

THE INTERLUDE

VOL. XIV No. 7

SOUTH BEND, IND. HIGH SCHOOL, NOV. 14, 1913

PRICE 5 CENTS



THE BUILDING IS DEDICATED

On Thursday evening, November 6th, the new building was dedicated with elaborate exercises in the High school auditorium. The stage was decorated with flags and palms. Seated on the stage were Mr. J. E. Neff, President of the Board of Education; Mr. G. A. Knoblock, during whose presidency the building was erected; Mr. Arthur L. Hubbard, Secretary of the Board; Judge Timothy E. Howard, President of the Council; Mr. W. B. Ittner, the architect; Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President of Notre Dame University; Hon. Charles A. Greathouse, State Superintendent of Schools; Dr. George F. James, Dean of the Department of Education of the University of Minnesota, Superintendent L. J. Montgomery and Principal F. L. Sims.

After a perfectly rendered selection from Friml's "The Firefly" by Mattes' Orchestra, Rev. Cavanaugh pronounced the invocation, dedicating the building to the cause of education, the uplift and welfare of the city, and to the service of God.

Architect Ittner followed with a brief address in which he rejoiced that the architect can be one of the agencies in the great formative uplift and progress now prevailing over the country, in educational and civic affairs. The great advances in educational methods are demanding advancement in buildings and equipment, and it is here that the architect can render such great service to the cause. Over a hundred millions were spent for high school buildings

alone in this country last year, owing to the enormous increase in high school enrollment, since these schools are offering more and more work that prepares boys and girls for the actual problems of life. Mr. Ittner formally turned over the building to the Board of Education and the city, expressing the hope that they might secure from its use as much enjoyment as he had experienced in building it. He also suggested that the structure could be the architectural ornament to the city that it should be, if some day all the buildings between it and Lafayette Street were removed and that portion of the block made into a park.

State Superintendent Greathouse complimented the Board and the taxpayers on their contribution to the cause of education in this model building, the best in the state of Indiana which spent thirty-one millions in improving school grounds and buildings last year.

In his address Mr. Greathouse traced the rise and growth of popular government and showed how absolutely dependent it was upon education. Indiana's schools, in their contribution to the citizenship of the state last year, enrolled 500,000 boys and girls, with an average daily attendance of over 411,000, under 17,000 teachers to whom were paid \$7,000,000 in salaries. Mr. Greathouse maintained that the people's attitude toward education is the test of their intelligence and progress, that education for the masses is essential to the stability of our form of government, that freedom would perish without it, that it is the

anchor of our hope and the bulwark of our liberty.

Dr. James in his address announced some doctrines that might have been startling to some who have not closely followed the pronounced trend of educational policies of recent years. Commenting upon the enormous increase in material equipment and in the endowment of our higher educational institutions in this country, which were not greater than the amounts expended in improving high school or secondary education, and that there was nothing in Europe, outside the great municipalities, that compared with South Bend's new building for education, he maintained that with all this, we have just barely begun in education in this country. He followed this statement up with a recital of convincing statistics, facts and arguments that precluded any denial that vocational education has been our long neglected duty and is our educational opportunity and responsibility for the immediate future. Berlin puts 55 per cent of her boys into some vocation for which her schools have specifically trained them. Chicago, a city of about the same size, so prepares less than one per cent. Distinguishing between manual training and vocational education, Dr. James, pointed out that 93 out of every 100 boys who finish the grammar school, and another hundred who quit before finishing grammar school, or 193 out of every 200 who enter the schools, must make a living by manual dexterity, and that hardly 7 out of 200 or 3½ per cent of the children are now equipped for

life by our present traditional methods of education. He held that the needs of the pupils, mainly because teachers were cloistered individuals whose lives have been spent in the school room either as students or as teachers, and consequently they do not know the needs and problems of their pupils when they leave the schools to do their life work in the world. Dr. James expressed no fear of over industrializing the school to the sacrifice of the so-called "culture." He suggested that the text books of the future should be written, not by college professors years past their days of understanding and sympathy children and their intellectual needs, but by men who knew boys and girls, and who were doing a part of the world's work in which these same boys and girls would soon participate. He would challenge every study in the curriculum, demand a good reason for teaching any subject, throw out the merely traditional, cease to delude ourselves with the erroneous idea that every pupil entering school is destined for the professions, and consequently model our entire educational system on this mistaken idea, face the actual situation, spend a lot more money—and gladly—to make the schools actually meet the needs of the day, and properly serve this generation.

During the program the Girls' Glee Club sang Schubert's Serenade and delighted the audience. The Boys' Double Quartette also rendered a fine selection and responded
(Continued on Page 2)

to an insistent encore. Both organizations reflected credit on Miss Parker's ability to organize and train them so well in so short a time. Mattes' Orchestra closed the program by a selection from "Faust."

On Friday night, and Saturday afternoon and evening the building was open for inspection by the public, and several thousand people availed themselves of the opportunity. The orchestra rendered excellent programs during both evenings, and played for the informal dancing later in the gymnasium.

DEDICATION DINNER

The advanced class in cooking (Class V) gave a most elaborate banquet for the Board of Education and the speakers at the dedication exercises Thursday evening.

The color scheme was yellow and white, the autumn colors, and was carried out very effectively with yellow and white chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. The dining room of the Domestic Science "house" was used; leaves and bittersweet were artistically used for this. The centerpiece for the table was a Japanese basket filled with yellow and white Royal Japanese chrysanthemums. Four candlesticks with yellow-lined shades were at each corner of the table. The shades were designed by Chauncey Lehman, of the art department. Between each candlestick was a dish of green Turkish paste candy, the green adding effectively to the yellow and white color scheme.

The place cards were made by Ralph Slick, and were clever cartoons of the various guests. The souvenirs were booklets of Japanese binding, made of real Japanese paper, with a yellow chrysanthemum design on each paper. The booklets contained the program of the evening and the menu.

The menu was as follows:

Oyster Cocktail	
Brown Bread	Sandwiches
Consomme a la Royal	
Olives	Celery
Turbans of Halibut	Sauce Tartair
Potato Balls	Cucumbers
Blushing Apples	Orange Sauce
Roast Turkey	Giblet Sauce
Garnished with Sausage and	
Chestnuts	
Mashed Potatoes	
Cauliflower au Gratin	
Pickled Peaches	
Cranberry Frappe	
Giacchi a la Romaine, Endive Salad	
Pulled Bread	
Bomb Glace	White Cake
Coffee	
Salted Almonds	Mints

This menu was entirely prepared and served by the girls of the Domestic Science class. The extravagance of the meal is accounted for by the specialty of the occasion.

The guests were: Dr. George F. James, Mr. Greathouse, Mr. William B. Ittner, Rev. John Cavanaugh, Judge T. E. Howard, J. E. Neff, G. A. Knoblock, A. L. Hubbard, L. J. Montgomery, F. L. Sims and E. I. Kizer.

JUNIOR NOTES

Who says the Juniors can't have some class meetings? They are being pretty well attended. We have two yell masters, Walter Phelan and John Poulin. If you are not a loyal Junior, stay away, but if you are, we urge you to come to these meetings.

We are having some trouble in deciding on a play for our "Ex," but we promise it will be a leader.

Girls, don't forget about the Junior basketball team. Practice will begin soon, and as there are many good athletes in the class, we should have a fine team.

Unfortunately for the Juniors, who had elaborate plans, we hear, for their Junior Day, we had no assembly for two weeks because of work being done in the auditorium.

Last Thursday we had a short assembly, not long enough, however, to give the Juniors a chance to pull off any stunts. Mr. Sims made announcements concerning the dedication Thursday evening and the Alumni Reception Friday evening.

Mr. Ittner, the architect who made the plans for the building, then spoke briefly to us of the care which had been taken in planning the building so that it would be thoroughly up-to-date and convenient in every detail, and urged us to try at all times to keep the building in good condition, thus showing the citizens of South Bend in the best possible way our appreciation of what they have done for us.

VENI, VIDI, VICI

Prologue

The most uplifting thing about this play is the curtain. At first glance the scene might be taken for the janitor's closet, or the bicycle room, but it is neither, it is The Interlude room. In the same glance you might think that an old-fashioned political primary was in session, but not so. What you see (or rather, hear) is a meeting of The Interlude staff. Notice the expression on the face of the editor-in-chief. Terror is predominant from his forehead to his chin and back to his ears. But, kind reader, you would be frightened also if the music editor were standing over you and shouting that unless she could have a rest, she would leave the staff, and not furnish another note, or even a half-note! The mathematics editor is chasing the science editor around the table to give the athletic editor something to write about. No, they will not wake up the assistant business manager; he is too sound a sleeper.

No doubt your attention will be drawn to the feminine argument (nuf sed) going on in the southeast corner between the domestic science editor and the art editor (that is, the argument, not the corner). They are having their usual disagreement over the correct shade of rouge to use on a rainy Sunday morning.

The commercial, Latin, and German editors are gracefully grouped about the manual training editor,

and he is—well, to be frank, very much fussed. He can hardly stand one at a time, but with three, death would be welcome in any form!

Perhaps you will wonder who the fair maiden with the beautiful eyes is, talking to the fair maiden with the conflagrating hair. Well, its the public speaking editor discussing with the English editor the English language as used in public speaking.

There are two persons with serious, thoughtful expressions. One is the assistant editor and the other is the business manager. The former is studying and the latter is striving to write a play for The Interlude. He is not succeeding very well, however, because someone is always tipping over his inkbottle or borrowing his pen to clean his fingernails. Such is the much too common scene as the drama opens.

So reads the prologue.

ACT I

(Enter circulator. Jumps on chair.)

Cir.—Stop it! Stop it! I don't like it, so don't do it!

(The tumult stops and silence prevails). As I have been circulating about the building, I have discovered that our esteemed paper must be put out on Thursday this week instead of Friday. (At this juncture the assistant editor closes her book with a slam and jumps up.)

Asst. Ed.—What's that you say?

Cir.—Paper Thursday instead of Friday this week.

Asst. Ed.—Who said so?

Cir.—Mr. Sims.

Asst. Ed.—Well, it seems to me that he might have said something to us about it.

Cir.—That's true, he might have. He might have spoken to the janitor about it, but he didn't think it was necessary.

Asst. Ed.—If we're editing this paper, we should say when it is to be published.

Cir.—Well, what do you say?

Asst. Ed.—I say The Interlude shall come out Thursday, therefore it will.

("It will" is the cue for the glass to be broken out of the door and the exchange editor to blow in, "as it were," (a la Miss Keller). Circulator makes a beautiful dive off chair into the waste basket).

Cir., (Brushing pencil shavings out of his hair)—Oh, so you've come!

Ex. Ed.—Bet your three squares, kid! I've never skived a meeting yet. Say, what's the guff about a Thursday paper?

Asst. Ed.—We have decided to put The Interlude out on Thursday this week.

Ex. Ed.—Well, I'm wise to that, but what's the idear?

Cir.—You see, Mr. Sims—

Asst. Ed.—It seems to me that as long as there is no school Friday, The Interlude should be out Thursday!

Ex. Ed.—Oh, I got you now! School's blinked for Friday, eh? That's pretty classy hon', seems to muh!

Ed.-in-Chief (From under table)

—Will the meeting please come to order?

Music Ed.—I've come to order a rest. Do I get it or not?

Cir.—Arrest is coming your way if you don't let the chief come out from under there and take charge of the meeting.

(The editor-in-chief tries to get up gracefully and bumps his head on the table).

Bus. Mgr.—Say, how do you expect me to write with you making this table do a spiritualism dance!

Ex. Ed.—Come on, hon', you can slip a gag like that! Take the chair or we'll slap your wrist.

(Editor-in-Chief goes meekly to chair).

Cir.—Now the first thing we want to take up this afternoon is the matter of getting copy in.

Bus. Mgr.—I'll have this ready for you tomorrow.

Asst. Ed.—I don't know whether we can publish that or not. This number must be especially good.

Bus. Mgr.—Well, Mr. Sims might—

Asst. Ed.—This number must be especially good!

Ex. Ed. (Aside to Circulator)—I've got her number alright, alright.

Asst. Ed.—How about the athletic notes?

Ath. Ed.—Here's a write-up. I just got about the marathon a minute ago. One record and a chair leg broken. How's this for a starter—"If Howard Haverstock is good for a mile, how much is Mason Walworth?"

Ex. Ed.—Pretty spiffy. I should sob.

Asst. Ed.—Oh, that's just splendid, Don. I wish every one would write as good notes as you do.

Ed.-in-Chief—So do I.

(Every one but assistant editor collapses).

Asst. Ed.—Why, what's the trouble?

Cir. (feeble)—The editor-in-chief actually spoke.

Asst. Ed.—Well, never mind, he probably won't do it again.

Cir.—Another thing we want to take up at this meeting is the matter of a love story.

(All sigh excepting the assistant business manager, who snores in a manner common to foghorns, makes himself more comfortable, and sleeps on).

Dom. Sci. Ed. (to Art Editor)—Oh, don't you think it would be just too dear for anything to have a real, exciting love story in our paper?

Art Ed. (with uplifted eyes)—Oh, yes! One where the heroine jumps from the ninety-ninth story of a burning building into the arms of her true lover, and on through to the pavement where she is killed, having been saved a horrible death among the angry flames above.

Cir.—Can you beat that?

Ex. Ed.—I should worry in a deaf-and-dumb asylum and wring my hands for a fire alarm!

Cir.—Now who is going to write this love story?

All the girls—I will!

(Continued on Page 5)

Lines Written in Early Fall Concerning the Wasp in Girls' Study Hall

A little wasp in the study hall flew;
A little wasp of darkish hue,
Warmed by the pipes so bright and new,
It grew.

One day passing the study hall through,
That little wasp dawned on the view
Of teacher and pupil,
Them two.

Up at that wasp a book they threw,
Down from the wall on which it flew,
Fell that wasp of darkish hue,
Mon Dieu!

But that little wasp they could not subdue,

It jumped right up and onward flew,
On, to the pipes to warm and new,
It flew.

And to these same pipes some praise is due,
Quiet, the wasp began to brew,
It fell asleep ere the hour was through,
Too true!

What of the wasp of darkish hue,
Warmed by the pipes so bright and new?

Ah, well, its mission on earth is through,
Adieu!

(With apologies to Eugene Field.)
MARAGRET MANNING.

MATHEMATIC NOTES

Some Mathematical Facts

We have teachers any height from four feet, six inches, to six feet, four inches.

603 pupils claim the seats are uncomfortable.

147 inkwells have been broken so far.

704 pupils have their eyes on the clock at 3:44 P. M., five days of the week.

73 girls out of a Gym class of 73 all talk at the same time.

42 girls have forgotten their locker keys.

26 Freshmen out of 27 say they like Algebra. 26 Freshmen told a fib.

26,472 foolish questions have been asked Mr. Sims so far this term.

The Orpheum would make \$4.50 a week more than it does if the tenth period were done away with.

898 pupils were glad there was no school last Friday.

Mrs. Dakin (to William S. after he has had his hand up about five minutes)—“Well, what is it?”

W. S. (jerking his hand down)—“I’ve forgot.”

Marie Voedisch (in Public Speaking)—“I don’t know how to express myself.”

Voice in Corner—“Why don’t you try Parcels Post?”

“Does heat expand?” the professor asked.

“If so, examples cite.”

“The days are long in summer,”

Said the student who was bright.

A Letter

Editor of The Interlude.

Honored Sir: — Opportunity has lent a propitious hour wherein I may voice sentiments of serious import. Here is the point: Have you ever stopped to think that the Senior play could be written by the Senior class? Well, it could—and should. In college the plays—usually difficult musical comedies—are written by the students, and there is no reason why South Bend High could not put on a play of her own. I sincerely believe that The Interlude should work certain reforms, and therefore I offer this suggestion. Think it over.

Very truly yours,
DAVID BELASCO, JR.

The Answer

Friend Dave:—

Your letter at hand and am both surprised and pleased at an epistle from you containing such a timely and surely sensible idea. If someone will but act upon your suggestion, Dave, I’m sure the class of ‘14 will have something to boast of forever and aye.

Your sincere friend,
EDITOR OF THE INTERLUDE.



THE MINSTRELS

Sure they’re coming along fine. The attendance at rehearsals is good and the way in which the chorus picks up the songs is splendid and sure to make the production a success.

Listen to this! For every ten tickets you sell for the Minstrels you get a free ticket. It’s worth your while. Sell 20 and take your girl, or girls, sell 20 and take your mamma. Date for reservation of seats given later.

EXCHANGES

You are full of it, “Spice,” from Norristown, Pa. Your joke department is the best we have seen for some time.

From Easton, California, comes “Progress.” The students of the high school are making it, and it is good.

“The Student,” from Covington, Ky., has some very interesting reading material, but it lacks cuts.

We got “The Habit” from Salina, Kansas, last week. Pretty good “Habit.”

“The Stentor,” from Lake Forest, Ill., is a fairly good school paper, but not a cut or joke. Surely you are not so sedate as all that!

We acknowledge receipt of “The Scholastic,” and “The Student” from U. of Indiana, always the same interesting papers.

MONOLOGUE

Time: Third hour.

Place: Girls Study Hall.

Monologist: Miss Thompson.

“Now, girls, this talking must be stopped. I have a plan by which all talking will stop. If I see any girl annoying another girl by whispering, I will go to her and tell her to stop. If she does not stop, I will go to her again and tell her to stop, and then if she does not stop, I will go again and tell her to stop, and I think by this time she will have stopped. If she does not, I will go and tell Mr. Sims.”

A wise plan, but such a desperate one!

John Walker—“I’ve had something on the tip of my tongue for a long time.”

Margaret L.—“Why don’t you see a doctor?”

Harry—“Do you know, I got the most awful fright the day I was married!”

Jack—“I know you did. I was in the front pew and got a good look.”

SHAKESPEARE UP-TO-DATE.

Freshman Year—A Comedy of Errors

Junior Year—Love’s Labor’s Lost.
Sophomore Year—Much Ado About Nothing.

Senior Year—All’s Well that Ends Well.—Ex.

DID YOU EVER TRY TO

Attend your class meeting?

Dodge Mr. Sims?

Get in library without an admit?

Measure the width of Anna Fox’s latest skirt?

Imagine Sarah Witwer as a suffragette?

Think of Bob Swintz as Beau Brommel?

Decide upon the color of Mr. Veler’s eyes?

Invent a correct answer in Physics?

Get on the good side of your worst teacher?

Compare Leon Livingston with glue?

One of the Place Cards at the Dedication Banquet



“Pray, let me kiss your hand,” said he,

With looks of burning love.

“I can remove my veil,” said she,

“Much easier than a glove.”

FROM AN ALUMNUS

After Visiting the New High School Building

Backward, turn backward
O years in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for tonight!

Let me be one of this eddying throng,
These laughing students who hurry along.

Who look with bright faces to futures untried,
Who are undaunted by time or by tide.

Drive haunting sorrows and dull care away,
Make me a child again, just for today.

Backward, turn backward
O stream of the years!

Far from the world with its toil and its tears.

Bring me the joys of the present-day school,
Not when the teachers of old wield the rule.

Then did we think, not of fun, but of school.

O, those were days in which rigor held sway,
Make me a student gay, just for today!

Of modern improvements we knew not a jot,
For such buildings as this were not of our lot.

How hard we did toil in those classrooms of old!

Our aim was to master all text books did hold.

Freedom like this did we ne’er enjoy then.

The community’s peace we did dare not offend.

Tiptoe to classes with very soft tread,—

Rebukes of the pedagogues best left unsaid.

Letting those by-gone days be as they may,

Would I were young again, just for one day!

What a joy to our hearts such a building would be,
With its fine decorations, a true symphony!

The magnificent halls, the broad, spacious stairs,
That towering St. George and Venus so fair.

What frolics I’d have in this beautiful “Gym,”

Which develops the students in spirit and limb.

Of its manifold beauties words cannot say,

Ah, were I a student, just for one day!

KATHLEEN MORAN.

BASKETBALL

Two regular practices have been held so far in the boys’ gym and lots of good material is at hand. Short scrimmages with lots of close fights for positions will follow. Everybody prepare for a winning team!

We owe Lane Tech. of Chicago a vote of thanks for letting us have Booth.

THE INTERLUDE

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THE IDIOTOR'S OWN COLYUM*

O me! O my! That idea of a Prize Boob competition that Ye Idiotor shied into the ring last week, is certainly popular. We get so much mail and so many claims for the honor (?) of being the Prize Boob of the school that we can't read 'em all. We print this week a few more of the better ones that may have a chance for the all-day-sucker prize.

9. Leave the prize for me in the lunch room kitchen. I thought that terrible teacher in 320 was going to catch me chewing gum again so I swallowed it. She sailed right by me in the hall and never noticed me! And it was the last stick I had, too!

Marie.

10. I leave the prize in the office, please. Kindly consider my claim. I "collared" a departing teacher (a teacher at that) and demanded to know who had excused him at that early hour. Elaborate Apologies.—

F. L. S.

11. Deliver the prize to Room 102. I carefully stowed all my garments and valuables in a locker, snapped on the padlock, and later drove home six miles on a cold night in my gymnasium suit! Don't this get me in the running? Hosie.

12. You may send the prize to the Bookstore. I rushed out an emergency order for night school books to McClurg's and addressed the letter to South Bend, Ind. After roasting McClurg's for their slowness I got the letter back! E. I. K.

13. I crammed up fit to but my skull on a set of history questions I saw on the teacher's desk just one day before a test. He sprung another set! Send the prize to my sponsor.

P. H.

14. I wondered if the paint was fresh, but decided it couldn't be, so I sat down on it. But it was! Send the prize to the clothes cleaner; he needs it! J. S.

15. I wrote a perfectly dandy excuse for a week's absence, and then spelled my dad's name wrong!



Of course Old Eagle Eye saw it, and I'm in bad at home, too, now. Send me the prize at once; I need consolation. F. L.

16.—I'm quitting school to be a newsboy. I've got enough education and I don't need your prize as I make as much as 75c a day sometimes. Floyd Wedel.

17. I tried to bluff Miss Klingel! Golly! I'm glad I'm still alive! I'll see you about the prize at The Interlude room.—Jimmie.

18. I had Jake call me up on the phone and tell me to hurry home (to the Smoke House) at once. I got excused, but blamed if the Office didn't give me a nickel and make me get on a west bound Washington avenue car and then he stood out there and watched it down to Circle street. Stung! Leave the prize at Schafer & Platner's. Jake wants it.

L. S.

P. S.—I had to walk back!

First Boy—Your father must be an awful man. Him a shoemaker and makin' you wear them torn shoes.

Second Boy—He's nothin' to what your father is. Him a dentist and your baby only got one tooth.

THE FUNERAL

Amid the lamentations of a thousand anguished spectators the mangled remains of the victims of the recent tragic explosion of the magazine known as the "Board of Control," were laid to rest in Assembly, Wednesday, Nov. 12, 1913. The identified dead were:

- A. T. Hlettes
- A. S. Semblies
- D. R. Amatics
- I. N. Terlude
- O. R. Ganizations
- C. L. Ubs
- O. R. Chestra
- D. A. Nces
- D. E. Bates
- P. A. Rties

Enough scrambled, fragmental remains were also recovered from the wreckage to account for the missing: Class Meetings, Games and Fun.

The cause of the frightful accident, whose neglect and apathy caused the horror—H. S. Spirit, was conspicuous by his absence, his remains not having been recovered.

Undertaker Sims, acting as officiating minister, pronounced the last sad rites, commenting upon the extreme depression of the occasion, the tragedy of the accident in which so many promising young lives were snuffed out, through the failure of the unhappy H. S. Spirit to perform his duty. Sobs and wails from close friends of the deceased, mingled with moans of horror and grief echoed throughout the great room. As each new victim's name was solemnly pronounced, fresh wailing would break out. When the popular young favorites, D. A. Nces and P. A. Rties were consigned to eternal rest the groans, wails and laments shook the air and echoed and re-echoed.

In speaking of the appalling results of the neglect of H. S. Spirit, who should have guarded and protected the deceased, the officiating minister pointed out that the wailing audience shared heavily in the responsibility for the catastrophe by having starved and ignored the victims, when they most needed help. He maintained that while the populace laughed and sang, played at "hokey" and "rough-housed," and shouted "We should worry," old H. S. Spirit, generally so alive and wide awake, fell into a stupor, and as his head drooped lower and lower on his breast, his ever-burning torch, fed with the oil of loyalty, with which he has for years guided the seekers after knowledge, fell into a can "faculty indignation" dynamite, which exploded, and in turn touched off barrels of "long-suffering-patience" powder. The ensuing conflagration was made worse by the presence of heavy accumulation of inflammable trash, that prevented the escape of the victims. The coroner's investigation showed that the trash piles were composed of "student apathy," "tight-wad-ism," "vandalism," "lack of leadership," and old "general irresponsibility."

"Only Gabriel and his trumpet can call the dead to life again," said the undertaker. And pending that resurrection day, a great grief and a great aching silence will hang like a pall over our cheerless school.

THE RESURRECTION

Gabriel and his trumpet in the form of The Boosters Club and their voices shocked the dead High School Spirit and his proteges into life again Thursday at 10:30 A. M.

It is true, they live again!

In speeches from some of the prominent members of the school, life was restored to the dead bodies of yesterday's victims and they rose from their graves and proclaimed their existence. They yelled and sang, laughed and cried for the sheer joy of living again.

But hark ye. "Old High School Spirit" will not only live but make something of his life. He signed a contract handed out by Gabriel to make his life better in deportment and to guard and sustain the enterprises consigned to his care.

His lost and much beloved athletics are again to be enjoyed, also The Interlude, class organizations and all other forms of student life. In the words of the poet, "The Spirit was hit with a ton of bricks, knocking a clot off its brain" and making him spring into a spritely, healthy and a "do something" sort of life.

We, the students of South Beni High, are the power that sustains the spirit. We, and we alone, can support our enterprises or let them fall. Spirit has been languishing, and finally died, tragically, in an explosion. Gabriel could not endure the thought of having so noble a personage as "High School Spirit" remain a corpse, so he tooted his bassoon and H. S. S. and his wards sprang into life with a shout.

Let's keep them alive! Let's make the life we're going to preserve, worth something.

Freshmen, remember you are no longer in the eighth grade. You are now young men and women. Act accordingly. Sophomores, remember you were Freshmen last year. Don't feel above them. Help them to become as interested in our High School affairs as you are. Juniors, be big. You will be Seniors next year. Prepare yourselves now; build a foundation on which you can stand and be an example to the underclassmen in the future. And Seniors, the responsibility now rests most heavily on us. We are supposed to set standards for the other students. Do we? Do we lead the underclassmen in the way that we should? If we do not, for Gabriel's sake, let's reform and do so from now on. If the Seniors are not up to the standard, how can you expect the others to be? It's up to us! Let's adopt the motto of the Boosters Club which is "For the honor of old South Bend High we'll measure up!"

As It Often Happens

Visitor: "Hello, Johnny! Where's that cute little kitten of yours? Did it die?"

Johnny: "No."

Visitor: "Did it run away?"

Johnny: "No."

Visitor: "Well, what happened to it?"

Johnny: "It growed into a cat!"

VENI, VEDI, VICI
(Continued from Page 2)

Asst. Ed.—Who is best equipped to write this foolishness?

Cir.—Well, the music editor has had the most experience, I guess.

Ex. Ed.—Wow! there's a hot one for you, chil'!

(At this place the assistant business manager begins to talk in his sleep).

Asst. Bus. Mgr.—How do you do! Would you like to put an advertisement in The Interlude? Yes, Anna, I'll be there in just a minute. Why, you can have a whole page ad for 50 cents a year. Yes, it's a very nice paper. I can't come now, Anna, Mr. Sims will be mad if I don't get this ad. Yes sir, we'll sell you the whole paper for \$1.00 a year. Oh, you don't want it, eh, alright, goodbye. Now I will go with you, Anna. My, it's hard getting these ads! More bother than it's good. I'd lots rather be with you! (Sleeps on).

Asst. Ed.—Well, I guess we had better not have a love story.

Eng., Lat. and Ger. Eds.—Oh, yes, let's! We are all willing to write one.

Ex. Ed.—That's the pep! If the mob would can the fussing and grind out some piffle, we'd have an overflow every week.

(Enter Mr. Sims. Editor-in-chief looks wise).

Mr. Sims—What's that, Helen?

Ex. Ed.—I merely remarked that I thought everyone should work and hand in plenty of copy.

Mr. Sims—That's right. Some of the stuff I have to look over is—

(Mr. Sims laughs the well-known laugh).

Cir.—Don't you think it would be alright to have a love story in this issue, Mr. Sims?

Mr. Sims—Yes, that's a very good idea, who will write one?

Asst. Ed.—It don't seem to me that a love story is just the thing for a school paper!

Mr. Sims—Gladys, will you write one for us?

(The music editor blushes).

Art Ed.—That's just the color for a rainy Sunday morning.

Asst. Ed.—But I said—

Mr. Sims—There will be a love story in The Interlude this week!

(The assistant business manager falls off his chair and wakes up).

Asst. Bus. Mgr. (blinking)—I move we adjourn!

Asst. Ed.—Before we go, I wish to say that after thinking it over, I have found it best to have a very mild love story in our paper.

Asst. Bus. Mgr.—I second the motion.

(Exit all in a rush, leaving the editor-in-chief in the chair).

Ed.-in-Chief—The meeting is adjourned. (Curtain).

ACT II

Scene—Home of circulator.

(The circulator is discovered talking with his father.)

Cir.—I came into The Interlude meeting today and got them to put a

love story in the next issue.

Father—Well, well!

(Curtain)

ACT III

Scene—Home of Assistant Editor. (Assistant editor is discovered talking with her mother.)

Asst. Ed.—I saw that the staff wanted a love story in The Interlude, so I let them have it.

Mother—Well, I declare!

(Curtain)

ACT IV

Scene—Home of Mr. Sims. (Mr. Sims is discovered talking to his wife.)

Mr. Sims—I conquered a little opposition on The Interlude staff today and put a love story in this week's number.

Wife—Well done!

—ROBERT SWINTZ.

GERMAN NOTES

"Die Woche," a weekly magazine issued in Berlin, is one of the finest periodicals of its kind. Too little, perhaps, do we realize the value of this magazine and our good fortune in having it included among the limited number of school periodicals.

It offers excellent reading material suiting the most varied tastes. One finds a stirring romance and the proper way to tango; the newest form of airship and the latest cut in dress; last week's political event and the historical development of eye-glasses. Practically all topics are lavishly illustrated, a feature of interest to all, whether they read German or not. Every German student in school ought to familiarize himself with this weekly, since it is as instructive as it is entertaining.

LEIDENSGEFAEHRTEN

"Es ist schrecklich: ich bin ein Bayer und heisze Maier."

"Troesten Sie sich: ich bin ein Wiener und heisze Wuerstel."

TRAURIGE FOLGEN FALSCHER
INTERPUNKTION

Nach ihm kam L. Buksling auf dem Kopfe, einen weissen Hut an den Fueszen, grosze aber geputzte Stiefel auf der Stirn, eine dunkle Wolke in seiner Hand, den unvermeidlichen Regenschirm in seinen Augen, einen drohenden Blick in finstern Schweigen.

Es saszen einmal Napoleon und etliche von seinen Freunden in der Bibliothek. Napoleon, der bekanntlich von kurzer Gestalt war, wollte ein Buch von einem hohen Schrank herunterholen, aber seine Gestalt verbot ihm dies. Da trat einer seiner Freunde heran und sagte, "Lasz mich das Buch herunterlangen, ich bin groeszer als du."

Darauf erwiderte der stolze Napoleon, "Nicht groeszer, sondern hoehler."

Miss Clark—"Now if you finish that work, you may study tomorrow's lesson, which I haven't assigned yet."

Walter M.—"I guess I didn't spend time enough on those problems, but I got all I did get—one."

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IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!
When you're foolin' in the library,
An' havin' lots o' fun,
Anglin' an' a-jabberin'
As if your time had come,
You'd better watch your corners
An' keep kinder lookin' out
Er Miss Hupp'll git you
Ef you don't watch out!

Contributor.—"What has become of that poem, 'The Turtle Dove,' I sent you?"

Editor.—"I've placed it in a pigeon hole."

Mamma—"Oh, Willie, was that little hand made to strike sister?"

Willie—"No, mamma, but it works bully!" (And he soaked her another one.)

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