

THE INTERLUDE

VOL. XIV No. 21

SOUTH BEND, IND. HIGH SCHOOL, MARCH 6, 1914

PRICE 5 CENTS

JUST A SCHOOL GIRL

This is the first of a series of articles which are to be written by girls in our high school for girls in our high school. Their purpose is to present the ideal school girl, not as one who is to be worshipped as belonging to another sphere than ours, but as the every-day practical gentlewoman. The method employed in most cases will be that of discussing what she should not be and do; many subjects will be taken up in this way, her general characteristics which include gum chewing, frowzy hair, loud voice, attitude toward boys, cheap shows, and innumerable other things which we see girls thoughtlessly doing daily. If any girls who have ideas on these subjects will kindly write them out and submit them for publication, we should be very grateful, for we desire these articles to contain the general feeling prevalent in the school about such conditions.

Come walk down the hall with me and look at hair—to girls an all important subject. How does it make you feel? See that head in front of us, with eyes just peaking out from under a roof of fuz. Wouldn't you like to brush it all back and see if there really is a brain underneath. Then curls and curls in such array, you are wondering how their owners slept a wink last night. What is that thing towering high on yonder fair haid's head? Yes, it is a psyche, but it looks more like a rat's nest. Doesn't it give girls an idiotic expression? There—that is exactly what my mother says, and I have not a doubt but what your mother says it, too. But look again, here comes Somebody. I do not know her but I am sure she is Somebody. Her hair is smooth and simply arranged, so that she has quite a distinguished appearance. There is no doubt as to whether or not she has a brain. If girls only realized how much of their personality and individuality is blurred or lost entirely by the style of their hair, they would even be willing to let it "string" before they would frizzle it.

Miss Keller—Ellsworth, what does catalepsy mean?

E. W.—Oh! that was Silas Marner's little daughter.

Breaths there a Soph with soul so dead?

Who never to himself hath said—
"I am it! Take a look at me,
If something great you wish to see!"

"Pap., who was Shylock?"

"Shame on you Bud, go study your Bible."

Teacher—What is a metaphor?

M. S.—I don't know what it's for.

THE POPULAR SONG AND ITS EVILS

A question which must soon come before the public for settlement is that of the popular song and its moral character. The ever-increasing demand for and consequent output of the popular song are astonishing the nation. It is time that something be done.

Every country, it is said, has its own form of music. These musical differences of nations may be traced back to the ancient folk-songs in most cases. But with the formation of a new nation composed of a scattering from every race on the globe it is impossible to adopt one mother country's music or another's for what would please the Italian would bore the German, and the German's taste would nettle the Frenchman.

Since there is music in every man, there came a demand for music for the masses. And this is what happened. The only race in the United States which had logically held its musical choice was the negro. Imported in large numbers and confined in comparatively narrow territory the negro, who is naturally a musician, spread his songs broadcast.

And as you know the negro song is always "rag-time" or syncopated time, which one must admit is a compelling, "catchy" time. Small wonder, then, that the United States seized the rag-time "coon-song" as a national style of music and made it wonderfully popular.

There is no evil connected with rag-time except through its associations with its words and with the dances that grew up around it. It is the words which are causing the trouble. Many a respectable girl sings these words, which are unfit for a bar-room. They cast an evil light on the mind of those who learn them.

Moving pictures are very strictly censored and yet one forgets the plot of a "movie" within an hour after seeing it. No so, the "rag-time" song, for the air is catching and easily remembered and with the air one remembers the words. And the continuous suggestion gained through a song whose very words are steeped in vice is doing untold harm in every corner of the country.

Chicago and other cities have attempted to abolish this evil through boards of censorship but with little success. The move must be a national one, not a state or city attempt. And until the board of song censorship is firmly established, one need hope for no uplift in the question of the popular song.

FRESHMEN

Colors—Transparent.
Motto—Skip all we can.
Flower—Evergreen.
Yell—Da! Da!

ATHLETICS

South Bend 25, Lafayette 40

Allen (Capt.) Pilson
Right Forward
van den Bosch.....Palma (Capt.)
Left Forward
ForsterSharp, McNanna
Center
Cottrell Bishop
Right Guard
Staples...McNanna, Hinea Campbell
Left Guard

Summary: Field Goals—Allen 5, Palma 5, Sharp 4, Bishop 4, Pilson 4, van den Bosch 3, Hinea 2, Cottrell, Staples. Free Throws—Allen 6, Pilson 2, van den Bosch. Referee—Crabill, Indiana. Timekeeper—Metzler, Springfield. Time of Halves—20 minutes.

Once again the sad news must be related—South Bend dropped another game . . . (sobs). But cheer up—Lafayette was by no means a better team than the locals; it was just one of those games where "everything goes dead wrong" and so we will try and forget it as soon as possible. However, here are the facts.

The whistle blew and the game started with no scoring for nearly two minutes—then Palma, Lafayette's little captain, dropped the first counter. South Bend came right back with a field goal and the teams alternated with goals causing ties in the score of 2, 4 and 6. Then all of a sudden things broke wrong and in a short period of five minutes in which South Bend seemed to be lost and at a standstill, Lafayette secured a lead of 17 points in rapid succession, four of which were scored by Palma. Time was called out for a couple of minutes while "Jimmie" wiped a little blood from his nose. This seemed to relieve the "jinx" and our boys came back strong and showed a marvelous spurt of teamwork and played the rest of the first half on even grounds the period ending 29 to 12 in the downstater's favor.

The second half opened with the good old South Bend "come back" spirit and by the consistent shooting of Capt. Allen and his co-worker, van den Bosch, ten points were quickly registered reducing Lafayette's lead to seven points while the spectators looked on in amazement. South Bend completely out-passed and out-played them in this vital second half and the guards tightened up so that Palma, who had been in the limelight the first half, failed to drop a single goal in the second half; but it was too late—the enormous lead was too much to overcome and—bang—the timekeeper's gun closed the game leaving South Bend to taste her second defeat in many moons. A hard trip, staleness of the squad and a strange

floor all figured in this tragical result.

South Bend 33, Gary 28

Allen (Capt.)..... Harris
Right Forward
van den Bosch, Fernandez.....Scott
Left Forward
ForsterKnisely, Pritchard
Center
Staples, Elbel..... Benson
Cottrell, Bacon Holderman, McNannin
Left Guard

Summary: Field Goals—Benson 9, van den Bosch 5, Allen 4, Forster 2, Scott 2, Harris, Staples, Knisely. Free Throws—Allen 9, Benson, Harris. Referee—Briggs, Springfield. Timekeeper—Metzler, Springfield. Halves—20 minutes.

Listen, my friends, and those of you who did not journey over to Gary last Saturday evening shall hear the glad news that South Bend took spiteful revenge upon her worthy opponents, the steel city lads, to make up for that nasty defeat of the preceding evening. Although South Bend was still suffering from a slump which has been with the team ever since the last Nappanee game, the locals managed to pull out with a fair lead over the much improved Gary aggregation. van den Bosch showed some of his old time form registering five field goals while Allen played well as usual and "Herb" Forster "came to" long enough to chalk up 4 points. With these strong indications of return to form the team may soon be seen at their regular stride.

South Bend started scoring early in the game and at once obtained a substantial lead which was a few times threatened, but never overcome. Thus, though still out of regular form, the locals finished the first half 16 to 12 and felt encouraged at the thought of victory after two consecutive drubbings.

The second half started a little slower due to a "boob" trick which was pulled off between halves when a bright young Gary "infant" sprinkled a large can of powder over the playing floor causing a noticeable "slippiness" worse than dancing wax. Numerous spills were taken one of which caused Cottrell to sprain his ankle quite severely.

Benson of Gary played the star game of the evening securing nine field goals and a free throw. Benson "foul dribbled" time and again, which assisted him vastly while it escaped the notice of the referee. However, he was the best fighter on the floor and chalked up 19 of his team's 28 points. Allen of the locals made a unique record by caging 9 out of 10 free throws. Cottrell played a stellar game holding his man scoreless during the entire period in which he played.

TAKING A TWO DAY TRIP

With the South Bend High School Basketball Team

On Thursday afternoon the following notice hung over Coach Metzler's door: The following men meet at the Y. M. C. A. at 9:15 Friday morning to take 9:45 Vandalia for Lafayette—Allen, van den Bosch, Forster, Cottrell, Staples, Fernandez, Bacon, Elbel.

We will now skip to 9:35 a. m. Friday when all the fellows with grips in hand are eagerly waiting for "Metz" to show up. Remarks were heard such as "I guess he's still asleep" and "He must have been snowed under last night" (the snow you remember was then melting rapidly—thusly this was meant for sarcasm). We are now (at 9:44:30 a. m.) at Vandalia depot ready to make a hurried leap to the train if necessary, when all of a sudden "Metz" rounds the corner with full speed ahead and dashes into the ticket office to secure the necessary cardboard. We all get seated and soon notice the absence of "litle Willie" Fernandez (the boy wonder). The train whistles, Willie is seen to scramble on. All is well and we settle into groups of four to play a little pedro or rum or anything to pass the time. Meanwhile we look for "Jimmie" van den Bosch and locate him on the back platform watching the cinders fly past (also being anxious to get off at Nutwood, his home town). After we got tired of cards Don Elbel pulls the News-Times and Chicago Herald from his grip and after sub-dividing said parchments we all begin to read.

"Metz" asks Bacon if his father has any stock now and "Bac" remarked, "Yep, one cattle," whereupon the "Con" called "Logansport" and we all decided to put "Bac" off there. As it happened, however, we had to change cars here and so all got off. We had a "clean" lunch at White's cafe (who said clean?) and boarded the interurban for Lafayette. Naturally, Staples was the first one to sight Longcliff and recognized it long before it was visible to the rest of us. After more cards we were near our destination when "Cottie" asked "Bac" if it wasn't nearly time to milk that "one cattle." "Bac" also told about how his papa nearly traded his farm for a lake (uh!) We were slightly inclined to believe it. "Bac" explained however that the trade fell through because his paw don't believe in movin' where they can't raise wheat."

We put up at the Lah House (Herb said it was some joint, too), then went for a stroll out to Purdue and saw "Mose" and Kelley and half a dozen other S. B. fellows.

At 8 o'clock we took the floor for game (represents tear drops). You know the rest.

Got up Saturday morning at 8:30; ate breakfast at 8:35; caught train, Monon route, at 8:40 and began some more cards ("I doubt it" and "Casino" being the variety this time).

Meanwhile "Jimmie" took charge of the back platform to watch the cinders.

Arrived at Hammond at noon and boarded interurban for a speedy trip to Gary. Speedy—oh, my (10 miles in an hour and a half) ask Allen if you don't believe it. That car stopped at every tie in the road and there were more ties than the total number of trees that ever grew.

Had dinner at Y. M.; went to Gary theater showing "Frolicking Girls" ("Herb" wanted to go, we just couldn't refuse him). Ask Herb about that "dry" joke. He went to repeat it and called it "thirsty" (oh Herbert, how could you). Had supper; beat Gary (joy, joy); dressed in five minutes and caught South Shore at 9:43. Discussed the game—"Metz" especially—he was so very happy; then more cards. "Short" Happ didn't like that game of "I doubt it." ("Short" was one of the loyal fans who joined us at Gary). "Jim" van den Bosch couldn't watch the cinders because it was an electric car, so he stood with the motorman and watched the sparks. The "Con" called "Taylor street," and we'uns from the north end said "So Long" and after making a parting remark to "Bac" about "What d'ye mean—'one cattle,'" scooted homeward to our little beds. (Curtain drops at 12 o'clock midnight).

Special from Lafayette:

Fay Campbell (a former S. B. student) said he remembered Staples all right, when Forest used to run around with Anna Ciralski in the grade school at South Bend. (Curses! Buechner, a hated rival!)

COMMERCIAL NOTES

A class in Gregg shorthand has been introduced in the commercial department. This class has been started to test the Gregg system in efficiency with the Pitmanic. Mr. Stilson who is an accomplished Gregg writer, has charge of the new class.

They're off! The big race has started, "What race?" you ask. Why the race between the fifth and eighth hour penmanship classes to see which will have the largest number of pupils making an average of 95% in spelling. Watch for the results of the first week in next week's issue. (Mr. Hostetter bets ten to one on the eighth hour class).

The result of the spelling test held Monday is as follows: Fifth hour, 31 passed, 5 had 100%; eighth hour, 31 passed, 10 had 100%.

Mr. Berry, through the courtesy of the News-Times, has offered as a prize, a fine school dictionary, to the pupil of the Commercial English classes, who writes the best 150 word advertisement setting forth the qualities of this particular dictionary.

The papers have been handed in and possibly the results will be made known next week.

Teacher—What is ivory used for?
George M—To make soap.

Extracted from
"THE CEDAR PRESS"

A paper written by R. A. Chess,
March 15, 1914

Editorial.

Yes, by Heck, the Cedar Press thinks that Pa and Ma Canal should be dug. There's only a few things agin it. First and foremost—where are they going ter put the dirt they dig outen it? That's the question—where? If they put it on the land it will make another mountain range in Mexico and if they put it in the sea it will make an island and then Cuba will git gelous. Second—It will make South America an island. Cannibals live on islands and we don't want no cannibals so near the open gates of our bountious and beautiful republic, the United States of America. So saying I close by repeating my previous thought, namely—it can't be did. Signed Ed.

Society Knews

The ladies ade met at the home of Mrs. Si Clone yesterday. Miss Dwinks' new feller was the subject of discussion.

Day before yesterday a partie was held in honor of the sixteenth birthday of Sophie Pillar. A nice time and cake was had. If it had a been Saturday they would a had ice cream.

The church sochil last week was a big sucksess as long as it lasted, but when Jo. Jones sat down in the tub of soup they had to quit servin' it.

Personal Knews

Hank Horn has got a new suit. He can be interviewed at the town pump Saturday night.

Bill Board has got the reckord fer going to the railroad. He made the round trip in 5 hours and a half the other day.

I. M. Bent, a hunch-back, entered town last night and was arrested by the police force who said he looked crooked.

General Cedar Knews

The east side glue factory will resume work again as soon as the wind is from the west.

Cora Nation got a postal card yesterday. The postmaster told her what it said when she came in to buy some thread. The Cedar Press never repeats but it said that her bow had a new buggy and was coming down Sunday.

The school master had a fight with one of the sixth reader kids yesterday for swiping his tobacco.

Mortary Record

The funeral of the late Olaf Peeterson, the French bagpipe player, was well attended. The inter was held at Hipadrome Cemetary. No refreshments were served.

He blew his pipe

Through sunshine and rains,

But one dark night

He blew out his brains.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pajama died last eve on her back, at her home.

She tasted of life's bitter cup;

She tried, but could not drink it up;

She only turned her head aside,

Disgusted with the taste and died.

THE ABLATIVE CASE

A young man determined to call upon a young lady whose parents possess much of wordly goods. What ablative is the worldly goods?

Ans.—Cause.

Accordingly he proceeds to the house decked in fine linen and broadcloth. What ablative is it now?

Ans.—Manner.

When on the way he discovers a bill for said broadcloth. What ablative is he thinking of?

Ans.—Price.

What ablative does he consider himself?

Ans.—Quality.

What ablative does the sofa become soon after his arrival?

Ans.—Place where.

What ablative is their happiness?

Ans.—Absolute.

The tired papa, meanwhile thinks of what ablative?

Ans.—Time.

And present makes emphatic use of what two ablatives?

Ans.—Comparison and idiomatic expressions.

The young man being tardy in his movements, what ablative does the father become?

Ans.—Accompaniment.

From what ablative do the young people suffer after the break up?

Ans.—Separation.

Pupils may come and pupils may go,
But Twomey we always have with us.

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THE INTERLUDE

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THE JUNIOR EX.

Say boy, that's going to be some show. How do I know it is? Why, man, there ain't no argument. I admit it. And let me tell you one thing, man, that am sure going to be some chorus. What's that? Are we going to sell the first rows? Certainly, certainly! But we'd rather have the Freshmen sit in the balcony. They're liable to cause a disturbance down stairs. And say, man, what do you think! That er man Sims says that we've got to charge two bits all over the house. I don't see how it affects him, he gets in for nothin' anyway. Who's going to be the villain? There ain't none, but Willard Happ wants to be the comedian so look out bo! Save a penny a day and by the 27th you'll have enough to go. What's that? Will I go wit hyou? Lawsy, man, but this is sudden. Let me think. I will if the old man says I can. Ta, ta.

HAVE YOU NOTICED?

Have the school rules which have been posted up on the walls helped you any? The majority of us will agree that they have.

How queer it is to be walking down a hall during classes and have a teacher stalk up in front of you and demand an admit. Patiently she waits while you search through your books for that small, but very desirable piece of paper. Having thus satisfied her curiosity she permits you to pass on. But that is not all. Presently you come face to face with another teacher policeman who demands your passport. After this encounter you feel duty bound to rush through the halls waving your little piece of paper with all the energy you possess.

Again, have you noticed the stillness of the halls? Even teachers walk on tip-toe. It is very evident they are trying to set a good example for us. Therefore let us heed!

And those lockers! The hardware dealers are truly getting wealthy. Most everyone has taken the advice of Mr. Sims and bought a lock that will take more than a hammer to break.

And now that the school has taken such an interest in keeping order, let's each do his part.

LITTLE BIG THINGS

Not long ago the writer was talking with a man intimately associated with the manager of one of South Bend's largest corporations. The conversation turned to little things and their power to reflect character. He made himself understood by telling the following incident:

"There was a vacancy in our office. We needed a young man to fill it. But where and how to find a young man of the right kind without the usual and long and expensive as well as nerve wrecking process of 'hire and and try' was a problem. (Much as we hear about scarcity of employment—our waiting list is never filled with names of young men whose credentials are 'clean bills.' The 'old man' always has his 'specs' on to find young men of the right type). At last in sheer desperation an advertisement was sent out.

"The first morning a long line of applicants awaited the opening of the manager's door. As they entered by twos and threes each told of his fitness in as few words as possible. After listening to the stories of some 18 or 20 the manager's face assumed a stony aspect—his spirits were falling. At last a tall, raw-boned, awkward individual edged his way in at the door, past the waiting line. The manager's trained eye took in his whole six feet and more at a glance. He was seemingly out of place. While waiting for his turn to come to tell his story he seemed restless. The manager saw him, in one of his moves across the room, stoop—pick up a small bit of paper and place it carefully in the waste basket. The point was made.

Other applicants were hastily disposed of. The lanky individual was hired. On what recommendation? None other than that he willingly, without hope of reward picked up a bit of paper which thirty others had stepped over. He saw a chance to do a little thing and did it. He is still in the employ of that corporation but not where he started."

Boys, anything in this for you?

Miss S.—What, Thomas, is the derivation of the word "lunatic?"

T. M.—"Luna," the moon, and er... "attic," the upper story.

COASTING

"Skinney, oh Skinney, come on out."

The shrill cry arouses you from a rapt contemplation of a set of resplendent bobs, and you decide to let them call you again. It would not be meet for the owner of this creation to respond too quickly to the clamorous rabble; namely, the Jones kids, and "them pesky Perkins twins."

Three long months you have labored; and with the aid of the longest plank in the back walk and as many of Dad's tools and nails as you could get into the barn under cover of a sweater, you have finally completed a set of bobs.

The heavy gray skies have responded to your fervent prayers and the snow is eight inches deep and getting deeper.

As you pull the rope, and the runners grate across the barn floor, then glide smoothly through the snow, your chest begins to swell until you seriously consider applying for a new sweater, your old one being rather too snug for comfort.

"Oh gee, that's a peach!"

"Let me pull it."

"Does she steer easy?"

You condescendingly allow two of the favorites of the admiring group to pull you the quarter-mile up the hill, while you lie contentedly face downward, dodging the lumps of snow thrown up by the heels of your "chargers." At the top you order the boys around until she is balanced to suit you. Then with the order, "All right, shove her off," the real fun begins.

You are off, gathering speed as you go, clouds of snow going up your sleeves and into your face as you blindly strive to keep her where the going is good. Now a slack in the grade slows her down but the following drop speeds her up until you can hardly catch your breath. Down past the rail fence at an awful speed, then slower and slower until she glides to a stop so easily you can hardly believe she has stopped. Just think, away down past the school house—and the others only go to the fence.

"Say, Skinney, I'll trade you my spotted pup and a pair of skates for half," and other comments of like nature makes sweet music in your ears.

You have broken the record and your standing for the season is established. You are monarch of the hill for one season at least, and feel well repaid for the mashed fingers, lost skin and minor injuries of the past few weeks.

"A penalty theme for English."

Prof. (in geology)—The geologist thinks nothing of a thousand years.

Soph—Great guns! And I loaned a geologist ten dollars yesterday.—Punch Bowl.

A TOAST

"Here's to our teachers and parents—may they never meet."

EXCHANGE NOTES

Each week brings a bountiful supply of exchanges. It is always interesting to know what other schools and other students are doing. We thank you one and all. Keep right on coming.

Among the exchanges this week is The Luminary from Kansas City, a good big lot of excellent reading material, but no cuts or cartoons.

The Juniors at Butler, Ind., have edited the B. H. S. Comet, and the way they mixed the ads up in the paper is surely an original way, but I wouldn't call it a huge success. The stories and various departments get hopelessly lost.

The Thistle from Toledo, O., has a stunning cover. Good idea the way you list your exchanges. The whole paper is good. Kommen Sie wieder, bitte.

We welcome again The Tattler from Huntington, W. Va. Mr. C. L. Wright is now principal at Huntington.

Greetings to The Cherry and White from Arvada, Col. You're not big, but you're mighty.

The Valentine number of The Cal-dron is all in red and white. Clever idea, well worked out.

BRICKBATS AND BOUQUETS

"The Interlude, South Bend, Ind., is full of laughs from beginning to end. Laughs are always acceptable, but remember, enough is enough. There are always some people who prefer to have the serious and foolish more evenly divided." Now will you be good—you'uns who continually yelp for more jokes. That's from The Watch Tower, Rock Island, Ill.

"Interlude: Your cuts are very clever and your jokes are good." —Spice, Norristown, Pa. Thank you, kindly.

TYPEWRITER DEMONSTRATION

Mr. W. O. Davis of the Remington office, Chicago, gave the students of the Commercial Department a talk on How to Properly Operate a Typewriter. He emphasized the use of a quick, rhythmic staccato stroke, rather than a slow heavy "punch stroke."

He also emphasized the importance of touch-typewriting rather than the old slow sight-method—getting an eye-full—typing that—then getting another eye-full, etc. (We are proud that we are being taught touch-typewriting).

He then had Mr. Scheillinger illustrate what the possibilities of efficiency are by proper practice and instruction. He wrote from copy 135 words a minute, and from memory 247 words.

The spelling contest between the fifth and eighth classes last week resulted in 211 perfect scores for eighth and 208 perfect scores for fifth.

Mr. Wells—"What is the matter with you, Clifton, can't you speak louder? Be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it."

BUMPS AND BOOSTS

By W. A. P.

HANKERIN HARRY SAYS, "I been lookin' for work all my life, but every time I hear of a job, I get awfully bashful and can't ask for it."

SEEMS to be something wrong with something or somebody. Every game the high school gets has to be cancelled for one reason or another.

WE NOTE that Miss Dunbar had a caller last week. A. Dog was the visitor's cognomen. Might have given us an introduction, Miss D.

More Notes

WE NOTE FURTHER that Sullie is becoming quite a student. He really studies.

ISH GA BIBBLE, boys, the Junior Girls won a game of basket ball.

LET'S every one get behind the Boosters' Club and "Boost."

IN THE words of our "silver tongued moralist, orator and philosopher, W. H. S. let us "Be a Doer, not a Watcher."

Joke?

"Call me something."
"Something."

Why This Outburst?

OF ALL the sad words,
Of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these,

"I've an engagement for then."
HAS somebody been turned down?

Ditto

IS IT to secure votes? We wonder.

AFTER hearing the school song sung right, we reverse our decision as to its merits.

Best Phrases

(In public speaking)

"AS you might say."

A Knock for Us

SEE here, my gracious friend,
In this colyum, what's your trend?
If this rotten sorta' slush
Is the best dope you can flush,
I can see your career, an early end.
—A. Friend.

We THINK that knock came from G. W. She told us she had a bone to pick with us.

Enuf

MUCH has been made by a more or less esteemed contemporary of the man who puts salt on his grapefruit, the man who eats catsup on mince pie, the man who likes molasses on his boiled eggs, the man who sprinkles sugar on his beans and the woman who likes only the foam of the beer, but there is something grand, gloomy and peculiar in the solitude of the South Bend man who spreads mustard on his cake.—C. N. F.

ONE ON THE GIRLS

Mr. Hartman in History — "Did Spain become Romanized?"

Girl Student—"Yes, the Romans went over there and married Spanish women and things like that."

I would not be a Freshman,
I would not be a Soph,
I would not be a Junior,
I would not be a Prof.,
But all my world's ambition
Is summed up in this word:
"I want to be a Senior,
And boss the common herd."

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