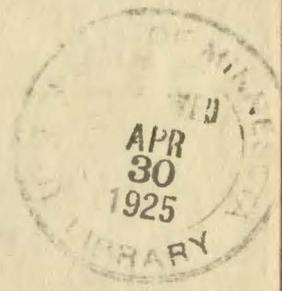


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The Campus Breeze

Volume 1

January, 1919

Number 4

PRIZE CONTEST.

The judges in this month's contest, Miss Denneen, Miss Inglis and Mr. Stockwell, awarded the prizes to Lucelia Mo for her story "Remorse," and Honorable Mention to Myrtice Matchitt for "Tracking the Hun."

"Remorse" was thought superior to the other stories submitted in originality of theme, maintenance of suspense, and unified atmosphere.

REMORSE.

I was repenting—repenting, but ah! to no avail. It was too late. I had been an unappreciative, inconsiderate, austere husband and father too long, and now when it was all over, I was repenting. Ah! dark is the realm of remorse!

In a fit of frenzy, I had chased my son out of the house, and he had gone to war at the immature age of sixteen; and my wife had died of overwork because my mercenary self had refused to hire help. My daughter, working her way through school in the city, had run away, and the report was that she had committed suicide. I knew only too well why she had done this. She was driven to it. She knew that the only home to which she could return, was the one whose sole occupant was now her father, intolerant of youth and pleasure.

With these thoughts going through my mind, I looked out upon a bleak December afternoon. I noticed the postman coming up my walk. I did not welcome him. He seemed like an evil messenger. He had a letter for me, which I took out of his hands with great foreboding. What was it that so unnerved me? Why should this little white envelope cause such a sickening of the heart? With mingled feelings of curiosity and overwhelming dread, I tore open the envelope. The letter was from a little town called Berlin in Peir county. Peir—Berlin! what could be more suggestive of evil! An old friend of mine, whom I had not seen or heard of for thirty years, had a wife in an insane asylum about ten miles from the town in which I lived and was coming to visit her. He said he had an unaccountable horror of insane asylums and wished me to accompany him. He made his request so importunate that I could not refuse.

So with many misgivings for which I could not trace the cause, in less than a week I found myself beside my friend riding to the asylum in his automobile. I tried to keep up a conversation with him; but he was so wrapped up in his own thoughts and so irresponsive, that I finally gave it up, and was forced to occupy

my mind with my own mournful reflections. An inexplicable dread of entering the asylum came over me. I had a feeling that some horrible secret would be revealed to me there.

While I was thus engaged, our destination came into view, a huge, grim, forbidding building. My unaccountable fear increased as we drew nearer. I was actually terrified. Leaving the machine by the curb, we entered the gloomy portal. An attendant met us and took my friend to see his wife.

I preferred to walk with another attendant through the asylum. This was not very comforting; but anything was better than witnessing an interview between my friend and his maniac wife.

First we went through a room of the mildly insane. Here garrulous women were all talking at once. Then we went to the padded cells. They were on either side of a long labyrinthian passage. The poor creatures in these cells were the most terrifying and pitiful sights I have ever seen. Their hands were tied behind them and their hair straggled out over their shoulders in a most ungainly fashion. Their eyes seemed to fairly bulge out of their flushed faces.

With the attendant I was hurrying through this hall of horrors and had just turned a corner when I beheld a sight which froze the current of my blood. There was my daughter in a padded cell! What a resurrection! There was not a hint of recognition in her eyes. She only glared at me with a cold vacant stare. I fled down the hall and out of the asylum. I ran nearly all the way home. I have neither eaten, or slept since, and only pray that the end of my agonized life is not far distant.

LUCELIA MO.

WORK FOR A QUIZ IS COMING.

Tune: "Work for the Night Is Coming."

Work, for a quiz is coming,
Work, tho your heart is sad,
Work for a Friday's coming
When you'll wish you had.

Work for a quiz is coming,
Work thru the morning hours,
Work, else some slips are coming,
Signed by Mr. Powers.

—Alice Hickey.

Turn over a new leaf now.

TRACKING THE HUN.

It was a damp, dreary evening in late October. I sat wrapped in deep meditation before the dying embers of the grate fire in my friend Lieutenant George Nolan's den. The drowsy drizzle of the rain outside was soothing to our exacerbated nerves as we sat in a cloud of puzzling cogitation.

A light knock was sounded on the door; an aged servant entered and handed my friend a large official looking envelope. He opened it nervously, and I breathlessly watched to see his face grow suddenly pale, then gradually change to a flaming red. With a cry of apparent dismay, he laid down the letter, passed his hand over his perplexed brow, then turning to me, announced: "They've sunk two more transports."

The sinking fear which had clutched at my heart when I first saw the envelope, fairly paralyzed me now. When I had partly recovered from the shock, I declared, "Then it is surely true that definite information is being sent to Germany by someone in this country."

"Yes, it must be so," admitted the Lieutenant reluctantly. "We have many palpable evidences of this fact. The German submarines seem to know just when our transports leave harbor, in spite of all our efforts to keep it secret. It is up to you and me to watch every suspicious character here on the sea coast, where so much wireless apparatus is located. It is an excellent place to get valuable information."

"You are right," I agreed, and after a brief discussion as to just which suspicious characters we were going to investigate that night, I left the home of my friend, thinking and planning while I tramped through the wet, crowded streets of the busy little city—Hm, a suspicious German chap named Ferderick Berger who stays at a very select hotel, sleeps most of the day and goes out each night. Where to? Ah, that is just what I shall find out this very night."

Dusk found me hiding behind a tall clump of bushes across the street from the mysterious man's hotel. The moon and the stars also had a chance to see me crouched there in that same cramped position. I had begun to think he was not going out that evening, when I happened to glance up at a window in the side of the hotel. I could see a man cautiously creeping out on the small balcony porch adjoining the window. It was very dark and I had to strain every nerve to be able to pierce the darkness and follow the man's motions with my eyes. He rapidly descended to the ground in a way which seemed miraculous to me, and started down the street at a rapid gait. I managed to keep up with him. He finally paused before an old shack of a building on a narrow, dark, side street. When he reached the door, it quickly opened, closing after him. Five minutes later an enclosed automobile drew up before the door of the shanty, and the mysterious character, accompanied by another man appeared, carrying between them a curious leather bag.

They entered the auto. With a dive I crossed the street and seated myself on the spare tire on the rear of the car, unnoticed by the mysterious occupants. We soon started to move toward the business district of the city and by shifting my position several times, I was finally able to hear parts of what they were

saying. Their discussion was in German. This is what I heard.

"Did you make sure Fritz is on guard at the gate tonight so's he can let us in?"

"Yah, some joke on the Yanks; they think he's a regular patriotic American, instead of being a German. Ha, ha. We've surely pulled the wool over their eyes."

"By the way, where are we going to put the bomb?"

"In the basement, at the foot of the stairs."

"All right, and at twelve bells won't we hear some fire cracker, though?"

"You bet, we'll show them what kind of fireworks the Fatherland manufactures!"

The car was slowing down behind a large munition factory. At once I realized I would have great difficulty in making my escape from my hiding place without being seen. I did not think long, however, for the minute the first man alighted, he caught sight of me and the next instant I saw the butt of a heavy gun raised over my head. The gun was brought down with great force.

There was a terrific thud and my head spun dizzily; black objects fled through my mind in confused whirls. I tried to rouse myself from the dazed stupor I was in, but I seemed to have no control of my thoughts. I tried to move, but my arms and legs seemed loaded with lead, for I could not raise them from the ground. I felt something hard at my back, begin to tremble, and at the same time a distant rumble came indistinctly to my ears. The rumbling grew gradually louder and nearer. I had a peculiar feeling that I was in some great danger; but try as I could, I was unable to comprehend what this feeling really was, until a piercing whistle seemed to break through the haze of my unconsciousness.

I opened my eyes with a start. Turning my aching head to one side, I could see looming up in the distance and fast approaching, the glaring headlight of a steam engine. I glanced down at my hands and feet and comprehended at once just what a perilous situation I was in. I was bound, hand and foot, to a railroad track with the locomotive swiftly approaching. I glanced fearfully about, but could see no one in sight. I thought, all at once, of the munition factory and wondered what time it was. How many hours, or perhaps days had passed? I found myself listening expectantly for a loud explosion, but none came. The only sound was the terrific roar of the engine which was now but a hundred yards away.

I closed my eyes to meet my terrible, impending fate, when I imagined I heard running footsteps approaching me. It could not be; oh, it simply could not be; but—yes, it surely was. Someone was now calling to me.

"Steady, I'll be there in a second."

It was Lieut. Nolan. He was at my side almost instantly. With his knife, he slashed the rope and dragged me away. There was a mighty roar, a trembling of the ground as the train dashed by not a yard away.

Summoning all my exhausted strength, I tried to speak. After several attempts, I managed to make him understand I wanted to know the time. He pulled out his watch and promptly replied, "Seven minutes of midnight."

"Quick!" I gasped. "To the munition factory!"

He seemed to understand it was a matter of great importance and hailing a passing auto, he assisted me into the vehicle. I explained matters to him. He feared we could not make the trip in time, as we were four miles outside the city. However, immediate directions were given to the obliging driver. With a great lurch we darted forward. I sank limply back in my seat to muster my remaining strength, which I knew I should soon need.

The car, pitching from side to side, plunged on at a perilous rate. Lieut. No'an sat, watch in hand, and from time to time I glanced with dismay to see that the minutes were passing as though by magic.

"Five minutes of twelve, four minutes, three minutes of!"

My heart sank. We could never make it for we were just approaching the city limits.

"Faster, faster," I called to the chauffeur.

It was one minute of midnight when we dashed like a whirlwind by the amazed guard into the limits of the factory yard.

I sprang from the car, and dashed through the side door and down the long flight of basement stairs. The wicked "firecracker" was there as I had expected, but where was the attached fuse?

I picked the treacherous ball into my arms; and spying the fuse, which was now only a fraction of an inch long. I jerked it from its nest, and fell back in an exhausted, unconscious heap upon the cold cement floor.

The munition plant was saved!

MYRTICE MATCHITT.

TO THE ALLIED NATIONS.

1.

Here's to our fighters in France.
 Never were men more true
 Than in the crisis which gives them the chance
 To stand for the Red, White, and Blue.

2.

And here's to England, the charmed,
 Land of the verse and prose.
 Who, when she saw France harmed,
 Quickly to war arose.

3.

And here's to courageous France,
 Her strength and beauty laid low.
 No Hun shall restrain our advance,
 While her innocent's blood doth flow!

4.

And as in the brave days of old
 When the terrible tide was stemmed
 By three great Romans so bold;
 Likewise Germany's aim is condemned!
 —James Perkins.

THE BEST GIFT.

It was Christmas Eve and where once bloomed the glorious red and yellow poppies, Flanders' fields were covered with snow rouged to a ghastly yet far too appropriate blood shade by the setting sun. The bleak and desolate picture which had been wrought by the retreating Hun was a weird contrast to the struggling, seething piece of ground on which only three days before thousands had made the supreme sacrifice and now lay cold and stiff 'neath the frozen soil.

The only sign of life in the picture was a black charred cottage which stood stiff and stark on the horizon. On the huge stone which did duty as a threshold sat a small child, a war orphan. Her three brothers had died at Verdun, her mother and two elder sisters had long since been deported by the rascally invaders, and no word had been received from her father since his company had made soul-stirring charge at the defense of Chateau Thierry. Who knew but what he too was one of the long list of dead in the brave defense of the beloved *Patrie*.

The little figure shivered and shook and an occasional sob issuing from the depths of her very soul showed her to be in mortal agony. She rose and staggered forth over the snow into the bitter cold. On and on she walked heedless of direction and distance till at last she stumbled and fell.

She tried to rise but again fell back, and lay motionless.

* * * * *

A cheer, crackling fire was roaring in the little Y. hut on the road to St. S—— and round it sat several of the newly arrived Yanks and several Poilus. A counter, flanking the group, was surrounded by some Belgians and two French officers, both Captains, who were earnestly talking with the secretary, a tall, thin American.

The door opened and a gust of chilly wind preceded the new arrival, a handsome young man in civilian clothes. This arrival was greeted with some cheery "Hello Doc's" from the fireside and a chair was drawn up for him. Boys and men, all crowded around him, for he was quite out of breath and seemed very anxious over something.

"Boys," he said as soon as he recovered his breath, "I was on the road from the hospital when I happened to run across a little half-frozen girl lying in the snow. She was almost gone, but in the hospital she finally came around. I believe she is a Belgian, probably an orphan. Now what I propose is that we all take up a contribution and give her a real Christmas, one she'll never forget. Poor thing, she's half starved."

One of the French captains spoke up next, "Boys, my daughter lived near here and tho she is probably dead by now, her memory is still sacred to me, I will do anything to help an orphan who has endured as much as my daughter may have. Here is fifty francs to give her a Merry Christmas."

Somebody took a book and a sheet of paper and began writing down the contributions. Five, ten and even twenty-five franc notes poured in from all sides.

"Boys," said the secretary after counting up the money which had accumulated, "Boys, there is one hundred and sixteen francs in bills and sixty-two francs in coin. Now I move that we reserve one hundred and fifty francs to give her for food,

clothing and necessities and the rest be put to give her the merriest Christmas of her life."

This plan met with shouts of praise and so they proceeded to get her presents and candy, something that was abundant in the well-stocked hut.

The next morning after breakfast the little orphan was dressed up in clean clothes contributed by the hospital nurses and brought down to the hut.

High on the shoulders of the young doctor she was transported into the room where presents and sweets awaited her. A smile went around the assembled group as she viewed with open mouth and eyes the display before her. Never before had such a thing happened and her credulity was severely taxed. But in a few moments she was busy examining her gifts and excitedly jabbering in her native tongue much to the amusement of the Americans.

Suddenly the door opened and the generous French captain entered. He glanced at the little tot, playing on the hearth, happily oblivious of all except her good fortune, and his eyes became riveted to her. He stared for over a minute, and, suddenly rushing forward, he caught her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"My daughter, my dear child," was all he could say, and the girl, recognizing her father, laughed and cried alternately. In the joy of meeting he had hardly noticed the group, many of whom felt strangely touched. At last he sat down and, with his daughter on his knee, addressed the group.

"When I left my beloved home three years ago to rise to the defense of the *Patrie*, as I left the station and climbed on the train my little girl here came up, and as she bade me farewell, she whispered in my ear, 'Daddy dear, you'll come back soon, won't you?' And now I have come back to claim my daughter, the only one of my family left to me by the Huns and I say 'Thank God.'"

There was an uneasy moving and someone in the room coughed. But one pair in that happy hall had been reunited after a long separation and their hearts were full of the joy that comes but once in a lifetime.

DANA DURAND.

We, the overworked, do hereby petition for an afternoon boys' camp cooking class from 2:30 to 3:30 p. m.:

Henry Brock	Jack Eaton
Jim Bohan	Wilfrid Casey Hines
Charles Burns	Jack Berry
Jason Bass (appointed "heap big chef")	Josephine Morrison
Earl Rice	Lawrence Paist
Andy Hislop, Jr.	Mr. W. R. Smith
The other 500 or more signatures were illegible.	Can Tomfield

A NEW SHAKESPEARIAN COMPANY.

In the Little Theatre, on December 20th, about 8:30 A. M., a group of promising (but they didn't keep their promise) young actors and actresses assembled with a vague idea that they were going to "do" *Macbeth*.

The stage manager, Russel Gow, was loudly directing the scene shifters with the scenery, and the stage was "full of sound and fury."

Presently all was quiet and we saw before us a rather weird setting (at least it was if you had a good imagination.) The music rendered by the rings on the stage curtain, was very pleasing. At the close of the first scene, the stage manager dashed out madly and screamed to the audience, "What's next?" Miss Inglis told him and he dashed back.

In the next act *Macbeth*—George Burns—entered in a long, black flowing garment, much shorter in the back than in front—and meekly read his lines to the listening multitude.

Lady *Macbeth*—Jane Sedgwick—fainted very stiffly and was carried out—she made a very pretty picture in her blue gown (the same gown was used during the entire play by three Lady *Macbeth*'s) as her maids helped her walk out.

Donalbain bore up exceedingly well, under great sorrow. When told of his father's murder, he (Ober Rask) replied in a meek voice "Oh, by whom?" This brought a faint giggle from the audience.

Macbluff—Lawrence Paist—was truly excited when he called for the alarm bell to be rung, in much the same voice as one announces dinner. The response was a loud jingle of keys from some kind friend behind the scenes.

In fact this act was put on with a great deal of work and study and held an intensely interested audience; but just at a moment of great suspense, a bunch of nine-year-old theatregoers sneaked in the back door and clattered up to the balcony.

The setting for the Banquet scene (in modern terms the Mess Hall) was very elaborate in that two tables had been added to the setting of the witch scene.

Mr. and Mrs. *Macbeth* (Wilfred Hines and Crystal Cates this time) read their parts very well—and literally the Lords the Ladies did also—as they feasted their eyes on their manuscripts, (which by the way was the greatest part of the repast) and thus gave the King and Queen an opportunity to feast their eyes on the backs of said lords and ladies.

A modern periscope arrangement was introduced which enabled one of ye merrie lords to peer intently on the printed page before him and at the same time see the King several feet behind him. It was a very strong scene—and touched the audience.

Then the tables were removed by the stage manager and we had another witch scene which was very realistic indeed with a soap box for a cauldron.

"Scene but not heard" would be an adequate title for the first scene in Act V. It was a very good example of Silent drama—well spoken.

In the last scene the messenger was suddenly stricken with "cold palsy" in the presence of the enraged King.

The play closed with wild applause as Jake Speare says, "Over Much Ado About Nothing." EVELYN WEBER.

A FRESHMAN MEETING.

"C'mon over t' Shevlin with me."

"Can't, say, we've gotta go t' the Freshman meeting."

"That's right! When's it going to begin?"

"Why, I dunno. Guess at 'leven thirty, most likely. We might as well go, I s'pose."

Down in the general science room everything is in confusion. Madame President has not yet arrived, the treasurer can't find his notes, etc.

Barbara Kinson and E. Nichols begin on their sandwiches.

"Hey, Barb! gimme some!"

"Huh! Haven't got half enough for m'self."

"What d'ye get on your last card?"

"—'A' an' three 'C's' an'—"

"—got three 'D's' and 'F'—"

"—will now come to order."

"Honestly, I don't see how that kid is ever going to—"

"Jason! you little imp! d'ye want me to—"

"Order!!! (Madame President raps violently on desk with pencil.)

Squeals of wrath from M. F. Graham. (Someone touched her hair.)

Jason receives slap and severe shaking from E. Dooley, for making use of his squirt-gun.

Four Freshmen enter munching apples.

"Well hurry up, for the Pat's sake."

"Goodnight! I want some lunch sometime."

"—while the secretary reads the report—Order!" (rap-rap).

"Shut up, kids!"

Secretary is seated, when through.

"Is there anything to be added? If not we will continue.

This meeting was called to decide what—"

(Whispers)—"the Oak with me?"

"Has anyone any suggestions?"

"For what?" from the majority of the class.

"Class dues."

"Aw, make it ten cents an' be done with it."

Mme. Pres: "I hardly think ten cents—"

"Twenty-five cents, then."

"Twenty-five!! Aw, go on. Where d'ye git that stuff?"

"I think fifteen cents is about right."

Silence (?)

"How many in favor? Please raise your right hand."

Reluctant raising of hands.

Half-a-dozen Freshmen enter.

"What? what? we didn't hear."

"Class dues, fifteen cents."

"Mm."

Newcomers object. Fifteen cents not enough and discussion begins again.

Mr. Powers taking out watch:

"You better decide on—It's ten minutes of twelve."

"I'm just starved! Hurry up!"

"Well, fifteen cents then—"

"Twenty! twenty!"

"Huh! Fifteen! Fifteen isn't enough to—"
 And so back to the beginning again.
 Mr. P.: "It's nearly twelve o'clock. You'd better make it fifteen cents. Somebody make a motion."
 "Hurry up," (whispers.) "Go on, Emily."
 "Go on, what?"
 "Make a motion."
 "—move that the class dues be fifty cents, or fifteen, I mean."
 (Giggles.)
 "All those in favor please raise their right hands."
 Reluctant raising of right hands.
 "The class dues then are fifteen cents a month, and be sure to bring them on Monday **without fail!**" And—a—a—Oh yes! Is there any more business? If not the meeting may as well close."
 Silence (?)
 "Some one please make a motion."
 "Go on, Fanny, move that the meeting be—"
 "Oh, gee! I do' want—well, I"—(speaks out loud) I—I—a—
 er—I move that the meeting be closed."
 Entire class: "**I second the motion!**"
 Miss Barnes: "It has been moved and seconded that—"
 "Gee, I'm hungry!"
 Relieved sighs as Freshies disband.

—A FRESHMAN.

THE FOUR AGES OF A "U" HIGHAN.

(With overdue apologies to Shakespeare.)

All "U" High is a stage,
 And all boys and girls are merely players.
 They have their F's and their A's,
 And one boy in his time plays few parts,
 His acts being four years. At first the Freshie,
 Crying and kicking in the Senior's arms.
 Then the Sophomore, with his battered satchel,
 And shining morning face, and well saved hose,
 Of Lincoln Green, survivals of the Frosh,
 Frill of wise laws and last year's instances.

The third Age shifts into the "Jolly Junior,"
 In fair round cranium with good knowledge lined,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even on the football field. Last scene of all.

That ends this quick, eventful history
 The Senior man with elegant moustache,
 Full of strange oaths, and with an eye severe.
 Commencement comes; his manly voice is hushed.
 Fading away to mere oblivion,
 Sans English, sans Math, sans German,
 Sans Everything.

HAIR-BRAIN HAYES, '21.



WHO'S WHO, AND WHY IN THE FACULTY

MISS PATCHIN



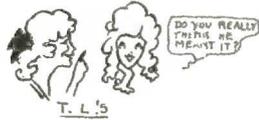
THIS SPACE WAS RESERVED FOR MISS PATCHIN.

Time to turn over a new leaf.

'ROUND THE GOOD OLE SCHOOL



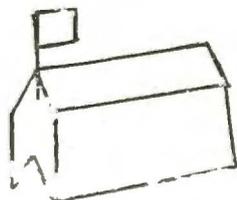
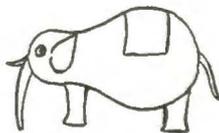
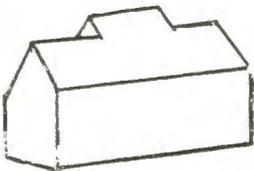
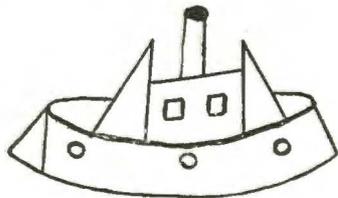
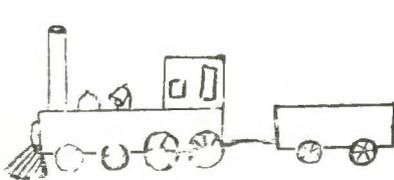
OH! AINT IT A GR-R-RAND AND
GL-L-L LO-O-O-ORIGINS FEELIN'???



—and Paist is the next thing to a

Gopher, anyway.

WHAT LITTLE BOY HANDED THESE PICTURES IN?



The Campus Breeze

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BOOSTERS WANTED!

"Ugh! that's a rotten story; didn't end a bit like I wanted it to. I could have done better than that myself."

"Here too."

Such were the remarks passed by certain would-be intellectuals and embryo literary critics of the Freshman class. The contribution referred to was the prize story in last month's issue—a story read, discussed and approved by members of the faculty and censured by some pupils of the Freshman year.

Not that we want to condemn our youngest only, for there are pupils of this type in each of our classes, those who are the first to obtain a copy of the paper, the first to criticize, are the last to even dream of attempting to write anything worth printing. The non-producers, the "I Won't Works," the slackers who are held in contempt by all right thinking students, simply practice in a broader sense the customs of our Freshman Bolsheviki. They are utter strangers to any effort for the promotion of the school activities, but are ever present with blatant criticisms of those who strive at the thankless task of maintaining a school paper, which is a benefit to all.

Those who work and likewise pay to keep our paper, have still another peculiar class with whom to deal, namely, those of the sponge or absorbant cotton type. These students have a well-developed sense of curiosity and their preying tendencies compel them to absorb the contents of our paper although they do not contribute in any sense to its literary or financial support.

Surely every student of the school should appreciate the fact that the school paper is a valuable asset, and that the staff have not an easy or entirely pleasant task. They certainly appreciate all constructive criticism or helpful suggestions. But what they need is boosts, not kicks. Let's all be boosters.

A Junior not on the Staff.

HAVE MERCY!

I was a large new dictionary, fresh from the press, when I came to University High School. My pride swelled within me when I heard several students make remarks about my beauty. But, alas! it was because of their ill usage of me, that I soon became the eyesore of the study room. My lovely leather covers were torn back, displaying my pasteboard structure; my gilded letters had been covered with ink; my poor backbone was broken—separated from the rest of me; and last of all, my tattered leaves assumed the appearance, that the students in their haste had actually tried to consume and digest my knowledge. Thus it came about that it was decided to replace me by another new dictionary. And oh! students of the University High School, kindly remember the feeling of this new book and treat it with courtesy.

THE RESULTS OF THE STUDY CLASS.

Has study class been a good thing? There is no doubt but that it has. Of course a few of the victims of the new ruling may disagree, but "twenty years from now" they will think differently.

There were ten failures less this month than last. Study class did this good work. Also, about fifteen of the last month's study class attendants have raised their grades so that it is unnecessary for them to attend this month. There are expectations of even greater results next time.

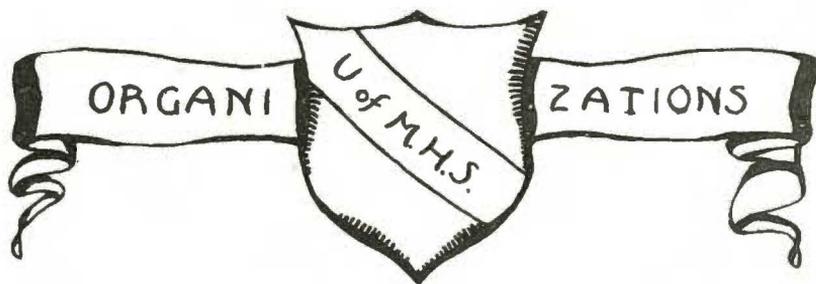
"Hurrah for the study class," say we.

A MAROON AND GOLD DAY.

It would be a unique and fine thing if "U" High could stage a Maroon and Gold Day once a year. The requirements would be just to wear the colors in any form possible on you, somewhere. It would make that day, the one day of the year in the minds of the pupils. Other schools make a grand success of it every year.

What about "U" High.

R. H. '21.



THE SENIOR CLASS.

The Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors, judging from the write-ups of their respective class reporters, seem to be all exceptionally gifted with talent of all kinds. Now, would it really be surprising if the Seniors included a few such exceptional individuals? The Seniors of '19 are noted for their modesty and meekness when it comes to bragging, but in a showdown—well, here we are!

Let's start with athletics. Did we have a good football team this year? It rather looks that way, and say! did you notice that seven out of our eleven letter men were Seniors? I believe that sounds all right. And then we have our president of the "U" club, Tom Canfield, and he certainly is some little speaker! You know Tom was awfully disappointed because Mr. Smith didn't give him a chance to speak when he was all dressed up in those new football clothes. And really, it was a shame, for Tommy had been asked to speak and had a speech all prepared for the occasion. Mr. Smith should be more careful when calling on the speakers.

And then there's Earl Rice, the president of our class. The football team certainly picked a good captain when they made him captain of the 1918 team, and he's a bear of a class president, too.

How about little Bobby Burns, our walking encyclopedia? If you want to know anything, just ask Bob and he'll tell you. Mr. Burns is an expert on crushes, too, having one himself, don't you know. He is surely a fine scholar. No one in the school received higher marks than Burns this last month and the Seniors are proud of him.

There is a possibility that some of you have heard of Wilfrid Hines, our exalted soloist, playwright, actor, and author. Just ask him if you don't believe him capable of holding any or all of these positions.

Last and smallest, but not by any means the least important, we have Heinie Brock, our noble cheer leader (if there's any one there to do the cheering). And now Heinie is the Joke Editor of the **Campus Breeze**. He is the best joke editor we have had yet and you may know what a large number we have had.

Now we must discontinue for the period is drawing to a close, but if the school is a good judge of character, and we believe it is, we leave the Seniors to their harsh and merciless judgment.

The Seniors have a new member added since vacation. His name is Royal Richardson, and he looks very promising. He will have to go some, however, to catch up with Bobby Burns or Tom Canfield.

JUNIOR NOTES.

The first installment of our serial, "Cub Notes," appeared last month. This installment will include our vacation and our debating work, chiefly.

We Juniors, being a jolly crowd, spent our vacation "vacationing," per usual; that is, going to the "Hip," the movies, and to parties; but now that we are back again we have to settle down to business. In order to have a mild beginning we are starting in on debating. Debating is as easy as—er—some of the teachers.

We are "in" the subject of debating knee-deep and will be up to our necks before many days. One of the interesting propositions for debate is: "Resolved, that a student who receives an average of B or above in any one subject should be excused from the final examinations in that subject." A good many people may agree with the affirmative, but they'll have a hard time getting proof from the teachers.

The Junior class held a meeting Thursday, the eighth of January, to decide about the Junior-Senior. It is to be held on Valentine's evening in Shevlin Hall. The following committees were appointed:

1. Invitations—Marguerite Robinson, chairman; Cathryn Haisley, Gladys Kuehne, Catherine Nichols.
2. Finance—Harold Beere, chairman; Helen Jackson, Alice Dyer, Francis Colgrove.
3. Decoration and Floor—Mildred Jaynes, chairman; Lois Wilde, Phillis Clemetson, Milfred Jaynes, Hugo Miller.
4. Entertainments—Mildred Reed, chairman; Katherine Hall, Caroline Murray, Eleanor Staples, Jack Eaton, Frank Moulton, Andrew Hislop.
5. Refreshments—Ruth Palm, chairman; Lucille Brock, Madeline Hegerty, Elvira Butler, Mildred Jacobsen, Nola Jones, Agnes Pierce, Louise Hortvet, Elfrieda Lundeborg, Caro Jurisch.

Other Committees

1. Class Pins—Lloyd Vye, chairman; Elizabeth White, Josephine Morrison, Donna Rosen, Lydia Cowdery.

2. Class Yells and Songs—Winnifred Hughes, chairman; Lillian Borreson, Crystal Cates, Dana Durand, William Coffman.

In the October issue, the paper stated that Donna Rosen, who was then attending East, would be back. Our prophecy has come true, and now Donna is seen trudging around the building with a pile of books under her arm. Another student from our class is back. Captain Miller moved back to Minneapolis upon being given his position at Fort Snelling, bringing little Hugo with him, long trousers and all. Not to let the other classes get ahead of us, we wish to state that we have a new girl in our class. Her name is Caro Jurisch, and she is on the refreshment com-

mittee for the J.-S.

Perhaps you have noticed that the Seniors are a little bit inclined to brag in their notes. Of course we ought to put up with it because they are Seniors, you know, and won't be here next year to brag, but just the same we want the school to know that we have several celebrated people in our class.

What about Alice Dyer, Helen Jackson and Marguerite Robinson? Aren't they something to be proud of?

Besides these well known students, we have a young man in our class who is "seventeen years old and doesn't drink." Now, that's a case that beats the Seniors!

At a recent Junior class meeting Marguerite Robinson resigned her office as secretary. Gladys Kuehne was elected to finish the year's work.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

The Sophomores have returned from their Christmas vacation greatly refreshed and ready for work—and play.

As the dues of the class had been accumulating in the treasury for two months, we decided that we wanted a party, therefore a meeting was called January 9th, at which a bob party was decided upon, the date to be announced the day preceding said date. A few of us also thought that we ought to have a skating party this winter. It was decided, therefore, that we have one the next term.

We certainly are looking forward to some mighty good times.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

David Canfield is back again. He has been out of school for some time on account of poor health.

Freshmen! Do not criticize this column. There is practically nothing in it due to the fact that we have had no class meetings or gatherings of any kind. Next month please try to scare up some news of some kind or other.

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

The Girls' Glee Club sang several beautiful old Christmas hymns and carols at the assembly preceding the Christmas All-School party.

The club held a meeting on Tuesday, January 7, to decide on a regular time for the practice. Wednesday at 3:30, each week, was finally chosen. At this same meeting the constitution was presented and accepted.

ACME CLUB.

Most of the Junior and Senior girls are still trying to become charter members of the Acme club. Many of them have been successful in gaining a large percentage of the one hundred points required for admittance.

GIRL SCOUTS.

When the new Girl Scouts had their Tenderfoot tests a short time ago, nine of the girls passed. The other girls, in almost every case, just omitted one or two points, and can be tested on that later. The girls who succeeded in passing the tests were:

Seniors—Elizabeth Young, Alberta Wright, Anna Durand.

Junior—Alice Dyer.

Freshmen—Lida Burrell, Alice Hickey, Eleanor Clure, Florence Pierce, Virginia Dustin.

If the other girls who failed to answer one or two of the questions will complete the test they will be enrolled.

Seven of our girls are ready to receive the Food Conservation badges, offered by the United States Government. The nine who receive these have **earned** them, for they went without candy of any sort from the twenty-fourth of October till Christmas Eve. The following are the Food conservers:

Mildred Jaynes, Alice Dyer, No'a Jones, Agnes Pierce, Lydia Cowdery, Gladys Kuehne, Katherine Barnes.

We are such an industrious crowd that we work all of the time. We don't rest even in vacation.

During the holidays, Miss Edgar, the Scout Local Director, asked the girls to help in some government work at the Council of Defence office in the McKnight building. The nature of the work was this: Cards had to be made out for every person employed in every business concern of the city such as the N. W. Telephone Company, Dayton's, or the National Biscuit Company. We were given cards which had to be filled in. If there had been a photograph attachment to each one of these names, we would have known several hundred persons of Minneapolis without having actually met them, for we had to fill in the name, address, age, nationality, marital condition, and a half dozen other things about each person.

Some of the girls ran across names of friends. Of course this was interesting. A case such as the following relieved the monotony of the work:

A woman, fifty-eight years old is employed in the National Biscuit Company. She is an icer and receives \$10 per week, is widowed, and has two husbands in the army, and one in the Navy.

The attendance of the Mountain Ash Troop at the Council of Defence was very regular. Beginning with the Friday after Christmas three girls from our troop went every day and worked all morning. In some cases the girls worked in the afternoon also.

The oakum picking, which the Girl Scouts have been doing during the summer and fall, is to be discontinued. All of the girls in the city who helped in this work are going to give an "Oakum Pickers' Ball" the twenty-second of February, or thereabouts. The girls are looking forward to a fine time at this "Ball."

Jaynes: I need a hair-cut.

Johnston: I know it, so do I.

Jaynes: Sure, that's what made me think of it.

RED CROSS.

The meetings of the Red Cross have not been very well attended this month. They are practically constituted of juniors and seniors and sometimes a few freshmen and sophomores have acted as audience. The quilt mentioned last month was supposed to be finished before vacation, but as we didn't have a large enough working attendance to complete this quilt Miss Inglis had to beg for two extra weeks. We hope it will be finished by the time this issue of the paper is printed.

If you have any knitted squares please bring them to the next meeting so that we may complete our afghan.

THE "HI-Y" CLUB.

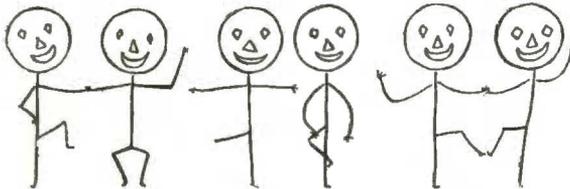
Mr. Benjamin Chapman of the Minneapolis Y. M. C. A. addressed the boys of the school on the subject of forming a "Hi-Y" Club in the University High School. Mr. Chapman showed that through the depletion of England's coal fields, the leadership of the world would fall to the United States. The present generation of high school boys will be the leaders of tomorrow, the need is for Christian leadership. This plan would help the boys to meet the demand. All right, Fellows! Let's show the right spirit and get this club started. It's just what we need and we'll have it.

Miss Inglis (writes): Resolved: that enfranchisement should be extended to all persons over 21, of either sex.

Vye: Naw, that wouldn't go.

Miss Inglis: What's the matter?

Vye: Well, they would have to be of a sound mind.



Time to turn over a new leaf.



SCHOOL TOPICS

THE LATIN PARTY.

If anyone thinks you can't have a Merry Christmas in a dead language, we can only say, "You should have come to the Latin Party Miss Denneen gave." It began very patriotically by singing America in Latin. This was followed by *Adeste Fideles* (Oh come, all ye Faithful). Imogen Foster then recited and Frank Moulton gave a "Poem of a Possum," so appropriate for a serious Latin Scholar, if he is one. After this some of the girls sang, "Nox Silens, Sancta Nox," so that one would almost think it had originated in Latin. Helen Evenson and Katherine Hummel recited "Humtius Duntius" and "Iaculo Harnor," two, we hope, well known nursery rhymes, in suitable and becoming costume. Lawrence Paist followed by Charles Burns recited respectively "Felis" and "The Orchard Robber." Last on the program was a model (?) Latin Class, taught by "Magister" Gow. The class was varied in size, color (of neckties) and knowledge, though they were one in regard to sleepiness. Although, perhaps, "Magister" was not stringent enough and although one does not always sing little songs, still it was a fair type of Latin Class. Ask any one who was there. Finally there were games and refreshments. It was a very clever and amusing program and we only wonder where Miss Denneen could manage to find so many funny things about Latin.

THE FRENCH PARTY.

On the seventeenth of December, there was a French party for the students who are taking French this year and those who took it last. The parents were invited and each pupil was asked to bring a little child. The classes sang the *Marseillaise* and an old French Christmas song. Winnifred Hughes told of the kind of Christmas that they have in France. Lois Wilde gave a French Poem called "Le Carillon de Noel". Then "Le Petit Noel", otherwise Santa Claus, in the person of James Bohan distributed presents to the assembled company, amidst wild hilarity. Among the presents were certain rings, full of interest to the receivers. When the "Petit Noel" was gone, refreshments were served and dancing followed. As proof of the success of the party Miss De Boer could scarcely get the people home.

GIRLS' GYM PARTY.

Did you go to the Gym party, the nineteenth? You didn't? Too bad! You surely missed a good time! All the girls who possibly could were there, and the faculty, too. Tell you about it? All right!

First of all, it was a fancy dress party. It was strictly a girls' party and the girls went in couples, one as a lady and the other as a gentleman, her escort. There were some very good and some very funny costumes. Miss Flemming was a Spanish dancer and came escorted by a sedate Chinaman. Miss Denneen came as a Roman lady and was accompanied by a Roman gentleman. Miss Morehouse was Queen of Spades. Miss Schill wore the dress of a Hollander. None of the faculty men dressed in costume. I am sure they had a good time just looking at the other people. There were clowns, there were Chinese people, there were Dutch people; Bo-Peep was there, and Red Riding Hood and Old Mother Hubbard. There were ballet dancers and Spanish ladies and gentlemen and just plain boys and girls, but most of all there were pirates.

After everybody had looked at everybody else we all formed in line and had a grand march, forming a big U. H. and ending in a dance. Then there were the races. The first one was a doughnut race. Eight doughnuts were hung on a string and two representatives from each class lined up behind them. At a signal they started to eat the doughnuts without using their hands. After the first bite or two the doughnut would fall. Then the girls had to get down and eat them off the floor, still without using their hands. The Juniors won that race.

That was followed by the traveler's race. The Seniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen each had a team of five. It was a sort of relay race. The first girl of each team raced to the opposite side of the room, carrying a suitcase and an umbrella. Then, when she reached her destination, she opened the suitcase, put on the coat and rubber (only one) that were in it, opened her umbrella, and raced back again. She took off the coat and rubber, packed them in the suitcase again, closed the umbrella and let the next girl try it. I can tell you it's pretty hard to put on a coat that has been turned wrong side out and run with a rubber twice too big for your foot. And it's hard to pack that same coat and rubber into a suitcase much too small for them, when you are in such an awful hurry. Well, the Sophomores won that race. Then there was a regular relay race which the Juniors won.

Between the races we danced, and after the last one we all had our picture taken.

During all this time a committee had been at work and at the very end of the party Mr. Smith, in behalf of the committee, announced its decision. The best-looking boy was Phillis Clemetson; the best-looking girl, Dorothy Bowen; the best-looking couple, Jane Sedgwick and Elizabeth White; and the funniest-looking person, Alice Hickey.

In the contests, the Seniors earned the fewest points, the Sophomores next, the Freshmen next and the Juniors the most. Miss Schill had decided to award a silver loving cup to the class earning the most points. Mr. Smith presented it to Ruth Palm, the vice-president of the class. She displayed it to the girls'

class. It was very beautiful—the kind used in General Science to find the relative humidity of the room.

When we had congratulated the proud and haughty Juniors we closed the party with a big cheer for Miss Schuil for giving us the best party of the year.

THE ALL-SCHOOL CHRISTMAS PARTY.

On Friday, December 20th, an all-school party was given. A committee of parents had decorated the assembly room appropriately; red and green paper was placed around the lights and a large Christmas tree was erected in the front of the room and trimmed. A picture of Santa Claus was also placed in front.

The party was begun with the distribution of presents, each pupil receiving a surprise gift from an actual St. Nicholas. They were often astonishingly apt—and inapt. This mirth-producing entertainment was followed by a Grand March in which practically everyone joined. Then the punch, which had been made by the committee of parents, was served. The refreshments in turn were succeeded by dancing, the splendid music for which was furnished by the School Orchestra. The social dances were pleasantly varied by some fancy dances given by Myrtice Matchitt. The party was concluded early, after each had wished the other a very happy vacation.



Fond Parent:—Don't the children's studies interfere with all their social functions?

Mr. Reeve: Why, no, I haven't heard any complaints.

Turn over a new leaf now.

ASSEMBLIES.

It was Friday and the thirteenth, too, when Mr. Reeve suddenly jangled that delightful bell which calls us to assembly. What luck for Friday the thirteenth? Well, anyway, we all heard the bell, and after the usual commotion the school settled down to its quiet hubbub in the Assembly room.

The main cause for calling the Assembly, as announced by Mr. Reeve, was that the influenza, which we all thought was conquered, was again spreading and that, although our school was not to be closed, we were all asked to remember the precautions necessary for its prevention, and especially to stay away from the "movies." The latter, of course, caused a considerable outburst of despair among the girls; for Doug. Fairbanks was in town. Mr. Reeve also gave us a much needed talk on thieves and vandals who are spoiling our reputation. There has been great improvement in conduct since then and we hope for further improvement.

On the following Tuesday, the seventeenth and therefore more lucky than the previous date, we heard that delightful bell again and this time we had more pleasant news. Mr. Reeve announced that we would have two solid weeks of Christmas vacation, from Friday, December 20th, until Monday, January 6, 1919. He also announced that we had a treat in store for the coming Friday in the form of a Christmas assembly followed by a Christmas party.

And so on Friday came our Christmas Assembly. Miss Morehouse had charge of the program and I think we'll all agree that we could not have had a better assembly. Most of us hardly knew that we had two real glee clubs organized and able to perform, but all who were present know it now and they know they are good ones too. Mr. Reeve read several passages from the scriptures which voiced our sentiment better than they could be spoken.

We had a very novel treat in hearing some of our choice Christmas hymns sung in Latin and French by the respective classes.

A very delightful and interesting part of the program was a series of three readings by Imogen Foster, Winnifred Hughes and Lois Wilde. The first by Imogen Foster was an account of Christmas in Old England, as written by Washington Irving. It was very vivid and gave us a clear picture of the old English customs and rites of Christmas. Winnifred Hughes read a paper on the French Christmas and Lois Wilde recited in French the poem, "Carillon de Noël." The Assembly culminated in the Christmas party which was also a great success.

Well! It was Tuesday, January 7, and 1919 when we next heard the bell. This time the Assembly was called for the purpose of showing off our new Foot Ball clothes and forming a school Athletic Association.

Just to prove that the course in Parliamentary Law had amounted to something, we had speeches by nearly all of our leading athletic citizens. The speakers were: Earl Rice, captain of the 1918 team; James Bohan, captain of 1919 team; Edward Hunter, captain 1919 Basketball; Jack Eaton, 1919 Baseball, and Jane Sedgwick, Girls' Athletics. We also used our song

books for the first time in this Assembly and with the aid of the Boys' Glee Club, we did some singing.

On Thursday, January 9th, we were called together to pay our last respects to our great ex-president, Theodore Roosevelt, whose death was such a blow to the Country. Mr. Reeve read President Wilson's proclamation concerning Mr. Roosevelt's death and Miss Morehouse gave us a brief account of his strenuous and wellspent life.

Theodore Roosevelt was called by many "the greatest American since Lincoln," and was loved and honored by all his countrymen.

Elizabeth Young and Wilfrid Hines have been appointed reporters of "U" High School news on the Minnesota Daily. Their column appears every Tuesday morning. This is not only good practice for the two reporters but also good advertising for the school. An alumna reports that a college student said to her, "I don't know much about the 'U' High, but it must be a 'peppy' school, for it runs a column in the Daily every week."

THE DAY BEFORE VACATION BEGAN.

"Thank Goodness, it's over," is the way most of us felt on the last day before Christmas Vacation began.

That last week was pretty strenuous and it was a hard pull for most of us to study for our tests, where we had to practice for our French or Latin songs, get up our costumes for the "Gym" party, make our pop-corn balls for the French party, practice for the Glee Club, and rehearse our part in the Christmas program besides studying our lessons from day to day.

Not that we minded the excitement! Everybody likes to be doing something or going somewhere all the time. And then, too, we might as well enjoy ourselves while we're young.

In spite of the fact that we had to worry about whether we pulled through on that History exam., and that we were positive we received a low zero on that Math. test, we liked the excitement, now, didn't we?

Time to turn over a new leaf.



ATHLETICS

PRACTICE GAMES IN BASKET BALL.

Friday, January 3, "U" High played a practice game with Minneapolis Central. "U" High played with three of its regulars out of the line-up, Hunter, W. Rask, O. Rask. Central came over with the idea of cleaning us up. Although playing against a much larger team "U" High was ahead 10 to 8 at the end of the first half. The second half ended with the score 10 to 10. Close guarding on both sides featured.

Monday, January 6, "U" High played a practice game with East High. Again the home boys were greatly outweighed, but they made up for it in shooting and teamwork. This was not played like a regular game because the East coach stopped play every few minutes to correct the mistakes of his players. No score was kept but the two teams played about evenly.

The following evening, Tuesday, we practiced South High. They had a much superior team to any played before. They outclassed us in shooting, but not in fight and grit. All of the South players were former independent players on the Citizens Team of Minneapolis.

U. H. S. vs. AGGIE SECONDS.

10 to 30.

Playing against a team that outweighed them twenty pounds to the man, our team went down to defeat before the fast Minnesota Aggie seconds in a game played on the farm school floor, by a 30 to 10 score.

Although playing against a much larger team our men were in the game from start to finish with fight and scrap that astonished their much older opponents. The first half ended with our team on the short end of a 16 to 3 count. At the beginning

of the second half Hawlick counted with a long shot from the center of the floor that brought even the Aggie supporters to their feet. The "U" high subs were given a chance to show their worth in the second half and seemed to hold their own fairly well.

Coach Smith played for a short time during the second period just long enough to show the boys how it was done and incidently gathered in three field baskets.

U. H. S., 31; ALUMNI, 30.

Wells Stars.

On Friday, January 10th, "U" High defeated the Alumni 31 to 30, on the Armory floor. The alumni started the game with a rush and soon the High School boys were left behind. At the end of the first half the Alumni led by a score of 20 to 13. The Alumni started things again in the first part of the second half. About the middle of the half the "Prep" boys found themselves. Good guarding kept the opposing forwards from counting more baskets. With the score 30 to 29 in favor of the Alumni and less than one minute to play, Hunter rung the winning basket.

The line-up:

"U" High		Alumni:
W. Rask	left guard.....	Adams
Bohan	right guard.....	Eaton
Hunter	center.....	Wells
O. Rask	left forward.....	Salisbury
Canfie'd	right forward.....	Stevens

Substitutes: Williams for Bohan; Canfield for Hunter; Hunter for Williams; Williams for Canfield.

The stars of the game as stated before were Wells.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

The Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen have been very successful in finding good players for their captain-ball teams but the Seniors have been apparently unable to find even seven members of their class who are above D in all their subjects. Consequently, the Seniors have no regular team.

Each team elected its captain and the result of the election stands as follows: Crystal Cates, Junior; Mary Howe, Sophomore; Katrina Hummel, Freshman.

All the girls in the school are attempting to gain the emblem which will be awarded by the Acme members. A great many of the girls have already gained from 15 to 50 points in swimming and are now earning the 180 required points in the other possible ways.

Clemetson (just coming down from the track at the Armory) I am going pretty good this year, ain't I?

An onlooker: You bet, you're one of those fellows that makes a half hour in twenty minutes.



ALUMNI NOTES.

Lieutenant Aaron Rosenbleet, 1917, was registered in the College of Science, Literature and Art.

Wilson Wells, 1918, who was in the Quartermaster's Department in the S. A. T. C., is also registered in the College of Science, Literature and Art.

Melvina Forsythe and Phyllis Krause, 1918, have actually registered and are attending classes in the University of Minnesota.

Olive Madsen, of the 1918 class expects to attend the School of Federal Arts in Minneapolis.

Claude Bachman, 1918, is at his home in Willow River, Minnesota, recovering from a serious case of Spanish Influenza.

P. S. Just arrived in Minneapolis.—Claude.

Theodosia Burton, 1918, was confined to the hospital a few days after Christmas where she had an operation for appendicitis. She will be unable to continue her work at the University this quarter.

Honora Spencer, 1917, has been obliged to drop some of her work at the MacPhail School because of poor health.

Esther Hill, of the 1916 class, is the stenographer for the Committee on Appointments in the High School Building. She is in the office that Mr. Stockwell formerly occupied. Why not get acquainted?

Corinne Kriedt, 1916, is attending the University of Minnesota and working in the Civilian Relief of the Red Cross.

Will Raymond, who left school during his Sophomore year to join the Navy and who has been on S. S. Florida on the North Sea during the war, is planning to return to school next semester.

The Ambulance Corps, of which Kenneth Terry, 1917, is a member has been cited for distinguished service in France.

Discussing the dramatization of "Macbeth" by the Eng. IV class in the Little theatre one morning Miss Englis said: "We have all had the experience of sitting and listening to the people talk when we couldn't hear them."

Miss Smith, trying in vain to get into the heads of her stolid boy's class that a suit may be something besides a suit of clothes: "Why, what's the matter with you, boys? Didn't you ever hear of a lover pressing his suit?"



NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

(By the way, have you made yours?)

Resolved, that for the student's health, I will not wear my football socks to school again—Eaton.

Resolved, that I will put better jokes in the **Campus Breeze** (if the student body hands some in)—Brock.

Resolved, that I will stay home once in a while to give K. Canfield time to study—Paist.

Resolved, that I will stop all unnecessary Hooverizing so that I won't be at the Brock's for dinner so much—Berry.

Resolved, that for the good of the public, I will go through the painful operation of learning a new song once in a while—Hines.

Resolved, that I won't masquerade in a full dress suit at the Junior-Senior—Rice.

Resolved, that I won't teach the bad habit of unsuccessful pugilism to the smaller children and especially to the Freshies.—Clemetson.

Resolved, that I will let Cooper chase me once in a while.—Beere.

Resolved, that I will let all members of the University High School know each day if the "Hip" is open.—Canfield.

Resolved, that I will stop dealing in Limburger cheese.—Porter.

Resolved, that I will stop cleaning up the Seniors all the time.—George Burns.

Resolved, that I will chew my gum in the key of "E flat" during 1919—Dick White.

James Smith, reading from Irving's "Country Church"—
"The ancient building contained, within its cold and silent aisles, the congregated dust of many noble generations."

James (in characteristic English) Say, Miss Smith, what was the matter with them folks? Didn't they ever dust their churches?"

The agent of the Consolidated Periodical Company is here to sell us a few (new) magazines at special rates. Please write the full name of magazine desired and place your dollar bill in agent's hand. You cannot afford to lose this opportunity.

- Good Housekeeping—"U" Club.
- Review of Reviews—That night before "finals."
- Youth's Companion—Sis Brock.
- The Century—Study Class.
- Life—Vacation.
- Popular Monthly—Report cards. (?)
- The Tattler—Yellow slip.
- Breezy Stories—Mr. Reeve's.
- The Blue Book—Mathematics.
- (un)-Popular Mechanics—Those lock pickers.
- Saucy Stories—Lunch hours.
- Police Gazette—1917-18 U. H. S. Monthly.
- St. Nicholas—Bohan.
- Parisienne—Gow or G. Burns.
- Physical Culture—Johnston.
- World's Work—Putting feet in the old football socks.
- Country Gentleman—Ed. Hunter.
- Saturday Evening Post—Dances, shows, bed.
- Campus Breeze—Those girls.
- Black Cat—Poe.
- Detective Stories—In search of Dickson's overcoat.
- National Geographics—The ones who tells us about Hopkins, Anoka, Stillwater, Duluth and St. Anthony Park.
- The Farmer—Aagaard.
- Literary Digest—English IV class.
- Kenwood Clarion—Andy Hislop.
- (un)-Popular Science Monthly—Chemistry Exam.
- Electrical Experimenter—Porter.
- Scientific American—You and I.
- Punch—Beere.
- Puck—Hockey.
- Travel—Just before the 8:30 bell.
- Vanity Fair—Rice.
- Adventure—Athletic banquets.
- Town Topics—Phil. Clemetson.
- Delineator—Dana Durand.
- Pictorial Review—Mildred Reed.
- Harpers—The Faculty.
- Vogue—"Fairy" Colgrove.
- Film Fun—Girl Scouts.
- Outlook—Of those who get "F's".
- Leslie's—Hughes, Blomberg, etc.
- Forest and Stream—Bass.
- Town and Country—Minneapolis students.
- Current Opinion—About an extra week of vacation.
- The American—The stars on our service flag.
- Illustrated World—Hayes.
- Red Book—Where our Zeros go.
- Judge—Mr. Powers.
- Smart Set—Freshmen.

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(White's hat will be passed.)

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AT THE OLD COUNTY MORGUE
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Lessons: 3½ cents a mile.
Berry's Athletic Jazz Band will perform. Invitations
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"Clear as a tongue-tied bell,
Harmonious as an alarm-clock."

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SEMI-OCCASIONAL SALE! PRICES SLASHED!

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A Snora with every 50 cent purchase. Records with every
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ALL PHONES. ST. ANTHONY PARK.

Sleep while you wait.

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!
WORLD'S CHAMPION PRIZE FITE.

December 12, 1918.

First (a) Bout.



Posey vs. Nelson.

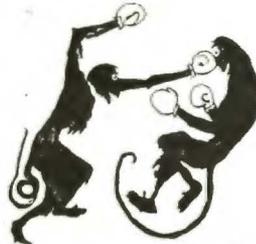
Nelson makes pugilistic motions in the direction of Posey. (Posey shakes his knees and looks around for a door).

"Time," cried the time-keeper.

"Naw, I can't fight, I've got a fever of 98°," said Posey, almost fainting to everlasting sleep. Nelson's manager urges him to sail in, but the honorable Referee, Mr. Hislop, steps in and breaks the death grip of Posey. Just them words from the ring-side seats ring through the crowd and Clemetson climbs in the ring. "Let 'em alone."

"Whose running this fite, you or me?" replied the ref. Clemetson shoots more fire at Hislop.

Second (a) Bout.



"Time," cried the time-keeper. "Oh! ha! they're off," came from the anxious crowd.

The first round, they both slapped each other on the wrist with lots of pep. (some round)

In the middle of the second round, Ref. Stockwell stepped in and said Hislop was a dirty fighter, because he slapped his opponent below the wrist, and also he had broken his agreement by knocking out his opponent before the first half and by breaking the lockers.

The next of the series will be held in Mr. Powers' private office. Further particulars will be found on the bulletin board in the study hall. Don't let study interfere with this fight. Ladies are invited but asked not to come.

Everybody come, it doesn't cost anything to get in (but, oh! when you come out).

Watch for the coming date.

==: BEAGLE SHOES :==
WATCH OUR FLEET (GUNBOATS)

We wear 'em!

Russell Agaard and Harold Beere

If you are down, wear them a little while and you'll be on your feet again.

Messrs. Colgrove & Peacock

Have just returned from studying music in Berlin (it was a dream). They will give (ivory) piano lessons for the simple price of 2½ cents a key.

Room 402.

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**STEINWAY,
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**IVERS & POND
BEHRS BROS.**

**LUDWIG
WEBER**

And many others to fit every purse.

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THE COMPLETE MUSIC STORE

41-43 South Sixth Street

Minneapolis

Hear about the hair-raising incident that happened down on Fourteenth today?

No.

The barber spilt some Herpeicide on a fellow's head.—

From Happy Hislop's Dairy.

Turn over a new leaf now.

Save Your Pennies



?

A. A. C.

THEN SHE WAS WILD!

Scene: Vergil Class.

Victim: Lois Wilde.

Action: She struggled through two or three lines after having the honor of being the only one to volunteer, and stalled entirely just after this: "Fool that I was, that I didn't keep still."

Miss Inglis (discussing debate): "How many have ever tried practicing your speeches before the looking glass?"

Beere: Aagaard always does.



Marian: I ate three sundaes in here the other night.

Paist: Well, you're not gonna tonight.

Miss Morehouse (pointing to a river on the map of Italy) "When was this boundary fought over, Jason?"

Jason: (confidently) "In a war."

Mr. Powers (to class): Has any one any questions now—besides me?

Miss Smith: Define pedantry.

Paul Burton: Pendants is a name given to the lower classes in Europe.

A man entered a drug store very hurriedly and asked for a dozen two-grain pills.

Druggist (counting out pills): Do you want them put in a box?

Customer: Oh, no, certainly not. I was thinking of rolling them at home.

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