

THE INTERLUDE

VOL. XIV No. 24

SOUTH BEND, IND. HIGH SCHOOL, APRIL 10, 1914

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PERSEVERENCE

You ask me to write a word upon perseverance. I read some time ago in a Chicago street car the following inducement to business men advertise:

"The constant dropping of the water wears away the roughest stone; The constant gnawing of Touser masticates the toughest bone; The constant wooing of the lover bears away the blushing maid, And the constant advertiser is the one that gets the trade!"

The above doggerel rhyme contains good philosophy for life. It holds the key which unlocks the door of success in every calling. To desire success is a holy ambition. To achieve success is denied many only because they are unwilling to pay the price. The average young man and woman are apt to think that success is from without—a thing bestowed, when in reality it is from within and acquired. They often conclude that it is reward of birth, privilege, fortune, talent or circumstance. Yet none of these can give it. True success has one price for all. It offers no bargains nor inducements to any. Its one price is perseverance. Perseverance creates wealth, develops talent, and controls circumstances.

Perseverance always enlarges capacity. Increased capacity means enlarged opportunity; enlarged opportunity surely gives enhanced values. Savages believe that the spirit of conquered enemies enters them and fights for them ever afterwards. So every victory resulting from perseverance strengthens us for new and larger duties. Perseverance is practice. Practice only brings perfection. Great painters by working years upon a single painting become masters. Great writers become immortal because they have been willing to write a sentence a hundred times if need be. So life's work is perfected by trial and retrial—by persistence.—REV. H. L. DAVIS.

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS

Following is a list of the contestants who will represent S. B. High in the fray:

English—Kathleen Moran, Cleo Young.

Mathematics—Harry Leonard, Forest Staples.

Latin—Bernice Bennett.

German—Irene Goffeney, Cora White.

Physics—Mason Walworth.

French—Gladys Lichtenburger.

U. S. History—Ruby Phillips, Ray Kuespert.

Effective Speaking—Helen Gregory, Don Livengood, Jewell Longley.

A bigger and better bunch than ever, isn't it? Here's wishing 'em success.

WASEKA

If the question, "What's the dreariest place in the world?" were asked any number of people, the different answers would be almost as numerous as the persons questioned. One of the places which would not come in for its share of selections is the telegrapher's post of duty in an out-of-the-way station at night. All alone sits the operator. Upon a hook in the rear hang his clothes and lunch pail. Flanking the receiving and sending apparatus is the usual telegrapher's paraphernalia. Three or four bent wire hooks hang upon the wall in front of him. They hold the orders for the various trains inscribed upon sheets of tissue paper which are known in the railroader's vernacular as "filmsies." About the little laundry stove which serves to heat the office are the operator's boots and perhaps the cat—if the operator is lucky enough to be able to keep one.

"This is not dreary, but rather very interesting," you say. Ah, yes; to the outsider. But to the man who must sleep when the rest of the world works and toil alone when the rest of the world sleeps, it is the dreariest place on God's earth.

Our station at Waseka on the R. M. L. was no exception to the rule. In fact, you could hardly imagine a more appropriate application of it. Waseka lies in the foothills of the Rockies. Three miles from our town, Old Baldy, the the mountain is familiarly called, rises abruptly and forms a barrier through which the R. M. L. railroad was obliged to tunnel. Half way between Waseka and the tunnel mouth squats the station. To reach it the operator uses a tricycle consisting of a third wheel attachment to an ordinary bicycle. This makes it possible to reach the station by the tracks of the railroad, thereby saving many a weary mile over stone and stubble.

This station is unusually important because of the mile and a half tunnel which it commands. It also controls the half mile siding which strikes the main line almost in front of the station. These facts do not, however, serve to hold the operators. We had six in one year. No married man would consider the post so it is generally in the hands of a young man, a beginner who is yet learning by hard experience which stations are "soft berths" and which are man killers.

When Jim Davis was assigned the Waseka station by the division superintendent, he was the happiest boy on earth, full of hopes and ambitious. He arrived one afternoon in November, on No. 14, the 3 o'clock local. When he had deposited his telescope and carpet bag with Mrs. Roth, who runs the Golden Crown

hotel, he came down to the store where it happened several of us were talking together. You know it is a tragedy, when you see a lad, fresh from his mother's care put into such a position as the one which we knew Jim Davis had come to. We all knew that he would leave that job, broken to the harness no doubt, but broken in spirit and perhaps in body as well. We had seen this thing happen before and this repetition of the old game was difficult to observe unaffectedly.

Jim introduced himself immediately and his boyish exuberance made my heart ache. I didn't dare tell him what was before him. The story he told me made matters worse.

It seems that he came from his father's farm in Nebraska. He said that he wasn't cut out for a farmer and it was his father's wish and his own for him to become a business man. "So I studied telegraphy," said he. "I thought that the greatest thing I could do would be to become a railroad man and the best way would be to start at the bottom."

"You're at the bottom all right," I told him.

"Why, I think I did well," he said. "The district superintendent said that this is a very responsible position and that though my pay would be low, it showed that the R. M. L. had confidence in me."

I could have choked that old crook of a Hamilton, the old vulture who sat in the responsible position of division superintendent. Jim didn't give me a chance to meditate, though. He jumped to his feet and pulled out a silver key-wind watch. It said 5 o'clock.

"You know I have to walk out," said Jim—I was already calling him Jim, he was so likable—"I haven't got the other operator's tricycle yet."

As he set out along the track I thought bitterly about what Lem Hawkins, the retiring operator, would tell him. Jim would certainly come in for a discomfiting pile of facts about that old station sitting out there among the rocks.

I didn't see Jim for a week after he took his job because my foot was bothering me and I couldn't hobble around very much. When I did see him he was mailing a letter home. Jim looked pretty pale but he had a high spirit yet and he tried to cover up the fact that he was as homesick as a lost dog. He didn't have much success, though.

"Well, Jim," I said when we had shaken hands, "What do you think of your job?"

"Oh, I like it fine," he answered bravely enough. "But it gets pretty lonesome with only two freights and a through passenger to relieve

(Continued on Page 2)

INTERCLASS TRACK MEET

(Notre Dame Gym—April 3)

First—Seniors, 41 points.
Second—Juniors, 30½ points.
Third—Freshmen, 24 points.
Fourth—Sophomores, 12 points.

Individual Point Winners

First—Leisure, Seniors, 15 points,
Second—Martin, Juniors, 14.
Third—Andrus, Freshmen, 13.
Fourth—Sweeney, Sophomore, 10.

Summary

40 Yard Dash—Leisure, Senior, first; Cordier, Senior, second; Dally, Freshman, third. Time—:04¾ sec.

40 Yard Low Hurdles—Dally, Freshman, first; Martin, Junior, second; Scheibelhut, Junior, third. Time—:05¾.

40 Yard High Hurdles—Haven, Senior, first; Dally, Freshman, second; Martin, Junior, third. Time :06 flat.

220 Yard Dash—Leisure, Senior, first; Martin, Junior, second; Scott, Junior, and Seeley, Sophomore, tied for third. Time—:25¾ sec.

440 Yard Dash—Leisure, Senior, first; Stoltz, Junior, second; Cottrell, Senior, third. Time—:59.

Half Mile—Sweeney, Sophomore, first; Kelly, Senior, second; Seeley, Sophomore, third. Time—2:16.

Mile Run—Sweeney, Sophomore, first; Moon, Junior, second; Seeley, Sophomore, third. Time—5:26.

Pole Vault—Andrus, Freshman, first; Scott, Juniors, second; Garfield, Junior, third. Height—10 ft.

Shot put (16 lb.)—Colip, Senior, first; Andrus, Freshman, second; Weinberg, Freshman, third. Distance—27 ft. 1 in.

High Jump—Andrus, Freshman, first; Scott, Junior, and Garfield, Junior, tied for second. Height—5 ft. 4 in.

Broad Jump—Martin, Junior, 1st; Colip, Senior, second; Haven, Senior, third. Distance—20 feet.

Relay Race—Won by Seniors (Colip, Haven, Leisure, Cordier); Juniors, second; Freshmen, third; Sophomores, fourth.

ATHLETICS

South Bend (57), Hammond (22)

Allen (Capt).....W. Hess
Right Forward

Van den Bosch.....Thompson
Fernandez.....L. F.....Roth
Forster.....Anderson
Center

Staples, Elbel.....A. Hess
Right Guard

Cottrell, Bacon.....Roth Hirsh
Left Guard

Summary: Field Goals—Allen 3, van den Bosch 5, Forster 4, W. Hess 3, Thompson 2, A. Hess 2, Fernandez 2, Cottrell 2, Staples, Anderson. Free Throws—Roth 5, Allen 3. Points Awarded—Hammond 1. Referee—J. B. Miller, Springfield. Timekeeper—Burnham, "Y."

Hammond was the goat this time. Six South Bend Huskies (Allen, van

den Bosch, Forster, Cottrell, Staples, Elbel) played their final game of basketball under the Tan and Blue colors, all feeling quite gay and in the pink of condition; thus the opening sentence is well accounted for. Every fellow wished to show up at his best during this last chance and there were no disappointments as each showed his real fighting spirit from start to finish.

Captain Allen finished his career as "per reputation" with 13 field goals and a grand total of 29 points. Jimmie van den Bosch played the prettiest game of his career dropping five neat goals in the last half of play. "Motorcycle Herb" finished in "warhorse form," playing a wonderful floor game, holding his man to a single basket while scoring four himself. The guards, "Cottie," Elbel and Staples did their part by holding Hammond to a low score and at the same time working in well with the teamwork, several times coming down the floor on signals to help swell their own budget of points. Fernandez also got a chance and performed like an old timer chalking up 4 points within several minutes of play.

Allen shot the first basket; but that was merely a beginning. After the first few minutes of tight play the score fairly rolled up, Allen and Forster doing the heavy scoring, finishing the first half 27 to 7. Staples and Cottrell had covered their men well, allowing each Purple forward only one goal. Hammond's other 3 points came on free throws, as Roth proved a shark, making every chance count.

Hammond got a little gay as the second period started, caging several points before the locals got started. Before long, however, South Bend stirred things up for this was van den Bosch's half. "Jimmie" executed corner shots and the like for 10 points before half of the last session had passed. South Bend's total count for the second half went one point better than the first period's score showing that the fellows fought to the last whistle with plenty of lung power left to give nine husky "rahs" for Hammond as desert.

S. B. Second 27, Mishawaka H. S. 21
Fernandez, Scott..... Tramer
Right Forward
Burger, Wolf..... Seifert
Left Forward
Wolf, Whiteman..... Studley
Center
Elbel, Burger..... Bussert, Kohler
Right Guard
Anderson, Stanley.... Russ (Capt.)
Left Guard

Summary: Field Goals—Tramer (6), Seifert (4), Fernandez (2), Wolf (2), Anderson (2), Elbel, Whiteman, Studley. Free Throws—Seifert (3), Burger. Referee—J. B. Miller.

The unexpected surely happened when our own Second Team handled Mishawaka's regulars with apparent ease. South Bend has beaten them twice but there were not many of our local fans who

thought that there were two teams in the school who could turn the trick.

Burger was the mainstay and played a most consistent game, featuring with two pretty long shots and a total of five goals. Fernandez and Anderson starred with two classy shots each from the center of the floor.

WASEKA

(Continued from Page 1)

the monotony. I haven't had but a dozen calls the whole week.

"We talked a while longer but after we parted I knew Jim wasn't holding up. The awful lonesomeness out there was worse than lots of hard work. I saw Jim only once after that. My foot had grown worse and with the snow and ice I couldn't get about as a man should. Christmas came and went with me still in the house. I thought a whole lot about that poor boy out there in the snow-swept, dreary station.

About this time the people of Waseka were surprised by a January thaw. Generally our winters are like bands of iron and hold everything and everybody down pretty tight. When the snow goes off everybody comes out like bears in the spring.

Just before the thaw had taken off enough snow for me to get out, I saw Jim Davis. He looked like a ghost, pale and emaciated. He was pacing along without any hat or coat on.

I rapped on the window but he didn't seem to hear. Then it dawned on me that he was stalking about the town when he should have been sleeping. I thought that he would soon get enough and quit the job. But he didn't seem to hear me. Then it dawned on me—that he was stalking about town when he should have been sleeping. But I thought he'd soon quit the job and get another one which would be to his taste.

Jim didn't though. He kept at it till the place got him. Here is how it came about.

I had gone to the store upon an errand. When I arrived—a rather wearisome journey it was, too—the store's door was open and neither old Henry or his son Jasper were around the place. I thumped on the floor with my cane to rouse them if they were in the cellar, but I got no response, so I went out into the street. I saw right away that a crowd had gathered by the railroad track. When I was half-way there old Henry met me. He didn't have on any hat and had come without even his coat. His dirty apron was flapping about in the chilly wind.

"Squire," said he, "Squire, I knowed somethin' like this was a-goin' to happen."

"Why, who's hurt," I asked, and he answered, with his eyes dim.

"Jim Davis was found dead by the day operator when he went to work this mornin' He was shot."

"My God! Who did it?" I cried.

"Why, I guess he must of did it himself."

There was a bullet discharged in the old six-shooter that hung by the window. He had it tight in his hand, said Henry with a break in his voice.

Well sir, that certainly gave me an awful shock. I no more expected that Jim would do think like that than I expected the town to blow up. The more I thought about that, the more I pitied the boy and the more I wanted to get my hands on old Hamilton. But it was a month before I got the straight of the story.

The reason came out in the report of the engineer of No. 8, the last night express. He said in his report that on the night of January 18th he had been slightly delayed by a minor accident and when he had slowed down and signalled Waseka station there had been no message. He wrote that his train was moving rather slowly when it had reached the tunnel mouth. He had been startled to hear the shrill whistle of No. 27 which was entering the opposite end of the tunnel. He had immediately backed upon the siding just west of Waseka station and had allowed 27 to pass him. He had made up his time on the long downhill grade beyond the tunnel.

You may take my word for it that the railroad never published his report for its not policy to let your patrons know how close they have been to a horrible death in a tunnel.

That report explained poor Jim Davis' death, though. For some reason Jim hadn' got out to signal No. 8 till it got by. He had of course gone back to the station in an agony of despair, knowing that nothing short of a miracle could save the trains due to meet in the tunnel. No wonder then, that the poor boy killed himself. After brooding alone until he was half insane what other course did he have after an accident of that sort had occurred?

Now as I look back through the years that have since passed, at the tragedy enacted there in the Waseka station, I blame old Hamilton for his death. Hamilton has been dead for many years, being killed by the grim irony of fate in almost precisely the same kind of accident that caused Jim Davis to take his life.

HAMLET—ZWEITER TEIL

"Hello, Laertes! When kamst du zuruck?"

Exclaimed King Claude. "But why der schwarze Blick?"

Dasz du so mad bist wie a nasse Hen Kanu ich by dein Misfortunes gut verstehn.

Exist wird dein Vater totgestabbed, denn geht

Dein Schwester crazy—so a saddes Fate!

Doch wir sein fur dein Troubles nicht zu blameh.

Drum tu es for a minute easy nehme, Und please tu gegang uns dein grouch nicht nurseh—

Wir werden ich schon plenty reimburseh."

"Das ist allright, King," antwortet Laertes.

"Doch in mein Sohn-und-Bruder Herz da gahrt es; Es yellt nach Blut—es hollert for Revenge!

Sei doch a Sport, und sag mir welcher Mensch,

Der cause von alle meine troubles is."

"Du sollst es hore," sagt der King, "Gewiss!"

Der Hamlet war's; Geh, even's auf mit ihm!

Jedoch, hold an! Ich hal a kleine scheme,

Ihn gut zu fixeh, und es soll appearh,

Als sei's ein Accident. Geh du und schmiere

Den Stuff hier an dein Sword. Er actet quicker

Wie Hemlock juice or Cigarettes und Liquor.

Ich send dem Ham den Wort, du wolltest heute,

Ein friendly Bout mit ihm zusammen fighteh

Du branchst ihn nur mit deinem Foil zu scratcheh,

Der Stuff hier tut den Rest, 'Sist soft, wie quetsche,

Und, um ganz sure zu sein, dass wir ihn fixeh,

Will ic hin diesem Cup a Drink noch mixeh,

Der finisht ihn." "You're on," schreit der Laertes,

"Ich nehm den Job Wie wir's geschemed, so werd es."

"So lang, denn," smiled der King.

"Well, con dem Uebel

Bin ich jetzt bald gesafed, so Ish ga bible." (Fortsetzung folgt)

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THE INTERLUDE

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UNIFORM DRESS FOR GIRLS AT COMMENCEMENT

The Senior girls are to be praised for the action they took concerning uniform dress for commencement. How much better it will be to have the girls dressed alike, for its not the individual the audience is thinking about but the class as a whole. There will be no hard feelings among the girls because the dresses will be the same and the rank of a girl will not be determined by what she has on.

THE GIRLS HAD A PARTY

On Friday afternoon, March 27, the Girls' Athletic Association gave a big party in the two gyms. The party took the form of a mock track meet which was the funniest affair that has taken place this year.

About 150 girls were present and entered heartily into the standing broad, standing high, 40 yard dash, etc. The relay race was an absolute scream. The girls divided themselves into classes and in lines six deep at one end of the gym. Each girl had to run to the other end, eat a dry cracker and whistle before the other girls could run. Imagine for yourselves the funny sights.

After the "meet" dancing was enjoyed until 6 and light refreshments were served.

The Girls' Athletic Association would be very pleased to have the Freshman girls join. Dues 10c.

INVITATION MONEY STOLEN

The Seniors are a pretty serious bunch now. Some one broke into the building on March 31 and appropriated the money for their commencement invitations.

Access to the building was made through a window in the typewriting room. By breaking a pane of glass in the office door the thieves gained entrance and as the safe was open, they easily got the money, about \$179 all told. Mr. Metzler's office was also broken into the same night, but nothing was taken. This robbery is the worst of the numerous ones which have been committed this year. Several of our boy Raffles have been apprehended, but still we have some remaining. Looks like someone was giving a course in petty thievery.

SENIOR ALBUMS

We like the Seniors but—oh, their albums. By the time the book gets around to you, everything's been said—good and otherwise. The time-worn sayings, that were old when you were in your cradle, appear in almost every book. The teacher's sentiments, unlike any heard of before, and the poetic inspirations of amateurs help to make up the precious book. It may be a source of great pleasure to you to read these pages of school lore, "when you are old and cannot see," but we haven't been able to figure out just how it will benefit you. Just think Seniors—if you had treasured up all the nice little notes of comment on your test papers and written work and the signatures of the adored teachers, what a nice lot of material you would have for your album. This would express more truthfully the teacher's attitude toward you than any saying of Shakespeare's ever could.

SURE WE SHOULD BUY RUM VILLAGE

Fifty thousand dollars seems like a big lump sum to pay for Rum Village but surely a city the size of South Bend should preserve that historic old landmark and those fine old trees. But let us hope sincerely that the park commissioners will not destroy its natural beauty. Where in the wide world could we High School students find such glorious fields of violets and other flowers of spring and where could we ever find such hosts of dogwood trees with their big white blossoms which come in so handy for decoration about commencement time?

Here's three cheers and a Rah! Rah! for the conservation and preservation of Rum Village.

EXCHANGES

We received two copies of "The Retina." Both covers are very attractive and the papers are very well arranged.

"The Trident" from Hillsboro, O., should have a little more life, in other words, "pep."

"The High School Recorder" from Brooklyn, N. Y., has splendid cuts and cartoons.

It seems that the exchanges have tired telling us what they think of us. Bitte schone, sagen sie mehr uber uns.

SPRIG

Sprig is cob. Sprig is cob,
 The birds sig ond their lay.

'Tis time to doff our winter-fladels,
 And don our summer lawds.

Sprig is cob.

(Did you ever get a cold in the sprig?)

THE NORTHERN INDIANA BOYS' CONFERENCE

Last week the South Bend Boys' department of the Y. M. C. A. was guest to nearly a hundred boys who were the representatives of 17 different towns in Northern Indiana. They met and discussed live subjects of interest to fellows in general and particularly High School boys. It was a benefit to the town and the boys concern for they heard from some of the finest men at present interested in boys' work. Some of the delegates inspected our building on Saturday and from what they said, it seems we don't appreciate the privileges we have. Friday evening a banquet was held in the Boys' building of the Y. M. C. A. and addresses were made by James van den Bosch, representing the local High School, and by Mr. Rogers of Michigan City, while the chief address was given by Mr. E. M. Robinson of the International committee of the Y. M. C. A., New York City. Mr. Leffler acted in the capacity of toastmaster in the place of Mr. Sims, who was unable to attend.

THE PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

A public speaking contest was held in assembly on Wednesday, April 1, to decide who should represent the S. B. H. S. in the University of Chicago contest this year.

The following ten students spoke: Helen Gregory, in favor of the repeal Tolls Act; Walter Phelan, on moving pictures; Edwin Hunter, in favor of woman suffrage; Donald Livengood, against woman suffrage; Jewell Longley, advocating that S. B. H. S. should have its own athletic field; Waldo Gower, on the Panama Tolls Act; Mason Walworth, against woman suffrage; Edward Doran, against woman suffrage; Carl Prell, arguing that the honor system of conducting examinations should be adopted in S. B. H. S., and Louis Inwood, against woman suffrage.

Helen Gregory was awarded first place, Donald Livengood, second place, and Jewell Longley, third. The judges were Rabbi Cronbach, Mr. Charles Weidler and Mr. Otis Romine.

The contestants were allowed to choose from a list of 24 subjects, and were allowed one hour for the preparation of the five-minute speech.

Carl Prell was the only speaker who used his five minutes, the others speaking less than five minutes. The audience listened attentively to the speeches.

Another contest will be held in May. The three contestants having the highest averages in the two contests will receive the prizes offered by the Board of Control through the Debating Club.

OUR FUTURE HOUSEKEEPERS

In this day and age the expressions: "City Beautiful," "Civic Beauty," and "Public Cleanliness" have become trite, so trite in fact that they have lost some of their pristine force. Yet how many people know what they are talking about when they give long discussions on these problems, and how many put these fine ideas into practice even if they have a full conception of their meaning?

The object of this article, however, is not to deal with a great national problem which will never perhaps be settled. It wishes rather to show the importance of another kind of "Public Cleanliness" that is connected with the school in which we spent most of our waking hours; and to narrow the scope of the article still more, let us say, as this problem is related to the girls in particular.

Of course the girls are by no means entirely to blame for the uncleanliness of the building, but, on the other hand, if a few of our primers would take more interest in cleaning up their lockers and locker rooms, some of the "plague" spots of the school would be eliminated. Sad as it is to say, the girls' lockers are in a much more cluttered condition than those of their brother students. And these chaotic, dusty, overflowing lockers; these untidy, paper-bstrewn locker rooms, and study hall belong to our future housekeepers!

The ordinary locker, as I said before, offers anything but a prepossessing appearance. As one approaches it, one is astounded at the amount of paper scraps trying their best to bulge open the door, and as the locker is opened, what an amazing mixture of books, rubbers, wraps, hats, papers, dirty chamois skins, smeary looking glasses, and goodness knows what is seen! The average locker would take Daudet himself to do it full justice in realistic description, and even he might by chance leave something out.

So much for the lockers, now for the locker rooms and the study hall. Why can't the rooms, especially those used by the girls only, be kept as neat as our parlors at home? Why do they persist in tearing paper into tiny bits, and in scattering it on the floor until the rooms look like they have been in a mid-winter snow storm? It isn't necessary a bit, but still it is persistently done, and it will be done until the girls wake up to the fact that they are injuring no one but themselves. If they cultivate slovenly habits in school, can they suddenly asquire a sense of order of neatness in their home keeping? Of course they can't, more's the pity! As things look now, South Bend High School is turning out a poor batch of future housekeepers, and it's the fault of the girls, not the school.

A Question

Why do the two suffragettes have charge of the Boys' Study Hall?

THE UNION LEAGUE

By Hi Fly

Dire disastrous doom dolefully descends, doing dreadful, deathly damage to our dare-devil league!

Here is how it happened. Following our statement of the candidacy of O. S. Borne, for the position of secretary at Mudville, vacated by B. Erry when he joined the great army of suffragettes, Pres. V. Eler came out in a strong statement opposing the candidacy of the former physics instructor! No reason was attributed by the president for his statement! We have inside information however, that the said candidate at one time when the said president and said candidate were rooming at the Y. M. C. A. that the said candidate put salt in the said president's coffee, which so riled him that he has scarcely spoken to the said candidate, except to call him down or bawl him out. We presume that this ancient feud still rankles in the breast of V. Eler and he has decided to be revenged in this cruel manner. Not only this, but the enmity has had a fearful effect on the entire league! This is what occurred.

K. Izer, owner of Mudville, became violently incensed at V. Eler, and said that unless the statement was retracted he would surrender his franchise and get out of the league. The president now got on his "high horse" and told K. Izer to take his team and beat it. This brought the league down to five clubs and while V. Eler was casting about for another club to make up the circuit, S. Ims came hustling in, threw down a paper and said "Here is my franchise.

I'm offa your league." And forthwith vamoosed. A four club league was now in order and V. Eler set about drafting a schedule for such an organization. "Tinkle, Tinkle" rang out the telephone bell at this moment and C. Ranor's voice greeted the president in angry tones. The gist of C. Ranor's remarks was that he also had quit the league, and that S. Wintz had told him to say the same thing for him. However, the two female members of the aggregation remained loyal to the president, and issued statements to the press to that effect. When questioned by a reporter for their reasons for so doing, they stated that it was because he was so handsome.

Be that as it may it spelled defeat for the league, and meant the financial death of its backers. They promise to sing their swan song but at the time of going to press it had not been forthcoming.

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Ray Kuespert trying to flirt?
Mr. Hartman sing, "O, You Beautiful Doll?"
Grenville Tompsett smoking a cigarette?
Mason Walworth bald headed?
Miss Hupp climbing a tree?
Betts dancing the polka?

"What were you and Mr. Smith talking about in the parlor?" demanded Mary's bother.

"Oh, we were discussing our kith and kin," replied the young lady.

"Yeth, you wath," interrupted her little sister." Mr. Thmith asked you for a kith and you said "You kin."

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