

THE INTERLUDE

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PRICE 2 CENTS

PRONUNCIAMENTO!

ALL SENIORS (SO-CALLED), JUNIORS, AND LUSH GREEN FRESHIES ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED, WARNED AND OTHERWISE INFORMED THAT THERE IS NO CHANCE WHATSOEVER OF THEIR WINNING THE INTERLUDE SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST. WE DON'T WANT TO DISCOURAGE THE PROPER ASPIRATIONS OF ANY CLASS, BUT WE MUST INFORM ALL YOU OVER-CONFIDENT COOKOOS THAT WE HAVE VICTORY'S NANNY LOCKED IN OUR STABLE, EATING OUR LITTLE OLD TIN CANS.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS, 1916.

WARNING!

TO ALL SUCH MISGUIDED PERSONS AS MAY FOOLISHLY IMAGINE THAT THEY HAVE ANY CHANCE WHATSOEVER TO WIN THE INTERLUDE CONTEST WE KINDLY, YET FIRMLY, WARN THEM THAT THE WHOLE MATTER IS SETTLED! IT WAS FOREORDAINED THAT VICTORY SHOULD FALL TO

THE CLASS OF 1914.

MANIFESTO!!!

IN ORDER TO AVOID ANY STRAINED RELATIONS, AND TO PREVENT ANY UNFORTUNATE MISUNDERSTANDINGS THAT MIGHT FOLLOW OUR SWEEPING VICTORY IN THIS YEAR'S INTERLUDE SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST, WE DESIRE TO BREAK THE NEWS AS GENTLY AS POSSIBLE TO THE CLASSES OF 1914, 1916, AND 1917, THAT WE, THE UNDERSIGNED ALREADY HAVE A DOUBLE DIAMOND HITCH CINCH ON THE VICTORY, AND THAT WE HAVE ALREADY MADE OUR CHOICES IN THE MATTER OF PRIZES.

CLASS OF 1915.

NOTICE!

A CAREFUL COUNT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW SECURED BY MEMBERS OF OUR CLASS, WARRANTS US IN NOTIFYING ALL OTHERS DIRECTLY OR REMOTELY CONCERNED THAT WE HAVE WON THIS YEAR'S INTERLUDE SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST, FOR WE WERE HUSTLING FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS WHILE YOU WERE TRYING TO THINK OF PSEUDO-FUNNY THINGS TO PRINT ABOUT US.

THE CLASS OF 1917.

FRESHMAN OFFICERS

President, Russell Miller.
Vice-President, Russell Shutts.
Secretary, Joseph Hansel.
Treasurer, Marie Shutts.
Marshal, Harold Betts.
Class Editor, Marjorie Whitcomb.
Class Reporters—Dorothy Shafer, Henry Chillias, Dorothy Pershing, Ethel Phelan.
Class Sponsors—Mr. Veler, Miss Stone, Mr. Sims.

TO EVERYBODY!

This Concerns You!

At the end of both halls boxes will be placed to hold Interlude material. Now keep your ears open and catch all these brilliant sayings that are going around, then write them down, and drop them in the box.

If you have an inspiration for a good article, don't let it pass by, but write it. Who knows, you may be a Shakespeare, Emerson, or Mark Twain.

Here is a good chance to get that joke off on your friend for you don't necessarily have to sign your name; just get it in the box, then we'll do the rest.

Come, be Boosters for our Interlude!

The Penalty

Met a lass,
Skipped a class,
To have a little talk.
Next day,
Same way,
Had to take a walk.
Had to cram
For exam,
Did my very best.
A lass—
Alas!
I flunked out in the test.—Ex.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

Has the Sophomore "pep" died down? Well, I guess not! The first meetings were loyally attended. All members are enthusiastic and trying hard to make the class a success.

And our new banner! Cherry background with grey black numerals, none other than 1916! With that as an inspiration we can't help but be enthusiastic.

THE INTERLUDE

The Interlude, as you know by now, has been made a weekly paper instead of a monthly. All you folks who take The Interlude will be mighty glad, because now you can have four times as much news and every bit of it will be right up to snap. Now all you people who aren't going to subscribe for The Interlude anyway and who don't know a thing about it, **stop knocking!** Don't be the little pessimist and tell everyone who doesn't know better that "the new weekly won't amount to anything." I most certainly will. You can't imagine anything better than this year's Interlude! Just imagine yourself subscribing for it right now so you'll be sure of having your own subscription and won't have to depend on friend Jimmie's.

Here's hoping you will like the new paper and help to make it one grand big success by contributing a whole heap of stories and jokes each week.

DIARY OF A FRESHMAN

Sept. 22—Heavens! I never spent such a day in my life since Pa and I went to Chicago. There were people all over. I never knew so many folks went to school. It wasn't at all like Bill told me it would be. The professors don't wear gloves and carry canes—why, you can't tell half of them from the students! The under classmen don't have to get down on their knees when a Senior passes, either. The first thing we had to do was go to the big hall where they have a stage and seats. The principal of the school made a speech and told us where to go and what to do, but he used such big words and ones we didn't understand that when he got through I didn't know any more than I did when he started. When we came out, we walked around the halls and looked at the statues of Vesuvius and St. Joe (that's who a fellow said they were) and the big frieze from the Paragon in Rome.

The class of 1913 went over and got it and gave it to the building. It's awful nice. Well, Ma says I have to go to bed now. Hope I won't get mixed up tomorrow.

(To be continued)

MUSIC NOTES

Things are booming in the music room as well as in every other part of the building. Just to let you know that Miss Parker and Miss Garlock are not "loafing," here are some of the many things the chorus is planning to do. The chorus met Wednesday, Oct. 1 and everyone had his voice tested. You'll probably say, "So I heard" to that, but I guess she knows whether or not they can sing now. I know some awful heart-rending thrills escaped from the room. One sang bass—it was base all right; another was supposed to be able to sing tenor, you couldn't tell whether it was ten or eleven from the outside; and when one girl was asked to sing a solo, she sang it so low you couldn't hear it. Everybody clapped when Miss Parker said she guessed she would have to give that girl the solo part in the opera, "Martha."

Oh, didn't I tell you about that? Well, the chorus is going to present the opera "Martha" this year. Isn't that great? So everyone get into one of the classes which meet almost every hour on Wednesday, and then the full chorus Thursday after 3:45 p. m. You'll like the Miserere chorus from "Il Trovatore" which they're going to start working on, also the celebrated Sextette from "Lucia" by Donizetti and Inflammatus Chorus arranged from "Stabat Mater" by Rossini. Boys are most cordially invited and heartily welcomed, but everybody come!

O, YOU CONTEST!

There's off in a bunch. Seniors and Sophomores neck-and-neck, with Juniors but half a head and Freshmen but a length behind! And Hiram, it's some race! If the Seniors don't win they'll be too miserable to live! Imagine them crowded out of their front assembly seats, and a lot of puffed-up Juniors sitting there grinning constantly at their misery. O Jerusha, my angel child, wouldn't that be just too awfully awful? That's why the Seniors have that set look, that glassy stare, with the bit in their teeth, and are making those heavy wheezing breathing sounds. It's life or death to their pride with them and so they're sure going some!

And that Junior bunch! See that smirk of confidence! It's maddening to their competitors, but it's founded on facts. They're rolling in the subscriptions in wads. They're going to be the big people in school this year, they say. And the joke of it all is that they are worrying less about the Seniors than about the Sophomores, and mighty little about them. They certainly mean business.

You're right! So you have noticed it, too? Well, it is some team work, all right, all right. Yep! Divided into squads, under captains, and going at it systematically, scouring the town, soliciting the alumni, their friends and everybody else for subscriptions in a determined, dogged sort of way, and getting 'em, too. Heaps of 'em. They've got it down to a system and it looks like a sure thing for them, unless the other classes copy their methods.

Those Sophs are certainly alive!

Don't you deceive yourself, Obediah! Those Freshies are not so green. They're a live lot of lollapalloosers, if you want to know. You may depend upon it. They've got the numbers, and they've got the "pep." They can put salt on the tail of a subscription as deftly as anybody. No, they aren't making much noise, but Theodore, my child, just ask at the book store what class has taken out the most subscription blanks, and what class has the most individuals at work, and you'll get a real optic opener. They've got a battle song and war cry that sounds strangely like this: "When the votes are counted yonder, we'll be there, we'll be there." They say that they will be there with bells on. Yes, I've heard that there are some skilled organizers helping them. And what a jolt the final result will be to those scoffing upper classes. O Lizzie, I should worry about the Freshmen running last, and get a new convulsion in my cerebrum! Eh, what?

WHO IS THE MOST POPULAR GIRL?