

MISHAWAKA GAME TONIGHT ! ? ? !

The Interlude

VOLUME XXIX No. 5

HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JAN. 10, 1919.

10 CENTS THE COPY

ALUMNI TRIM TAN AND BLUE

Benders Take Short End of 35 to 21.

In a rough but rather slow game at the "Y" gym on New Year's afternoon the Alumni defeated the Tan and Blue by a score of 35 to 21. The game was very slow in spots and rather uninteresting.

Cochevety started things for the Alumni by ringing up a short one after a couple minutes of play and then for a time it looked as if the Alumni would overwhelm the Tan and Blue but the locals braced and held them even for the rest of the half. The score at half time was 17 to 10 favoring the Alumni.

Strengthened by the addition of Allen at forward the Alumni continued in their stride during the second half and maintained the lead until the end. The Benders playing strictly a defensive game managed to annex however, 11 points during this half, due mainly to the basket shooting of Capt. Watters, who gathered in three brilliant goals towards the close of the struggle. The Tan and Blue played better ball during this half, improving in their floor game especially.

The team-work of the Alumni was rather poor but what they lacked in this they made up in speed and basket-shooting. They were a good deal faster and quicker than the Tan and Blue and many times they eluded their opponents by sheer speed alone. The individuals of the team also excelled the Benders in experience and smoothness of action. In fact, the Alumni taken man for man are the best team the locals will meet this year.

The Benders played a scrappy game but were outclassed. The team play was as good as they have displayed this year but many easy shots at the basket were missed. The defense was tight considering the opposition and many of the Alumni baskets came as a result of them getting the breaks rather than lack of defense on the Bender's part.

Cochevety was easily the star man for the Alumni, contributing 8 baskets, but the good defensive work and zig-zag dribbling of Zabo greatly cut down the Benders scoring. Allen aided by his

four baskets. For the Tan and Blue Capt. Watters, who scored nearly half of his teams points and also kept the Alumni score down, was the star. Olsen and Buntman played scrappy games, while Cunningham rang up three baskets in the first half.

Lineup:

Alumni	S. B. H. S.
Right Forward	
Cochevety	Cunningham
Left Forward	
Sousley	Robacher
Center	
McEndarfer	Wedel
Right Guard	
Zabo	Watters (Capt.)
Left Guard	
Mohn	Olsen

Substitutes: Allen for Mohn, Nykios for McEndarfer, Elbel for Cochevety, Allen for Sousley, Sousley for Allen, Webster for Sousley, Smith for Cunningham, Goodman for Robacher, Buntman for Goodman.

Baskets: Cochevety, 8; Watters, 4; Allen, 4; Cunningham, 3; McEndarfer, 3; Zabo, 2; Wedel, 2; Buntman, 1.

Foul Goals: Watters, 1 out of 4. Cochevety 1 out of 1.

Referee: Overholser.

BENDERS WALLOP DOWAGIAC

Tan and Blue Win

In an easy game at the Y. M. C. A., Friday, January 3, the locals walloped Dowagiac by a score of 40 to 9. The Tan and Blue held the lead throughout and the opposition never had a chance.

Coach Cohlmeier sprung a new combination for the game, starting Capt. Watters at center and Buntman at forward. This combination played about the best game the locals have displayed this season. The passing was good and the basket shooting, that is in the first half, was accurate.

Capt. Watters at his new place at center, started things by ringing up four baskets in rapid succession; from then on the outcome was never in doubt. Olsen also contributed some neat baskets in this half.

Marshall threw the first basket for the Michigan men, but not until they were fully outclassed. The Dowagiac men all through the game showed a woeful weakness at the basket, but redeemed themselves by their passing and floor-work.

In the second half many substitutes appeared for the Benders and the play slowed up some. The best the locals could do in this period was to annex 14 points. Dowagiac, although getting no baskets this period, played better ball.

For the locals, Capt. Watters with eight baskets played the star game, but Olsen and Buntman were not far behind. For Dowagiac, Marshall who scored seven points and Cross, a guard, played the best games. Summary:

S. B. H. E.	Dowagiac
Wedel	Moore
Right Forward	
Buntman	Marshall
Left Forward	
Watters (Capt.)	Preston
Center	
Zilky	Pugsley
Right Guard	
Olsen	Cross
Left Guard	

Substitutions: Hollowell for Zilky; Cunningham for Wedel; Nykios for Cunningham; Wedel for Watters; Watters for Hollowell; Robacher for Buntman.

Baskets: Watters 8, Olsen 3, Wedel 3, Buntman 2, Cunningham 1, Nykios 1, Robacher 1, Moore 1, Marshall 2.

Foul Goals: Watters, none out of 2, Marshall 3 out of 6.

HOLIDAY MARRIAGE

A wedding of interest to S. B. High people took place Sat. Dec. 21, 1918 when Miss Olga Eda Rosencrans, daughter of Mrs. Esther Rosencrans, 620 W. Marion St., was married to J. Carl Cohlmeier, son of Mrs. A. T. Cohlmeier of Kansas City, Mo.

The bride is a graduate of South Bend High School and the New Haven School of gymnastics, New Haven, Conn. She also served as physical director in the public schools. Mr. Cohlmeier was a former student of the Springfield Y. M. C. A. college, Springfield, Mass., and is now physical director and coach in this, our beloved S. B. H. S.

ALUMNI DANCE A SUCCESS

What proved to be the biggest social affair of the year, was the big Alumni dance given by the class of 1918 on Friday evening, December 27, in the high school gymnasium.

One hundred and thirty five couples from the Alumni, seniors and juniors, of the high school attended the delightful dance, and many were the glad little reunions of school-time friends which the evening occasioned. On account of the holiday date, opportunity was given a number of Alumni home from the colleges and army camps for the holidays to attend. The pleasurable evening enjoyed by those attending, as well as the amount realized for the Beryle Swartz Endowment Fund, over fifty dollars, proves beyond a doubt that the dance was the big dance of the year. Long before the late stragglers had ceased coming, the supply of programs provided for the occasion was exhausted.

A very elaborate plan of Christmas decorations was worked out, the conventional Christmas red and green blazing forth from every corner, even from the original "cozy corner" situated in one corner of the gym. The holiday idea was also worked out in the programs.

The guests of honor for the occasion were: Mr. and Mrs. and Margaret McCowan, Miss Blanche Thumm, and Mr. John W. Rittenger, sponsor of the class of 1918 at graduation. Miss Clark, junior sponsor and Miss Dye, senior sponsor were unable to attend.

The Ragpickers' Orchestra played the program of sixteen dances, which lasted until close on to midnight. Owing to a confusion on the part of the management of the Donahue orchestra, for which the dance committee was in no manner responsible, two contracts were made by the Donahue management for the same evening, one with the Indiana club, and the other with the Alumni dance committee. Three days before the dance the committee was notified by the orchestra management that on account of the two dates scheduled, one must necessarily be dropped. Consequently, the committee was compelled to look around for another orchestra, which would

(Continued on Page Three)

LITERARY

To Fetch a Pail of Water

(A true story)

A. Louise Hastings

In the dim twilight of a short December day, Mary Watkins paused from her stitching to look out over the Great Prairie. For an instant she bent forward and strained her eyes to watch the dark form of a one-horse sleigh climb the distant snow-drift and then suddenly drop from sight.

She gave a deep sigh and turned to put her sewing basket away. A bright fire burned on the hearth, casting out shadows on the dull red paint, the thin carpet, and the hideous wall paper such as one finds only in the shack parsonages of the West.

In a moment, a dim light appeared in the kitchen, quickly followed by a sharp clatter of pans. The low swish-sh-sh of the horses munching their hay and the rattle of barn doors was soon followed by the dull thud of Bill's ax, chopping the evening's wood.

Presently the door swung open. A flurry of snow whirled across the threshold, and three sturdy lads strode into the little low kitchen.

"I say, Ma, it's a shame to ask a human being to go out such a night as this," cried Lawrence, the eldest of the three as he filled the wood box.

"It's cold enough to freeze the hair off a dog. How far is it to Mound City anyway?" queried Bill the younger.

"It's four hours by the road,—three, across country," answered John. "We'll be doing well if we see Dad before tomorrow noon. He—"

"Hello, here—," interrupted Larry from the wash-stand, "the water's low in the cans. Why,—there's hardly a gallon left!"

A silence fell over everyone in the room at the words. The water tank was low! The nearest well was a mile away! Father was gone! A storm was coming on! There was a Christmas dinner to cook! Things did look pretty black.

On the rock bottom prairies of the Middle West there is a little settlement that depends on a well a mile away for its water supply.

Only those who have roughed it on the plains of the West can understand the feeling that strikes the heart of man at these words. In summer it means a hot dusty walk behind a stone-sled with the sun beating mercilessly down on one's back. In winter it means stiff fingers, chilblains, a frozen cheek, or a frosted nose. It means a strain on the strongest of backs to lift the pis-

ton in place. It means a long hard wait for the windmill to start. It means a cold walk home. It is work that alone belongs to the strong weather-beaten veterans of the prairies.

A wild mid-afternoon wind shook the low shack-barn. Now and then a whirl of snow drifted provokingly near the barn door causing an icy chill to run up the back of the lad in the door-way. The low steady scratch of a curry-comb suddenly ceased and John's voice cried out from the dark stall: "Come on, Larry, throw a blanket over Old Fanny and put down some hay. There's a storm brewing!"

Another shiver ran up the lad's back. He moved uneasily on the door-sill, he made a deep hole in the snow with his boot, he looked off across the fields. Of a sudden he wheeled about and stepped into the barn. He went into the stall and as he untied Old Fan's halter he spoke in a firm, decided tone to his brother.

"I'm going after some water. Dad'll not turn up before night. What kind of a Christmas dinner can Mom cook without water?"

At the words John turned from the harness pegs and looked his brother straight in the eye and said, "Use a little common sense, kid! You can never make it!"

By this time Larry was busy fastening the leather buckles. As he stooped to tighten the belly band, he muttered:

"I've driven the horse for Pa many a time. I've watched him turn on the windmill, I've watched him shut off the water. Of course I can do it!"

He led the horse into the barnyard and in a moment more was busy coupling the horse into the tugs. In the midst of his work he paused slightly to say, "Go into the kitchen, Bud, and get the water cans. Hustle up and I'll be back before dark."

"I'll not go a step unless you promise to take me along with you," declared John.

Larry stopped to reflect a moment and then in a calm voice answered:

"Bud, look here, I'm older than you. I'm stronger than you. I've gone to the windmill with Dad oftener than you. What's the use of two of us suffering from chilblains and frozen fingers when one can do the job alone. You've got to stay with Mom and the kids . . . Go get the cans. I'm going after water!"

The boy's face had taken on a firm expression. Deep lines formed about his mouth and his grey eyes flashed and sparkled as he spoke.

John answered not a word but strode off towards the house. He understood his brother and obeyed.

Larry threw the cans on the sled, added a lantern, laid a fur robe over the sleigh and gathered up the reins. In an instant he was off down the path at a rapid pace. As he turned into the main road, he paused to look back at the little home. A dim veil of snow was falling and it was only now and then that the short sturdy body of his brother could be seen standing on the stoop at the back of the house. It was only the great curtain of snow, lowering itself between the shack and the sleigh, shutting out Larry from the rest of the world, that caused him to hurry forward over the rough-broken road.

The snow was falling faster now. The wind was blowing from the northeast in spasms causing little swirls of snow to drift up threateningly into the paths. The sky was overcast and a great dull ball of fire stood in the heavens where the sun should have been.

The road became a cowpath and the cowpath tapered off into a few faint tracks. A great drift quickly swept into the middle of the path and from here on there was not a track to be found. The boy had not yet lost his sense of direction and stumbled on blinded with snow and wind.

As the last grey streak of light faded from the sky, a great dark form arose a few feet to the right. At first it seemed but a shadow and it was not till Larry had pulled his muffler from his face and pushed back his knit cap that he realized he had reached his destination.

Thoughts of a warm fire and a cozy bed put a great strength into the lad's limbs. He scrambled up the ice-covered platform and in a moment more had the cans anchored beneath the icy trough.

It was slow, tedious, back-aching work to gain a good hold of the piston and to fasten it to the sucker. Larry was about to give up and was going to let loose of the piston when suddenly the ice gave away and the bolt slid into place.

As he stood impatiently waiting for a gust of wind to start the mill a-going, he thought of his lantern in the bottom of the sled. Chilled to the utmost he fumbled in his pockets for his matches. With clumsy hands he struck one match after another. When his patience seemed tried to its limits, he managed to get a flicker of light,—a moment more and a low

(Continued on Page Five)

A Store for Young Men

Our gents furnishing store welcomes you with an up-to-date stock of furnishings of "Quality First" materials at popular prices.

Shirts, Underwear, Hosiery, Neckwear, Etc.

Separate Entrance on Jefferson Street

Robertson Bros. Co.

The Tin Soldier

Poor little broken Tin Soldier!
As there by the path you lie,
Where is your gallant commander
With the mischievous big blue eyes,
And the chubby pink cheeks,
And the bright golden hair,
Has he gone away and left you there?

Poor little broken Tin Soldier!
With your face all set and stern,
A resolute smile on your battered lips,
Grasping your gun with a hand so firm;
Don't you mind the poor bent back
Or the leg that you lost in the fray,
Nor the sword all rusty, or uniform dusty,
That which was once so gay,
Or that you are alone
Without friends or a home?
Wonderful, true little Soldier!

As you wait for your comrades,
Soldier,
While the waiting is hard to do—
You defy all with that "smiling endurance,"
A strong will, and a heart that is true.
Teach me to wait with a cheerful smile,
And to gallantly shoulder my gun,
And the waiting and longing, Tin Soldier,
Thanks to you, will be joyously done.

Margaret Freshley, '20.

YOU SHOULD READ POETRY

"For All We Have and Are" — Kipling.

"The Guards Came Through" — Conan Doyle.

"Rheims Cathedral" — Grace Conklin.

All to be found in "A Treasury of War Poetry"
at our Public Library.

South Bend National Bank
103 N. Michigan St.

Furnishing Bargains Clean-up Sale at Ellsworth's

We are offering excellent bargains in young men's
furnishing goods. We can save you money.

The Ellsworth Store
"THE BRIGHTEST SPOT IN TOWN"

JUST IN TIME

Part III

Two hours later, while the rest of Berlin slept, a gay crowd of the capitol's most brilliant social set, were collecting at the palatial home of the Austro-Hungarian ambassador, situated two blocks from the apartments of our hero. Recent arrival of the news of an immense German victory was the cause of the gaiety.

At a side entrance the maids and valets of the various guests were flocking into the servants quarters for their share of the celebration. Among them was an unusually large girl, who professed to be the maid of the Baroness of —. She seemed so full of fun and good spirits that the crowd welcomed her eagerly and she soon became the leader of the evenings festivities. Ale and beer flowed steadily. Pretzels, doughnuts and kuchen in large quantities were devoured. One o'clock! Still the merriment continued. More beer, more ale! The girl, Katreen, was pouring the liquor, forcing cup after cup into each and every servants hands. In the general uproar no one noticed that not a drop had passed her lips. The maids were becoming maudlin, the men dis-

gusting. Two o'clock! Half the company were keeled over on the floor, the table, chairs and even the piano in the corner had two wrecks of humanity slouched over on to it for support. The noise in the upper part of the house had become worse. Shrill shrieks of laughter pierced the incessant music. Katreen stood in the midst of the room and hands on hips, surveyed the wreck and ruin she had wrought. She laughed and then noticing a stir on the table poured out another stein full and emptied it into the eagerly opened mouth.

Br-r-rr! a buzzer startled the stillness. Katreen jumped at the sound and then smoothing down her apron and cap she went to a door leading in the direction of the music, coming from above. A long dark corridor confronted her but bravely she marched its length to a narrow stair case. A dim light shown at the top. She ascended, pushed aside a heavy velvet curtain and stepped boldly into a brilliantly lighted, richly furnished banquet hall. At the long table sat men and women imbibing wine. Maudlin talk and wild laughter added to the din made by a half intoxicated or-

(Continued on Page Five)

Spiro's Great Clearance Sale of Suits and Overcoats

Includes many snappy prep styles that are
correct for high school wear.

Don't Delay

Get your share of this great opportunity to buy
high grade merchandise at reduced prices.

Sam'l Spiro and Company

SENIORS HAVE BIG SUPPER AND DANCE

Not very many of the Senior class attended the supper held in the lunch room New Year's Eve. There were a good many toasts but the most interesting by far was the "Little McCowan's." Mr. and Mrs. McCowan and Margaret and Miss Thumm were the guests of honor.

At 9 o'clock the dance started. About seventy five couples were present. Ransberger's Orchestra (without the Ransberger) furnished the incentive.

At 12:15 the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" told the tired dancers that it was time to "beat it."

We know a fellow whose business is looking up. He's an astronomer.

(Continued from Page One)

have entailed much difficulty, had it not so happened that the Rag-pickers were not engaged for that evening. However the satisfaction of those attending showed that, outside of the momentary confusion caused by the change of program music, the dance did not suffer in the least by the change.

The proven popularity of the dance, and the all-round success of the event, encourage the committee in the hope that this Alumni Holiday dance will evolve into an annual affair of no small importance. In this manner, something definite will have been done toward keeping the Alumni in closer union than has hitherto been possible to do.

S. B. H. S.

...JEWELRY...

Go to the bookstore on the first floor and see the line of special jewelry we have made for your school.

Show Your Loyalty

By wearing a pin, ring or pendant bearing your school letters.

You Are Proud of Your School

And will be proud to wear jewelry which, by its quality and beauty expresses that high standard for which the school stands.

C. B. DYER, Jeweler

234 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

"Our Things are Different"

ATHLETICS

Outline of the Girls' Athletic Honor System.

For Reference.

In order to stimulate interest in Physical Training and to give opportunity to the girls of South Bend High School to win recognition in achieving certain results, the following points for the honor system has been outlined by the Girls' Athletic Association:

Honors consisting of the following will be granted for winning three, six or nine points:

Three points—2½ inch, G. A. A. emblem.

Six points—5 inch, G. A. A. emblem.

Nine points—pin of special design.

The points are to be worn in the following lines of Physical Training:

1—Attending six out of eight hikes. Any ten girls may constitute a group for a hike which must be from three to five miles long.

2—(a) Swimming 150 feet or 50 feet in each of three different strokes; (b) performing a dive with a grade of at least 85%.

3—Being on a baseball team and playing in all the games scheduled for that team.

4—Knowing five folk dances.

5—Being on a class basketball squad.

6—Apparatus work; (a) performing three stated exercises on the horse, rings and parallel bars; (b) climbing a vertical ladder and dismounting in a certain length of time; (c) climbing the pole; (d) chinning yourself.

7—Accomplishing the "age aims" in: (a) high jump; (b) broad jump; (c) hop-step-jump; (d) 75 yard dash; (e) basketball throw for distance; (f) baseball throw for distance; (g) goal throw.

8—Leadership ½ point (allowed leadership in only one event per year; to be appointed) hiking, apparatus, field events, swimming, umpire baseball.

9—Perfect attendance for one semester in Physical Training—½ point.

10—Races according to "age aims"; (a) Indian Club Race; (b) Run and Catch; (c) Potato.

Expenses for the monograms will be borne by the Athletic Association. Every girl working for honors must be a member of the G. A. A. with dues paid. The honors will be awarded once a year.

Girls! keep this for reference.

TIPS FROM THE SIDELINES

Friends, Romans, etc., are we going to allow "Mishawaky by heck" to show us the way? No, not if we keep our trust in the all powerful wishbone and in the all powerful brawn, brains, etc., of our honorable team.

One Alumnus, untruthfully we fear, told us that she had not played basket-ball for two years and then she went out and got 11 baskets. Boy page Ananias.

We make apologies to Smith of the football squad for the unintentional omission of his name in the last issue when we gave the personnel of squad. We put his name in alright but somebody slipped up and omitted it.

The Kalamazoo papers proclaimed the S.B.-Kalamazoo game as the game for the championship of Indiana and Michigan. Thanks—but this is complimenting us rather unduly.

JUNIORS WIN FROM SOPHS

In the second Interclass tilt on Dec. 18 the Juniors again emerged victorious, this time over the Sophs by a score of 24 to 4. At no time was the outcome in doubt as the Juniors located basket after basket.

The all round play of Wahl and Baumgartner was easily the feature; these two men being responsible for most of the scoring. The whole Junior team however put up a good brand of ball and seem to be in line for the championship. The Sophs showed a hopeless lack of basket shooting but nevertheless Züver and Welton put up fairly good floor games.

FRESH WALLOP SENIORS

Due to Mellander's uncanny basket-shooting the yearlings on Dec. 18 defeated the Seniors 23 to 5. It was, as in the case of the Soph-Junior game, a walkaway for the victors.

The Seniors showed up poorly while on the other hand the Fresh with Mellander's ability to get them from all angles seem set for a good reason. Scheer and Maxey also showed up well for the Fresh while Farage and Leibov played most consistently for the Seniors.

MISHAWAKA GAME TONIGHT

Mishawaka, our rising young metropolis, looms on the horizon tonight at the "Y" gym to engage our basket ball five in mortal combat to see which team shall not perish from the earth.

We cannot allow our ancient rival to show us the way, even if our team is not as strong as sometimes, so let us be there with the noise and the team will be there with the goods. U-B there.

"Walk-Overs"

Snappy Style Perfect Fit Reliable Service

"The Shop Ahead"

Clouse & Petot's Walk-Over Boot Shop



KALAMAZOO DEFEATS BENDERS

In a game marred by many fouls Kalamazoo H. S. defeated the Tan and Blue on Dec. 20 at Kalamazoo by a score of 31 to 10.

Not much news has trickled down from Michigan, but it appears that the locals got much the worst of the refereeing, having somewhere between twenty and thirty fouls called on them.

In the first half it was fairly close, the period ending with a score of 19 to 9, but the Benders showed a deplorable weakness at the basket and Kalamazoo drew away in the second half. Cunningham got the lone basket for the Tan and Blue, the other points being fouls.

The Benders displayed some good team play but showed their old weakness for locating the basket, missing many shots.

GIRL'S VARSITY DEFEATED Alumni Girls Win

In a game featured by much basket shooting the Alumni girls defeated the girl's varsity on Dec. 30 at the Y. W. C. A. by a score of 50 to 36. The Alumni won thru their ability to locate the hoop and they clearly demonstrated that their shooting eyes had not been dimmed by the weight of years.

For the first few minutes the play was close and then the Old-Grads due to Miss Seegmueller's basket shooting drew away from the school team. But the combination of Miss Carlson and Miss Schneider could not be denied and towards the end of the half the score was again close; being finally at half time 22 to 20 with the Alumni on the long end.

Some new faces appeared in the second half but the class of play did not depreciate in the least. In this half Mrs. J. C. Cohlmeier, just as Miss Seegmueller had done in the first period, appeared in the limelight for the alumni, securing nine baskets. Due to this the school team trailed during the entire half and only threatened once. That was a few minutes from the end when Miss Carlson in characteristic style cut loose and annexed four

baskets in rapid succession, but the rally fell short and time found the Old-Grads leading 50 to 36.

The Alumni, especially Miss Gaik, handled the ball well getting it out of dangerous territory quickly and to the right person; while on the other hand the school team lacked team play and passing ability and had it not been for the good basket shooting of the forwards would have been overwhelmed. For the Alumni Miss Gaik, Mrs. J. C. Cohlmeier and Miss Seegmueller played the star games while for the school Miss Schneider and Miss Carlson showed the way.

Lineup and summary:

Alumni	School
Right Forward	
Miss Seegmueller	Miss Carlson
Left Forward	
Mrs. J. C. Cohlmeier	Miss Schneider
	Center
Miss Weld	Miss Wilhelm
Right Guard	
Miss Gaik	Miss Hague
Left Guard	
Miss Neilson	Miss Sweeny

Substitutions: Weld for Neilson, Thompson for Weld, Sweeny for Wilhelm, Fiedler for Sweeny, Kerr for Sweeny.

Baskets: Seegmueller 11, Mrs. Cohlmeier 11, Carlson 11, Schneider 4, Thompson 2, Wilhelm 2, Weld 1.

Foul Goals: Schneider 2.

Referee: Miss Goodman, Attendance, 40.

Early Bird—"Good morning; looking for a job?"

Worm—"Yes; anything I can do for you?"

E. B.—"Yes, you'll about fill the bill, I think."

He—"I haven't any appetite. There is a rumbling in my stomach like a cart on a cobblestone pavement."

She—"Perhaps it's the truck you ate for luncheon."

1st Freshie—"What are you going to wear to the party?"

2nd Freshie—"I think I'll wear one of those cap and bells costumes."

1st Freshie—"But you're supposed to wear a disguise."

(Continued from Page Two)

light burned in the darkness followed almost immediately by a shrill screech from above. A howling wind was raging. His lantern sputtered. Water shot forth from the spout filling and overflowing the cans. Larry sprang to the flooded platform and went groping about for the crank. A wild neigh from Fanny caused him to start, his arm shot out and caught an icy handle and in a second he was winding up the creaking chains.

By the glimmer of the lantern he fastened the covers on the cans and rolled them onto the sled. A great chill ran up his spine as he wheeled his horse about and started out through the great drifts. The paths were covered with a thick crust. The wind was one long steady roar—a good ninety-mile gale. The soft white snow of the afternoon was now a cold cutting ice. The air grew intensely cold. A great blizzard was on.

As Old Fanny went stumbling along, Larry fell to musing. His fingers grew stiff and his feet were chilled in spite of the fact that he was walking a good pace. Thoughts of home crowded into the mind of the youth and made him forget things for a second.

"O Fan, Ma's standing by the oven now basting the old turk' and turning her pies around, all the kids are standing by her a-rolling their eyes and smacking their lips like a pack of young wolves. Come on, girl, let's get home some time tonight. They are—"

He was suddenly broken off in the midst of his thoughts. He was sure his stiff cold legs had hit against a hard something! What could it be? He was in the open road! What was it he had touched? He halted his horse and fumbled about by the dim light of his lantern.

Unexpectedly he fell headlong over a great clump of bushes. His lantern sputtered, then went out. The shock of the fall sent awful, stinging pains through his stiff body.

He lay still for some moments to think. There were no bushes on the road to the windmill. If he remembered right, the road was

bare all the way. He was quite sure of it all. He was lost!

He picked himself up and failing to find his lantern he groped his way to the sleigh. It was some time before he stumbled onto the stiff reins. He had no idea where he was. He paused, fastened the lines securely to the sled, and shouted into the cold air, "Come on, Fan, show me the way home."

The little Texan pony gave a pitiful whinny and struggled on through the ice. Hope leaped up in Larry's heart. Of course Fanny would take him home. She had traveled the road twice every week for a year. She had escaped from the great Texan fires! She would carry him out of this Dakota blizzard!

On and on the two went. The wind was growing colder at every step. It pierced his thick coarse jacket. His nose was numb. His cheeks had a queer tingling feeling and his knees grew weak. He became alarmed. He urged his horse into a trot. He ran,—he walked. Then he felt the horse-blanket break loose and flop into his face. In an excited voice he called out a loud "Whoa-a-a!"

He found the straps and buckled the blanket tight. But when he again commanded the horse to go on, she stoutly refused. He coaxed, he talked,—he did not have energy enough to whip her.

Then he stopped to think. Of course the horse would not move! Why she was tired! He would rest a little while. Clearing the snow from the back end of the sled he fell into the straw and huddled beneath the great buffalo robe. He lay there for some time. When he tried to move his limbs again a great tingling pain ran into every part of his body. As he sat thinking of Christmas trees, roaring fires, and heaps of rosy apples, he grew painfully tired. He would sleep.

Then the air grew soft and mild. The snow had lifted. The heavens were clear. A great star shone out from the East. It was the Star of Bethlehem. Far off music broke the stillness. Some one was singing Christmas carols.

The great Angel Gabriel came from Somewhere and a white

light shone about the sled. It seemed to the boy as if a human face were bending over his chill body. He could feel someone's hot breath on his frozen face. He thought some one with strong arms had picked him up and he was being carried. On and on they traveled over an endless road.

Larry gave a stir and opened his eyes to find himself in the little ugly parlor. What had happened? In the farther corner of the room a little Christmas tree was burning and a wonderful odor came from the kitchen. A familiar figure sat before the hearth. He had seen this man some place before. He lay quiet a moment. When it all came back to him. We sat bolt upright and cried, "When did you get back, Dad? How did you get in here?"

"Why, I found you out in the path by the barn. Now lie down, son, and rest."

FAIR DAMSEL WEDS

The well-known fact that music is elevating is brought out by Our Own Little Hazel, the sweet young thing who lets her fingers trickle over the piano keys in assemblies, music and gym classes, and, best of all, at school dances; for, have you not noticed that she is want to pile her chair high with music books before seating herself at the piano? Of course the above hasn't anything to do with this item, but—space must be filled somehow!

Well, the truth has at last leaked out: fair Hazel no longer answers to the cognomen of Ransberger, but has recently acquired Mrs. Don. B. Humphrey, as a label. "It" happened 'last year' the day after Christmas, in the St. James Episcopal Church of this city. Judging from appearances, the newly weds so far, have been leading a happy married life; at least as yet no hastily flung shoes or other furniture have left any visible signatures to mar her fair physiognomy.

Here's to yuh, Hazel; be it ever thus!

The Time of Day or Night

Our big clock on the corner of Michigan and Washington is the time-peace of the downtown district. Daily it furnishes the time of day to the crowds in the city's center.

Right in the heart of the city the clock is wonderfully convenient—and, as it marks our location, it also proves how readily convenient we are.

The American Trust Co.
at the sign of the clock.

(Continued from Page Three)

chestra. One woman had fallen from her chair. Three men in servants' clothes pouring the wine, seemed to be the only sane ones in the room. One of them beckoned Katreen and motioned to the woman. "Take her out. Get her home" he ordered in a hoarse whisper.

Quickly complying, Katreen lifted the woman, in her strong arms and unnoticed slipped behind the curtains through which she had entered.

(Continued in our next.)

Morrie: "Help me out, will you? I'm collecting rare coins."

Grannie: "What have you in your collection?"

M. G.: "A silver dollar, a half dollar, and two quarters."

G. K.: "But those aren't rare coins."

M. G.: "They are with me."

"This is what I call capital punishment," said a boy who was shut up in a closet with the cake and preserves.

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1919!

A new year! A year of peace! A year of reconstruction! A year in which every nation, the world over, is planning to rebuild, remodel, and correct. The problems in Europe are gigantic and the problems of the United States appear smaller in proportion, they are nevertheless, as important, as necessary and as huge as those abroad.

One of the greatest puzzles which our government is going to be called on to solve is that of Universal Training. The American people as a whole are against Universal Training from start to finish, but those who have thought it out, have reasoned with themselves and with others; the thinking people of the country are for the compulsory military training of our boys.

Because we have always been able to do as we please, we instinctively put on fighting clothes whenever the word "must" or "compulsory" is used in connection with anything we do. But we must forget that feeling, we must go beyond it and getting deeper into the question, see for ourselves that for the good of the boys, for the safety of our country and for the prevention of more wars like the last one we must have compulsory universal service.

The length of time it took us to prepare our boys for service over there is evidence enough that the safety of our country and our honor is at stake.

Quoting from an editorial in the Chicago Tribune of May, 1917:

"A thing that never happened before, and never can happen again, can have no lessons and need not be regarded in relation to the future. This opinion is steadfast in the administration so far as can be determined from official expressions, but congress is beginning to doubt the validity of it.

"Every reasonable appeal

which the administration makes for patience while a non-military people prepare themselves for a duty they did not expect to assume is in its truest meaning a plea for universal service to be established now and continued into the life of the republic.

"The people did not expect to have these military duties to perform. For that reason they cannot get ready until the middle of next summer. They are asked to continue to never expect to have any such duties to perform, consequently never to be ready to assume them, and, therefore, to be ever asking for extenuation because they are not prepared.

"If the United States did expect this catastrophe, what excuse can it make for itself? What reason can it offer itself for a year of awkward and ineffectual struggle, determined enough and desperate enough, to get in position to defend itself? If it expected the catastrophe and did not do anything to ward it off, it is an outcast from even its own sympathies.

"If this thing happened unexpectedly, against all reason and common sense, why cannot another disaster happen likewise? How, in the wreck and ruin of one reasonable expectation, do we preserve belief in the infallibility of another expectation? What indomitable folly in optimism can survive these smashes?

"Congress seems to doubt the wisdom of an expectation which exposed the country to the terrors of war. It was out of calculation. We confess belief in that. It came. Another will be out of calculation. It will come."

And its coming will find us again unprepared. Perhaps the next time France and England will not be willing to stand between us and the danger from the folly of our lack of foresight. We should have been in the fight of 1914 long before we were and we should have been prepared to go in when we finally did.

The argument that Germany had universal training and it made her aggressive and that we would become the same, is ridiculous! America and Americans never could become the brutes that the Prussians are because of the difference in our make-up. Furthermore we have not the leaders that the Germans had who are really responsible for Germany's infamous crimes.

The details of the training must be carefully worked out, of course but the main idea should be adopted by every thinking man, woman, boy and girl and boosted to the best of each one's ability.

Universal Service means three things for the U. S.; Security, Nationalization, Social Discipline.

Can we afford to lose the chance at those things for our country? Think it over!

APOLOGY!

We wish to apologize to Charles Schreyer and Henry Davis, both of whom had articles in the Christmas number of the Interlude, for not giving them the credit. Through a mistake, probably the editor's fault, the articles were unsigned.

Charles Schreyer wrote the editorial entitled "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men."

Henry Davis is the author of "About Germany."

IN APPRECIATION

The mail brought us quite a nice Christmas present, in the form of a letter of appreciation, written by an Interlude reader. We publish the letter below:

"Dear Sir or Madam:

Just a word of appreciation.

Although I do not know many of the girls and boys of the S. B. H. S., and never went there myself, I certainly enjoy the high school paper. I look forward to it each time, and I think those who make it so interesting should have just a word of praise.

Awaiting an interesting copy for the next time, I remain

Yours sincerely

A Reader."

That note surely was music to our ears and we are seizing this time to thank our unknown "Appreciator."

By the way if anyone has a hunch who it is, we'd like a little enlightenment, since we're on the trail ourselves.

ANOTHER CHANCE!

Whatsamatter, Freshies, Sophs, Juniors and Seniors? Where is your class spirit, your up and coming, your pep?

Oh yes we forgot. The Freshies did give a party and it wasn't written up in the Interlude. Well we give you credit for it here but we expect greater things of you. We want an assembly, we want lots of things and you mustn't disappoint us.

The year of 1919 gives you a chance to turn over a new leaf, to start again. Already now, draw a long breath, call a meeting, start something and let us hear things begin to hum. Here's your chance! Sieze it!

MISHAWAKA GAME TONIGHT

Turn out! Boost! Yell! Shout! Make a racket! For whom? Altogether now, "The Tan and Blue."

We have a very light team this year and it needs every ounce of backing we can give it.

The number who turned out for the Alumni game, New Year's day, was a shame and a disgrace. We ought to have the gym packed so tight full that there isn't even standing room.

Show up tonight so full of enthusiasm that the boys will feel

it in the air and responding to it will lick the daylights out of Mishawaka. It's up to you to put it across. Do we win or don't we?

SCHOOL OPINIONS

We tried to get you to state them but we failed. We started a "Letterary Dept." if I'm not mistaken but you didn't respond. Are you afraid to come out in the open and give the other fellow a fighting chance. If you are dissatisfied with school law or discipline or order or athletics or dances or assemblies or—oh well we can't take up space that way you know, but there are enough things to kick about and we want you to do your kicking in public.

Come on out, air your views and get some one else's idea on your problem. Perhaps it will help you to solve your own.

TO THE NEW YEAR

Ah, sweet New Year, to thee we humbly bow,
 Be just and kind and bring success to us;
 Thou faithful messenger, be gracious now,
 Bring hope and faith and sweet content to us;
 Thou pledge of joy and symbol of good cheer,
 Let us be full of joy and truly blest,
 And keep our resolutions all this year.
 The weary Old Year slips away to rest,
 With sighs for resolutions all forgot;
 In spite of chill and dreary wintry blast,
 The New Year makes us happy with our lot,
 Gives strength to bravely fight until the last,
 Farewell to thee, thou dead and faded Year,
 As eagerly into the New Year we peer.

Hjordis Lind '19.

CALENDAR

Friday, Dec. 20—Kalamazoo downs our five.

Dec. 20-30—Christmas Vacation.

Friday, Dec. 27—Alumni Dance.

Monday Dec. 30—School.

Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1919—Holiday. Alumni down varsity basketball team.

Thursday, Jan. 2—Special after-school session of second hour Public speaking class! Drama Club meeting.

Friday, Jan. 3—We play Dowagiac.

Monday, Jan. 6—Biology Club meeting.

Thursday, Jan. 9—Girls Interclass Junior vs. Freshman; Seniors vs. Sophomores.

The top manufacturer makes home-spun goods.

GEMS FROM LONGCLIFFE

CHEER UP In three cheers CHEER THREE

This
High
Enterprise

Is
Not
To
Educate
Readers
Let
Us
Deliver
Entertainment

Ruth Carlson just dashed into the room and burst forth, "Do you notice any change in me?" We didn't, and asked what was wrong. "I just swallowed a dime," she replied.

L. V. B.—"I suppose your hired girl does all the heavy work in your house?"

J. V. M.—"Not at all; my wife makes all the biscuits, pies, et cetera."

We would suggest that if you would make a lot of money, you'd better invest in yeast; it's bound to rise.

Stu. E.—"Wonder what we'll wear in heaven?"

Jimmy T.—"I know what I'll wear if I see you there."

S. E. E.—"What?"

J. W. T.—"A surprised look."

Steward on steamship—"Your lunch will be up in a minute."

Seasick passenger—"So will my breakfast."

Some people seem to delight in wanton destruction; we just looked out of the window and saw two men tearing up the street!

1st He: "When I asked her to marry me, she said I would have to ask her mother first."

2nd He: "Did you?"

1st He: "I should say not."

2nd He: "Why not?"

1st He: "I was afraid her mother would accept me."

N. D.: "Which side of the street do you live on?"

Letha: "On either side; if you go one way it's on the left side, and if you go the other way it's on the right."

Mistress: "You are married I suppose?"

New Cook: "No ma'am, I bumped into a door."

Old Grad: "I'm going to Panama to make my fortune."

Mr. McCowan: "They say there's a big opening there."

Louie LaPierre—"What do you think of replacing men conductors on the street cars with women?"

Jimmy Lancaster—"Oh that would be a fare exchange."

Newly-wed—"You have no idea what you miss by not being married."

Bachelor—"No, I suppose not; do you count your money every night and morning?"

We know a fellow who is just selling his goods right and left! He's a shoe dealer.

Judge—"Why did you steal the gentleman's purse?"

Prisoner—"I thot the change would do me good."

1st K. M.—"Are you still stuck at that city feller?"

2nd K. M.—"Naw, him and me are mad on each other now."

HOW DO THEY GET THAT WAY?!

She—"That's a nice looking riding horse you just bought."

He—"It's a buggy horse."

She—"I'm glad you told me I'll keep away from him."

Fat—"How did you know I was going to call?"

Her Little Sister—"I saw Mary Grace taking the pins out of her belt."

RUBBER STAMP

Nice Old Lady—"Well, are you glad to be back to school again?"

FAMILIAR FIB

H. S. student—"Yes, I am glad to be back at school again."



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Did you ever notice the close resemblance between a caller and a lover? First he comes to adore, then he gives the bell a ring, gives the maid his name, and then, if he does not find her out, he is taken in.

Virginia K.—"We'll surely miss the first dance. We've waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

Pike H.—"Hours, I should say."

V. K.—"Oh, Pike, this is so sudden."

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New Course in Citizenship

In connection with the work on Americanization conducted by the Vocational Department of our schools, it is urged that a course be given in local civics. The aim is to make our foreign born population familiar with city affairs to the end that they may be more intelligent voters. Enough work of more general character must be given so that these people may pass the examination for full citizenship. Many of our people are co-operating in the work and helping to get the material in shape to be presented. The papers will be printed in book form and will become the basis of class discussion in the various topics suggested. The list of subjects together with their authors follows and indicates just one means the Department is using in the effort to follow out the instructions of the Federal Government on this important question. Each topic is to be the basis of one or more lessons for class work.

The subjects and to those whom they were assigned follow:
 "The Meaning of Government"—Miss Virginia Tutt.

"Departments of Governments of South Bend" (in outline)—Iden Romig.

"The Municipal Lawmaking Power"—Thomas-Slick.

"The City's Strong Right Arm"—Frank Boone.

"Defenders of Life and Property"—Irving Sibrel.

"How Streets Are Kept Passable and Clean"—Frank Anderson.

"Keeping the City's Water Supply Adequate and Pure"—Mr. Harrop.

"A City at Play"—L. M. Hamerschmidt.

"How We Get Our Money"—Eli F. Seibert.

"Voting and City Elections"—Walter McInerney.

"Early History of South Bend"—C. N. Fassett.

"Meaning of Citizenship"—A. L. Hubbard.

"Rights of Citizens"—Samuel Pettingill.

"City Planning"—Mr. Austin.

"The County Government"—D. Pyle.

"The National Government"—Stuart MacKibben.

"Schools and the School System"—J. F. Nuner.

"A View of Our Population"—Wm. Happ.

Wife: "Here's a letter from mother saying that she won't be able to come and spend the month with us as she had promised, as she met with an accident and broke her leg."

Husband: "You should be more careful, dear. Don't you see that I'm shaving, and I'm sure, to cut myself if you make me laugh?"

South Bend (High) Men Who Have Made Their Mark

Olaf Swede Convict Olsen has resided in our midst for no telling how long; in other words his age is censored. To the unsophisticated we might remark that Olaf is of Swedish extraction. He bane Swadish alright.

Aside from cartooning cartoons, Swede's favorite pastime is chasing squirrels with a blunderbuss called a Winchester, or is it a Remington? Having tramped over every township in St. Joseph County Olaf has in the last 10 or 12 years exterminated two rabbits. No record has been kept of the squirrels.

As to his social achievements, we would remark that he is a veritable lion with the ladies, being fairly idolized by scores of them at once. On the dancing floor he is almost as much at home as on the football field.

Since the hair has been removed from his noble upper story there has been revealed certain ridges and bumps which bespeak of startling criminal tendencies and which put him in a really dangerous light as regards the safety of the community. In fact psychologists might maintain that Swede was a remarkable example of a—but we must refrain from slanderous statements. Before the aforementioned hair was removed these ridges and grooves could not be seen, so perhaps "Olie" had better not have had his hair reduced to its starting point. Our advice, however, comes a trifle late.

Anyway he bane some football player and cartoonist. On the gridiron he plays 'em hard and his educated pedal extremity has helped to win many a hard fought game. As a cartoonist he bane far from any ordinary artist as his efforts in the Interlude show. He has left his mark on many a Gary, Hammond, or Elkhart man, and in many an issue of the school paper.

By the way, did you ever notice that sardonic, satanic grin which "Olie" wears while performing on the football field? Believe us it is some grin. Anyway Olaf is a marked man! Especially, lately!



Among our latter day sciences Pneumology seems to be second to none.

Young Men!

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Fried—"Did you ever try to dye eggs?"

Fred—"No, but I've tried 'em after they're dead."

Teacher—"What is the highest form of animal life?"

Sam Pace—"Giraffe."

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