

# THE INTERLUDE

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SOUTH BEND, IND. HIGH SCHOOL, FEB. 13, 1914

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BY MR. J. B. MILLER

For the second article in our series, we are fortunate in being able to get the services of Mr. J. B. Miller, the physical director of the Y. M. C. A., who for a long time coached the High School teams and always has taken a great interest in student activities. We wish to thank Mr. Miller for his interest shown by writing this article and hope that the students will appreciate it. Watch for next week's article; it will be of interest to you.

"An education from the view-point of securing the best possible equipment and preparation for a life work, is the harmonious development of the physical, intellectual and moral faculties.

Hitherto the intellectual faculties have been cared for to a much greater degree than have the other two. A more perfect balance is being brought about by the greater emphasis now placed on an all round development; we are recognizing that it is not a body nor an intellect that we are developing, but a human being.

As our physical system is the foundation for a life of continued usefulness, so the proper co-ordination of that system is the basic principle in the development of efficiency. The great work of this nation has not done by one-sided men, but by men of physical as well as of intellectual force. "Flabby-muscled boys mean pliant men who only talk; while vigorous youths promise men who will say and act and produce results."

The tendency in the past has been to regard physical training as a process of severe training for athletic competition. The effect of this system has been that "the strong have competed and grown stronger; while the weak have looked on and grown weaker." Athletic competition properly conducted not only develops the physical faculties, but exerts a wonderful influence in the formation of character. Team play, sacrificing to another for the sake of the team, honorable treatment of opponents, the discouraging of the evasion of the rules and the necessity for self-control, all exert an influence in the development of character. It has been said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the football fields of Eaton. It might be said that the business ethics of the future will be the result of fair play upon the playground.

Adequate facilities and supervision have been provided that you young people of South Bend may secure an all round development. Your obligation has been greatly increased by the tremendous increase of your opportunity. Recognize your physical life as a part of you and pursue your education in an effort to secure a

perfect balance of your faculties, realizing that "no perfect brain ever crowns an imperfectly developed body."

## THAT SENIOR PENNY FAIR

Yes, it cost me fifty cents to attend that grafters' convention, but it was worth it all right. I have had my money taken from me in various ways, all more or less ingenious, but the most wonderful "quick-touch" artists it has ever been my misfortune to meet were to be found at the Penny Fair operating in full blast. And such clever advertisements as they all used. Their "bally-hoo" men were imported direct from the side-shows of Barnum and Bailey, Ringling Bros., Sells and Forepaugh, and the Gentry circuses. Of all the leather-lunged, brass larynxed maniacs that infest the globe and exploit the public, these were the worst. And in this day of woman suffrage, the "bally-hoo's" include many a fair female whose face is familiar to all the family. (Get the alliteration.)

The first thing that I saw when I entered the school was Mr. Kizer. Now Mr. Kizer always means "dig up your money" to me, so I promptly dug up.

"Will 25 cents worth be enough?" I asked.

"That will start you fairly well," he replied.

As I turned from his desk the most bewildering babel of voices greeted me. One young lady, genus Freshmanus, who has always preserved a decorous mien in hall and class up to that fatal evening, seized me by the arm and bellowed into my ear some jargon concerning the extreme desirability of visiting the "Bridal Chay-amber." She then seized three of my 25 red tickets and pushed me off down the hall. I have not yet discovered what the Bridal Chamber was.

No time to meditate was given me, however. A bass voiced son-of-a-steam-whistle whispered to me in dulcet tones that a show such as kings have seldom witnessed was in progress near by. For the price of one red ticket, I entered this den of iniquity. It was called the "Hall of Science." When they switched off the lights to show their wonderful X-ray, a young gentlemen whose name is Tommy begged me with tears in his voice to throw a little glass bulb which is filled with some brown liquid. The vulgar call them "stink bombs." I remembered my Christian bringing-up, however, and returned Tommy his pill. When the lights were switched on we (the poor hay-rubes) were ushered into the swimming match. I haven't the heart to tell you what the swimming match was. You who were also stung will readily see my point.

From here I was pushed, coaxed,

shoved, kicked and pulled through half a dozen "chambers of horrors." When I arrived at the wicket of Al. G. Duxtader's greater minstrels I discovered that my ticket supply had given out. It was then that I realized that E. I. K. was quite right about 25 tickets starting me. I bought 25 more. With three of these I saw the afore-mentioned greater minstrels. These should have been called the "Greatest Minstrels." They were the greatest graft that ever hit this burg.

Coming from these splendid minstrels, I was stopped by the crowd which had gathered about a booth which I couldn't see. I am curious by nature so I waded in. After a few minutes' struggle I reached the counter. Here two imported specimens of idiocy were vending for one ticket a glass of some fluid which looked like red-ink and tasted like —but there, there; never mind. These two clerks were howling at the tops of their voices about the many virtues of their drink. They guaranteed it to contain strychnine, arsenic, peruna and various other invigorating ingredients.

At this point my better senses deserted me and I witnessed in quick succession the Junior Art Gallery and the Sophomore Museum, and found myself at the gates of what I supposed to be another variety of "quick touch" shop. It had all the ear-marks in fact. The howling spielers were present. Through them I learned that a French Musical Comedy was in progress, that they played a new show every performance. Two tickets admitted me to any seat in the house. The seat that I took was in the front. Front row seats are usually at a premium in musical comedies, so I considered myself fortunate. Then I looked around for the ten-piece orchestra that the bally-hoo's had howled about. No orchestra was near but one, Laddy McAlpine, who was pounding out stale ragtime with the same skill and technique that is exhibited by a drunken organ grinder. And then I tumbled. Then tenpiece orchestra referred to Laddie's ten fingers. Those bally-hoos were surely delicate humorists. But the show. Ah! that show! Words fail me! My tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth! My heart pounds my third rib from the bottom on the left side! Just think of it!

When "Slender" Happ was shot by "Shorter-and-Uglier" Bondurant with a cap pistol which refused to work, I laid back and made my peace with Heaven. But not so fast! When with a lightning spring "S. and U." Bondurant alights safely in the sheltering bosom of his lady love, one "Two Ton" Betts, I knew that my mind had left, and that I was stark, staring mad.

## ATHLETICS

South Bend (109) Knox (5)  
Allen (Capt.)...R. F..... Gray  
van den Bosch...L. F..... Johnson  
Forster.....C. .... Lucas  
Cotrell.....R. G..... Moorman,  
Phillips

Staples .....L. G..... Polk  
Summary: Field Goals—Allen (26), Forster (14), van den Bosch (8), Staples (4), Lucas (2), Cottrell. Free Throws—Allen (3), Gray. Referee—Miller, Springfield. Timekeeper—Burnham, "Y." Halves—20-20.

A new athletic rival was met by South Bend and completely overthrown in the Knox-South Bend basketball game, Saturday, Jan. 31, in the Y. M. gym. It was the first time that any tile had ever been held between these two schools in any line of sport and so opened a new but apparently weak line of competition.

The game started off rapidly with Allen much in prominence, the little captain dropping the ball through the net from all imaginable angles—one-two—three—as fast as the average man could keep track of. In less than five minutes South Bend had made a score of 25 points, ten field goals of which were scored by Allen. Throughout the half the play was fast with snappy teamwork featuring, and a score of 59 points was chalked up by the time the first period ended. Allen now had a total of 16 baskets and everything looked bright for a state record; also it looked easy for 100 points, so Coach Metzler sent the same men back with instructions to be sure and cross the century mark.

As the second half started all of the locals were over anxious to score, with the serious result that the first five minutes dragged slowly with no one hitting the basket. Soon, however, Forster cropped out with a basket and "started the ball a-dropping" again. Herb played well throughout the half, running his total of scored goals up to 15, second only to the peerless Allen who set a wonderful (and as far as anyone knows) a state record with the enviable total of 26 from the field. The total score was also pushed well over the century mark reaching 109 points tying that score which was made against Goshen last year. Cotrell and Staples at guards held their men scoreless, while one free throw and two goals from field by the visitor's center proved their only scores.

## INTERCLASS STANDING

	Played	Won	Lost	Pct.
Juniors .....	7	6	1	.857
Sophomores...	7	4	3	.572
Seniors .....	7	2	5	.286
Freshmen....	7	2	5	.286

South Bend vs. Crawfordsville  
Friday, Feb. 13, Y. M. C. A.—7:30  
p. m. That is tonight! Come!!



## WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

As a searching test of "all round" knowledge the examination given annually in the Friends' School, Germantown, Pa., is also well adapted for use by the general reader. The questions are intended for boys and girls from 13 to 18, and the average percentage of correct answers ranges from 40 per cent in the lower to 50 per cent in the higher classes.

## General Information Test

First Month 5, 1914.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

1. The President of the United States.
2. The Secretary of State.
3. The American Ambassador to Great Britain.
4. The engineer of the Panama Canal.
6. The King of England.
7. The Prime Minister of England.
8. The political party now in power at Washington, D. C.
9. The political organization recently defeated in the New York City municipal election.
10. The new national revenue tax.
11. The neighboring country in a state of revolution.
12. The general who led the Carthaginians over the Alps.
13. The man who first circumnavigated the globe.
14. The original thirteen colonies.
15. The cities that have been capitals of our country.
16. The city that was saved by geese.

## II

In what field or office have the following become prominent? Give nationality, also state whether contemporary or historical. 17, Leonardo da Vinci; 18, Alfred Noyes; 19, Huerta; 20, William Sulzer; 21, Martin Luther; 22, Winston Churchill; 23, Madame Homer; 24, Rembrandt; 25, Rabindranath Tagore.

## III

What historical or literary associations are connected with the following? Tell what nations were involved. 26, Waterloo; 27, the Treaty of Ghent; 28, Trafalgar; 29, the Statue of Liberty; 30, the Craigie House; 31, Islam; 32, the 4th of July; 33, Gettysburg; 34, Domesday Book; 35, Jamestown, Virginia.

## IV

Name the city referred to by each of the following expressions: 36, Gotham; 37, the Smoky City; 38, the Windy City; 39, the City of David; 40, the Eternal City; 41, the City of Brotherly Love; 42, the South American Paris; 43, the Hub of the Universe.

## V

44. Where should the signature be placed on a check? Where the indorsement? Who does the writing in each case, and what does he write?  
46. Explain o.k.; i.e.; B.C.; M.D.  
49. What were the Kalends and the Ides?

## VI

Who was the national hero of: 51, Switzerland; 52, Scotland; 53, Holland; 54, Celtic Britain; 55, Italy; 56, Ireland?

## VII

Locate by country: 57, Vancouver; 58, the Amazon; 59, the Apennines; 60, Stockholm; 61, Vera Cruz; 62, Florence.

## VIII

Who was: 63, the Maid of Orleans; 64, the Father of his Country; 65, the Scourge of God; 66, the Little Corporal; 67, the Iron Chancellor; 68, Le Grand Monarque?

## IX

69. What is the cost of letter postage to England? France? Canada?

70. What curse rested upon King Midas?

71. What is raw water? How are its dangers averted?

73. What is a "ship of the desert"? a chronometer?

74. What is a semaphore? a carbureter?

75. Who wrote "The Waverly Novels"? "Little Women"?

76. Of what play is "Rosalind" a heroine? "Titania"?

77. Who were Jove? Diana?

78. Who were Circe? Pandora?

79. Express 32 degrees Fahrenheit in the Centigrade scale.

80. If a clock were gaining, would you lengthen or shorten its pendulum?

81. Show by two figures the difference between two square inches and two inches square.

82. What is the cube root of 125?

83. Define hexameter, kilometer, cyclometer.

84. Who slew Sisera?

85. Where is the "Mona Lisa" now?

87. Name one of the great composers of symphonies.

88. Who decorated the Sistine Chapel in Rome?

89. What great American artist helped decorate the interior of the Boston Public Library?

90. What distinguished American is now completing the art decorations in the Pennsylvania State Capital building at Harrisburg?

## X

Identify by naming author or work:

91. "England expects every man to do his duty."

12. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

93. "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives me to see the right."

94. "I wander'd lonely as a cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills."

95. "This above all: to thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

96. "Veni, vidi, vici."

97. "God's in His heaven:

All's well with the world."

98. "But oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still."

99. "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

100. "The pale purple even

Melts around thy flight;

Like a star of heaven

In the broad daylight

Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight."

In reprinting these questions we have omitted numbers 5, 45, 47, 48, 50, 72 and 86, for the reason that they relate to purely local matters. Some of the answers given in the Germantown Friends' School are amusing:

Name the American Ambassador to Great Britain. Ans. Mrs. Pankhurst.

William Sulzer,—running of President of Mexico; Martin Luther,—a Methodist minister who wrote hymns; Madame Homer,—a French woman who invented radium; a Greek singer.

What is raw water? How are its dangers averted? Ans. By not drinking it.

What is a semaphore? Ans. A boy in his second year at college.

## TABLOID DRAMA

Scene: The Auditorium.

Time: Minstrel practice.

Characters: The cast of the minstrel show.

Director: Now, Dorothy Dally, you say to Fritz, "Did you ever hear the story of the dirty shirt?" He'll say, "No." Then you say "That's one on you." Get that?

D. D.: All right. Here goes.

"Say, Mistah Fishah, did you evah heah de story of de duhty shuht?"

F. F.: I don't know as I did. Shell it.

D. D.: You've got one on.

(Curtain.)

## POOR TILLY'S ALMANAC

Tilly believes that "pep" and baking power can raise anything.

She says "Penmanship is like fly paper. Get in, you never get out."

She says, "Geometry is like proving your house is on the corner of your lot instead of the middle where it ought to be."

Tilly brings Physics right down into her kitchen, for she says, "Big brothers and not cookies exhibit great adhesion; but little sisters and dish washing have a tendency to draw apart."

Tilly says, "Themes are like dumpings. You never can tell whether they will rise or fall."

I have heard her exclaim many a time, "Don't put what knowledge you have away in the refrigerator. It might mould."

Willie and Tommy are two youngsters who are pugilistically inclined. The other day the following conversation took place between them:

"Aw," said Willie, "you're afraid to fight—that's all it is."

"Naw, I'm not," protested Tommy, stoutly, "but if I fight, my ma'll find it out and lick me."

"How'll she find it out, eh?"

"She'll see the doctor goin' to your house."

## TEN COMMANDMENTS TO THE FRESHMEN

1. Remember in the study hall to be silent lest thou shouldst suffer the indignity of an eleventh hour.

2. Five days shalt thou strive with Latin, English, and algebra; two days shalt thou rest and weep over such as thou hast yet to strive for.

3. Honor thy instructors and instructresses lest thy hours of school be not unduly lengthened.

4. Thou shalt not commit any wrong such as chewing gum, throwing paper wads, or cutting classes.

5. Thou shalt be prompt.

6. Nor shalt thou report of thy fellow student things which concern thee not.

7. Covet not thy neighbor's algebra solutions, his Latin translations, nor yet his history outlines lest in finals thy mind shouldst be vacant by reason of thy covetousness.

8. Commit not ravages upon possessions (pens, pencils, etc.) of thy fellow students, for as thou doest, so shalt thou be done.

9. Thou shalt not loiter in the hall lest the eyes of the principal be upon thee, and ye be "canned."

10. Know that the eyes of the seniors, of the juniors and yet of the sophomores be upon thee and keep thou these commandments, lest thou be chastised.

## A LAMENT

Caesar's dead and buried,

And so is Cicero;

And where those two old gents have gone

I wish their works would go.

Teacher—What figure of speech is this, Johnnie: "I love my teacher."

Johnnie: "Sarcasm."

## NOBLE PURPOSE

Ed. Twomey—"Father, when I graduate and get my diploma, I am going to have it framed and give it to you."

Mr. Twomey—"No, my lad, when you graduate, I shall be long dead. Give it to your grandson."

## NUMBER 9,999,784,432

"Hello, Jake, fishin'?"

"Naw, drownin' worms."

## UP-TO-DATE MILKMAN

"What are you giving your cows now in the way of yalactagogues?" asked the professor of the milkman.

"O," said the milkman, who was a Purdue graduate, "Their sustenance is wholly of vegetable origin, rich in chlorophyll and opulent in butyrateous qualities."

"A pint if you please," said the "prof."

"Git up," said the educated milkman.

## What Did the Pharmacist Think?

Miss Porter began the commotion By buying some boracic lotion.

She then gave a sneeze,

"Now a drop 'er too, please."

The clerk's face expressed strange emotion.



## THE NEW RECRUIT

"Train for South Port, Greenwood, Franklin, Edinburg, Columbus, New Albany, and Louisville. Track number four. Leaves in three minutes. Train for—"

"Please, sir, can you tell me—"

But the drawl did not cease, "Richmond, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. Train on track number five leaves in five minutes."

The timid little woman braced herself for another effort. Then turning to the deep-voiced train caller she ventured to ask. "Please sir, can—" But his back was turned and he disappeared, rapidly in the thronging crowds, to continue his long drawn out calls, which warn the sleepy country cousins that their black steeds are ready to pull them home again, and hasten to his train the busy city man. Amy Holloway brushed aside a threatening tear, with her work-hardened hand and bit her lower lip. "I wonder if no one in the city cares for a poor country girl. Charlie boy does, I know, but why didn't he meet me here, like he said he would? Surely something has happened to dear brother. Oh, I wish he would come!"

Slowly she dragged her heavy suitcase back to the waiting room. The afternoon sun was streaming in through the west window of the depot, and it lit up her anxious face as she sank slowly to the bench.

That same afternoon Charles D. Holloway sat in his office literally swamped with work. His car awaited him at the curb. He glanced at the clock. "Fifteen minutes till train time," he muttered. "I guess I can work another five minutes." But he worked longer than he had expected and when he looked up again he only had five minutes. "When," he whistled, as he grabbed his hat and slammed the door of his office. He reached the curb and jumped into the waiting auto.

"How long to get to the station, Jim?"

"Don't know boss," returned the colored driver, "Dar's a parade down on Washington street."

"We's got to make it in five minutes, Jim, we must!"

"I try boss."

The distance to be traversed was not great but it lay through the center of the city which was then blocked by a parade of the tub-skirted, yellow bannered, art modelled suffragettes. To go a round about way, Jim decided as the shortest.

To go this way in five minutes meant they must average 40 miles an hour. The car started with a lurch and quickly the wheels were stirring the dust.

The first corner was safely turned and down the quarter-mile straight-away they sped. The next turn they whizzed by a telegraph pole. Using the horn and gasoline freely, the startled passersby thought they were dare-devils.

Charles hung on the back seat like a drowning man to the bottom of an overturned boat. On! they rushed and on! Now the car slackened up its speed a trifle to make another turn.

The car skidded but was soon under control again and the speedometer once more registered 45 miles per hour. There remained but one more turn to make and as they slowed down again, Charles grinned for he believed he would make it after all.

"Halt!" The emergency brake brought them to a stop and they were under arrest for speeding.

While Charles was in the patrol wagon with his car in the rear headed for the police station, Amy waited in the station. The crowds surged by and the sun sank lower in the west and still she waited.

She dared not venture from the station, for Charlie had forgotten to put his address on the letter, besides no one would pay any attention to her if she did inquire the way.

The station policeman noticed the anxious face on his frequent rounds and ventured nearer to see if he could help her. Upon learning her brother was C. D. Holloway, the real-estate man, he hastened to a directory.

Meanwhile let us turn our attention to Charles. When he found himself before the jail in place of the depot his remarks were such as are usually represented in the comic supplement by exclamation points, question marks and asterisks. "Well, hurry up and fine me," he growled, "my sister's waiting for me at the depot."

"Sorry, partner, but the judge won't be here for two hours."

Again there was a string of oaths, followed by "Let me use your telephone and I'll call a taxi to go after her."

"You can do that if you like but I understand the telephone girlies are all in the parade."

"Well, what the devil am I going to do? Sis has never been in the city before and she doesn't know where I live." The two hours following seemed like years of torment. He cursed Jim, the police, telephone girls, himself and everyone else. But at last the time came, the judge walked in leisurely and court was called to order.

"City vs. Charles D. Holloway," read the clerk. "What's the charge?" asked the judge.

"Exceeding the speed limit in violation of city ordinance 1881. Also a charge of excess profanity in violation of section 726 of the state statutes, your honor."

"Are you the defendant?" turning to Charles. "I am," he answered. "Guilty or not guilty?" questioned the judge.

"Guilty. What's the fine?"

"Now, don't be in a hurry, young man. The judge followed with an excellent 15 minute lecture. Addressing Charles again he said: "Your fine is \$10 on each charge

with the costs of the trial added in."

"Here's your money," Charles shouted. "Jim, start the car." In five minutes he was in front of the depot, fortunately for the station policeman was starting away with his new found bride on his arm and the address of her brother in his pocket.

Amy radiantly explained and Charles took the proffered hand, although grudgingly after his recent experience with blue-coats, but he managed to say, "I am glad sis will be near me forever." When they were seated in the car, Amy asked, "Charlie, did they have that great suffrage parade here today? You know the paper down at Needham said it would be a great show."

"I guess they had it all right." He grinned in spite of himself, thinking of all that the parade had brought about.

"You have certainly got a new recruit for suffrage." E. H.

## COMMERCIAL DEPT. NOTES.

Mrs. Van Halst reports that there were a number of typewriting students who took the accuracy test and succeeded in winning high honors, in other words A plus. James Wolfe deserves special mention, he having finished the test without one error. The others who finished with A plus grades were Ina Yost, Eleanor Gaik, Rosa Probst and Margaret Ryan. The pupils who won especial merit in the speed test were Mildred Hasse with 63 words per minute; Ethel Weaver, 59 words; Florence Anderson, 58 words; Edith Barth, 57 words; Verna Sommerer, 57 words.

The commercial department is gaining in popularity, judging from the number of students taking up its courses. The enrollment is as follows: Commercial Law, 36; Commercial Geography, 33; Commercial Arithmetic, 34. Fifty-four new students are beginning Bookkeeping, while the II and III classes are just as large as ever.

I did not attempt to count the large numbers in the penmanship classes. They are both crowded to their fullest capacity. About 30 who wanted to take up this subject were turned away, broken hearted, because of their inability to get into "Hosey's" penmanship class.

Nineteen penmanship certificates have been awarded this year so far to students who have completed this subject. A number of others will finish in a very short time.

Helen Geyer made a very remarkable record in penmanship. She finished the course in one semester, and was given two credits, the number allowed for finishing this subject.

Pat — "What is this shorthand like, Mr. Wells?"

Mr. Wells—"Oh, not so hard first part, but takes hard work to get the speed at the end of the course."

Pat (resignedly) — "What's the use; everything needs brains or speed. I guess I'll have to stick to penmanship." (This conversation actually took place).

## Results—(Jan. 29)

Freshmen (14), Seniors (10).  
Sophomores (12), Juniors (10).

## Results—(Feb. 4)

Juniors (15), Seniors (12).  
Sophomores (19), Freshmen (5).

## South Bend (33) Nappanee (22)

Allen (Capt.)...R. F. .... Berger  
van den Bosch...L. F. .... Hoover  
Forster.....C. .... Warner  
Staples.....R. G. Coppes (Capt.)  
Cotrell.....L. G. .... Branson  
Summary: Field Goals—Allen (7), Forster (5), Hoover (5), van den Bosch (4), Coppes (3), Berger. Free Throws—Berger (3), Allen, Hoover. Referee—Warsaw. Halves—20-20.

in the poorest game played by South Bend to date but a hard, close struggle throughout, against luck and their opponents, the local tossers drew the long end of a 33-22 score at Nappanee (Friday, Feb. 6). From the first toss up the possession of the ball was about even, although the locals shot oftener at the basket and missed. The prime cause for this was the arrangement of the court, a long floor with no "out of bounds" on the sides. This caused many bruises and bangs against the wall. Next, there were heavy beams across the ceiling barely eight feet above the playing (which hindered long passes) and lights placed right over the bank-boards in such a manner that it blinded a player who was not used to them. Also the baskets were wobbly affairs and many shots fell dead upon striking the rim. Starting under these handicaps South Bend played a slow game for the first half and came out only one point to the good, the score standing 9 to 8 when the half closed.

The second half started with the same kind of play and the score remained near a tie for the following 10 minutes. Nappanee also seemed to have South Bend's signals and were jumping in ahead on nearly every play.

With only a few minutes left to play, Forster loomed up brightly and seemed to have struck his gait. He, together with Allen, ran the ball down the field and between them caged 5 goals in rapid succession and placed South Bend in such a lead that the few South Bend rooters felt ready to swallow the lumps which had been stuck in their throats for nearly half an hour.





## BOOK-FARMIN' AN' CORN

The Welty family lived on a farm not far from Bingsville. Their land was known for miles around as being "too poor to sprout beans." The fact was that Mr. Welty had overworked the land, as had his father before him, without a thought of ever improving it. He wouldn't "stoop" to let any "city dude" give him any advice on "Scientific Agriculture." He lost heavily on his corn crop and only managed to get along financially by skimping and saving, and as he put it sarcastically, he didn't have "no money to throw away on improvin' the soil."

The little scene, which I am about to relate, took place on Friday evening. His two boys of 12 and 16 years were talking quietly. Mrs. Welty was knitting and Mr. Welty was reading the newspaper by the dim light of the kerosene lamp. Suddenly Mr. Welty laughed heartily.

"Ha! ha! ha! That's the best yet. So they're going to teach agriculture in the school. So the paper says, them there legislators down at the capitol, has made another new-fangled law, requirin' agriculture to be taught in school—and here in the country, too—learnin' you kids a lot of boo-hoo and nonsense. Then you can come home and learn your pa how to farm!"

"Well," answered John, his oldest son, "what's wrong with that?"

"Only this," returned his father, "that a lot of fellows who never seen a cow, or who don't know how to hitch up a team, 'll try to learn you a lot of fol-de-rol 'look-farmin' what don't amount to shucks! Pshaw, I've forget more 'n they ever knew 'bout farmin'."

"I had thought of taking it up in school" returned John.

"Stuff and nonsense," ridiculed his father. "It's a waste of time!"

"Why pa," ventured Warren, the younger son, whose district school had begun a week before High School, "we've been having something about Scientific Agriculture' in our school."

"Worse and more of it," rejoined his father. "Ha! ha! ha! So its 'Scientific.' First I ever knew farmin' to be 'scientific.'"

"Why Mead," broke in his wife, "I think there is some good in it. Perhaps, you don't know what's being taught."

"I don't eh? I got bam-foozled into listenin' to one of them 'crack-brains' once. He talked something 'bout growin' two blades of grass in place of one, an' 'bout growin' two ears of corn where one grew before. It's all stuff and nonsense, and in other words—it can't be did!"

"Oh, it's not so impossible," returned his wife. "You know as well as I do, that there are more than twice as many stalks of wheat in some spots on this farm, than in others."

"Well, maybe. The back forty, which is the only loam on the place will grow twice as many stalks as the 15 acres of sand over toward

Brown's," he admitted sarcastically.

"It's not so much that it's sand or loam, only the one has considerable plant food in it and the other has not," returned Mrs. Welty.

"It's got what in it?" he asked sarcastically.

"Plant-food. You see I've been readin' up on this here 'scientific agriculture. The night Miss Perkins stayed here, last spring, we got to talkin' about this 'scientific' agriculture, and she showed a book of her'n and it looked interesting and sensible. She told me where to write to get no end of readin' for the askin', at Washington."

"Well, such stuff may look 'interesting and sensible and be good readin' but when it comes to being 'practical,' that's different. Most any fairy-tale is fair readin' but when it comes to applying it to farmin',—you can't do it!"

He took up his paper again for he wanted to avoid any further discussion and he feared that any flimsy argument he might present wouldn't stand well against those of his wife, especially if she had read up on her side. But his wife was not inclined to leave the argument as long at least, as she had the best of it.

"Why," she said, "it's not all fable. You see it's like this. The fresh new soil is like a cupboard full of victuals, but if you eat out of there very long and don't put anything back, 'fore long it 'll be empty. The same with you. You have grown corn on the 15 acres near Brown's, and harvested it as close to the ground as you could and never put a thing back. You know as well as I do, that it won't grow as good corn now as it did years ago. I'll read you what the book I've got says—"

"It sounds well enough about the cupboard full of victuals. I suppose you'd leave the fodder in the field, and let the cattle starve."

"Well," she said, "just listen," and she read the following from a government bulletin:

"Some growers, from force of habit perhaps, every spring plant corn on land which they know is too poor to produce a profitable crop. While this practice continues, the soil, as well as the farmer will remain poor—"

"Say," he broke in "that's a capital novel, so it is!"

She continued to read on for a time without further interruption. She read how soil could be made to grow profitable crops, by correct fertilization, and further on a passage appeared which stated that under careful cultivation and fertilization, and proper selection of seed, that a yield of 90 bushels to the acre was not unusual.

"It's a darn lie!" he exclaimed. "The best farmer what ever lived couldn't get more'n 30 bushels of corn off from any acre on this place, without fiddlin' with that fol-de-rol stuff!"

"You never tried any of this 'fol-de-rol' stuff as you call it," she returned.

"Nor never will, he declared. "I

wouldn't be afraid to bet a hundred dollars on it, that I can grow better corn my way than can be grown in the same field by that new fangled method!"

"I'll take you up on that. I'll use my own money to make the necessary investment to carry out the experiment and prove—"

"Yes, you'll 'prove' that the 'investment' won't bring you 15 bills to the hundred dollars, and you'll find the stuff to be what I say it is—all fol-de-rol!"

"John and Warren will help me," she continued, "and you can choose the field to work in."

"Take the north half of the 15 acres by Brown's."

"That's a bargain," she declared.

Someone suggested going to bed and soon the house had grown quiet and all were asleep. The next morning all rose early, hurried the work through, and drove to the city for the day. On the way Mrs. Welty suggested that perhaps he would go with her to hear a free lecture by Mr. Rice, on "Soil Fertility," in the afternoon. He stoutly refused at first but in the afternoon he changed his mind, and was induced to go with another farmer who lived a few miles from the Welty farm. Mr. Welty suggested sitting in the back of the room, near the door, so they might be able to get out as soon as the talk was over.

What Mr. Rice said convinced him thoroughly that something was decidedly wrong with his present system. At the close of the lecture, Mr. Rice announced that, as he was employed by the state department, he would be glad to make soil analysis and recommend the correct fertilizer, for any resident in the county. When the meeting closed Mr. Welty decided that he would see Mr. Rice, personally.

"Mr. Rice," he said, "if its convenient for you, I should like you to come out to my place next week, and make some soil analysis. My place is so poor now, that even live-forever won't grow on it! I expect it 'll take nigh a train load of fertilizer 'fore it will, either!" He gave the necessary information for reaching the farm, and as he turned to walk away, there stood his wife, smiling broadly. He could have avoided her there, if possible, but he made the best of the situation.

"H'm," he said, "he's not such a 'crack-brain' after all. I've just asked him to come out, and make a little soil analysis, to our place next week."

C. C.

Can't read nuthin';  
Can't write nuthin';  
Can't sing nuthin';

That's true!

Can't hear nuthin';  
Can't see nuthin';  
Can't think nuthin'

But you!

Customer—"Waiter, this coffee's nothing but mud!"

Waiter—"Correct you are, sir; it was ground this morning."

## AS "ITHERS" SEE US

"The Interlude. You have put out an excellent little paper. We hear you will have to discontinue because of the actions of the students. Your offense must have been very serious to have the faculty impose such severe penalties. It is a pity that the innocent must ever suffer with the guilty."—The Retina, Toledo, O. Their consolation comes late, but we appreciate it howsomever.

"The Interlude, your paper is very interesting."—The Tattler, Newport, Ky.

"The Interlude, a newsy little paper. Come often."—The Mirror, Coldwater, Mich. We will.

The Caldron at Fort Wayne, says: "Your paper is great this week. We wish to congratulate you on your original jokes, snappy news items, and excellent cartoons." Thank you, thank you. We seldom get 'em in bunches like that. We have already told you what an excellent paper we think you have.

There are three new exchanges this week. The Rained-Up from Douglas, Wyo., The Vigornia from Worcester, Mass., and The Normal Advance from Indiana State Normal at Terre Haute.

The Vigornia is a good weekly and coming from a boys' academy, naturally makes a point of athletics, and they are well written.

The Round-Up has rounded up a great deal of news, but I guess they forgot about cartoons and cuts, etc.

The Normal Advance wastes a good bit of space at the ends of departments and has no cartoons or cuts. Otherwise it is very good.

We also received and enjoyed the following:

The Courier, Cincinnati, O.

College Chips, Decorah, Ia.—Improving.

The Crimson, Goshen, Ind. Good, as usual.

The Retina, Toledo, O. Splendid, but rather large to handle easily.

The Tattler, Newport, Ky. Good looking cover.

The Mirror, Coldwater, Mich. Wee but interesting.

The Vista, Greenville, Ill. Good.

The Habit, Salina, Kan. Another original cover.

The Booster, Indianapolis, Ind. Very newsy. Keep coming.

The X-Ray, Anderson, Ind. Always good.

The Purple and White, Phoenixville, Pa. A very classy cover.

The Sentor, Lake Forest, Ill.

The N. D. Scholastic, Notre Dame.

The Red and Blue Gazette, Aurora, Ill.

The Trapeze, Oak Park, Ill.

Shortridge Daily Echo, Indianapolis, Ind.

When is a joke not a joke.

Usually.

A young theologian named Fiddle, Refused to accept his degree; "For," said he "'tis enough to be Fiddle, Without being Fiddle D. D."



## THE INTERLUDE

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### SOUTH BEND'S POLICE WOMEN

In accordance with the many demands editorially and otherwise for a South Bend police woman, the High School, as usual, has set the precedent for the rest of the city and we now have a fine force of them patrolling our halls. Be careful that you don't have the pleasure of being nabbed by one of them.

### THE OVID CLASS

We have offered this semester a new course in Latin which will be of great aid to many. The study of Latin poetry is always a delight, and those who can not spend a whole year on Vergil can secure in one semester some of the first principles of classic poetry. Here's hoping there will be a large class!

### HOW DID IT LOOK?

How did "what" look? Why, your card, of course. Was it the kind of a card which likes to hide itself from the cold glare of publicity or was it a card which delights in being examined by the critical eyes of the "folks" at home? 'Fess up. Weren't you ashamed to let father look at that card full of "D's" and didn't you wish just for a minute that those "D's" would suddenly change into "B's" or even "A's"? And you "A" student, didn't you feel that your time was well spent, and weren't you glad you were able to answer cheerfully the question: "How did it look?" You all answer "yes." Of course, I knew you would all the time!

"What does a billiard ball do when it stops?"

"Why, that's senseless, it stops doesn't it?"

"No, you silly, it looks round."

### A TRIPLE PLAY



BACK TO DEAN MILLER TO SNYDER:  
WOW! LOOK AT THE SKINNY SUCKER!

### THE LES MISERABLES PICTURES

"Fine," said the teachers and "Fine," said the pupils, after seeing Victor Hugo's famous book enacted on the screen. The showing of these pictures marks a new epoch in this school's history. We have never before been so fortunate as to see a famous book played for us. O yes, you can see them dramatized, but when they are dramatized, one can not see the costumes and settings of the time as well as when taken in motion pictures. The motion pictures are more instructive for they can portray the whole book and not just parts of it. They are educative, for not one pupil out of ten would sit down and read the book, while most pupils take advantage of the opportunity of seeing it played. Let us hope that we may see more of this kind of pictures here at school and that schools in other cities may be fortunate enough to see them also.

### ASSEMBLIES

At the regular assembly which was held at 11 o'clock on Wednesday, Jan. 28, we were addressed by Dr. T. H. Bancroft. Dr. Bancroft is an old soldier, and one who has had a very unusual experience. He was present at Ford's theatre on the night Lincoln was shot. He gave to us a very vivid picture of this disastrous event, making it almost as real to us as though we had been eye-witnesses. Dr. Bancroft has been traveling all over the country for the past 20 years, lecturing to high schools and colleges on the same subject, and is a reliable authority. We are glad we were among those schools, and had the opportunity to hear Dr. Bancroft.

On Wednesday, Feb. 4, we enjoyed an extremely interesting, enjoyable as well as instructive lecture, with Princeton university as the subject. The lecture was illustrated with many beautiful slides giving us an insight into the everyday life at that college. At this assembly, also, we attempted to sing our "school song." This "attempt" perhaps made us realize, or should have at least, our need of a real lively school song. Or if not a new song, why not have enough spirit and loyalty to learn the old one?

### ATHLETES MEASURE UP

That "measure up" spirit has certainly hit the athletic men! At the time of our little "squabble" everyone was given the impression that all the athletes were flunking out and forgetting their studies entirely. Perhaps they were at that time but just take a look at the present record set by the basketball squad. Of the entire first team not one failed in a single subject. Better than that, three of the men carried home cards adorned with 6 "A's" (deportment and application marks not included). The following is the record set by this year's squad of basketball "regs":

Allen	..... 6 "A's"	
van den Bosch	.. 6 "A's"	
Staples	..... 6 "A's"	
Cotrell	..... 5 "A's"	1 "B+"
Elbel	..... 4 "A's"	1 "B+"
Forster	..... 3 "A's"	2 "B+"
Total	..... 30 "A's"	4 "B's"

Out of of 34 subjects.

The backs of all of these cards were also adorned with Mr. Sims' private little comment "Good record," etc. These facts certainly prove that athletics are not detrimental to the scholastic success of all athletes.

### WELCOME FRESHMEN

Among the Freshmen who have joined us so recently are several who are not entirely strange to us. For instance, there is Genevieve Shidler—why, anyone would know the minute he gazed on her round face she could be nothing less than a cousin to our Madelon. We welcome "Fritz" Livingston, "Mad" Livingston's brother. There is Kathleen Berry, the Freshman daughter of a certain popular member of our faculty who shows promise already of becoming a shining star; and that little "rough-houser," Helene Westervelt, whose sister was so familiar a figure in the old high school a few years ago—but that was before our day, so we'll give Helene the glad hand without asking for credentials.

Could any one miss Frank Martin! Perhaps we students do not remember the numerous members of the Martin family who once graduated from old South Bend High, but the faculty have not forgotten. Watch out, Frank, they have their eyes on you!

We're glad to welcome these and all the many other members of that Freshman class, and sincerely hope they will live up to the examples set by their honorable predecessors, especially in regard to The Interlude. Be loyal to your paper, Freshmen, contribute to it, all of you, and most particularly remember to subscribe for it.

Teacher: Give the principal parts of "tango."

Pupil: Tango, tangere, turki, trotum.

"I wonder how that poor jeweler manages to live. He never has any customers."

"Perhaps he eats the carats off his diamonds."—Ex.

### ANOTHER RAT'S TALE

(For children only.)

Although this is a Rats' Tale, it is not as long as are some rats' tails. Kiungsi, a small village in China, was once so infested with rats that the boys had them for pets, the grown folks for pests, and the babies instead of playing with rattles, played with rats. The people hated them so heartily that they decided to eliminate from the dictionary any words that could possibly suggest the vermin to them; accordingly, the use of such words as ratify, rataplan, and rat-a-tat was considered extremely bad taste.

The people finally became so desperate, that they put their heads together and concocted a scheme, whereby they hoped to get rid of their loathsome guests. Late one evening, they filled an old boat on the river with limburger cheese, sprinkled the gang-plank with more cheese, then the one main thoroughfare leading to the river was strewn at intervals morsels of the strongest cheese, with an odor so penetrating that no rat within two leagues could possibly have missed it.

As the midnight hour drew near, the entire city settled down quietly to await results. Almost instantly there was the scurry of tiny feet—the women (for Chinese women are just like some others) shivered nervously. The patter became louder, intermingled with shrill squeals as horde of little monsters were carried by the ever-increasing throng down towards the laden boat. Soon the small craft was filled; several men carefully raised the gang-plank, and pushed her off from the shore with a long pole. Then several firebrands, torches, and blazing bundles of rags were thrown on her deck, while all the people congregated on the shore to watch with thankful hearts that last scene in their rat tragedy.

The last scene? No, for early the next morning, when the youngsters were weeping miserably for the loss of their pets, there came a great cry through the town. People in great fear hurried to their doors, and gazing down the street, saw a dark mass approaching, like a cloud of dust, blowing up the road. And then the sad shout went up, "Alas! the rats have returned!"

### LINCOLN'S ANNIVERSARY

The school celebrated the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday with the following well rendered program:

1. An Appreciation of Lincoln....  
..... Grace Goodman
2. Why We Love Lincoln.....  
..... Dorothy Brugger
3. A Poem (By Lincoln) Clara Haun
4. The Crown Event of Lincoln's Life.....  
..... Victoria Strauss
5. A Few of Lincoln's Anecdotes  
..... Helen Jackson
6. "The Perfect Tribute".....  
..... Helen Schermann



### COLLEGE GIRLS IN BUSINESS

An art for every woman and every woman at her art.

That is the ideal\* of the intercollegiate bureau of occupations, which has just made public its first report based upon the experiences of 19 months in finding positions for college women, says the New York Tribune.

The time has long since gone by when a woman who was forced to earn her own living had to choose between teaching and taking boarders. The time has gone by, too, though not so long since, when the self-supporting woman was forced into the "regular" professions, because she did not know how to go to work to find any other kind of work. It is the mission of the bureau to find for the girl who dislikes teaching the kind of work she loves. There are more than 60 avenues of escape from the pedagogical rut. Into one of these her feet were to skip with the same joy that the artist follows the artistic path, the musician the musical path and the "born cook" the road to domestic art.

"Art for some of us may be only selling groceries or ribbons, or it may be directing the business of a huge corporation or laying out landscape gardens," says Miss Mary Van Kleek, director of the bureau. "When women are free to choose the occupation which will give them joy, society will benefit as well as they. We are not beginning to make half the use of women that we could, just because we have never before considered what work each woman could do most efficiently.

"Every woman, I believe, should at some time in her life earn wages outside of the home. Little girls at school should look forward to earning their living, just as they look forward to having homes of their own at another period of their lives. In the majority of cases, of course, a mother with little children would not be expected to earn wages, because children need not only care, but the companionship which none but their mother can give them. Before marriage and after the children are grown up there is no reason why the woman who want to should not engage in her "art." To make this possible the conditions of industry will have to be more flexible than they are at present. Women have already made some changes in the conduct of the industrial world, however, and these other changes will come about as soon as they are demanded.

"The problem of women in industry, of course, includes women of all classes. This bureau deals only with women of college training. In order to do the most efficient service for them we are about to make a complete investigation of the conditions surrounding college women in the business world."

Miss Frances Cummings, manager of the bureau, testifies that in addition to proving that the world needs college girls in business, the bureau

has done more than any other one agency toward helping women to acquire the masculine attitude toward their work.

"When a woman is teaching school just because she can't find anything else to do," says Miss Cummings, "it is pretty hard to expect her to enjoy the game. I am often asked if the modern woman goes into business for money or for fun. The answer is that if she is in the wrong place she is there for money; if she is in the right place, it means that she feels the same thrill of pleasure that the man does.

"Women are beginning to have more courage in leaving the ruts, simply because they are learning that there are other fields for them to conquer. A man never feels that terror in losing his position that the old-fashioned woman did. He knows the world is big and that there is plenty of room for him. The woman has felt that the world was cold and that she didn't know where to go. This bureau has put courage into hundreds of adventuresome girls, who just needed some one to tell them to go ahead and find the place where they could be happy."

### HOW X DIMINISHED TO V

It was a week end house party of X boys and girls. We awoke the first morning rather early (5:30 o'clock). I can not tell the reason, perhaps because with "Be up at 6 so we can get the canoe" running through our minds all night, or because we slept on beds once turned topsy-turvy. At any rate we all piled out before the appointed hour, ready for anything. No! not even the drizzling rain outside could have "downed" our high spirits that morning. When our host faintly asked if we would like to attempt a trip to Brownsville, he was greeted with X hearty "Ayes."

Brownsville is a typical country village, inhabited by 25 "darkies." The town consists mainly of a grocery, church, mill, and a few scattered houses. It may seem rather queer that such a place could have such attraction for us, that we would tramp two miles to reach it, but as I have said, we were ready for anything.

We got ready immediately after breakfast. The boys, of course, did the rowing for about half a mile, until the boats were docked on the opposite shore. Then began the tramp. We made a curious looking procession, gowned in old raincoats, boots and bathing caps, but very gay despite the pouring rain.

Everyone seemed perfectly satisfied until a fence loomed up in front of us, one without even a broken rail. We finally got over without any great mishap, but what was the use of getting over? On the other side the wet wheat came up past our knees and right here we lost it of the crowd. We all thought that anyone who could not walk through a little wet grass was pretty dainty. Dainty! the next field could not be called that, for it was nothing but

a newly plowed field of mud. Never before have I had such a hard time walking a block. Of course we had no right on that farm, but why the farmer had to plow his field just then, I could not say. It seemed this was a little too much for some, so here we lost our next II. I might have turned back also had I not had the same feeling as our unesteemed Macbeth. It seemed to me easier to go on, than to turn back. It really did seem disheartening to see more fences, and when we did strike a woods our last I refused to go farther. Five of us were not afraid of a little mud, and of getting our feet wet, so Al, Mid, Studie, Steve and myself, afterward dubbed "The Stickers" finally arrived at our little town of "darkies." Yes! but when we did get there, every one of us vowed we would not walk back.

Studie had a remedy. While we ate "store candy" and peanuts, and danced around to keep warm, he called up the cottage to have them come for us.

We decided it was rather "pokey" waiting, so we started out to meet the car. They never came! We walked all the way back, only—we did not attempt any cross cuts this time, but took the "straight and narrow path." After walking two miles we came to the boats. The boats did you say? Agony! They were gone, there was not one of our four boats in sight. The boys finally persuaded a fisherman to row us across. The "ditchers" never knew how we got across that lake, or who brought us, for we landed farther down the way than the cottage, and never told them the truth. We came in just a little more dilapidated looking than when we started out.

You can well imagine with what scorn we treated the quitters. To top the whole morning we all dived in together, just to get the mud off.

A. M. S.

### DEBATING CLUB

Although no news has been appearing in the Interlude in regard to the Debating Club, nevertheless, the club has been active.

A very interesting program is arranged for every meeting in a round table manner with every member present taking an active part in all meetings. The subjects discussed are those pertaining to civic problems in respect to our locality.

Arrangements are now in progress to hold a debate on the "City Market Question." The meeting will be open to citizens and the students. Several business men will also speak on the occasion and present their views.

The following are a few arrangements that are in progress.

1. Plans are being made to meet several High Schools of Northern Indiana for a debate.

2. An extemporaneous speaking contest open to the entire school. To be held sometime during April.

3. To obtain a monogram for members holding a debate with outside schools.

4. Several club suppers during this term.

### THE POULTRY SHOW

Our Biology class visited the Poultry Show one morning last week and it certainly was a novel experience for some of us. We stood rather dazed for a minute after we went in, looking at the rows and rows of cages filled with hundreds of chickens of every size, all squawking as vociferously as their lung power allowed.

Miss Cunningham immediately aroused us from our bewilderment by reminding us of the shortened periods and the work to be done. We started bravely down the aisles, our note books in our hands, prepared to classify any chicken in the place at a glance, but quickly discovered that it took more than one glance, in fact several of them; and then we were almost as often wrong as right.

Several of us started out with the Leghorns—they were so white and clean. We studied them from the tips of their combs down to the bottoms of their feet, and finally, after much discussion, decided that, without a doubt they belonged to the Asiatic class. Then some one happened to mention that one of the chief characteristics of this class was that the chickens had feathered legs; and not a feather could we find on a single one of their legs, so we had to study them back up to the tips of their combs again.

We walked on and on through the aisles, becoming more firmly convinced at every step that chickens aren't just chickens, but are Cochins, Rhode Island Reds, Minorcas, and numerous other things. Some have short feathery legs, others long clean legs; some single combs, others rose combs, and so on through their list of characteristics.

The classes in Agriculture were especially favored, so they say, as the judge gave them a private lecture on the scoring of birds. We in the Biology classes, however, didn't notice a little sleight likt that, as we don't intend to start chicken farms for some time yet, anyway.

Finally, Miss Cunningham gathered up her "flock of chickens," and started us all back to school again. As we walked on, the squawking of the chickens in the show sounded fainter and fainter until it gradually died out in the distance.

### TO DISCUSS ENFRANCHISEMENT

Harvard, Yale and Princeton Universities will make equal suffrage the subject of their triangular debate on March 27. The question is: "Resolved, That the women of the United States should be given the suffrage on equal terms with the men," to be held simultaneously at the three universities.

Harvard will uphold the affirmative against Yale at New Haven, and the negative against Princeton at Cambridge. Yale will have the affirmative against Princeton at Princeton.



**AN INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON**

It is not often that the best man takes the place of a bridegroom in the honeymoon, but such was the predicament of Charles Conway after the marriage of his friend Fred Farrell. It is well enough to be the mark for strangers' jokes when one is actually enjoying his wedding trip, but is not so pleasant when only a substitute.

Charles and Fred had always been good friends and so when the invitation for best man came, he could not refuse it. The great event passed off smoothly and the bridal party was greeted at the Union station by a jolly crowd, with plenty of rice and old shoes. Suddenly Fred approached Charles and dragging him aside said excitedly, "Say, Chuck, stay with Jane a minute while I get—"

"Haven't you bought your tickets yet?" Charles exclaimed.

"Oh yes, I have them, but I left my wallet in the taxi," and with that he hurried off in search of the missing article.

"Mrs. Farrell had become rather anxious to enter the train so Charles assisted her aboard.

Informed by the gateman as to the train they should take, they hurriedly boarded the "Lisbon" on track No. 7. After finding the "Newly-weds" section another problem faced them.

"Why, whose valise is this?" asked Mrs. Farrell.

Charles picked up the suitcase in question and examined the tag on the handle. "Thomas White," read Chuck. "I wonder how this gentleman's property comes to be here. Didn't Fred engage the whole section?"

"Yes, I'm positive he did," was her puzzled reply.

"Well, this must be settled at once." He rang for a porter as he spoke.

Before the porter could respond the brakeman had shouted, "All aboard," and with a slow motion, the long train had started on its journey. Charles looked in vain for Fred but to his dismay no Fred appeared.

"Great guns!" Chuck muttered, "Fred has for some crazy reason been left behind, and here I am on a fast train with Mrs. Farrell.

By this time Mr. Farrell was very greatly alarmed but was soon quieted by the promise of Charles to wire at the first station to Fred.

Presently the conductor came through and informed them that they were on the wrong train. The mistake had been in the Pullman. They took the Lisbon—it ought to have been the Lisbeth. The conductor informed them—"This train the 'Southwest Express' left at 4:30; the one you should have taken the 'Rocky Mountain Limited' left at 4:40."

"Oh!" was all Mrs. Farrell could utter.

This was the climax—the train would not stop until 100 or more miles had been passed.

Thus it happened that the Farrells went to California instead of to Denver on their wedding trip, and that is why Charles Conway absolutely refuses to take any but the principal part in another wedding.  
R. W.

**THE LORELEI**

I sure wish some guy'd put me jerry  
To what put the jinx on my grin.  
Some stuff that's as ancient as Perry  
Is buzzin' around by bean.

It's time for the glims, and it's chilly,  
There ain't no wild waves on the  
Rhine;

And, bo, take a slant at that hill. He  
'Slit up like a booze-parlor sign.

A swell-lookin' Jane is sittin'  
And flashin' a bushel of rocks;  
Dolled up in her glad rags, loose  
fittin'

She chases the comb thro' her locks.

And while with that 14 K harrow

She gives her alfalfa the drag,

She spiels like a white-necktie spar-  
row

A classy young raggety-rag.

The guy in his one-lunger dingey

Goes nuts on her musical game,

And bumps on a rock with a bing. He

Just can't get his lamps off that  
dame.

I'll bet you a bone to marble.

He's goin' to land in the drink;

And it's Lorelei's fancy old warble

That put him for keeps on the blink.

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*The Russell Store*



**THE UNION LEAGUE**

By Hi Fly

This league is a baseball league. It is the official third league of the major aggregations. It has the rest of the leagues beaten by a city block. How are you gona prove it? You don't have to prove, I admit it. (Old stuff). However to resume. It may seem queer to many, to start talk of the old game so early in the year, when people are thinking more of roasting their shins by the fire than of getting out and tossing the horsehide sphere. Sound familiar? But a little nonsense now and then, also baseball, is relished by the best of men. So we are off in a bunch.

The first thing to do in organizing a league is to gather a bunch of magnates with a flock of coin. This has been done. The names of the magnates, with the teams which they own are herewith appended. V. Eler is president of the league. C. Ranor controls the stock of the Bingville Bulgarians. S. Ims is the owner of the Palmer Prairie Pirates, K. Izer holding the reins over the Mudville Meddlers. We must not forget that in this era of woman suffrage, we have two members of the gentle sex acting as majority stockholders of club in this league. Step forth, ladies! The first one we will introduce is G. Regory, formerly connected in an editorial capacity on this paper, but who has now gone in for the national game, and is running the Jonesville Jonahs. Her side partner, so to speak, in this undertaking is W. Atters, who is holding the reins of the Copman Colts. The owner of the other club in this six club organization is S. Wintz, formerly advertising manager of The Interlude. S. Wintz is boss of the Siwash Suckers. A World Commission, composed of V. Eler, president of the league, S. Ims, of Palmer Prairie, and G. Regory of Jonesville, has been elected. This commission will have charge of all affairs of the league and will be in supreme power.

The new magnates held a consultation with the president and formulated plans for carrying on the campaign. S. Ims suggested that the league sign up all the good players in the world, and make the organization a secret one. K. Izer, treasurer of the league, arose and said, "So much money required to do so, in the league treasury there is not." It might be mentioned in passing that K. Izer is a Dutchman of the first water. He is excused for the above speech. After a heated discussion in which talks were hurled at everything and everybody, S. Ims' proposition was voted down, which

so aggravated the intrepid interloper, that he summarily left the meeting and as a result it was disbanded. Another meeting will be held next week, some day, when a committee will be appointed to work on the schedule. The following have been appointed secretaries to the magnates at a small salary: S. Tilson, secretary to the president; J. Ohnson, Bingville; W. Ilson, Palmer Prairie; B. Erry, Mudville; W. Ells, Jonesville; Hos Tetler, Copman; and H. Artman, Siwash.

The managers of the various teams will be appointed next week. It is rumored that a certain star is to be signed! Watch for developments.

**THE AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE**

Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 28, part of Miss Montgomery's Physics II class and some other interested persons went down to the Home Telephone Co. to see the automatic telephone apparatus installed there and discover if possible how it worked. Everybody succeeded in the former, but there is some question about the latter.

At first sight one does not get very much sense out of the rather monotonous looking machines which automatically take care of from 40,000 to 60,000 calls a day. The whole exchange apparatus is in a room about one-half the size of our study hall. Only four or five operators are needed to take care of the information and country lines and as many more attendants to look after and fix the apparatus which makes the connections.

The service manager of the telephone company who piloted the class through the works told a story to illustrate the kind of service the automatic renders. A man, who was inquiring about the installation of a telephone asked what kind of service he would receive. The answer was:

"The best service in the world."

"What do you call the best service in the world?"

"Well, I can illustrate best by an example. One housewife, after putting the baby to sleep in the cab, wished to go to the neighbors for a little chat. So she called up central and said, 'I'm going over to the neighbors whose telephone number is so-and-so. I will leave the receiver in the baby cab and if the baby should waken and cry, you call me up and tell me.'"

After the automatic was thoroughly explained the new system of fire-alarms which works on the telephone circuit and may be installed in private houses, factories, schools, etc., was demonstrated.

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