

**Interlude Dance Friday Night after the Game.**

# The Interlude

VOLUME XXIX No. 7

HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 12, 1919.

10 CENTS THE COPY

*Central  
High School*



**1858 THEODORE ROOSEVELT 1919**

We honor him. He served us well. The world is better because he lived in it.

# L I T E R A R Y

## JUST IN TIME.

### PART V

#### Coadventurers

Herr Oberoffizier seeming satisfied with her murmured greeting, Milady finished her lunch in haste and left the dining room. She was being followed again. That accursed creature was on her trail once more. Fearing, trembling inwardly, tho outwardly composed, she crossed the lobby, firmly expecting a summons every moment, sure that those menacing eyes were watching her. But she reached the elevator without incident and ascended to her floor. She walked out, head lowered to watch her step. She raised her eyes and gazed straight at the back of the short man of the fierce eyes, as it disappeared thru the door of her room. Her first instinct was to cry out but she managed to stifle her impulse and fearing lest he come out and find her so, she turned and fled down the deserted corridor. Panic lent speed to her heels and she soon found herself facing a window and fire escape. To run down that would be madness in broad daylight. To stand there was worse since at any minute some one might come out of one of the rooms and wonder at her presence there. Voices! She listened intently. The hotel proprietor and a stranger approaching from a side corridor! They were too close for her to escape and he knew that her room was at the far end of the building! Any minute they might round the corner and find her there. Following a panicky impulse again, she stepped to the nearest door and tried the knob. It gave! She opened the door and entered just in time. A second more and she would have confronted those accusing eyes. She rested heavily on the door, breathing hard and with her eyes closed in relief. A man's voice startled her and she looked at him with sudden terror but the sight which met her eyes was humorously reassuring. Standing before her, feet spread wide, hands on hips, was a handsome young man dressed in a woman's suit skirt and sleeveless men's underwear. A three day beard completed his comical appearance. He was grinning in a jolly way at her, tho his eyes held a quizzical, questioning look that made her wonder suddenly, if her clothes were alright.

"Anything I can do for you?" he asked and at the sound of a real American accent her relief

over-powered her. "Oh, yes." She got no further. A knocking interrupted her. With a frightened gasp she sprang toward him. "Save me, save me. They are going to shoot me. I'm from your land, save me," she implored and in her agony dropped to her knees. He swiftly stooped and raised her whispering meanwhile, "Quick, remove your hat, coat, waist and shoes and take down your hair. I shan't look, do as I tell you." Then aloud in feminine tone, "Who's there?" The proprietor's voice answered and asked admittance. Still speaking in a forced feminine voice, Aye, for it was he, answered sweetly, "Really, I'm dressing just at present. If you'll come back later or if you will be good enough to wait until"—a savage voice interrupted, "No Herr spy we are on to your trail. You are not a woman and we won't be put off." The door was forced open. Aye stepped behind it and motioned to Milady to come forward. She had partially disrobed as Aye had commanded and as the invaders swung the door open they were confronted by an indignant girl who apparently had been in the act of doing up her hair. She stood in the middle of the room, one arm raised to her head, her eyes blazing. "Pardon me," she said in low voice that fairly stung. With withering scorn she slowly looked them over. "I fear you have the wrong person. Good afternoon." She swung about and went over to the dresser. The men backed out quickly and shut the door behind. Milady swiftly crossed and turned the key and stood listening to their dying footsteps. "Foiled again!" Aye's words and laugh brought her back. "Oh!" She exclaimed. "Turn your back." He obediently faced the corner while she redressed and combed her hair. Then they sat down by mutual consent.

"Well?" he began and then smiled. "Perhaps I'd better explain myself. I feel sure I can trust you since you like myself are fugitive from **injustice**," he chuckled. "Do you care to hear my tale?" And at her mute assent he told how he had borrowed the maid's clothes and how he had in pure deviltry visited the Austrian ambassador's home and carried off the inebriated baroness and borrowed her clothes and come to this hotel from which he hadn't dared to venture since because, "You see, I forgot my razor and I didn't dare appear like this." He rubbed his thorny chin ruefully. I've thot several times of climbing down the fire escape

some night but I found that there is a policeman who hangs out just underneath it all night, so I've been taking my meals in my room," he added whimsically.

Heroically he refrained from questioning this girl who he thought could not possibly be very wicked and still be so beautiful to look at, and such cool nerves and **such** superb acting! He didn't realize how intently he had been gazing at her until she said softly in French, "I perceive that Monsieur is wondering who is the bold woman who enters his room without knocking. Is it not so?" Aye blushed and stammered an apology which she waved aside with a quaint gesture. "Never mind. I owe Monsieur an explanation. Since your great country has joined mine in this so great a fight for freedom, you will be interested in what I have to tell, for it concerns you and your country vitally." She drew from her blouse a small package of papers, "This she said softly, "is an authentic manuscript telling the main facts about Germany and her resources and plans for the coming spring. I must get them out of this country. They must get to France in time. It is not for myself that I ask aid. It is not because I fear personal dangers. If I had I should not have come, but I must get this to France in time. May I count on you Monsieur?"

Aye arose and extended his hand. "I pledge my life, my money and my honor to you and that packet of papers."

With a relieved little sigh she placed her hand in his and drawing herself up she said in a proud and happy tone, "Thank you, I am Princess of ——. My father is in high command in the army. You shall not be forgotten." Galantly Aye stooped and kissed her hand.

(To be Continued)

### CALENDAR

Tues., Jan. 21—Keora Club Meeting.

Wed., Jan. 22—Our quintet wallops Elkhart. Senior assembly! Some show!

Thurs., Jan. 23—Girls Interclass. Seniors down Juniors. Sophs down Fresh.

Friday, Jan. 24—Boy's Interclass. Juniors down Sophs; Seniors down Freshies.

Monday, Jan. 27—Sophomore meeting.

Wed., Jan. 29—"Back to School Drive" assembly. Boys Interclass.

Thurs., Jan. 30—Girls Inter-

## Worth Knowing

It is just as important to this store to give good service to high school boys and girls as to older people.

We welcome you, your daily visits will be interesting to us—make your wants known, our appreciation is best shown by fulfilling them.

**A Store for Young Women**

**A Store for Young Men**

**Robertson Brothers Co.**

class, Juniors vs. Freshies; Seniors vs. Sophs.

Friday, Jan. 31—Keora Club Dance! Whirligig around.

Week commencing Feb. 3—Exams!! "Be with us yet."

### BACK TO SCHOOL DRIVE

Wednesday morning, January 29th, the assembly was set aside for the purpose of observing the "Back to School Drive" week. The winners of the theme contest were announced by Mr. McCowan who patted the commercial students on the back by announcing that all three places were taken by pupils from the commercial department. It is indeed a thing for the department to be proud of since they put less effort on literary composition than do the regular English classes.

The first three places were won by Jennie Silberman, William Johnson and Marjorie Lee respectively. Jennie Silberman, Lucille Gerber, Margaret Geyer, Margaret Shafer and David Weeks gave their speeches before the assembly and all acquitted themselves nobly.

Judge Miller, of the Juvenile Court of this city, also talked on the same subject, tho he felt much as did the man who talked to the inmates of a penitentiary on the folly of crime—as if they didn't know more about the folly of crime, than he did. He was right. We know or should know the advantages of staying in school as long as possible. However, we doubt if we realize it as much as he does.



## REWARD

Why is kissing your girl like a bottle of olives?

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### A BIT OF GOSSIP ABOUT "PINAFORE."

Quoted from newspaper clippings of December 1918 concerning the revival of the long neglected tho still famous opera "Pinafore" by Gilbert and Sullivan.

"The Gilbert and Sullivan operas have been received in New York in some of the leading theatres and have received the unanimous homage and praise of that city's press critics. Why? It is because Gilbert has builded structures of many-hued whimsicalities upon a basis of never changing truth and because Sullivan has flooded each of these structures with music fit to endure that their operas never grow stale but stand in a class, distinct, by themselves.

"Many persons fail to realize what an influence they have had upon amateur productions but you may slap on the shoulder almost any middle-aged resident of an American town, who has made any pretensions of being a singer and you will, like as not, have laid your hand upon some "Ralph Rackstraw," "Dick Deadeye" or "Little Buttercup."

"Pinafore" is filled with phrases that hit the situations of

sea war and struggling democracy today"—so—.

Is it any wonder that Miss Harmon has chosen it as the opera to be given the latter part of March by the choruses and glee clubs. The cast has not yet been chosen tho it is expected that Ralph Dumke, George Miller, Mrs. Grace Fink Hoverschied and Miss Josephine Decker will be the principals.

### ALUMNUS TALKS TO BIOLOGY CLUB

Fred Helmen, an alumnus, entertained the Biology Club, January 19, with a lecture, the topic being "Birds of This Vicinity." His talk was quite interesting due to his being a nature lover, and enthusiast along that line. He urged that all persons who really love nature become familiar with the many species of birds in the neighborhood of the St. Joseph River.

### UNLUCKY SOPHOMORES

Even with two of the varsity basketball men on the team the Sophomores were beaten by the Juniors. They blame it on the referee but we're not so sure they're right. That is a common alibi.

### SELECT COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS

A short yet very important Senior meeting was held Tuesday afternoon, January 28, in the "Senior Room." Various styles and designs of commencement invitations were presented to the class. A very neat and attractive invitation was finally selected.

Two unique features of the invitations will be the placing of the class monogram upon the outer flap of the invitation in the class colors of green and grey, and the engraving of the invitations in the Japanese type, the latest thing in engraving.

Seniors who were not present at the meeting should see Miss Dye for information concerning the placing of orders.

### FINE MUSICAL PROGRAM GIVEN

The pupils who receive credit for the musical work which they do out of school, entertained an interested audience Friday afternoon, the last day of January. Delightful piano selections were rendered by John Slaughter, Kathryn Page, Janet Crouse, Ruth Rulison and Samuel Jennings. The musical was open to everyone and "room 108" was full.

### Rubber Stamp

"It pays to advertise."

### Familiar Fib

"My car was late, or I'd have been here on time."

S. B. H. S.

## ... JEWELRY ...

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# ATHLETICS

## S. B. H. S. NOSES OUT LAKE FOREST.

In the closest contest witnessed this year at the Y. M. gym, Saturday, Feb. the first, the Tan and Blue ran their string of victories up to six by nosing out Lake Forest Academy 25 to 19. The game was rough and full of thrills.

The Benders altho outweighed many pounds to the man secured the lead at the beginning and held it till the final gun. The marked difference in weight did not seem to hinder the locals, as they played hard and fast thruout the contest.

Capt. Watters started the scoring by dropping in a long one from a difficult angle; Nykios then rang up a couple more and the locals swung into the lead, to remain there. Lake Forest apparently had a strong aggregation but the invaders could not find the hoop. Towards the end of the half the opposition opened up a few notches and began to overhaul the locals but the gun ended the rally. The end of this half found S. B. on top 20 to 15.

The opening of the second period found both teams playing strictly a defensive game. Lake Forest played all five men back and rarely went past the middle line. The scoring of both teams was consequently cut down and the issue began to be doubtful. At this juncture, Cunningham, who had been out on account of injuries, was sent in and he promptly put in two baskets which settled the conflict.

The great defensive work of

Olsen and Buntman, as usual, stood out as a feature all during the game. These two men, playing their first year on the varsity, work together like veterans. Capt. Watters was on the job with his rarely failing eagle eye and this helped put the game on the right side of the ledger. Nykios played a good game during the time he was in. Holm of the Foresters played a plucky game while Kopf chipped in with nine points. The visitors handled the ball well but could not locate the basket.

The Tan and Blue played about the best ball they have played this year, that is, at home. The basket shooting was above par while the passing and defensive work was exceedingly good. There is really not a weak spot on the team.

Summary and Line-up:

S. B. H. S.	Lake Forest
Nykios	Kopf
Wedel	Pagerdoff
Watters (Capt.)	Holm
Buntman	Bergan
Olsen	Bates
	Left Guard
	Right Guard
	Center
	Left Forward
	Right Forward

Substitutions: Cunningham for Nykios.

Baskets: Watters, 5; Cunningham, 3; Wedel, 2; Pagerdoff, 2; Kopf, 2; Holm, 3.

Fouls: Watters, 1 out of 3; Kopf, 5 out of 7.

Referee: Cook.

## BENDERS DOWN LAPORTE.

By defeating LaPorte at the LaPorte "Y" on Friday, Jan. 31, 30 to 17, the locals annexed their first victory on a foreign floor this year.

The Benders were saving two of their men for the Lake Forest game and consequently did not defeat LaPorte as badly as might be expected from comparative scores.

The game was close in the first half, but in the second, Capt. Watters cut loose with seven baskets and the game was cinched. Nykios and Cunningham also tossed some in during this period, altho Cunningham had to quit after a few minutes with a badly bitten tongue. Danielson at center was the high score man for the losers. (Who bit Cunningham?)

Summary:

S. B. H. S.	LaPorte
Cunningham	Northam
	Right Forward
Nykios	Hamilton
	Left Forward
Watters (Capt.)	Danielson
	Center
Zilky	Nentzman
	Left Guard
Buntman	Johnson
	Right Guard

Substitutions: Scheer for Zilky, Wedel for Cunningham, Olsen for Buntman.

Baskets: Watters, 7; Cunningham, 4; Nykios, 3; Danielson, 3; Northam, 2; Hamilton, 1.

Foul Goals: Watters, 2 out of 3; Danielson, 5 out of 6.

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## INTERCLASS LEAGUE NEWS.

### STANDING IN THE INTER-CLASS LEAGUE

	Won	Lost	Percentage
Seniors	4	2	.666
Juniors	4	2	.666
Fresh	3	3	.500
Soph	1	5	.166

### SENIORS SURPRISE FRESH

The Seniors climbed into a triple tie for the leadership of the boys' Interclass League on Jan. 23 by defeating the Fresh 11 to 7. The Seniors out-fought and outplayed their opponents.

Altho the Fresh were apparently a better team individually, the Seniors by playing hard and fast secured enough points to win. Farage, Hurwich and Leibov played creditable games for the Seniors while Scheer did the best work for the Fresh.

### JUNIORS OUTPLAY SOPHS

By coming back strong in the second half, the Juniors defeated the Sophs on Jan. 23 by a score of 17 to 10.

The Sophs were augmented by the addition of two varsity men, Nykios and Hollowell, but the Juniors, by a whirlwind finish won handily.

Baumgartner, Rose and Bimm played well for the Juniors while Hollowell and Sluss helped the Sophs.

### FRESH AGAIN DEFEATED

With another strong second-half finish the Juniors nosed out the yearlings. Finishing strong seems to be the Juniors' main point as they have pulled about three games out of the fire, this year, in that manner.

The Fresh did not play up to their usual standard while the Juniors traveled exceedingly well. The Juniors displayed the eagle eye for the basket when it was needed. Andrus, Baumgartner and Rose set the pace for the Juniors while Shanafelt and Mellander showed best for the Fresh.

### SENIORS ON TOP AGAIN

The Seniors clung to the tie for leadership on Jan. 29, by nosing out the Sophs 14 to 10.

The Seniors won again chiefly thru their ability to outscrap the other team. Altho they showed no exceptional team play, they displayed pep and speed enough to win. Farage played his usual slashing game. Brummett kicked in with three baskets. A. Smith, Sluss and Zuver performed well for the Sophs.

### GIRLS' LEAGUE PROGRESSING

On Thursday, Jan. 30th, the Seniors girls barely emerged victorious over the Sophs by a score of 8 to 6. The game was hard fought and exciting from beginning to finish. The combination of Carlson and Schneider failed to get going, altho these two amazons gathered enough points to win. Clauer starred for the Sophs.

The Fresh-Junior game was slow and one-sided as the Juniors jumped into the lead and stayed there. Wrightsman and Probst contributed the points for the Juniors, while Shirk played creditably for the Fresh. The Seniors lead the League with no defeats.

### THE SECONDS

The seconds are the under dogs.

They get most all the blame;

They get the kicks, they get the knocks,

But never any praise.

They work from three, till after six.

They play with all their might;

To make a first team that can win,

To struggle and to fight.

They do not ask for any praise Or the thing that you call fame

But just remember that they're here

And get them a few games.

Frank Lynn (Pen name).



## PEDAGOGY.

It has been the aim for a long time to have a normal training course instituted in our local high school. At last the aim has been accomplished and next semester all those who intend to make teaching a profession will have the opportunity to begin their normal training at home.

This will not exempt them from going to a normal school, but it is to give them more extensive training and make them better fitted for their life's work. The full course shall be under the general heading, "Pedagogy." There will be three courses within the one big course. They are: Methods I; Methods II; and Observation classes.

Methods I takes up Arithmetic and Grammar. The study of the subject matter will not be considered in class but merely the presentation of the material in hand.

Methods II includes all branches except those in Methods I. As before, only the presentation of the material will be considered.

The Observation Classes will in all probability prove extraordinarily interesting to those planning to teach. As the plan is now, only one recitation a week will be held in the class room. The other four periods will be spent in visiting some of the most successful teachers in our city schools, where the students will observe the manner in which the teacher brings the lesson up before the class and the manner in which the children respond to the teacher. This will help the students to understand the character of the children, their needs, and how to go about satisfying those needs.

These classes are only open to those who have completed at least one semester of psychology, but to accommodate the Seniors who expect to graduate at the end of the school year this rule will not be enforced until later.

Morrie: "Jack Campbell passed three pool rooms without turning in at one of them, the other day."

Grannie: "Heavens! Was he in a trance?"

M. G.: "No, his grandfather's electric."

## MORE MUSIC

Miss Harmon recently received a large number of new songbooks and was extremely pleased with them. They are entitled "55 Community Songs" and contain the national songs of our allies with many other snappy bits of melody. The music department intends to make good use of them.

## Sophs Wake Up at Last!

### Second Year Class Makes Plans for Assembly

After a great deal of mental anguish the class of '21 finally came to the conclusion that an assembly was not only desirable but necessary. The decision having been made, they fain would select those members of the class whom they considered best fitted for such a heavy task. The names of the committee members are as follows: Elva Yeagley, Anita Parsons, Ruth Voedish, Robert Appleman, Alexis Thielans and Keith Masters. The only reason the rest of the members of the class were not appointed was because, "too many cooks spoil the broth," hence too many Sophs might spoil the assembly. And besides when six Sophomores with robust lungs each gets to stating his view of the case, at the same time the walls of Miss Klingel's room tremble and bulge outward. (They always leave the windows open, too.) Moreover, the school authorities are seriously considering making a law providing that not more than six Sophomores be placed on one committee and not more than one committee meet in a single room or adjoining rooms.

Mild Customer: "I want a pair of overalls to wear around the house."

Dealer: "How big is the house?"

"Permit me to die at your feet!" he cried desperately.

She shivered.

"Well, I see no objection to that," she answered, "All Father said was that you mustn't hang around here."

## Debating Club News

The second of a series of debates held by the feminine debaters was contested at a meeting in the Little Theatre, January 27th. The question discussed was: "Resolved; that every High School girl should receive an allowance." The affirmative side taken by Ethel Welch and Dorothea Snyder was victorious. Gladys Rhue and Pauline Tries, composed the negative team.

Their next meeting will be in the form of an indoor picnic held at the home of Margaret Heide-man.

The dance, to be given by the club on February 22nd, is a sure thing and **everyone** is invited to come and behold—oh! we forgot that we weren't supposed to tell. It's a secret the key to which costs the price of admission only.

## SHE OBEYED

Carleen Lederer

"You must not see him any more."

She heard her mother say, And tho she did her fate deplore,

She promised to obey. "I must not see you, sir!" she cried,

When he appeared that night. "Why then," the thoughtful lad replied,

"We must turn out the light." Thus did the maid so true and sweet

To her parent's order bow, Altho, as formerly, they meet, She does not see him now.



## The Time of Day or Night

Our big clock on the corner of Michigan and Washington is the time-piece 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.

## Keora Club Dance.

The members of the Keora Klub who were responsible for the success of the dance given Friday night, January 31st, in the high school gym, are indeed to be congratulated. The music was fine, being furnished by Fites orchestra, whose pre-war reputation is well known.

The gym was delightfully decorated in a Japanese theme of paper chrysanthemums and parasols. Benches camouflaged with the paper greenery, served as cozy-corner booths. The sun-parlor effect in the southwest corner of the gymnasium has become a new and welcome addition to our gymnasium decorating schemes.

A novelty in the way of programs was introduced. Daisies, made of white and yellow paper with the name and number of each dance on a petal, were to be seen swinging from each boy's lapel.

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CANDIES, SODA  
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**IN MEMORIAM**

Sunday, February the ninth, is at hand. By our President's decree, this day has been set apart for remembering that far-famed American, Theodore Roosevelt. At this time our memories, personal or second hand, should all center around the fine qualities in the nature of the splendid man.

His was an intense character, loved and adored by his friends, hated by his enemies. His faults were perhaps as evident as his virtues but they do not and can not outweigh them. His life has been termed a fighting life. From his boyhood he has had a struggle. He literally fought his way to the top. Being of an impulsive overbearing nature where ever injustice was attempted he had no patience whatever with the wrong-doer; hence the deep hatred felt toward him by those whom he opposed. On the other hand the ones favored with his approval and friendship adored him and were not blind to his fine manly qualities. However, the ones who can best judge of his worthiness are those who, not having come under either his magnetic influence or his dominating disfavor, have heard of him and about him. Deeds speak louder than words and in the deeds of Theodore Roosevelt the world reads the life history of a man. Man in the deepest, truest sense.

Human and still almost super-human. His leadership of the Roughriders speaks for his backbone down which no yellow streak ever ran. His adventures in the wilds of South America, tell of his inherent ability to fight even the unknown terrors of disease, and lurking death. Courageous! Ah, he knew no fear. He faced all perils and dangers either physical or spiritual with a piercing eye and a strong heart. A poem, quoted below, by

Ernest Harold Baynes, puts into music the essence of his heroism.

**Death and Roosevelt**

He turned your lance, O Death,  
 Full often from its mark;  
 But he fought only in the day,  
 Nor dreamed you'd take the coward's way  
 And stab him in the dark.

Were you afraid, O Death,  
 So brave the front he kept?  
 Dared you not face him in the light,  
 But crept upon him in the night  
 And slew him as he slept?

Roosevelt's service to his country should not be overlooked. True, he made mistakes. But they only serve as a foil for the faithful, tried and true services that he rendered the United States. His flag and country stood first and foremost in his heart. Before his family life, before his own life, came the life and honor of the land he loved. He gave his youngest son cheerfully and willingly to the cause of freedom. Let not America forget that gift which he laid upon her altar. Let us overlook the faults, the mistakes and count only the worthy deeds, the fine virtues and his willing sacrifice. Let us remember him as an American, a man and a brother.

**ROOSEVELT'S LAST PUBLIC MESSAGE****Urges Undivided Allegiance—One Language, One Flag, One Soul Loyalty**

(From National School Service Magazine.)

Death came to Theodore Roosevelt, ex-president of the United States, soldier, statesman, scholar, and fearless leader, on the morning of January 6, 1919. Among his last known public messages was a letter written the Friday before to officers of the American Defense Society, of which he was the honorary president, to be read at the Sunday evening concert of the society at the Hippodrome, New York City. The message, ringing with the clear note of true Americanism, follows:

"I cannot be with you, and so all I can do is to wish you god-speed. There must be no sagging back in the fight for Americanism merely because the war is over. There are plenty of persons who have already made the assertion that they believe the American people have a short memory and that they intend to revive all the foreign associations which most directly interfere with the complete Americanization of our people. Our principle in this matter should be absolutely simple. In the first place, we should insist

that if the immigrant who comes here does in good faith become an American and assimilates himself to us he shall be treated on an exact equality with every one else, for it is an outrage to discriminate against any such man because of creed or birthplace or origin.

"But this is predicated upon the man's becoming in very fact an American and nothing but an American. If he tries to keep segregated with men of his own origin and separated from the rest of America, then he isn't doing his part as an American. There can be no divided allegiance here. Any man who says he is an American, but something also isn't an American at all. We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against liberty and civilization just as much as it excludes any foreign flag of a nation to which we are hostile. We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans, of American nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding house; and we have room for but one soul loyalty, and that is loyalty to the American people."

**AT LAST! IT IS HERE!**

Yes, the members of the Interlude staff have at last awakened to the fact that they must pay their honest debts. They owe the Junior class a dance as a reward for their faithful services in the Interlude subscription contests. To tell the facts in the case the staff did not forget. Quite a while before Christmas several staff members put their heads together over a calendar and discovering that Valentine's day came on Friday they could not resist the temptation to put the dance off until then. "We can decorate the gymnasium so beautifully," one of the girls rapturized. "And the programs! Oh! We could have some programs!" gurgled another. So the day was decided upon, Mr. McCowan was besieged and the date captured.

Now, as to rules and regulations:

Rule One. Juniors who thru housecleaning and over Christmas have managed to hang on to their precious red tags, will be admitted gratis. (That means with the tag.) Only Juniors will be admitted by tag.

Rule Two. A Junior girl coming with a young man not of that classification must warn her partner that he must expect to fork over the sum of twenty-five cents which will admit him, (f. o. b.), her red tag of course admits the girl. Junior boys, if they bring gir-r-l-s of other classes, must

likewise "pay the freight", twenty-five cents.

In other words, we shall collect twenty-five cents from every person who is not a junior and from every Junior who is not wearing the red tag.

Rule Three. No stags admitted. (If a boy desires to dance it behooves him to "hump himself" and get a girl, girls ditto.)

Rule Four. Girls! Be sure to tell him to leave those cigarettes at home. Boys! Positively NO smoking allowed.

The details of decorating the gymnasium, selecting and ordering programs, arranging for an orchestra and so forth will be left in the hands of committees appointed from the members of the staff.

**OBITUARY A' LA-MODE**

Arthur Russel, Jr., '20.

The young Basket-Ball Team of Mishawaka, Indiana, died Friday evening, Jan. 10, 1919 at 9:20 P. M. at the local Y. M. C. A. hospital pending an operation on its championship aspirations. The deceased was ill only one hour and twenty minutes. After being under the anesthetic only a few seconds, while on the operating table, acute weakness of the knees developed, followed by a severe attack of home-sickness, which finally did away with Mr. Team at the above stated hour.

The deceased was born in the metropolis of Mishawaka about the first of Nov. 1918, making him around three months of age at the time of his fatal attack. He was on a visit from his home to South Bend, being the guest of Mr. Warren Watters and company, wards of the famous Mr. Cohlmeier, a resident of our renowned city.

The remains may be viewed any time from now until the funeral, at the family home between the hours of 8:15 to 12:00 in the morning and 1:30 to 4:00 in the afternoon.

The deceased leaves, besides his guardian, Mr. Milliken, about seven hundred fifty brothers and sisters, all residing in Mishawaka.

A public funeral will be held at 8 o'clock in the evening of Feb. 28, 1919, at which the Rev. Eddie Cook will probably officiate. Undoubtedly Messrs. Watters, Buntman, Wedel, Cunningham, and Olsen—all of South Bend, will act as pallbearers. Burial will be at Blasted Hopes Cemetery in Mishawaka. A cordial invitation is extended to everyone to be present. Let's all go over. "We're going over."



## GEMS FROM LONGCLIFFE

To begin with, let us print a poem contributed by some unknown, tho well meaning, fair damsel:

"Solomon was a brainy man;  
King David had the cash;  
But as for Morrie Goodman—  
He breaks their hearts ker-smash!"  
Now, bow for the lady, Morris.

Said the first college lad. "My room mate has literary aspirations."

"Does he write for money?" asked his friend.

"Well—he wrote home last night."

Hazel: "Before we were married you used to catch me in your arms."

Don: "Yes, and now I catch you in my pockets."

A teacher's favorite Bible verse: "Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed."

He: "Good news. The enemy is being driven back."

Friend Wife: "Driven back! Did you say driven? Why, if I had anything to say about it, every last one of the dirty dogs would have walked every step of the way on foot!"

We know a fellow who was upset over the failure of his bank. No wonder; he lost his balance.

She: "And did you never kiss a girl under the mistle toe?"

He: "Well, no; I think it's much pleasanter to kiss her under the nose."

Visitor: "You probably have a good old father and mother somewhere. Wouldn't you like to see them again before you die?"

Dying Criminal: "No, lady; I don't mind seeing snakes, rats, monkeys, purple bull-dogs and and green dragons occasionally, but I draw the line on ghosts."

Jack: "There's something on foot."

Jill: "How do you know?"

Jack: "I saw him going into a chiropodist's."

We had a bitter loss this morning—lost a box of quinine.

Marigrace: "How has he been treating you?"

Conradine: "Oh, all right, but not often enough."

Judge: "Were you ever up before me?"

Offender: "I don't know. What time do you get up?"

Gin Keasey's chord of feminine vanity was touched when he called her "little girl." "Little girl, indeed!" she pouted, "I'm as much of a woman as you are."

She: "What did you do when she told you she that you were odd?"

He: "I told her I'd get even."

Miss Keller: "What figure of speech is 'My hours of school are as pleasant as sunshine?'"

Earl S.: "Irony."

Heard at the faculty party at Mrs. Dakin's, just after Miss Dunbar's spectacular somersault: "What pretty ruffles!" "Yes, and so shapely, too."!!?

"Who gave the bride away?"

"Her little brother. He stood up in the middle of the ceremony and yelled. 'Hurrah, Fanny, you've got him at last!'"

Sight-seer: "That gentleman who just passed in the Rolls-Royce must be a man of means."

Guide: "He is; he's the meanest man in town."

"Morrie" and "Jack" C. feel that they are even with "Friend Policeman" now.

Kind Old Lady: "My man, don't you ever use soap?"

The Tramp: "I would, ma'am, but I'm afraid to. You see, I've been reading the ads for soap, and each one says all the other kinds are injurious, so how am I going to tell which one is right?" —And the Seniors say it pays to advertise!

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You will get Special Prices on especially  
Good Pictures at Graduation time, at the

## McDonald Studio

A charming young singer called  
Hannah

Got into a flood in Montana;  
As she floated away  
Her sister, they say,  
Accompanied her on the piano.

Olie: "I want my hair cut."  
Barber: "Any special way?"  
Olie: "Yes; off."

Helen Muessel says she doesn't care much what her future home looks like, just so it has an elevator and a pipe-organ in it.

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The new and proper style for young men.

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## The Seniors Think "It Pays to Advertise."

Well, we Seniors surely put it across, did we not? What's that? What did we put across? Why the assembly of course! We claim that was pretty good.

Wednesday, January the twenty-second, Mr. McCowan changed the assembly time from first thing in the morning to the last event of the afternoon, so that the Seniors could put on as long a performance as they pleased.

The form of entertainment that they pleased to put on was a three act play entitled, "It Pays to Advertise," a charming comedy, cleverly interpreted by a cast of well-known Seniors and coached by the Senior sponsor and dramatic art teacher, Miss Dye. Many a weary night have the members of the cast and others concerned with the assembly's success, spent in the auditorium, drilling and rehearsing until they could repeat their lines automatically. They say—shhh!—that "Fried" Nelson, he was the hero, you know, puts up with his brother George's snoring because he has come to believe so thoroly that, "It Pays to Advertise." Poor Mildred! We really sympathize because you see it is putting her in the most embarrassing situation. They say, that Helen will hardly speak to her any more. You see Mildred is the heroine and "Fried" the hero and Helen Oh! you do see, well then perhaps, nuff sed! We always did dislike to explain things like that.

Helen Gafill is chairman of the committee for running things and you know she is also President for the Girls' Debating Club and we bet, we don't know but we bet that she makes 'em stand around. She probably has a come-back ready every time someone else tries to run things a bit. We've got our money on Helen, as some little "bosser."

Oh, yes! We were told not to forget to thank George Page the stage manager and his crew and also, Dewey Darling, the electrician for the good work that they did. If we have forgotten to mention anyone who should have been thanked we take occasion now to do so. Please, everyone including the audience, consider yourself thanked.

A private performance, for Seniors only was given Tuesday

evening at 7:00 P.M. At least that is the polite name given the dress rehearsal held that night.

The class expects, at some future date to give another performance for outsiders, charging a minimum price, thus securing a nest egg for their memorial fund.

Cast of characters:

Cyrus Martin, soap king—Norman Merrick.

Rodney Martin, his son—Friedolph Nelson.

Ambrose Peale, publicity man—Glen Cunningham.

Mr. McChesney, advertising agent—Earle Straw.

Ellery Clark, a model son—Frederick Davis.

Mr. Smith, financier—Carl Baumgartner.

Mary Grayson, private secretary—Mildred Rennoe.

Countess de Beaurien, a smooth article—Helen Muessel.

Miss Bronson, Marshall Field's representative—Dorothy Miller.

Marie, a French maid—Ethel Welch.

Johnson, a maid—Ruth Gau.

### ACTION

Act 1.—Private library of Cyrus Martin.

Act 2.—Newly established office of Thirteen Soap Company.

Act 3.—Same as Act 1.

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Here's the second "publishable" contribution:

"The Freshman is green on the surface;

The Sophomore is polished a bit;

The Junior is there if there's fun in the air;

The Senior is simply It."

Marie: "What makes the well water so hard?"

Jimmy: "Being so low down, I guess."



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