

# THE INTERLUDE

VOL. XIV No. 16

SOUTH BEND, IND. HIGH SCHOOL, JAN. 23, 1914

PRICE 5 CENTS

## THE REASON I WAS LATE

(A True Story)

One morning last week when getting ready for school, I saw that by running I would have just enough time in which to catch the Hill street car. I knew that if I walked I would be late for school so I ran. I caught the car.

I had a headache when I started and the run in cold certainly didn't improve it any. When I finally dropped into a seat between a tall gentleman and a short stout lady, my head felt as if it was splitting.

The lady wore a black plush coat, and a black hat, with a red plume that brushed against my face in an annoying way about every two seconds.

After a few minutes the lady turned towards me and said, "Dreadfully cold, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied as politely as I could, for I saw by a certain glint in here eye that she had marked me as her 'lawful prey.' I knew that I was due to hear all her history from the time she was three, up to the present date. Nor was I mistaken.

She began telling me how much I resembled Mollie's girl. Then about her husband, her children, their ages, how nice they were, etc.

My head ached so that I wished that she and her children were in Texas instead of South Bend. I managed, however, to smile when I thought the occasion demanded it, and to say "Indeed?" "Wasn't that lovely?" "That was too bad," and to look very sympathetic, whenever her tone of voice seemed to warrant it absolutely necessary.

A boy who sat directly opposite me had hair of such a peculiar shade of red that it caused me to wonder whether or not he had used peroxide on it to obtain that color. Just then the car suddenly jolted, and I heard the lady say, "My youngest boy" and "red."

I decided that she must have said "My youngest boy's hair is red," and so I replied, "Isn't that lovely? You must be awfully glad."

At these words she drew herself up stiffly and answered indignantly, "I do not see how anything I have previously said could possibly have given you that impression."

"Why"—I started to say when all at once it lashed through my mind that what she really had said was, "My youngest boy is dead." I thought how dreadful my answer had seemed, and knew that to apologize for saying it would only make matters worse.

She sat there so stiffly and my cheeks seemed afire, and I knew that they were growing redder and redder, as I kept thinking of what I had said. At last I could stand

it no longer, so I pressed a button and the car stopped. She gave an indignant grunt of disapproval as I got off.

I had a walk of about five or six blocks before me, and I knew that I could not get to school on time, but I decided that a "bawling out" from Mr. Sims could not be half as bad as riding the rest of the way to school beside her.

When I reached school and went to Mr. Sims for an admit, about 15 or 20 others were there for the same purpose. None of them appeared to be in a particularly comfortable state of mind.

When I asked for an admit, Mr. Sims asked his time worn question, "Why were you late?"

"Because of the car," I answered. He wrote out the admit, and as he handed it to me, said, "Please bear in mind—that the cars have a habit of getting in on time, once in a while."

"Yes, sir," I murmured, and edged my way out of the crowd, thankful to escape so easily. My head was still aching.

On my way to class I registered in my mind a resolution to the effect that I would never again allow a car to make me late.

## EXCHANGE NOTES

"The Press" from Clinton, Ind., has a very good number this month. Might add some cartoons, however.

There is a good deal of valuable space wasted at the end of articles in "The Clintonian" from Clinton, Iowa. Otherwise the paper is good.

"The Vista" from Greenville, Ill., has a very good looking cover for December. Your paper lacks cuts and cartoons.

A new and very excellent weekly is "The Booster" from the Manual Training High of Indianapolis, Ind.

"The Recorder" from New York City Boys High has many good cartoons. A pretty good paper generally.

"The Interlude"—"A lively paper. You have many good jokes."—"The Press."

"Another of our weekly exchanges is 'The Interlude' from South Bend. If we are to judge from the cut in a recent issue, South Bend High School has just moved into a most beautiful new building. 'The Interlude' though, contains little of interest to one not acquainted with student life there."—"The Vista."



## ATHLETICS

**South Bend (51) Gary (16)**  
 Allen (Capt.) .....Harris (Capt.)  
 Right Forward  
 van den Bosch.....Scott  
 Left Forward  
 Forster.....Benson  
 Center  
 Staples, Elbel.....Hodges  
 Right Guard  
 Cotrell, Bacon.....McLennon  
 Left Guard

Summary: Field Goals—Allen 12, Forster 6, van den Bosch 5, Benson 5, Cotrell, Elbel, Hodges, Harris. Free Throws—Harris 2, Allen. Referee—Miller, Springfield. Timekeeper—Burnham, South Bend "Y." Time of Halves—20 minutes.

They came, they played—but we conquered. It was Gary, our much heralded and dreaded foe from the west, who fell before the superior teamwork and all around basket ball ability of the locals and incidentally before a packed balcony and side-line crowd representing the best turn-out of the season. Leading the attack was Allen, the "Little Giant" of the Tan and Blue squad, who time and again executed difficult overhead shots, mixed with a few more, which netted him a total of 12 field goals besides one free throw out of a couple of chances. Next came "dauntless Herbert" with half a dozen to his credit and close behind, van den Bosch, with his regular five. Benson, the visitor's center, also registered five, all being in the last few minutes of play.

Much surprise sprung up when South Bend came out wearing red and white jerseys in place of the regular Tan and Blue. This change, however, was necessitated because of the similarity of the steel city lad's grey and blue uniforms to those of the locals.

Van den Bosch, who has been off form for a time, seemed to have found himself by the second half and from then on played a strong game, especially defensive. The defense put up by the local guards was also highly commendable for they held the Gary forwards to only one basket during the entire game which is rather an unusual record. Harris, the Gary captain, was the only lucky man to score off the local guards, this being done during the first few minutes of play.

## SENIORS WIN

Strengthened by the addition of Hildebrand, the Seniors won their first victory of the inter-class tournament by defeating the Freshmen by a score of 23 to 14 in a preliminary tilt to the first team's game. The passing of the upper classmen was much the best that they have displayed this season and they should pick up and give the

other teams a good fight in the future.

**Seniors (23) Freshmen (14)**  
 Egan, Berger...Sousley (C), Collmer  
 Forwards  
 Hildebrand ..... Vermande  
 Center  
 Booth (C), Rowe....Miller, Rokup  
 Guards

Summary: Field Goals—Hildebrand 5, Berger 3, Miller 3, Egan 3, Sousley 2, Rokup, Collmer. Free Throw—Hildebrand. Officials—(Same as main game).

## INTERCLASS STANDING

|            | Played | Won | Lost | Pct.  |
|------------|--------|-----|------|-------|
| Juniors    | 4      | 4   | 0    | 1.000 |
| Sophomores | 4      | 2   | 2    | .500  |
| Seniors    | 4      | 1   | 3    | .250  |
| Freshmen   | 4      | 1   | 3    | .250  |

## Results (Friday, Jan. 16)

Juniors 19, Seniors 10.

Sophomores 19, Freshmen 17.

In the first game of the fourth round of the interclass series (Friday, Jan. 16), the Seniors fell before the fast teamwork of the Junior squad, thereby allowing the latter team to slip another point farther into the lead. The men who led the Juniors to victory were Wolf and Bucher, securing 4 and 3 field goals respectively besides keeping their team in the running throughout by quick, snappy passing.

The following game was that in which the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen in an overtime period. The Freshies seemed to have the game sewed up until near the close when one of the babes made a nasty foul causing Coach Metzler to award one point to the Sophs. A field goal was then made and tied the score, time soon afterwards being called. In the overtime period the first two points necessary for a victory were registered by Engdahl of the Sophomores, throwing the victory to his class.

## THE ART DEPARTMENT



## COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Commercial department has placed two students, who were compelled to give up school work, in good positions.

Mr. Hostetler has been having a subscription campaign this week. He has secured about 100 subscriptions to the American Penman from among the penmanship students. Pupils who subscribe not only receive the magazine for a year but also a text book on writing. This book will be used in the penmanship classes hereafter instead of the one now in use.

Last year this school won 83 penmanship certificates. This year we expect to win at least 100.

A number of pupils are making up their spelling by taking the extra tests that are being given, after school for their benefit. The grade in spelling must be over 95% to be passing. Business men require 100%. So you see we are getting out pretty easy.

The Industrial History class has been discussing the effect that the new tariff schedule has upon the production of tobacco, cotton and sugar beets.

The Commercial Geography class has been studying the culture and manufacture of silk. Also the growth of this industry in the United States, due to the high protective tariff. The discussion of this topic has been illustrated by an educational exhibit loaned by the Cheney Silk Co.

The following notice appeared on Mr. Berry's blackboard last Tuesday: To all classes. Written test Friday. Each student contribute one penny for a pen and pen holder. (Strange that they should have to pay for the privilege of taking a test).

Mr. Hostetler (in Ind. Hist.)—"Mr. Hosford, you may recite on tobacco, you look like you are chuck full of it." (Information on the subject I mean).

The stenography classes have bought a pencil sharpener for room 123.

## EXPOSITION

Bunk has a scratch on his nose. Yes, it takes a young lady to teach manners; sometimes. Personally, I think Bunk deserved to have his nose scratched. Let me tell you.

The whole scandalous affair happened last night about 10:30. We (Bunk and I) had gone into the kitchen for a drink of water before retiring. He had finished his and had walked over to the outside door, where, as I was enjoying the last cool swallow, he stood wagging his tail jerkily and otherwise attempting to make known his desire to be outside that door. Little did I dream of the awful consequences as I went over and opened the door. There was a streak of brown; a growl; a "Pish," a "meow" and an awful howl—And Bunk came back, minus the bravado and hasty manners and plus the scratch.

## THE SOPHS' HAY-RIDE

The Sophs had a hay-ride on last Friday night,

The air was like spring; the moon was bright.

Of boys and girls there were sixty there,

Free for one night, at least, from care.

The racks were ready! Now for a seat!

Nobody cared about anyone's feet.

Our "chaps," Mr. Metzler and his wife,

Were in the first load, full of life.

On the next load was seated Miss Thumm,

Who helped to cheer us when we got numb.

The teams were off at last on the run, And we were having lots of fun.

The horses caught the spirit, too, For faster and faster away they flew.

Out on Division street they went To Mr. and Mrs. Taylor's, I meant.

They live in the country about five miles,

Where everything is as quiet as Niles; That is, until the Sophs got there,

Then what a hubbub there was in the air.

For what a good time everyone had, Singing, playing, and acting like mad.

And, O, those eats were certainly great;

When we smelled them we could hardly wait.

At last they came, but they didn't For everyone felt he had ended a fast.

Red-hots, pickles and sandwiches, too,

Disappeared long before coffee was due.

When we had finished 'twas time to go;

To find our things was a task, you must know.

Soon we were ready and packed in once more,

Anxious for the first time to see the school door.

When we came to Old South Bend High

We were glad to see it—I wonder why.

We unloaded here and left for home, No more that day or night to roam,

The curtain drops. Thus ends the scene

Of one good time of the class of '16.



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THE INTERLUDE

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JANUARY 23, 1914

THE HIGH SCHOOL'S DEBT TO THE Y. M. C. A.

The South Bend Y. M. C. A. has undoubtedly done more for the High School than any other institution in this city. Outside of their regular Bible classes to which all the fellows have been cordially invited, they have set aside one day annually at which time they have a Stag party for the boys. They have given us the use of their gymnasium on Saturdays for our basketball games. Furthermore, for a while, before we had our own physical director, Mr. Miller coached the High School teams gratis. Once a year at the end of the Interlude contest, they have given us open house and entertained us royally. Surely this attitude on their part is worth a greater appreciation on the part of the fellows of the school. It is not necessary for a fellow to join the association to show his appreciation. If he only lays himself open to their influence he is helping them in their work. Whether you are a member or not make it a point to attend the High School Bible classes this Wednesday and by so doing give them some intimation of your gratitude.

BOYS! ATTENTION!

Are you one of the fellows who sat complacently watching the basket-ball game last Saturday until Mr. Sims came to you and said, "Will you kindly let this girl have your seat?" At all of the basket-ball games there is a tendency on the part of a great many fellows to sit stolidly watching the game while a number of girls remain standing. It isn't altogether High School boys who are doing it but it certainly is very noticeable and the average spectator would think that by the time a boy has reached High School he would have enough common courtesy at least to offer a girl his chair. We might start a campaign like the one being carried on in Chicago using as our motto, "Seats for Women."

"Ah," said the visitor, "I hear that your principal is exceedingly well-to-do."

"Your hearing must be poor," said the student bitterly. "He is exceedingly hard to do."

SOUTH BEND GREATER SCHOOLS

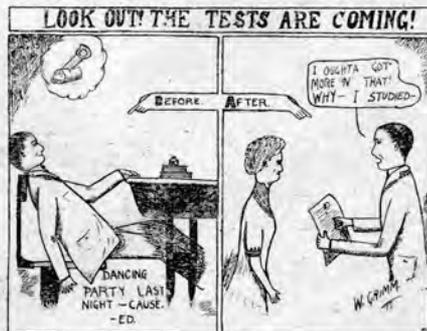
Determined that South Bend should have one of the best school systems if not the best in the United States, the school board, Mr. Montgomery and the principals of the schools have cooperated and are backing a movement to have the Russell Sage Foundation or the New York Bureau of Municipal research study our school system. Men who are trained in this branch of work are sent out by these institutions. They make a complete survey of the system and map out a course to be followed, which will produce the best results in school work.

To bring these men here it is necessary to raise a specified sum of money. The faculty of the Conservatory of Music have lent their assistance and a concert is to be given in the High School Auditorium the evening of Feb. 4. The High School as the senior member of the South Bend school system ought to take the lead in selling the tickets for this concert. See to it that you sell some, and be sure to buy one yourself, and help along this splendid movement.



He—"Why does the whole school seem to be mourning today?"

She—"It has been discovered that the literary societies are dead!"



KING ARTHUR UP-TO-DATE

Again the Interlude takes the time and space to praise the new administration in their reform work. We heartily approve of their movements in disposing of the slot machines and punch board; the routing out of the houses of ill-fame, and the strict observance of the Sunday closing laws. We are sure that the present administration are men enough to keep the lid on and keep it on tight. But the administration cannot do good without the co-operation of the people. We as a high school represent the coming of South Bend and its up to us to help all we can. Let us send the administration all the help we can in observing the laws. It is a well known fact that the law concerning the admittance of minors in saloons has not been closely observed; there are several saloons in town where that law has been a dead letter. And we as a school recommend that the administration watch this closely, if we know this why can't they know it and suppress it? The laxity of the enforcement of this law has robbed our High School of some of our students who had ability, but it was diverted along other channels through the influence of the evils which are being suppressed. Is the day of chivalry gone, or has it come to visit us again?

A MODERN FABLE

"Goodman," said the goodwife, "take the automobile, and quickly go to town, and get me a sugar."  
 "Yes, goodwife," answered the goodman, "I will quickly go to town." Then he went out to the garage and got into the automobile, and started speedily to town. On the way the automobile got sick. That made the goodman sorry, and he said to his heart, "What will goodwife say if I don't quickly bring her a sugar?" But he got out and got under the poor sick automobile to try to make it well.

While he was under the poor sick automobile, the goodwife was anxiously trotting up and down her kitchen floor. Now, you must know, she spoke to her cake, "Cake, the goodman hastes, and I wait, but you must have a sugar." So, she put on her sunbonnet and plodded steadily to town. On the way she saw the poor sick automobile, and the boots of the goodman sticking out from underneath its bottom, and said to her heart, "Yes, it is well for cake that I get a sugar."

Now, when the sun was shining its good-night beams, and the kitchen smelled of something baked, and the goodwife was with the big knife making the cake into pieces, goodman and the automobile that he had at last made well came speeding up the path. "Oh, goodman," she said, and raised the big knife in her hand.

"Oh, goodwife," he answered, "I have brought you a sugar."

"To late, goodman!"

Moral:—The plodders often come out ahead of the brilliant students in the obtaining of a sugar of knowledge.

TWILIGHT CLUB

On Sunday evening, Jan. 18, a new organization was founded which it is hoped in time will grow to much larger dimensions. For a good many fellows, the question of what to do on Sunday afternoons, is a perplexing one. To solve this question the "Twilight Club" has been founded. This club is held every Sunday afternoon at 4:45 in the club room of the boys' building of the Y. M. C. A. It is planned to have various prominent men come and speak to the fellows on some live subject. Last Sunday Mr. J. Quincy Ames spoke to the fellows on "The Results of a Life's Work." All fellows are invited to join this club whether members or not. Working on the idea that through the stomach is the best way to reach a man the Y. M. are going to serve light lunches to the members for 10c. Make it a point to be there next Sunday with the rest of the bunch.

TONY, PAT AND THE PEEG

You aska—What the matter ees?  
 Why do ey luke so bad?  
 Ey geeve my freen' some wrong advis.  
 Dat ees what make me sad.

Ey have thees theeng upon my min'  
 Eet worrees me so that  
 Eet geeves me noa peace at al',  
 About my freenda Pat.  
 Las' week he ver'a hungra ees,  
 He hav'a not a cent.  
 He go an' tak' a stroll around',  
 On meescheef he ees bent.  
 Dere ees a weedow leeve nearby,  
 One peega hasa she.  
 An' Pat he see the peeg an' say,  
 "She luke a gude to me."  
 Den Pat he steal de peega an'  
 He has a feast. Oh, my!  
 But after eet ees over,  
 Hees conscience eet den cry.  
 Den Pat, he comea to a me  
 An' dees ees what he say,  
 All yust about de peeg he took  
 From de weedow away.  
 He say to me "What shall Ey do?"  
 Ey say, "For de peega you pay,  
 'Tees ver' a wrong to steela eet,  
 Dere ees no other way."  
 "Oh noa," say Pat, "Ey cannot do dat,  
 Not even a nickel have Ey."

"But what weel you do, when youa meet  
 At de judgment seat when you die?"  
 Weel deya be dere?" Pat ask, an' he stare,  
 An' de peeg? Ar' you sure eet ees true?"

"Dey weela be dere," Ey doa declar'  
 "An' den whata weela you do?"  
 "Ey thank you for dat," so saya da Pat.  
 "An' Ey know what Ey do on dat day,  
 When eet ees a come, Ey weel go to her an'

Here eesa your peeg, Ey will say."

So now you seea why eet ees,  
 Ey feel vera a perplex,  
 Ey knowa a not yust what to do,  
 An' so Ey ama vex.

Miss Stone: "Give me an example of alliteration."

"Mad" Shidler: "And the green grass grew all around, all around."

Geraldine R.: "Why, what is the matter with you?"

Eleanor Stevenson: "I just swallowed 15 cents. I wondered if you would notice the change in me."

Interested Person: "Do you like going to school?"

Ed Twomey: "I like going and coming all right; it's the staying there between times that gets me."

Sarah L. (in Trig)—Where shall I draw this line, to B or not to B?"

Miss Clark—"Yes, that is the question."

(Now who would think that of Miss Clark!)

Walker—"I wonder how they discovered iron?"

Leisure—"I don't know, but I heard they smelt it."

Miss Keller—"Have you read 'Freckles?'"

Mason W.—"No, ma'am, they are brown."

Mr. Hartman (in Ancient History class)—"We studied about that city several centuries ago."

Miss Dunbar—What is the highest form of animal life?

Senior—Giraffe.

A Senior—"What class are you going to join next year, 'Dode?'"

Do you notice that Hank Sibrel gets to school on time now? He wouldn't miss the ride in that little red car for the world.

Save your pennies, every one, And to the Junior X of course you'll come.

Doctor—Say you grafter, why didn't you tell me this horse was lame before you sold him to me?

Jew—Well, because the fellow that sold him to me, didn't tell me, so I thought it was a secret.

Why does a dog wiggle his tail? Because the tail can't wiggle the dog.

The Majestic has nothing on the Debating Club. It certainly is lucky for them that the Board of Control is not a board of censors.

What do you think of our new dog as chief of police.

What do you mean? Why isn't his name cur? (Kerr).

Senior (rushing up to Freshie)—You guys better keep your eyes open after this.

Freshie (bewilderingly)—Why? Senior—So you can see.

Did you ever notice that a bald-headed man usually has no difficulty in growing a fine crop of hair in his ears.

"The Trig class is going up to the lumber camp soon."

"What for?" "To get some practical experience in logging."

"In what way is a pen sometimes like a hen?"

"It scratches."

"What do you mean by keeping me standing on the corner like an idiot?" demanded the angry husband whose wife had kept him waiting to go shopping with her.

"Now, really, dear," she replied sweetly, "I can't help the way you stand."

After assembly last week Wednesday, one could hear little Robert Swintz lustily calling, "Only ten cents for all the songs of the show. 'Stein song' included."

James Wolf and Kenneth Burner have joined the night school type-writing class. There are several others on the waiting list.

JUST TYPES

Freshman—Short pants, green looks. Sophomore—Flashy socks, no books. Junior—Red neckties, all crooks. Senior—"Work no more," lofty looks.

A chink by the name of Hing Ling, Fell off the street car, bing, bing! The "con" looked that way, And was heard to say, "The car's lost a washer!" Ding! Ding!



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