

Ester Lindahl

THE INTERLUDE

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SOUTH BEND, IND. HIGH SCHOOL, BIOLOGY NUMBER. OCT 24, 1913

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Ssh! Please notice our new (?) cut, but don't tell anyone how ye editor spends his time. He might be called upon to do something if the secret got out.

We are pleased to have in this issue an article from Supt. Montgomery and only wish that we might have one more often.

The article by Miss Sack is of the usual excellence, we always expect of her.

We are very sorry that Mr. Weaver has been compelled to drop his classes on account of illness and only hope that he may soon be with us again even though he has a very able substitute in the person of Mr. Sim of the University of California.

REQUIREMENTS

For Preparation of Teachers in Biology Lines

The present age looks toward training the young for life. Children respond naturally to illustrations with which they are the most familiar. The best teachers draw upon the knowledge which children have obtained outside of the school walls and show the connection between that kind and the kind the school affords. No subject comes nearer to nature or to the outside life of the child than biology and its kindred subjects in the curriculum. High school students expecting to become teachers should familiarize themselves with these branches. A definite period for nature study has for a long time been assigned to every program in the elementary schools and yet teachers are found every day who have most indefinite ideas of this work although they are high school graduates.

Now that agriculture has by law been introduced into our upper grammar grades and undoubtedly will appear in the lower, it really behooves teachers to become prepared. Many states already require teachers to pass an examination in agriculture and Indiana will not long be in the rear.

For these reasons which are in part mercenary and in part pedagogical, students can well afford to elect at least one course from this department. The class room reports of observation and experimentation which should be a leading feature afford a wonderful opportunity not only for work in this particular line but for oral composition of the best kind and also for parliamentary practice. The discussions are direct, interesting and animated. No time needs to be lost, no student should be bored. The formal recitation

which is the bane of so much high school work is entirely unnecessary.

Again, teaching students to know by name what surrounds them, teaches them to see their environment. We see little unless we know much. This matter of observation is not only one of the most valuable assets in life but it is the one that gives the greatest pleasure.

SUPT. MONTGOMERY.

MEDDLESOME TEACHERS

"Och, wurra, wurra," said Mrs. Flynn, pausing in her work and resting her arms on the washboard as she talked with Mrs. Gallagher, who had just dropped in; "think of all the quare things they are doin' in the public schools."

"That's throe," said Mrs. Gallagher, encouragingly, "an' phat is it now?"

"It's a new wrinkle ontoirely this toime," said Mrs. Flynn. "My Katie, who goes to high school (an' 'tis a foine scholar is Katie', whin she came home yisterday she says 'Mother' says she, the taycher says he'll give me physics next term, I'm that far along now'."

"He'll be givin' you physics, will he? 'He will, will he,' says I. 'I'll tach him to interfere wid our family affairs. Physics, indade,' says I. An' what'll these meddlesome taychers do nixt? Physics, is it? If any physics is to be given it's your own mother will attind to it, moind that. Wid a family of six it's meself that knows more about physics than any of thim lah-de-dah taychers. As for physics,' says I, 'Katie darlin,' the Flynns will stick to the old standby, and that's salts and senna. An' if he don't like that I'll take ye out and send yet to the Sisters' school."

"That's it," said Mrs. Gallagher. "I like your spunk, Norah. They're meddlin' with things that don't concern 'em."—Selected.

PHYSICS

There is no force however great
Can stretch a cord however fine,
Into a horizontal line,
That shall be absolutely straight.

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IN OUR FARMING COMMUNITIES

Poets tell us that folk-songs have always been, and that they appear and reappear wherever the human heart bubbles over with the melody of instructive feeling. The same may be said of that desire which leads us to seek the companionship of our fellows. Man is certainly a social being, and to snun the companionship of his associates is not human.

Now of course I do not mean, that to be sociable, we must belong to the elite, for the Maker of us all has created no elite, but has made us all free and equal. Social distinction as it manifests itself in our America, is a feeble effort on the part of some to pattern after old world condi-

tions, where traditional barriers, date back to the time, when man created feudalism, made the feudal lord the owner of his people, and where now we have the populace and the hereditary aristocracy.

Ah well, you may say, but what has this to do with the new awakening in community life. Simply this. Ours to date in America, has been merely a pioneer life. We have been busy shaping and hewing the timbers of our institutions—doing the things, which is making the far east with civilizations already ancient when history began, anxious to sit at our feet and learn.

Now we are getting to the place where we are beginning to think seriously about how we ourselves can live better and happier lives. Along with this wave of public sentiment which is making possible the industrializing of our schools, so that they train for the highest efficiency, we have growing, (appearing spontaneously), a desire for a larger and more liberal social life. This spontaneity has been stimulated by various causes, and as result we have appearing here and there community centers, where all meet on a common level. Where petty grievances are forgotten and all are benefited by the particular talents of its constituents.

These centers are appearing here, there and yonder in the country districts of our own country, without any outside influence. This ultimate organization will possibly be on a basis similar to the social centers of our cities.

But be this as it may, these centers will serve as a medium, by which the county agricultural agents can give their largest service to their constituents.

Quite naturally the school houses are used as a meeting place, and finally when our country schools are more largely centralized, the school will serve its community from the cradle to the grave. In other words it will be the place where its patrons can meet for mutual betterment, where they can receive instructions in better farming, better home-making; where the love for good music and the beauties of art and nature can be stimulated from time to time; and where individual initiative can display talents that otherwise would go "unheralded and unsung."

It is through these centers that I expect to work quite largely this winter, and it is my hope that in the not too far distant future, St. Joseph county may have these centers so well established and organized, that they may be justly called, as they are in Denmark, the Farmers' Colleges.

JOHN S. BORDNER, Ph. D.,
County Agent of St. Joseph Co.

SOUTH BEND 113, ST. JOSEPH O LINEUP

Sullivan Thompson (Capt.)
Dally Williams
Right End
Cordier, Booth..... Schultz
Right Tackle
Stanley, Hagerty..... Mitchell
Right Guard
Whiteman Swiegert
Center
Rowe (Capt.)..... Larson
Left Guard
Forster Doan
Left Tackle
Wolf, Boswell..... Groff
Left End
Poulin, Allen Hayden
Quarter Back
Allen, van den Bosh..... Rose
Right Half
Shanafelt, Scott Witt
Left Half
Hartzer, Martin Simon
Cottrell Thompson
Full Back

Touchdowns—Cottrell 4; Sullivan 3; Allen 3; Scott 2; Dally 2; Shanafelt; van den Bosch, Martin.

Referee—Miller, Dartmouth. Umpire, Nugent, S. B. H. S.

In the return game with St. Joe at Springbrook Park, Oct. 18, the local High piled up a score which resembled the result of the South Bend - Goshen basketball game last winter, even going it 4 points better than that memorable count. A touchdown was a mere trifle Saturday, 17 trifles occurring.

The St. Joe players acted as if they had been taught to play Pom-pom-pull-away instead of football, their tackling around the neck and poor work in the line resembling the actions of a bunch of young children. Anyway it was good practice for the locals and the excitement was intense.

As usual, South Bend played a fast, aggressive game and showed strength in all departments. If the boys keep up the speed shown Saturday the championship surely will fall their way.

Remarks on the Game

Who said St. Joe couldn't play marbles?

Cottrell starred with four touchdowns.

Shanafelt was obliged to leave the game on account of injury.

Allen certainly has the goal posts figured—11 goals out of 13 chances.

Wolf and Boswell are putting up a fight for the Left End position. Both are showing well.

We believe that Thompson, St. Joe captain, had had a football in his hands several times before Saturday. It is hard to say whether the rest of the lot had ever seen one before, or not.

The visitors line had the "beef" but didn't know how to use it.

BIOLOGY AND ITS LESSONS

It was fifty years ago

In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy father has written for thee."

"Come wander with me," she said,
Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered far away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful
song,

Or tell a more marvelous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at time his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud:

Though at times he hears in his
dreams

The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, 'Hark!'
For his voice I listen and yearn:
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!"

—Longfellow.

The child mentioned in this little poem is Louis Agassiz, the Swiss scientist, who spent the best years of his life at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Harvard University treasured him as a teacher and all America as a citizen. What Longfellow said of Agassiz might be equally well applied to the mastermind of the Nineteenth century, Charles Darwin, to Huxley, to Haeckel and others who have enriched the annals of scientific research. It is an undisputed fact that these men, engrossed of necessity with material things, represent the very flower of human excellence. They stand before us, great in intellect and noble in spirit, with all the mentality of the thinker and all the faith in righteousness and truth, that mark the believer and the devotee. We cannot take up an essay or a simple impression by such men as John Muir or John Burroughs without feeling their profound insight into the deeper lessons of life that the world at large seeks in periodic reflection and prayer in some house of worship; in short, familiarity with nature refines, exalts, and purifies.

The study of nature, earnestly pursued, becomes not only a means of acquiring knowledge, but a powerful agent for the refinement of those qualities and virtues that make up character and spiritual force. Pestalozzi, the revered Swiss educator, seized upon this truth and made the study of rocks, plants, and all natural phenomena the instrument of fine heart culture and soul

growth that he in the greatness of his being conceived as the chief end of man. Nature's favored children serve her only for the purpose of teaching the less gifted. In her eagerness to win man's co-operation in her onward march to perfection she lures him with ever new revelations of her munificence and bounty. She has opened the Father's book to all and bids them find the leaves that lie yet ungathered in the remotest corners of the earth and the hidden depths of time, where only the most daring and the most loving may penetrate.

Biology is one of the studies that points the way into a larger life. Bright eyes and keen ears have a right to the sensuous delight that leads the ways into the joys of mental and moral ownership. Frequent excursions into woods and fields under careful guidance cause the average boy and girl to see and enjoy as they have never done before. Color, form, and purpose become subjects of endless interest and reflection. A sense of appreciation for the bounty and variety of natural supply grows with the power of practical application. The pleasure of vying with nature in the production and reproduction of leaf, or bean, or potato should combine simple knowledge and the worshipful sense of gratitude for the privilege of participation in the work of living. In short the study of biology must be more than a diversion, more than the storing up of useful knowledge. It must be stimulating, elevating, inspiring. As a factor in the ultimate production of better field crops, of finer gardens, and of more valuable animal life it must assume the larger responsibility of ministering to the real spiritual needs of the men and women of the future.

In this connection our own Biological Laboratory deserves mention. It has been wisely located. Sun and light contribute to its effectiveness for useful work. Its equipment is complete, both for experiment and observation. In the course of time it will hold many forms of plant and animal life. As it is, it shuts into limited space the secrets of the universe on which each and every pupil may try his skill, his mentality, and his faith. The alga in the water with its microscopic wonders presents the first baffling problem for solution. The aquarium, enlivened by its restless inmates, the wire cage with its one lonely reptile, and the darkened dwelling of the solitary owl demonstrate by their three forms of vertebrate life the unity of thought that underlies creation. Lastly come the boys and girls themselves with their fears, hopes, thoughts, and ideals. As they meet their daily tasks so they will some time meet the heavy responsibilities of life. May they in the meantime read enough of the wonderful story book to grasp the lessons behind it and devote to their fellow-men at least a bit of the human power that makes the life and work of Agassiz a dear memory.

THEKLA SACK.

A YELP FROM THE FARMERS

On a beautiful Wednesday in October "the Farmers," i. e. Miss Cunningham's agriculture class left school at 12:15 to catch the 12:30 North Side car for Mishawaka. The procession arrived at the Street Car station minus Lawrence Turner and Arthur Fisher and Earl Harbin, who were to go on motorcycles.

At the station there was a weighty argument as to whether Kent Graves and Kenwood Drayton could smoke or not. The effect of James J. Jeffries' lecture on tobacco and, incidentally pacifiers, had not worn off, and it was formally moved and seconded that Irene Roloff should not walk with Kent if he smoked and Miss C— downrightly refused to walk with or even ride in the same car with Kenwood Drayton if he persisted in smoking.

The car at last arrived and we boarded it, but here another altercation ensued, to-wit, who should sit with Irene, she being the only girl (except Miss C—) and all twelve of the boys could not sit next to her without crowding her, somewhat. But here Kent Graves won out by popular vote (P. S., he stuffed the ballot box) and he had the unalloyed pleasure of riding to Battell Park beside Irene, while "Bob" Swintz took next honor by sitting with Miss C—.

When we got to Battell Park we found "Art" Fisher and Turner already there and eating their lunch, but Earl Harbin did not show up, and it is supposed that he dropped off somewhere to get his lunch and then forgot all about his field trip in the pleasure of devouring his elephantine repast. One point observed by the writer is that Harbin always has something to eat. I wonder why!

Lunch disposed of, Kenwood D. and Loyal McMillen walked up to the main part of the city to send or telephone call back to school, to inform them that we had arrived safely, and without accident, and on the way back the boys bought a full-grown chocolate cake and three dozen small or individual cakes (Domestic Science class, please take note) with the intention of treating the class, but by the time they caught up with the class, the cakes were nearly gone. Where? However, the remainder was awarded to the ladies who, we hope, appreciated them as they deserved.

The class then hunted up Mr. Larry Kuehn who has fine greenhouse and truck garden that are certainly some class. He kindly consented to help us dig up an alfalfa root and while Kent G. and Irene, with Alfred Schlegel and Andrew DeVrees as first assistants and "Art" Fisher and "Turner" as overseers or superintendents, performed some experiments on temperature of the soil and also secured samples of the soil at different depths; the rest of the class went with Mr. Kuehn to dig up the alfalfa root. After getting down five feet on the root, it was found to be impossible to dig further on account of a few rocks being in the

way.

After a weighty discussion it was decided to let Ira Swaim, who is built on the same order as a toothpick, down in the hole feet first and have him grub the dirt out with his feet. Here another difficulty was encountered for although his head and other parts of his body would go into the hole, his feet firmly refused to pass in, so this scheme was abandoned and Don Livengood wrapped himself in four different knots and after getting an immaculate white shirt stained a rich chocolate dirty brown, managed to get a few more inches of soil removed, after which Mr. Kuehn pulled up what he could of the root and succeeded in getting something over six feet of it.

A public vote of thanks was extended to "Al" Bondurant, who wielded the soil-auger and who certainly proved his right to admittance to the rank of "farmer" by digging dozens of holes ranging from three inches and less to over three feet. "Al" is certainly a master hand at the "art."

We certainly want to thank Mr. Kuehn for his kindness and interest in the class, as he furnished the tools and most of the labor with which we got the six feet of alfalfa root, and he also gave us some very helpful hints on other subjects of interest to the whole class.

Miss C. suggests that all the boys follow Kent Graves' idea and wear overalls. Fisher's, Livengood's and "Bob" Swintz's laundry bills must be something awful, considering the number of shirts they soil and the innumerable collars they wilt in their arduous exertions to attain a knowledge of the soil.

LOYAL McMILLAN.

Miss Campbell — "Mason, how much have you translated?"

Mason (sitting on his book) — "I have been over it all."

PERILS OF THINKING

A centipede was happy quite,
Until a frog in fun
Said, "Pray, which leg comes after
which?"

This raised her mind to such a pitch
She lay distracted in the ditch,
Considering how to run.

Crimes committed by Margaret Hoke in a day—Killed Time, murdered the King's English and smothered a yawn.

As "Dode" says, "Ain't she rough?"

THE MODERN HIAWATHA

He killed the noble Mudjokivis.
Of the skin he made him mittens;
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside.

He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside.
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

—Anon.

THE INTERLUDE

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SENIOR NOTES

Do not forget that 100 pounds of paper or 25c must be in to Charles Chearhart or Gladys Watters this week!

All Seniors are requested by the committee to hand in suggestions for a class motto. Imagine a Senior class without a motto! Be loyal and help.

The Senior pins have been ordered and will be here in about ten days. Let's wear them where they will be seen when we get them.

Boost the Hallowe'en party! Get a girl and be there! Five dollars' worth of fun for \$1.00! Good music and plenty to eat!

Let's forget the Senior meeting last Monday. Wow! The memorial committee has had a meeting and suggestions will be ready for the meeting in the music room next Monday. Be present to hear them.

We won The Interlude contest and chose the first five rows in Assembly. Now let's use them. Every Senior be in the reserved seats at every Assembly. Stick with your class!

SOPHOMORE NOTES

First the worst—
 Second the same—

Third the best of all the game!

Well, believe me, the Sophs are third this time and you'll know why they have the "best of the game" when you see the seats they have selected for assemblies in the Auditorium!

We've got the pep, at least individually for didn't we get more individual prizes in The Interlude contest than any other class? Well, then, let's weld it together and use it. What for? Come to the meeting to be held Monday next at 3:45 in the Boys' Study Hall and find out!

There was a young Freshie named Art,
 Who was so amazingly smart,
 That when he once tried
 His smartness to hide,
 He died from disease of the heart.

A DREAM THAT IS NO DREAM

That night, after the Jamboree at the Y. M. C. A., I had a dream. It was so vivid that I can recall it all even yet. I seemed to be in a great forest of beautiful trees and plants, filled with teeming animal life. Gaily plumaged birds, wonderful insects, and great animals were everywhere among the grasses and flowers and trees. As I exclaimed at the beauty of the scene, a loud humming, not unlike the roar of an aeroplane engine, attracted my attention. Imagine my astonishment when a monstrous beetle, as large as an elephant, he seemed, flew out of the sky and alighted near me. Panic stricken I turned to run. "Don't be afraid," he said. "I'm your friend, too, as well as the friend of all other blind people." Reassured I asked "Who or what are you?" "I am the Biology Bug; I am an oculist or rather an awakener of the blind." "Humph," I replied, "very few people are blind." "Pardon me," said the Biology Bug, "but that remark only proves that you too, are not observant, and not to be able to see when your eyes are sound and healthy and open is the saddest kind of blindness. Mount on my back, and let me show you how blind most of the world is to the beauties and wonders of Nature."

So I mounted the back of the Biology Bug and he flew away with me, across fields and rivers, forests and lakes. Everywhere he pointed out myriads of people apparently groping about, quite unconscious of the glorious beauties of leaf and flower, hill and valley, fur and plumage, painted in fascinating color and form for us by Nature. And as he flew the Biology Bug talked. "See how intent you mortals are on the dreary humdrum colorless things of life," he said. "Note how few of you see the buds wake into life and fruition, how little you see of the constant unfolding of plant and animal life that is constantly occurring

before your open eyes. The Creation is re-enacted daily all about you and you poor, blind mortals cannot see, nor appreciate, nor enjoy the miracle."

A little nettled, I replied with some asperity. "Yes, but we're busy. We have work to do, and—" He cut me short impatiently, and began to question me so rapidly that I could not have replied, had he expected a reply. "Busy? humph! Work? Faugh! So are we plants and animals. We have no time for rest from our search for food and our vigilant avoidance of our enemies. You mortals, who work a little have time to feed your souls; we don't. Do you know the wonders of life in a drop of water? Are the trees and flowers and weeds your intimate acquaintances and familiar friends of your rambles. Have you ever had the necessary curiosity or desire for knowledge to examine carefully any living thing to note its wonderful structure? Do you know whence came all of your common garden fruits? Do you know their insect enemies and friends, their life histories filled with struggle and ending in the inevitable tragedy? Do you know the birds, and the butterflies, and the myriad insects that beautify God's great world, and help or hinder man only as their struggle for life competes with his? Do you know and enjoy the knowledge about the innumerable inhabitants of the great waters, from the amoeba to the gigantic whale? Do you know how all these plants that glorify the earth are related and whence they came as they climbed the ladder of progress? And why some failed and others succeeded? Do you know that the life histories of all plants and animals, our fellow sojourners on this planet are all written out for us to see and read in the development of any single one of each kind of them? Have you ever taken your blind eyes off the sordid things of life long enough to see and read their marvelous stories?

"Would you dip up even a little of this great ocean of fascinating knowledge, to give your life more joy, more breadth and fullness, as it was intended you should? Or would you continue to grovel among man-made things and ignore all of the beauty, the wonders, the lessons that Nature has placed all about you? Will you open your eyes or remain blind like the rest?"

Overwhelmed, I timidly asked, "Well Mr. Biology Bug, how may I overcome my blindness and learn to see and appreciate and enjoy and revel in Nature as I have come so strongly to desire?" For I knew that what he said was true, and that I had been blind. "The way to see is to train the mind. The eye forms the image, but the untrained mind does not see it. Study, my child, study! That is the cure for mental blindness that deprives you of so much of the real pleasure of life." "What shall I study?" I ventured. "I'll give you one guess," he answered roughly, and he shook me off his back. I fell far and fast—and then woke up.

BIOLOGY CLUB HISTORY

The Biology Club of the South Bend High School was organized in 1909.

The presidents for the past years were as follows: Irwin Dolk, Philip Ciralski, Jessie Fountain, Elinor Wolf, and Ruth Adelsberger, pupils who have stood for scholarship.

In the past years the Biology Club has done much for the entertainment of the students, members, and their friends. It has given lectures, exhibited freaks, wonders, rare animals, and has always shown great spirit toward the study of which its name is significant.

Among the famous speakers of the state, Dr. Coulter, of Purdue University is ranked as A-1. Through the enterprise of the Biology Club, he was twice brought to South Bend and gave most interesting and instructive, and delightful lectures on general topics of Biology. Dr. Atwood, a learned Chicago University man, was induced by the club to come here, where he entertained a large audience with a lecture on "Life in Alaska." Prof. Burrage, also of Purdue, gave an exceedingly practical lecture on "Sanitary Science." The Progress Club courteously opened their rooms for these lectures and we were indeed grateful to them for the favor.

The club officers for this year are as follows: Kenwood Drayton, President; Loyal McMillan, Secretary-Treasurer.

Any student of S. B. H. S. is eligible for membership to the club, by simply handing in his name and 25 cents yearly dues.

The club has started its yearly entertainment by exhibiting a snake of the boa family and one of the "pig" family, both well worth a trip up stairs. The aquarium in the Biology room, 403, is ever full of curious bugs, insects, animals and plants, all contributed by old or new club members; their insect and bug collections are always on exhibition in their cases in 403.

KENWOOD DRAYTON.

A green little boy
 In a green little way,
 A green little apple
 Devoured one day,
 And the green little grass
 Now tenderly waves
 O'er the green little apple boy's
 Green little grave.

Wanted—Some pretty girl to smile at me.—James McAlpine.

Miss C. in Biology II—"Helen, why is a goose better off for having a long neck?"

Helen J.—"To keep its head from getting wet."

Teacher—"Es geht mir gute"—"please translate."

Bright Pupil—"It gets my goat."

Mr. Leffler—"What does Philadelphia mean?"

Mr. Stover—"High School Special."

A TRIP THROUGH BIOLOGY LAB.

"Have you ever been through Biology Lab. in South Bend High?" I asked Lizzie one day.

"Never," she said, "will you take me through?"

I thought I would, so we climbed up to the fourth floor and entered the Lab.

"O for goodness sake," exclaimed Lizzie, "what a perfectly huge room."

"Yes," I answered, "it does seem large in comparison to the lobster trap we were in last year. This room is 41 feet long and 30 feet wide."

Lizzie gasped.

"Do tell," she cried, "why last year there was hardly room for one to turn around when we had a good sized crop of bugs on hand?"

"And notice the light," I said, becoming enthused, "all east windows and a big skylight. No eye strain in here."

We walked along between the long rows of work desks each with its plate of slate on which we split hairs.

"What are those tin pans for over by the windows?" inquired Lizzie.

"Those are live boxes," I answered.

"Real live boxes?" she asked, "do they bite?"

I looked at her a moment somewhat as a dog looks at a cat.

"They plant things in them for over winter," I announced.

"Oh," she murmured.

I pointed to the south wall which is nearly covered with a cork panel and said, "That is where we have exhibitions."

"Is that where the Junior Ex. is every year?" Lizzie asked.

Again the cat and dog expression passed over my face but I only motioned for her to follow me.

We entered the conservatory which is a large room with a concrete floor and metal boxes around the sides which are filled with specimens of fruit. The outer wall is of glass which makes the whole room as light as day and there is a garden hose attachment so the growing stuff can be sprinkled.

Miss Cunningham was sprinkling the ceiling and walls and floor and, once in a while, some vegetation.

"Where is the fire?" asked Lizzie.

Miss Cunningham shut off the water and said she would like to show us her new rana castesbiana. We didn't know whether that was a wild animal or a new kind of dance, but we followed her to a large glass tank containing about ten cubic feet of water and there saw every kind of fish from a minnow to a big black bass.

"My goodness," exclaimed Lizzie, "that water smells like Hudson Lake after a storm."

"I am very proud of my new office," said Miss Cunningham, ignoring Lizzie, "come in and see it."

The office is a very convenient one. There is a big fine desk and a telephone.

The next thing I showed Lizzie was the lecture room.

"You will notice, Lizzie," I said, "that the seats are so arranged that each row is higher than the one in

front thus giving every one a clear view of the demonstration desk where the rats are dissected."

We returned to the Lab. and of course Lizzie had another question ready; it was this, "What do you use the pipe organ for?"

"Those, my dear, are capillary tubes," for soil study," I answered with a sickly smile.

As we were leaving we noticed the store room. It is 12 by 19 feet in size and filled with old material from the Lab. in the other building. Standing in the center of the debris is our old friend, Mr. Skeleton. When Lizzie saw him she nearly threw a fit.

"Who was he before he died," she said.

"Well, we don't know exactly," I replied, "but we think it was either Caesar or Napoleon. We favor Napoleon, however, on account of the bony part."

And the poor dear believed it.

When we got down stairs again Lizzie thank me for showing her the Lab. and finally said, "Honest, now, I bet there ain't a better one in the city."

ROBERT SWINTZ.

MR. NEWMAN IN LAST WEEK'S ASSEMBLY

Mr. Newman's presence at assembly on Wednesday of last week was a particular pleasure. He spoke at some length on the benefits to be derived from travel and dwelt especially on the many lessons to be learned in foreign lands as to habits of living, social institutions and civic duties. He pointed out the numerous advantages that both men and women of the United States enjoy and declared that a wider acquaintance with other nations must stimulate a higher conception of citizenship. Mr. Newman is a sympathetic and agreeable speaker, bringing as he always does not only entertainment but food for thought. His return to South Bend is always welcomed. We should like to see some of his pictures in our own auditorium.

A negro bought a ham at a grocery store and appeared the next day with the ham before the grocer.

"Say, boss, dis hear ham am bad."

"Why, it can't be," replied the grocer. "It was cured only last week."

"Den, suh, it must have had a relapse."

He failed in Dutch,

He failed in Chem;

We heard him softy hiss,

"I'd like to get the man who said

That 'ignorance is bliss.'"

If these jokes sound old and stale,
Don't give them all your knocks;
But suppose you write a few
And drop them in the box.

When you're fooling in the library

And having lots of fun,

A laughing and a jabbering,

As if you're deaf and dumb.

You'd better watch your corners,

And keep always looking out

For the librarian 'll get you

If you don't watch out!

== K. & K. ==

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He—"Something's preying on my mind."

She—"It must be pretty hungry."

Willie—"Say, Pa, what part of speech is woman?"

Pa—"Woman, my son, is no part of speech; she is all of it."

Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,

But spare the rat, it's already dead.

"Did you hear about the girl who filled her last year's hat with water?"

"No."

"Neither did I, it hasn't leaked out yet."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BUG

When I began to write this wonderful history of myself—and you must admit that it is truly wonderful—I never thought of it for publication. But at last my wonderful existence has been discovered and behold!

I reside in a wonderful glass palace in a room called the Biology Laboratory on the fourth floor of the New High School building. I am well satisfied with my abode, and consider it a very select dwelling house. Only high class bugs are allowed here. Some persons call my palace a mason jar, but since people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones, I will leave my opinion of these person unrecorded.

You people no doubt wonder what I do to occupy myself during the day. Unlike most bugs, I am fond of studying human nature. How interesting those great, big boys and girls who come into my laboratory are! I have always noted with interest the different ways they treat us poor bugs. The girls usually gaze at us in holy horror and say: "Ugh! don't it look horrid? I wonder if it bites. It sure has an evil eye!" The boys, however, look at us contemptuously and say: "Good-night! I wonder what kind of a long name it has. I hope its not more than 26 letters. That last one we studied had 25!"

I shall make this comment on these remarks before I go on. If the girls knew how much more afraid we are of them than they are of us, they'd never be so pitiless again. And if the boys could only realize that if we did not name ourselves, they'd be more gentlemanly toward us.

Another favorable pastime of mine is taking long walks. For instance I walked clear around the palace today. It took me all morning, but I did it. I have heard walking is a healthy exercise. At any rate it makes me ferociously hungry, and we get so little to eat here in the laboratory!

A little while ago I remarked about the names which scientists give us, and which the students dislike so much. My name is Lepto-

coris trivittatus, but knowing how hateful these long names are to most people, I have picked out a charming one for myself. It is Don Quixote. I heard some one say it the other day and I was delighted with its sound. Perhaps it is not suitable for me, but I like it any how. So dignified you know, and all that!

Many wonderful things are in this laboratory. There are several snakes, among which is a banana snake; an aquarium full of cute, little fish; a water melon about as big as an apple; and numerous other plant specimens.

Perhaps at this point it would be a good idea to say a word about my fellow-dwellers in this glass palace. I who am a very learned, dignified bug, look down upon them in a way, but really they are nice enough—for common insects!

First there is Sylvia, who is a sugar ant. Sylvia, now almost two months old, has had a long, interesting life. She is very coquettish, however, and much too frivolous for me. Then there is Aeneas. He came from a far distant region near the county farm. He has wandered far and near. Last but not least is Cyrus. He is a beetle of uncertain color whose interesting characteristics are too numerous to cite here. He is, in fact, the only insect in the palace worthy of my friendship.

I could tell many more interesting things about our life, but perhaps too much would become monotonous. I wish to conclude, however, with a few words worthy of my dignity. I hope from this sketch you'll gain new ideas concerning the laboratory specimen's, and from now on treat us with due respect. Here is a hearty invitation: Come and see us! We are at home in Miss Cunningham's laboratory from 8:15 to 3:45. Everybody welcome.

KATHLEEN MORAN.

EXCHANGE NOTES

This week we are just going to tell about the monthlies we have been receiving; next week we will give full credit to the numerous weeklies and dailies.

We are glad to receive "The Crim-

son" from Goshen, Ind., again this year. Glad to see you are up to the same splendid standard you kept last year. Your plain cover is very attractive.

"The Philomathean Monthly" from Bridgewater, Virginia, is interesting and well arranged, but there isn't a single cut in it.

We are always glad to receive "The Voice of South High" from Youngstown, Ohio. It is such a nice, newsy paper. But guess what I did—worked 21 minutes figuring out the cut on page 31.

And here is "The World" from St. Paul Central High. You must have a mighty lively school; your paper just bubbles over with fun.

We have "The Key" to the situation, too. We got it from Battle Creek, Mich. It is only a little "key" but we couldn't get along without it. Your story, "The Kidnapping," is a dandy.

"The Vista" from Greenville, Ill., is a new exchange. Your literary department is excellent, but goodness gracious me, not a joke. A somber vista.

Everyone praises "The Comet" from West Division High in Milwaukee, but who could help giving it the highest praise after once having enjoyed the opportunity of reading it?

MATHEMATICS NOTES

Dr. John Nelson Mills, the donor of the medal given annually for ex-

cellence in Mathematics, has been secured by the Progress Club to deliver their annual evening lecture, Thursday, October 30. His subject will be "China," a country in which he is deeply interested, and where he has spent much time of late.

Last year the Teachers' Federation heard him give an illustrated lecture on Japan, and were very much delighted with his address.

The Trig. class has taken up Logarithms.

Speaking of Trig., Julius Brug volunteers the information that it's worse than stated problems in Algebra.

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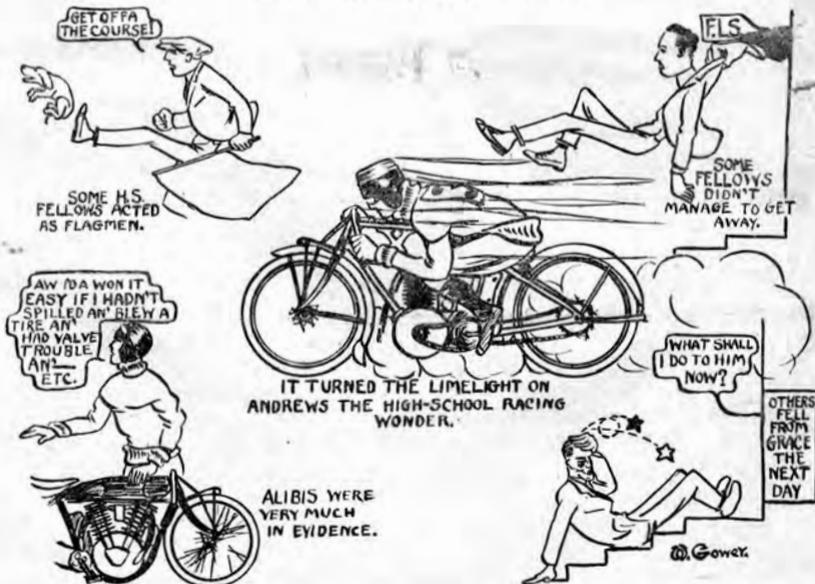
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A TRIP DOWN TOWN DURING THE FALL EXPOSITION

Come on, let's go down Michigan Street to see the fruit and vegetable exhibits, won't you? I've heard that it's extremely interesting, and I imagine it would be. Don't you want to go?

Why, look at all the apples here at Coonley's! Did you ever see so many kinds, or such big ones? Look at that big green one over in the corner marked Stark. Doesn't it look sour? I'd like to sample one of those Ramboes or Russets, though; they certainly do look good.

What's this here? Squash, be gosh! And what a variety! Some long, some fat, some green, some salmon-colored, and lots of them so crooked you wouldn't dare trust them out of your sight.

And here's the shocked corn, although it doesn't any of it seem to be holding up its hands in horror at the latest styles in skirts.

But do come and look at this popcorn here at the New York! I didn't know there were so many kinds, did you? Look at those funny little fuzzy ones over there next to the great ears that look almost like field corn; they are so big and yellow.

What are you looking at over there? Pumpkins! Well, for goodness' sake! It must have been one of those that Cinderella had for her coach; I declare I believe some of them are almost big enough.

Here are some more squashes. What does that sign there say? "Distorted squashes." Well, I should think that all squashes were distorted enough without making a special point of it.

Do come and look at these cute little tomatoes; why they're hardly bigger than currants, or grapes at least! And I never knew before that there were yellow tomatoes, did you?

O well, I suppose you did, but I— Did you hear what that little boy there just said? He was looking at those great big ones over there and he said: "Gee, I wish I could have all those when it came Hallowe'en! Wouldn't they be swell to throw up on porches?"

Say, let's go back down Main street. I read in the paper that there was a display of rutabagas and endive someplace there, and I'd rather like to walk down that way and see what they look like, because I never had heard of either one of them.

Well, here we are to the rutabagas, and I must say I don't think they are overwhelmingly handsome. They look as if they might be great, big, overgrown turnips, and if they're anything like them, I don't care for some, thank you.

Let's see, the endive was to be exhibited at Fralick's, I think. O yes, here it is. I think it looks a good deal like lettuce, don't you? And mighty nice lettuce at that. This lady here just remarked to her companion that she'd like to have some of it for her salad, so I guess it is a good deal the same.

Well, I think I've seen enough this afternoon, and have also become pretty tired, so I guess we'd better go home now. You know, I think that these exhibits are just fine; just see how much I've learned this afternoon and I don't think that I was quite as ignorant as some other people, either.

Pupil—"Why did Miss C. flunk you?"

John—"Cruelty to animals."

Pupil—"How's that?"

John—"Over using a pony."

She: "Yes, we had a splendid time last summer. Four of us girls took a tramp through Springbrook Park."

He: "Oh! the poor tramp."

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