



BORROWED FROM THE QUIVER OF THE "OPTIMETER"

Doing nothing is the original painless operation. It's the after-effects that hurt.

Worse than a quitter is the fellow who finishes the things he should never have started.

A good memory is one that is so poor you can't remember what you worried about yesterday.

If providence didn't knock us flat on our backs now and then, we might never learn to look up.

Generally, the fellow who leaves his telephone number, but not his name, wants you to grind a sharp edge on his axe.

When somebody asks your opinion about something, better find out whether he really craves your opinion or just wants to start an argument.

Decision is a sharp knife that cuts clear and straight and lays bare the fat and the lean; indecision a dull one that hacks and tears and leaves ragged edges behind it.—"OLD GORGON GRAHAM."

The difference between a fellow who succeeds and one who fails is that the first gets out and chases after the man who needs him, and the second sits around waiting to be hunted up.—"OLD GORGON GRAHAM."

Many enter institutions of learning with the mistaken notion that it is education they desire, when what they really want is a good time and a little training in what they think are the manners and ways of speech of polite society.—EVERETT D. MARTIN.

You've got to learn from the noble savage the law of rivers. Make friends on one bank of the river and do it well and good. Then there's safe navigation. Neither in politics nor in real life can a man make friends on both banks of the river.—TRADER HORN.

It's mighty nice to be told that the shine of your shirt front is blinding the floor-manager's best girl; but if there's a hole in the seat of your pants you ought to know that, too, because sooner or later you've got to turn your back to the audience.—"OLD GORGON GRAHAM."

LOCAL

The room used last year by the band is being converted into a supply room and will also be used as a drafting room. The old drafting room will be utilized as a lecture room and a place for a reference library. Mr. Allen, a new-comer, will use these rooms in his work as shop instructor.

The home of Mrs. Lipps was the scene of a delightful reception tendered the ladies at the school on Saturday afternoon. Conversation, music and delicious and dainty refreshments made the hours pass all too quickly. It was in every way a most charming affair and gave pleasure to all in attendance.

Among the steps taken during the summer by Supt. Lipps as a safety precaution was the installation of fire escapes on each end of Mitchell and McBride Halls. The escapes are of the "chute the chute" type and it will be a pleasure for the boys and girls to do some sliding, fire or no fire.

IS NO MORE

It is our sad duty to chronicle the passing of Mrs. George W. Bent of Chemawa on the night of September 9th. The fact that the mother was dead was reported to Mr. Bent by little Georgie Jr. on the following morning, early, and the sad news spread about the grounds rapidly, casting a cloud of gloom everywhere.

We can recall nothing that was more shocking to our people than the sudden and unexpected death of this good woman. The sad news will bring sorrow to thousands of former students who have been at the school during the many years that the deceased was an employe of this school. The blow will be felt far and near.

Mrs. Bent's maiden name was Ora Scholder and she came here as an employe during the administration of Supt. Harwood Hall, some 12 or more years ago. Since coming here she held the position of boys' matron until her death. Some seven or eight years ago she became the wife of Mr. Bent, our boys' advisor. They were the parents of one son, little Georgie, aged six years.

The blow was a great shock to Mr. Bent and almost prostrated him. In such a case words fail as a consolation, for there is none. It takes time to heal a wounded heart, and sometimes it never heals. The entire population of our school offer their consolation and sympathy to those who have suffered in the death of this good woman.

The childhood home of Mrs. Bent was in or near San Diego, California, where she has many relatives. On Thursday evening Mr. Bent, accompanied by the little son, Georgie, started south with the remains of the wife and mother—a long, sad and drear journey, and the last act of one of the greatest tragedies.

The deceased was aged about 41 years when death overtook her. Heart failure was evidently the cause of her death, unsuspected by herself and her friends. It is too sad for words.