

THE INTERLUDE

VOL. XIV No. 11

SOUTH BEND, IND. HIGH SCHOOL, DEC. 12, 1913

PRICE 5 CENTS

THE ELEVENTH FINGER

CHAPTER III

When Herman landed, he rolled over a couple of times and sat up. Nothing was to be seen of the dog or of the escaping man in black. Herman had never been in this yard before. He found himself, now, sitting in the garden of large estate surrounded by total darkness. Although a bit stunned after his jump off the wall he struggled to his feet and struck out along the path led up to a dark, dreary mansion.

Our hero was standing with his hand on the knob of the back door, wondering whether to enter or to look for the man in black about the grounds, when he heard the dog bark again, this time inside the house. He turned the knob and stepped in. All was silent. There was no light in the room in which he found himself, excepting a candle which burned on a table by the opposite door. Herman quickly took the lighted candle in his hand and went into the next room. It seemed to be a kitchen with every thing in perfect order. When he was opening the door to go into the next room, he stopped suddenly. There was a glass panel in the door and the light from the candle made some finger marks stand out very vividly. There was the print of a left hand which has six fingers. The man in black was in this house!

The young bank clerk ran from room to room eager to catch the robber of the vault. He could find nothing on the first floor, but in the course of his rounds he discovered that all outside doors including the one by which he had entered were locked from the inside. This proved that the fugitive had not left the house.

Herman leaped up the front stairs, three at a time, and came into a long hall. At the far end of this hall a streak of light fell faintly across the floor. The door of a room stood open and the room was lighted dimly. Such was our hero's impression. He blew out the candle and tip-toed slowly along, close to the wall. Just before he came into the light that shone through the open door, he stopped and listened. The sound of heavy breathing came to his ears and his heart jumped. As he crouched in the dark hall wondering what was the best mode to make, an old man with long, straggling white hair came out of the room, turned, and shook his fist feebly at someone who remained within. He did not seem to notice Herman, who was cold with fear, but hobbled down the hall like an old wizzard all bent over and leaning heavily on his crooked cane. When he reached the end of the hall, he turned again, shook his fist and, hissing between his teeth some words

that Herman could not understand, he entered another room.

Herman would have followed him had not something happened in the lighted room to attract his attention. Someone sneezed! The crouching boy sprang to his feet and dashed into the room ready to pounce upon the man black but ye gods! the room was empty. Not a soul was to be seen anywhere and Herman gasped in bewilderment.

The room in which he found himself deserves our attention. It appeared to be a museum filled with relics of ancient Egyptians. There were crude weapons and tools hanging on the walls. Mummy boxes or sarcophagi lay here and there over the floor; at one end of the room, on each side of a long window draped in oriental hangings, stood two tall wax tapers from which came the dim light that partially illuminated the place.

Our hero was at a loss as to what would be his next move but something seemed to guide him over to one of the largest sarcophagi. He stooped and lifted the lid. As he did so—

(Continued next week)

ENGLISH CLASS WINS HONOR

The pupils of the South Bend High School should be proud of the efforts of Mr. Cranor's first hour English class in placing the name of our High School on the roll of honor at Greenfield, Indiana, the birthplace of James Whitecomb Riley. Here the people are raising a fund wherewith they may be able to erect a memorial in honor of the man who has made Greenfield famous.

The school children all over the United States were asked to help in raising this fund. The girls of Mr. Chanor's class wishing to help this laudable enterprise and to have the school's name on the roll of honor, canvassed for funds among their friends. A ready response was received and a neat sum contributed.

The Greenfield Art Association is managing the campaign for funds. One of its members, Mr. W. A. Bixler, made an oil painting of the "Old Swimmin' Hole" for the class in recognition of their efforts. This, and a bust of Riley are now in Room 319, not as purchased decorations but as token of appreciation from those who are laboring in such a worthy cause.

The girls are proud that they have had a part in honoring the "Poet Laureate of Good Cheer" while he may enjoy the tribute, and are willing that the whole school should share in their pride.

Discussing slang in English class. Dorothy McCance—"He rapped me over the bean."

Her Teacher—"Is that slang?"

.Dorothy—"She sure is."

SENIOR MINSTRELS PROMISING EVENT

The Senior Minstrel show, to be staged Friday night, in the High School Auditorium, promises to exceed by far any local talent production ever given in the city. The opening scene will be in a conservatory, which will contain a number of tables and a cabaret effect will be produced. The end men consisting of Robert Swintz, Everett Leisure, Glen Slick and Arthur Fisher have proven to be exceptionally well talented, and will, without a doubt, take the house by storm. The chorus will consist of forty members of the upper classes of the school. The interloctor to be Donald Livengood, class president.

Besides songs, featured by the end men, ballads, will be sung by Gladys Watters, Lysle Kriegbaum, Helen Gregory and Don Livengood. The song hits of the evening will include "You're My Boy," "Oh, You Great Big Bunch of Sweetness," "Sit Down, You're Rockin' the Boat," "Lovable Chile," "Peg O' My Heart," "I'm a Nut," and many other popular songs which will promise the public a special treat.

The jokes have been carefully selected, and many local jokes are being used.

The olio will contain a German comedy sketch, in which Raymond Kuespert and Jewel Longley will keep their audience in a continual roar. A comedy sketch entitled "Help" will feature Dollo Bondurant, Willard Happ and Lysle Kriegbaum in an original act that will prove to be superior to many professional productions, a repertoire of popular songs by Paul McDonald and Will Stein, and a colored comedy sketch entitled "A Couple of Nuts" by Helen Gregory and Robert Swintz.

The grand finale is a reproduction of Commodore Perry famous crossing from the battleship Naragansett to the Niagara, on Lake Erie, Raymond Kuespert to take the part of Commodore Perry.

The proceeds of this show will be placed into a Senior Memorial Fund, to buy a class memorial which the class will leave with the school.

ATHLETICS

High School 42, Y. M. Sec'y's 76

High School—Allen, (capt.), right field; van den Bosch, Hagerty, Scott, Miller, left field; Forster, Vermande, Colip, Whiteman, center; Staples, Stanley, Elbel, Dubail, right guard; Cottrell, Walf, Boswell, left guard.

Y. M. Sec'y's—Burnham, right field; Helman, Grant, left field; Mezler, center; Miller, right guard; Grant, Brug, Helman, left guard.

The High School basket ball season was opened Wednesday, Dec. 3, at the Y. M. Gym with the Y. M. C. A. Secretaries (and others) as opponents. The "others" were Coach Metzler of the High School and Grant. These men were added to the secretaries' bunch in order to strengthen it, and consequently they landed at the head in the scoring column. The game was divided into four parts in order to allow for the many changes which were made in the High lineup in order to give each man a tryout. The boys did good work and played a good game considering the short time they have been practicing and the few times they have worked together.

For the Tan and Blue, Allen was the star, netting 11 baskets from the field, the greatest share of them being difficult shots. For the secretaries, Miller caused the most excitement by dropping seven goals, all of which were shot for more than half the length of the field. Burnham headed the scoring column with 17 baskets and Metzler played a consistent game against his own boys and incidentally dropped the ball through the net eight times. A great cheer was given when Brug entered the game, as all the spectators remember his fine work of last season. The size of the secretaries had also a great deal to do with the High's defeat as our men were comparatively much smaller. We were all well pleased with the contest, however, and will turn out Saturday, the 13th and see the boys drub Nappanee.

SUBJECTS OF IMPORTANCE

Miss Dunbar attended the Third Annual Meeting of the National Council of English Teachers held in the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, Nov. 27-29, 1913.

At the Friday morning session the President, Fred N. Scott, delivered an address on "The Undefined Gate," the newspaper; Joseph Jastrow, U. of W., spoke on "Language Sensibility," and Percival Chubb talked on the "Blight of Literary Bookishness."

At the Saturday morning session the different committees gave their reports on subjects of importance, such as: "Equipment for English Work," "Pedagogical Investigation," "School and College Plays," and the "Preparation of High School English Teachers."



MOVING DAY IN A LARGE FAMILY

We were all tired from the festivities of the night before and slept late that first moving day. But just as the alarm clock clanged at seven, father jumped from his bed, grabbed a pitcher of cold water which with his usual foresight, he had placed at his bedside the night before, and proceeded to sprinkle us, one and all, big and little, with icy drops. First I heard Jane shriek as she received her share—she's the oldest, so she naturally got the first shower; then Dorothy yelped as she ducked under the covers; knowing that my turn came next, I decided that I'd scramble out before he reached my room.

The packers arrived before we had all finished breakfast, for that meal took some time. It was rather hard to feed 13 hungry mouths very rapidly when all the dishes, but six plates, six cups, six spoons and three knives lay in barrels covered with excelsior, out on the back porch. We had to eat by installments, six at a time and then wash everything before the next ones came. But the meal was finally over, the smallest youngsters were sent to the neighbors to spend the morning, and the rest of us immediately scattered to perform our various duties. We each knew just our part for in a midnight council the evening before, my mother had specifically laid out what everyone should do to help in the general tearing up and packing.

That was a very busy morning for us all, and luckily one with few mishaps, nothing more serious occurred than Tom's spraining an ankle when falling from a stepladder on which he had perched to remove a picture of his old enemy—Adams of physics fame.

At noon we gathered half-starved about the dining room table, and ate a lunch with which some kind neighbors had supplied us. We needed no cover for the table because it was wrapped in burlap, and the chairs were so softly padded with excelsior that they would have been most comfortable had not the ropes wound around them, been tied in huge knots exactly where our backs rested. The baby's high chair, too, was raised so far from the floor by its additional upholstery that when the little fellow tried to slip down as usual, he fell with a thump. Of course, his lip was cut, and his howls were most pitiable. In the midst of the general excitement, a neighbor came in to fall weeping on mother's neck. This parting was hard for our friends. We children found it rather amusing to see how easily some who had scolded and complained many a time because we had yielded to the temptation of their loaded apple trees, grape arbors, or swinging gates, now forgot all grievances and furtively wiped the corners of their eyes, as they regarded the packing cases in the front yard.

How that afternoon passed, I can not say, for it seems like a dream—a nightmare—as I look back upon it. I know that the packers worked won-

ders, transforming our library into a cemetery with the piles of books as tombstones; that James, when sent to burn up some old boxes, increased the blaze with a package in which I had carefully tied up all my Christmas presents; that one of the baby girls caused a sensation by narrowly escaping from an avalanche of crates; and that everything was happening at once and all the time.

But at last it was too dark to work longer, the packers left, the pounding ceased, and seated at our evening meal we all bowed our heads above our bowls of bread-and-milk to await the blessing. Just after father's "Amen," the littlest girl added, "And God, please don't make us ever, ever, to have to move again."

APPLIED LOGIC

An onlooker shook his head as he watched a steam shovel bite off earth by the ton. He said: "It throws men out of work; it loads those cars faster than a hundred men with picks and shovels could do it."

But another onlooker answered:

"See here, mister, if it would be better to employ a hundred men with picks and shovels on this job, wouldn't it be better still, by your way of thinking, to employ a thousand men with forks and table-spoons?"

INTEREST IN ART

Mabel had gone to the art exhibit. Not that she cared for pictures; but every one went.

A friend saw her and told another friend. Friend Number Two met her a few days later.

"Why, hello, Mabel, I'm awfully glad to see you. I hear you are interested in art."

"Me? Art who?"

SOUNDED VERY ALARMING

Simmons had returned from his vacation.

"I certainly enjoyed the husking-bees," he said to a young woman. "Were you ever in the country during the season of husking-bees?"

"Husking-bees!" exclaimed the girl; "why, of course not! How do you husk a bee, anyway, Mr. Simmons?"

WHEN WE SKIP

Of all the words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these, "Where have you been?"

He who Mrs. to take a kiss,
Has Mr. thing he should not Miss.

Brutus—"How many doughnuts did you eat, Caesar?"

Caesar—"Et tu, Brute!"

Senior—"I want some bird seed."

Freshie—"Don't try to plague me, smarty! Birds grow from eggs, not seeds."

Miss Arbuckle—"Mr. Flannigan, I don't want to speak to you again."

Flan—"I don't want you to."

"Heard about Bassanio's extravagance?"

"No."

"Paid 3000 ducats to press his suit!"

HIS IDEA OF IT

"George Washington," read the small boy from his history, "was born Feb. 22, 1732, A. D."

"What does 'A. D.' stand for?" inquired the teacher.

The small boy pondered. "I don't exactly know," he hesitated. "After dark, I guess."

A COLORADO VERDICT

Some years ago in a western mining town a man was found dead in his hotel room, hanged to a bedpost by his suspenders. The jury of miners brought in the following verdict at the coroner's inquest: "Deceased came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his pants."

NINE POINTS IN HER FAVOR

The lovely girl, having lingered a minute in her room to adjust her transformation, change the angle of her Grecian band and make sure that her skirt fitted like the peeling of a plum, descended to the parlor to find the family pet ensconced upon the knee of the young man caller, her curly head nestled comfortably against his shoulder.

"Why, Mabel!" the young lady exclaimed; "aren't you ashamed of yourself? Get right down."

"Sha'n't do it," retorted the child. "I got here first."

Mr. Johnson—"Ed, will you give us an impromptu speech this morning?"

Ed Twomey—"I don't know what to speak on."

Voice in Corner—"Speak on the platform."

Senior—"Miss Stone is very hard on some pupils."

Freshy—"Yes, that's why her name is Stone."

Mr. Leffler (referring to new session of Congress)—"What happens today at 12 o'clock at Washington?"

L. M.—"They eat dinner."

Donald Hosford and Warren Cass, of the class of 1912 have gone to Salt Lake City, Utah, where they are employed by the Oregon Short Line railroad.

C. W.—"Oh, Ray just gave me my ring! Isn't it a perfect beauty?"

P. S.—"Don't scent a romance. It's just her Senior ring!"

Mr. Hostettler (in Penmanship)—"There are no straight lines in the letter L. Every point should be a curve."

Miss Stone—"Lloyd, let me see your sentences."

Floyd F.—"I had them on the back of my Algebra paper, and had to hand it in."

Miss Stone—"You deserve that 'All-day-sucker'."

I think I speak with the majority of the school when I say we enjoyed the first instalment of the continued story. Hope this may not be discontinued. I suggest that the story be illustrated. N. N.

WHAT TO READ IN MAGAZINES

Condition in Mexico: Independent, Nov. 27, 1913. A New Bavarian King: Independent, Nov. 13, 1913. In the Streets of Tokio: Outlook, September. A Day at Babylon: Atlantic Monthly, November. New Life for New Orleans: Technical World, December. A Schoolboy's Interview with Abraham Lincoln, Scribner's, December. Big Scale Electric Cooking: Technical World, December. What Chance has the Tenant Farmer: Technical World, December. More Work and Fewer Mistakes: System, November. Your Hands Betray You: Technical World, November. Convicts at School: Independent, Nov. 13. Keeping Faith with the Consumer: Technical World, December. Does Murder Always Out? Technical World, December. The Man Behind the Bars: Scribner's, December. The Art of Mutual Aid: Harper's November. A New Idea About Vacations: Craftsman, September. From Arctic to Antarctic by Auto: Technical World, December. To Harvest Richest of Pearls: Technical World, December. The Menace of 500,000,000 Rats, Magic in Potato Growing, One Tree Saves an Industry, Giving Daylight a Chance, Gathering Prehistoric Ivory: Technical World, December. Life History of African Buffalo, Giant Eland and Common Eland: Scribner's, December. Forests of Usefulness: World's Work, November. Blind Leaders (Helen Keller): Outlook, Sept. 27. Religious Beliefs of the Eskimo: Harper's, November. Dynamiting Sea Lions: Technical World, November. How Bacteria Keeps us in Health: Technical World, November. Fatigue: System, November. Farms for the City Poor (Experiment): Craftsman, November. Return of the Market Place; How It Helps the Housewife to Buy Direct from the Farmer: Craftsman, November. Pine Needle Basketry: Craftsman, November. Impressions in the Studio of an Animal Sculptor: International Studio, November. Wood Carvings: International Studio, November.

Teacher—"Who was the first electrician?"

Bright Pupil—"Noah, when he made the arc light on Mount Ararat."

Henry Chillas—"Miss Porter, what is that Irish Lilly (lilt) the girls do in gymnasium?"

In fifth hour Ancient History class: Mr. Hartman—"What two divisions are there in Northern Greece?" Freshie—"Lard and cottolene."

I Sophomore—"Why is a dog in a refrigerator like a geometric figure?"

II Sophomore (after thinking deeply)—"I give it up. Why?"

I Sophomore—"Because he is a perindicular (perp-en-de-cooler). Get some water! She's fainting."

THE PROCESSION

Freshie first, so scared and green,
Next a fun-loving Soph. is seen;
Then a Junior walks with airs,
Last a Senior, bowed with cares.

THE LOST YEARS

In the Yale Review for October there is a striking article on "The Schoolboy's Two Lost Years" by Mr. Henry A. Perkins. A careful comparison of the progress of boys in American, English, French and German schools freshly confirms the knowledge that the boys of this country are lamentably behind their European contemporaries in what is to be learned out of books; nor is it made to appear that what they have lost in the mental discipline of study is offset by gains in other directions.

It is obvious, says Mr. Perkins, "that by the time he is 14 or 15, the English boy has already gained a lead of nearly two years over the American. No wonder he is capable a few years later of the fine mental concentration of which his English teachers tell us. No wonder a boy who intends to specialize in science has already passed his calculus before he enters Cambridge. No wonder our graduate students at the English universities are usually forced to confine themselves to subjects where exhaustive preliminary training is not essential, as it is in classics or exact sciences. No wonder the Rhodes Scholars, though they are on an average two years older than their English competitors, and are picked young men, have failed to bring home with their athletics trophies any very warm encomium for American Schooling."

Causes and possible remedies for the trouble are discussed at length. Near the end of his paper Mr. Perkins says: "The whole case may be summed up in our over-sensitive and over-sympathetic attitude towards children. A certain saccharine sentimentality seems to underlie the treatment of the educational problem; and we cannot hope for any great change until we begin to realize that children may be made really to enjoy work; that as this is a working world, it is kinder to them to teach the value of consistent, unremitting plodding; and that even play should be intensive and rigorous, rather than fortuitous and flabby."

Dissatisfaction with things as they are is manifestly in the air. In further evidence of this fact, a special committee of the National Education Association has recently submitted to the United States Bureau of Education a report, representing ten years of investigation, on "Economy of Time in Education." This report proposes definite changes in the school curriculum, with a view to eliminating what is regarded as the present waste of two years.—Harvard Alumni Bulletin.

First person—Have you noticed that I'm a pony today?

Second person — What do you mean—

First person—I'h a little hoarse (horse).

Booster (in rage)—That Fresh. is the darnedest fool I ever saw.

Mr. Veler (comfortingly)—George, George, you are forgetting yourself.

SOME SENIORS HAVE DREAMS OF THE MINSTRELS

"Estie," one of those cute chorus girls in the Senior Minstrels, is badly worried over the seat sale. She had a terrible dream the other night, in which she saw herself on the Orpheum stage with tear-drops as big as cocoanuts rolling down her cheeks, pleading with the audience to buy tickets for the minstrel show!

"Yea, bo'! Yo' all know dat Mistah Swintz? Well, he jus' had a ter-a-bul nightmare. Why, man, he jus' couldn't sleep a-tall! Hav' yo' all don' heard what dat bo' dreamt? Well, he's don' gone an' had de nerve to dream dat dere's only gwine to be ten people in de audience! Yep, dat's a fact!"

You'd never think the Interlocutor would have unpleasant dreams, now would you? Well, he sings a song something about "A Great Big Bunch of Sweetness," and in his dreams he saw a great big bunch of sweet potatoes land at his feet, along with a few other specimens in the vegetable line.

There's one of our endmen who has so much "leisure" time, that he has quite a few opportunities to dream. It's funny, but he thinks he's on a steamboat in his dreams, and he just goes around a bend constantly. Mystery! Come to the minstrels and solve it.

Another chorus girl has the nightmare worse than any of them. She dreams worse than any of them. She dreams every night that she has committed murder, and is trying to plug up somebody's heart; no, she said she was trying to put a "peg in my heart." That's it.

FOUND

(This is what caused the laugh that Mr. Sims heard):

Mr. H. confidentially to Joe Scott: "I, too, have loved under adverse circumstances."

Mr. Wells, scanning typewritten work: "Miss Bain has the best form in the class."

HEARD AT THE SHERIDAN HOUSE

Mr. Kizer: "While I lived in Paris I gave as high as \$5 in tips."

Waiter: "You must have lived there a long time, sir."

DEBTS OF HONOR

Mrs. Van H. in typewriting class: "You have a good touch, Mr. Sullivan."

"Well, we know it," growled his friends in the class.

Mr. Hostetter is giving a series of lectures on "Love." All enjoyed the second installment last week.

IMAGINE

Julius Brug with a spy glass trying to find a mark on his report card.

The man who asks every girl he meets for a kiss gets a lot of rebuffs—also a lot of kisses.

Prof.—"Give an example of an imaginary spheroid."

Stude—"A rooster's egg."

SISTER'S CALLER

"Bing," went the doorbell at 8 o'clock sharp. "There he is," sister sighed. "What a bore." Then opening the door, "Come right in! My I'm glad to see you!" Henry came in, removed his wraps and came in the library to speak to us. After talking awhile and cracking some stale jokes (mostly missing the point) he asked May to play for him. They went in the music room and out wafted "O! You Beautiful Doll," and a whole string of other ragtime.

"Well, I might as well go to bed!" I exclaimed but though I went to bed, sleep was impossible. "Will he never go?" I groaned.

Father and mother came up stairs. "Great Caesar! It's 11 already," I said to myself. "Poor Sis, why can't she give him a hint. But I suppose he's such a blockhead he wouldn't catch on, no matter how hard May yawns."

Half past eleven and "Home, Sweet Home" floated up to us. But no welcome sound of a "Goodbye" was heard. Finally mother and father having stood it as long as they could, called, "May, turn out the lights when you come up, we're going to sleep."

"I really believe the bonehead got the drift for we heard the welcome sound of "Goodbye" and then the door banged.

"For goodness sakes, May, why didn't you just say you were going to bed and come up. He would have had to go then."

"The idea! I bet when you have some fellow come to call, no matter if he is a bore, you'll not say anything like that," May sniffed indignantly and vainly trying to stifle a yawn.

But as I turned over to go to sleep, I drowsily smiled to myself, "Wait and see."

A PARADOX

Behold the Little Paradox
That herewith I have jotted;
A leopard can't conceal itself,
Because it's always spotted.

DID THIS EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?



W.M. Davis
1/6

DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

After ten weeks of cooking under difficulties in the old Eighth Grade building the classes in Domestic Science are now in the height of their glory in the new kitchen. Many things are lacking which the school board can not give us this year so by the aid of Miss Hillier, the classes are raising money to purchase the smaller necessities.

Miss Hillier donated to each class a dollar and each class expects at least double the amount. One class decided on running a tea room and soliciting the faculty and others for patronage for one day; another by taking orders for dainty cakes, brown bread and salad dressing; the freshman class by making a specialty of chocolate fudge; and the other class expects to have a sale New Year's week at the High School. The sale on Tuesday of doughnuts, ginger snaps and dainty cakes proved to be a great success. The doughnuts made a special hit among the students.

The Christmas work of each class has been started, and the girls are working hard; one class is making German crisps and other varieties of German Christmas cakes which will be saved until Christmas. The Art Department is making boxes which they expect to donate to the Domestic Science classes so they can fill them with their Christmas work for the poor and others.

The Junior class expects to give a bazar soon and the girls are busy making quantities of fudge-divinity and other kinds. The bazar is for a good cause and everybody is expected to buy a few pieces of the delicious home made candies.

The laundry is nearly for use. We have been looking forward some time to learning the wonderful arts of washing and ironing and the proper care of the clothes in cleaning. This course is very interesting and Miss Hillier expects a large class.

The most fascinating equipment in the whole kitchen is the electric oven, which was tried for the first time Tuesday and proved to be a wonderful success.

The kitchen is not complete as yet but by the first of the year everything will be ready and a reception will be held for a general inspection of the whole department.

One Way

Of Solving the High Cost of Living IS BUYING

KINNEY'S SHOES

A FEW SPECIALS

Ladies Evening Slippers, \$1.98

All Colors

Gym. Oxfords, - - 49c

Ladies Rubbers, - - 39c

The Big 98c and \$1.98

SHOE STORE

116-122 East Wayne Street

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

DONALD ELBEL
ROBERT SWINTZ
CLARENCE COLLINS
MARTHA STOVER
HELEN GREGORY
HARRY LEONARD
WILLIAM STEIN
DON LIVENGOD
ALFRED BONDURANT
GLADYS WATTERS

EDITH TOY
MARGARET LIPPINCOTT
WALLACE DAVIS
JOSEPH AVERY
WALDO GOWER
KATHLEEN GUILFOYLE
VERA DAUSMAN
LETA PARKS
HELEN CROCKER
ANNA PRINZHORN

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—\$1.00 per year; 60 cents per Semester; 5 cents per copy
ADVERTISING RATES—Furnished upon application to the Business Manager

Entered at the Postoffice at South Bend, Ind., as Second Class Matter

DECEMBER 12, 1913

VISITORS

Our new building attracts many school authorities from far and near. These men and women come expecting to see (and do see) the most elaborate equipment in this corner of the United States. Everything is complete. They also (very naturally) expect to see school spirit of the same calibre. Their observations of us must necessarily be had, in the majority of cases, from our every-day school life—from our class work—our way of getting from one class to another or from class to study hall.

If we could have them all come on a certain date we could convince them of our abundance of spirit in class yells, school yells, games, parties, etc.—and could even pull off a few stunts in the "gym" or a snake dance down town, to clinch the argument. But the fact is, they come by ones and twos and three and take us unawares. Since the "Renaissance" a few weeks ago we have made tremendous strides; we have braced up quite a bit. But let us keep on keeping on. Let's get where we are going when once we are started. Let's stop dilly-dallying in the halls. Let's stop waiting for her (or him) between classes. Let's make our every-day impression as strong as that given on occasion. Let's make our "locker room" conduct measure up to the other records of our school and building. Let's make South Bend High the best school in the middle west. We can. Shall we?

CONTRIBUTOR.

Is this for you or the other fellow?
—ED.

DEBATING CLUB

It is now evident that the Debating Club is doing some good for the school. New members are coming in at every meeting and strong support is being given by the teachers. The meeting on last Tuesday in room 121 was very well attended. A round table discussion on the proposed Lake Michigan and Erie canal was held. Several students read interesting papers, some in behalf and some against the canal. The proposed canal would run through South Bend. It is thought that the question might be brought up before the entire school as a debate.

Plans for a mock trial are also being considered.

There is still some more room for some good live boosters to join the club.

MUSICIANS, ATTENTION!

Is this magnificent High School, so complete in the minutest detail, to be without an orchestra that all shall be proud of? No? Well, then we are the people who must come forward and enlist our services, for every little bit helps, and by our earnest effort and faithfulness try to make it what it ought to be. There are many in this school who play an instrument of some sort, but are too indifferent, too bashful or something to come and join it.

Why, just think of it, boys and girls, every time you attend orchestra practice it is like getting a music lesson free! Surely that should be some inducement to come; then we are taught to read, count, keep time, all in our orchestra work, and with Mr. Parreant, a man of vast experience in his line as our director, we ought indeed to have a fine orchestra. Now, when you think it over, don't you see we owe it to the school to repay in some measure our debt for this wonderful new High School? Indeed we do, so once and for all, "Come and join us!" Don't wait for a second invitation!

FOOTBALL DANCE

To celebrate their many victories the football teams entertained with a big dance in the High School Gym on Saturday evening, Dec. 6. Mattes' orchestra played for a program of 18 dances and during the evening light refreshments were served. A number of teachers chaperoned the affair. But please remember, everybody, that there is to be no Tango dancing at High School. If you are going to insist on dancing the Tango please stay away, for you are going to keep the rest of us from having any more dances this year.



JOIN THE GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Who said the girls weren't interested in athletics? Last Friday afternoon they had a great big meeting in the Public Speaking room and decided to have a membership contest. The girls who take gym on Monday and Thursday are the Reds and those who take gym on Tuesday and Friday are the Greens. The two teams are going to get new members for the association and the side getting the most new members will be entertained at a big Christmas party by the girls who lose. The only requirements for membership are that the girl be taking physical training and pay the fabulous sum of ten cents dues.

Now it's up to you girls. The two sides are almost evenly divided, only three or four girls difference, so neither side has an advantage.

A basket ball game between the Reds and the Greens has already been planned and so has a cotillion for that Christmas party. The only details we can't tell, 'cause then you would know.

The party is restricted to members of the association, so everybody get busy, join the association, and come to the party.

The association is also arranging inter-class games and wish that more girls would try out for basket ball, especially more among Freshmen girls. You won't make your team unless you come down to the gym and try out.

THANKS, MR. BORDNER

Mr. Bordner, the agricultural adviser for St. Joseph county, gave a lecture Thursday, Dec. 4, to the pupils of Industrial History, Biology, Commercial Geography, Physiography and Agriculture classes. The lecture was on "Agriculture, Past Present and Future." Among other things, he said:

"The work of tomorrow rests upon the shoulders of the young of today. Will it be any different from that of yesterday or in the years coming after? The farmers of the past merely lived a pastoral life. They cleared the land, farmed it until it would not produce good crops and then they went west. They did not know how to take good care of the soil.

"The farmer of today has to stop and figure how to take care of a farm because farming has become a business proposition. There has been more accomplished in America in the last hundred years than in a thousand across the waters.

"The farmer of the future will have more scientific farming because it is the tendency of the time to advance. In the future the boys with ambition will not all go to the city because there are opportunities for them on the farm. The problem of the farmer of tomorrow is a better business basis."

The classes enjoyed this interesting lecture and they hope to hear Mr. Bordner again in the near future.

SCHOOL SPIRIT, OR THE SPIRIT OF THE SCHOOL?

What's all this talk about school spirit? What is school spirit anyhow? Can it be that those students who yell themselves hoarse at ball games, those who come out strong at school parties and all other social activities are the only ones who have the so-called school spirit? Of course, all that sort of patriotism is very fine, too much can not be said in its praise, but on the other hand something more is needed to make a well balanced, all-round high school. I mean the spirit of study. Should not it, too, come in for its share of attention, at this period of school reorganization? You all know the story of "Everyman" in which when summoned by "Death" he calls on his "Good Deeds" to go with him to plead his cause; but alas, "Good Deeds" has been neglected for so long that she lies dormant, too weak to rise and assist him. In the same way the spirit of study in too many cases seems to be lying helpless, buried perhaps in the swimming tank, or under the piano in the gymnasium.

There are several ways in which one may look at the advantage derived from studying. First, there is that thrill, that pleasant, tickled sort of a feeling you always have just after making an A number one recitation. If you've never felt it, that is a very bad sign. Second, a good report card works wonders at home. Have you ever noticed the pleased manner in which father signs his name on it, the loving glance of approbation from mother, and best of all, the readiness with which that long-sought permission to attend the next party is granted? Then there is still another way to regard study—the satisfaction of knowing. Some people never outgrow the question mark period of their childhood; they want to know; they want to be educated in all of the mysteries of the world. Such knowledge can not be obtained at football games. You must get right down and dig. After all it is not the marks on the report cards, nor the approbation of teachers and parents that one should study for, but the genuine benefit, pleasure and satisfaction derived from being well-informed.

Recently I heard the valedictorian of a class which graduated several years ago declare that there were very few people who could still remember who was the leader in scholarship of his class, but that there was scarcely any one who could not tell you who was the captain of the baseball team that same year. Such a condition certainly should not exist. In this strenuous endeavor to "measure up," I believe we should not only boost the student enterprises, but also that the spirit of study should be given a strong impetus, and we should strive to place scholarship at as high a premium as athletics.

We got 'em—
What?
Sh-h—Our cards.

EXCHANGE NOTES

"The Caldron" from Fort Wayne, Ind., is splendid. They mix their jokes in with their ads. Is that to get folks to read your ads?

"The Goshen College Record" from Goshen, Ind., may be interesting to the college folks, but it lacks cuts.

"The Mercury" from Milwaukee, Wis., has a very good cover, and is in fact a very good paper.

We still enjoy reading "The X-Ray" from Anderson, Ind., and "The Habit" from Salina, Kansas.

You have a good paper, Elkhart. But why not put more cuts in "The Pennant"?

"The Columbia News," from Columbia Grammar School, New York City, contains heaps of news, but it is too large to handle easily.

"Said and Done," from Muskegon, Mich., shows a great deal of thought and care. It is a splendid paper but the print is rather small. Come again.

The Henry Clay Literary Society at Newport, Ky., is very industrious. They typewrite their paper, "The Tatler," and bind it in a neat cover.

We appreciate the suggestion of "The Reflector," from Jack a., as to the system of seating in the assembly, but our assemblies are at the end of the morning so it doesn't matter about passing to classes. You have a good paper; just a few more cuts.

"The Mirror" from Coldwater, Mich., is small and has no "Table of Contents," but it shows you are trying to have a school paper anyway. That is commendable.

"The Vista," from Greenville, Ill., has a good idea. They publish a list of advertisers. Attractive cover, too.

"The Marion High School Survey," is a good weekly. It comes from Marion, Ind.

For goodness sake "Prints of Princeton High" tell someplace in your paper, where you are from; we had to search the ads. to find your address.

We like the size but not the paper that the "Mirror," from Mondove, Wis., is printed on.

"The Optimist" from Bloomington High is here. We think it is from Bloomington, Ind., but no one could ever tell from the paper. Your editorials are good.

"The Kentucky Advocate," from Danville, Ky., would be better if it were smaller and had no ads on the first page.

The Norristown, Pa., paper "Spice" mentions receiving The Interlude, but no comment. We would like one.

"The Student Lantern" from Saginaw, Mich., is very good looking, but would be much easier to handle if it were smaller. What do you think of The Interlude?

We are receiving copies of many school papers which we don't mention every time, but we appreciate them just the same.

Freyermuth's Art Store

"THE STORE BEAUTIFUL"

THREE ENTIRE FLOORS ELECTRIC ELEVATOR

MAIN FLOOR.—On this floor is to be found a magnificent display of Picture Frames and Mouldings,—Our Specialty. And 25 years' experience in knowing how to Frame Pictures. Also Beautiful Gift Books, Pottery, Brass, Cut Glass, Sterling Silver, Jewelry, Fine Stationery, Engraving, Birthday and Anniversary Cards of all occasions.

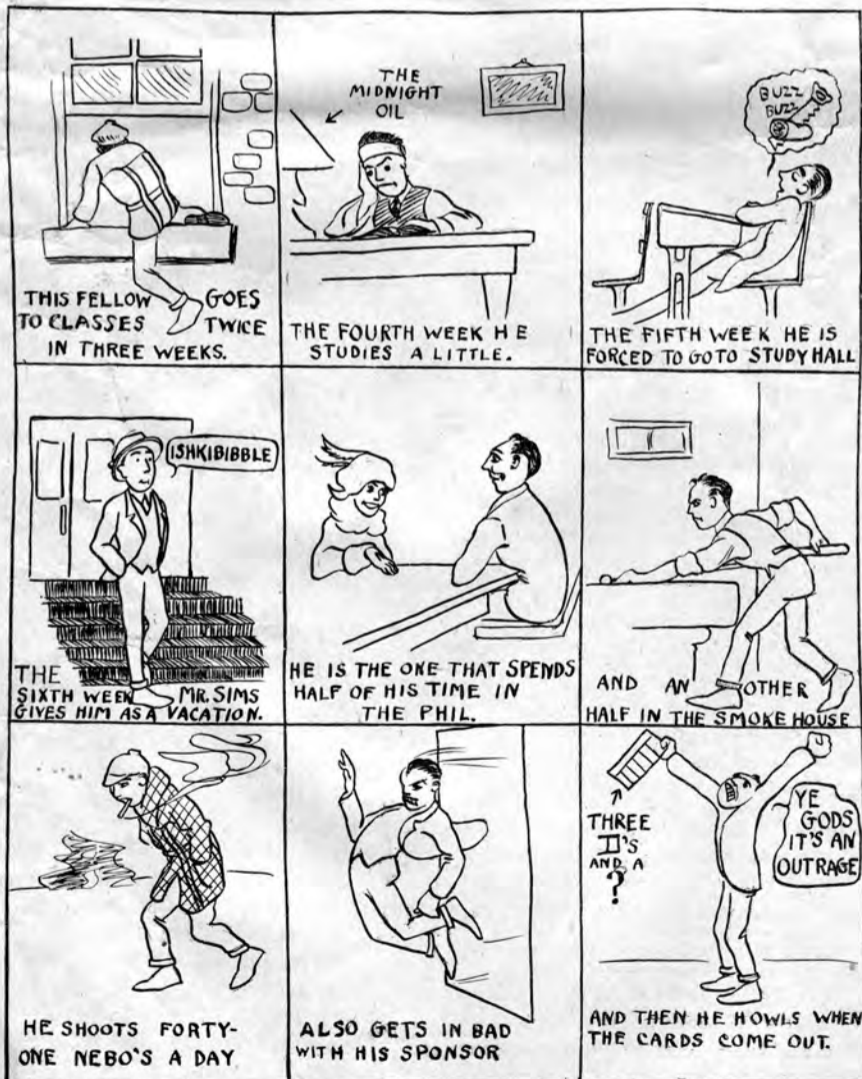
SECOND FLOOR.—Here is our Art Gallery and Picture Display. Choice inexpensive, and exclusive—including Fine English Prints, Color Types, Etchings, Art Types, Photographs, Carbons, Copley Prints, Oil and Water Colors, by well known artists.

THIRD FLOOR.—Our Decorating Department. Interior and Exterior Work by skilled workmen. Handsome Wall Papers in exclusive and original patterns from 10c to \$10.00 a roll. Draperies in all materials and colorings to match any color scheme.

OUR WOOD FINISHING is of the highest quality. And we absolutely use the highest grade of material in leads, oils, varnishes and enamels. And we employ the men that know how to put them on. We do not handle cheap goods; but we handle good goods cheap.

The Store with a Reputation

114 North Michigan Street, - South Bend



WE BUILD HOMES TO SUIT

WHITCOMB & KELLER

Real Estate

LOANS AND INSURANCE

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AT

The Rubber Store

206 S. Michigan Street

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Funeral Director

307 S. Michigan St.

South, Bend, Ind.

Private Ambulance

Carriages

EFFICIENCY IN COURTS MOST VITAL SUBJECT
National Economic League Members
Vote That It Is Most Important
Among 61 Topics Proposed
Problems That We Must Some Day
Help Solve

That the question of efficiency in the administration of justice is the most important matter before the nation is the opinion of the largest number of members of the council of the National Economic league. Of the 635 ballots cast, 266 put this subject first. The tariff stood second and the monetary system third, the former being favored by 252 and the latter by 221.

The council has a membership of about 1600, representing equally, in proportion to population, every state in the union. In its member are presidents of universities, professors of political economy, judges, lawyers, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, etc. The intention has been to make it inclusive, so far as possible, of all classes, interests, and opinions.

Among the members of the league's executive board are David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford Jr. university; L. D. Bandeis, Charles J. Bonaparte, and former Judge Grosscup. The secretary's headquarters are in Boston. The organization is purely non-partisan.

The subject proposed for the vote as to which is of most vital interest at this time to the country, and the preferential vote on each follow:

	Preferential Votes.
1 Efficiency in the administration of justice.....	266
2 The tariff.....	252
3 The monetary system of the United States.....	221
4 Conservation of natural resources.....	213
5 Efficiency and economy in government.....	192
6 Child labor.....	183
7 Government regulation and control of dominant industrial corporations.....	182
8 Direct primary nominations.....	179
9 Increased cost of living.....	175
10 Cooperation versus competition as a social and industrial principle.....	174
11 Employers' liability, workmen's compensation and insurance, occupational diseases.....	173
12 The short ballot.....	169
13 Good roads in relation to rural development and diffusion of population.....	168
14 Relations between capital and labor.....	167
15 The liquor problem.....	167
16 International arbitration and disarmament.....	166
17 Immigration.....	165
18 American merchant marine.....	165
19 Eugenics.....	162
20 Preservation of the public health.....	159
21 The public schools in relation to social, political, industrial, and moral training.....	159
22 Election of U. S. senators by popular vote.....	155

23 Taxation of land values and franchises.....	155
24 Concentration of wealth.....	139
25 Initiative and referendum.....	137
26 Municipal government.....	135
27 Government regulation and control of public service corporations other than railroads.....	133
28 Government regulation and control of railroads.....	127
29 Term and tenure of office of president of United States.....	127
30 Efficiency and economy in the production and distribution of commodities.....	125
31 Socialism.....	120
32 Taxation of incomes and inheritances.....	113
33 Recall of judges and judicial decisions.....	113
34 The popular primary for the nomination of presidential candidates.....	105
35 Old age pensions and insurance.....	104
36 Improvement and extension of the postal service.....	102
37 Public ownership of public utilities.....	102
38 Equal suffrage.....	100
39 The press in relation to the public welfare.....	99
40 Taxation, direct and indirect.....	95
41 The unearned increment.....	94
42 Taxation of real and personal property.....	91
43 Development and regulation of national waterways.....	90
44 Recall of executive and legislative officials.....	90
45 The control of money and credits.....	84
46 Prison regulation and reform.....	83
47 Government ownership of railroads.....	79
48 The preferential ballot.....	68
49 Public regulation of wages, hours, and conditions in private employments.....	66
50 The race question.....	64
51 Proportional representation.....	61
52 Governmental regulation of commodity prices.....	59
53 Abolishment of written constitutions, state and national.....	51
54 Legislation through commissions appointed by the state and federal government.....	50
55 The wage system.....	47
56 Gold production and prices.....	45
57 Public charities and pauperism.....	43
58 Industrial democracy.....	37
59 The federal constitution.....	36
60 Relations between the state and federal government.....	36
61 Relations with Mexico.....	26

Donald L.—I sang a song for the kids Thursday and they all shouted "Fine!"

Ralph N.—Did anyone mention how much the fine should have been?

If Frieda Schott Loretta
 Would June Ban?

Miss Kelley in History III—A truce is a short interval of peace between two armies, when they stop to bury the wounded and take the dead to the hospitals.

BASED ON OBSERVATION

Teacher—"Explain the use of Miss and Mrs."
 Pupil—"You use Miss for a school teacher and Mrs. for a woman that keep boarders."

A Maine lumberman recently shipped a car load of lumber to a firm in Baltimore. Upon its receipt and examination the customer sent the following terse acknowledgment: "Knot holes received; please send the knots."

EXPLAINED

"Is that your ladder?"
 "Sure!"
 "It doesn't look like yours."
 "Well, you see it is my step ladder."

AWFUL PROSPECT

"Pop, did you look like me when you were a boy?"
 "Yes, Willie; why do you ask?"
 "Oh, nothing."

THE GREAT?

"Woman," growled the villain, "the crime is on your head."
 "Is it on straight?" anxiously demanded the villainess.

FOREIGN MONEY

Teacher—"Harry how much is a guinea worth in this country?"
 Harry—"A dollar and a half a day."

A Point for the Debating Club

"Paw, what does argument pro and con mean?"
 "The pro is your convincing statement, and the con is what the other fellow uses, my son."

SCALED IT

"And were you up the Rhine, my dear?"
 "I should think so; right to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit."

His arm it slipped around her waist,
 Why would it not?
 Her head it drooped against his breast,
 Why would it not?
 His heart it gave a tender sigh,
 Why would it not?
 Her hat-pin stuck into his eye,
 Why would it not?

Whiskers cover a multitude of chins.

Bertie—I've been having a lovely game with this postoffice set you gave me, auntie. I've taken a real letter to every house in the road.

Auntie—How nice! And where did you get all the letters?

Bertie—Oh, I found a big bundle tied up with pink ribbon in your desk.

There was a young lady from Siam
 Who said to her lover named Priam,
 "If you kiss me, of course
 You'll have to use force—
 But then, you are stronger than I am."

Mr. Leffler—What is the political value of railroads?

Glen S.—To get the politicians back and forth.

A TOUCH DOWN

The football game was over,
 And beside the parlor grate,
 A maiden and dark haired youth
 Lingered rather late.

They talked of punts and drop kicks
 'Till they found it rather tame;
 Then Cupid put his nose-guard on
 And butted in the game.

Quoth he,—"It's mighty funny,
 If I don't arrange a match."
 And so he lined the couple up—
 Made them toe the scratch.

He charged upon the center,
 And he tackled left and right;
 But the way they held that chair for
 down,

Was simply out of sight.
 The youth was growing nervous,
 'Neath the hopes of new born bliss,
 And he sort of thought the scrimmage
 Ought to end up with a kiss.

Then he tried an osculation;
 'Twas just an amateur affair;
 So it ended with a fumble
 And exploded in the air.

Then he tried to place another,—
 For the game was nearly tie,
 But he met with interference,
 And his rush was called aside.

But as he landed on her ear,
 He heard the maiden say
 "You're penalized for holding, Jim,
 Likewise for offside play."

This time he tried another,
 And now succeeded fine,
 And he made an easy touchdown
 On the crimson two-yard line.

But as they lingered o'er the play,
 Coming closer, soul to soul,
 The parlor door flew open
 And the "Old man" kicked the goal.

The eglantine and vinely wild-
 thyme twines melancholily around
 the cornelians and nectarines, while
 the hyacinth orientalis rampates nu-
 tritiously over the meloco-toned
 arbor, until the very frittellaria be-
 gin to get gay with the honey-suck-
 ers. Into this mellifluous midst satu-
 rates a vision clad completely in
 white gilliflowers, and wearing a
 wreath of gilded cypress. Her eyes
 besparkle like periwinkles, and her
 lavender lips play like hollyhocks
 over her rosemary cheeks, her whole
 fleur-de-lis profile being backgrounded
 unctuously by her marigold hair.
 This is Columbine. She is certainly
 one Pippin.

Far over the rocky hills a strain-
 ing, vital, red-blooded man is climb-
 ing a rough, craggy cliff, champing
 the raging cowslips beneath his gritty
 feet. Will he quit? Nay, he will die
 first. Crows caw raucously above his
 head, chestnuts bound ferociously
 from his skull, and the slimy, snake-
 filled pools glitteringly tempt him to
 imbibe, but all in vain. Our hero
 knows his hair will stay parted, and
 nothing can stop him. Bounding
 over the embossments, he stands
 flossily before Columbine, flicking an
 impudent frog from his cuff. His
 name is Augustus. He is a regular
 fellow.

"I'm a dreamer," says he.
 "So am I," says she.
 They clinch.

CENSUS TAKEN

Mr. Sherlock Holmes, former census taker, was recently retained to make an enumeration of the school, has submitted a report in which he enumerates the following fifty-seven varieties of student species:

Faculty Gruches and their Henchmen, Royal Latin Pony Cavalry, Un-squelched Order of Office Pests, Back Door Dodgers, Switch-button Swipers, Typewriter Ticklers, Orpheum Fiends and Associated Order of Grandmother's Guides, Lunch Swipers, Heavy Sarcasm Artillery, Hall Hesitators, Bulletin Board Gawkers, Seven Lost Tribes of Freshmen, Pig-skin Artists, Fourth Hour Surreptitious Lunchers, Study Hall Snoozers, Barons, Bunko Artists and other Greater or Lesser Princes and Subsidiary Despots of the Realm, Nicotine Nabobs, Jammers of the Gym Stairway, Ballot-box Stuffers and Office Grabbers, Lead-footed Order of Biped Elephants, Fudge Fiends, Linger-longer-at-the-Locker Lucies, Magazine Microbes, Heavy Battalions of Locker Snoopers, Window Perchers, Gnomes of the Basement Labyrinth, Hobble Skirt Amazons, Two-spots, "Let-the-other fellow-do-its," Lovelorn Romeos, Tin-horn Sports, Postum Coffee Blondes, Spoony Julietts, Cigarette Stenchers, Dentist's Date-makers, Beau Catchers, "What's-the-Users?," Slit-skirt Sissies, Assembly Fans, Time Killers, Tight Wads, White-shoe Sisters, Snail Squad, Four Flushers, Soft-pedal Sneakers, Sons of Rest, Bulging Think Tanks, Ubiquitous Order of Class Shift-about, Left-side Stair Climbers, Frenzied Freshies, Sophisticated Sophomores, Jovial Juniors, Serious Seniors, Redundant Post-Grads, Glad Rag Willies, Cute Kiddos, Make-up Artists and Calsomine Queens, Club-Footed Order of Aisle Obstructors, the "I Forgots," Silly Simperers, Kangaroo Gliders, Daring Decollettes, Paper-wad Gatling Artists, the Bunny Huggers, the Spearmint Wobble Jaws, Tango Toddlers, the Steady Flunkers, the Never-Sweats, Bear-Cats, Stage Struck Sissies, Corridor Congregators, Pencil Borrowers, Turkey Trotters, the "I Sez-to-him's," the Basket-ball Skinnies, Beetle-browed Editors, the voracious Reporters, the Blood-thirsty Order of Boosters, the Sooty Sons of Vulcan, Cooking Poison Squad, Cinder-path Artists's Models, Harmonious, Melodious Symphonious Orchestral Keepers of Silence, puffed-up Baseballers, the Starving Tribe of Lunch-Spongers, Merry-go-round Locker Dodgers, Open-faced Choruseos, the Clock-Watchers, Pinfeather Demostheneses and Yellocutioners, Shivering Swimmers, Chemistry-Lab. Skunks, Diving Dianas, Sleeping Beauties, Biology Bugs, the "I-told-you-so's," Library Loafers, Hair Lip Hairies, Mirror Maidens, Tardy Tail-enders, Merry Minstrels, Smoke-house Skippers, Night Hawk Flag Raisers, Dorcas Society and Gossipy Seamstresses, Girls' "Jim" Bloomer Brigade, Knights, Knaves, Plebs, Patricians, Suffragettes, Serfs, Ginks, Geezers, Shysters, Clams, Mutts, Lobsters and other small fry, Rooters, Hoodoos,

Jinx, Poets, Peasants, Hoi-Polloi, Bourgeois, Heavy Lookers-on, Odds and Ends, Riff-Raff, Rag Tag and Bob Tail, Hook Worms, Skum, Dregs, Lip Fuzzers and Canned Cutters.

**THE PHYSIOLOGY CLASS VISIT
THE BACTERIOLOGICAL
LABORATORY**

Not everyone knows that right here in our city is a bacteriological laboratory, equipped to make examination of germs or bacteria, or to diagnose the character of almost any disease. This laboratory is in the basement of Epworth Hospital, and is in charge of Dr. Peterson. Through the arrangement of Miss Dunbar, the Physiology class was able to make a visit to it last Monday morning.

Among the apparatus of the laboratory which is interesting, is the "incubator." This is an oven-like arrangement, and is kept at an even temperature of 98° F., the most favorable degree for the growth of bacteria. The bacteria are introduced into gelatine or agar-agar, and placed in the incubator to make cultures.

Another piece of apparatus is the microtome, which is used in preparing microscopic sections of tissue. It consists of a tank filled with compressed carbon dioxide gas. To prepare tissues for making slides, the material is placed in the jet of carbon dioxide as it escapes from the cell. So much heat is absorbed, due to the sudden expansion of the gas, that the tissues are frozen and thus, when in a solid state, a thin section can be easily sliced off.

The laboratory also possesses a fine collection of preserved specimens, and many are especially valuable to physicians or surgeons who desire abnormal, rather than normal specimens for reference and study. Among the most interesting of the specimens were a heart, stomach, kidney, appendix, a piece of spinal cord, and bones from different parts of the body.

We had the privilege of observing a number of interesting things under high power microscope, namely—blood, sections of skin, and tubercular germs.

Among other interesting features are four guinea pigs, which are used for experimental purposes.

Dr. Peterson was very kind in explaining the feature of the laboratory, and to her the class owe many thanks. The time spent there was very profitable as seeing "the real thing" always gives a student a better idea of it than pages of text or illustrations possibly can do.

WEDNESDAY'S ASSEMBLY

At assembly Wednesday morning we were given a very small peep at what we are expecting to see more of tonight, the Senior Minstrel Show. Although the majority of the chorus entered the auditorium all unsuspecting only to be pounced upon and sent up on the stage to "show 'em how it was done," they came through all right with no signs of stage fright and gave as good a sample of the show as could be expected under the circumstances.

Following this we were shown some of the "Quo Vadis" pictures, another small peep at what might be expected at the Oliver, and although many of the best parts were cut out, "as a teaser" according to Mr. Sims, it certainly was interesting.

For the most of us who know nothing about the motion pictures except what we see at the nickel theaters down town, it is rather hard to realize the vast amount of ability and work required in the 20 months' task of completing this greatest of the so-called photo-dramas.

Another interesting point in regard to the pictures is the realism of scenes that could never be acted on the stage, such as the scenes where the lions advance upon the Christians in the arena, and the one showing the battle of Ursus with the wild bull, both of which, by the way, we did not have the privilege of seeing in assembly.

We surely want to see the "Quo Vadis" pictures but at the same time don't forget the Minstrel Show tonight. Be a sport and take in both.

ONE WEEK

The year had gloomily begun
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's
Sun.
He was beset with bill and dun,
And he had very little
Mon.
"This cash," said he, "won't pay my
dues,"
"I've nothing here but ones and
Tues."
A bright thought struck him and he
said
"The rich Miss Goldrock I will
Wed."
But when he paid his court to her,
She lisped, but firmly said "No,
Thur."
"Alas!" said he, that I must die,
His soul went where they say souls
Fri.
They found his gloves, and coat, and
hat,
The coroner upon them
Sat.

**DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASSES—
"HOME MADE" SALE**

Since the Domestic Science classes have moved into their new quarters they have been busy making up time and planning "extras" for the weeks to come. Among other things they have decided to raise money to buy a number of articles for the house-keeping department. The necessities such as furniture, rugs, kitchen utensils, China and silverware will be bought by the Board of Education but the girls are willing to make an effort in order to have some additional accessories.

A plan has been made for each class to prepare some article of food to be sold at the noon hour on certain days in the lunch room. Wednesday is reserved for the sale of brown bread by Cooking Class 1-A. The advance cooking class V will take orders for specialties.

The first sale was held Tuesday noon by Class V. They sold various styles of cookies. The supply was soon exhausted showing that such an undertaking bids fair for success.

The girls will appreciate patronage. Orders may be left with Miss Hillier to be filled by the various classes.

F. L. S.: How do you like the spirit?
EDITOR.

Great! Hope they keep it up.
F. L. S.

THE GYPSY NEBULOUS

(Sub-Infernal.)

A face, foam-ringed
With cosmic chaos-clay, and ghastly
glow,
Or call it mud;
A fleeting glimpse of wind-wrought
wraiths below,
Of mists empiric-winged—
A flood
Sad passion-hurled in that dim
dawn about
The gypsy nebulous—
A fancy fever-full—a ghost-rid rout,
Conceived when sombre-drunk, with
summer's moon
(Placed here, of course, to rime with
"plenilune"),
A being fabulous,
A progeny of souls
Lit-tossed on red-gold seas
Of passionate poesies.

What fun to go to the Minstrel Show!
The Minstrel Show, the Minstrel
Show!
No better sport than this I know
For lads and lassies gay, hi-oh!
Sing, ho! Tra, la, tra lo!
And when do you go to the Minstrel
Show?
The Minstrel Show, the Minstrel
Show?
What! Can it be some are so slow
As not to know, today we go
To the Senior Minstrel Show, hi-oh!

Miss Cunningham was called home last week Thursday by the death of her mother.

Miss Laura Hood of LaPorte, was a visitor at the High School on Tuesday.

Calendar

Friday, Dec. 12, All day, Halls.....	Junior Bazar
Friday, Dec. 12, 3:45, Gym.....	Freshman Party
Friday, Dec. 12, 8:15, Auditorium.....	Senior Minstrels
Saturday, Dec. 13, 1:45, Y. M. Gym.....	Basket-ball, Nappanee
Saturday, Dec. 13, 7:30, Gym.....	Sophomore Party
Week, Dec. 15-19, 12:30 and 3:45, Music Room.....	Junior "Movies"
Wednesday, Dec. 17, 11:00, Auditorium.....	Lecture on China
Thursday, Dec. 18, Auditorium.....	Eighth Grade Concert
Saturday, Dec. 28.....	Holiday vacation begins
Monday, Dec. 29.....	High School resumes

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men;
And each is sure to like his jokes
Much more than those of other folks.

Bob sat in Shafer's parlor waiting
for Mildred and was heard to say to
the light:

"Either you or I, old man, will get
turned down tonight."

Bill S. at one end of sofa; Al. M.
at the other.

Bill—"What would you say if I
were to throw you a kiss."

Al—"I'd say you were the laziest
fellow I ever saw."

Sullie—"Gee! I bet it is cold out
at Oliver's factory."

J. Wolf—"Why is that?"

Sullie—"Because they make
chilled plows."

Miss Porter in Civics class trying
to distinguish between civil and
criminal cases—"Now suppose a man
were hit in Indiana." (Where is
that, Miss Porter).

"I understand he swears a great
deal."

"I wouldn't say that exactly. But
I would say that in the heat of pas-
sion he finds it impossible to confine
himself to 'Tut! tut!'"

(Supposedly) found on Miss Good-
man's desk:

Miss Goodman:—You must stop
teach my Lizzie fisical toture, she
needs yet readin' an' figors mit sums
more as that, if I want her to do
jumpin' I kin make her jump.

MRS. CANAVOWSKY.

"You certainly have a trim little
waist," said Red Phillips, admiringly.
"You're right," she replied; there's
no getting around that."

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