

THE INTERLUDE

VOL. XIV No. 19

SOUTH BEND, IND. HIGH SCHOOL, FEB. 20, 1914

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THE NEED OF THE DAY

One of the greatest needs of the day is an intelligent interest in city, state, and national politics. Young men should be more active in civic affairs. The time to cultivate this interest is while you are in school. Political conditions are better today than ever before, but there is still room for a lot of improvement. If this betterment is to come, it will be because the educated people exert their influence. Indifference in political matters by a great many well meaning citizens encourages corruption. What we need today is a more serious consideration of candidates and principles for which they stand. The so-called boss and political ward "heeler" have very little influence when good citizenship really asserts itself.

This political "game" is interesting and exciting work. Pupils in high school should study history and civil government, debate at times public questions, and then use common sense which means to a great extent non-partisanship in determining your political choice both of policies and of men. This little political talk applies practically the same to the girls of today. The so-called "weaker sex" is exerting tremendous influence for good these days in political affairs. All indications point to the fact that women will soon have the right of suffrage in most of the states of the union. A few days since 150,000 women registered in the city of Chicago with still another registration day before election next April. If you are to be a capable and up-to-date citizen or suffragette in the right sense of the term you must be "up and doing" in thought and action politically. This is more true today than ever before. It is a good sign of the times and will make our city, state, and nation a better place in which to live. Do not be a laggard. Get in the game.

HERBERT D. WARNER, '02.
City Judge.

DEBATING CLUB NOTES

In accordance with the by-laws of the High School Debating Club election of officers for the semester was held at the last regular meeting of the club. The officers elected for this semester are as follows: Edward Doran, President; William F. Stein, Vice-President; Carl Prell, Secretary; Ray Kuespert, Treasurer.

The "City Market Question" was thoroughly discussed pro and con at the last meeting.

The next topic to be taken up in round table fashion is "The honor system should be adopted in the South Bend High School." The discussion will be opened by Edwin Hunter and Carl Schurtz.

The members have decided to buy pins and a committee has already made several selections.

THE "JUNIOR EX."

Some of the suspense is over at last, the parts in the Junior Ex. have been assigned, and now the work begins. Two casts were selected from which a final choice will not be made until immediately before the play is given. This will of course create much rivalry and act as an incentive to greater effort on the part of the favored ones. The cast stands as follows:

"Bob" Selby—J. Poulin and R. Buechner.

"Mousie" Kent—R. Happ and K. Graves.

Howard Dixon—J. Avery and W. Gower.

"Dick" Ellsworth — L. Kriegbaum and R. Newman.

Chester Allen—R. Snyder and E. Hunter.

Utility man—J. Myers.

Ruth Moore—R. Entzion and M. Voedisch.

Mrs. Moore—A. Millhouse and I. Tipton.

Serena Selby—K. Faulknor and H. Jackson.

Genevieve Allen—M. Shidler and M. Kempton.

Esther Lynn—J. Adelsperger and K. Cole.

Daisy Doane—B. Frye and A. Cinalski.

"The Varsity Coach" is a genuine college play, full of life and zest. The first two scenes are laid in a college boy's room, the last two on the campus, one by daylight, the other by moonlight. The development of character is especially interesting, as a certain "dig" broadens into an all-round good fellow, and another youth who has rather gone to seed in athletics, inspired by a fair co-ed, mends his ways and becomes an excellent student. The play will be chuck full of specialties and stunts of all sorts. One feature will be a glee club, another a reading, and the choruses are particularly good. Work has already been begun on them, the first chorus, Monday afternoon, being well attended, lots of enthusiasm was displayed as well as much natural talent.

THE "JUNIOR EX." TRY OUTS



ATHLETICS

South Bend 23 Crawfordsville 44
Allen (Capt.)...R. F..... Meadows
van den Bosch,

Fernandez.....L. F..Green (Capt.)
Forster..... C.....Ames
Staples, Elbel...R. G..... Shaw
Cottrell.....L. G..... Grimes

Summary—Field Goals—Allen (6), Green (6), Shaw (4), Meadows (4), Ames (4), Forster (2), Staples, van den Bosch. Free Throws—Shaw (6), Allen (3), Green (2). Referee—Miller, Springfield. Umpire—McGrath, Cradwofordsville. Timekeeper—Burnham, South Bend "Y." Time of Halves—20 minutes.

At last it has happened! Was it Friday, the thirteenth, or over-confidence, or what? Anyway there always has to be a first time and last Friday night (Feb. 13) South Bend was the goat when those big fellows from Crawfordsville turned the trick—a defeat for South Bend. For three years we have seen nothing but victories; three time state football champions, the same number of years undefeated basketball and baseball teams; but this defeat at the hands of the downstaters was something entirely new.

Using the local style of play, the short pass and short shot, South Bend started the scoring when Staples caged a long throw from the guard end of the field. This was followed quickly by two classy goals by van den Bosch and Allen respectively and a free throw by "Cap" Allen pushed the count to seven. Crawfordsville then woke up and by means of several wonderful long shots and a foul tied the score at 7 all. South Bend forged ahead but was again overtaken at 13 all. Then came the death blow when Shaw (last year's all state guard) and Capt. Green again demonstrated their ability with the long shot and pulled three of these in rapid succession before the half closed, 11 to 13 in their favor.

As the second half started the locals seemed to be lost and the visitors started the scoring. Then South Bend gathered themselves together and made a strong "come back" effort which ended quickly, however in two field goals for the locals by Forster and Allen. Then, in the most wonderful series of shots ever seen on the local floor, the ex-champs of Indiana killed the last ray of hope in the local fan's imagination by another of their great series of long field goals which will stick in our minds for some time to come. This lead of nearly 20 points was never overcome by Allen's men and thus the first defeat in years was chalked against South Bend High. It was a wonderful team that beat us; well balanced teamwork, fine basket-shooting ability and im-

mense size such as is unusual in a high school team.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Feb. 3—Seniors 11, Freshmen 5. Sophomore 16, Juniors 2. Seniors, 100%; Sophomores 100%; Juniors, 83 1/3%; Freshmen, 8 1/3%.

Feb. 10—Seniors 13, Juniors 6; Sophomores 13, Freshmen 1. Seniors 100%; Sophomores 100%; Juniors 66 2/3%; Freshmen 66 2/3%.

Feb. 16—Senior 7, Sophomores 13. Sophomore, 100%; Seniors, 84 1/3%; Juniors 4, Freshmen 0. Juniors 66 2/3%; Freshmen 51%.

Friday, Feb. 20—Seniors vs. Freshmen; Juniors vs. Sophomores.

Monday, Feb. 23—Sophomores vs. Freshmen; Seniors vs. Juniors.

Friday, Feb. 27—Seniors vs. Sophomores; Juniors vs. Freshmen.

THE TEAMS

Seniors—Forwards, Olga Rosenkrans, Helen Gregory; center, Mary Russ; guards, Dorothy Chard, Sarah Witwer. Subs—Esther Dean, Dorothy Dally, Dorothy Brugger.

Juniors—Forwards, Marie Jackson, Ruth Whitman; center, Esther Edgren; guards, Hazel Buckingham, Ruth Cole. Subs—Irene Tipton, Madelon Shidler, Mardell Hildebrand.

Sophomores—Forwards, Elsa Wedder, Edith Emmons; center, Virginia Schneider; guards, Irene Thompson, Louise Weld. Subs—Marian Chard, Marie Hauger, Louise Higinbotham.

Freshmen—Forward, Olga Siegmüller, Elsie Lippincott; center, Agatha Clark; guards, Marjorie Whitcomb, Katherine Cole. Subs—Minerva Whiteman, Mildred Duttera.

WHAT THE LOCKER TOLD

"Don't slam me like that, or you will break the hinges," said a gruff voice.

I gazed around startled. There was no one in the hall as it was during class time, (I had been excused from the study-hall to get a book) and I could not imagine where the voice came from.

As I stood there undecided what to do the voice continued in a mad tirade against all locker owners in general, and me in particular. "You slam our doors every time you come near us and then wonder why our hinges break! You—"

"But,—" I started to say something in self-defense when the voice exclaimed, "Don't interrupt me, please. You cram everything you can find into us and then complain because we're too small. You—"

The voice went on enumerating the various offences of locker owners, but before it had quite exhausted the list the first bell for the close of the period rang, and I hurried back into the study hall, wondering how I should account for my long absence.

MERELY A MATTER OF FORM

Chapter I

The lady was not announced. How she got into the burlesque manager's office no one seemed to know. Yet she was standing there with considerable self-assurance.

"Well, who let you in?" bellowed the manager with all the deference toward women they are known to possess.

"It really doesn't matter," smiled the lady. "I came for a position in your company. Center, front row will be all right—"

"If your shape's as good as your nerve it's a beaut," snarled the suave manager. "Go inside and put 'em on."

The lady hesitated.

"You don't expect to wear that rig, do you?" asked the manager.

"No, but I have been used to posing—"

"Never do," said the manager.

"A lot of prudes makes us put something or other on our girls," and the lady, following his directions, went to a dressing room to put on the costume. When the manager saw her as she emerged he let out a howl.

"Good-night, beef trust!" he yelled. "I don't want no female comedienne. You look like Fat Emma, the Turkish——. Why, you haven't enough shape, or too much"—but words failed him and the lady went back, donned her street clothes and departed.

Chapter II

The same mysterious lady appeared suddenly in the model room of a very stylish department store.

"Model?" asked the manageress, elevating her eyebrows in surprise.

"O, yes, I am quite qualified," smiled the lady. "I have——"

"We are not interested in your past, all we ask is that you have a perfect form," said the manageress.

"That is my claim," smiled the lady.

"Go in the fitting room and put on a pair of our famous model stays and a parallel gown."

The mysterious lady was gone quite a while. Finally, in a troubled voice she called from the door, "Please——"

The manageress got up and went in.

"I—I cannot get into those horrible things," said the lady, pointing to the stays.

"Well then——" here the manageress caught sight of her—"well for goodness sake do you call that a form? What made you think that was a form? You'd make a good pacer in an obesity race. How dare you take up my time like this? You are no more a perfect 36 than William Howard Taft!"

The manageress said a lot more, but the mysterious lady only smiled sadly as she put on her garments and departed.

Chapter III

A famous artist was entertaining a few of his brother artists in his

studio when the mysterious lady called.

"Model?" queried the artist, politely.

The mysterious lady smiled. She was grateful that some one was kind and polite to her.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "I have posed considerably. It was a long while ago, but yet——"

"Full figure?" asked the artist.

"O, yes," she answered.

"Draped or——"

Semi-draped, although——"

"Very well, semi-draped for the present," the artist agreed encouragingly, and directed her to the dressing room.

A few minutes later she stepped from behind the screen before the dressing room door and struck a pose. The artists looked at her blankly, then at each other.

Finally the great artist spoke. "It is better," he said, "to be quite frank with you and save you many heart-aches later. My dear woman, you can never be a model, at least not with that form. You are too-er stout, you lack grace and ease. You are awkward and your form is so far from perfect that you are of no value as a model. I will admit there seems a hint of classic outline to your face, but it lacks vivacity."

"I—I admit I have no taxicabaret vivacity, but I——"

"Never do," the artist interrupted her gently but firmly, "hips too large, waist too large, arm too—— you are all wrong, all wrong, and I have been so fortunate as to be called an authority."

The mysterious lady seemed sad. She smiled, retired to her dressing room, and soon took her departure.

Chapter IV

This time it was at a great university. The professor of physiology admitted that on several occasions they had become interested in young women and taken their measurements to learn how closely they came to possessing the perfect female form.

"Of course, we know what the perfect female form should be like, we have every measurement; our standard is, of course, perfect," explained the professor. "You have doubtless read about some of these people," he continued. "Newspapers have from time to time printed pages concerning some of the women whom we have measured and found to be absolutely perfect in form."

"So I understand," smiled the mysterious lady, "and I feel that there is no higher authority. That is why I am desirous of having you pass judgment upon me."

And so the lady assistants measured the mysterious lady with exceeding care, and gave the professor every measurement. He studied the figures with care. His assistants also studied them.

"I am sorry," he began, when he made his report to the mysterious lady, "I am exceedingly sorry to state that you do not come at all up to

the requirements of the perfect form. You are too tall, too heavy, your hips too large, arms too long, limbs not the correct proportion, neck too short, and in a word, you are far indeed from possessing anything at all like the classic female figure which is the standard the world over."

The mysterious lady laughed in the professor's face, whereupon he became angry.

"It is a feminine trait to believe."

"That will be all right, you're all fools," she laughed. "I've had a lot of fun out of it. Here," and she handed the professor her card and departed.

The professor read the name on the card and turned pale, then red, then he destroyed the card lest anyone should find it out.

The name on the card was "Venus de Milo!"

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who died recently could well be called a self-made man without abusing the term. He attended school for only a short time, receiving the greater part of his medical education in the Civil War. He began the study of nervous diseases at this time.

As a doctor, S. Weir Mitchell was recognized as an authority on nervous diseases. Early in his career his work in medical science was recognized by the National Academy of Sciences, that body electing him to its membership in 1865. England gave him the highest honor she could offer when he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society.

In 1883, finding his summer vacations were not giving him true recreation, Dr. Mitchell tried out a theory of his own. This theory was that a change of work is a truer recreation than the usual physical activities engaged in during a period of recreation. The work he took up was that of literature. He started writing a novel, and the result was "In War Time." His first work was so well received that he limited his practice so as to spend more time at writing.

Among the books Dr. Mitchell wrote are "Hugh Wynne," his best known book; "Little Stories," "Far in the Forest," "Characteristics," and "The Adventures of Francois."

It has been said that there is a clinic in all of Mr. Mitchell's books. Truly, we can see the sympathy for his fellow-men and self-control that he secured through the practice of medicine.

Dr. Mitchell not only benefited mankind by his medical discoveries, but added to their happiness through his literary productions.

THE FRESHMEN

Freshies here, Freshies there,
Fr shies, Freshies everywhere,
In the halls, on the stairs,
In the lockers that ain't theirs,
All that once was empty space,
Is now filled with a Freshman face.

Freshies big, and Freshies small,
Freshies of no size at all,
Little girls and little boys,
Not yet through with nursery toys,
Thrust into the busy strife,
The A, B, C of High School life.

Freshies stupid, Freshies bright,
Seeking intellectual light,
With their shining bran-new books,
And their mysterious all-wise looks
Ne'er another can you see
Who's studios as these children be.

Freshies come, and Freshies go,
If, through the future 'twill be so,
With little body, spacious brain,
As one grows smaller, the other
gains,

One question answer, please, for me,
Soon what size will the Seniors be?

Other papers all remind us,
We can make our own sublime,
If our fellow students send us
Contributions all the time.

Here a little, there a little,
Story, school note, song, or jest,
If you want a good school paper,
Each of you must do his best.

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ADVICE FROM SOUTH BEND MEN AND WOMEN

Our third article in this series has been contributed by Judge Herbert Warner, who was a member of the class of '02 and is a prominent alumnus. We are particularly fortunate in getting Mr. Warner to write for us, because he is one of our graduates who made good in politics. Judge Warner so far has taken a firm stand for all the things that are right and we are glad to get him to contribute to this number.

THINK OF IT!

At Shortridge High in Indianapolis, Ind., there are eighteen hundred and ninety (1890) pupils in attendance. If a school with an attendance as large as that can behave itself so well that it can have all the privileges which we are enjoying only under dint of pressure from the Faculty and Boosters' club, shouldn't we be ashamed of ourselves and start some sort of a crusade? The Seniors at Shortridge just gave the Senior "Prom" at which they cleared over \$125. They deserve congratulations from all the Seniors in Indiana.

SHORTHAND NOTES

The Shorthand Department has been swept clean of all its finished stenographers. Those who graduated at mid-year and those who intended continuing until June have been taken by some of our largest business houses and prominent offices. This seems to be the beginning of a busy season for the manufacturers and they are taking on office help of all kinds. There is a scarcity of young men in our department so we had to let some of the positions offered pass.

Anna Prinzhorn and Eileen Davidson went to the South Bend Watch Co.; Josephine McKee has gone to the city prosecutor's office and Leslie Allen has been spoken for when he leaves school by the Mishawaka Woolen Mills. Roy Davis wouldn't leave school to take a job and neither would Marcia West. However, we have a nice large class of shorthand students graduating in June and we'll try to fill then some of the demands made upon this department.

MUSIC BEFORE ASSEMBLIES

Why can't we have a little pep worked up before the assemblies? We used to do it, even if we did have to resort to the "Amen corner." The big auditorium and the separating of classes have broken up the old spirit which was shown by the students before assemblies. Remember how we used to sing "Travel, Travel, Little Star," etc, until the fellows were blue in the face; but this year everything has disappeared and the old peppy bunch has broken up. Why not have one of the old time assemblies just for a reminder of by-gone days, without the physical torture of being packed in like a bunch of sardines? We've got a piano. Let's start something. Who will volunteer to play?

GIRLS' ATHLETIC NOTES

Today (Friday) the fourth set of inter-class games are being played and will doubtless change the percentage of most of the teams. All of the games thus far have been good, live games, but still lack spectators. Better team work is being shown by the teams and the games after school are giving the teams the needed practice. You should come out and see them.

It was announced at a meeting of the Girls' Athletic Association last week that a big "spread" would be held after the last game for all members of the association, but this idea has been changed since the majority of the girls do not appreciate these parties and the losing side, at the last party did not even pay for the refreshments, in fact they haven't paid yet. Because of this the big basketball spread will be limited to the girls on the teams only. Reds, "shell out."

The committee on arrangements has been appointed; see these immediately.

THOSE PINS

Have you notice the pins so many of the girls are wearing lately; those round bronze pins? They are the pins of the Girls' Athletic Association. If you have paid your dues and haven't gotten your pin yet, see Miss Goodman immediately. All Freshmen are cordially invited to join the association.

THE UNION LEAGUE

By Hi Bly

V. Eler, president of this classy organization, has just received word from several of his magnates, that they have been successful in securing grounds on which to erect their \$50 grandstands and bleachers, each with a seating capacity of 20 persons. It is not expected that the stands will be crowded even at the World's Series. S. Ims has been the most active of the magnates and has skirmished around and finally secured a pillaging place platted purposely for his Palmer's Prairie Pirates. He announced that the vacant lot beside Lem Lemmins' barber shop has been secured from Lem, on a written guarantee that all of S. Ims' players have themselves shaved, and hair-cutted there. Boards will be placed along the foul lines for the accommodation of such spectators as are there. C. Ranor is another member of the magnates who has secured ground, and will use the lot in back of Seth Brown's carpenter shop for his Bulgarians to practice on.

Every magnate of the league has appointed his manager. G. Regory was the first member to report and announce that S. Ullivan has been secured to pilot her Jonahs. This is a welcome announcement as we all know the abilities of this S. Ullivan, and hope he will succeed in getting more results out of this team. Following close behind the announcement of G. Regory, comes a wire from S. Ims, of Palmer Prairie of the signing of the star who tried to steal second with the bases full. The fans are given three guesses to discover the identity of this bonehead. Right the first time! M. Etlzer is the guy, and will play shortstop for the Pirates, but it is not anticipated that he will pull off any more boob stunts.

Woman's suffrage has laid a clammy hand upon this organization, and has necessitated a change in the personnel of the secretary staff, by virtue of a conversion to the cause of equal suffrage. B. Erry, of Mudville has handed in his resignation to K. Izer, and when last seen was ambitiously carting around a banner labeled "I can vote, why can't they?" It is rumored that O. S. Borne is in line for the position vacated by B. Erry. This change would undoubtedly act against the welfare of the organization, and we sincerely hope that K. Izer will consider well before he takes a hasty step.

W. Atters has broken into the lime-light! The dashing brunette glides forward with the startling announcement that she has secured W. Olf to pilot her frisky Colts. W. Olf got his start in baseball by playing second with the South Bend High school team about seven years ago, and has made great progress in the science of manipulating the "\$1.25."

Just before going to press, a wild-eyed reporter busted (burst) in with the startling information that the poorly underfed and over-paid

a union, to secure their rights and "more work and less pay." So eager was the reporter to get the news in that he completely forgot to get the story of the affair, and we will have to stop the press while we hustle out and interview the secretaries. wait a minute! By ambidextrous hustling we come modestly forward with the information that J. Ohnson, of Bingville, has been elected president of the newly born union, with S. Tilson, secretary of the league, acting as secretary-treasurer. While all agog over the developments of the last five minutes we are informed by the foreman that the sheet is ready to go to press. Watch for the next installment! Biggest doings in the history of any organization!

EXCHANGE NOTES

The World from St. Paul, Minn., has as usual, a very attractive cover design for February. So appropriate for Valentine Day. Splendid cartoons.

The Comet from Milwaukee, also has a good looking cover on its Girls' number. Glad to see someone has given the girls a chance to demonstrate their ability.

Still another very attractive cover is possessed by The Helios from Grand Rapids, Mich. This paper is always good.

Many others papers, which have been previously commented upon were received, read and enjoyed. Accept our thanks for the following:

- The Gleam, Cincinnati, O.
- The Nor'-Easter, Kansas City, Mo.
- The Stentor, Lake Forest, Ill.
- The Mirror, Mondori, Wis., has good stories and a good looking football team.
- The Live Wire, New Washington, O.
- The Scholastic, Notre Dame, Ind.
- Goshen College Record, Goshen, Ind.
- The Commerce Caravel, New York City. "Goldie" is quite some cartoonist.
- The Ocksheperida, Sheridan, Wyo. Good class notes.
- The Columbia News, New York City. Good, but too large.
- The Academician, Evanston, Ill. Greetings. Come again.
- Shortridge Daily Echo, Indianapolis, Ind.

Red and Blue Gazette, Aurora, Ill.
 The Trapeze, Oak Park, Ill. Hope your opera is as successful as we expect ours to be.

The Somerset Idea, Somerset, Ky. Very well arranged.

The Vigornia, Worcester, Mass. You lucky Juniors to have such a "spread." I'll bet it was delicious. Any left?

The Booster, Indianapolis, Ind. Splendid number—the Senior number. Those cartoons remind us.

INTER-CLASS STANDING

	Played	Won	Lost	Pct.
Juniors	8	7	1	.875
Sophomores	8	4	4	.500
Seniors	8	3	5	.375
Freshmen	8	2	6	.250

SCENE FROM OUR BEAUTY SHOP

Cast

Beauty Specialists — Madam Mae Codd, Madam Anna Fox, Madam Katherine Oliver, Madam Frances Unger.

Spieler—Walter Heller.

Scene—Mrs. Dakin's room. Table arranged with "make-up."

Act I

Spieler—"Right this way! Go in homely and come out beautiful. Only one penny. See our four specialists, the most noted in the country."

Crowds throng Mrs. Dakin's room. Each "Beauty" grabs a victim.

A. Fox—"Holy Jupiter! Girls, I've used finger nail polish for rouge!"

K. Oliver—"So did I, and I put it on hard, too. But what's the diff, its the only chance we'll get to 'rub it in'."

Enter, June Ball—"I'll have some dope, please."

Mae Codd—"What kind, June, er—ah—'Brownlee-ish' or the other one?"

Mr. Leffler approaches—"Mustache, please."

F. Unger—"And do you wish to look like Satan, sir?"

A. Fox—"If that's the case, Sir Leffler needs not a make-up."

M. Codd—"Say, girls, I'm just dippy about the job, the boys do think its so necessary to hold your hand while applying the mustache."

K. Oliver—"Yes, and that little tot, Fritz Livingston, asked me if his would last for Wednesday evening."

F. Unger—"What did you tell it?"

K. Oliver—"Oh, I merely told him it would if he used cold cream."

Enter Mrs. F. L. Sims—"Quick, girls! I just came from LaPorte and

I might bump into hubby any minute!"

A. Fox—"Aha! The tulip salve, and the 'Mr. Sims Attractor Cold Cream,' is just what you need. The latter is very popular with the Freshies."

Mrs. F. L. S.—Well, young ladies, please stop using the cream! Exit.

Act II

Enter—Messrs. Flanagan, Kuespert,, Twomey, Milliken and Dally. "We wish to be made handsome."

Enter—Misses Millhouse, Stephenson, Livingston, Shidler and Booth. "We wish to be made beautiful."

Beauty Specialists—"Impossible! And they closed down the shop."

Curtain.

TONY BUYS A VALENTINE

Eet was yust las' year eya married, An the for'deenths ver' a near, So a valentine ey theenk ey buy To geev' my a wif' so dear.

So eento a beega store ey go, Som' valeentines for to see, But of all dat de gurl showed of dem, None deed quite a pleas' a me. "Here ees nic' a one for da sweet-heart."

Ees a what de sales-gurl said, 'Twas made of de lace an' de cupeeds But ey yusta shake my head. "Eet ees for da wif', not sweetheart," Thees ees a my a reply. Ver' a queeckly she a put eet back, An' geev' a ver'a small cry.

She say, "Ey beg of you your pardon, Et ees a my mistake."

Eya theenks dat deese wil' pleas' you, Eets the cheapest one we mak'."

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