

THE INTERLUDE

VOL. XIV No. 12

SOUTH BEND, IND. HIGH SCHOOL, DEC. 19, 1913

PRICE 5 CENTS

HESTER STREET

We are told by all good rules of etiquette that it is wrong to begin anything with an apology. I do not intend to apologize. There has, however, been no mandate given by the powers that be which forbids one from defending one's own story, if one so desires.

There are several comments which I expect to hear concerning the story. First, you will say that it has no purpose. No, it hasn't; I admit it cheerfully. It has no purpose; it never did have any purpose, and, to make my sentence completely balanced, I shall say that it never will have any purpose. Things don't usually have a purpose in Hester street—they are done through the fullness of the heart. You will say, perhaps, that you dislike dialect in stories, and you, no doubt, can enforce your point by saying as a recent author said: "Dialect is very good in its way, but sometimes it is a strong wall behind which young writers can hide their ignorance of construction and good usage." We all grant that, but you see grammar in Hester street would seem like one of the seven wonders to its inhabitants; it simply doesn't exist. Last of all, you'll say that you don't believe it. Such a spirit, you'll declare is impossible. We can suggest for this skepticism only one remedy: Visit Hester street and see for yourself. That and that alone will convince you.

Several years ago I read a narticle by Jane Addams in which there was this statement, "There are two ways in which to spend a happy Christmas: the one is to stay at home, enjoying all the riches of the world; the other and more enjoyable way is to visit Hester street." Having great faith in Miss Addams, I believed her; having had the pleasure recently of visiting this street myself, I still agree with her, which is better, for I have proved her statement by my own observations.

Hester Street reminds one of Apple Blossom Court in "A Dawn of a Tomorrow" in that it has none of the charming qualities which the sweet, old-fashioned name of "Hester" would indicate, just as Apple Blossom Court is like anything but apple blossoms. As Terry O'Brien once said, "Hester Street gits it goin' and comin'." The heat of the summer seems to center all its force on this little area, and winter keeps the inhabitants in a constant chill. At all times there is a perpetual odor of seeds, onions, and insanitation.

Most of the population of Hester Street is of Irish descent, and the people speak a rich Irish brogue. At Christmas time the street is crowded with people. Stout Irish women, followed by a long line of inquisitive urchins, go through the little

retail stores, snowing the kiddies the wonderful toys or making small—very small—purchases for their dear ones. The presents themselves are of little value, but the love that goes with them enriches them a hundred-fold. And let me say right here that the people of Hester Street are very proud, and they receive no gifts under the name of "the worthy poor." As a certain Mr. O'Flaherty once remarked: "Sure we're worthy and be darned if we ain't poor, but we'll get our own Christmas fixin's, thankin' ye jist the same."

Having taken all this time to introduce you to Hester Street, it now behooves me to get down to the story itself. Perhaps instead of calling it a story, I should have called it merely an incident. Perhaps, too, you'll be disappointed in finding the story shorter than its introduction. I hope, however, that by this introduction you have gained in part at least some of the spirit of Hester Street.

In Hester Street society, there are two persons who are almost idolized by the people. One of these is the teacher; the other, the priest. Either of the aforesaid persons could demand anything of them. They are considered well nigh infallible, and they hold the inhabitants of the street as their willing slaves.

It was my good fortune to have as my friend Miss Edmund, the teacher of Hester Street school. She was one of those pretty, charming, persons whose garments always had an air of smartness, which was the envy of all beholders. She was an excellent teacher, and by her gentle wiles had managed to keep many a young ruffian to his books even after he had learned his three R's which, by the way, is the usual limit of Hester Street education.

The day of my arrival she had received from one of her pupils this carefully worded invitation:

"Deer Teecher: we would be pleased foine if ye could come over and see us Xmas night.

"Your friend,

"Mrs. O'Brien."

Having read the invitation I said rather indifferently, "You surely don't intend to go, do you?" You see I wasn't quite converted. My idea of enjoyment tended more toward the first of Miss Addams' statement even though in theory I believed the latter.

"Go? Of course we'll go. This visit will be j-ut like a sermon to you. I should feel that I was neglecting part of your religious education if I didn't take you."

So go we did, although I dislike sermons extremely. I confess that at first sight Hester Street was a complete, unalloyed disappointment. The rickety houses were built close

(Continued on Page 7)

CHRISTMAS WEEK AMONG THE FRENCH CANADIANS

Chescham is a little French Canadian town about 100 miles north of Quebec. At Christmas time the snow usually lies to such a depth that all that one can see when standing out on top of the snow is a chimney here and there with smoke curling out. The people do not try to get farther on the ground level than from the house to the barn and they have to dig a tunnel to do this. To go from house to house is simple enough when once one gets to the top of the snow. When snow falls to a great depth, there is left around the house a hollow about a foot wide. The men start at a ground floor window and cut steps in the face of the wall of snow to its top. Then they throw on water which freezes and hardens the steps. On the surface of the snow is a crust which makes walking, particularly walking on snow-shoes, easy.

Three of the most interesting features of the holiday celebration in this snow covered town are the preparations, the mass, and the ox race. The people of Chescham start many weeks ahead to prepare for Christmas for the whole holiday week is a season of festivity. The men, who can do no outside work on account of the snow, help with the baking. They roast whole pigs and wild game in abundance. They bake a great supply of mince pies, fruit cakes, and wine puddings. They lay in a supply of bear meat for the New Year's feast.

Early Christmas morning the people of one neighborhood congregate at some house to go together to the Christmas mass. They are an odd looking set in their homespun clothes, heavy fur coats and padded fur caps. Three pairs of home knit stockings, covered by felt boots, and again by skin moccasins make their feet look clumsy indeed. Every one wears a bunch of holly and one can judge of the wealth of different members of a group by the size of their holly bunches for holly is very scarce.

The church is decorated with Christmas trees and boughs of cedar and is wholly lighted by candles. The altars are bright with them. In one corner of the church is a little house built to represent the stable; a doll within represents the Christ child. The choir sings the carols; the whole congregation joins in the last song.

After mass come the Christmas greetings. Everybody kisses somebody. The young men have looked forward to this with great glee and in anticipation of this each has selected a nice looking girl a month before Christmas.

Now the group starts on the rounds for feasting. Breakfast is served at one house, dinner at another. On

Christmas night the town hall is the scene of a dance after which the house to house feasting continues.

The final celebration of the season occurs on New Year's day when the ox race comes off. A fellow of twenty is not considered a man unless he owns an ox and a two-wheeled cart. The lucky possessors of these manly attributes must take a girl and compete in the race. Now an ox cart is built in such a way that the back drops out very easily and its motion is rocking. It is not easy to keep from leaning against the back of the cart—alas! then out goes the unfortunate. Imagine some twenty of these carts drawn up in the village street, each containing a merry couple each drawn by a lumbering ox. One couple is spilled into the snow; several other follow; a young ox tries to climb a bank and unloads his drivers; the crowd cheers and shouts and when the race is finished they snow ball the fallen couples heartily. Then they set off for the feast which concludes the holiday celebration.

THE SONG OF THE KANKAKEE

The marsh land has crooned me her lonely song—

The song of the Kankakee—
And snatches of it whersoever I go,
Keep coming back to me.

The murmur of little creeks that flow
Down through the dark rich soil
The call of the farmer boys who go
Out to their daily toil.

The sound of the corn leaves dripping
wet,

When at early morn the sun
Looks down through a mist and
crows declare
A new day has begun.

Breezes a-straying mid yellow flowers
Past acres of golden-rod,
Coax the white down and brown seed
away

Out of the milkweed pod.
Do you bid me sing of the nightingale,
Or the sweep of a mighty sea?
They are not mine; I only know
The song of the Kankakee.

"I want a dress to put on around the house," said the lady in the department store.

"How large is your house, madam?" inquired the fresh clerk.



THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

It began with a sinking and was a horrible sensation. Down, down between walls of darkness where there was no light above or below, and no hope that the bottom would ever be reached.

Then came a consciousness of sounds and I heard murmurs. I was glad that I was somewhere at least and began to look about me. At first I could see nothing, but finally I realized that someone was leading me through the air by a chain fastened to an iron collar around my neck, and we soon glided noiselessly through a frost-painted window, into the smallest kitchen you ever saw. Such a din as there was there!

The apples in the basket were laughing and grinning at me because I was not allowed to reach them, and the potatoes, that had been washing themselves at the pump, now hopped into a kettle. How queer they looked! What was the matter with their eyes? There were wrinkles and creases around them, and they were laughing, too.

I heard another laugh and looked at the poor, one-armed pump. The old fellow was making a queer gurgling sound in his throat; and when someone wanted water, the arm went up and down and he said, "Give give, give! I'm pretty nearly used up now, but I must keep on giving, giving, giving." It did sound like a laugh in the old pump's worn-out throat.

How the fire roared in the poor, cracked stove! "I do my best," it said. "It's give, give, give. That's the way I got my cracks. I let myself get too hot warming you. I knew all the time that I couldn't stand it." The fire winked at me through the burning stove and the sticks inside said that they were happy in the forest where they grew, but they were glad to be in the stove where they could help us to keep warm.

Pop, pop, pop! The red cheeks of the apples in the oven were splitting.

Uuff, puff! Bubble, bubble! That sounded like a laugh, too, as the potatoes danced in the boiling water. "We enjoyed ourselves down cellar with the beets and jolly cabbage-heads," they said, "but 'Give, give!' is the rule." With this one potato bumped against the lid in his earnestness to nudge his neighbor to enjoy the Christmas fun.

And then the little fat goose, done as brown as a berry, and the fizzing cranberries sang a song about the frosted cake with plums on it.

The noise was almost deafening, when an old lady and two little news-boys entered the kitchen. I tried to tell them why I was there, but they didn't see me.

In a very short time the laughing Christmas dinner was on the table and the little party was eating, talking, and laughing.

It was such a pretty party and scene that I had entirely forgotten my tight collar and chain and determined to stay and make friends with the old lady and the little waifs. Then someone bent over me and I

saw the Christmas spirit. She touched the chain that seemed to be breaking my neck, and it parted.

It was all gone when I awakened—all save the memory of my dream, which impressed upon my mind one lesson—we can all have laughing dinners if we're kind and willing to give.

THE SENIOR MINSTRELS

The Senior minstrel show which was given Friday night, Dec. 12, was a decided success, financially as well as otherwise, for the class cleared \$250 for their memorial fund. But why shouldn't it have been a success? Wasn't it given by the only class that could manage such an affair?

From the moment the curtain arose on the first act, and until its fall on the last, the audience showed keen appreciation in every way. Some of the comments heard after the performance were—

"Those jokes were the best I ever heard."

"Well, it was the best amateur minstrel show I ever saw and a heap better than some professional ones I have seen."

"When I came I never expected to see anything half as good."

"Everything was so unique and original."

"Those end men were the best ever, and the interlocutor was fine!"

"Those Seniors sure have some pep to put through a thing like that."

"Wasn't that opening chorus scene a stunner?"

It would be impossible to tell everything people said about the minstrels. The opening chorus scene took everyone by storm. It was beautiful and original. The color scheme was fine, and the lighted lamps with the beautiful shades gave the whole scene a touch which made it complete in every way.

There was some talk of repeating the minstrel show during Christmas vacation, but the Seniors decided that the people will be more likely to come to the next entertainment we give, knowing that we have only one performance.

SOME TRAVELER

The crowd of tourists stood about the crater of Vesuvius, peering down into its fiery depths.

"Well," remarked an American, "That beats hell." Whereat, an Englishman standing near exclaimed, "Bah Jove! How very extensively some of those Americans have traveled."

Guest (to waiter)—"This soup has a hair in it!"

Waiter—"That's no hair. It's a crack in the plate."

Guest—"It's a funny crack that wriggles!"

Grace—I told him he must not see me any more.

Her Brother—Well, what did he do?

Grace—Turned out the light!

"What makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring?"

"A woman."

A PURITAN CRIME

Slowly the great bell tolled, and the people began to come from their homes to the village square. From every path and from every direction they came, slowly marching to the death knell.

A stranger who stood idly watching was surrounded by the gathering crowd. He turned slowly and asked his neighbor the cause of this excitement. The man addressed answered warily as if afraid to speak—"Strange things have happened. Our good Brother Maxwell's daughter hath been troubled by an evil spirit that Granny Moreland, the witch, caused to fall upon her. Our good judge, Samuel Sewell hath decreed that Granny shall be burned at the stake for this grievous crime and that all the people should gather here to watch the departure of her wicked spirit. Ah, stranger, these are sad times."

The hum of the many voices died away as through the midst of the crowd came the judge and jailors with their prisoner. She was an old woman with snow white hair, cracked skin, cold blue eyes, and thin, pale lips. She tottered as she walked. Quietly the jailors tied her to the stake, piled the wood about her, and kindled it. The flames mounted higher and higher; at last they caught her clothing. People turned away from the terrible sight of the burning woman, who with uplifted eyes and clasped hands, seemed to be rapt in prayer. Tears rolled down the cheeks of the watchers.

At last the victim lowered her eyes from heaven, looked over the crowd, stretched forth her hands as in benediction, and cried aloud, "My people, I forgive ye even as my Father hath forgiven me."

Her arms fell to her sides; the huge flames mounted till they leaped high above her; no one ever again saw poor Granny Moreland.

PERVERTED PROVERBS

1. Explosions will happen in the best regulated laboratories.
2. A word to the wife is sufficient—to start a row.
3. In onion there is strength.
4. Talcum covereth a multitude of things.
5. A miss is as good as a mile—of old maids.
6. If wishes were horses, what plugs our friends would ride on.
7. What shall it profit our "Bass Soloist" if he shall gain low G and lose his main suspender button.
8. It is a wise composer that knows his own music—when S. B. H. S. orchestra plays it.

"He met his end in the electric chair."

"Shocking!"

A steam roller rolled on a stray canine,

And flattened him east and west,

He hadn't a chance to utter a whine,

But his pants, no doubt, were pressed.

HEART AND HOME PROBLEMS

This department will be conducted by Miss U. Wanta Noe, for the benefit of persons perplexed by problems suggested above. We expect to have Miss Noe answer her correspondents through these columns as often as a sufficient number of puzzling situations have been presented to justify publication. Miss Noe is well qualified—especially in matters of the heart and hand. She sees, as in a mirror, the thing which happened behind your back. Ask her.

Address all communications to U. Wanta Noe, care of Interlude. Confidential—Enclose stamp.

Dear Miss Noe:—I am 16 years old and have been keeping steady company with a certain young gentleman for a year and everybody thought it was all settled but the ceremony. But last Saturday he went to the dance with another girl. Please tell me what to do. Can I sue him for breach of promise? B. F.

Dear young lady:—I am afraid you can do nothing. You are too young to be keeping steady company with boys, anyway. No, I fear you cannot sue him. And besides, a lawsuit would put you in the public eye, and I am sure you do not seek notoriety.

Dear Miss:—Last week I left a box of candy in my locker and someone took it. I think I know who. What shall I do? Miss S. Impo.

Dear girl, get a lock for your locker—and do not do anything to the person who appropriated the candy. Think what he has probably suffered already.

Dear Miss:—At an early age, before I was able to remonstrate, my parents dubbed me Ellsworth. And now I have to suffer. What shall I do? E. W.

My dear boy:—You are in no sense responsible for the mistakes of your parents. And remember—the Brightest Spot in Town is named after you.

WOODLAND SOUNDS

One spring afternoon when the trees were budding and the flowers were in bloom, I decided to take a trip to the woods to hold a short conversation with Nature.

As I entered, I heard the birds at choir practice; I could easily distinguish the screeching sopranos and the bellowing basses. The leader of the choir chirped to one of the sopranos, "You don't keep time and you sing so loud that you drown the others." "Let's try that again. One—two—three—sing!" "That is very much better. We will now adjourn to meet again on Wednesday." Practice ended, the birds fluttered off to a nearby bush where they enjoyed a delicious luncheon of berries.

Farther on in the woods, I heard the rippling and tinkling,—the rushing and gushing, the splashing and dashing of a little stream.

It was twilight when I turned to leave the woods. The crickets were at vespers; the frogs croaked "Good-bye."

A MEDIAEVAL CHRISTMAS PLAY

Let us imagine ourselves on Christmas Day in a mediaeval town of northern England, near the cathedral, the central point of interest. The old city is full of workmen who are to complete the cathedral, as it is only half finished. Some of the men are religious men, who came, as a religious duty, to work off their sins by bodily labor; some are simple men, who love art; others are skilled carvers, brought from distant towns and countries. For several days there has been no work done on the church. The monks have decorated the stage and halls with boughs and bushes for the sacred play they are going to present on the feast day.

The ground is covered with several inches of snow, which fact necessitates the staging of the play beneath a roof instead of in the open air. Moreover, the gloomy old church is an ideal place, for its darkened windows and lighted candles lend their charm to the splendor of the scene. Every thing is ready. The priest, who had that morning told the people the story of Christ's birth, has just dismissed the auditors. The time for the mid-day meal is at hand. This will give time for the shepherds and farm men to come in from the country. The monks are really to draw the curtains, and the entire hall is packed with eager faces. There are smiths, carpenters, the butcher's wife, the country priest, and the gray-haired friars. There are also scores of workmen, artists, and young monks, who have taken part in the building of the cathedral.

The bell sounds. The curtain is drawn, and the candles blaze brightly round the wooden stage. In the first scene we have God in Heaven, dressed like a pope with triple crown and attended by his court of angels. They sing and toss up censers till God lifts His hand and speaks. In a long Latin speech He gives the order of creation and His will concerning man. When the Deity finishes His speech, up leaps an ugly figure, in goatskins, with ram's horns upon his head.

The children begin to cry; but the older people laugh, for this is the devil, the clown and comic character. He talks their common tongue, and has no reverence before the very heights of heaven. He asks permission to plague men and receives it; then, with many curious capers, he descends to Hell, beneath the stage. The angels sing and the scene closes to a sound of organs.

The next act represents the Fall; the monks hurry over this, as the Fall is the prelude to the birth of Christ.

The builders of the cathedral are very much interested in the next act, as one of their number has been chosen on account of his handsome looks and tenor voice, to play the angel's part. He is a young fellow of nineteen, but his beard is not yet grown, and his hair hangs down upon his shoulders. A younger brother, who is chorister in the

church, acts the part of the Virgin Mary.

The curtain is drawn aside. We see a cottage room, dimly lighted by a lamp, and Mary spinning near her bedside. She sings a country air, and goes on working, till a rustling noise is heard, more light is thrown on the stage, and a glorious creature in white, with broad golden wings, appears. He bears a lily, and cries "Ave Maria, gratia plena!" She does not answer, but stands confused and timid. Gabriel, for it is he, rises from the ground and comforts her, and sings his message of glad tidings. Then Mary revives, and kneeling, thanks God; and when the angel disappears, she sings the song of the Magnificat, clearly and simply, in the darkened room. This hymn is sung very softly and the silver tones resound through this great church. The women kneel, and the children are hushed. But some of the farm lads and 'prentice-boys begin to think it rather dull, and look forward to the next scene.

The next scene opens with a sheep fold and a little camp fire. The sheep are heard bleating, and five or six common fellows are sitting around the blazing fire. One would think they had stepped from the audience to the stage, so natural do they look. They call themselves by common names, Colin and Tom Lie-a-bed and Nimble Dick. The people express their feeling by laughing loudly when these shepherds stand up and debate about a stolen sheep. Tom Lie-a-bed is very sleepy and does not want to go in search of the sheep; Colin throws out shrewd suspicions that Dick knows something of the matter; but Dick is sly, and keeps them off the scent, although by his actions the audience is convinced that he is the real thief. While they are talking, silence falls upon the shepherds. Soft music from the church organ seems to stupefy them. The stage is quite dark, and the dying echo of the music is the only sound heard.

A ray of light is seen, and hidden candles throw their gleaming lights on the stage. Gabriel in all his glory appears upon a higher platform made to look like clouds. The shepherds wake in confusion, striving to shelter their eyes from the brilliant light. Then Gabriel waves his lily, spreads his great golden wings, and bids good cheer with clarion voice. The shepherds fall on their knees to worship, and suddenly around Gabriel there gathers a choir of angels, who sing to the sound of a deep-toned organ heard far away. From distant aisles it swells, and seems to come from heaven.

The melody gradually ceases, the lights die out, the angels disappear, and Gabriel fades into the darkness. The shepherds still kneel and chant as the curtain is drawn.

The next act represents the birth of Christ. The shepherds are there kneeling in prayer. Three kings come with many gifts to the Saviour, who lies in a manger of a stable. Oxen and sheep are standing around looking on with glaring eyes at the wonderful sight. Mary is sitting

near and Joseph is standing by her, leaning on his staff. A few songs are sung and the scene is over.

The people go out of the church, and wind their way to their homes, talking of the music and scenes as they go along.

Surely they will never forget the splendor and glory of this play. The effect it produced on their simple minds can well be understood when one reads the different products of mediaeval times. The soft and musical tones of poetry and the delicate beauty of art well represent the inspiration received from this type of Christmas celebration.

THE HIGH SCHOOL STOCKING

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the school, not a creature was stirring but Santa Claus Sims.

Bag? Why of course he had a bag! Imagine Santa without a bag! But such a one as Kris Kringle Sims had was never carried by all the reindeer in Kris Kringleland before. For Santa Sims had a good old heart and he remembered us all, Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and even the "I'm tardy because I'm lates," Freshman.

Before Santa tottered with his heavy sack down to the gymnasium, where hung over 950 stockings, he deposited a few gifts in his toy shop (the office). Here he gave a certain dark haired man the permission to remain in the office with the well-known Miss Thumm.

Ah! here it is, Mr. Wells was granted a week's vacation. (Let's hope he will find ample time to go in search of his good humor, which in the rush and push of these modern times, he apparently has lost track of).

Mr. Osborne and Miss Montgomery had their wish granted by receiving a new electrical apparatus which, by the way, they will soon put into motion. Mr. Metzler was given high honors for instructing so skillfully our various athletic teams.

Miss Porter received her present she had been looking for low these many years — something in a pair of socks.

A present for Miss Kelley was hard to find but at last Santa Sims found a pupil who knew what he was talking about when reciting history.

And even the various classes were remembered. The Seniors received just what they needed, namely, ideas, workers, enthusiastic and inspiring angels. The Juniors should really be satisfied with dances, parties and bids. It is true the Sophomores needed to be awakened so they were given alarm clocks, yell masters, and at last several inches of growth. And the Freshmen are now satisfied because Santa gave each a doll, whistle and rattle.

But really you should have seen the gym. Everyone's stocking was full. Don Livengood was presented with a bunch of sweetness and next to him came Art Fisher with his lovable child. Helen Gregory was given a few more suitors.

Bob Swintz was given the leading part with Art Fisher in a little comedy sketch entitled "Why they all fall for us."

Cleo Young, Gladys Watters, June Ball and Mary Leeper were given a place in the chorus of the play. "One can already see future professional jealousy."

Glen Slick and Ed. Twomey received a Tango master.

Marie Jackson, Wilma Evans and Sophia Unger were granted popularity at last.

Dode Brugger was presented with a few new jokes and witty sayings.

Alice Millhouse was given a beautiful swimming tank.

Kenneth Burner received that long wished for book on "Beauty Hints."

Katherine Oliver's lease on Stuard Elbel was renewed.

On the outside of Martha Stover's stocking was a sign which read, "You are getting thinner."

To go on would be to fill several Interludes and there is really a limit to all things.

The last that was seen of Santa Sims that night was a large boot going up the smoke stack. But in his haste he dropped a note which read, "Please do not ring me up during Christmas vacation."

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Mr. Hostetter has been teaching his classes in Bookkeeping I some short cuts in the methods of addition, multiplication, and in figuring interest. With daily drills in class, he hopes to develop his pupils into very rapid calculators.

The advanced students in this department have been doing work with the adding machines, and are getting along very nicely.

A number of Bookkeeping I students are starting the study of drafts. They are meeting in room 121, for a few minutes each day, for recitation. All seem to think the work very interesting.

Glad. and Don. walking down hall.
Don—"You seem pensive."
Glad.—"Do I?"
He—"Yes, you do."
She—"I don't think that I am."
He—"Don't you?"
She—"No, really, I don't."
He—"I think you are."
She—"Well, I don't."
He—"Don't you?"
She—"No, I don't."

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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.

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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 19, 1913

CONTRIBUTIONS

The editing committee of The Interlude wishes to express its gratitude for the material which has been contributed through The Interlude Box. There can't be too much and the committee requests that those who have made contributions continue in the good work and that those who have ideas but have up to this time failed to contribute them get busy.

Work, especially that which deals with subjects of temporary interest such as news, cartoons, or stories of special time interest, should be contributed early enough to enable the committee to pass upon it and have it ready for the printer early in the week.

It is desirable to have articles signed for they may need revision. Don't be discouraged that your efforts have thus far failed to "make the line." Come to the committee for suggestions.

FOR CHARITY

The girls in the Domestic Art classes, under the supervision of Miss Van Baalen, decided to contribute three cents apiece for the purpose of buying material with which to make a comfort to be given as a Christmas gift to some poor family recommended by the Associated Charities.

The comfort is made with the very best of woolen lining, covered with cotton challis of a Persian design, and tied with tan yarn. The edges are feather stitched in the same color as that with which the comfort is tied.

Excellent results were accomplished by the girls in the different classes, who with the help of Miss Van Baalen did the work with true Christmas spirit.

ASSEMBLY

During last Wednesday's Assembly Dr. Franklin Ohlinger of Foo Chow, China, gave a lecture on China which was illustrated by stereopticon views. The great wall of China, the dingy houses, the poorly paid laborers, the burning of opium pipes, Chinese women and children, and eminent statesmen of the old Empire and of the new Republic were among the most interesting subjects.

We were glad to learn something more of this great nation and thank Dr. Ohlinger for his kindness in speaking to us on the subject.

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa Claus:—

Each of us want a box of the candy like what you gave most of us last year,—“Peace Candy.” Take care that you give everybody some. Mexico felt badly left out last year, because you didn't leave her any. England is jealous of the United States over the Panama Canal which she claims you left to both. Perhaps you had better give her two boxes of “Peace Candy” to make up for it. England won't mind if you give Ulster a whole stick of taffy out of her box. You might also leave a box with the English Militants, and incidentally a “Ballot Pacifier” with Emmeline P. The Balkans and Turks were entirely forgotten last year, so please leave several boxes to both of them.

Bill Bryan wants the solution to the “currency puzzle” which you left him years ago. He's had lots of fun with it, but it would be more fun if he could “work it.” Woody wants the solution to the “Mexican puzzle.” He's been trying to work it like “Patience.”

Do give Lloyd George a good vacation, undisturbed by the suffragettes.

Yours loving children,
The Nations of The Earth.

GREENS WIN CONTEST!

The “Greens” or, in other words, the girls who take gym on Tuesdays and Fridays won the membership contest which was carried on from Dec. 8th to 12th in the Girls' Athletic Association. They secured approximate 35 more members than the “Reds” and so they are being entertained at a party in the gym by the Monday-Thursday girls, this afternoon, Friday, Dec. 19, at 2 o'clock. One class will entertain with the “Irish Lilt”; another the “Jumping Jack,” and a third the “Banjo Caprice.” The party will be worth coming back for.

The inter-class schedule for basket-ball games is being arranged and all girls who haven't as yet been out for practice, please come down to the gym after school on Mondays and 9th and 10th periods Wednesday. Everybody welcome. If you don't know how to play, now is the time to learn.

AN OLD LETTER

The following letter was found recently in the secret drawer of an old desk, an heirloom in the Thorn-

ton family. It may prove of interest to students who have read “Comus” in Eng. VI:

From the Castle of Ludlow,
this 30th of Sept. 1634.

My dearest Nell:

How can I ever begin to relate to you the wonderful and exciting events which have made my existence such a joyous one this past month? Shall I begin with a sermon and an apology like a Cambridge professor or shall I, following the example of my younger brother begin my narrative at the end? Have patience, dear Nell, I shall do neither. I will begin at the beginning.

When father was appointed Lord President of Wales we went at once to his official residence, Ludlow Castle, a most picturesque residence in Shropshire to take up our abode. As this was an occasion of some importance, according to customs a masque was prepared and my brothers and I were given important parts to play.

Our masque was written by one John Milton a quiet man of much learning. I marvel much that a man of such sternness, for he is a Puritan, could have written such an ideal thing as this masque. However, one could find traces of his elevated thought and virtuous character in the lines of the masque.

In fact my part was a representation of virtue and it gave me a splendid opportunity, which I did not neglect, to wear beautiful white

robes and mother gave me a string of pearls to wear in my hair.

In truth I had a most wonderful part for it commanded the respect and sympathy of all and all the ladies envied me the right to play such a role. Mr. Henry Lawes who wrote the music for our masque says it is the most original masque he has seen and he does not hesitate to predict that his great great grandchildren will read our masque and enjoy it. Just imagine Nell, perhaps eighty years from now a new generation will read the masque and learn that the first production was given at Ludlow Castle and that the part of the virtuous lady was taken by Alice Egerton. Will that not be nice and do you not envy me?

Mr. Lawes' praise is not extravagant for the masque is most charming believe me. You should hear the beautiful words and the subtle compliments. Younger brother Thomas objected strongly at being termed a “faery vision” and he thinks the complements flowery and overdrawn. I admit in brother's case “faery vision” did sound strange but I am sure that was the only exception.

Mr. Milton is unmarried and good looking and true Nell, it vexes me to think a man who can write such enchanting verse should be a Puritan. You would think so too, Nell, if you could read the masque. Come to me and I will read it to you.

Your affectionate friend,
ALICE EGERTON.

O YOU MINSTRELS



THE YULE LOG

The clear, crisp air, wafted through the many cracks and crevices of the old house, played havoc with the sweet odors in the room, mingling the heavy scent of cedar and sandalwood with the delicious odor of cookery and the fragrance of the perfumed Yule candle. The little canary, hung in a corner next the great fireplace, trilled and trebled its joy into the very soul. The big old-fashioned room was dressed for Christmas with mistletoe, holly, bitersweet and evergreen. The strong centertable bore up the feast of Christmas cheer, chief among which rose the great Yule cake splendid in the glow of the tall Yule candle. The cake was one, made only by the mothers of those good old days of real Christmas tide, all frosted in perfect mould of Him to whom all Yule-tide is owed. The corner opposite the fireplace, veiled to the ceiling, held the children's joy.

Evening stole on; the great candle, fresh from the mould, flared in spirited defiance of the fire. The canary stopped its noisy wit, and a deep solemn silence, broken only by sudden bursting of sparks in the fireplace, fell over all.

The door opened and the Yule procession entered. The 'Squire led, his wife close beside him and the rest following at their heels. The 'Squire carried the massive Yule log but his exertion was hardly perceptible. The wife's face was wreathed in smiles and the others, beaming with the glad spirit of the day, kept silence until the solemn 'Squire completed the task of throwing the great log on the flames. Great sparks, cracks loud as pistol shots, and hundreds of flames greeted the log when it finally fell to its place among the embers. All the pent up joy and exuberance of the group roared forth in lusty cheers. Then the solemn hand of the 'Squire was raised, and a noble prayer issued from that worthy's heart. All joined in a heartfelt Amen.

The children, at the prayer's finish, whirled around, and there, unveiled as if in answer to that prayer, in all its glory, stood the noblest of all trees. With happy hearts all joined in the Christmas cheer; the canary burst again into song; merry laughter resounded; the Yule log snapped and cracked.

SOPHOMORE PARTY

Oh, yes, the Sophs had their party last Saturday night and it sure was some party. The girls brought boxes of eats and Mr. Osborne sold them. We haven't found out yet where the boys received all their superfluous cash which they spent on the boxes. It looked as though the boys hadn't eaten for a week by the way they devoured the contents of the boxes. After lunch the evening was spent in games and dancing. Last but not least we wish to thank the boys for the "courtesy" shown to the girls in seeing that no girl went home without an escort.

THE JUNIOR BAZAAR

The "pep" of the Juniors was established on Friday, as you surely realized, when you passed down the hall and saw businesslike Juniors selling tempting buns and weenies, little cakes, pies, and ice cream cones. Frivolities had been forgotten and, at a glance, you knew that these Juniors had a noble purpose in mind to put their class' name high on the honor roll.

And did you see the "movies"? Weren't they just too good? One could really forget those horrible tests while in the Music Room. And just think of a Junior running it himself! Now who can say the Juniors aren't talented?

This bazaar demanded a lot of work but we were equal to it, although we would have been crippled without the support of our sponsors, Miss Arbuckle and Mr. Wilson. Every hour helpers were in Miss Arbuckle's room working for the class. If course there was pleasure in it! Did you imagine the Juniors could do anything without getting fun out of it? We had a lovely array of dainties awaiting you which had been promised and donated promptly by Juniors. Everything was so good! You just had to have one of each! At last, at our bazaar, Mr. Sims found, after his search through all bazaars, "the pie like mother used to make." Everything was sold and so fast we could hardly realize it, thanks to the loyal support of the school and faculty.

To say the least, the whole affair was a success. We realized a fine profit which will be used to start the new art gallery in South Bend High School.

IN PHYSICS

Miss M.—"Where is the image in a concave mirror if the object is at an infinite distance from the mirror?"

Arthur H.—"I couldn't get enough paper to draw that."

Arthur H. (later)—"If you see a fish in water and spear it and kill it you've got to hit it."



Keller, Wilson, Helman, Osborne, and Davidson were the Official critics roosting in the front balcony.



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ATHLETICS

South Bend (35) Nappanee (24)
 Allen (Capt.) Hoover
 Left Forward
 van den Bosch, Scott, Berger, Branson
 Right Forward
 Forster. Kaufmann, Price
 Center
 Cottrell, Staples. Warner, Slagle
 Left Guard
 Stanley Copes (Capt.)

Summary — Goals from Field — Allen (6), van den Bosch (5), Forster (4), Copes (3), Hoover (3), Kaufmann (3), Berger, Staples, Branson. Free Throws—Allen (3), Berger, Branson. Referee—Miller, Springfield Training School. Umpire—Kizer, Nappanee. Timekeeper—Burnham, South Bend "Y." Time of halves—20 minutes.

In a basketball game which held the audience in a tense nervous state and caused the most excitement which the school has had for some time, South Bend defeated Nappanee High School at the Y. M. gym Saturday, Dec. 13, by a score of 35 to 24. The game started with the teams closely matched and the lead shifted from one team to the other for the entire first period which ended with South Bend slightly in the lead.

The second half began with a spurt from Nappanee. Their passing was good and South Bend seemed unable to break up their teamwork. Nappanee now took the lead and things looked dangerous for a while for South Bend was four precious points behind. The game was nearing the finish and all were excited for fear of the timekeeper's whistle. At this point a couple of shifts were made in the local lineup and the men took a brace, running up 12 points in about four minutes' play, the final score being as above stated.

The game was free from individual starring, fine teamwork on both sides being a feature.

Remarks

Nappanee dropped several long ones during the conflict. This is accounted for by the fact that they are used to playing on a field 120 feet long. However we don't consider that man who shot that long "overhead—not looking at the basket" was responsible for the act. A little luck went with it.

Allen and Van den Bosch work well together.

Forster was the only S. B. man who compared with Nappanee in size. He also started the local rally which finally beat them.

Both games were clean and fast, due to the competent work of J. B. Miller as referee.

S. B. Seconds (16) Mish. 2nds (10)
 Fernandez McKnight, Seifert
 Left Forward
 Miller, Anderson. Branstrater (C.)
 Right Forward
 Boswell Lovell
 Center
 Elbel Kohler
 Left Guard
 Whiteman Bussert
 Right Guard
 Summary: Goals from Field —

Fernandez (5), Branstrater (3), Elbel (2), Bussert, Anderson, Lovell. Point Awarded—Mishawaka (1). Referee—Miller, S. T. S. Time of halves—15 and 10 minutes.

The South Bend Seconds ran away from the second team from our neighboring city in a fast, exciting game. However, as Mishawaka was never allowed to take the lead in the scoring, it did not give vent to that spasmodic enthusiasm furnished by the other game. The second team worked fairly well together and will put up good games throughout the season as curtain-raisers to the first team games.

The locals pushed steadily forward in the first half and the play was mostly in South Bend's territory. The half ended 10-7 for South Bend and all was well. When the second half started, Mishawaka substituted Seifert, a first team forward, in an effort to win but the local seconds played the same consistent game, allowing Mishawaka only 3 points while scoring double that number themselves. The time in the second half was cut short, this causing the low amount of scoring.

Football Captain Elected

As the annual football banquet was called off this year due to insufficient funds in the athletic treasury, Coach Metzler called the men together in gym on Thursday of last week. The strongest men eligible for the position of football captain for 1914 were Sullivan, Whiteman and Poulin. A ballot was taken and Whiteman proved to be the almost unanimous choice of the squad. Whiteman is a fine fellow for the position and ought surely to lead another State Champion Squad as Rowe has done this season.

MIXED UP

Two of the boys were discussing blunders made by nervous or absent-minded people. Jack had told the old one of the rattled bridegroom who asked the clergyman if it were still "kistormary to cuss the bride," when Bob recalled the story of the woman who said to the usher in the church, "May I occupew this pie?" which of course rattled the usher, who replied, "No, but I'll sew you another sheet." Jack met this story with one about a Fourth of July orator who referred to "George Crossington wash the Delaware." Then Bob came back with the story of the young actor who was expected to rush on the stage and say excitedly, "The queen has swooned." He showed the necessary excitement and called out, "The swoon has queened," then corrected himself and said, "The sween has quooned." When the audience began to laugh, he tried again with "The quoon has sweened," when he was dragged to the wings by the stage manager, muttering something for which in Queen Elizabeth's day he would have been beheaded.

Mr. Osborn in Physics II, 9-10 hour: "If you want to know your grades come down and I will tell you in a rough way."

THE GERMAN CHRISTMAS

All German families have some sort of a Christmas celebration no matter how poor they may be. There are a great number of Christmas trees, firs, pines, and balsams, growing in Germany. Usually some members of each family go out to the woods a short time before Christmas and cut down a tree. Every family must have a tree and the decorations were usually candles, nuts, candies, apples and Christmas cookies.

In some parts of Germany they have no Santa Claus, but instead of one they what is known as a "Pels-nickel." A man out of every neighborhood takes this part. On Christmas eve he goes around to the houses in his neighborhood where families who have children, live. He carries a stick and the children who have been lazy or disobedient get caught. If they can, the children hide under a bed or somewhere else to escape the punishment.

The children of the poor families naturally get very few presents for Christmas, and those that they do get are necessities such as mittens, knitted stockings and other articles of wearing apparel. If the family is not too poor, a large amount of baking is done. The Germans are very fond of fancy Christmas baking and cookies are in abundance at Christmas time.

The children always have good times in the Christmas vacation. During the daytime they play out of doors in the snow. On New Year's eve the Christmas tree is lighted

shortly before midnight. The family stays up to watch the old year out and the new year in. One of the customs is melting lead. They put round pieces of lead over the fire to melt. At the stroke of 12, when the lead is melted, it is poured into a pail of water. The lead cools and takes queer shapes. The form which each person gets tells his or her future. If some girl would get a figure resembling a soldier, she would be destined to marry a soldier. They must use their imaginations to decide what each figure most resembles. This entertainment is enjoyed at other times of the year as well as on New Year's eve.

On Christmas eve the people go to church and except in the cities, this is the only time in the year when they have a meeting at night. The people who live in the country carry small lanterns to light the way and also the church. Since they have no other meetings at night, they have no lights in the church. There is always a large, beautiful tree and the children sit around it. They have a program consisting mostly of choruses and songs by different groups of children and the whole is very interesting.

CONFESSION

First Co-ed—I kissed Bob last night.
 Second Chicken—Is that right?
 First Squab—No; but it's so.
 "Was that you I kissed in the conservatory last night?"
 "About what time was it?"



(Continued from Page 1)

thing but clean. The window blinds and old screen doors reminiscent of the late summer, hung loosely on their hinges. The gates showed that they had been used for transportation purposes by many small urchins.

The house of our hostess was, perhaps, even worse than the rest. After mounting a very rickety staircase, we found ourselves knocking at a heavy door, which was presently opened by Mrs. O'Brien herself.

She welcomed us both heartily, receiving me into her good graces at once on the strength of my friendship with Miss Edmund. Then I was introduced to the rest of the O'Brien's,—16-year-old Tessie, employed in a nearby factory; Terry and Denny, pupils of Miss Edmund; and the baby, a dimpling cuddling baby that was worth coming miles to see.

They had waited until our arrival to distribute the gifts. And such gifts as they were! Everyone, especially Tessie, was smiling and seeing that everyone else enjoyed himself. Not one of the presents was worth over ten cents, yet what pleasure they gave! Even Miss Edmund and I received something.

After they had feasted their eyes sufficiently on their presents, there ensued a rough and tumble celebration which nearly brought down the house. Finally Mrs. O'Brien declared it to be bedtime and ordered quiet.

"Ye childer," said she earnestly, "thank the good Lord for yer blessing. Sure and we're one happy family. We live only one block from the church, our rint's paid, and look at our foine prisints. Now git ye to bed and thank the Mither Mary for all yer good luck."

After the children had retired, we said good-bye to Mrs. O'Brien, thanking her for the pleasant evening. Miss Edmund's thoughtful eyes were very beautiful as she said, "Yes, Mrs. O'Brien, you have found the best philosophy of life. And to think you've found it in Hester Street!"

As we stepped into the dark hall we stumbled over a sobbing heap. Miss Edmund knelt down.

"Why, Tessie," said she, "what is it?"

It was the smiling Tessie, the heart of the O'Briens' Christmas celebration.

"O, teacher, please don't tell Ma ye found me like this. Sure I'm awful happy; ye see I was jist thinkin' of some money I'd saved up for a new fither, I had to give to Ma for Terry's shoes. But I'll git it nixt time sure. I never had a real nice hat."

We left her with many new thoughts in our minds. So such characters could be produced in Hester Street, wonder of wonders! Jane Addams surely knows her Chicago west side. My Christmas was certainly enjoyed, and that day in Hester Street has always been one of my dearest memories.

Where's the story, you say? It has such a queer ending and no particular beginning. That's just it;

the Chicago west side poor have always been and still are a people of privation, sacrifice and optimism. There is no beginning to their sacrifices and no ending. There will always be, so long as the battle of life goes on, these true, brave soldiers of fortune on Hester Street.

THE BROWN TEA-POT

Sarah Bump had a dead husband and five living children. Tom was fourteen, Mary twelve, Louise nine, Polly six and little Bob was four.

They were good, healthy children, but even so, it was no small undertaking to keep them in bread and overcoats when Sarah's only means was what she earned by washing and ironing.

Tom had left school and gone to work in a grocery store. The four dollars which he brought home on Saturday night looked big to all of them. And as Christmas drew near the younger members of the household who now reckoned that they were on easy street made great plans.

They now thought that they would be able to buy each other expensive presents. And of course each one would get what he wanted for Christmas. Little Bob wanted a Studebaker wagon, Polly a ring, and Louise a set of furs. And then each one of them would get their mother a nice present and surprise her. They planned how they would decorate the Christmas tree and how they would get up a big dinner.

But Mrs. Bump knew that Tom's four dollars was needed each week and the poor mother was at her wit's end to know how she was going to give her children any Christmas. She told her troubles to Mary and Mary told her not to worry, that everything would turn out right.

Mary was up a stump now. For she knew how the younger children were planning and she hated to have them disappointed. But she also knew that something must be done for she had told her mother that things would turn out right. She thought about this for a long time and finally decided to tell the children about it.

A few days after this while Mrs. Bump was away from home, Mary called all the children together and explained how matters stood. They all thought for a little while, then up jumped Tom and said, "I have an idea. Why not take a dish or bowl of some kind and put it upon a shelf or something and then we will all save what money we can and put in it?"

"What fun that will be," they all cried.

"Then wouldn't it be nice for us all to make out a list of things we want for Christmas and put it in, too?" asked Polly. All agreed that this was a good idea and they finally decided that a few days before Christmas each one could draw out a list, not his own.

The younger children were delighted with the new plans and quickly gave up their old plans saying that they did not care for the things they wanted in the first place

anyhow. This made Mary very happy.

When Mrs. Bump came home they told her all about their plans and she was delighted. Mary hunted for a bowl and on the upper shelf covered with dust found an old cracked brown teapot. Then she said, "We will have to have a name for our teapot." Louise spoke up, "Let's call it 'Kris Kringle's Teapot.'" And they all thought that would be very nice. They made out their lists and put them in the teapot. Tom insisted that the mother also make out a list. They had great fun brewing Kris Kringle's tea and writing out the recipes. Mary helped little Bob with his.

It was harder to earn money to put in their teapot than they thought it would be. The mother and Tom put in every cent they could spare. Mary went around to the wealthier people in the town and offered to take care of the children, while the mothers did their Christmas shopping. She got a good deal of work this way as she was good, kind, and gentle to the children. Louise and Polly went on errands for the neighbors and received a good many pennies. They all put their money in the teapot. Even little Bob would run and put in a penny whenever somebody gave him one.

One day Louise dropped into see Mrs. Lakemore, one of the well-to-do neighbors. She was very enthusiastic about their Christmas plans and so she told Mrs. Lakemore all about them. Mrs. Lakemore was interested and when Louise was through she said, "Why, child, what good ideas! who would ever have thought of such plans? I believe I will try them myself this Christmas. After Louise left Mrs. Lakemore said, "What good helpful children Mrs. Bump has, I must do something nice for them on Christmas."

Three days before Christmas the Bump family drew out the lists. Tom's list consisted of a pair of gloves, a book, a necktie, and handkerchief; Mary's, a book, hair ribbons, and neck scarf; Louise's, a cradle, a pair of mittens, and a new dress; Polly's, a doll, some little story books, and a play stove. Bob's, a horse on wheels, a toy gun, and a little wagon. And the mother's list consisted of a shirt waist, a pair of gloves, and some handkerchiefs. Polly was the lucky one for she got her mother's list.

Then they took out their money and Tom being the oldest counted it. They had exactly six dollars and two cents. They all said that they wanted to spend the most money on their mother, so Tom gave Polly two dollars. The rest of them received 80 cents apiece, Bob getting the extra cents.

Then they went down town to buy their Christmas gifts. Each choosing from the list they had the things they could best buy with their money. Bob was too little to buy his gifts but Mary took him along and did the buying for him.

On Christmas morning they put all the presents in a bushel basket and placed it in the middle of the floor.

Tom played he was Kris Kringle and called off the names. Bob got a little wagon and a horse; Polly, a good sized doll dressed up prettily; Louise, the coveted new dress; Mary, a pair of gloves; Tom, a necktie and a book; and Sarah Bump, a shirt waist and some handkerchiefs. They were all delighted with the presents they got.

To top off all their pleasures Mrs. Lakemore sent them a Christmas basket; chicken, potatoes, cranberries, two pies, a dozen small cakes, nuts, candy, were concealed in its capacious depths.

That night when Mrs. Bump tucked them in bed she knew that they were as happy as the children of the wealthy families for whom she worked.

FRESHMAN PARTY

The Freshman party was given in the gymnasium last Friday afternoon after school. The party was opened by the grand march which was led by Miss Stone and Mr. Veler, the class sponsors. Mr. Sims and a very tiny Freshman girl brought up the rear. Directly following this were games and dancing. One of the games was won by Russell Miller, the prize awarded being a large candy cane. Music was furnished by Miss Robertson. Refreshments in the shape of ice cream cones were served toward the close of the party. There was a large attendance, nearly the entire class being present, and altogether the party was a great success.

She—"You know, my dear Julius—"

He—"Julius? You meant to say Karl, didn't you?"

She—"Oh, how silly of me! I thought this was Wednesday."

"She told me to kiss her on either cheek."

"And you—"

"Hesitated a long time between them."

"WILLIE TALKS GREEK NOW."
Pa heard him give his High School yell,

For joy he could not speak;
He murmured, "Mother, listen to
Our Willie speaking Greek!"

Mr. Osborne (explaining the theory of limits)—"If I walk toward the table, and each time walk half the remaining distance, what's the limit?"

Bright Student—"You're the limit."

A youth—a book
A lass—a look
Books neglected
Flunk expected.

The jolly young Fresh, 'tis said,
Is a man of much mettle and head;
But the mettle, alas, is mostly of
brass—

With four years of polish ahead.

There was a young girl from Decatur
Who was crazy about the theater;

When she got up to sing,
The unfortunate thing
Was hit by a rotten tomaters!

HISTORY OF THE SOCIETIES

The two literary societies have existed almost ever since the founding of the High School, being established in 1871. In the beginning they were rather informal organizations called the Odds and the Evens. In a short time, however, the present names were adopted. Mr. Wilcox, the founder of the societies, named the one Euglossian, meaning "sweet tongued," the name of the society to which he belonged while in Williams college, and gave it the motto of the same society, "Astra castra, Numen lumen"—"The stars our camping-ground, Divinity our light." The other society chose for its name, Cleosopic, which means "Glorying in wisdom," and as a motto, "Per aspera ad astra,"—"Through hardships to the stars." The constitutions of the two societies show that the purposes in establishing them were to improve in elocution and composition, to enlarge the knowledge of literature, and to promote a closer fellowship among the students.

When, in 1873, the school moved into the building on Washington Avenue, then the "new" building, each society had its own room where the meetings were held each week. These meetings were literary; essays and stories were read, and debates held. At this time, too, each society published a paper—the Eugos, the "Euglossian Bazar," and the Cleos, the "Iris."

The first literary contest between the societies was held in 1883, and was won by the Eugos. Although various other contests were held, the next one of importance was in 1901, when the first of a series of three annual debates was held. The winner of these three debates, the Cleos, received a cup. In 1907, the Board of Control offered a cup to the society gaining the most subscriptions for The Interlude, the cup to be in the possession of the winning society for the ensuing year. For four years out of the five, when this cup was given, it was won by the Eugos.

Then, too, there was the social side which added much to the societies. Each spring a reception was given by each society at which there

was usually a short play or entertainment of some kind given. These added materially to the good-feeling among the students as well as giving a good time.

A FISH STORY

Wish,
Fish,
Bait,
Wait.
Bite,
Flight.
Roam,
Home.
Buy,
Lie. —N. Y. Sun.

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