

THE INTERLUDE

VOL. XIV No. 1

SOUTH BEND, IND. OCT 1, 1913

PRICE 5 CENTS

THE NEW BUILDING

Information and Statistics Secured by the Facts and Statistics Editor

Observations and Comments by His Lady Friend (Who is in School, But Not on the Staff).

"At last we are really in the new building! And how beautiful it is, and my! how big!" A "building of magnificent distances" just describes it. And so many thoughtful conveniences,—and every thing arranged so well for school use. Of course we are proud of it. Everybody ought to be."

"Well, if you must, I suppose you must. So go ahead and insert some of your musty old facts."

The building is 410 feet long, 204 deep through the middle, four stories high in the central front portion, has one main front entrance to first and second floors and two side entrances to first floor with long, easy stone step approaches to second floor, and two ground level rear entrances. It contains a total of 108 rooms, which contain provision for seating at one time over 4800 persons. There are 25 class rooms which seat 30 each, three that seat 42, one seating 60, and two seating 90 each. Two large study halls seat 300 each, the four lecture rooms accommodate 140, the Public Speaking and Music rooms 226 each, the Auditorium 1478, the five laboratories 148, the Bookkeeping room 76, Typewriting 24, Housekeeping, Laundry and Cooking suite 60, Art rooms, 69, Lunch room 300, Sewing suite 58, the Library 48, the—

"Mercy—stop for breath, and let me tell about the lockers. Not important? Indeed they are! There are lots of them too, so that we can each have—what? 2375 altogether—Thanks, I didn't count them. Anyhow, they really lock—that is, if you have a padlock. And there is a book shelf at the top, so you don't have to put your books under your overshoes and umbrella, and plenty of hooks—six?—well, enough, and they're numbered, and high enough to hold your long coat without folding. They are olive green. I didn't get the one I wanted, but mine is nearly as good for it's located so you can take a nibble of lunch without being—what?—ready with more facts and statistics. Oh, well, if you insist."

The building is fireproof throughout, built of reinforced concrete, and mat brick of soft dark red tones, trimmed with Bedford oolitic stone; the partitions are of tile, metal lath throughout, metal window frames on courts, fireproof doors on stage, maple floors in corridors, class laboratory and study rooms, concrete in lunch room, auditorium, pool, etc., Barrett built up tar and gravel roof,

stairs of light gray Tennessee marble, newel posts of English vein Italian marble, and the outside of the building ornamented by carved stone and by mosaics from nature and scenes from Indian life, such as may have occurred on the school site a century ago. The swimming pool is lined with white enamel brick and—"O yes, let me tell about the gorgeous gymnasium. We call it 'gym' for short, and it's lovely. It's nearly eighty feet square, you say? Well, anyway, it's big enough, and is cut in two by big rolling partitions. Our side has some apparatus the boys' side hasn't,—a giant stride or circle swing, and stall bars, and they've got a punching bag or striking bag platform or drum, that we don't care for anyway. And there are horizontal bars, and climbing ladders, parallel bars, bucks, horses (big leather things that look a little like horses), springboards, climbing ropes and poles, balance ladders, flying rings, mats, dumb bells, Indian clubs, wands, medicine balls, indoor base balls, basket balls, volley balls, vaulting poles, hurdles, vaulting standards, skipping reeds, grace hoops—no, I am not out of breath—keep quiet, please—drill balls, bar bells, pulley weights, steel wands, and lung testers and scales to weigh on, and I think our 'gym' teacher is just grand and—"About the building?" Well, isn't she about the about the building, smarty?"

The wood trimming and cabinet work throughout the building are of quarter sawed oak, which is matched in the furniture. The walls are painted a cream color, restful though light, and striped to prevent a reflecting glare. The recitation seats are cherry colored, and are placed in all instances so that the (unilateral) light comes over the left shoulder. The electric illumination is distributed so that all parts of each room are well lighted. The opera chairs in the Music and Public Speaking rooms, and in the Auditorium are stained a rich mahogany, and are rubbed to a dead finish. In the corridors are settees, and in the offices and library are large comfortable library chairs. In the study halls and library are olive green book stacks, and metal filing cabinets are provided in the offices. These match the metal lockers in color. The kitchen and lunch equipment includes a three-oven hotel gas range, marble top work table, eight foot pan rack, 40 gallon soup stock boiler, two two-bushel vegetable steamers, dish sink, pot tub, scraping table, plate warmers, coffee urns, urn stand and cup warmer, glass and silver sink, two copper bain-maries for keeping food hot at counter, two wheeled dish carriages, a built-in refrigerator, a store room, tumbler racks, 48 tables and 300 stool, and four drinking fountains.

"No, I just won't keep still any

longer. I want to tell about that housekeeping room. It's the dearest thing. It's all in one room, you know, but the partitions come up so high that it is like separate rooms in a cosy little flat built for—Oh, you keep still Goosie! What do you know about it anyway? Well, it has a kitchen with a sink and a closet or pantry, kitchen table, a cabinet and two chairs, and the dining room is to have a built-in cut glass and china cabinet, a dining table and six chairs; the living room will have the nicest brick hearth or fireplace with two chairs, two rockers and a library table and electric lamp; the bed room will have a bed with mattress and springs, a dresser and two chairs, while the bath room will contain a lavatory, toilet, and bath tub. The girls will choose rugs, carpets, draperies, wall papers and tintings, furniture and equipment, electric light and gas fixtures, kitchen equipment, etc., that are substantial, in good taste and as inexpensive as possible, so they will know how when they get mar—that is, when they have to take care of a home. Think you are funny, don't you? Well, go on then, and tell about your old machinery."

In each room is a large electric clock controlled and actuated by a master clock in the Principal's office. A program attachment automatically rings a bell in each clock at the proper intervals. Twenty-four telephones reach the various departments, but the inside telephones are not connected with 'phones outside the building. A storage battery for operating the clocks, telephone bells, and annunciator is located in the Janitor's store room. An electrically operated freight elevator provides a convenience and a necessity. Ample, well distributed electric light is provided in all rooms and corridors. Electric cabinets are built into the physics laboratory desks, and Chapman flush receptacles provide electric connections for the electric irons, library lamps, etc. The main light and power switch board is located in the Engineer's room, with cutout cabinets or fuse boxes at convenient places in the corridors. Many of the rooms, including the Auditorium, are provided with dark curtains and a stereopticon stand for illustrated lecture work. The dark curtains of the large windows in the Auditorium are operated by an electric motor.

Near the door of each room is an outlet of the vacuum cleaning system, through which dirt and dust can be drawn. The air that enters the building first passes through the tempering steam coils, then through a continuous spray or sheet of water, then through heating coils to the fan chamber, and is finally fan driven over the building in large iron ducts, deflected into each room in ample quantity. Thermostats in

rooms and corridors regulate the temperature accurately. The Auditorium is heated and ventilated separately.

"Let me talk awhile! I want to tell about that white brick lined swimming pool that I'm just crazy to get into and splash, and squeal, and—Oh yes, Miss Goodman said that we could—what, no more today? Well, I think you're mean! Next week? Oh, all right, and about the laundry. Do you know they even have—"

(Continued in our next.—Statistics Editor and lady friend.)

OFFICERS FOR 1913-'14

Cleosophic Society

President, Robert Swintz.
Vice-President, Alice Millhouse.
Secretary, Gladys Watters.
Treasurer, tie between Malcolm McAlpine and Arthur Fisher.
Marshal, Edward Doran.

Euglossian Society

President, Esther Dean.
Vice-President, Robert Buechner.
Secretary, Dorothy Dally.
Treasurer, Lyle Kriehbaum.
Marshal, Kenton Mosiman.

Athletic Association

President, Lloyd Sullivan.
Vice-President, Glen Slick.
Secretary, Grace Goodman.

School Orchestra

President, Verna Rallsback.
Librarian, Howard Haverstock.
Secretary, Arthur Fredrickson.

Board of Control

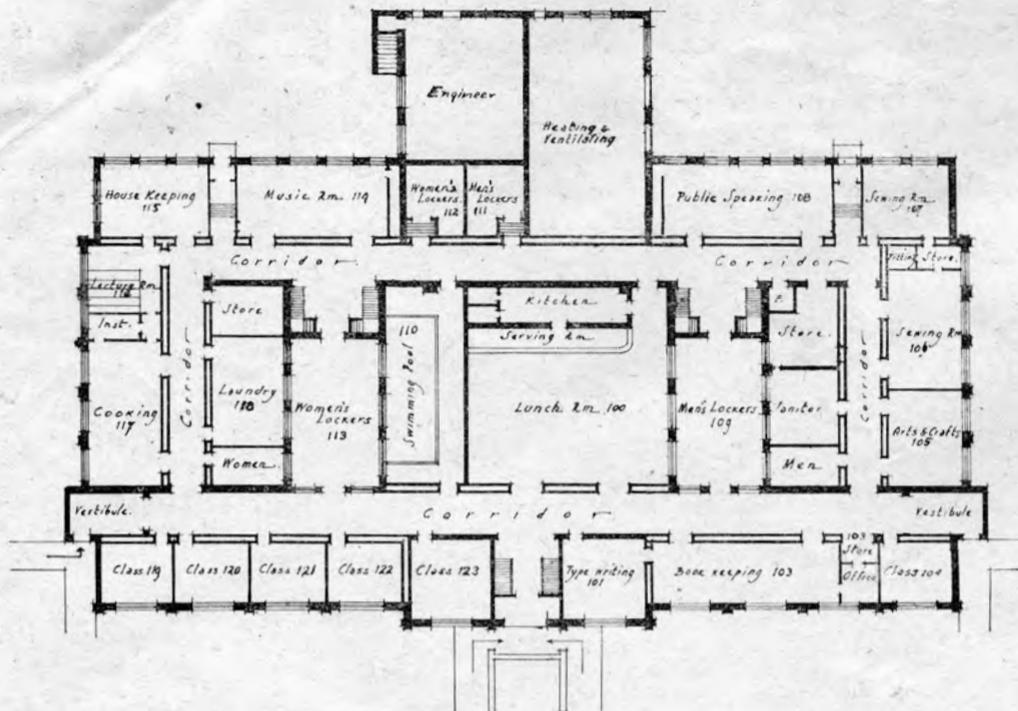
Mr. Kizer, Comptroller.
Mr. Cranor, Mr. Weber, Mr. Osborn, Miss Porter, Robert Swintz, Esther Dean, Lloyd Sullivan.

DECLARATION OF INDIGNATION

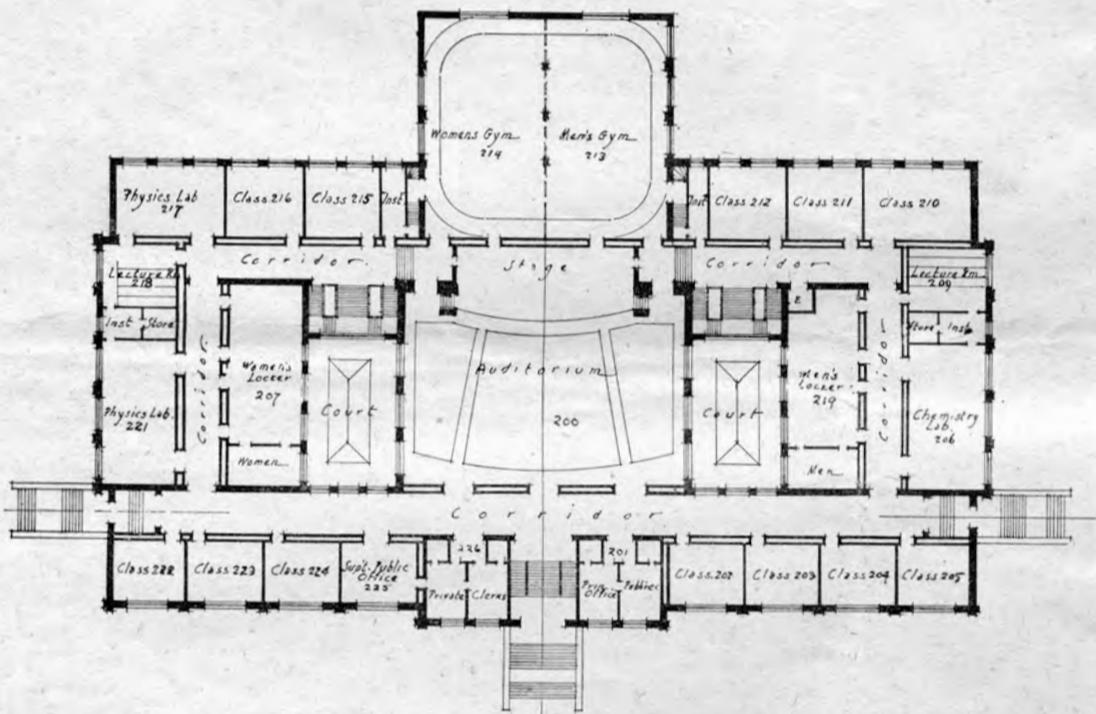
(The unanimous declaration of the students of the South Bend High School).

When in the course of human events it comes necessary for the Faculty to separate during study periods by assignments to distantly located study halls, many mutually interested couples in said school, a decent respect for the opinions of the aforesaid boys and girls, requires that the Faculty should declare the causes which impel them to institute this bitter separation.

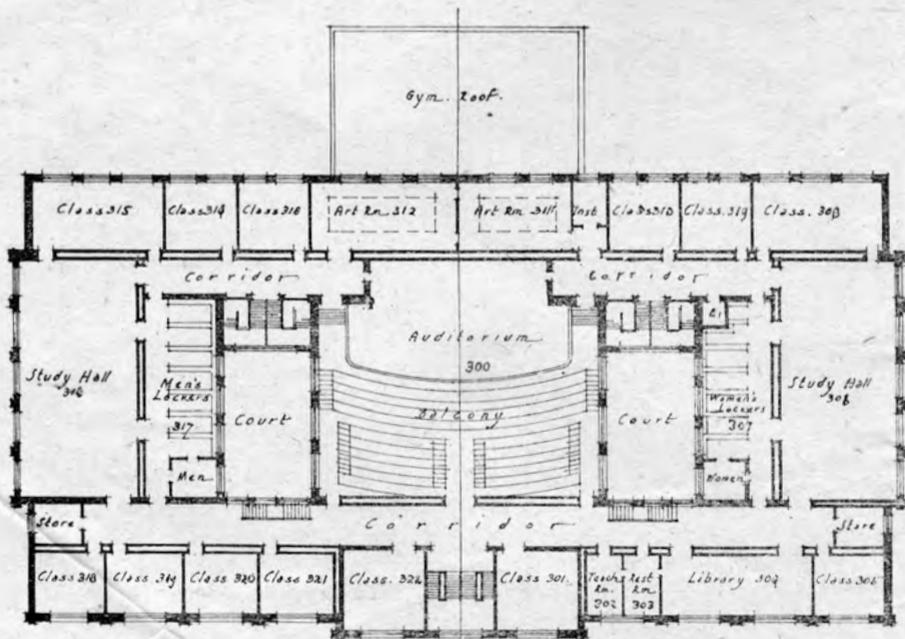
(Signed) Arthur Fisher and Dorothy Dally, Leon Livingston and Esther Dean, Russell Bucher and Bernice Freeman, John Walker and Margaret Lippincott, Warren Hanson and Vera Hawkins, Robert Buechner and Anna Ciralski, Alfred Bon Durant and Sarah Witwer, Deihl Martin and Madge Grant, Otto Colmer and Bernice Ryer, James van den Bosch and Sarah Lippincott, Douglas Dally and Ada Steis, Robert Swintz and Mildred Shafer, Lyle Kriehbaum and Pearl Rupel, Rollo Bon Durant and Martha Stover.



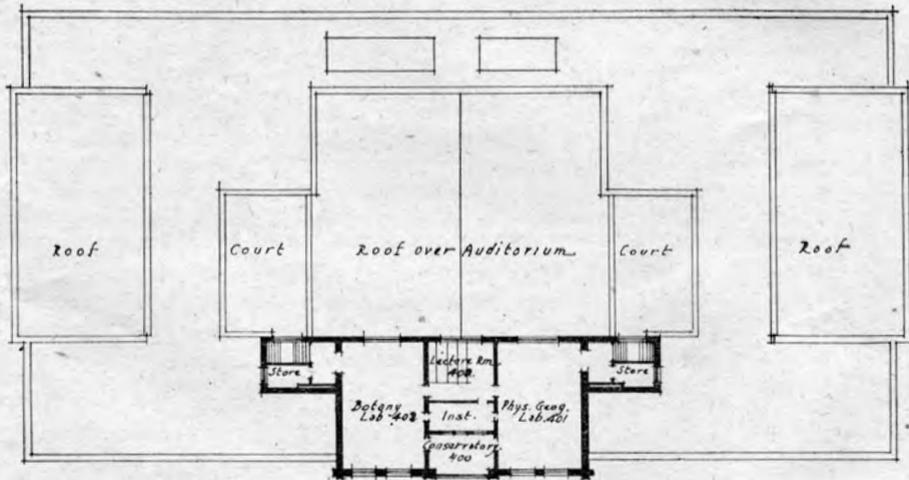
FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



THIRD FLOOR PLAN.



FOURTH FLOOR PLAN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

(Conducted by Knowit Tawl)

Clarinda: No, my child, that glass affair in the Biology Lab. is an aquarium, not a bath tub. Don't believe all that the Seniors tell you. Sometimes they don't know, either.

Augustus: We do not believe that the instructors will use that method of teaching you to swim. They won't push you in.

Henrietta: The popular party called "Jim" is not a new boy from another town, but an abbreviation for "Gymnasium." The post-grad who said she was coming back "to take lunch with Jim" meant Physical Training and light noonday refreshment.

Mike and others: We wouldn't advise it. The Seniors did that in 1911 and they spent a whole forenoon scraping it off.

Tessie: The elevator is exclusively for freight. You should not have stood there waiting so long for it to come up. Use the stairs.

Lizzie: Nobody regrets more than the correspondence Editor that there are no mirrors in this building—yet. Powder your nose thoroughly before coming to school and trust to luck.

Subscriber: We won't give you away! However, we don't think there will be a popularity contest very soon to determine the handsomest boy in school. If there is, you will get our vote, if that's what you really were after.

Dorcas: Yes, kiddie, you can bring your lunch and eat it in the lunch room just like the Seniors, if you want to. No, you don't have to buy a lunch ticket.

Penelope: Really, we can't say. We've been too busy making our program and buying books to observe just how much of a commotion your daring costume has made. From your description we judge it ought to start a riot!

Christopher: We give it up. We never did understand how he finds those things out and then appears so inopportune. (Look that last word up in the dictionary if you don't understand what it means). Better cut it out, and take no chances.

ONE MINUTE INTERVIEWS WITH FAMOUS PEOPLE SECURED BY OUR STAR REPORTER

L. Veler: "The next teacher who tries to make out a recitation program for me, under the impression that I am a freshman, is—is—is going to get slapped on the wrist. So there."

M. Porter: "No, Archibald, I am not wearing these blue spectacles because of the number of verdant freshmen in my classes. It's to shield my eyes from the refulgence of the brilliant reporters who come to interview me."

T. Berry: "Yes, I'm comfortably established now in room 123, across the hall from the swimming pool. No, there is no significance to be attached to the number of my room."

R. Wells: "Yes, I'll admit I am a candidate for head usher, and I expect to land the job."

E. Hartman: "Really those girls made such a fuss and commotion in the gymnasium that I just picked up my books and hat and went right across to the other side of the building. O yes, I like girls, still—"

M. Hupp: "Land sakes! You can't imagine what a relief it is not to be required to help a hundred freshmen find books and at the same time discipline a study hall. Of course, I am naturally a wee bit puffed up over our magnificent library equipment, but I'm trying desperately not to show it."

W. Hostetter: "That report about my saying that if my classes became any larger I would end it all in the swimming pool is not correct. I dote on large classes, so let 'em come."

M. Stone: "O certainly, I have the best room in the building. You will notice that it is nicely aloof, over here in the corner back of the library. Oh no, I'm not segregated, that is, I hope not."

M. Taylor: "To be sure I am glad to get back to S. B. H. S. It is pleasant, indeed, to note how my freshmen of two years ago are comporting themselves as Juniors. In fact, I can hardly recognize some of them."

F. L. S.: "Time for another question? Certainly! No, I don't believe there will be any hazing. Why? Well, let us say because S. B. H. S. is originating, not imitating. Any plans for the year? Scores of 'em. An instance? Well, we plan to do some of the hardest, most thorough and conscientious, continuous and concentrated studying ever done in—Oh, I see—you mean—Oh yes, certainly, a great many plans including—Beg pardon? Yes, I think that program can be arranged. Now—excuse me a moment, Mr. Reporter, will you please,—if you transfer your Algebra to the ninth period and take gymnasium the third and fourth on Tuesday and Friday, and German the eighth,—why, that fixes it all right, doesn't it? You're welcome! Now where did that reporter go?"

M. Goodman: "Interview me? Very well, but first tell me what I am going to do with only 112 girls in my last period class? Can't do it? Well then, come back after I

have worked it out, and I'll tell you all about the plans for the girls. Must you go? That other door is the shortest way out."

A. Hillier: "Isn't it dreadful? Oh, I do wish my laboratory was as complete as the others. Ah well, we'll get along the best we can in the old building till everything is nicely fixed over here, then we'll forget our troubles. Any pie? Mercy no! We haven't cooked anything yet! Yes, perhaps next time, but I won't promise!"

A PRESENT VIEW OF THE GIRLS' STUDY HALL

The bell rings, and the teacher mounts to her seat on the platform. Evidently the appearance of the room doesn't exactly suit her, for she descends and walks up and down the aisles. Almost everyone is busily chatting to her neighbor about "that swell new teacher," "my awful program," or the doubtful prospects of a good time in the study hall without the boys. As the teacher approaches, pair by pair of lips subside and as quickly resume their former buzzing as the watcher passes on.

Apparently the teacher is still dissatisfied, for soon she demands attention. Her efforts at first are futile, but finally she succeeds in making herself heard, and announces that she would prefer to have but one individual in each seat. She sends the reluctant seat-mates to seats in the front of the room, thereby ending very interesting conversations and the one remaining is left in doubt as to what the last course of that wonderful banquet was, and who looked the prettiest.

When the seating is arranged to the satisfaction of the teacher, she makes the astounding remark that she doesn't want to see an eye. Not one! Of all impossible requests, just think of confining your attention to your book without looking up. Never before did you want so badly to look forward. And that girl several seats in front of you had on such a "cute" new dress—the very latest style, too, and you didn't see whether she wore one of those new leather belts or not. Perhaps the teacher might have shifted her position, and a glimpse of the girl could be gained. A quick glance shows you that she is still there—and looking right in your direction, too! You wonder if she noticed that your eyes were green—everybody always notices it. Soon you glance up to see a note coming your way—the teacher isn't looking and you're safe. Just then the bell rings—Oh, dear! Someone behind you remarks that she just couldn't get her lesson—somehow. Do you suppose she spent her study hour as you did?

Silently, one by one, in the class-books of the teachers',
Blossom the lovely zeroes, the forget-me-nots of the Seniors,

Can You Imagine

Mr. Sims getting mad.
Miss Hillier serving lunch between classes.
Mr. Veler being taken for a teacher.

MY LOCKER

On arriving at the new building early Monday morning, Sept. 22, I was informed that I must first go to Mr. Kizer, whom I would find at the south entrance, and get my locker number.

I found Mr. Kizer easily enough and after standing in line for seemingly half an hour, I was given a number which sounded like a telephone call and informed, "Now don't forget your number."

The next thing to do was to find a locker which bore that mysterious number. After wandering about for five minutes or more I happened to find a stairway which seemed to lead to the third floor where I was told I would find my locker. I wandered about on this floor for some time and finally on turning a corner I came suddenly upon long rows of what I knew must be lockers. I thought to myself, "Now my trouble is over." But, alas, look as long as I might, the number given to me was not to be found on any of those lockers. I later found out that I had got in the boys' locker room instead of the girls'. But I did not know this at the time and so I renewed my search for more lockers, feeling by this time more like a Freshie than a Senior. At last I found another room exactly like the one I had left. To me it seemed that I had merely gone around in a circle only to land back in the same place I left. But I thought I might as well take another search for that number, so I began. Up one row and down another until just as I was giving up hope, I spied a locker, standing in a corner as if ashamed to be seen, which bore that long sought number.

I felt relieved that now I could rid myself of wraps which were becoming very cumbersome. But, alas, twist as hard as I could, the latch would not budge. I tugged and pulled until I was red in the face, but still no move. Just then another classmate seeing my distress was generous enough to offer assistance, and finally after much tugging we got the door open, and I was able at last to rid myself of those afore-mentioned cumbersome articles of apparel.

That afternoon I bought a lock and later returned to the building and put it on my locker and proceeded home with the key.

The next morning on arriving at school I realized that I had left the key at home, peacefully resting on the table. I was at a loss to know what to do when my neighbor taking pity on me offered to share her locker with me for that morning.

That noon as I went home I kept repeating to myself, "Don't forget that key," until I imagined that the click of my heels on the sidewalk was beating out the words, "Don't forget that key." I didn't forget it, but my almost constant thought since has been, "Oh! what would I do if I should forget or lose that key."

Yell

Yea, South Bend! Yea, South Bend!
S-o-u-t-h B-e-n-d—
South Bend! South Bend! South Bend!

RETURN OF THE POST-GRADUATE

It seems to me there are many reasons for graduates coming back to high school, especially this year. Many girls come to take extra courses which they have not had time for in their first four years; such as sewing, domestic science, laundry and practical things of that nature. Some also come back, like the bad penny that always returns, to make up work for college entrance, in which they have "flunked" when they were young and foolish, and didn't realize the value of much study, especially as it was required by the teachers.

But certainly, the main thing that draws them back this year is our new building. Nothing could keep them away from it, and surely no one can blame them if they want to see what it feels like to walk down the hall without having a collision with some poor Freshman or dignified Senior every half-dozen steps. The building also gives plenty of room for exercise, when they forget to look at their little maps to see where they're going; and consequently find themselves, all unexpectedly, in the swimming pool instead of the bookstore, or bumped up against the end of the corridor when they want to go a block farther.

But, I think, the main attraction is the lockers. They can hardly believe that every single pupil is going to have a whole long locker all of his very own, and sometimes even two. They must come to see if it is really true. Think of having a locker with a little shelf for books, that used to kick around with your rubbers in a pool of water; and plenty of room to hang up your own coat and hat without knocking some one else's down. They can hardly believe their eyes, and have to stay awhile to see if the miracle lasts. No wonder the post-graduates come back!

HOW TO SPEND A STUDY HALL PERIOD

The name of the big room, with long rows of desks, where students retire for a period of silence with their books, does not convey its meaning to many of its inmates. Study Hall to them means a place where they can read and dawdle, or have some fun on the sly by tricks on their neighbors, when the teacher is not around. For these the time passes slowly and laboriously, and the period seems never ending.

If you would spend your study hall period comfortably and profitably, have a certain amount of studying to do, and concentrate your mind upon it. It is best to study the subjects you like best in the study hall, for they are the easiest to secure your concentration; and also, your English, so you will have access to the library. If there are subjects which are hard for you, or which you do not like, they are best studied at home, and then reviewed before recitation.

Lord Northcliffe, publisher of our esteemed contemporary, the London Times, was in our city two minutes last week—on the twentieth century limited.

First Girl: "Where can I find Gym."
Second Girl: "What Jim?"
First Girl: "Seventh and eighth hour Gym."

THE INTERLUDE

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OCTOBER 1, 1913

CARE OF THE NEW BUILDING

We, the students of the South Bend High School, have entrusted to our care this magnificent new building, and it is "up to us" to use, without abusing it.

We owe to the citizens of this city our best efforts in preserving the new building. Of course the nice clean spaces on the walls and new desks offer great temptations to place our own or class initials there; but we must resist by keeping in mind how ugly it makes a building look to disfigure it in that manner.

If each student will feel his or her responsibility as an individual in taking good care of the new building by not leaving paper and books around in the halls or plunging an umbrella through the glass doors, we can, "departing, leave behind us" a building in the best condition possible.

IN DEFENSE OF THE P. G.'s

Surely there are but few who have failed to notice that there are a number of 13's back this fall. The reason that this is taken for granted is because one can not help but notice that they possess a more serious and studious manner owing to their already large range of knowledge. For those who wonder why these students are back, I can truthfully say that it is for the sole purpose of adding to their already surplus knowledge.

Along with this, too, it is clear that they are very fond of the new building with its many advantages over the old, and admire in particular the beautiful frieze that adorns the main hall.

No one can imagine the horror experienced by some of the girl graduates of last June who were standing in the hall several days ago when a leader of the fair sex in one of the lower class remarked to her companion as she passed, "It's a pity that those girls can't stay away when they do graduate. I should think they could see that there aren't enough boys to go around as it is."

This was only one remark of the

few that were overheard and the poor P. G.'s with their heads buried in their books and overburdened with study, are compelled to listen peacefully to it all as they are too amiable to resent it.

HOW TO KILL THE PAPER

The easiest way to kill the paper is, of course, to ignore it. If everyone ignored it, there could not be a paper.

For some it is next to impossible to write anything suitable for publication in *The Interlude*, or, at least, they hate to take the chance of having it refused. But if you yourself lack the ability to write, you should buy the paper and read what others have written.

There is something that every one can do—subscribe for the paper. That is a sure way of helping it along, for every subscription is just so much aid to the life of the paper. We are one of the largest high schools in the state and, therefore, ought to have one of the best high school papers in the state.

HOW TO TREAT THE INTERLUDE

1. Don't subscribe, but if you do, have the paper mailed and forget your subscription money.
2. Don't subscribe for yourself, and if somebody forces you to take a subscription, forget to turn it in.
3. Discourage all misguided class-mates who are trying to boost for our new weekly.
4. Don't let your friends advertise in *The Interlude*. They might lose money by it.
5. If you see anything which appeals to you, don't tell anyone. You might show your ignorance and encourage the editors.
6. Knock. Sell your hammer and get a maul. We're thankful you can't afford a pile-driver.
7. Kick about the cover.
8. Kick about the jokes.
9. Crab about the drawings.
10. Grouch about the stories, but for Pete's sake, don't boost.

CLASS DANCES

With the ample floor-space afforded by the new gymnasium, class dances should be held regularly this year.

It is generally conceded that social intercourse between class members as well as between classes can be maintained in no better manner than by the recreation and diversion that a class dance makes possible.

Considering that there are no seats to take up and bolt down again as was the case in the assembly hall last year, and the practically ideal conditions under which a class dance could be given, it is hoped that the members of the different classes may see the advisability of having dances and establish them as regular affairs.

ORCHESTRA NEWS

The members of the High School Orchestra have decided to make things interesting this year and for this purpose called a meeting the first week of the school year, at which time they elected officers and arranged for a practice for Tuesday at 3:45. The proceedings were unusual for two reasons: the orchestra is not usually organized until later in the year, and never before has had officers.

Miss Sack will be the faculty member in charge of the orchestra and will see that it is kept going. Mr. Parreant will be asked to lead and it is hoped, by the majority of the members, that he will accept as his capability is appreciated.

The president, Verna Railsback, was chosen for her faithfulness and readiness to work for the welfare of the orchestra during her long membership in it. Howard Haverstock was elected librarian and Arthur Fredrickson, secretary.

THE SCHOOL SONG

The Tan and the Blue

Right here in Indiana,

There is a high school we all adore,
The one that wins all the contests;
The medals and games galore.
Sweet maids and husky fellows,

Who have the spirit, you may depend.

They'll help to make a winning school,
An honor to old South Bend.

Chorus

Here's to the Tan,

And here's to the Blue,
These are the colors

To which we're true.
We have a high school,
Of which we are proud.

Cheer for her, cheer her name—loud.

Goshen — Song

Rah, rah for S. B.
Rah, rah for South Bend.
South Bend must win—
Fight to the finish, never give in.
Rah, rah, rah!
You do your best boys—
We'll do the rest, boys.
Rah, rah, for old South Bend!
Rah, rah, rah!

(Repeat)

Hold up her name, boys,
Colors on high,
Make all feel proud
Of her fame and cry,
Old South Bend—High, oh!
We raise the cry, Oh!
Here's to old South Bend High!

Yells

Give 'em the Axe

Give 'em the axe, axe, axe!
Give 'em the axe, axe, axe!
Where? Where?
Right in the neck, neck, neck!
Right in the neck, neck, neck!
Who? Who?—Goshen!

SENIOR NOTES

Who says the Seniors aren't a live class? We've had a meeting already and it was splendidly attended. There seems to be a great deal of enthusiasm in the class this year and a very successful season is anticipated. Liveness is as "peppy" as ever, and will keep things going. He already has gotten down to business and appointed some committees which will serve to the best of their ability. During the public opening of the building the Senior class will sell postal card pictures of the New High. The committee appointed to manage this work is as follows: Everette Leisure, chairman; Leon Livingston and Donald Elbel.

The pin question is always a vital one to every Senior class. The object of '14 is to get a pin that is decidedly different from the design of any previous one. We believe the following committee is able to handle this: Glen Slick, chairman; Forest Staples, Sarah Witwer, Dorothy Brugger and Olga Rosencrans.

The class of 1914 must have a motto and, what is more, a good motto. The following committee was appointed to bring suggestions to the next meeting: Grace Goodman, chairman; Lucile Snyder, Raymond Kuespert.

Our banner that we had last year was a good one and would serve the purpose for a Junior class, but not for a Senior class. It was decided to get a new banner made and this time have it done right. The committee to look after this is: Mary Russ, chairman; Bernadine Good, Edna Tule.

The choice of a class memorial can not be decided upon too soon. A few good suggestions have been given to the committee, but more are requested. In this new building there are a good many chances for a splendid memorial. Think, Seniors! The committee is as follows: Robert Swintz, chairman; June Ball, Rosetta McHenry and Ben Cordier.

This "banner on the flag pole" affair was not a class action. It was purely individual. We admire the ambition of the fellows involved but not the way they used it. Let's cut out the Freshman stuff.

AN APPRECIATION

To the Citizens of South Bend:

The pupils of South Bend High School thank you for the fine new building. The equipment throughout is splendid, assuring better work to be done by the students. We only hope you will have no reason to regret your investment that the graduates of South Bend High will be an honor to the citizenship of the city.

Miss Campbell does not want to see any "eyes" in second hour study. The grave problem that now confronts us is, What will we do with our eyes?

Announcement Extraordinary!!

===== of the =====

Annual INTERLUDE Subscription CONTEST

**Open to Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors
and even to Seniors!**

Shall we have a live, newsy, breezy, up-to-the-minute weekly paper this year, worthy of our new building? (A grand, antiphonal chorus intones, "Yea! Verilee!!")

Well then — we must have subscriptions, and advertisements based on a large subscription list. One thousand subscribers are needed to insure the success of the WEEKLY INTERLUDE.
(DAILY INTERLUDE occasionally, in spasms.)

Conditions of the Contest

Contest begins now, closes Friday, October 10, 9 p. m., at the Jamboree in the Y. M. C. A. for winners, losers, relatives, friends, beaux and belles, and flag pole greasers.

**Each cash subscription of \$1.00 for thirty issues counts two points
60c semester cash subscriptions count one point**

Prizes for Individuals, Classes and Societies

Individual Prizes

1. **\$5.00 in Gold** (furnished with our permission, by F. L. S.) to the student securing the greatest number of points for cash subscriptions.
2. **Three Tickets** — one Season Athletic, one to Junior Ex., one to Senior play — to the student securing the second largest number of points.
3. **One Ticket** to either Annual Musical, Junior Ex., or Senior entertainment to each of the ten students securing the next highest number of points.
4. **One Additional Free Subscription** (sent to any address) to each student securing 20 or more points.

Class Prizes

First, second, third and fourth choices, will be granted respectively to the classes securing the first, second, third and fourth highest number of points for cash subscriptions, in the following vital matters.

1. **Choice of seat for entire class in a body in Assembly.**
2. **Choice of day for class meetings.**
3. **Choice of room for class meetings.**
5. **Choice of date for first class party in Gymnasium.**

Note: The expense of the first party of the winning class to be borne by THE INTERLUDE.

Note to Seniors Only: (Others please don't read) We've simply gotta win, kids! Get busy! Get busy!

THE EDITOR and FRANTIC BIZZ MANAGER

Society Prize

Record your society, as well as your class, on the subscription cards you hand in. The Society which secures the greater number of points will be granted first choice of a permanent meeting room for this year and *maybe* the next 100 years.

(PERORATION)

Fellow Students:—Thirteen past years of The Interlude, forty-two years of the life of the Societies, the next fifty years of the life of sixty-thousand or more people of South Bend look down upon you!! *Will we fail* or will we measure up to *our opportunities and their expectations?* It's "up to you!" You secure the subscriptions, the Editors will do the rest! Secure your subscription blanks *today*—and "hop to it." More about the *Jamboree* in the Daily next week!

SOME EXPERIENCES AS A CLERK OF THE CANDY COUNTER

Saturday evening is a very busy one at this counter, and on the following Monday it generally takes a good deal of time to straighten up the counter in order to make it at least presentable.

One Monday morning, after having been busier than usual on the price during Saturday, we were greeted almost as soon as the doors opened, by a very dignified looking lady, strutting in as fast as her hobble would allow her.

"I have to get a train. Can you wait on me right away?"

"Surely, what can I do for you?"

"Well, let me see what kind is good. I want it for some little children."

"I showed her several kinds that almost always attracts the youngsters' eyes, but she thought that would not particularly please these children for whom she was buying.

So, after chasing her from one end of the counter to the other about half a dozen times, she finally said, "Well, I am sorry I am so hard to please. Just mix me up a half a pound of your very best."

After I had weighed out the candy and put it in a sack, she said, "Haven't you got a piece of paper that you could wrap the sack in, because I do not want people to know what I have got."

Just as she was going out she met another lady, with whom she seemed to be well acquainted and after talking a long while, she said, "Good-bye, I am going to visit my sister, and I have just been in here to get some souvenirs"—holding out the package of candy. Then after conversing for about ten minutes she strutted off again, and she probably got her train.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN

1st Act.—Hark! Hark! Listen! A commotion is heard in the northeast corner on the third floor of a mysterious hall. The mystery is solved at last for we find that the hall is a part of the new S. B. H. S., and the commotion is only a poor solitary Freshman crying for help. Juniors! Seniors! Do your duty! Help this poor innocent creature to find the Auditorium. (Scene closes.)

2nd Act.—Yes, the noble Seniors did their duty. We find the Freshman crying, Help! Help! Mamma! Mamma! Yes, dearie, mamma will soon be here with the soothing syrup. For what do you think? Our most obliging Seniors have taken Freshie to the vicinity which by the students is called the swimming pool, or the place where some love-sick girl falls in just to have some noble fellow rescue her. Oh yes! that's right, poor Freshie is struggling under two feet of water. Terrible Seniors! (Scene closes.)

3rd Act.—The play closes with a happy ending, as Daddy Sims rescues the unfortunate Freshie with a huge life preserver donated by the kind-hearted people of S. B. for the purpose of saving Freshmen from that terrible fate.

From the pool Freshies is led by Fatherly Mr. Sims to the laundry room where the gas clothes dryer is used to a great advantage.

The curtain slowly falls as Mr. Sims and Mr. Freshman walk arm in arm into the Auditorium.—H. J.

PROGRAM OF A FRESHMAN

Evolved after a forenoon's continuous labor:

1. Physiognomy.
2. Laberetry.
3. Studie.
4. Penanship.
5. Eats.
6. Home and more eats.
7. Come back.
8. Jym 7 and 8 Teus and Frys, Swimmen.
9. Englis.
10. Algerber.

DON'TS FOR FRESHMEN

1. Don't fail to lock up your lunch. There are carnivorous, herbivorous, omnivorous Juniors abroad in the land.
 2. Don't fail to carry all your books around to classes; otherwise you may be taken for a visitor and not a studie!
 3. Don't be scared of the upper classmen. They are as green about the new building as you are.
 4. Don't hesitate to yell if you get lost. Mr. Sims will hear you, and rescue you when he gets around to it.
 5. Don't try to bluff the teachers, for it's a waste of energy. We've tried it and we know.
 6. Don't be alarmed at those grewsome yells late in the afternoon. It's the football squad under the ice cold-shower bath.
 7. Don't buy all your outfit now. You may need some change later, and more books furnish a good excuse.
- [Disregard this questionable advice.—Editor.]

HOSPITAL NOTES

By Chief Surgeon of Emergency Room

Record of patients received.

Monday, Sept. 22, 1913.

Male, aged 14. Overcome by sight of Venus. Restored by use of pulmotor.

Female, aged 15. Injury to large dexter toe, inflicted by one L. Kriegbaum, who stepped on it. Bandage.

Male, age 16. Acute gastritis, caused by swallowing gum, while giving class yell. Stomach pump.

Female, age 16. Acute palpitation of heart, induced by sight of new boy in class. Restoratives.

Male, age 17. Swooned when told lunch room would not open for several weeks. Smelling salts.

Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1912.

Female, age 15. Brainstorm caused by effort to make out program. Ice pack.

Male, age 18. Shock and collapse. Found he couldn't "skive" tenth hour. Still serious.

Male, age 11. Fright, lost in locker room. Bromides.

Female, age 16. Incipient pneumonia. Too little heat in building and less clothes. Prescribed wool petticoats and a sweater.

Ten males, ages 11 to 14. Acute nervousness caused by report of hazing. Psychotherapy.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE CLOCK

Most so-called students I have observed, spend as much time during school hours studying the clock as in any other occupation. You will remember that over in the "lobster trap" we weren't blessed with a clock in each room, so that the facilities for this study were not very good. Even in the Study Hall, where there was one, it could not be seen from all parts of the room.

In this new building, however, we cannot complain of any lack of clocks or of their invisibility, for there is a clock in every room, plainly visible from all parts of it. Moreover, these clocks are of a variety which was unknown in the old building.

They have a peculiar way of clicking at intervals, which has been the cause of much wonder and distraction among the students.

What is the cause or result of this clicking, no one seems to know, but it is there. Then, too, it has not yet ceased to be a marvel to many that the bell inside the clock rings at the end of each period.

Taken all together, these new clocks are a great improvement, for they not only afford topics for deliberation, but also, having been increased in number, give opportunity for spending more time in this interesting study.

PERSONAL VACATION NOTES

O yes, thank you, I had a very pleasant vacation. I had one of those ideal vacations I always thought I wanted to have, but having once experienced know I never want to undergo again. What did I do? I did nothing. Absolutely nothing. I went to bed when I pleased, I got up when I pleased, in fact I did exactly as I pleased and I got so tired of it that I used to read the "Don't column for young wives" just to remember how the word sounded. Also I spent happy days trying to lie comfortably in a hammock and many hours trying to adjust a pillow in it so I could read without breaking my neck. The happiest day of my vacation was the day the gas jet pulled out of the wall and the hammock, pillow, book, and myself came crashing to the floor. Something did happen then.

O, yes, I had a very pleasant vacation, thank you, but I am going to do something next summer if I have to take summer school.

D. R. Livengood addressing Senior meeting: "I'll pin the committee up on the bulletin board."

(Venus and St. George)

Said Venus to George,
"I should worry,
To see how the pupils all scurry,
In the palace of Jove,
All majestically move,
I deplore all this hustle and hurry."
Said St. George to Venus of Milo,
"I'm really quite struck on your stylo.
You're so graceful, I trow,
From your feet to your brow,
I can do naught but gaze for a while."

HAVE YOU SEEN—

1. Those awful knobs on the banisters—someone said they were to prevent clothing from wearing out. Do you think so?

2. The hat racks on the bottoms of the seats in the Public Speaking rooms? If operated properly, they can be used as a bell. Mr. Johnson doesn't know the difference.

3. The latest in electric lights? They work without bulbs. (Cast your eyes heavenward.)

Freshmen are requested hereafter to use the swimming pool instead of all trying to crowd into that two by four fish tank in Miss Cunningham's room.

WANTED

1. People in full-dress to make formal calls on Miss Hupp. Awfully lonesome.

2. Mirrors, looking glasses, reflectors, something beside glass doors to see yourself in.

3. Shades in the doors. Didn't you know that Miss Keller had a gentleman caller?

4. Labels on the new teachers. Miss Dunbar takes them for Freshmen.

EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCE

The cutting of a bee tree in this territory is rather uncommon. An old veteran who is what you would generally call a character had found while on his walks through a thick oak woods, several very tall trees. In the dead hollow of one tree he had seen a swarm of bees working each day until dark, when they would all settle down until early the next morning.

A number of men started to fell one of the trees, about 70 feet tall and 7 feet in circumference. The tree was notched on the side on which it was intended to fall, and on the opposite side in the same line it was sawed until, cracking and crashing, it fell. To see so large and beautiful a tree fall, gives one rather a feeling of regret, for in this day, not many such dense woods are left.

After felling the bees began swarming all towards me it seemed, but in about 15 minutes with the help of a smudge, they became quiet. Several men found, however, that bees will fight hard and steady for about five minutes, but when this struggle was over they went back and stung the honey, poisoning it.

About 10 pounds of honey were taken from the tree, an amount not considered a very great quantity, but to me it was worth the work for I of course did none of it, not being as yet a suffragette.

SUDO SOCIETY

Fourteen husk "six-footer" Seniors held a reception for two wild eyed Freshmen at the swimming pool last Friday a. m. No refreshments were served as the guests left hurriedly before the proper time.

Every Senior is expected at every meeting! Be there!

ATHLETICS

First Team 78.

Wolf L. E.
 Booth, Forester L. T.
 Stanley L. G.
 Whiteman C.
 Rowe (Capt.) R. G.
 Cordier, Booth R. T.
 Sullivan, Dally R. E.
 Poulin, Allen Q. B.
 Allen, Cottrell L. H.
 Hartzler, Van den Bosch F. B.
 Scott, Shanafelt R. H.

Second Team 0

Boswell, Sheibelhut, McHenry L. E.
 Forester, Booth, Sibrel, McCarty L. T.
 Hagerty L. G.
 E. Elbel C.
 Myers, Egan, Handy R. G.
 Hildebrand, McAlpine R. T.
 Taylor, Myers, Fernandes, R. Bon-
 Durant R. E.
 Flanagan Q. B.
 Garfield, Williams, Anderson L. H.
 Leisure, Staples F. B.
 Martin R. H.

The annual first-second team practice game took place at Springbrook Saturday afternoon, resulting in the above figures. Second team men did their best to hold the big boys but weaknesses in the line were their undoing. They first demonstrated their ability by pushing their men across the line for a total of 13 touchdowns.

All men who had been out regularly for practice were given a chance and the majority showed up well. Straight football, seasoned with a few forward passes, was the means of attack used by both squads.

Remarks on the Game

No one was injured. Pretty lucky! The men showed evidence of careful coaching and training.

Booth from Lane Technical High School, Chicago, looks like a first team prospect.

"Capt." Rowe was there with the old pep.

Allen hit the line for long gains frequently.

Hartzler is back with us after an absence of a "few" years.

"Jim" Wolf held down "Louie's" old position.

It seems as if Herb Forster doesn't like to bend over any more. At any rate he is back on his old job at tackle after a year at center.

Admission free. At that there wasn't any too many sports.

Prospects for the Year.

The material this season is fine and the prospects bright, etc. But you have heard that stuff for years, and now it is an old story. However, this much can be said, we have a team and with the abundance of material from which we have to draw and a real coach, who belongs entirely to the High School and no one else it is safe to say that S. B. H. S. will have this season a team which will rival that all state bunch of 1912 captained by Charles Buechner.

The practices have been stiff and strict attention paid to form and teamwork, the essentials of a winning team.

It is safe to say that Coach Metz-

ler will get the best possible results and that surely will be another state championship team for S. B. H. S.

Metzler, Physical Director

For years our High School has been supplied with first-class coaches for all athletic teams, but this season will be our first to have the advantage of a Physical Director. Mr. Metzler is a man of fine athletic build and a man who will stand for no monkey-business. He is an authority on all athletic subjects and knows football, basketball, track and baseball equally well and all thoroughly. He is a Springfield Training School graduate and played on and captained several of the teams of that institution. He has a frank manner and can't help but get along well with his pupils and teams, and the most important point is that those who are under his direction can feel confident that they are being properly handled and tutored.

Miss Goodman Girls' Physical Director

Not to be outdone by the boys, the girls also have been supplied with a coach. Miss Goodman was prominent in college athletics and will fill the bill admirably.

Football is not a game for girls so they probably will not have one of those teams, but you can bet they will be there with a basketball under the supervision of Miss Goodman.

Maybe we boys will have a chance to see the girls in action later on in the season. Maybe not!

The Gymnasium

"I guess that's some gym," is the popular remark. We have never before had a real gymnasium and it will be fully appreciated this season and hereafter.

It is a large roomy place with provision for the boys in the north half and the girls in the south half. (Be careful and don't get into the wrong section). The gymnasium is well equipped and rivals that of any other High School in the State.

The idea, whenever there is a game, is to raise the center doors, placing the chairs for spectators in one section with the other section free for play. There surely will be some exciting times there this winter.

The swimming pool and lockers are on the floor below and access is easily had from the gym.

Attention, Seniors!

The Interlude contest is now on! It's up to the classes this year. Will the Seniors let underclassmen beat them out of the first class party in the Gym., the first four rows in the Auditorium, the choice of a meeting room and their pick of a night? Will they? No!! They will not!

Get busy NOW!

Sell subscriptions!

Remember the prices: 60c a semester; \$1.00 a year. A paper every Friday!

South Bend Wins Track Meet

South Bend High School won the tenth annual track meet held at Cartier Field, Notre Dame, on Saturday afternoon, May 31, 1913. The meet was fairly exciting but South Bend's lead was never in danger after the first few events.

Considerable interest centered around Hake of Gary, who got away with the individual honors after a close race with Brug, and surpassed him by only 2 points. Hake completely smashed two records (half and quarter mile events) which had been standing for some years. His remarkable run of the half mile in 2 minutes 5 seconds is likely to stand for many years. The former record was 2 minutes 10 seconds set by Walton of LaPorte in 1904.

It Sims that Montgomery, the new Porter, was passing the Adams Express Co., when he saw a Good-man trying to cross a Dun-bar in his Hupp-mobile to get a Stone of some value. There he saw Miss Parker trying to Cranor neck to see if Hosey could get Clark the Apple-man out of the Wells that had been dug by Happy and Kelly at the request of the Dakin.

Wilson rewarded him with a large Sack of Weber's, and a strong Campbell on which to ride to the Bishop and receive his blessing.

A DAY AT SCHOOL

This school that I am going to tell about is a boarding school on Long Island at a place called Garden City, eighteen miles from New York City. The school is an Episcopal school called the Cathedral School of St. Mary's.

Our day begins at a quarter of seven when the rising bell rings. It seems very hard to get up and get dressed but at half-past seven the breakfast bell rings and we all start down stairs to the dining room. On our way down I see girls running down the hall in all stages of dressing.

After breakfast we go out doors for at least three minutes. Then we come in and report that we have been out. We then go up stairs and make our beds and put our rooms in order.

At twenty minutes to nine we all go to chapel. That starts our school day of thirty-minute periods, of which there are five in the morning.

School closes at twelve o'clock and at ten minutes after twelve the luncheon bell rings. School begins again at one and lasts until two-thirty, then detention begins until three. From three to four-thirty is taken up with athletics.

Afternoon study hour begins at a quarter to five and ends at six which gives us half an hour to get dressed for dinner. Dinner is at half-past six and at half past seven chapel bell rings. After chapel we have an hour's study until quarter to nine.

Nine o'clock means we have to be in our rooms to get ready for bed. At nine-thirty the bell rings and all lights have to be out. Each day is like this.

CLASS OF '13

Mildred Sties, Hazel Rennoe, Helen Schermann, Paul MacDonald, Sarah Lippincott, Dorothy Eldredge and Mildred Schafer are taking post-graduate work.

Many of the class of '13 have gone away to school. Among them are the following:

Ada Baker, Mildred Duby, Myrtle Loane and Jessie Marble are attending Goshen Normal; Una Camp and Lois Brandon, Bloomington; Frances Hillier, Wellesley; Gertrude Chillas, Ohio Wesleyan; Emma Giomi, Chicago Art Institute; Carl Ginz, Mary Eastman, Ruth Nicely, Wisconsin; Helen Russ, Wells college; Georgia Kratsch, teachers' training course in Domestic Science at Detroit.

Laura Fuller has enrolled in the Kindergarten Training School at the Y. W. C. A.

Ruth Adelsperger is attending the state normal at Terre Haute.

Inez Burns and Ethel Todd are taking commercial work at the South Bend Business College.

Among those who are holding positions are:

- Russell Gillis, Standard Oil Co.
- Donald Brownlee, Studebaker Corporation.
- Joseph Brazy, with the Grayce Scott players.
- Joseph Downes, Studebaker Corporation.

Pearl Klopfer, in the office of Attorney Bugbee.

Ruth Krissinger and Erma Dale, Studebaker Corporation.

Hazel McCombs, Helen Elliot, Esther Schott, Juanita Witter and Gertrude Roesch have secured schools in the neighborhood of South Bend.

WANT ADS

Wanted: Some one to take me to my class rooms. Only experienced guides need apply.—Freshie.

Wanted: Some token whereby a Senior may not be mistaken for a Sophomore.—Big Senior.

Lost: Somewhere between sunrise and sunset the 1914 banner. No reward is offered, for it is gone forever.

Wanted: In boys' study hall, a girl—even if she is a teacher.—The Boys.

Wanted: An extinguisher for the superabundant high spirits now in evidence.

Wanted: Someone to comb or calm down Lewis Inwood's hair. (We have fears that it is becoming wild and woolly.

Wanted: At S. B. H. S. swimming pool, a professional ducker to operate the ducking-stool which may be installed for over-fresh Freshmen.

Wanted: A companion for Miss Hupp in these first days of solitude.

Wanted: A deaf, dumb and blind chaperon for Esther Dean and Leon Livingstone. (Just for propriety's sake.)

Wanted: By H. Foster (now keep this dark)—a girl.

Wanted: The key to Gladys Waters' heart. (No use, she'll change the lock.)

See Francis Mitchell for the latest version of "Oh, Why Did They 'Carter' Away?"

Miss Hupp announces that the following articles have been found, and await their owners at the Lost and Found Bureau in the Library:

One peroxide switch.
 One stick gum (unchewed).
 One cent (coin).
 One note addressed to "Jim," signed "Jane." Soft.
 One note addressed to "Jane," signed "Jim." Mushy.
 Four buttons.
 One lunch (stale now) wrapped in sporting page of Tribune.
 Two powder puffs and a chamois.
 Six pocket mirrors.
 Three empty picketbooks.

One pocketbook containing powder bag, mirror, one nickel, two pennies, clipping from Laura Jean Libby, article by Lillian Russell on "Beautiful Eyes," and locket with monogram of letters B and W.

Memorandum book marked "James C." containing addresses of six young ladies, recipe for making a moustache grow, and two Orpheum ticket stubs—J-1 and J-3.

DON'TS FOR TEACHERS

Don't try to get the attention of the pupils as the clock will do it for you.

Don't allow pupils to talk in study hall for fear of destroying your nervous system.

Don't forget that you were once in our place.

Don't ask somebody to recite when you know that somebody doesn't know her lesson.

Don't start the lesson on time because you must remember this is a large building and girls can't run now a days.

Don't lend pencils for you may never get them back.

Don't assign lessons for the next day, if there is to be a class party that evening.

A Freshman rushing up to a Senior in the hall.

"Have you seen Arthur?"

F.—"Arthur who?"

S.—"Aur thermometer."

SENIOR LULLABY

Doff thy new spectacles,

Peregrine, darling one;

Minds are but obstacles

When work is overdone.

Lullaby, hushaby, slumber thou festive,

Hushaby, lullaby, never procrastinate.

Lay down thy Ibsen, dear,

Browning and Emerson;

Sealed be thy cultured ear

Save to my benison.

Lullaby, hushaby, cherish obedience,
 Hushaby, lullaby, captivate somnolence.

Dream thou of Lohengrin,

Siegfried, Brunnhilde fair;

Banish, my Peregrine,

Thoughts of Pilgrims spare.

Lullaby, hushaby sleep, dear, till night is done,

Hushaby, lullaby, mother's phenomenon. —Ex.

Gladys has a little hat—

A pretty little hat, no doubt—

But every time she turns her head,

Someone's eye goes out.

The Bereaved

Mardelle Hildebrand

Bernadine Good

Glenn Slick

Grace Goodman

Paul MacDonald

Lawrence Turner

Deceased

Walt, BonDurant

Harold Fites

"Joe" Williams

Hovey Dodge

"Mutz" Emmons

Lois Brandon

Inquisitive teacher to Dorothy Dally:
 "Your age, please?"

Dorothy: "I just arrived at 17."

I. T.: "What detained you?"

It is reported that while Gladys W. was trying to do the Vermont turn, down on the merry-go-round at the afternoon tea given in the Gymnasium, last Thursday p. m., she narrowly escaped damaging her brain. Horrors, Gladys!

The Celebrated Order of Moustache Raisers:

Glenn Slick,

Bert Leer,

Ed Towmey.

For this have we sons.

Who is Charley Chearhart?

Why he's the guy that pushed the cart into Elkhart.



"Lest we forget, lest we forget!"