the closet where she had seen him put the violin.

The door supposedly locked by Martha, opened readily and sure enough, there lay the violin. Elena hugged it to her breast rapturously and played all the little tunes she knew. All the long afternoon she played, now old songs now wild, chaotic melodies which came from her soul. Finally, completely tired out, she replaced the instrument and went down stairs just as her aunts came home. Emily greeted her with a grim smile.

"I guess you didn't have callers today, did you?"

Elena crimsoned but said nothing.

Next day, in the course of house cleaning Emily and Martha went up stairs to the attic, UNLOCKED the south closet door and took out the violin.

"It looks as though it had been tuned only yesterday," said Martha, in an awed voice. "Do let Elena have it. It is the only thing left of her father's and she hasn't even a picture of him."

"NO! If she has it she will grow as madly attached to it as her father did. It's for her own good I'm keeping it away from her," said Emily resolutely. And so the subject was dropped.

The two market day trips gave Elena plenty of time to practice and all winter she worked steadily. With summer came less violin practice and Elena grew frail and white. It might have been some inherited frailties, maybe, or just lack of ambition to live. Anyway her health failed gradually until the old village doctor said that there would be another funeral at Laird's soon. Emily and Martha did all in their power to make her comfortable, but they lacked that magic charm called love which was all the sensitive soul longed for.

October came again, the flaming herald of King Winter. The maples and woodbine made brilliant splashes of color against the yellow of the beeches

and the dark green of the pines, and the quiet fields were mantled with dark brown. It was on the first market day of the new winter season when this splendor was at its height, and Elena climbed slowly up the attic stairs. As she stood looking out of the window, upon the rich landscape, she thought of Tennyson's immortal lines,

"The splendor falls on castle walls,  
And snowy summits old in story."

She sat down wearily upon the old window seat and recalled the principal events in her life. She knew she was ill and with a remarkable fortitude she looked forward to the time when her "call" should come. The golden light of sunset recalled her thoughts. Yes, she would play a little on the dear old violin and then lay down a while and sleep; she felt very tired. How strangely she walked! She could not feel her feet and the shadows were deepening so fast.

She came back and stood near the window where the light was brightest, and began to play. \* \* \* She was a little child again, she was out in the night where all the cool dark shadows stay. She was frightened and ran to the door of her home and knocked. Oh! why didn't they let her in? The violin wailed and sobbed. Ah, some one was coming! The music held hope and anxiety now! There! the door was open and she was folded to her mother's heart. Softly, sweetly thrilled the music until it swelled into an anthem of thanksgiving. The child was home!

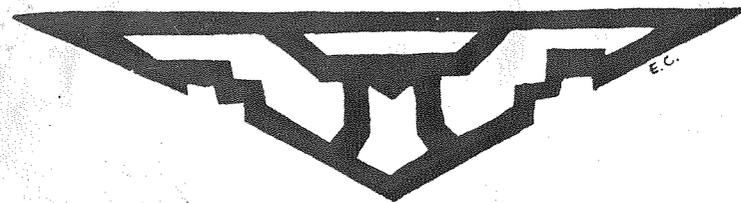
At the top of the stairs stood Emily and Martha, trembling and marveling at what they saw and heard. All past, present and future was lost in the sublimity of the moment. Higher and higher swelled the harmony. The last victorious note was reached when suddenly the soul of the music and of the musician went out and Elena slipped very quietly down with the violin clasped to her breast, while the dying sun transfigured her with its radiance. The child was, indeed, home.

Martha and Emily lifted her tenderly, and carried her down to her little room, tears shining and flowing from their eyes.

"I have made a great mistake," said Emily brokenly.

"WE have," Martha corrected. "We never understood either of them. We will let the violin alone just as she had it last."

GRACE GUILD.



G. SPRINGSTON

"Kuay" wishes to thank the school-board for their added generosity in presenting the school with the new track. With this opportunity for a track team open, there is no reason why Queen Anne should not excel in this branch of athletics. The track season is quite away off, yet we can begin now. Cross country is to be started and it is imperative that a large squad turn out. So all fellows who are not busy in basketball, get out and try your hand at long distance work. Freshmen and Sophomores, especially, should get into this work for it is very seldom that a good man is developed in one year.

**The New Track**

Thus far basketball has lived up to the best expectations and proven itself a success. This sport is destined to be one of the most important at Queen Anne, and the sooner those missing the games realize it, the better for them. The games are always worth the price of admission and are very exciting and interesting. We have an excellent team and the prospects for a successful season are bright. During the vacation, provision will be made for seating a much larger crowd in the gym. Everything looks as if basketball will be a great success, so hurry and get in the band wagon with those who are enjoying it now.

**Basket Ball**

The Freshman class has met its "Waterloo," not so much in football as those harmless looking pieces of paper, commonly known as "yellow slips." If this class ever expects to have a team, it must realize that it takes more than one or two stars to accomplish it. Full credit belongs to those who did turn out and play, but a well-organized squad who know their signals and do not have to hold a conference behind the line for each play, is absolutely necessary for success. To do this, those capable of playing must study. Lessons come first, then athletics. Considering those eligible to play, the Freshman Team did creditably, but considering the material in the class, a rather poor showing was made. Now this is New Years, so, Freshmen, get in and make a resolution to pay attention to study, and avoid all yellow slips.



THE football man has had his day, and he of the abbreviated trousers and classic form is posing in the spotlight. While many people believed that the football season was a blow to Queen Anne athletics, it only stirred the students to greater activity, and their faith in their athletes is shown by the excellent way in which they are supporting basketball. Basketball is fairly new to the high school curriculum of sports, and until recently has not been as popular as it has deserved to be. This year, however, people are waking up to the possibilities of the game, and the Queen Anne boys will doubtless play to capacity houses every time they appear.

Excellent judgment was shown when John McFee was elected manager. McFee entered all branches of athletics while at Lincoln, making his second team football letter. This year he made his "Q", and only a bad injury forced him to retire from football before the close of the season. Martin Smith, the crack little player from West Seattle, was chosen to captain the first team, and Fotheringham the scrubs. Smith has an enviable record behind him, having played on the West Seattle High School team two years, Lincoln scrubs one year, and on several Y. M. C. A. teams. Though new to the game, Fotheringham has made an excellent showing, and his great improvement warrants the belief that the scrubs will lose their captain to the first team.

Coach Fowler has a host of good material from which to pick his team. Besides Captain Martin Smith, who has one of the forward positions assured, is Helmuth Schmitz, another West Seattle man. Schmitz also played on the

West Seattle High School team, and was a member of that team last year when Lincoln was given such an awful scare. He is accurate and very fast. For guards he has Hoffman, Rochelle, Cook and Davidson. Davidson played last year with the Columbia College team, which won the championship of British Columbia. He has plenty of speed and usually shoots as many baskets as do the forwards. He covers more than the usual amount of territory and is an excellent guard. Cook and Rochelle both played on their class teams at Lincoln and are improving steadily.

A number of men who now comprise the second team will make the first team men hustle for what they get. Joel McFee, Fotheringham, Clark, Ohnick, Hoffman and Henry Schmitz are at present holding the places on the second squad.

#### QUEEN ANNE VS. ADELPHIA.

QUEEN ANNE'S first game, though not an interscholastic affair, was very interesting from a Queen Anne student's standpoint, and a banner crowd turned out to witness the contest. It is difficult to say just how Queen Anne stands in the interscholastic race, but if they play with the snap and vim that they displayed in their first game, they will make it interesting for any team. The much-touted Adelphians failed to show any proof of their team work, and though they have been practicing together all fall, failed to make it even interesting for the Queen Anne teams.

Martin Smith, since elected to captain the team, was the stellar performer for the high school aggregation. Smith made sensational baskets from all parts of the floor, and converted a number of fouls into points by his excellent shooting from the foul line. Helmuth Schmitz, the other forward, also played excellently, and though he did not score as many times as did Captain Smith, he showed that he has the requirements of a good player. Bryant played a wonderfully strong game at center, being second only to Captain Smith in the number of points scored. Bryant is new to basketball, but he has taken it up so quickly that he is good enough for anybody's team. Davidson played guard in excellent fashion, and just to pass the time away, annexed three goals for himself. Rochelle, Cook and Conn were all tried out for the other guard position, and they covered their man so well that he did not secure a basket. For the visitors, Ashley played a superb game, scoring twenty of his team's twenty-two points. He shot baskets from all parts of the floor and did not fail once on shots from the foul line. Carlson, the center, was the only other Adelphian to score.

The scrubs drubbed the Adelphia's second team as a curtain raiser, annexing thirty-six points to their opponents' five. All the Adelphia's scores came from free shots from the foul line, while the Queen Anne boys kept caging the ball at a rapid rate from whistle to whistle. Humber Fothering-

ham and Clark played excellent games, and if they continue the pace they have set, they will shortly find berths on the first team.

The line-up was as follows:

Queen Anne.	Adelphia.
Rochelle, Conn. Cook ..... G.....	Nordling
Davidson ..... G.....	Nelson
Bryant ..... C.....	Carlson
Smith ..... F.....	Lundgren
H. W. Schmitz ..... F.....	Ashley

Summary: Field goals—Ashley 4, Carlson 1, Smith 6, Bryant 3, Davidson 3, Schmitz 2, Rochelle 1. Goals from foul—Ashley 12, Smith 5, Bryant 3, Schmitz 2. Referee—Nemo. Umpire—Ohnick. Timekeeper—Spalding.

WEST SEATTLE EASY FOR QUEEN ANNE.

QUEEN ANNE won her second game, her first interscholastic contest, when she defeated the West Seattle five by a one-sided score of 42 to 10. Queen Anne showed a world of improvement since the game with the Adelphians, but there was still lacking that smoothness that comes from long practice and the steady grind. Man for man, the Queen Anne boys outplayed their smaller opponents, yet Knight, a West Seattle guard, showed a splendid burst of speed in the second half, scoring three baskets from sensational throws. The rest of the West Seattle team looked like beginners as compared with Coach Fowler's quintet.

From the first whistle, when Captain Smith caged the first ball, the scorers were kept busy tolling up Queen Anne's points. Several shots, bordering on the sensational, helped pile up Queen Anne's score, and when the first half ended, West Seattle had annexed two and Queen Anne twenty-two. The second half, barring Knight's splendid playing, was but a repetition of the first, and Queen Anne scored twenty times, while West Seattle was scraping eight points together. Twenty minute halves were indulged in.

All of Queen Anne's team played splendidly, but the shining lights of the evening's entertainment were Bryant, Schmitz and Davidson. Bryant scored more points than any member of his team, caging the ball for seven field goals. All of his shots were difficult and were well executed. Schmitz scored eleven points for his team. All his shots were well executed and came as a result of clever playing and not accident. Davidson played excellently at guard, covering his man so well that he could not score a point. The other men, Rochelle, Cook and Captain Smith played well.

As a side issue of the main event, the scrubs defeated the West Seattle seconds, 16 to 10. The game was much closer and more interesting from the spectators' point of view. All the second team boys show considerable class. The first teams lined up as follows:

Queen Anne	West Seattle
Smith ..... F.....	Speer
Schmitz ..... F.....	Osterberg
Bryant ..... C.....	Horrie
Cook, Rochelle ..... G.....	Knight
Davidson ..... G.....	Moss

Summary: Field goals—Bryant 7, Schmitz 5, Smith 4, Davidson 4, Knight 3, Speer 1. Goals from foul—Smith 1, Schmitz 1. Referee, Fowler. Umpire, Gordon. Timekeeper, Spalding.

## Class Football Games

THE class games have aroused unusual interest among the students. It would be a natural supposition, considering that the football season is over, that very little interest would be taken in it as a post-season sport. The reverse is true, however. Had admissions been charged, enough pennies would have been realized to buy the Freshmen new sets of bottles. Be that as it may, the games have drawn well, and as a result the Sophomores stand the victors of the school.

### SENIOR-JUNIOR GAME.

THE first game toward deciding class supremacy was played after school on the 13th of December. The game was a series of surprises for both teams, neither scoring on legitimate touchdowns, but getting them as the result of flukes. After the dust had cleared away, the Seniors were seen proudly carrying off the long end of a 7 to 6 score.

The Junior team had considerable advantage over the Seniors in that the majority of their men had had previous experience. This, however, was more than offset by the weight of the Seniors. Actual comparison shows that the Senior line weighs more than the Queen Anne first team line did. The backs weigh in proportion.

In the first half the ball see-sawed up and down the field with neither side having much of an advantage. Toward the last of the half, however, the Seniors recovered a fumbled punt back of the Juniors' goal line. They failed to kick goal. Two more points were registered when a Junior was tackled back of his own goal line. The half ended 7 to 0 for the Seniors.

In the next half the Juniors came back strong, and soon they had a touchdown, due also to a fumbled punt. Goal was kicked, making their score 6. Although they fought hard, they were unable to make any more. Mr. Fleming refereed the game.

SENIOR-SOPH.

THE final game of the championship was the most hotly contested game of all. The Seniors, winners of the Senior-Junior game, and the Sophs, victors over the Freshmen, were each determined to annex Mr. Luther's pennant, and it was only after the hottest kind of a fight that the Sophomores won, 5 to 0.

It was anybody's game for a time after the kickoff. The Seniors made their gains on straight bucks, while the lighter Sophomores, unable to pierce the heavy Senior line, relied on end runs, fake plays and forward passes. After recovering a punt on the Seniors' 25-yard line, Dutton was called to make a drop kick. Dutton responded in beautiful style, sending the pigskin far across the street, yet squarely between the uprights. In the last part of the half the Seniors had a slight advantage, yet were unable to get near enough to the Soph goal to do any damage. The score for this half was: Sophomores 3, Seniors 0.

The second half was as closely contested as the first, but the Sophs scored on a safety. After this the ball stayed near the middle of the field until time was called.

Jorgenson, Wilson and Gwinn played excellently for the Seniors. Dutton, Casey and Pulver showed up best for the Sophs.

As a result of this game, the Sophs win Mr. Luther's pennant, and they may hold it just as long as they are able to demonstrate their supremacy over the other classes. It will next be contested for in basketball, and the Sophs will have to go some to hold it.

Sophs	LINE-UP.	Seniors
Dutton	L. E.	McDougall
Seeleye	L. T.	Wilson
Mincer	L. G.	Gwinn
Dollard	C.	Ashim
McCurdy	G. G.	Dahl
Edwards	R. T.	Jorgensen
Weeks	R. E.	Drummond-Powell
Casey (Capt.)	Q.	Smith (Capt.)
Fraser	L. H.	Henry Schmitz
Pulver	R. H.	Snyder
Riddle	F.	H. W. Schmitz

SOPH-FRESH.

THE Sophs met their little brothers in the second game and drubbed them, as little brothers should be drubbed, by a 15 to 0 score. The Freshmen fought gamely, however, and were just as full of fight when the game was

finished as when it began. For the Freshmen, Langdon and Maples starred, while Dutton and Riddle carried off the honors for the Sophs.

After the game it was found that one Sophomore man was ineligible. Another game was scheduled but the Freshmen had evidently had enough so the Sophs won by forfeiture with a score of 1 to 0.

## Girls' Basketball

ON Friday, December 17th, the girls' quintets representing the Freshmen and Sophomore classes were pitted against each other in the gymnasium. The teams were very evenly matched. Both sides fought hard and at the end of the first half the Freshmen were ahead. But in the second half the plucky Sophomores set their teeth and struggled like Trojans. After an interesting and very exciting half the Sophomore girls came out victorious. The score was 14 to 11.

The teams lined up as follows:

Freshmen		Sophomores
Marie McCracken	G.	Louise Patten
Helen Potter	G.	Lillian Donahue
Vera Clayton	C.	Clara Orr
Goldie Inch	F.	Gudrum Kittlesby
Alga Borgum	F.	Edna Tilton

All girls wishing to play tennis in the Spring must join the association now.

# BASKETBALL

## Queen Anne vs. Lincoln

at Lincoln, January 15th

BE THERE



JOHN BOVINGDON



ARTHUR COHEN

John Bovingdon, Victor Pelz and Arthur Cohen comprise the debating team which represents Queen Anne in the State Debating Series. They won the first debate from Kent by a three to nothing score. The team will meet Marysville next. Bovingdon is president of the A.A., Cohen is prominent in many lines of student activities and Pelz is president of the Debating Association.



# DEBATE



VICTOR PELZ

ALL expectations in regard to a successful debating season for the Queen Anne High School have been fulfilled to the utmost satisfaction of all; and we have certainly established an admirable precedent, which it will be our future duty to live up to.

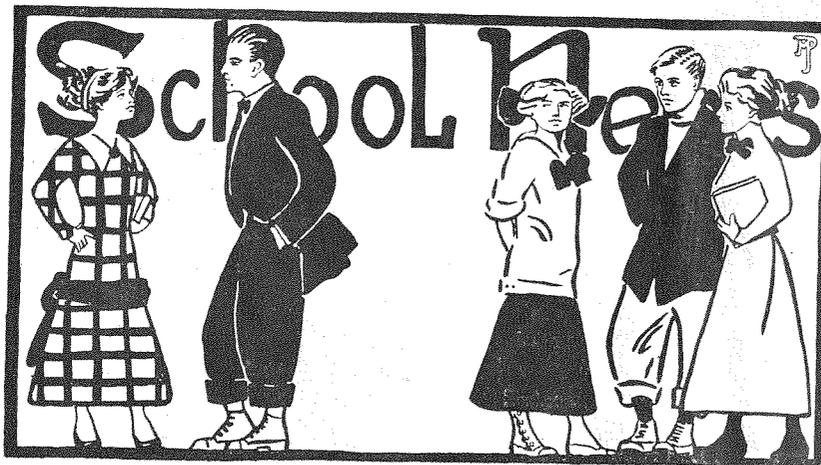
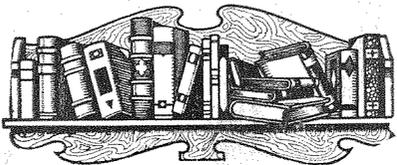
On the evening of November 15, the first interscholastic debate for the state championship took place in the assembly hall of the Queen Anne High School, in the presence of a large and appreciative audience. The question at issue was, "Resolved, That the cities of the Northwest containing fifty thousand inhabitants or over should adopt a commission form of government modeled after the plan of Des Moines, Iowa, provided the negative shall propose no other form of commission government." To open the debate the chair gave an expression on the Des Moines plan at the request of the superintendent of public instruction. This was followed by a piano solo rendered by Dorothy Covington. The debate followed, with Kent, represented by Chester Body, Arthur Simpson and Albert Meadowcroft, upholding the affirmative, against the Queen Anne team, composed of Victor Pelz, Arthur Cohen and John Bovingdon. The Kent debaters,

though inexperienced, did credit to themselves and their school; they were, however, excelled by our representatives in argument and delivery. The final decision was three to nothing in favor of Queen Anne.

Not content with contending against High School teams, on the next evening our team met and defeated the University of Puget Sound, on the same question, by a vote of two to one. The debate took place at Tacoma, and was marked by many thrilling experiences. In the first place, after overcoming many difficulties, our debaters arrived at their destination in two detachments about ten minutes before the contest was scheduled to take place. Nevertheless, this had but a stimulating effect, for they entered the debate with almost the same enthusiasm they had displayed on the preceding night. And after their victory, the team, accompanied by their coach, Mr. Bliss, "worked off" their enthusiasm by running two miles to the nearest interurban, only to find they must wait an additional hour and a half. During which time they improved their already over-burdened intellects by imbibing the inspiration of one of Tacoma's best five cent nickelodians. But at last their train arrived and safely transported them back to native city, none the worse for wear.

#### QUEEN ANNE-LINCOLN SOPH DEBATE.

NOT to be outdone by the school team, the Sophomore Class of the Queen Anne High School, represented by Lettie Lee Rochester, Teal Williams and Carl Moreck, met and defeated the Sophomore team of the Lincoln High School, composed of Paul Baisden, Barrett Herrick and Fern Leasure. They, too, received the unanimous decision of the judges, though considerably crippled in losing their leader, Marcus Ablesette, who was prevented from delivering his debate, on account of illness at the eleventh hour. His place was filled by Lettie Lee Rochester, the alternate. The Sophomore Class can certainly congratulate themselves on the splendid showing made by their representatives.



THE energies of the Sophomore class have been devoted to athletics and debate the past month. The Sophomore Debating Club defeated the Lincoln Sophomore Debating Club with a score of 3 to 0 in spite of the fact that one of the team, Marcus Ableset, was ill. Lettie Lee Rochester ably filled the vacancy.

The Sophomore girls defeated the Freshman girls in basketball 14 to 11. The Sophomore football team defeated the Freshmen 15 to 0 and the Seniors 5 to 0, thus winning the school championship. Keep it up, Sophs.

THE Lincoln athletic dance, given in honor of the football teams of Broadway and Queen Anne, held at Christensen's Broadway hall, was immensely enjoyed by a majority of students from both schools.

As yet no definite arrangements have been made for a Queen Anne athletic dance.

A JUNIOR-SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB has been organized. At the first meeting the following officers were elected: Avanelle Borland, president; Donaldson Graybill, secretary and manager; Authur Cohen, stage manager. The club intends to stage several plays in the near future and to make arrangements for a school play.

THE GIRLS' CLUB, organized for the purpose of Bible study, held its first meeting in October, under the guidance of Mrs. Springer. Ruth Harmon was elected president with Ruth Gleason acting as secretary and treasurer. Changes have been made since then, however, and the following officers have been elected:

President .....	Ruth Gleason
Vice President .....	Hallie Palmerton
Secretary .....	Marian Kelly
Treasurer .....	Alice Partee
Kuay Correspondent .....	Grace Guild
Faculty Adviser .....	Miss Johnstone

SAVE your pennies, Juniors, and prepare for the Junior Prom., to be given January twenty eighth at Faurot's Hall. A very capable committee, consisting of Van Woodaman, chairman; Marian Macdonald, Maurine Thomas, Helen Conner, Fred Lamping and Dillis Knapp, have the party in charge and it promises to be a fine one. In basketball the Juniors are making a splendid showing, but more practice is needed on the girls' class team. So turn out, girls, and work hard to give the class a team that will be a shining light of the school.

ALTHOUGH the Senior class of boys is just barely large enough to make up a football team, it has the spirit necessary for success. For the past three weeks, during the noon intermission, the Senior team, under the coaching of Mr. Fleming, has been seen practicing every day for twenty-five or thirty minutes, and what success we have encountered is due to the fact that every individual has been turning out faithfully and working his hardest.

#### SHORT STORY CLUB.

A SHORT STORY CLUB has been organized for the purpose of encouraging writing both in prose and poetry. The following were selected from a large number of contestants who each handed in a short story. Ten more will be selected next semester.

Josephine Bain.  
 Adah Godsmen.  
 Genevieve Benson.  
 Will Goettling.  
 Lawrence Gormley.  
 Grace Guild.  
 Frank Landsburg.  
 Ethel Maring.  
 Kosen Nakarana.  
 Alfred Olsen.  
 Hallie Palmerton.  
 Victor Pelz.  
 Dorothy Roberts.  
 Genevieve Springston.

Gazina Thomas.  
 Harold Weeks.  
 Mamie Werby.  
 Dwight Whitcomb.  
 Hattie Hall.

DANA COREY, a Sophomore, was awarded the prize of \$10.00 offered by Rev. Sydney Strong, for the best essay on what the next mayor of Seattle should be like. Sixty essays were received from all parts of the city and from these Corey's was awarded first place. Russell McCurdy, also of Queen Anne, was given an honorable mention. The winning essay is as follows:

#### WHAT OUR NEXT MAYOR SHOULD BE.

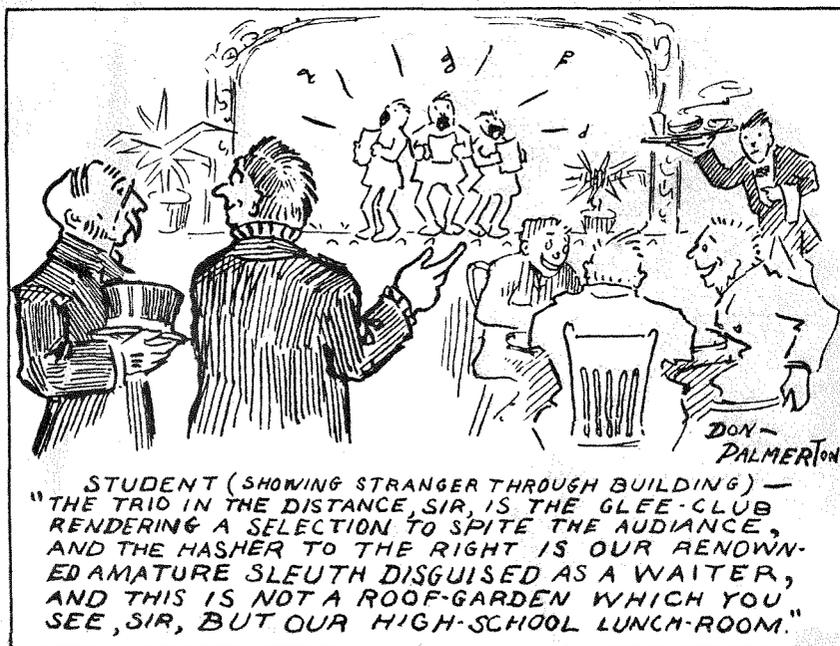
"The next mayor of Seattle should be a broad-minded man, of clean moral character and a thorough business man of experience and capability. He should be a good judge of character and a man who appreciates the responsibility of the office. He should be wise enough to look into the future and see the great needs of this rapidly growing city, and plan intelligently for them. He should be opposed to the granting of perpetual franchises and be able to distinguish between the real needs of the city and the demands of interested parties. He should be able to rise above the small troubles pertaining to the office and be capable of handling the larger ones.

"He should also be one who will not allow the political or religious beliefs of his friends or enemies to influence him in the slightest degree, and one who will demand honest service from his subordinates. In short, the next mayor of Seattle should be a man with 'sand' enough to do right because it is right, and, above all things, be honest not because honesty is the best policy, but because it is essentially right in man's dealings with himself, his fellow men and his God."

JUNIOR PROM  
 January 28 Faurot's  
 I'll Meet You There

# LOCALS

G. SPRINGSTON



Miss Thompson (in English V): "The early poets wrote on some extremely artificial subjects. They chose such subjects as "My Lady's Eyebrows" and—. She still wants to know why the boys laughed.

Nature abhors vacuum.  
 I hate it worse—  
 Especially when that vacuum  
 Is in my purse.—Ex.

Judge: "What is your age, madam?"  
 Fair One: "I've seen thirty-two summers."  
 Judge: "How long have you been blind?"—Ex.

Mr. Bennett (in Commercial Law Class): Can a married woman make a legal contract in this state?

Jo. Bain: I don't know; I never tried it.



CROSS COUNTRY  
 PIKER

"Have you anything on Arctic Exploration," asked the lady of the library attendant.

"Yes," said the attendant, "Cook books and periodicals."

Sadness and gloom reigns. No more do joyful sounds arise unto the sky. For, alas, alas, never again will the boys' roll sing hallelujahs and praises. A great blow has fallen. The direful order has come. The girls hereafter must play their gentle game of basketball before none but maidens. The masculine part of the school stands crushed. Thus do misfortunes come and leave us sorrowing in their wake.

He that hath money and refuseth to buy the school paper, but looketh over his neighbor's back to see the contents thereof, is like unto an ass, who having a manger full of straw, nevertheless nibbleth that of his companion and brayeth with glee.—Ex.

Landsburg's Father (as Frank safely creeps into bed): "Frank, what time is it?"

Frank: "One o'clock." (Clock strikes four.)

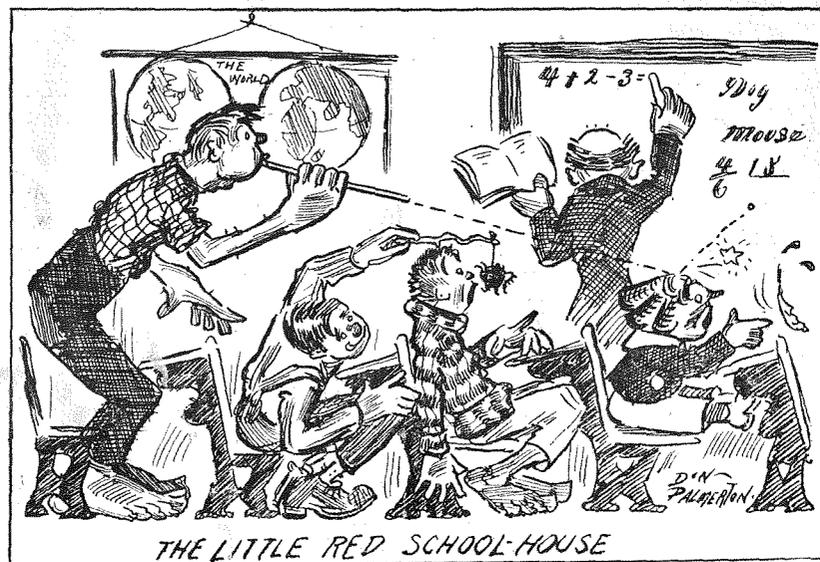
Father: "My, how that clock stutters."

Oily to bed  
 And oily to rise,  
 Is the fate of a man  
 When an auto he buys.

Woman's faults are many,  
Men have only two,  
Everything they say  
And everything they do.—Ex.

## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

John Bovingdon—"To enter no more debates or oratorical contests."  
Arthur Cohen—"To only take eight studies after this."  
Victor Pelz—"To begin to try my hand at the girls."  
Frank Landsburg—"To try not to attempt to be a queener all the time."  
John McFee—"Never to be a manager again."  
Martin Smith—"Never again will my mouth open in Assembly."  
Clarence Coffinberry—"To make my letter on the Queen Anne Grammar School Team."  
The Sophs—"To keep on conquering in athletics."  
The Seniors—"To obtain revenge."  
The Freshmen—"To dodge those yellow slips."  
Cook—"To take domestic science."  
Helmuth Schmitz—"To still be one of Miss O'Hearn's faithful."  
Bob La Tour—"To study faithfully. Being captain of a team and then get fired out through yellow slips don't go."



THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL-HOUSE

## Would-Be Greats

*Ed. Note—These sketches of the inner life of Queen Anne students will appear from time to time in "Kuay." Any person desiring to be represented in this column can do so by notifying the editor and sending in his qualifications. Rates per line may be obtained upon application.*

## CLARENCE COFFINBERRY.

AFTER a long consultation behind closed doors the "Kuay" Staff decided that Clarence Coffinberry would be the most suitable character to head the list of "Would-be Greats," inaugurated in this issue of that publication. Our hero's past is shrouded by the blackest oblivion as he came from Denver. All his worldly possessions, when he arrived at Queen Anne, consisted of a football record and enough credits to qualify him for the Senior class. Coffinberry, commonly called "Coffee," not because the name is suggestive of a waffle house, but because it is the correct abbreviation for Coffinberry, also carried the dim recollection of a Denver lassie called Viola. Thus his exceeding preference for Violas is explained. Nevertheless, it seemed for a long time to be "I love my Viola, but oh you Mary." However, that is all passed as two girls proved to be too serious a drain upon Clarence's spare cash. When this singular character graduates in June, Queen Anne will lose one of the most notable "Would-be Greats" that will ever grace the school. Ta! Ta! Coffinberry.

## VAN WOODAMAN.

VAN is quite a boy. He is secretary of the A. A. and president of the Junior class. With these two positions to start on he has tried to achieve a "rep." as social lion, basketball hero, class football manager, dead game sport and hot air artist, let alone a little fussing on the side. Which reminds us. Ask Van about the time the guys tried to hold him up when he was attempting to find his way home after the debate. For fear he will prevaricate, we will give you the true story. After the debate, a reception for the team and a few others was held by the Waddingham's at their home. Van escorted a maiden home and then, as he was in unknown parts, lost his bearings and was wandering aimlessly in the direction of Fremont when he espied two figures standing upon a dark corner. He was too near to run, so he put up a brave front and proceeded towards them. One walked out to meet him and looked at him carefully, then whistled softly. "Alas!" thought Van, "my last day is come." For he was now between the two. Although white and trembling he stumbled toward the second figure and wildly gasped, "Say, mister, can you tell me where Aloha and Warren avenue is?"

"Why," the figure responded, "what are you doing here, Van Woodaman?"

"Oh," says the honorable Van, heaving a great sigh of relief, "is that you, Drummond? Why, I was just walking about to keep warm," and he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

That is about as bad as Van appointing himself chairman of the Junior Prom. Committee.

ALICE WADDINGHAM.

THIS demure, shy, retreating maiden needs no introduction. She is known to all by the fact that she always runs when boys come around. Nevertheless Alice is beyond a doubt the "belle" of the Queen Anne High School. Prominent in all branches of student activities, nevertheless she seems to be unable to glean dramatic and musical news for the readers of the "Kuay." Alice started out very bravely, handing in long pages of "dope," but in late issues her pages have faded to a mere shadow of their former self.

You just ought to see this lass do the decorating stunt in the assembly. All the male contingent of the school including several well known faculty members are at her beck and call, assuming perilous positions on chairs and ladders and gladly tramping all over the hill for green decorations.

And say, fellows, "Have you heard the latest?" Alice has adopted a child to rear, little Wally Drummond. Where Alice found this youngster no one knows, but she seems resolved to do the right thing by him and bring him up as a nineteen-year-old child should be brought up. She also gazes at Arthur Cohen with an envious eye, but that lad is emphatic in the declaration that he needs no guardian or protector, so turn your eyes on some one else, Alice.

One of the most enchanting incidents that the writer was ever fortunate enough to hear happened one time when he had stole softly up behind young Drummond and heard him singing below his breath, "Not because your hair is curly, not because your eyes are blue."

HUMBER FOTHERINGHAM.

DEAR little old Humber! How touching are his heroically engendered smile and his bravely assumed indifference at the approach of a football assembly or one of the fair sex! We all know what torments he suffers at such terrible crises and we can but wonder and admire at such noble self-curbings on the part of one in whom the instinct to escape has been so strongly implanted. Though his name rhymes with "lumber" and "slumber," he is neither a "wood" be, nor a dead one. We who have fondly watched him from the side-lines at the basketball games have been impressed by the ferocity of that almost pompadour but have always been reassured by his bilikenn-rivalling smile. No, dear reader, he does not always ask assistance when he wishes to call upon some fair damsel. Every man makes a misstep at some time in his career. And now, you must not judge Humber too hastily. We are quite sure that he will soon learn to both talk and walk. It has ever been rumored that a bump of queenology developed upon his little head.

Lo! the day of miracles is not passed.



The exchange list is rapidly growing and we can truly say that every paper received this month is a decided improvement over the previous issues.

THE MADRONA (PALO ALTO, CAL.) has an abundance of material. The stories are good and the "Josh" column is well worthy of mention.

SCIENCE AND CRAFT (CHICAGO, ILL.) is a neat paper. A good cover design would be a great improvement.

THE ADVANCE (SALEM, MASS.) needs a few cuts, but since the editor asks for these in his "Want Column" he evidently realizes the paper's needs.

MAROON AND WHITE and THE AITCHPE (CHICAGO, ILL.) are the only papers received thus far that can exist without the help of advertisers. Both are good, but need attractive covers.

THE VOX STUDENT (DETROIT, MICH.) is good as usual. You give too much space to the "Joax" column.

THE INDEX (OSHKOSH, WIS.) is a paper the students can well be proud of. The paper is well arranged and the material is good.

THE TOLO (FRANKLIN HIGH) is well arranged. The football story is fine.

THE FAIRBURY HIGH SCHOOL GAZETTE (FAIRBURY, ILL.) is something new in the line of high school papers. It is issued weekly and consists of four pages of reading and advertising matter.

The December number of the WHIMS (BROADWAY HIGH) is surely a credit to the school. Whims has both quantity and quality.

THE CHRISTMAS TOTEM is a "hummer." The cover design is excellent. We can suggest no improvement whatever.

THE RECORD (LOUISVILLE, KY.) is always welcome.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the UNIVERSITY OF OREGON MONTHLY.

## School Directory

### SENIOR CLASS.

Charles Powell, Pres.  
Peter Jorgensen, Vice-Pres.  
Avanelle Borland, Sec.  
Wallace Drummond, Treas.

### JUNIOR.

Van Woodaman, Pres.  
Marian Macdonald, Vice-Pres.  
Joel McFee, Sec.  
Hebert Foster, Treas.

### SOPHOMORE.

Carl Jones, Pres.  
Virginia Nathan, Vice-Pres.  
Donaldson Graybill, Sec.  
Tom Ohnick, Treas.

### FRESHMEN.

Harold McDonald, Pres.  
Robert Maples, Vice-Pres.  
Una Middleton, Sec.  
George Pulver, Treas.

### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

John Boyingdon, Pres.  
Kirk Carr, Vice-Pres.  
Van Woodaman, Sec.  
Tom Ohnick, Treas.  
Peter Jorgensen, Custodian.

### DEBATING ASSOCIATION.

Victor Pelz, Pres.  
Lillian Rice, Vice-Pres.  
Marcus Abelset, Sec. and Treas.

### ORCH. STRA.

Miss Thompson, Director.

### SENIOR-JUNIOR DRAMATIC CLUB.

Avanelle Borland, Pres.  
Donaldson Graybill, Sec. and Mgr.  
Arthur Cohen, Stage Manager.

### BASKETBALL.

John McFee, Mgr.  
Martin Smith, Capt.

### GIRLS, A. A.

Frankie Close, Pres. and Mgr.  
Alice Waddingham, Vice-Pres.  
Gladys Meenach, Sec. and Treas.

### SENIOR DRAM. CLUB.

Martin Smith, Pres.  
Alice Waddingham, Vice-Pres.  
Louise Tomlinson, Sec.  
Henry Schmitz, Treas.  
Arthur Cohen, Stage Mgr.

### SOPH. DEBATING CLUB.

Harry Anderson, Pres.  
Gazina Thomas, Vice-Pres.  
Lettie Lee Rochester, Sec. and Treas.

### FRESH. DEBATING CLUB.

Harold Curtiss, Pres.  
Nioma Hoskins, Vice-Pres.  
Vincent Syliason, Sec.  
Maud Herren, Treas.

### BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

Harold Weeks, Pres.  
Joel McFee, Mgr.  
Miss Dahlman, Director.

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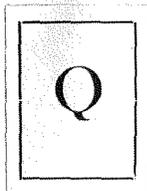
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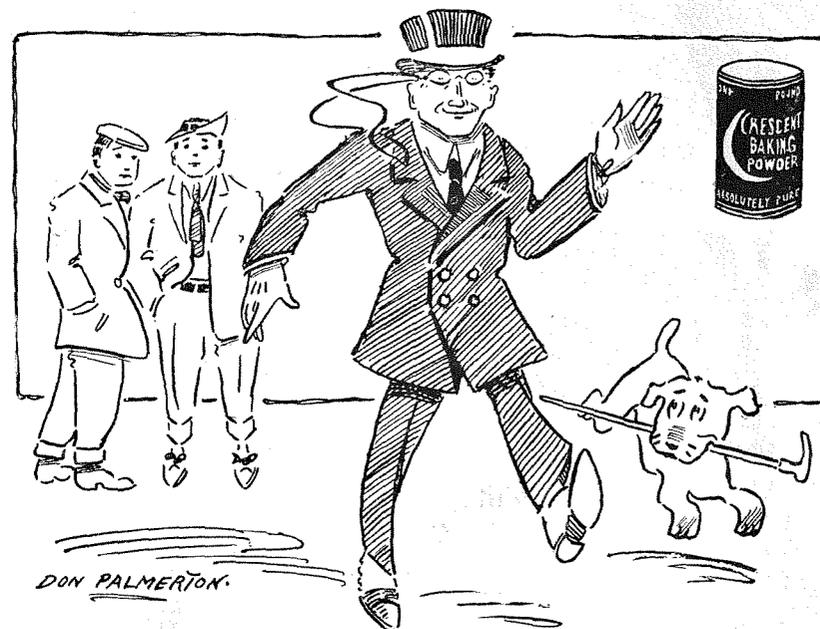
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Who growled where'er he went;  
His temper now is sweet's can be---  
His wife's using "CRESCENT."

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# THE JUNIOR PROM

Faurots, Jan. 28th

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I shall take pleasure in your acquaintance and in showing you our new High School Quarters and all the other departments of our elegantly furnished building.

Sincerely,

FRANK G. MORAN,  
Student Secretary.

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