

The Interlude

VOLUME XXIX No. 12

HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1919.

10 CENTS THE COPY

Junior Ex. Success, Class To be Congratulated

The annual Junior Ex., given last Friday evening in the High School Auditorium, was graciously received by an audience of over eight hundred people. The French comedy, "Dust in the Eyes," was the play presented.

The first act occurs in the home of M. Malingear, a sagacious doctor. Malingear's daughter, Emmeline, is in love with Frederick, a confectioner's son. Frederick asks Malingear for his daughter's hand in marriage. Malingear consents with one provision, however, that Frederick must wait until he has had the opportunity of looking up his parent's pedigree.

Madame Ratinois, Frederick's mother, under the guise of renting an apartment of Malingear, visits his home and there, due to the deception of Madame Malingear, is led to believe that the Doctor is a famous and wealthy physician. Seeing that it would, indeed, be a fortunate alliance for her son, she, in turn, practices deception, making Malingear believe M. Ratinois a millionaire sugar refiner.

The plot carries one thru various ludicrous incidents which will apparently terminate in the marriage of Frederick and Emmeline. The dowry causes some trouble and only the diplomacy

of Uncle Robert keeps the two parents from severing the engagement. The old lumberman lays bare the subterfuge used by each party and thereby saves the happiness of the lovers.

Douglas Owen, Margaret Geyer, Granville Keller and Pauline Treesh took the leading roles creditably, while the other members of the cast contributed to the success of the play. Forbes Julian, as footman, was in his element.

During the intermission, Chas. Baumgartner, entertained the audience with two vocal selections. Irene Healy's reading, "Mrs. Newlywed's First Visit to the Butcher," also brot forth abundant applause.

Previous to the play, the High School Orchestra rendered several numbers, "In Roseland" and—"I Gathered A Rose."

Cast of Characters

M. Malingear.....	Douglas Owen
Mme. Malingear.....	Margaret Geyer
Emmeline	Catherine Swintz
Sophie	Margaret Freshley
Alexandrine	Mildred Mitchell
Upholsterer	Arthur Russell
M. Ratinois	Granville Keller
Mme. Ratinois	Pauline Treesh
Frederick	Herbert Allemang
Uncle Robert	Robert Hoffman
Chef	James Taylor
Footman	Forbes Julian

AVIATOR SPEAKS

Lieut. Wiser Relates Incidents in Soldier's Career.

Relating his experiences in the government air service in the United States, on the firing line and telling his experiences in the German prison camps in a humorous and fascinating manner, Lieut. Guy Wiser, a South Bend High School alumnus, created a lasting and favorable impression with his audience when he spoke to the High School students in their Wednesday morning assembly, April 23.

After several months' training on this side of the water, Wiser went to England and later to France, where he saw active service. He made several flights over enemy territory on bombing expe-

ditions, "destroying perfectly good wheat fields, probably ruining at least ten bushels of grain." "This," said the speaker, "was to destroy the enemy's morale."

Upon his last bombing tour, his supply of gasoline failed him and he was compelled to land on German ground. He was taken captive and held in various Hun camps until the armistice was signed.

Wiser said that the only scars he received in the conflict were the results of an aeroplane wreck and the work of a woman barber, to whose tender mercies he was entrusted at various intervals while a Boche captive.

LAKE FOREST TEAM AND SOUTH BEND'S REPRESENTATIVES TO CHICAGO EXAMINATIONS CHOSEN

Weeks and weeks of ceaseless study and practice on the part of S. B. H. S.'s most brilliant and studious members, have resulted in the choice of the following very most learned and ambitious ones to represent us at Chicago in the examinations to be held there for scholarship.

In Mathematics, LeBaron Kinney, seconded by Chas. Little, will try for honors. Donna Rambo goes for History, Alda Hague for Spanish, Mildred Rennoe for French and Hjordis Lind, seconded by Dorothy Geltz and Lucile Gerber, will go for English.

The only student eligible for Science was LeBaron Kinney, and as he is already going for Mathematics, S. B. H. S. will have no representative in Science. Neither will there be any representative for any of the different branches of Latin.

The team to be sent to Lake Forest is as follows: For Oral Expression, Carl Baumgartner with Lucile Gerber and Douglas Owen as silent participants. In letter-writing, Dorothy Geltz was accorded first place and for Reading, Lucile Gerber made the team.

The alternates on the team are: John Campbell for Oral Expression, Margaret Freshley for Letter-Writing and Helen Miller for Reading.

The Interlude is proud to be able to claim three of the representatives, Carl Baumgartner, Donna Rambo and Alda Hague and two alternates, John Campbell and Margaret Freshley, as members of the Interlude staff.

IN THE NAME OF HENRY FORD, STOP!

If you want to go thru the rest of this year with your mind open; if you want to keep your imagination warm and restore your youth; if you want to keep in touch with the biggest and best, also, the liveliest event in the season, give us your favorite fifty-cent piece and come to the Beaux Arts costume party, tomorrow night, May 10, Gymnasium.

SENIOR NOTES

At a meeting of the Senior class held last week, a class song and the music for commencement was discussed. Here is the last verse of the song selected:

We go forth with firm endeavor,

And a purpose ever true,

And our motto is "Perfection,"

In what ever we may do.

But tho land or seas divide us,

We will ever cherish dear,

Our beloved Alma Mater

And her name will we revere.

The sentiment of the other two verses is equally as good and the melody is very catching.

Don't forget, Seniors,

Pictures for Interludes

are to be in before

May 16.

Seniors! read, "Warning! Dangerous Crossing! Beware!" Board of Control! read, "Warning! Dangerous Crossing! Beware!" School Board! read, "Warning! Dangerous Crossing! Beware!"

Brilliant Senior on a test: "Burns wrote about whatever was nearest his heart, whether it was a louse or one of his numerous Marys."

LAURALS WON BY LOCAL LAD

Carl Baumgartner Participates in State Discussion Contest at Bloomington.

(Associated Press.)

Carl Baumgartner, local High School representative in the State Discussion Contest, captured seventh place when speaking at the State meet held in Bloomington, Friday, April twenty-fifth. Paul Jackson received the same position last year.

While listening to the future Demosthenes, Bryans and Baumgartners, Mr. Masters was able to contract with the Fort Wayne coach for an inter-scholastic debate to be held with that school next year. Altho no date was definitely set, the meeting is assured, the local coach stated.

L I T E R A R Y

The Lost Cord

It was dinner time on the first evening of the week-end party at the military academy. Mrs. Reeves, the hostess, had ingeniously set off the cadets to elaborating upon their new and much talked-of quarters in the somewhat dilapidated hotel which had recently been taken over by the school to be used as barracks.

"And wind!" Stew was saying, "Why, there's so much stray wind blows up thru the cracks in the floor that we have to nail the window curtains down to keep them from floatin' up all the time."

"Did I understand you to call those things in the floor 'cracks?'" interrupted Dan, registering astonishment, "To be more exact, I would say there are about three two-inch boards distributed over each foot of floor space."

"Yes, over both of them," inserted Stew.

"The fact is," Dan went on, "we have to wear snow shoes around the room all the time. If we didn't, we'd fall thru the floor."

"Yes," continued Stew, returning to a breezy subject, "and when we undress at night we don't have to hang up our clothes."

"Why not?" bit one of the girls.

"Why, we just take 'em off and let go, and the wind blows them right up to the ceiling. And during the night we even have to tie ourselves in bed. Just to show you how healthy the breeze really is, I might tell you that we wear out a cord in about three days! We broke one last night—but we have a new one to start in (or under, rather) tonight."

"Have you, really?" asked Mary, Stew's sister, "I do wish I could see it!"

That perfectly mild sentence of Mary's spelled catastrophe for these two cadets. All the rest of the fair damsels immediately took up her cause, and demanded to see the cord. Dan and Stew exchanged wild-eyed, dubious glances and, at different ends of the table, chirped simultaneously, "Why, ha, ha; sure, I'll bring it over for you to see," and, "Naw, you don't want to see it; it's nothing." Then, realizing what Dan had said, Stew hastened to add, "On second thought, I don't believe I'd better bring it; you, will, it—aw, you don't want to see it," while Dan, at the other end of the table, was saying at the same time, "Well, sure, if you really want me to, I'll bring it over."

Mrs. Reeves (bless her heart!), saved the day by suggesting in a loud, tho feminine, voice that it was time to start for the dance. "All you lil' boys better run over to barracks and get your capes for these children so they won't freeze their lil' selves to death."

"Capes?" echoed the feminine element of the party, to whom the hostess then explained that it was customary for the cadets to bestow their capes upon their partners to wear during their stay at the academy.

Just as Dan was leaving, Mary made one more plea that she be allowed to see the cord which was so necessary to a good night's rest. The "spoken-to" melted under the speaker's gaze, and gasped, "Why, of course, Mary, I'll bring it right over. But—but you musn't say anything about it." Mary promised she wouldn't, and Dan immediately disappeared over the porch railing.

When he reached his room, he was a little taken aback to find Stew already there. His eyes roved wildly about the place, in a search which was evidently unsuccessful, for he began to whistle nervously, and tapped with his fingers on the back of a chair. All at once, when his "roomy" was occupied looking for a cuff-button under the dresser, he made a dash for the wardrobe. Closing his eyes, he thrust out an arm. The first article that tickled the sense of touch in his finger tips was a suit of Stew's pajamas. Quite impossible—yet—he was desperate.

Later that evening, Stew had a dance with his sister (he always was a conscientious lad.)

"Wop," whispered Mary, as the jazz band finished its selection, "could you keep a secret?"

Stew thot he could.

"Well," she continued, "Dan brought me that cord you use to tie yourselves in bed, and I'm awfully curious to know just how it works."

"W—what?" gasped Stew.

"Why, that cord—you know, the one we were talking about at dinner tonight."

"Oh, yes; that one. Ha, ha," stalled Stew. "Say, sis," he urged, "you haven't got it with you, have you?"

"Why, yes," Mary replied, as she went thru the trying process of opening her party-bag. Then, slowly and besprinkled with powder, but surely, Stew saw emerge therefrom a long, narrow strip of soft black and white striped flannel,

betasseled at each end. He wiped the beads of perspiration that studded his forehead on his white kid gloves, swallowed hard, and stammered that Mary hide it quickly. When the cord was again complacently concealed in the party-bag, he gripped his sister by the arm and said, "Mary! Don't let Dan put it over you like that. This thing he brought you belongs to my pajamas!"

"Aap," squeaked Mary shortly. "Why—why what is the real cord then?"

Stew sighed a sigh of brotherly affection (?), took her by the hand, and was just about to explain the folly when a fiendish inspiration seized him.

"Mary," he gurgled, "Mary, I'll bring you the real cord tomorrow—tomorrow afternoon at two."

Just then a clever-looking cadet with faded red hair, freckles, and gold teeth came up to claim the next dance, incidentally interrupting any further conversation between the two.

Dan was a student officer in the cavalry, and, as such, required to spend the following afternoon on the parade ground, instructing the new men in the principles of riding, under the inspection of a visiting cavalry officer from the regular army. The drill was to begin at two in the afternoon. At five minutes before that time, Dan lingered on the railing of Mrs. Reeves' front porch, listening to Mary accompany her own singing on some heathenish stringed instrument.

"Swe-e-theart, may God bless you," rippled Stew's sister.

Dan swallowed out loud, opened his mouth like a gold fish, and fell over backwards. Upon looking up, Mary saw a cloud of dust disappearing down the road that led to barracks.

A little later Stew arrived, and presented his sister with a small yellow cord, which she wore around her neck. This he introduced to the maidens present, as the cord which had saved him from many a weary night upon the ceiling.

There was a little party arranged for that evening. Just as Mary and Stew stepped inside the door, the voice of a stranger was saying, "It was worth the tuition just to see old Dan here get bawled out this afternoon for not wearing any hat cord. What did you do with it, Dan? Give it to some skirt?"

Mary did not hear just how flatly Dan denied this; in a daze she repeated, "Hat-cord." Clutching her brother's arm, she sent the question to him thru her eyes; he nodded in assent.

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.

"Hello, Mary," said some one. At once all eyes were upon her and the yellow cord around her neck. The cadets exchanged knowing glances, and the girls giggled; as for Dan—he registered blank surprise and then embarrassment. Somehow he managed to get to the door where Mary was, and they sat down together on the front porch railing to talk things over. The party inside went on, and when these two fugitives rejoined them, Dan had decided that he could content himself with some other NEW hat cord. Mary's request to see it in the first place had misspelled catastrophe as far as he was concerned, after all.

Written by a friend of the editor. Loaned in a time of need.

A LITTLE LOVE STORY

Insp—
Sel—
Aff—
Rej—
Dej—

ection.

Mr. Connelly: "Name the Tudors, Henry."

Spoken To: "Front door and back door."

"What's your dog's name?"

"Ginger."

"And does Ginger bite?"

"No, Ginger snaps."

THRIFT

If you have no **Bank Account**, open one here. If you have one, add to it regularly, and watch it grow.

We Pay 4% on Savings Accounts and it mounts up.

Citizens National Bank

Near the Post Office

Waist-Seam Suits

The Style of the Hour

ALERT looking clothes, vigorous types, full of smart style, military lines, high chest, narrow military lines, high chest narrow waist, chop shoulders, spoon lapels, mutton leg sleeves with bell cuff.

Suits and Oxfords with the latest new style ideas, all-wool fabrics; new stripes, club checks, plain colors. Here you find a very special line of suits for graduation in plain blue unfinished worsteds and herring bone weaves, \$25, \$30, \$35 to \$45.

Sam'l Spiro & Co.

119-121 So. Michigan Street

South Bend

Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

"THE HORRORS OF WAR"

Last year Miss Shons resigned her position as Spanish teacher in the South Bend High School, which position was filled later by a very promising young woman. Little did she realize the romance she was creating, by her resignation, in the lives of two of our very prominent young teachers, who thus were thrown together by fate.

In November the great war ceased, leaving many American heroes to come home to their sweethearts. Among this mass was an ex-teacher, member of the Department of Mathematics of our school, who returned to claim his share of the glory his job and also unconsciously to claim for his own the affections of our young Spanish teacher.

Thus they now live peacefully, working side-by-side in subconscious bliss and — well, figure it out for yourself.

"Another good man gone wrong." (?)

CLASS STONES

Fresh }
Soph } Grindstones
Junior }
Senior—Tombstone

Even if you are not sparkling, irrepressible, tactful, diplomatic and gay with all the High School buds, you can probably find some little budding poetess, lady major, or even a sub-deb or clinging vine, who would be punctured to death to go to the Mystery S with you.

"Never mind, sonny, never mind."

"I didn't. That's why ma licked me."

EXCERPT FROM "EX" GIVEN

An excerpt from the Junior play, "Dust in the Eyes," was given in the assembly April 30, in order to cure some of the actors of "stage-fright" and likewise to promote the sale of Junior Ex tickets.

Emmeline, "Cat" Swintz, performed a very daring exploit—namely, kissing Doug. Owen! And her way of saying "Oh, Papa!"—Um! Oh, Boy!!

The remainder of the period was spent in singing the customary mid-week madrigals. Five minutes previous to dismissal, the Junior boys were privileged to canvass the students in the endeavor to sell tickets to the Friday evening performance.

BOYS' DEBATING CLUB HOLDS BI-WEEKLY MEETING

A very short meeting of the Boys' Debating Club was held in Mr. Master's room Thursday evening, May 1. No business was transacted and at 8:00 o'clock the boys adjourned to the auditorium, where they heard several speeches on the Victory Loan; incidentally, doubling the size of the audience.

Zuver Wins Game by Headwork

(He told us to say that)

Who said the Sophs are not regular athletes? Well, who won the Aquatic Meet and who is going to win (Ahem!) the Inter-class Baseball Championship? Those wishing to know the answer see Abe Smith or Pete Melander.

The Sophomore class wishes to extend its deepest sympathy to Miss Klingel for the death of her mother.

GIRLS!

See the Neckwear and Jewelry for Spring. These girlish items are so pretty and popular priced.

The Ellsworth Store
"THE BRIGHTEST SPOT IN TOWN"

BATHING CAPS

A FULL ASSORTMENT ALL PRICES

The Central Drug Company

MICHIGAN AND WASHINGTON STS.

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

ELKHART WALKS OVER S. B.

H. S. IN TRACK

Elkhart H. S. ushered in her track season Friday, 25, on her home grounds by administering a drubbing to old S. B. H. S. The score was — but never mind the score. A brisk west wind played havoc with the competitors. The fun was pulled off at Driving Park—an ancient half-mile horse racing track—which only increased said fun. (It is apparent that the Fair Association should begin to prime their track by removing the weeds and tacking up some new fence.) The time was not exactly fast. When a runner passed the grandstand he severed connection with his audience for about three minutes when he again appeared, having been engaged in fighting the wind and the rest of the elements on the far stretch. The mile looked like a five-mile cross-country run. Oh! the score—it was 69 to 33.

How the Tan and Blue got the 33 is problematical, for all the squad had was a lot of goose flesh and plenty of liniment. (Was it cold? Well, rather.)

Right off the reel, before the crowd had even assembled in the grandstand, this gentleman, Anderson, copped the century in 11 seconds flat. Nothing sharp about it but the wind. His teammate, Wambaugh, hooked third. This was only a start, for Wambaugh and Howard, also from Elkhart, proceeded to tie for first place in the 120-yd. high hurdles. This added eight more to Elkhart's sweet little total. After that it wasn't a track meet, it was an adding contest.

Nothing interesting happened then until the quarter mile, when a Mr. K. Thomson, of S. B., romped home ahead of everybody. This shocked the spectators to the point of hysterics, as it was the visitors' first first. (Notice the alliterations.)

Radebaugh, also of S. B., then leaped into a tie for first place in the high jump but Elkhart had a lead as safe as a Liberty Bond and Coach Rowe was becoming quite jovial. There was now a short intermission during which Elkhart won the broad jump and a local damsel furnished added attraction by running up and down the track to keep warm.

Finally everything sifted down to the relay when a bird named Olsen tore home like he was running to catch the interurban and thus we won; he was aided by Messrs. Sluss, Radebaugh and Thomson. Everybody then piled on to the truck and went to town

to eat, for it was nearly seven P. M. Here we have the things you want to know.

100-yd. dash: Anderson, E., first; Witwer, S. B., second; Wambaugh, E., third. Time—11 seconds.

120-yd. high hurdles: Wambaugh and Howard split the points for first and second. Time—22:1.

220-yd. dash: Anderson, E., first; Witwer, S. B., second; Olsen, S. B., third. Time—25.

Shot-put: Wambaugh, E., first; Sluss, S. B., second; Montieth, E., third. Distance—37 2/2.

Half-mile: Armstrong, E., first; Sorenson, E., second; Hollowell, S. B., third. Time—2:28.

Pole vault: Wambaugh, E., first; Anderson, E., second; Hollowell, S. B., third. Time—61 seconds.

High jump: Wambaugh, E., and Radebaugh, S. B., tied for first; Wedel, S. B., and Wunderlich, S. B., tied for third. Height—4 ft. 11 1/2 inches.

Mile run: Armstrong, E., first; Sorenson, E., second; Mattes, S. B., third. Time—5:30.

Broad jump: Wambaugh, E., first; Anderson, E., second; Olsen, S. B., third. Distance—16 ft. 1 inch.

Relay: Won by S. B. (Sluss, Radebaugh, Thomson and Olsen.) Time—1:52.

Juniors Hand Beating to Seniors

The Interclass baseball lid finally came off on Thursday, April 24, when the Juniors handed a neat walloping to Olsen and Company. The official count read 14 to 6, but what's the difference, for it was as cold as Greenland and nobody cared about the score. The Seniors had seven men and apparently needed a few more. Buntman pitched good ball for the Juniors and was accorded good support. Score:

Juniors 1004117—14
Sophs 2020110—6

Batteries: Olsen and Cunningham; Buntman and Wedel.

Pat had taken advantage of the warm weather by shaving in the yard.

Mike: "I see you're shaving outside, Pat?"

Pat: "Beggorra, did you think I was fur-lined?"

Are you a social gloom at a party; do you put a wet blanket on everything? If you do, then try and get next to the Mystery S. and Overcome the habit!

Fresh Get Theirs in the Neck

Sophomores Humble Fresh

Those pesky Sophs blew in with a bang by walloping the poor Fresh to the tune of 12 to 9 on Monday afternoon, the 28th. The Fresh showed that they have a strong aggregation and one that must be reckoned with.

Haas started serving them up for the Fresh and got along well enough until the third. In that inning the Sophs touched him up rather freely and his defense cracked with the result that the second year men chased over six tallies. The next session saw Buntman, the younger, on the hill and he pitched good ball until the end. E. Smith pitched well for his team and was never in serious trouble. Score:

Sophs 106320—12
Fresh 010240—9

Batteries: Haas, Buntman, Sherman and Shanafelt; Smith and Zuver.

Watch for the coupon worth 10 cents which will appear in the next Interlude good on a Mystery S ticket.

SENIORS SURPRISE FRESH

The Seniors surprised themselves and everybody else concerned, when on Friday, May 2nd, they defeated the Fresh to the amount of 6 to 4.

The showing of the Seniors was rather a shock since the Fresh expected to win. The Seniors hit Buntman hard all thru the contest and had no trouble in locating the plate.

Olsen pitched the first four innings and then retired in favor of Mr. Cunningham, who promptly allowed the Fresh three runs. Olsen then went back on the mound and retired the side. He showed himself to be the class of the league as far as pitching goes.

The Freshmen, with the exception of Haas, were helpless with the stick. He cracked out two of their five hits. The Fresh played a very creditable game but could do nothing with Olsen.

Score:
Senior 12120—6
Fresh 01003—4

Batteries: Olsen, Cunningham and Kaplan; Buntman and Shanafelt.

"HEROES" WELL-ENTERTAINED

Keora Club Hostesses

The fellows who were luckily enough to be the "Heroes" of Keora Club members, certainly had a fine time at their expense Wednesday night, Apr. 30, at the Y. W. Festivities began at 7:00 P. M. and lasted until Carl Baumgartner, hero of the Pres. of the club, announced the last dance at 11:30.

The gym was well decorated with purple and gold, the club colors. At each boy's plate there was a yellow daisy, while the girls were given a small bunch of violets. Unique and attractive place-cards for each person were designed and made by "Peg" Fulmer.

Toasts on interesting and some, amusing, topics were given as follows:

Miss Holbrook—Toast to the Club.

Margaret McCowan—Songs.

Dumont Ranstead—Dissertation on Toast.

Henry Bimm—Women.

Helene Chard—Men.

Iva Bayman—National Prohibition.

Morris Goodman—Books.

Carl Baumgartner—Politicians.

Wilma Pomranka—High School Ideals from the Keora Club.

Glenn Cunningham—Stars and

Their Places in the Universe.

"Fat" Watters—Toast to the Guests.

Mr. McCowan—Short But Sweet Speech.

Succeeding these witty after-dinner speeches, a five-minute dance and recitation was given by little Virginia Roberts. A solo dance, "The Water Nymph," was next on the program, which ended with a duet by Loie Watters and Iva Bayman.

The honor guests were the Misses Gertrude and Margaret Sykes of the Y. W. C. A. and Mrs. Sykes of Milwaukee, Miss Holbrook, Miss Heath, Elsie Weder, Stewart Elbel and the McCowan family.

Lady: "What's the peculiar odor in this field?"

Farmer: "That's fertilizer."

Lady: "Oh, for the land's sake!"

Farmer: "Yes, lady."

Do you know how to properly conduct your hands and feet at a well regulated social function? If you do, then get your girl, and your ticket, early for the Mystery S.

Department for Girls Only

HAIR NETS

Even my most intimate friends do not know that throughout Thursday and today I have been tortured by a fear which hourly increases in its proportions. This heinous fear I shall now disclose for the first time to the public. It is that the hair net I now wear, will, in some way, become torn. You must know that this is the third hair net I have had this week, and la Mere has said that I shall never have another one, no matter how much spare cash I have on hand.

Three hair nets a week, at ten cents per net, mean thirty cents a week, one dollar and twenty cents a month, fourteen dollars and forty cents a year—if I figure correctly, which I probably do not. In other words, I use one hundred and fifty-six hair nets a year. By this estimate, it is easily seen how great a responsibility rests on my thin shoulders. Thirty cents a week is not in itself a large sum, but to one in my reduced circumstances, the sum reduces my weekly allowance more than one-half.

A definition of "hairnet" is not given in Webster's. For the benefit of the boys present, I shall coin a definition, inspired by my own experience. A hair net is an elusive, cap-shaped, airy object, made of round holes of air surrounded by hair, which may be human or animal, as the price may be. These nets require the utmost skill and dexterity when being placed over the cranium, for if one rough movement is used, the thing breaks into a thousand pieces, catches into the hairpins, causes the owner to be late to

school, ten cents is gone to the dogs, some polite remarks are heard, and all is not over. Skill also is required if one is to keep the hair net on the hands and not lose it. I have spent whole hours crawling on hands and knees over the floor, clutching at dark flowers in the carpet, and getting my nails full of dirt, only to find the net, at last, hanging to a pin on my collar. I had another experience this week which fills me with anger even now. Last Saturday I had been exceptionally helpful, and as a reward was allowed to purchase an elegant twenty-five cent hair net. Monday I proudly wore this treasure to school. In one of my classes the teacher, whose name I will not divulge, put his arm over my head to point to a map. As he did so, I heard a terrible rending, a faint feeling stole around my heart, and horrors! I realized that the buttons on his sleeve had become entangled in my costly, luxurious net; the more he attempted to loosen his sleeve, the more the net tore, and, when he finally got away, although I accepted his apology most graciously, I said something inwardly which will not bear repetition.

My mother does not approve of hair nets. She believes the hair is more attractive when fluffy. And so you can understand how fearful I am lest this net I wear shall become ruined. Let the feminine members of this school, who are addicted to the habit of wearing nets, pray that the day will come when Luther Burbank will introduce into this section of the country the hair net tree.

THE LOST COPY A TOUCHING POEM ON THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF AN EDITOR BY ONE WHO KNOWS!

Vainly,
Like a lost soul
Or a
Wandering Breeze,
I ramble far
O'er
Miles of hall
And
Stacks of steps,
Searching
Ever searching;
Nor do I find
That
For which I'd sell
My
Dearest Possession—
A
Sharpened Pencil.
Nay,
'Tis ever
Thus!
When
Copy Faithless
I call to mind
The names
Of
My faithful (?)
Servitors—
My Reporters.
Their home room numbers
Fail me!
I hie
Me hence and search
The files.
Then again
I saunter forth;
My righteous wrath
Descends
On hapless heads;
They cower,
Cringe
But Ye Gods!!! and
Golden Fish-hooks!!!
Do they obey?
Not they!!
Nay!
Tearing
My hair in anger
And
Despair,
I return
To my dominion
And there
I pen
These lines
In the hope that
Next
Time—maybe next
Time—
But alas! 'Twas
Ever thus
And
Ever 'Twill be
And you
Dear
Reader, must bear
With me
And
Endure
This
Space Filler.

A Banking Habit—

For many years—many people have banked at the corner of Michigan and Washington Streets—until

It's Become a Habit

The American Trust Bank serves the many who realize the convenience of a bank on the city's busiest corner—and it can serve many more.

To do banking at Michigan and Washington—at the American Trust means—Security—Service—and it is so convenient. Stop in—start a savings or checking account.

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Quality Shoe Repair Co.
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Have You Seen the Snake? Watch its Mouth

Are you watching for the Mystery S? Don't forget the date, May 29, and don't forget to watch over the central entrance to the Auditorium.

You are all invited.

How many pins have you picked up so far? If you have enough, maybe you can sell them, and, with the coupon have enough blossoms to take her to the big Mystery S.

THE AUDITORIUM THEATRE

Home of the Pipe Organ and Select Photoplays.

8 Big Reels Daily, 1 Hour and 45 Minutes of Amusement.
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"THE INTERLUDE"

SOUTH BEND HIGH SCHOOL

Telephones.....Bell 2702; Home 6343

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LEST YE FORGET!

Let us remind you, **Seniors**, that pictures for the Interlude **must** be in the hands of the editor or assistant editor before Friday, **May sixteenth**. We are planning a "jim-dandy" commencement number and each and every graduate ought not miss the chance of beholding his or her face in print! Mangold's, Bagby's and Mac Donald's know the size to make them. Be sure to get yours the uniform size measuring between an inch and one-quarter and an inch and one-half from the center if the forehead, at the eye-brow level, to the tip of the chin.

SCHOOL MOTTO CHOSEN

Altho frantic efforts were made by those in charge to get the High School students to state their opinions on what our School Seal Motto should be, still only about fifty concended to vote on the question.

When the votes were counted, it was found that three-fourths of those interested enough to vote had preferred the motto, "I Keep Faith!" Since this pleases Mr. McCowan and (ahem!) the editor (Mr. Master's opinion has not been learned), we hereby announce that from now on our Alma Mater's motto is and ever shall be, "I KEEP FAITH."

Willie, accompanied by father and mother, was crossing the ocean. Father and mother were both quite sea-sick, but Willie seemed immune. Thruout the trip he had been annoying the passengers. Finally his mother, turning to his father, said in a very weak and gasping voice, "Father, I do wish you'd speak to Willie." Father weakly comprehended and, turning a sea-green face to Willie, murmured languidly, "How-de-do, Willie."

Warning! Dangerous Crossing! Beware!

After four years spent lingering and loitering about South Bend High School, we have come to the conclusion that it is a pretty well stocked and equipped institution. We believe that there are only three places in, on, around, or in the near vicinity of this building which we have not explored. One place is the space between the ceiling of the Auditorium and the roof proper—we won't divulge the secret entrance to this lovely spot, since the knowledge might wreck some young Freshman's hope of future usefulness. The one and only reason we haven't explored the afore mentioned is that it is necessary to climb a ladder and **that**, dear suffering reader, is our weakness—we cannot climb a ladder—we are afraid of falling thru the spaces between the rugs. The second place is the elevator which we have long wished to ride in. That we haven't is caused only by the lack of pull with the proper official. We had no idea that the third place existed until Mr. Gillis—he's the engineer, Freshmen, — mentioned it one day. However, the poor man is guiltless of intentional wrong so blame him not. The place is the storeroom under the Auditorium stage. Doesn't that sound thrilling? We know how to get there but being a dignified Senior is a dreadful handicap and we have dutifully tho mournfully refrained. Aside from these, name what you will—we've been there and so we are qualified to speak as we intend to on the one **most important** part of the school which having been begun with best of intentions has been allowed to run down until at the present time it is **absolutely worthless**. The place of which we speak is the **emergency room**. The contents of that room are: One table, one rug, two wicker lounges covered with mussy natural linen covers, two pillows—each in very soiled white (?) cases, one blanket — sometimes one can't even find this one, and five chairs, all wicker, one straight-backed, two rockers and two easy chairs, each of three of these have one small, flat pillow in the seat.

The official title for this room, we believe, is the "Rest Room." Whoever named it was indeed sarcastic. After resting (?) either on one of the lounges or in one of the chairs, the victim closely resembles a waffle, (borrowed from Guy Wiser's speech) and the aches and pains accumulated there on or in, are misery intensified. Therefore, if it serves not well as a rest-room **all** the time, how could it be of use in an emergency or great need?

Must some person bleed to

death here before we provide bandages with which to bind a blood vessel? Must some person contract blood poisoning before we awake to the disinfecting properties of iodine and alcohol? Oh! yes, we can hear murmurs of —"but Mr. Holderman has that in the laboratory." "Mrs. Brown has rags enough in the lunch-room"—or "The domestic science department has a soft bed in it." Yes, indeed, and Mr. Cohlmeier has a splendid first aid cabinet in his office but it contains nothing but a book of instructions, an empty witch hazel bottle and a large sign, "Keep this cabinet well-stocked" or words to that effect.

Unfortunately, however, accidents most often happen after school when everyone has departed after carefully locking up all these lovely aids to the restoration of health. Moreover, even during school time it keeps half the shcool population running to gather in all these articles and often it is the one most needed of which "why we are just out of that!"

It took the actual knowledge of four accidents to wake us up. One boy mashed his fingers in the printing press. Even rags to bandage it had to be procured from the lunch-room. Another time a girl cut a blood-vessel in her wrist and had several other quite serious cuts on her hand. This happened after school. Luckily Miss Thumm had not locked the office and her dust-rag (imagine) was the only thing available to stop the hemorrhage. Another girl fell, badly bruising her knee. Dirt and filth, which could not be washed out, were ground into the wound. Mr. McCowan loaned some money with which iodine was purchased a block away. When two girls were knocked down in the rain and mud by an automobile the other day, places to put them, blankets to wrap them in, pans to hold hot water, towels, etc., had to be accumulated from all parts of the building while the girls lay on hard benches, wet to the skin and aching in every muscle.

Personally we have burned ourselves twice and both times Mrs. Brown furnished salves, liniments and bandages. What if the chemistry students should blow things up some day? Mrs. Brown will probably be out of rags and liniment and the drug-store will of course be closed—what then? We might suggest that the cabinet and closet in the rest (?) room be filled with all things necessary for administering first aid, that soft pads be placed on the lounges and clean cases put on the pillows. The Senior class, when looking about for a beneficiary might con-

sider this. What a worth while project it will be to fit up an emergency room. Don't put the money in a trust fund to draw interest but spend it for this much needed equipment.

Seniors, Board of Control, School Board, we wrote this for you! When accidents are expected **and prepared** for they never occur. Put that in your thinker and consider it well. Then act!

Be a speed fiend in cleverness, by asking her before the other fellow does, to the Mystery S.

Here we Have
 The Poor Editor;
 She
 Is the Poor Fish
 Who works Ten Hours
 On a three Hour Course
 And then
 Gets Green-Carpeted
 If Somebody's Club
 Isn't Front-Paged
 Or a Dissertation on Jazz
 Is left In.
 She
 Is Responsible
 For Everything
 From the Policy
 Of the Sheet,
 (Whatever
 That may Be.)
 To the Reporter
 Who Spells Incorrectly.
 The Middle Name
 Of the Second Vice-president
 Of the Social Club,
 And the Temperament
 Of a Linotype Machine.
 She must be For
 And Against
 Every Movement
 In the School
 And every political Machine
 And at the Same Time
 She must be Neutral.
 She must be With
 The Students,
 And against the
 The powers
 And With
 The powers
 And Against
 The Howling Mob.
 She
 Is a Horrible Example
 Of the Servant
 Of the People;
 She Suffers Much
 For a **Scrap of Paper**.
 Well,
 Even So,
 There are Compensations,
 Such as
 Name at the Top of the Paper,
 Importance in your Home Town,
 And Such.
 Well, Well,
 Every Cloud
 Has its Silver Lining.

At Ellsworth's: "Would you show me the thinnest thing you have in a shirt-waist?" "I would, but she's just gone out to lunch."

What the Art Department is Doing

The Art Club held a meeting Wednesday, April 23, during which William Mackelfresh tendered his resignation as President. The Art Club has become one of the best clubs of the High School under the able direction and unceasing work of Mr. Mackelfresh. During the meeting plans for a proposed dance to be held May 9th were discussed. A series of five living pictures were presented to a large and appreciative audience.

One of the finest displays that has been given this year is the display in the show-case on the main floor, given by the Arts & Crafts students. Book-ends, Nut-bowls, plant-stands, paper-knives, etc., of intricate design and high polish, besides ties, handkerchiefs, collars, etc., of dainty batik, adorn the case.

"Now, when I say 'Halt,' put the foot that's on the ground beside the one that's in the air and remain motionless."

D. D.: "I'm indebted to you for all I know about chemistry."
J. W. H.: "Don't mention such a trifle."

First Cootie: "Been on a vacation?"

Second Cootie: "No, on a tramp."

May 16th Last Day Senior Pictures Can Be In.

BE A STARTER, NOT A STOPPER!

Begin this affair with enthusiasm.

Don't have an emanation of gloom about you, as deadly as poison gas.

Don't be a Maxim silencer in this party.

Come to the Beaux Arts party in costume, May 10, tomorrow night.

We invite you. Come one, come all, singly or doubly.

Art Club Dance, Saturday, May 10th.

"Just think, he put his arm around me three times last night!"

Wowee! Some arm!"

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK INVITES YOUR PATRONAGE HAVE YOU A SAVINGS ACCOUNT?

SENIORS

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

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Call at our Corset Shop and see the new models for High School Girls at \$2.00 and \$3.00 Second Floor.

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New Spring ideas in Suits, Hats and Shirts.

You'll find the latest here first.

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Your Official Photographer

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Snappy Style Perfect Fit Reliable Service

"The Shop Ahead"

Clouse & Petot's Walk-Over Boot Shop



All the Latest SPRING CLOTHING

Now in At

VERNON CLOTHING CO.

213-215-217 South Michigan Street.

Girls' Debating Club Becomes Senate First Session Held

No longer can the Girls' Debating Club be referred to as feminine "arguers" with a question mark after it. Their name is now, if never before, established as Debaters, Speakers, Orators for they are now full-fledged Senators. Yes, sir, on the 21st of April, they resolved themselves into a Senate and held forth in Room 314. The Vice-President was Helen Gafill; the Clerk, Katherine Grimm, and Reporter, Ethel Welch. They even had a gallery. The latter being filled by Mr. Connelly and Miss Miller. There weren't any lobbyists, though. Mainly because there wasn't any lobby. Then Senator Lodge, of Mass. (Ruth Whitcomb), Sen. Hitchcock of Neb. (Martha L. Smith), and Sen. Reed of Wis. (Lucile Snor), had

a heated debate on the League of Nations. The speech of Sen. Lodge was typewritten, inspiring and flowing. The speech of Sen. Hitchcock, 20 pages long, soothing, and oratorically immense. While that of Sen. Reed was in note form, sweet, and non-forgettable. The air was laden with—no, not Djer Kiss, but Sarcasm—keen, deep, and cutting. Indeed, the discussion between Sen. Lodge and Sen. Hitchcock was so heated as to quite disturb the two gentlemen, and so forceful as to make V-Pres. Gafill rule that the spitting between the two Senators be stopped. After the Senate had adjourned, and after Miss Miller and Mr. Connelly had respectfully vacated, then the G. D. C. resumed its business session.

AMATEUR TYPIST IN ACTION

There are countless different sounds in the world. Sweet sounds, such as real singing or the ringing of the bell in the clock at three-fifteen; there are also vibrations which produce a thrill when they tickle our ear drums, such as the bugle call and the cheers at basketball games. In addition, there are those sounds which are annoying—rattling radiators, incessant whispering, or the auditorium cough, for instance. However, in an indescribable class, distinctly its own, ranks the audible effort of an amateur typist. Imagine a late aft-

ernoon in the Interlude Room, half an hour before all copy must be in the hands of the printer. The reporter fumbles, for a while with his manuscript, and then zips a sheet of paper into his machine and starts in to imitate the noises of a telegraph office: "Click, clickety click, click, click, clickety click, clickety click, ping, zip, click, click, clickety—'Dar! I've lost my place.' Zip, clickety click, click, click, clickety click, ping, clang, zip, clickety click—and so on **Ad Infinitum**—or at least a good deal longer than one would care to listen.

CATHERINE SWINTZ.

We're thru buying ammunition and guns but now we've got to rebuild the bodies of our soldiers. Money loaned for Victory Bonds will do it. Buy the fifth bonds, not for democracy but for humanity.

What if it were your son whose jaw was shot away?

Tomorrow is the last day, don't hesitate.

Society Brand Clothes For Spring

We announce the first showing of those smart, snappy clothes that are so popular with young men all over the country.

The styles we show this season are especially attractive, including some entirely new models designed especially for High School students, in fact they are known as the Society Brand High.

They are to be had in South Bend exclusively at

Adler Brothers

A STORE FOR MEN AND BOYS

On Michigan and Washington Streets Since 1884

Boys!!! Get a 1919 License in Popularity by taking her to the Mystery S. You won't have to bully, browbeat, argue resourcefully or be a spicy linguist to get her to accept that social liability.

"Where was Magna Charta signed?"

"Probably at the bottom."

"Please give me Lincoln's Gettysburg address."

"Lincoln lived at the White House, you poor fish."

Be a speed fiend in cleverness by asking her before the other fellow does to the Mystery S.



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and Delicious Sundaes

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