

THE INTERLUDE

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SOUTH BEND, IND. HIGH SCHOOL, NOV. 21, 1913

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ENGLISH FROM A STUDENT'S POINT OF VIEW

When the student reaches high school, he hasn't as yet thought about his ambitions and ideals or realized what there is in him. The awakening will probably take place in his English class, or at least the teacher of that subject has it in her power to bring about this self-realization. If the pupil is encouraged to draw his own conclusions and to interpret in his way, he may see himself or his inner self in some of the characters about whom he reads.

Take, for instance his pleasure in romance. His desire for adventure will be aroused by the courageous deeds of such characters as are found in "Ivanhoe" and "Lorna Doone." Possibly in the characteristics of some hero or heroine, the student will see and feel kinship to some latent emotion in himself. And he will read these stories with avidity, for they picture his own aspirations to do the wonderful things in life.

If only the appreciation of humor in every-day life could be taught! May not the reading of great humorists do it? Are not those episodes so related to ordinary existence that a student can readily appreciate them? Who will ever forget Sam Weller's valentine and other humorous incidents from Dickens? Who doesn't like to read Mark Twain's humorous stories? And Holmes' "One Hoss Shay" makes one smile even now! Then if you wish to see the humor of life through Shakespeare's eyes, read the queer tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe in "The Midsummer Night's Dream."

Again, why may not the pupil learn to love nature by reading Bryant, Wordsworth, or Burns? Will not Wordsworth's "To a Cuckoo" or his "Daffodils" and Burns' beautiful "Mountain Daisy" arouse in the student a response to the call of the wonderful beauty in both animate and inanimate nature? Can one read Bryant's "To a Fringed Gentian" and fail to see the delicate beauty of that flower of blue.

"Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall"
As it looks through it fringes to the sky? Will he not be impressed by that hope which comes to every sympathetic reader when he thinks of the last stanza—

"I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart?"

When one has at least a faint idea of his emotions and ambitions, will he not desire to give them permanent form? For this end, theme work has been devised. It is a pity that so many students look upon

themes as a burden, a task to be done as quickly as possible without much thought, for that frame of mind means failure. If the student is encouraged to think about his subject before writing, to collect his ideas and cast away those facts that are not relevant, he will be apt to develop a habit of observation and logical thought which will be valuable to him in later life. Much stress must of course be laid on grammatical accuracy, but of vastly more importance is that opportunity which comes to him to think clearly and to express himself truthfully. If he is helped to become free and unrestrained, in fact to lose himself in the atmosphere of his subject, he will be more apt to express those ideas which are really his own. Then and then only, does he know the joy of self-realization.

G. LICHTENBERGER, '14.

DEBATING CLUB REORGANIZED

In spite of class meetings and other school activities, a large crowd turned out Tuesday, Nov. 18, to reorganize the Debating Club in accordance with the rules adopted by the Board of Control. New officers for the first school term were elected as follows:

President, Edward Doran; Vice-President, Carl Prell; Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. Stein.

Plans are being outlined to make the Debating Club one of the liveliest and most helpful organizations in the school. The Club will have an active membership of 25 and will be open to Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores, all of whom must have had some work in Public Speaking.

Among the interesting entertainments to be featured by the Club are the following: Round-table talks on problems arising in our school; debates on current civic and political questions; mock trials; addresses before the Club by visiting speakers; Assembly programs; and inter high school debates held with surrounding schools.

The Debating Club will meet regularly in Room 119. The next meeting promises to be especially exciting and instructive as a mock trial is to be held. Mr. Johnson will act as Judge, Dean Miller as Plaintiff, Walter Phelan, the agent for the Gazette, as Defendant, W. H. Stein as Prosecuting Attorney. Louis Inwood as attorney for Defendant, and other members of the club will serve as witnesses.

If you are interested and can qualify, get busy and join at once. The membership is limited and delay may prevent your becoming a member of the liveliest and most instructive student organization in school. Hand in your name and application to the Secretary, W. H. Stein. Do it now!

THAT PARADE

The parade given by the students last Friday night was pronounced one of the best parades ever seen in the city. Some boost, isn't it? But boost or not, it only goes to show what the student body can do when it once goes at it.

Over 700 High School people took places in the line of march. Many were so grotesquely dressed that it was impossible to know them; some did not attempt to make up but all were filled with the spirit, and there to show it. Among other attractions were several interesting floats, which drew much favorable comment from the spectators.

One of these floats was especially well worked up. "Tiny" Willard Happ represented the infant "New Born Spirit" as he contentedly reclined on a seven-foot crib and took nourishment from a huge nursing bottle. He was attended by Lisle Kriehbaum, a trained nurse, personifying the Board of Control and by "Doctor" Sims in the person of Raymond Kuespert. This timely float naturally made quite a hit with the crowds.

Another popular feature was a truck bearing an immense sign on which were tabulated the various football scores of the season. The entire football squad also rode on this truck, and were greeted with hearty cheers.

Following the floats came the cheering, spirited students on foot. A "timid farmer" (Waldo Gower) accompanied by a broad shouldered "young lady" in a beautiful morning gown and dust cap, led the procession. In the line of march were "Martha Washingtons," "soldiers," "policemen," "clowns," "blushing brides" (with bass voices), "coons," "hoop-skirted dames," "cow-boys," "cow-girls," "Indians," and — well, one might go on ad infinitum but time and space will not allow a complete list. Suffice it to say—they were the liveliest coals South Bend has seen for many days.

Halts were made at corners of principal streets, while Yell-masters Phelan and Swintz led the students in their loudest yells. Fancy marching and snake dances delighted the crowds who agreed that the spirit was indeed born again.

Then, to make the evening a complete success, Miss Laverne invited the paraders to attend the performance of "The Wrong Mr. Wright" as her guests. Many thanks are due Miss Laverne for the pleasant entertainment offered.

The citizens enjoyed our parade as well as we. They liked to see us come back.

ATHLETICS

South Bend 106 Logansport 0
LINE-UP

Wolf, Boswell Gibson
Left End
Cordier Gangloff
Left Tackle
Stanley, Hagerey..... Ellis
Left Guard
Forster.....Kinsey
Center
Rowe (Capt.).....Arrick
Right Guard
Booth.....Herz, Woodling
Right Tackle
Sullivan, Dally.....Chase
Right End
Poulin.....Hyman, Maple
Quarter Back
Allen, van den Bosch....Maple, Guy
Left Half
Cottrell, Hartzler, Martin.....Crain
Full Back
Scott, Shanafelt.....Sellers (Capt.)
Right Half

Summary: Touchdowns—Poulin (4), Forster (3), Allen (2), Sullivan (2), Hartzler (2), Scott (2), Wolf. Goals from Touchdown—Allen (10). Referee—Miller, Dartmouth.

Springbrook was the scene of another massacre Saturday, Nov. 15. The unlucky foe, whom the local lads were obliged to trample on, came from the much renowned town of Logansport. For two quarters South Bend scored at will, at the end of the first half the score being close to the century mark. Luckily for Logansport, the south bound Vandavia left at 4:30 and so it was decided to cut the remaining periods to ten minutes each. The game was resumed and at the end of the third spasm, Logansport decided that they had had enough and retired to the tune of a "Cole 6."

Much credit for the overwhelming victory was due to the work of Forster, who jumped into Whiteman's shoes at center and passed accurately throughout. He also came in on scoring part, getting 3 of the 16 touchdowns. Poulin also scored heavily with four counters.

Remarks

105-76-5-4-3-2-1. It was remarkable how well that quarterback could count backwards.

The value of interference was demonstrated perfectly in the first quarter and resulted in a touchdown.

Booth broke through the visitors' line time and again, breaking up plays and blocking passes.

For the first time this season we had the joy of seeing a man laid out. The only trouble was that he was a Logansport man. We would sort of like to have one of our own heroes crack his head against a fencepost so that we could holler nine rabs and

let him know how glad we were that he wasn't killed.

Phelan was quite busy between his megaphone and his little book.

Scrubs (2)	St. Joe (13)
	LINE-UP
Sheibelhut, Boswell.	Witt
	Left End
McAlpine.	Schultz
	Left Tackle
Egan.	Mitchell
	Left Guard
Elbel.	Swigart
	Center
Parks.	Larson
	Right Guard
Hillebrand, Hagerty.	Doan
	Right Tackle
Fernandez, Dally.	Groff
	Right End
Flanagan.	Hayden
	Quarter Back
Anderson, Martin.	Simon
	Left Half
Bon Durant (Capt.)	Rose
	Right Half
Leisure.	Thompson (Capt.)
	Full Back

Summary: Touchdowns—Hayden, Thompson. Goal from Touchdown—Schultz. Safety—St. Joe. Referee—Miller, Dartmouth.

Those who braved the damp and darkness for the tilt between the second team and St. Joe saw by far a much better contest than the preceding one. However, it did not last long and the few who stayed were glad to leave the battle ground when a dispute over time, darkness, and other obstacles cut short the contest.

St. Joe felt quite strong and started off with a rush, pushing their heavy backs through the light second line at a fast clip. The visitors team as a whole was much heavier than that of the scrubs and the latter were no match for the Michigan lads. A few first team subs were pressed into service and the locals then held up fairly well under the heavy battering.

Remarks

St. Joe has certainly improved since their last appearance here.

Metzler is considering sending in a bill for teaching St. Joe how to play football. Some of their plays looked surprisingly similar to those worked against them last month.

A record was broken when South Bend played the third football game with the same team in the same year.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Elkhart here next Saturday.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

The Seniors survived the calamity of last week remarkably well and presented a fine showing at their meeting last Monday. The officers express their surprise and pleasure in seeing so many strange faces, and urge them to come again.

The class voted unanimously to reinstate our old officers:

President, Donald Livengood.
Vice-President, Helen Gregory.
Secretary, Esther Dean.
Treasurer, Raymond Kuespert.

THE AIM OF THE ART COURSE IN HIGH SCHOOL

"A nation's ideals are revealed in its art and its art has greatest value when it is the expression of the spirit of the whole people, and the measure of their excellence is the measure of the people's appreciation."

The Art Course in high schools has not kept pace with general education for the reason that it has been placed upon a wrong basis. Instruction in mere drawing or painting from pose or nature is limited to the development of technique for the few who are naturally gifted along this one line and does not train even these few in appreciation and understanding. Public school education is for increase in efficiency and if it does not accomplish that, it is time and energy wasted.

Public school art education should call for the direct exercise of critical powers. Appreciation is the natural endowment of every person, and the art course should bring into consciousness this appreciation,—develop it in the average pupil and also train the gifted few for skill.

We must train consumers of artistic products before industrial production will be influenced. Because the mass of the people cannot discriminate is the reason for so much that is inartistic, gaudy, commonplace to vulgarity. We must train intelligent buyers of beautiful things as well as skilled workers, and the mere ability to draw well makes neither one or the other.

The principles of design and color harmony are fundamental. These are the formation of all that is good in architecture, sculpture, painting, furniture, home decoration, costumes, advertising.

It is a matter of principle whether anything is beautiful. We should not only know it is beautiful but why it is beautiful, and an education is deficient which leaves one unable to judge of these things. Public Art education should develop cultivation, discrimination, choice, and appreciation, with results that will go into the home, which is the bulwark of the nation.

Here should be unity between the work done in the school room and the world of action—lead the majority to desire harmony of line, form, tone and design in buildings, pictures, furniture, textiles, wall papers, costumes, jewelry, etc., and our nation's ideals will speedily be revealed in its art.

To reach this ideal expression public art education in high schools should embrace these three things:

I. Public buildings and homes and their interior decoration.

II. Advertising or process by which the producer places before the consumer that which he has to distribute.

III. Costumes. And these are dependent upon the principles of color harmony and design.

At the International Congress for the promotion of Art instruction held

in Dresden during the summer of 1912, the exhibit of foreign schools demonstrated that art instruction has a definite relation to the world of production.

Lack of training in appreciation of the producer is responsible for an immense waste of labor, skill and money in the production of useless and ugly things. The home is most vital and artistic environment most necessary. If one never sees or thinks beautiful things one never appreciates beautiful things—while living with the thought of beauty makes one fine in judgment, character and esthetic sense.

Art is the quality that makes a thing right in its place. The elements of art are beauty and harmony. Beauty and harmony are interchangeable terms. Everything which contributes to general good taste and appreciation contributes to universal harmony. MABEL ARBUCKLE.

WHO WHO AND WARUM

Harking back a couple of harks, it will be remembered that many new teachers have entered our midst, and thinking it appropriate that the students should know something of the personal life of said teachers, we interviewed a couple of these aforesaid teachers and found that one young man among us was born in Maryville, Mo., where, we know, he is held in high esteem by the community, in fact he admits that himself. And he is a progressive—progressive from the word "go." He even thinks so much of Teddy R. that he has learned to imitate him; if you don't believe that just ask Mr. Sheppard Leffler. He has a sister, too, Miss Helen Elizabeth Lee Leffler. Now with all due respect to Miss Leffler's initials wouldn't you hate to be a member of a family that raised—well, we'll let it go at that.

Miss Minnie Adams, who is now teaching Latin in the High School, hails from Minnesota and also from Oberlin, Ohio, where she graduated from Oberlin College. She has been a regular gad-about or at least one is inclined to believe it from the fact that she was principal of a school in Illinois, and she even taught the Mormons out in Utah, but she isn't a Mormon, Oh! My! No! That dear little maltese collar she wears, she bought at Gibraltar while she was sprinting around Europe; whether or not she became a suffragette—beg pardon "gist" not "gette," while she was in England no one knows, but nevertheless she is a suffragist. And girls, have you notice what lovely wavy hair she has? The other day when it was pouring rain her hair was all fluff. Aren't you jealous?

Martha S.: "What became of the cake I baked for you?"

Douglas D.: "I sent it to the engravers to have my initials carved on it."

Bertram Leer (French Editor) to Miss Whaley: "What is that national French song—the Mayonnaise?"

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN

Taken from the writing of the Greek Zuxes, whose works were just recently found while excavating in Greece.

The Horse

This story is about a horse. The horse is a [A-S hors for hros, O. Sax. I cel., O. H. Ger. Hros, N. H. Ger. ross, M. H. Ger. & D. ros; etc.]. The horse has sometimes spots and four legs with knuckles about half way down on the outside. When he is the same shade all over he hasn't any. The horse isn't as small as a small horse or as large as an elephant. His nose is where his chin ought to be because he has ears on his face which pushes the rest of his countenance down.

The horse is used for drawing. However there is a vast difference between a horse and a lead pencil. The horse isn't particular what he draws like some men are. The horse was once painted by a famous artist. That is why he sometimes has black stripes around him. The horse is also noted for his courage. He never cries and he never spits on the sidewalk.

Once a man tried to train a horse not to eat and he fed him less every day. He finally got him down to two grains of wheat a day but the horse died. Some people have a horse in their throats. There is a horse that people saw wood on, but I am not writing about this kind of a horse. ZUXES.

Editor's Note:—This is the first of a series of valuable educational notes to be printed in this paper.

MY HIGH SCHOOL, 'TIS OF THEE

My South Bend High to thee,
I pledge my loyalty,

Of thee I sing,
School where my father tried,
School of my mother's pride,
From all the country side,

Let praises ring,
My dear old South Bend High,
I'll praise thee to the sky,

Thy name I love,
I love my tan and blue,
To them I'll e'er be true,
I'll help to pull them through
And keep above.

Let music swell once more,
And ring from door to door,
Our loyal song.

Let all our tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let walls their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's school to thee
Author of knowledge free,
To thee we sing.

Long may our school be bright,
With Spirit's shining light.
Protect us by thy might.
Great God, our King.

Since cigarettes seem less provoking
Unto the one who do the smoking,
O won't some power please compel
'em,
To smell themselves as others smell
'em?

Mr. Hartman (in History II)—
"What came after the Decemvirs?"
Bright Boy—"January."

No Accounting for Tastes

Florence Butzbach brings a snake to school for the delectation of her biology class and is met by the following comments:

"Isn't it sweet!"
 "O, how dear."
 "How cute. Will it get out?"
 "Sweet little thing! See it wiggle?" (What are we coming to?)

Bright student, talking about reception: "O yes, we had a fine time. You know we even called up Mr. Studebaker and asked him what he thought about it."

Pupil: "Mr. Sims, I'm late, I want an admit."

Mr. Sims (with weariness) "Why are you late?"

Pupil: "I didn't get here on time!"

Mr. S (in a dreary monotone): "Why didn't you get here in time?"

Pupil: "I didn't start early enough!"

Mr. S bows his head, and sighs for a mental vacuum pump.

LOST—My seat, during Junior-Senior scrap for 1914 banner. Return immediately. No questions asked. Collmer.

BUSINESS PERSONAL—I am looking for a real nice man. Automobile preferred. Martha Stover.

WANTED—Some one to love me. Ed. Twomey.

BUSINESS CHANCES—Notice! I will give any one a box of "Little Corporals" who will tell me how I can get more easy credits. Bertram Leer.

If Venus came down to walk the street of Rome, would Julius Caesar?

Science

Light comes from the sun.
 Feathers are light.
 Therefore, feathers come from the sun.

Beneath the moon he told his love;
 The color left her cheeks;
 But on the shoulder of his coat
 It showed for several weeks.—Ex.

Young Wife: "That pudding I have just made for you is a poem."
 Hubby: "And I suppose I am to be the waste basket."

Love and a porous plaster, son,
 Are very much alike;
 It's simple getting into one
 But getting out—Good-night.

Diner—"Look, waiter! There's a gray hair in the soup!"

Waiter—"Ah! M'sieur is like me! M'sieur regret also ze liddle blond cook who is gone."

SONG OF THE FRESHMAN

"They always, always Pick on me."

Minister—"So you are going to school now Bobby."

Bobby (aged six)—Yes, sir."

Minister—"Spell kitten for me."

Bobby—"Oh! I'm further along than that; try me on cat."

Notice: Contributors to Joke Department, please put your jokes on thin paper so that the editors can see through them.

Mutt—Generally speaking women are—

Jeff—Yes, they are.

Mutt—What?

Jeff—Generally speaking.

Lawyer—Now, you must give explicit and exact answers. You said you drove a milk cart, didn't you?

Witness—No, sir, I didn't.

Lawyer—Don't you drive a milk cart?

Witness—No, sir.

Lawyer—Ah! Then what do you do, sir?

Witness—I drive a hoss.

First Student—"I ate a piece of 'Spearmint' yesterday and it scared me to death."

Second Student—"That's not unusual. It always takes my breath away."—Ex.



"EVERYWOMAN"

Those High School students who attended "Everywoman" were doubly repaid, for not only did they find the performance very enjoyable but also they found that they had a more vivid impression of a morality play. Students of physics were interested in the problem suggested by the appearance simultaneously in one mirror of two figures, only one of which appeared before the mirror.

THE SCHOOLBOY'S LIBERATOR

Mi teacher keeps me after klas
 Bekos I cannot spel a wurd.
 She teis me I can never pas;
 I tel her that is kwite absird.
 The old, old way iz out of dait,
 Carnaygy says, and I agre,
 And rite in klas I boldly stait
 No stand-pat speling now for me!
 Columbus kaim akros the se
 To find this land of korn and
 whine.
 A grate diskuvrer he may be,
 But there's another just as fine.
 Carnaygy he diskuvrd how
 The English lagwidge shood be
 spelt
 And, grate as Kris's faim iz now,
 It's Andru C. will ware the belt.

Tho Washington is kwite a man
 And Linkun ain't so very smal,
 The Laird o' Skibo has them skan;
 He iz the grandest of them al.
 The only friend in al the land
 To tender children in the scools,
 He took his litl hatchet and
 He simplifide the speling rulz.

Yes, Andru is our leeding one;
 He did a brave and nobel thing.
 Like Genrel Georg H. Washington,
 He slu the English ov the king.
 And more than that did Andru C.
 Like Linkun in the war with Spane.
 He set a million childrn fre
 From wairing slavery's gawling
 chane.

THE IDIOTOR'S OWN COLYUM

Still they come. Claimants for the all-day-sucker prize for the Prize Boob Stunt. Here are a few of this week's crop:

I told Mr. S. I wanted to get excused to see Evelyn Nesbit Thaw! Holy smoke! there ain't nothing left of me but a cinder. "Them was crool, crool words." Send the prize to the Emergency Room. Biliious.

We will share the prize if you will send it to either of us. We locked students in our rooms, and went serenely on our way. O yes, they were finally rescued.

M. D. and E. B. D.

Leave the prize in the organ pit in the Auditorium. I'll get it there. That's where I tumbled in, in a startled heap, as I gazed awe-struck about in that splendid room.

B. E. C.

I had just passed gum to all my friends in assembly before that awful revelation about its lovely brown color. Some of them don't speak to me now. Leave the prize in my gym locker.
 Susan.

Dear Ignatz:—Maybe I get that prize and maybe I don't, but I'm the gink that held an office before the Funeral, and to be generous and magnanimous, I moved that other nominations for class officers be accepted in addition to the old officers. I didn't get re-elected! I'll see you privately about that prize—Boob.

I'm the shrimp that used to start a "rough-house" whenever a woman teacher had charge of the class or study hall. I used to be a popular kiddo, but I'm all to the pickles now. Even the cat don't love me any more. Send me the taffy.

Low-brow Bill, '17.

The prize is mine. Last week I asked Miss Dunbar for some candy, which I heard she had. The very first bite I broke off my tooth and now I have to fork out ten plunks for a crown. Never again will I be a "piker."

H. J. G.

Haven't I some show for the prize? I hurried out the basement door last night and, after it had banged shut, I discovered the iron gates were locked, too. I had to wait there over an hour and all the time I was simply starving.

Capt. Rowe.

While trying to cross from the girls' gym to the locker room last Tuesday I got lost and went racing around the halls for 15 minutes trying to find the girls' locker room. If you'll leave the prize in the office I'll call for it there.

June B.

A petite boy handed the following in on an examination en histoire francaise: "Gen'l Napoleon was killed in the battle of Waterloo. He had three horses shot under him and a fourth went through his heart."

Wanted—A reliable pony to ride in Caesar's Gallic wars.

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DECEMBER

Of all the winter months December is to me most charming. All the pent-up joy of months before bursts forth making this month mysterious and bubbling with fun. The good times seem all to crowd into December, the joy of Christmas, sleigh-rides and coasting, everything is lively, everyone is full of vigor. The beauty of December is so impressive, so lovely, that even though we are lonely and downcast, one glance upon the scene without enlivens us, and makes us merry. Does the world ever appear as pure as when it is swathed in a great blanket of snow, and when the branches of the trees droop nearly to the ground with their glistening burden! And oh! those nights when the snow crackles at every step as we walk along. The pale glimmer of the moon reflects upon the snow and brightens up the scene, and the merry laughter of the coasters rings across the snow, making each night overflow with hilarious revelry. The spirit of the Yuletide prevails throughout this month, thus making everyone full of the lovingness and generosity for which this holiday stands. So this then is my choice of all the months.

AN EDITOR'S CONFESSION

Since 1894 I have lived a most peaceful, happy and tranquil life. In the year 1913 A. D. as a Senior a heart-rending, terrible, unheard of calamity befell me. I was, figuratively speaking, like a sudden flash of lightning, hurled into the chaotic editor's maelstrom. Who the enemies that selected me for the position are I am yet to learn, and then I will have revenge. Omitting further quotations and proceeding to the climax, I wish to say, that from the task of remodeling old jokes into new ones and giving them French names and appearances, from inventing mistakes that my classmates were never made, from wearing out a pair of perfectly good shoes chasing news as a reporter with no salary, and from causing the printers to lose much of their valuable time laughing at my jokes and committing them to memory, thus delaying the delivery of our paper, I have succeeded in pleasing "One Lone Freshman." Finis.

RECENT POPULAR MUSIC

Sympathy—We want it now.
Oh, You Beautiful Doll—"Sully."
Peg o' My Heart—Margaret Hill.
Some Boy—"Don" Livengood.
Too Much Mustard—That Assembly.
I Love Her So—Leon.
Where Did You Get That Girl?—"Johnny" Poulin.
Good-bye, Boys—Jimmie Wolfe (almost).
Oh, You Silvery Bells—When the Period Ends.
You're a Great Big Blue-Eyed Baby—Hagerty.
That Old Girl of Mine—"The One" last summer.
You Made Me Love You—Oh, you Tests.

During the Exposition an interesting bit of thrift and romance came to light. One or rather two of the exhibitors received 72 points for prizes, mainly on apples and baking. The prize-winners were the owners of the Ti-To-Sixty farm. The farm received its name from an incident in the courtship of the owners. When the gentleman proposed to the young lady that they "tie-up," she suggested that they would better wait awhile and in the meantime use their spare money together to tie to sixty acres of land, which they did. Together they have developed the Ti-To-Sixty farm.

Book Notices

A new book is being published by the Elbel-MacMillan Co., called "How to protect our colors." The author is Raymond Kuespert. Red hot stuff.

Mr. Arthur Fisher and Miss Ada Steis have just published their "Dilly Dally by the Wayside." Very romantic.

Miss Helen Jean Gregory is writing a beauty book entitled "Beautiful Eyes." Its publisher is the renowned Mr. William Trainor.

Another book out this month is Russell Bucher's "How to run a machine with one hand." The proof was read by Miss Freeman and pronounced true to life.

Our last book of note is "How to Eat Turnips and Peach Pie in Fifteen Minutes," by Miss Maude Porter. The feeling and descriptions in this book are fine. We know it is true to life. We've eaten at the Y. W. ourselves.

Miss Keller to B. G.: "Is it correct to say, 'The stream's water is cold'?"

B. G.: "No, I should say, 'The water's stream is cold'."

Mr. Leffler: "What land did South Carolina claim in 1781?"

Loyal M.: "A strip about a half an inch wide."

(C. in German Class) translating:

Es ist ernem ja ganz angenehm, wenn man sich den Bart mit Seife Wascht.

Mistaking wascht for wachst—"It is very pleasant, if one grows his beard with soap—(In confusion) but that doesn't make sense."

Soph.—"What's worse than biting into an apple and finding a worm?"

Fresh.—"I dunno, what?"
Soph.—"Biting in and finding half a worm."

A PLEA FOR HELP

Miss Campbell (in study hall, second hour)—I don't want to see any eyes when I look up.

(What shall we do with our eyes as we have been taught to stop, look and listen to the speaker during a lecture.)

To the Girls of the S. B. H. S.

"O wad some gift the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us;
It would frae monie a blunder free
us and silly notion."

* * * * *
* If you can't laugh at the *
* jokes of the age, just laugh at *
* the age of the jokes. *
* * * * *

A river ran along beside an insane asylum. One day one of the "nuts" was sitting on the wall looking down at the river. Seeing a man fishing he called:

"Caught anything?"

"Nope."

"Had an bites?"

"Nope."

"How long you been fishing?"

"All day."

"Come on inside."

The teacher was instructing the class about cloth. Now, Johnny, what is your coat made of?

Johnny—"Pa's old pants."

"Use the words defeat and debasement in a sentence so as to show their meaning," said the teacher. The little Hollander replied: "He fell into debasement and wet defeat."

Miss T. in Eng.—"What shape are the pyramids?"

Neal B.—Raising his hand.

Miss T.—"Well Neal?"

Neal B.—They are cone shaped.

English Teacher: Would you say the word kiss was a noun?

P. G.: Why, yes.

Teacher: Common or proper.

P. G.: Both.

Eleanor M. as captain of the baseball team in Gym: "Bernadine, you be third baseman."

Bernadine G.: "No, I want to play."

E. M.: "Well! we haven't enough men."

B. G.: "Well! look to the women then."

Notice: Don't kick about the jokes, subscribers. You should see some that are handed in. Help! Succor! Assistance!

SOME PLAYS PLAYED HERE AT HOME

Between Showers—Middle of the Terms.

Bird of Paradise—"My Own Girl."

The Country Boy—Mason Walworth.

The Stage Director—Miss Cunningham.

The Return of Peter Grimm—September 22nd.

The Call of the Heart—When you take "Her" home.

Good Little Devil—"Dode" B.

The Attack—In the lunch room.

The Price—Season ticket or 25c at the gate.

Paid in Full—Your Subscription to The Interlude.

The Old Homestead—Williams and Colfax.

Excuse Me—"Please Miss Thumm."

Get-Rich-Quick - Wallingford — Don Livengood.

The Great Divide—First five rows—the rest.

Daughter of Heaven—Ethel McDonald.

Exceeding the Speed Limit—Juniors.

Master of the House—Mr. Sims.

Little Boy Blue—"Store" at Y. M.

Senior: "Have you heard about the new stunt they are going to work in the lunch room?"

Freshie: "No, what's that?"

Senior: "They are going to put all the left-over egg sandwiches in a high speed incubator so they'll mature into chicken sandwiches for the next day."

Dally: "Why did you sell your motorcycle?"

Andrews: "I had to. I made all my friends think I was rich, and every one that didn't ask for a ride, asked for a loan."

Freshie: "Did you hear that funny noise coming from the eighth grade building last night?"

Soph.—"Yes, what was it?"

Fresh.: "I guess it was the Seniors rehearsing for their minstrels."

Soph.: "I thought they were killing a dog."

Mr. Leffler in Civics: "All the Lieutenant Governor does is sit around and wait for the Governor to die." Cheerful little job, isn't it?

How the students in the Commercial department apply for jobs.

Employer: "Aren't you the boy who was here the other day?"

Student: "Yes, sir."

Employer: "And didn't I tell you then I needed an older boy?"

Student: "Yes, sir, that's why I'm here today."

Student in shorthand: "I think I have a literary bent."

Kind Friend: "Keep it up and you'll be worse than bent, you'll be broke."

Freshman (to Junior): "Oh, do you approve of kissing children?"

Junior: "No, dear, you'll have to wait a while."

Junior girl (in front of glass): "Don't you love the color of my hair?"

Senior Girl: "Yes, where did you get it?"

Miss Kelley: "Did all monks live alone?"

Bill S.: "No, a bunch of them got together and had a good time."

"Pop, why does the moon get full?"

"I don't know. Don't bother me."

"Pop, I guess if the moon would only stick to the milky way it wouldn't get full, would it?"

Teacher: "Elmer, you may define the word 'respect'."

Elmer: "It's the feeling one kid has for another who can lick him."

How about the "Boosters Club."

Mr. Wilson—You girls stop that slushy, mushy, sentimental giggling. (And he's so young, too.)

LOST

The expression "burning the midnight oil." Finder return at once to Mr. Sims.

THE INTERLUDE

Published every Friday afternoon during the school year by the students of the South Bend High School. Home Tel. 6343; Bell Tel. 2702.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

HARRY LEONARD
GLADYS LICHTENBERGER
DONALD ELBEL
KATHLEEN MORAN
DONALD LIVENGOOD
BERTRAM LEER
HELEN GREGORY
WILLIAM STEIN
ROBERT SWINTZ

WALLACE DAVIS
WALDO GOWER
HOWARD HAVERSTOCK
ROBERT SNYDER
IRENE GOFFENEY
MARGARET MANNING
BERNICE BENNETT
GLADYS WATTERS
ESTHER DEAN

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NOVEMBER 21, 1913

FOR THE HONOR OF OLD SOUTH BEND HIGH, WE'LL MEASURE UP!

Are we really making good the motto "For the honor of old South Bend High, we'll measure up?"

The necessary financial support has been given to athletics and The Interlude, so that part of our problem is practically solved; and the "roughhousing" by under classmen has been squelched; but is that as far as it goes? Or are we doing better work in the class room, getting down and really studying the lesson instead of trusting to luck that we won't be called on since we recited only yesterday? Are we willing to give our teams a little real support, other than paying the expenses, or do we think we have done all that is necessary when we buy a ticket and then forget the existence of athletics? Is every possible effort being made to "measure up" and, since we have all of our privileges back again, to put "old South Bend High" clear ahead? Or are some of us still nursing a grouch against the Board of Control and refusing to help remedy matters? If so, forget it!

Thanks to the publicity that the newspapers throughout the state have given us, this year is sure to be remembered as the one when all student activities were dropped (if only for a day!) due to the lack of proper spirit, and now it's up to us to counteract that by making 1913-1914 one of the best years in every line that South Bend High has ever known, in scholarship as well as athletics, in deeds and conduct as well as in spirit, and in support of every worthy enterprise.

THE STAFF MOTTO

This
High
Enterprise

Is
Not
To
Educate
Readers.

Let
Us
Deliver
Entertainment!

Leland Whiteman: "Open the door, I want to throw out my chest."

Hist! Your ear, Israel, my son. The end of the quarter approaches—is here! Art thou ready for thy report, the pride of thy papa, the joy of thy mamma's heart? Will it be sprinkled with "C's," or "A's"? Will it savor of wormwood or of the ottar of the rose?

Who are the greasy fingered lunchers that smear up the cute little panes of glass in the recitation room doors? Mr. Chairman, we move that a committee with power to act be appointed to stand at the lunch room door and make each Freshie wash his paddies as he emerges. Seconded and carried!

The recent noticeable decrease in the use of that favorite mental relaxer, alias Spearmint, doesn't seem to be worrying the faculty any.

The boys of the eighth hour study hall are certainly "measuring up." They consider a monitor almost a reflection on their ability and determination to maintain order and quiet.

D'j'ever hear Mr. Sims talk "plain, bald English?" Must be bald because the fuzz was all scorched off.

"Sully": "Got any cigarettes with you?"
Hagerty: "Yes! Plenty thanks."

THE LUNCH ROOM

If any one asks you what the large kitchen and fine equipment connected with the lunch rooms are for don't try to deceive him by telling him that they are to be used to serve lunch to the students (albeit they may be for some future generation); tell him the sad, sad truth—they are only for exhibition as yet, for the guides to enlarge upon when showing visitors over the building.

Only think of the good things that might have been eaten down there, of the extra excuse it would have furnished when asking for more money, of the chance to remain in the building stormy noons, and of the possible pleasure of seeing some Freshman fall into his soup if some one could have been found with courage enough to even make a start at eating, and then you can sympathize with the fellow who wrote—

"The saddest words of tongue or pen, Are these: it might have been!"

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
Along came a big spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet awya.

PROCLAMATION

President Wilson has designated Thursday, Nov. 27, as Thanksgiving Day. In his proclamation he says: "The nation has been prosperous not only but has proved its capacity to take calm counsel amidst the rapid movement of affairs and deal with its own life in a spirit of candor, righteousness, and comity.

"We have seen the practical completion of a great work at the Isthmus of Panama which not only exemplifies the nation's abundant resources to accomplish what it will and the distinguished skill and capacity of its public servants but also promises the beginning of a new age, of new contacts, new neighborhoods, new sympathies, new bonds, and new achievements, of co-operation and peace.

"'Righteousness exalteth a nation' and 'peace on earth, good will toward man,' furnish the only foundations upon which can be built the lasting achievements of the human spirit. The year has brought us the satisfaction of work well done and fresh visions of our duty which will make the work of the future better still."

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

What about it?
Why! it is and is going to be one of the livest organizations in the school!

Tuesday after school the girls met in the gym to organize. Miss Goodman took charge calling for a discussion on the requirements for membership and nominations for the various officers. It was decided that any girl taking gymnasium would be eligible. Post graduates also may join but they cannot hold office. A charge of ten cents was made each member for a small pin.

The result of the elections were as follows:

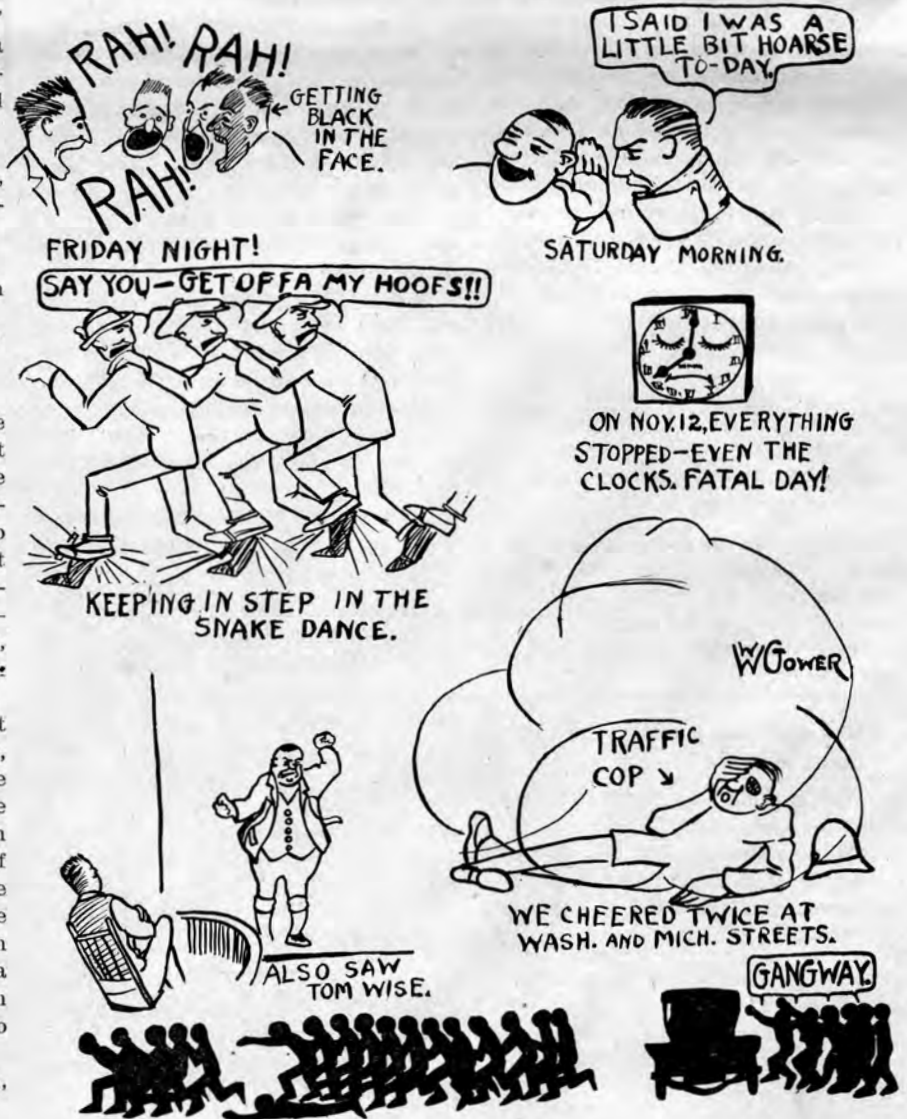
President, Helen Gregory.
Vice-President, Olga Rosencrans.
Secretary, Dorothy Brugger.
Treasurer, Elsie Wieder.

There is also to be an executive committee composed of a few teachers, officers, and a representative of each class.

To start the ball rolling there will be a big party in the gym Friday after school where a dance and general good times are expected. All girls are invited and all members are requested to bring one other girl. A short program will be given, a reading, some stunts and music.

Miss Goodman has had a good deal of experience in this line and is just full of ideas. The Association need not worry concerning a lack of suggestions for their future plans.

THAT PARADE



"DEUTSCH"

Some of the members of the advanced German classes are industriously working on the play, "Die Luegnerin," which they hope to present sometime before Christmas. The cast includes the following students:

Constances Braun...Irene Goffney
Dr. Langenberg.....John Talbot
Frau Greiner.....Alice Dunbar
Moritz Hartmuth...Orvil Neuwerth
Z. Hanenbein.....Walter Shang
K. Backes.....Arthur Eckman
Ein Hauptman.....Walter Mueller
Gustchen.....Ruth Cole

Constance, a wealthy heiress, is wooed by Laugenberg, her guardian who wishes to marry her for her money, but Constance refuses him as she believes she cares more for another gentleman with whom she been carrying on flirtations.

Laugenberg, who is a lawyer of some repute is called away in the midst of his wooing to attend a revolt which some capricious citizens have caused. He leaves Constance, who now alone, idly reads a letter sent to her by her brother when suddenly she hears a noise. She runs to the window and a man's head appears in it. She shrieks but is besought by the man to keep quiet. Demanding to know what this intrusion, she utters a shriek for another man enters the room, dressed in a working man's attire. Both implore her to hide them as the police are after them and they declare that they are perfectly innocent. She calls for help when presently another figure, this time a man wearing very fine clothes, enters through the same window. She recognizes it to be her lover and he in turn recognizes her and flings all sorts of apologies at her and also insures her that he had no idea that this was her home. Quite a serious as well as comical conglomeration ensues in which Constance disguises the three while the police search the house. They are almost recognized when—well you come and see the play and find out the rest for yourself.

HUMORISTISCHES

"Papa, was ist ein Monolog?"

Wenn einer allein spricht, zum Beispiel, eine Unterhaltung zwischen deiner Mutter und mir."

Zwei Landstreicher stehen vor einem Wirtshaus. Der eine zieht eine Uhr aus der Tasche, um nachzusehen, wie spat es ist.

"Wie?" rief edr andere, "Du hast eine Uhr?"

"Ja!"

"Wie viel hast du dafür bezahlt?"

"Sechs Monate!"

"Was bezahlt man fur eine Stunde Fahrt im Aeroplan?"

"Funfzig Mark. Aber ich bitte im voraus zu bezahlen, denn wenn Sie absturzen, war' es wohl zu spat mit der Bezahlung."

"Kathleen Moran: "Who was Friar Tuck's wife?"

Gladys Lichtenberger: "It's purely nun of your business." Then the lights went out.

PERSONAL MENTION

**Of Notables by the Society Editor,
Bobbie S.**

Vera Hawkins possesses a fine baby doll voice, which many have vainly tried to imitate. But it can't be did.

Reports are going throughout the school that **Walter Mueller** has had a date for three night running with a certain person whose name we courteously withhold.

Walter Phelan, the peerless orator, last year gained the nickname of Deerfoot and also Leadfoot. But 'tis a long story and it can't be told here.

Bert Leer possesses a French dictionary and a moustache. The French dictionary has more behind it, however, than the moustache.

Paul MacDonald also had a moustache, and the girls at St. Mary's were quite captivated by it.

Doc Boswell has settled himself down to confirmed bachelorhood. Its just as he said, "Sne won't go with anyone more than a week," and besides there's so much Notre Dame competition.

Albert Zimmerman is an ardent supporter of the drama. He attends the Majestic every night and then some.

Sarah Lippincott is the female Rip Van Winkle. She didn't know that Keller was elected mayor until the fourth hour on Wednesday.

Bill Butterworth is a member of the class of '15 and drives a Ford. This fact, however, should not be held against the class.

It is reported that **Lyle Kreighbaum** is going to try out for heavy part in the Junior Ex.

Thadens Nethercutt is preparing to be a Pinkerton detective. He is shadowing Ruth Entzion around the building and doing fine work at it.

Art Fisher, speed demon, is driving a Buick this year. Yes, the same one.

Glen Slick is driving a regular machine, a Berliot. His fuzz crop is doing nicely.

Willard Happ has announced his intention of trying out for the part of a tree in Junior Ex. We hardly expect there will be any competition.

Martha Stover is half owner in a Mackinaw corporation with her brother as the other member of the company.

It looks like "**Shrimp**" **Freyermuth** is going to graduate in short pants.

BRILLIANT ANSWERS IN HISTORICAL EXAMS

"The Declaration of Independence, 1777, was called together at the close of the Revolutionary war by Washington and the leading men of the times. It had the powers to make laws and to form a constitution and laws for a democracy. Its work was to make a constitution and laws for the country."

"1122 Combat of Worms between Papacy and Emperor."

Louis W.—Why are your blackboards so Greecy?

Miss Porter—The Freshmen have just left.

Oh! you Wednesday, everything stopped, even the clock.

Eight o'clock seem to be the favorite time of S. B. H. S.

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SENIOR PRIVILEGES

To have, or not to have—that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobled in our Senior year

To lose the customary privileges,
Or to assert ourselves and make these underclassmen

To measure up. To assert ourselves,
To strive, perchance to lose! Ay, there's the rub;

For in this Senior year what privilege

Is ours! Which should it pass ungrasped

Must give 's remorse. There the respect

Which makes endurable this life of school;

For who would bear four years of labor hard,

years of labor hard,
The teachers' tasks, the bright boy's contumely.

The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay.

The insolence of cads, but for the hope

Of Privileges this last year? Would you

Let Freshmen green defeat us of our projects

And enterprises of great pith and moment?

No! Let's assert ourselves, let's measure up.

B. L.

AS AN ARTHURIAN IDYLL

Upon a tuffet of most verdant moss,
Beneath the branches of an ancient oak,

Fair Muffet sat and upward turned her gaze

To where a linnet perched and sweetly sang

And ever rocked him gently to and fro.

Soft blew the breeze and mildly swayed the bough;

Loud sang the bird and sweetly dreamed the maid;

Dreamed of the golden days—her future bright—

When one—some youthful, stately, wondrous knight

Of our great Arthur's Table Round—should come;

One brave as Lancelot, and as spotless he,

As fair as Galahad, should come; and coming,

Choose her for his lady fair. Then in her name

And for the sake of her fair eyes, this knight

Would do most knightly deeds. Thus did she dream.

And as she dreamed, she softly sighed and then

Began with pensive air and golden spoon

To stir within an antique dish that lay

Upon her lap, some snow white milky curds;

Soft were they, full of cream and rich withal

They floated in the pale translucent whey.

And as she stirred, she smiled, and smiling, at

Nor sighed no more.

Lo! as she ate nor harbored thought of ill,

Near to her, aye and nearer yet there crept

A monster; grim and terrible was he
With great misshapen body, leaden eyes;

Crawling on many long and hairy legs

With soft and stealthy footsteps he advanced

Toward where the lady sat. Fair Muffet yet

Unwitting of his dread approach, in peace

Did taste her curds and sweetly dream;

Blithe on the bough the swaying linnet sang;

The breeze still gently rocked him to and fro.

With hastened pace, the spider now came on;

He paused beside her, lifted up his head,

And with those leaden eyes did rudely gaze

On that fair face. Fair Muffet then, awake

To those dread eyes upon her fixed in glee

Turned and beheld him; loudly then screamed she,

Affrighted and amazed; then straight way sprang

Upon her feet, and letting fall the dish and spoon

She—shrieking—turned and fled.

H. H.

THE INTERLUDE BOX

The Interlude box rivals any waste basket in school. We try to encourage you to put material in the box, but want it to be usable stuff. The following is the entire crop of this week, printed as it was written. Read it for yourself, just exactly as the editors have to and see what they are up against:

Receipts

1. Frapped Peach—Buy theater tickets, candy and flowers for another peach, and let the one to be frapped hear about it.

2. Angel Food—Five pounds of the most expensive bon-bons; ice cream sodas (any number); salted nuts as (desired); a few sour pickles (if the angel is in love). Fold these ingredients slowly into a cupid's bow mouth.

3. Stewed Hen—Select a fat, live hen and give her about four fingers of whiskey. Serve in ten minutes.

4. Chocolate Drops—Take half a dozen pickannies up in an aeroplane and spill them.

5. How to Can a Lobster—Lead him to the front door by the ear and hand him his hat. Or, if you prefer, call father before he takes off his boots.

The Complaint of the Freshman

"Failed in Latin; flunked in Mats,"
They heard his softly hiss;
"I'd like to find the guy who said,
That ignorance is bliss."
(The above is old enough to vote.)

An Invisible Belle

"Who is the belle to-night?" asked she,
As they stood on the ball-room floor,
He looked around the room to see,
And she speaks to him no more.

WANTED—Will the owner of the cigar stub which was found in Mr. Wilson's room Monday morning come and claim it as we wonder where he was the day Mr. Jeffries spoke to us on the subject of tobacco. He was asleep most likely or wondering when he would get his dinner. Boys always do.

We thought Mr. Veler was the only ladies man in the building but guess Mr. Wilson is also by the large number of girl student visitors he had Monday morning at fourth hour. If you do not believe me ask him.

LOST—A latin pony return to Joseph Algernon Meyers.

To Freshman Class

"Behold the child by
Nature's kindly law,
pleased with a rattle;
ticklet with a straw." C. T.

Freshman's Idea of Latin

All the people dead who write it,
All the people dead who spoke it,
All the people die who learn it,
Blessed death, they surely earn it.

"What makes you look so ill?"
asked Jones.

"I've just had a painful operation; the doctor took ten bones out of my hand."

Notice to Senior Chemistry Class

Nobody will be flunked.
No advance lessons will be assigned.

Laboratory apparatus will be cleaned and put away by the janitor.
Refreshments served at each class.
No roll call except when desired.
Students will be expected to break their share of dishes.

Double credit will be given for overtime in lab.

Tests will be abandoned.

Classes excused upon request.

No one is expected to get results from unknown mixtures as they may be contaminated. C. T.

Ed Twomey in History—(45 minute bell rings—Oh Hum! Time to get up again.)

To some nutty society:

Gentlemen: In reply to yours of the 14th I reply that it is none of your particular business.

Yours very truly,

W. K. GRIMM.

A man sat on a box car,
His feet drug on the ground.

—Longfellow.

—G. Miltenberger.

Willard Happ to Don Livengood:
Say Don, where can I find some one to make me a bonnet.

Don: Go down to the music room.
(This is absolutely painful).

Ignorance is bliss,

That's why I'm happy.

—H. Freyermuth.

Interlude Boosters

Freshie—What does that sign on the balcony say?

Noble Senior—It reads "Don't be afraid of the hook, the end is padded."

Senior, spelling bird-nest: B-i-r-d hyphen n-e-s-t.

Freshie: Why do you use the hyphen?

Senior: For the bird to roost on.

Love levels all things except the head.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes used to be an amateur photographer. When he presented a picture to a friend he wrote on the back of it, "Taken by O. W. Holmes & Sun."

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Carriages

EXCHANGE NOTES

Last week there were no Exchange Notes, so this week we are going to comment on a whole heap of papers which we have received during the past two weeks.

We received two editions of a weekly paper from Tiffin, Ohio, called "The Kilikilik." Pray tell us how you pronounce the name of your paper.

A small paper, "The Informer," published every two months by the Geneva, Ind., High School, is a very newsy sort.

"The Budget," published in Baltimore, Md., is particularly interesting to teachers of commercial departments.

"The Kodak," published six times a year by the girls at Milwaukee Downer College, Milwaukee, Wis., is a good paper with an unusually attractive cover.

"The World," from St. Paul, Minn., is one of the few papers we received which lacks nothing. The cover, the stories, the cuts, even the paper it is printed on are A No. 1.

From Coldwater, Mich., comes "The Mirror." Glad to have you on our exchange list. Why don't you have a table of contents?

A mighty fine paper is "The Kuay" from Seattle, Wash. It has been said that when westerners do anything they do it right, and if this paper is an example the saying is surely true. May we suggest a table of contents, though?

"The Vista" from Greenville, Ill., gives a list of its advertisers in the front of the paper. That's a good thought.

We welcome "The Retina," from Toledo, Ohio, but don't you think a great deal of valuable space is wasted at the ends of your stories?

The High School at Huntington, Va., has a "Tatler" in the school, which seems to know everything that is going on in school. The paper contains some good stories, too.

"The Ocksheperida" or "Camp Crier," from Sheridan, Wyoming, is a new paper which we are glad to receive. You have a splendid paper for the size of your school.

The students at Clinton, Iowa High must be a very jolly bunch. Their paper, "The Clintonian," contains a joke department headed, "What Do You Mean?" and it is certainly good.

"The Echo," from Dubuque, Ia., would be much easier to handle if it were smaller. It is a good paper.

"College Chips," published at Luther College, Decorah, Iowa, has a very complete exchange department.

"The Red and Blue Gazette," from Aurora, Ill., is a lively weekly paper. Hope you like us as well as we

A really newsy paper is the bi-weekly edition published by the Oak Park and River Forest Township High School. It is called "The Trapeze."

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following papers: "The Daily Maroon," University of Chicago; "The Courier," College of Music, Cincinnati; "The X-Ray," Anderson,

Ind.; "The Stentor," Lake Forest, Ill. "The Notre Dame scholastic," Notre Dame, Ind. We have enjoyed reading them all, but have commented on them before. Come again, "S' il vous plait."

PARLE-VOUS-FRANCAIS?

Since the last time we have taken up the editorial pen nothing important has taken place except one event, which was very astonishing, indeed. Hugh Stevenson, instead of his customary grade of A received on last Thursday a C. This extraordinary mishap, the first of its kind, was followed by a silence almost unbearable. However, the mistake is easily enough accounted for, as the word for wife and hunger are very similar, and the studious youth translating very rapidly, remarked that M. Brown's hunger had left him to elope with another man.

In France the word pistol means pistol, while the word pistoels means one dollar. One girl not aware of this fact thought Louis XIII a coward because he drew five pistoels from his pocket to reward an act of bravery.

French III class has been overshadowed by a most realistic tragedy for some time back. We regret that some of our weaker fellow students have disappeared from the class never to return. As the work becomes harder we see them go one by one. At each department is left a greater amount of translating for the remaining ones to do. We all await our fate in turn when that mysterious power shall beckon us to follow, and not knowing who will be the next to sit in mortal terror.

I wish I were a little egg,

As bad as bad can be;
Anesting in a cosy nest,
High, high in yonder tree.

And have my hated rival roam
Around beneath. With glee
I'd smash myself upon said gent
And cover him with me.

All honor to the originators of the "Boosters Club." Rescuing our enterprises financially is a fine thing, but setting standards of conduct is a bigger thing, by a whole lot. And say, fellows, let's not let this club fizzle out like the other one did two years ago. Once a Booster always a Booster!

GAVE THE SIGNAL

The teacher beamed upon the class,
And said: "You'll please calculate
By mental process, 24,
6, 18, 166, 38.

The class arose with mighty howl,
And joined in one terrific bawl,
And jammed the teacher through
his desk.

And flung him up against the wall.

"What does this mean?" he sternly
said,

His feelings being set on edge;
"We're sorry," gently said the class,
"You signalled for the flying
wedge."

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