

THE INTERLUDE

VOL. XIV No. 10

SOUTH BEND, IND. HIGH SCHOOL, DEC. 5, 1913

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THE ELEVENTH FINGER

CHAPTER II

Herman's hands were tied behind him and as he lay prostrate on the table something pricked his hand. It was a letter opener. He grasped it firmly and with two quick but sure strokes severed the cord that held him prisoner.

The man in black had returned to the vault so our hero sprang from the table and crouching near the door awaited the return of the man in black with another load of money. He was eager to sink his fingers into the throat of this bold robber. If Herman could catch him and turn him over to the police it would mean a raise in his wages.

Suddenly the crouching boy had landed on the neck of the man in black, who had come out of the vault. "Surrender," shrieked Herman, "surrender or I will kill you," and he shook the man until the teeth clattered in his head. The man in black struggled and fought, kicking at his captor's shins with his heels. Finally he stopped and sank to the floor. Herman released his hold, but the moment he did so, the man sprang up and darted through the door.

The young bank clerk was not to be foiled in this manner. He pursued the fleeing figure down the long hall and out through the rear door of the bank into an alley.

A high wall ran along on the other side of the alley; Herman came through the door just in time to see the man in black scrambling over the top. Our hero, gathering together all his strength, made one leap and caught the top of the wall with his hands; he pulled himself up and saw that the man was hanging on the other side.

Herman looked down at the fugitive's hands as they clung to the wall and gave a little startled cry. There were six fingers on the left hand.

The man was marked! At least there was something by which his pursuer could track him even though he had not noticed his face.

A dog growled in the yard under the eleven fingered man's dangling feet. Herman's hand shot out and he clutched the hair of the robber. Aha! he had the culprit again in his power, he thought. But not so, kind reader. There was a snarl and a clicking of sharp teeth followed by a groan, and then all was still.

Herman strained his eyes but could see nothing in the black darkness below. He stood upright on the wall and then trusting to luck; he jumped.

(To be continued)

He—"Do you believe in kissing?"
"She—"I don't approve of kissing children."

IN THE FIELD WITH MR. SIM

Field trips are becoming more and more a regular part of a number of the courses offered to the students of the South Bend High School for the reason that when a student sees a specimen or a physical condition in Nature he is always more forcibly impressed than when he merely reads description of a kind of rock, soil, tree or flower in a book.

On Monday, Nov. 17, Mr. Sim led our class in Physical Geography on such an expedition, our destination being DeFrees' gravel pit, and the object of the trip being to study the rock and soil formations in the pit itself, and to observe the species of trees to be found on the way to the pit.

Monday was not an especially agreeable day but so interested were all of us in what we were to see that we never noticed that the air was quite damp and cold, in fact we never even noticed the approach of the street car that was to bear us on our way until it was fully a quarter of a block beyond us. At last however, we were all on board.

Street cars really run at a speed a trifle too great to suit the purposes of people embarked on a scientific expedition, but nevertheless we were able to see that Michigan Avenue is lined with some beautiful specimens of maple, basswood, elm, spruce, pine, apple, and jingo biloba trees, only one really of the last variety, this kind of tree being very scarce in this part of the country.

After walking a short distance from the end of the car line we reached DeFrees' gravel pit which is nothing more than a large hole in the ground, from which tons of gravel have been taken for building and paving purposes.

To the students of Physical Geography of course the pit was much more than a mere hole in the ground, for the cross sections of the soil that were revealed to us enabled us to see that the soil was made up of numbers of strata, there being layers of sand, layers of sand mixed with gravel, layers of coarse gravel, all of these being topped with a loam or heavy black soil, the result of decayed vegetation mixed with the original sand.

Large stones found in the gravel pit itself were found as a rule to be specimens of sandstone, some metamorphic but mostly sedimentary. There were also found specimens of metamorphic and sedimentary rocks in abundance. With the study of the rocks themselves our trip was virtually over, but before turning back towards school once more we visited a number of smaller pits in the near neighborhood, which were very similar to the main pit, the only difference being that in the lat-

ter we found a number of shell rocks.

While searching for stones James van der Bosch must have thought he saw a lump of gold, for he suddenly started as if to pick something up, but alas! he measured his length on the ground, and in the confusion of brushing himself off, the stone was forgotten.

Upon Harry Freyermuth must be bestowed the honor of finding the most unique relics, among them was an old shovel, wash boiler and frying pan. He began digging with the shovel, thinking, probably, he could uncover a city similar to Pompeii.

All in all the field trip was most enjoyable, and if the students who were on the trip show that, "seeing things in their natural state," does help them in mastering the details of the subject, the chances are that similar trips will be forthcoming in the future.

Arthur A. Fredrickson.

Ruth Wittner.

One Second Interviews With the Great and Near Great, Especially the Latter

The poor, untiring, intervieweress (coined for the occasion) was sent to interview various celebrities of our beloved school in behalf of The Interlude. The aforementioned intervieweress had one pet question which she put before each victim. It was: "What do you like to read best in the paper?" By this means much varied and interesting information was secured.

Victim number one was Miss Bernice Freeman who was found behind a locker fixing her raven hair by the aid of a dime size mirror. When the all important question was asked she blushed rosily. Finally, after a searching glance to see if any eavesdroppers were near, she said, "Oh, I'm just perfectly entranced with it all, don't you know? But these jokes about Ruddy and me are just the cutest things." After this speech, she almost climbed into a nearby locker in her embarrassment. The reporteress, however, after one pitying glance was gone in search of other prey.

Miss Dunbar now loomed on the horizon, and the intervieweress decided to waylay her for further information. "What kind of stuff do I like best in your paper? Well I thought it was about time you asked me for advice. Put in more jokes. Describe some of the teachers when they take their gym lesson. That'll get some laughs. I look a sight in mine." Miss Dunbar absent-mindedly walks off without a word of farewell. She had forgotten that she was being interviewed.

The next sufferer was Miss Adams. The question in this case was changed to: "Do you mind if we have

stuff about you in The Interlude?" Miss Adams blushed prettily, and answered: "No, not at all. I consider it a great compliment, etc." The intervieweress left in a peevish frame of mind. She had asked the questions to start an argument and thus make her article more interesting, but Miss Adams was entirely too agreeable; there were no grounds for a discussion.

Miss Campbell was seen through the glass door working busily. The intervieweress went up with apparent bravado, and placed the worn-out quiz before her. Miss Campbell rested her head on her hand and thought deeply. "Well," said she at last, "I like Latin notes just fine. But why don't you have some Latin poems, elegies or something simple like that?" The intervieweress was completely unnerved at this suggestion, and went on her devastating way in silence.

There was, according to her bracelet watch, just time for one more interview. Who should be that unlucky person? Ah! Miss Thumm was the one. "What do you like to read best in The Interlude?" inquired the intervieweress wearily. Miss Thumm gave the suffering one a charming smile. "Why that stuff you've had in is just perfectly fine. Keep it up." And the intervieweress left with a glow in her heart. Miss Thumm always was the most encouraging person in the world!

FRESHMAN DAY

Wednesday, Dec. 3, was Freshman day in assembly. The auditorium was decorated in the class colors—maroon and black; two big '17's were prominent features. The seats chosen by the class could not be occupied because workmen were laying floor covering in the balcony. Temporary seats in the rear of the auditorium were selected. The class marched in across the stage in two rows which passed one another. As they passed a series of pictures caricaturing the Senior, Junior and Sophomore was presented. This was the most novel feature of the day and that it was appreciated was shown by the cheer which greeted each picture. As the Freshmen reached their seats the series culminated with the picture of the Freshman—the only wise guy of the bunch.

The yell which concluded the Freshman stunt was well given and we consider it a peach.

The crescendo effect on the "14-15-16-17—Yea" was fine.

Here it is in print:

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Who are we?

Look and see,

We are the class of '17,

14 - 15 - 16 - 17—

Yea!!!

DOMESTIC SCIENCE GIRLS WIN PRIZES

Miss Irene Tipton succeeded in winning first prize in the News-Times contest for the best Thanksgiving menu dinner. Miss Inez Rupel came second, and Miss Mardell Hildebrand third. Twenty-eight menus in all were handed in, and all were good, in fact so good that the judges found it very difficult to decide which ones were the best.

Miss Tipton's menu was selected because it was so well balanced in every detail and included everything one would want for a turkey day dinner. Her expense was only \$3.75 and she served a family of five with the following menu:

Oyster Cocktail	Wafers
Roast Turkey	Dressing
	Celery
Giblet Gravy	Mashed Potatoes
	Cranberry Sauce
Perfection Salad	Mayonnaise Dressing
	Long Island Wafers
Pumpkin Pie	Whipped Cream
Coffee	Mints

Miss Rupel received second prize because she had planned a more economical menu using chicken in place of turkey. Her total cost was \$2.16.

Miss Hildebrand figured out a really good dinner for the sum of a fraction over \$1.98.

The Misses Margaret Rockstroh, Kathleen Guilfoyle, Ruth Kuss, Dorothy Dally and Anna Pringham deserve special mention.

G. GOODMAN.

She rushed to the office, she looked around some,
Her expression grew sad and then glum,

Mr. Sims questioned, "Well?"
(I hardly dare tell)
But the maiden replied, "Oh, my gum."

She loves athletics! "Yes, you bet,
The team is surely fine!"
She hasn't seen a single game;
She just "can't spare the time."

EXCHANGE NOTES

We have received many new exchanges and late copies of old exchanges and welcome both. Come again.

"The Pennant," from our neighbor, Elkhart, is a splendid paper. Just a few more cuts.

If "The Lever" from Colorado Springs, Colo., were smaller it could be handled very much more easily. The paper is good.

Perhaps the best paper we have received this week is "The Helios" from Grand Rapids, Mich. It is an all around good paper. "A Scandalous Thanksgiving" is very good.

"The Wabash" from Crawfordsville, Ind., is almost as good as "The Helios," but it lacks cuts which certainly do liven a paper. Your cover is most attractive.

"The Student" from Covington, Ky., says of The Interlude—"You have a great many good jokes." Thank you, thank you.

Glad to receive "The Monitor" from Lafayette, Ind. Good paper.

"The Academician" from Evanston Academy, Illinois, and "The Survey" from Marion, Ind., are both splendid papers. They express a great deal of the proper variety of school spirit.

In Benton Harbor, Mich., the students publish a very good paper, "The Orange and Black."

We have received many second copies from which we have gotten some splendid ideas. Keep a-comin'.

NOTICE!

All members of the boys Study Hall Artillery Corps will call at the office for their honorable discharge papers. It is suggested that they join the Boosters' Club if they want work.

A Gentle Hit (for Boys)

You might be considerate enough of girls' pocketbooks, their sashes, and the backs of their dresses, to have a handkerchief in direct contact with each except the first of said articles while dancing.

COMING

Senior Minstrel Show

(Benefit Class Memorial Fund)

Mr. Interlocutor: "Now, Mr. Tambo, why should everybody attend the Senior Minstrel Show?"

Mr. Tambo: "Foh two reason, Mistah Interlocutah, cause in the first place there am agwine to be tragedy and comedy, songs and dances, jokes and puns, mirth and fun, wonderful costumes and clothes, black folk comedians and white folk chorus, smiling waiters and coming debutantes, pain-killers and joy-makers. Yessah, Mr. Interlocutah, that am the one reason and this am the second; cause dat show am agwine foh to make evahbody happy, drive away dem blue Mondays and black Fridays and make you all feel as young as Lily Ann Russell looks."

Mr. Interlocutor: "What is the price of admission, Mr. Tambo?"

Mr. Tambo: "It am fifty cents foh the right to holler with joy and laugh all the time, thirty-five cents to laugh most of the time and twenty-five cents or two bits to laugh half of the time."

EVERYBODY KEEP IN MIND

The Event—SENIOR MINSTREL SHOW.
The Time—FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1913.
The Place—HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM.
The Price—25c, 35c and 50c.

Postum Cereal.—A large party at the expense of the Senior Class will be given to the class selling the most tickets. Get your tickets at the Book Store, sell ten and get one free.

Moving Pictures for the High School

What is this rumor that I hear about the motion picture? Is it true that one may soon have the privilege of going to a picture show right here in school? You don't mean that history is going to be taught with the darkened Auditorium as the class-room and with the motion picture and the lantern slides as the text books? Yes, that is the very purpose and plan of the History Department to be carried out in the near future.

For some time past the moving picture show has held the title of the people's theatre. The main purpose, of course, has been to entertain and amuse the patrons. But it has been found that the motion picture can be used successfully for purposes of instruction as well as entertainment. Often the impressions gained through a picture or an illustration are far more lasting than those gained in any other way.

Realizing the educational advantages to be gained through a pictorial view of our own country, the History Department has made arrangements to secure a motion picture reel dealing with one of our most interesting cities, and also to buy periods the reel and the lantern slides showing places of historical interest in the United States and depicting various phases of our industrial life. During one of the Assembly periods the reel and the lantern slides will be given before the whole school. There will probably be explanatory remarks given in connection with the views. If the plan meets with success, it will be extended and taken up by other departments. Watch for further notices.

QUI VIVE CLUB

Miss Hazel Rennoe entertained the members of the Qui Vive Club and their friends at her home Saturday evening, Nov. 29. Games were enjoyed and later in the evening a grab supper was enjoyed. A meeting will be held Dec. 19 at the home of Miss Gertrude Roesch, Notre Dame street, when plans for a party to be given during Christmas vacation will be completed.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT IS READY FOR GIRLS

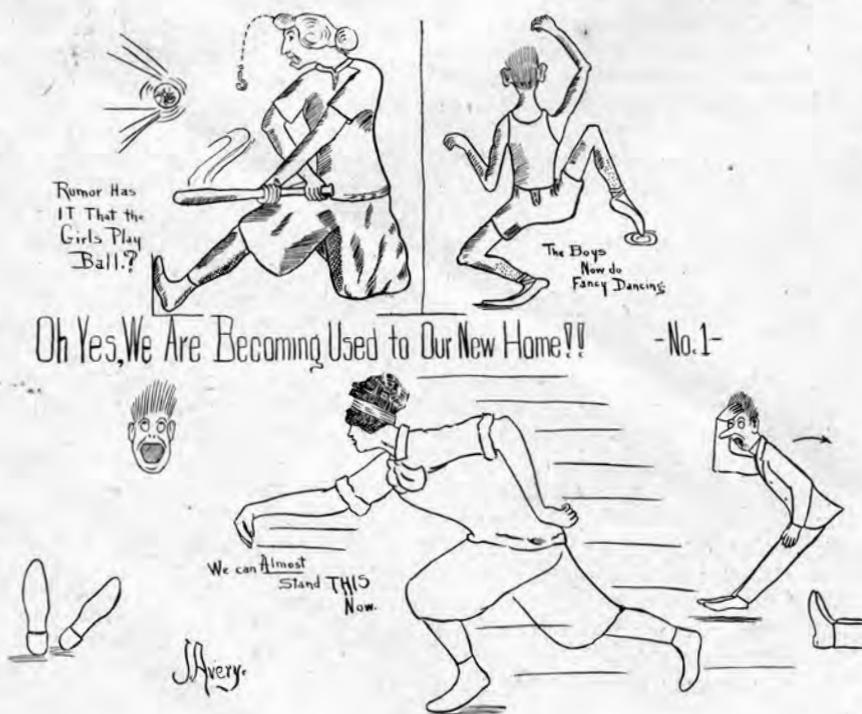
At last the Domestic Science rooms are ready for the girls to commence work. It was ready last Monday, but they did not start work immediately because of a few minor things which had to be done; as putting utensils in the lockers and dusting, etc. We expect to start work next week. The sinks and tables are so arranged that every two girls have one to themselves. The little four but soon will be. The Domestic Science rooms in the old Eighth grade building will not be used any more.

Monday was spent packing the old utensils, which will be stored away until further use can be made of them. We do not need them now as all the utensils in the kitchen here are new. After a few more days the laundry will also be ready for use. So within a few weeks, at the latest, this department of the High School will be in full running order.

ANNA PRINZHORN.

"Why do they all cheer when a player gets hurt?"

"So that you girls can't hear what he says."—Ex.



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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

ROBERT SWINTZ
ARTHUR FREDERICKSON
RUTH WITNER
KATHLEEN MORAN
HOWARD HAVERSTOCK
ETHEL MAC DONALD
BERNICE BENNETT
HELEN GREGORY
CLARENCE WILLS

CARRIE GLAVIN
JOSEPH AVERY
WALDO GOWER
DON LIVENGOD
ALFRED BONDURANT
ANNA PRINZHORN
BERNADINE GOOD
LAURENCE O'LEARY
HAZEL RENNOE

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FOREVER

Much has been said during the last few weeks about the new step taken by the student body in resolving to "measure up." Now this is a splendid motto and if applied by everyone, it would certainly raise the standard of all things in S. B. H. S.

But there is one word that motto lacks. That word is "Forever." To measure up for a day or for a week does not give the high standard which we people of old S. B. H. S. want as the standard of our school. Some few seemed to think that measuring up was a temporary affair and these few are back in their former position of indifference. Real measuring up is permanent. Let us "Measure Up Forever" and raise the school standard in spirit, scholarship and conduct to the very first rank.

"BRICKBATS AND BOUQUETS"

The Editors request comments on The Interlude—pro and con. Tell us what you like and what you don't like, and it will help us to improve the paper. The following are some of the suggestions we have received so far. We comment on some of them below.

- What is liked or wanted:
Stories by pupils.
Themes by pupils.
Fresh jokes.
Poems by pupils.
Serious articles.
Continued stories.
Jokes, real jokes, funny jokes.
Fresh news weekly.
More current events.
Playlets.
What is not liked or wanted:
Long stories.
Tiresome articles.
Way paper is folded.
Dry stuff.
Long items from departments.
Serious stuff.

The cartoons published this first quarter greatly exceed in amount of space all that were published last year. How about this issue? Who will draw more for us? Notice that what some of the pupils like is exactly what others do not like. Who will submit printable, interesting themes? Are any such written? Who will write account of high school happenings? This is the students' paper. Will the students write for it?

A RARE TREAT

The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra of eighty-five pieces, conducted by Dr. Ernest Kunwald, appeared before a small audience in the High School auditorium on Thanksgiving evening, under the auspices of the High School Alumni Association. The following enjoyable program was enthusiastically applauded by those who were fortunate to hear this wonderful organization:

PART I

Overture, "Meistersinger"...Wagner
Music to Death of Siegfried from "Gottterdammerung".....Wagner
Bachanale (Venusburg).....Wagner

PART II

Concerto for Violin.....Bach
Emil Heerman
Symphony No. 5.....Beethoven
Allegro Con Brio
Andante Con Moto
Allegro

DR. BOONE SPEAKS IN ASSEMBLY

In assembly last Wednesday morning, the student body had the pleasure of hearing an address by Dr. W. R. Boone, of McLeod, Miss., where he is connected with Noxubee Industrial School for negroes. Dr. Boone explained the present condition of the negro, especially in the South, where thousands of negroes never have the opportunities and privileges of education, such as we have, and how in attempting to solve the negro problem quite a number of schools have been established in the South. He then told us briefly of the school in McLeod which he was representing, and made an appeal to the student body that after they had left school and had joined in the battle of life, not to forget the negro. A voluntary contribution was made by the students to be used towards an endowment fund which Dr. Boone, is endeavoring to raise for the Noxubee Industrial School.

There was one person in the boy's study hall last Friday who was making a good deal of disturbance. He seemed to consider himself a little above the rest of the people in the room. In fact he was. He was on a step ladder.

All he did the whole hour was to knock. The Boosters Club, however, could not interfere, because the offender was working on the book shelves.

THE NEW MAGAZINE NUMBER OF THE INTERLUDE

In answer to a demand on the part of certain individuals, it has been decided to issue a magazine number of The Interlude once each month, the first number probably being issued the third week of December.

To explain further concerning this new venture, this monthly number will be exclusively literary—only the very best productions will be published. Three of the month's weeklies will be very much the same as those which have been put out recently, containing an occasional serious article or story, but most of these will be saved for the "extra-special" copy.

At the close of the year, the stories which have appeared will be compared, and the writer of the one judged as best will receive a prize, of which you will hear more later.

It is the desire of the staff to have the first magazine number an especially good one, and, as it is the one nearest Christmas, there should be several stories suggested by the holiday spirit.

A NEW QUARTER

No—it's not a coin. Guess again. The second quarter of the school year has begun in earnest. Whatever our failing of the past, let's look at our present opportunities.

What are our past failings? Why, the D's and ?'s and even the C's on the cards we received on Wednesday are the evidence.

And our opportunities? Here's chance to show what stuff we're made of, to convince the teachers that we belong in Alg. II and Eng. I

or some other course.

The first quarter is a time of getting acquainted; the last lap counts; the second quarter gives us the chance to make ?'s and C's into B's and B's into A's. Here's the chance for every one to measure up. This is the semester new year.

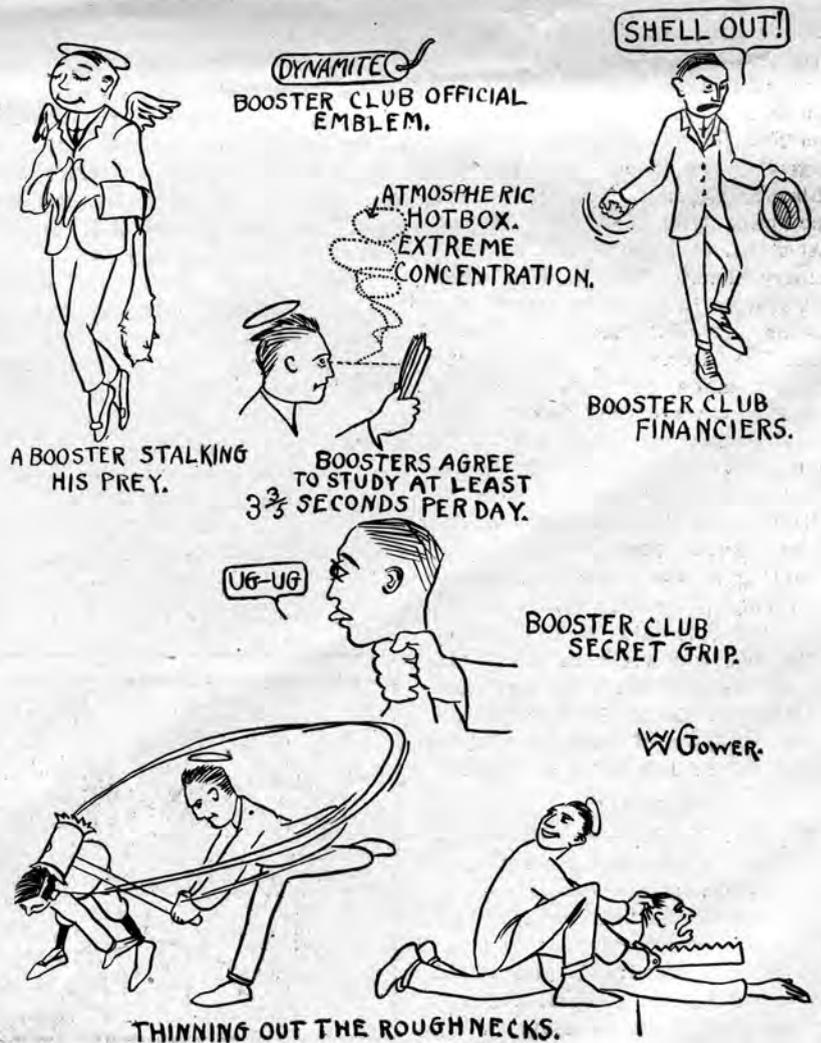
THE STROLLERS

"The Strollers" are a quartet of talented young men who succeed most admirably in entertaining large audiences. They have a fine repertoire of musical numbers and include in their programs readings and impersonations of high quality. The Strollers visit our city under the auspices of the South Bend Teachers' Federation and will appear at the High School Auditorium on the evening of Dec. 5, Friday of this week. Admittance is secured by the regular course ticket or by 50 cents as single admission for non-members.

ISN'T IT STRANGE?

Out of a school of this size, with all the facilities that we have for making the thing a success, we can boast of an orchestra of only a dozen members? We have enough talent in the school to have at least fifty in the organization. With Mr. Parreant for a leader the orchestra can't help being a success. We are playing only good music in preparation for a public concert to be given in the High School Auditorium and not the syncopated or ragtime music previously used. Let's "measure up" in this as well as well as other enterprises. Howard Haverstock.

Thoughts of The Interlude staff—"It's no disgrace to be poor, but gee! it's inconvenient."



THE MAGIC CARBURETOR

A TABLOID DRAMA IN DIVERS
DOSES—NOT TO BE TAKEN
SERIOUSLY

The object of this newest drama of M. Stealthy Steven is not to advertise certain love affairs of little moment but to give a practical exposition to the great American public of how a great automobile race is won and lost and instil such a spirit in this grand school that everybody will go down as a unit to the great race that comes off in the spring-time. (Carl G. Fisher ought to fork over two bits for that write-up alone).

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Ralph Mulford Bucher, who drives a Lozier in the big race.

Louis Disbrow Elbel, who drives the famous Simplex "Zip."

Ralph De Palma Milliken, the Mercer pilot.

"Babe" Happ, who drives a car of his own design named the W. O. P. He is famous for his performances with a White steamer.

Ray Harroun Babcock Babcock, who has quit the Overland testing crew to race once more with his Marmon Wasp.

Caleb Bragg Leisure, who drives the tremendously fast Fiat.

Spencer Wishart Hyde, who will drive the heavy Mercedes entry.

Gil Anderson Bondurant, better known as "Rollie" who drives one of the Stutz cars.

Silent Bill Seely, who will pilot the English Sunbeam.

Wild Bill Butterworth, who drives the Case Cyclone.

Joe Dawson Zimmerman, the moon-faced lad in the National.

Bob Burman Stoltz, the wildest driver that ever lived, who will drive a Keeton racer.

Jules Goux Inwood, the wild man from France, who drives the French Peugeot (pronounced Pay'jo).

Blarney Goldfield Freyermuth the Benz pilot who claims to be the craziest driver in existence.

Harry Grant Michtell, who does his scientific racing in an Alco six.

Louis Chevrolet Fisher in a Buick model 100 racer.

Miss Jean Ignatzette Gregory, speedway correspondent for the Nutwood Morning Star.

Miss Bernice Imogene Freeman, an interested spectator.

Blackie Daw Slick, manager of the Berliet-French Ford team. When not acting in any other capacity he is the villain of the story.

The scene is laid at the Indianapolis speedway early in April. In the foreground are the hero and heroine, while in the background are caught glimpses of racing machines drifting by at 100 miles an hour.

DOSE I

"No, Mr. Blucher—er—Blucher, I can never be anything more to you than a sister, unless,—unless—
(Continued next week)

To all concerned: If you would like to make time go fast, why not use the spur of the moment?

LATIN NOTES

The work in the Latin department is progressing finely. The Freshmen do not make nearly so many foolish mistakes; the Sophomores are following the adventures of that famous Caesar with interest; the Juniors are beginning to think Cicero would be quite simple were it not for prose sentences; and lastly the Seniors are becoming adepts in the translation of Virgil. So you see this only goes to show that time will smooth over difficulties after all.

The Virgil class is having a test every Monday, but the very frequency of them makes them simple as the translations are not given a chance to fade from our minds before we are examined on them.

Miss Campbell has an excellent scheme of bringing the work of her students before the sponsors and parents. She gives their grade on the test papers which they have made up to that time and has the papers signed by both parent and sponsor of the pupil.

What about the Latin Club, students? Speak up! There are lots of things to be done in such an organization. Tell us what you think of it.

How many attended the lecture on Rome? Not very many I guess from the reports. Mr. Newman, however, gave it in his usual artistic style, and the persons from the Latin department (or any other, for that matter) surely gained a cleaner idea of the eternal city.

Though as was mentioned before, the Freshmen do not say so many laughable things as they did, there have been several very funny remarks made by the Seniors lately. Ruby Phillips (translating) "Aeneas and Achates went two by two thru the woods." They should have gone by threes, Ruby.

Mason Walworth has two "breaks" to his credit. He declared that Dido fled from Tyre on one occasion and another time he gave us the enlightening information that Actium was at the mouth of the Nile!

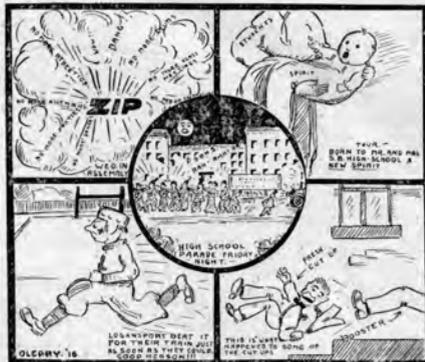
Miriam Reyer also contributed her share of the entertainment by saying earnestly "Aeneas got up after revolving through the whole night." Poor Aeneas.

What is a hypocrite?

A boy that goes to school with a smile on his face.—Ex.

Miss Keller—"What is an epic?"

Thoughtless Creature—"A widely spread disease."

INTERLUDE STAFF ENTERTAIN
SENIOR CLASS

The Interlude staff entertained the Senior class on last Friday night with a dance as the reward for winning The Interlude subscription contest.

A large number of Seniors and a few post graduates, Juniors and Sophomores were present.

The refreshment committee provided us with a grand "feed" consisting of "weenies," buns and punch.

Everyone enjoyed the evening immensely and sincerely thank the Board of Control for granting us such a privilege.

A DREAM

The fifth hour classes had just come to a close and the whole student body was clamoring, pushing and rushing to get to the Auditorium.

This being Junior Day, consequently feeling very important, marched across the stage with much dignity and finally to my private box in the balcony (the Juniors allotted seats).

Mr. Sims, the first speaker, began to tell us of the good news he had for us. He said that he had never witnessed a more elaborate affair than that given by the Juniors; that is our debut into High School Society. He praised the football boys and said he would give each one a five dollar gold piece for good behavior and a dance in their honor.

He spoke of the High School as a whole, of our wonderful leadership, our intellectual scholarship, yet and even the enthusiasm our trustworthy students exhibited in getting subscriptions and selling athletic tickets.

Finally I was called to speak. A rising cry arose from one thousand throats and I bowed and said "I thank you." My speech was short and to the point. Said I "Looking upon your bright and smiling countenances I am inspired and feel as though I might obtain five hundred more Interlude subscriptions and make 25 more freshies look humane." Mr. Sims smiled brightly upon me. Oh—it was heavenly! I then dwelt upon the praise Mr. Sims had bestowed upon us and ended up by telling ours indeed was the greatest and most united High School in the state.

Wow! What a dream.

"Say, Sis, don't give me any more bananas before I retire."

AMEN.

WITH APOLOGIES

There was a guy on Elkhart's team
And he was wondrous vain;
He dashed against S. B. High's backs
With all his might and main.
And when they saw what he had
done,

They shed a bitter tear,
And tried to drag him out again,
But only found an ear.

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GUESS WHO?

Let us say as a foreword that The Interlude staff offers a beautiful prize to the persons giving correct guesses concerning the identity of these mysterious persons described below. Use your ingenuity. Guess every one! Think of the prize!

Prominent Seniors

1. There is a certain well known Senior in our midst who appears prominently in the Boosters' Club. He is fond of making sarcastic speeches, and is able to hold his audience. He wears his hair pompadour, has a dimple in his left cheek, and usually has his hands in his pockets. He likes the limelight especially well. Three guesses, everyone.

2. Our next person of mystery is of the feminine gender. She has ravishing brown eyes which disturb the sleep of our Interlude circulator, and she wears her hair in a beautiful Psyche knot. She has a tendency toward the use of slang, but she is trying hard to get over this habit. Her favorite expression is "My chile, ain't you rough!" Who can it be?

Among the Seniors we have on exhibition two love-lorn couples who think themselves unnoticed. The first of these couples consists of a tiny young lady with dark hair, and blue eyes. She is aided and abetted by a tall, serious, youth who is trying to imitate the standpipe. They nearly always attract a crowd of gaping spectators when seen dancing together, but their bliss is, nevertheless, complete.

Our other couple is just as frequently commented upon. This couple "has it" even worse than the one just mentioned. The young lady wears her hair in a beautiful pompadour which is the envy of the other girls, and has snappy blue eyes. The adjective usually applied to her is "enthusiastic." The young man is very dark, and has no especial facial expression. We can see, however, that he is a sticker. He has kept the case going for two years now. Some determination, nicht wahr?

How perfectly mystifying, you say. Yes, these descriptions are exceedingly subtle. But ye brilliant ones, guess! Think of the prize! Next time we'll have as our subject, "Prominent Teachers." Remember, that only the most brilliant minds can possibly unravel these mysteries. Now its up to you! Prove your wonderful ability!! And remember the prize!!!



The Spotlight Has Shifted

DATTA BEEGA YOKE

Dear Editor—Please excus'
Dees hera write from me;
But deesa matter on my mind,
I mus make plain, you see.

Your beega fina preencipal
Een one assemblée,
He say dat from da 'Bookkeep' room
Go up a howl of glee.
He say, "A yoke! I'm on the track."
But pleas' beeleva me,
Dere ees no yoke,—no not at all.
Da justa laff at me.
Dees ees da way eet did happen,
Eef you'da lak to know.
I'm seetin' way back weeth my girl,
Den Hosity, he say "Joe."
'Joe' he ees me, so I say "What?"
Hosey, he say, "I lak eet not,
Dees ees do Bookakeepa room,
What ain't no placa for to spoon.
You laka girl, dat ees all right.
You go to her home dees night,
An' spoon away, for all of me,
But nota here, you get me? See?"
Dat girl an' me, we like go
Straight thru de Bookakeepa flo'
Den all dat craza mob dey yell,
An' me? I want to say—Oh, well,
I gussa I forget.
But nex'a time, we don'ta spoon
Een Hosity's class, you bet.
But pleas'a tell your preencipal
De yoka was no yoke.
De craza goops dat laffed at me,
I woulda lak to choke.
Dere ees no yoke'n dota class,
De class of dat Hosey,
All dat he do ees bawl you out,
You taka dat from me.

SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

The chemistry classes have begun work this year with great enthusiasm. The experiments so far have been directed to detecting the presence of oxygen and hydrogen in various substances. The conditions for performing the experiments stand out in striking contrast to those of former years. The new laboratory is equipped with every possible convenience. The apparatus is that which will most completely fulfil its purpose, not the cheapest obtainable. The room is large and well ventilated. When we recall some of the "unholy smells" of the old laboratory, we rejoice in the purer atmosphere.

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THE THANKSGIVING DAY DINNER

Was it a success? Well I guess, yes! It had been seen that one person or group of persons can not do a big thing alone, so when the Seniors took the plans upon their hands to feed 150 poor children of the city, they knew they needed the co-operation of the whole school. The way in which the school responded inspired every Senior to immediate action. Due thanks should be given here to all those, especial Miss Hillier, Mr. Leffler, Miss Montgomery and the girls of the Domestic Science Department, who helped to put this dinner through.

To give a full account of all the proceedings on that day would fill space in three or four Interludes, so, instead, let us get a few observations.

Going first to the Gym we find all the boys and girls playing. Could a merrier sight be seen? Here were great big Senior boys playing indoor baseball with those young hopes of the city. On the other side the little girls were being entertained with milder games, such as "Drop the handkerchief," "Tag," "Simon says thumbs up" and "Pussy wants a corner." To one unfamiliar with the occasion it would have seemed that the "gym" was converted into an immense zoo with 150 or more monkeys running here and there, swinging to and fro, and giving forth unearthly yells.

Now to the kitchen! Smile, well I guess you would. There stood dignified teachers with aprons on and sleeves rolled up high working hard and diligently to put the dinner through. No wonder you laughed at Mr. Leffler! He was our chief turkey carver. Oh, he only wore Grace Goodman's domestic science cap to prove to us his sanitary ways in the cooked food line.

I am sure you all would have rejoiced to have seen those darling children seated at the tables eating turkey, dressing, mashed potatoes, corn salad, hot rolls, cranberry sauce, ice cream and cake and Phil. candy. This was, no doubt, the best dinner many of them had ever eaten.

There seemed to be entertainment everywhere. After dinner Rabbi Cronbach spoke very entertainingly. Later the children were taken to the music room where Joseph Avery showed them moving pictures for over two hours. Their shouts and laughter were the best signs of their immense enjoyment.

On leaving the building each child was given a large red apple.

Perhaps every one who helped in this cause was very tired when night came, but every one felt as if his Thanksgiving had not been spent in selfish enjoyment as so often is the case.

BERNADINE GOOD, '14.

Mr. Hartman—"Now Bell, translate rex fugavit."

Belle—"The king flees."

Mr. H.—"Now you know that isn't right because the verb is past time—put a 'has' in it."

Belle—"Well, the king has flees"

WHO'S WHO

Once upon a time there was a little boy and he lived in Lucas county. Now there is a Lucas county in California and also one in Maine, but this particular Lucas county is in Ohio, just a stone and a half's throw from Toledo.

When this little boy grew up he went to the Ohio State University and was studying law there when all of a sudden he said to himself, "I'm going to get a job" and hearing that Mr. Sims wanted someone to teach Math. down here he came to South Bend. That is why Mr. Veler is a member of the faculty this year.

He is an advocate of Woman Suffrage, is he not? He is not. In other words he is a standpatter. But he makes up for that fault by saying that the Tango is all right so we Suffragettes won't throw stones at his windows or drop a bomb into the Y. M. some night.

He is strong for athletics, too.

Mr. Davidson comes from the east but I'll bet you never guessed it from the way he talks. He nevah says "Hahvahd"; delivah us from a man who does. Neither does he tell you how wonderful everything is in "Bostin." Well there really is no reason why he should, for he hails from New Hampshire. When he graduated from Dartmouth College he came to Chicago where he took a P. G. course at the university. He has an A. B. and an A. M. which he could attach to his name if he chose so to do.

He has had eight years of French and knows as much about that language as Miss Dunbar does about Socialism, and that's knowing some French.

We couldn't resist asking what he thought of woman suffrage. And what do you think? He favors it. Hurrah! One convert among us.

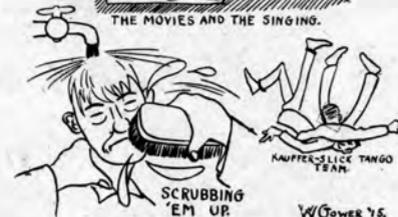
He also thinks the window shades should be pulled down a certain length at night. We do too, don't you?

However, he really should use Herpicide.

Freshman—"What do you do with many folks here in High School."

Brilliant Soph—"We keep what we can and what we can't we can."

Heard at a football game: "My, but it would come in handy in times like these to be as tall as Art Fisher."



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