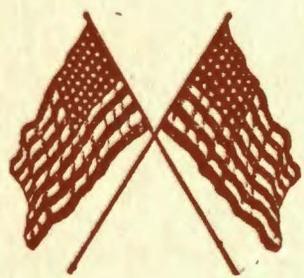


V. 2 #4



The
**CAMPUS
BREEZE**



**FEBRUARY
1920**

UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL

University State Bank

Oak and Washington S. E.

Ideally Located for University High School
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\$1.25 TO \$2.00

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Tell Your Troubles to the Police

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(or late getting home)

BLAME IT ON THE STREET CARS

(That's the Popular Pastime Now)

Never, oh, never blame the truck or other vehicle
on the track ahead of the car

BECAUSE

The Street Car Company is just downright mean
and does it on purpose

(They Say)

**But Honestly
We're Trying Hard and Doing Our Best**

Having your nickles ready will help keep cars on time

TWIN CITY LINES



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Junior-Senior Debate

**It'll be a
Hot One!**

Watch for Date

The Campus Breeze

Volume 2

February, 1920

Number 4

IN COLORADO.

Majestic mountains! lifting high your heads
To seek the wisdom of the distant stars,
What grandeur is embodied in your forms,
What glorious freedom and undying faith!
Upon your heads the snows of ages lie,
About you float the clouds of yesterday,
And in your valleys perishable mists
Fading ere noon leave empty solitudes.

Empty? nay, for the mountain stream
Goes singing on its way to join the sea,
And every grass-blade stretching toward the sky
Is vibrant with the very joys of life.
Solitudes? nay, for on your highest crests
And in your most remote and shaded dells
Pulsing and ever-present in your zephyrs
Lives the immortal "spirit of the hills."

Elizabeth Jones.

THE GENTLE ART.

Lois Wilde.

Mary Montgomery was blue, there was no getting around it. That Harry Worth, perfectly capable in other respects, the best looking "catch" of the season and "really quite nice don't you know" should lack that great art without which no young people can be happy, the art of flirting. It was really too provoking. He was such a dummy when it came to this, he never could follow up anything. In spite of this deficiency Mary had taken to him. She couldn't help it. And now, as we remarked in the beginning, Mary was blue. Harry had just gone. He also was sorrowful, for you may be sure he had been told that he was not complete and he had done his best to learn. If Mary told him what to answer he could do it beautifully and gaze soulfully into her eyes at the same time; but left to himself he said he couldn't make up anything, he was thinking too hard of her.

"I don't want you to make up anything," said Mary sadly. "It must just come naturally. If only you would use your eyes a little—"

"I do."

"I don't mean that way—just staring—I mean talk with them."

"How?"

"I don't know, anyway you make them narrower and shiny. No! no! You look as if you were having your picture taken in the sun. Haven't you seen other people? Can't you copy them?"

"But they're so foolish, dear, they laugh so much."

"Well, Harry Worth! I'm sure I'd rather laugh too much than be almost crying as I am now."

"Oh, please don't!"

"I'm not going to, silly. I wonder why—can it be you're too sensible? I've always dreaded marrying a practical sensible creature as mother would have me. Ough!"

"Oh I'm not one scrap sensible. But you don't have to marry me if you really don't want to."

"Of course I do, you mean well. So then, trot along home and get ready for this evening. Good bye."

She stood at the window watching his broad, yet stylish back disappearing down the walk. Of course after you're married it doesn't matter how you act and of course the dear boy was far from a stick when others were around; he was awfully clever. Queer he couldn't flirt. After all there wasn't any use trying to make him if he couldn't so the disconsolate young lady slumped on to the sofa and listlessly took up a magazine. She was turning over the advertising pages when her eye was caught by a little square with a French quotation in it and underneath—"Madame LaBlancarde, Instruction in Society Flirting—Very Exclusive. Every debutante would profit by these lessons. Quite essential in a Social Career."

Mary's mouth dropped open in surprise, then she laughed—then she read it over again.

"The very thing!" she cried, jumping up in sudden animation.

"Huh?" said her brother, entering. But she escaped him and dashed upstairs to cut out the wonderful little announcement and to dress for dinner.

As her hair was being arranged, she read it a third time and now she began to fear. Perhaps it was for young ladies only. Perhaps it was only a fake. Probably no one could do Harry any good anyway. So down she went again in the depths of despair. However, she still clung stubbornly to her purpose. She would look into the matter. Her first research was with her mother.

"Mother," she said, "do they ever have schools for a—well—how to act?"

"Why yes, of course, dear, schools of dramatic art."

"Oh, I don't mean professional acting. I mean manners,

society manners. What every debutante should know."

"There are finishing schools, but I really don't think you need go, do you, dear?"

"Oh no, I was just wondering. But I don't mean finishing schools; they teach other things besides; but can't one take lessons in special sides of a—a—how you should act?"

"I don't quite understand what you mean, but I don't think such lessons are given."

"Oh dear, I wish they were." This was apparently all she could get out of her mother, so she sought elsewhere.

In the living-room was her brother.

"Bob," she said, feigning real concern, "I really don't think you have all the manner you might. Do you think you've developed your social abilities very well? Of course," she hurried on, "of course you're perfectly great, and all that, but if, if you took lessons in—a—flirting?" She hesitated and her brother broke into a loud laugh—quite too loud altogether she thought. He never did take her seriously.

"Of course," she lifted her eyebrows in hurt superiority, "If you are going to be that way about it—"

"Pooh, forget it, Babe. What's the big idea? Do you want to teach me to flirt and thus put a little more pin money in your pocket to satisfy your sweet tooth with. Or—what?"

"No-o-o. But did you ever hear of anyone doing that? I mean teaching flirting?"

"I can't say I have. Quite original with you. Come, own up. There's something behind all this. Out with it."

"Oh, it's nothing. Can't I ask a simple question?"

"But this isn't simple."

"Oh dry up and blow away" and Mary buried herself in the sofa cushions like an ostrich. Her brother took the advice and Mary was left to her thoughts till the object of these came to escort her to the play. Quite contrary to her usual manner she was practically silent the whole evening. Harry, though he noticed it, said nothing, for which, as Mary said to herself, she was extremely grateful. She like to phrase her life as a story.

Next day she ordered the car and drove down town "to get a hat." Going along Forty-second street she told the chauffeur to drive slowly and she peered anxiously from the windows at the signs. There was no Madame La Blanche! Well, there was a foolish project come to a premature end. Probably much better that it should. But it died hard, for during the next few days her lot seemed to be cast among especially charming young men who left her honorably alone because of that little band on her fourth finger. Compared to them Harry seemed too slow for anything. Really it was too bad he couldn't learn!

It was nearing Christmas and Mary and her mother were scouring the town for something "distinctive" to give to their friends. So one day they chanced to enter a new and exclusive art shop on Forty-second street. This shop was one of several opening on a hall of Egyptian architecture peopled with ultra-

modern bell-boys. The names of the different shops were emblazoned in gold above the arch of their doorways and Mary, listlessly waiting for her mother, back to the counter, saw across the hall, "Madame La Blancarde—Society Flirting—"

For a moment her heart stopped beating and then with a rush the blood came to her head and she blushed for the boldness, absolute brazenness, of the thing. The next instant she looked guiltily around to see that no one had noticed her. Apparently she was unobserved so with palpitating heart she planned the best way to get her mother out without letting her see the sign. She decided to talk effusively while actually going out the door, as that would be the most critical time, and then to direct the other's attention to something in the street. She had no time to meditate the matter for her mother here concluded her purchases and gently pushing her daughter before (a habit she had of considering her daughter still a child and needing to be pushed ahead in order that she might not be lost) they left the shop. Mary plunged wildly into excited speech on the architecture of modern buildings, a topic on which she considered herself a fanatic since she deeply admired a young friend who was endeavoring to make a futurist architecture and was always glad to pour his opinions into a willing and, incidentally, pretty ear. But it was an unlucky subject, in fact the worst she could have chosen, for it caused her mother to give a bored survey of modern architecture as illustrated by the surrounding scene.

Mary felt that she quaked with a truly "heroic" quake when she beheld her mother's eyes fall and rest, with mild astonishment, on the odious sign.

"Dear, dear," said that lady, "how many ways there are to beguile people into spending money. My grief, I don't see how they can be so foolish!" Whether this referred to the beguiler or the beguiled Mary did not know. But since her mother was so mild she thought she could venture a timid question.

"Do you—that is, I wonder what she does. She must do something, you know," she hastened on, "or she would hardly dare to set up her shop here."

"I am sure I don't know, my dear, but whatever it is it must be something foolish!" Her mother having thus disposed of the matter, forgot it immediately in anxiety over her shopping list. Not so her daughter. All the rest of the morning and even at lunch at the Belmont, although there was a fascinating young naval officer in their party, she continued a disturbing debate within herself.

"Can it be that it's all a fake?" she asked herself. "It couldn't be in a respectable place like that. But yet such things have been done." She had been greatly comforted by her mother's verdict of "foolish." That was all right. Many things were foolish to her mother, even such as refusing to eat any but dry breakfast-foods. And if this was simply in that class, a whim, a fancy, that more serious-minded people could not understand, it was certainly all right. Then came the old ques-

tion, would it do **him** any good? Probably not; still, one should keep on trying. Hadn't Shakespeare or someone said something about try, try again? No it must have been the Bible. At any rate it was good advice and she would follow it. Then there was a third question, what if it became known? Would her mother strongly disapprove? And would the world at large laugh, or take to it kindly? Harry's opinion she did not consider at all. He would do as she bid, of course. She finally decided, perhaps partly influenced by the young naval officer, that a fiance that could not flirt was worse than none and for his sake she would brave the world. She also decided that she would first pay a visit to the establishment before she spoke of it to Harry.

This eventful day of discovery had chanced to be Saturday, so she had impatiently to wait over Sunday before she could perform her investigation. When the time came she wished sincerely that she could take her mother with her for she felt that one rather needed a—a—chaperon. But she had to content herself with taking her maid, Elise.

They arrived at the place of the glaring sign at two o'clock—Mary had deemed it better to go after lunch—and entered, not without trepidation. They were received deferentially by a little French maid and shown into a jewel of a little reception room.

The minutes dragged along and Mary found her courage swiftly melting. The place was essentially French and one couldn't help associating it with the French novels one shouldn't read until one is thirty at least. There must be something improper in it. Mary's New England blood began to assert itself and she hastily began to make up an excuse of having forgotten something, or of being ill,—anything to escape. But just at this moment the little maid appeared to announce "Madame."

(To be concluded in the March Breeze.)

ON SENIOR SLEIGH RIDE.

Dot Bowen—Look out, Helen, we're coming to a bridge. Pull your long neck in.

A SOPHOMORE'S PLEA.

I, the wise and foolish, am on my knees.

I, who am adored and rejected, pray for some understanding.

Freshman, look not upon me with that light in thine eye, as if I were a boresome elder sister.

Though I may seem as such at my worse moments, I am not at heart.

I love thee, Freshman, as well as I love myself, which is a great deal.

I sympathize with thee more than thou realizeth.

I have passed through all thy misery myself, all thy trials and temptations.

I, too, have known the horrors of General Science, have tarried long to copy my Math. assignment, have been conditioned in English, flunked in Latin, and have gone hence to the ogre's den, et cetera.

Lean on me, dear child, more, and I will in no wise cast thee out.

And to thee, dear sister Senior, I am always in thy path.

Tell me, as I would know.

I am striving toward the region of the blessed, and if thou would only make known thy wants and wishes a little more, thou wouldst assist me.

Lo, some day in the future I will reign in thy stead, and I wish to be blessed with thy queenly grace and gentle spirit when I ascend the throne.

Therefore, confide in me and teach me more of thy boundless wisdom, dear sister, and I will uphold thy banner right truly when that day cometh.

And to thee, dear Junior, I have no word, for thou art like a lovely elder brother.

Verily, some of my days are filled with sorrow at thy cost, but thou art sweet, and we can forgive thee thy few offenses.

And to thee, dear Junior, I have no word, for thou art like a the worst of all has yet to appear, and my youthful days should not be blighted with sorrow.

I love ye and adore ye, Faculty, like to Senior, for ye are learned in the ways of the world and its people.

And to all I say, remember ye, I am truly called the "Wise and Foolish," and the things that are, are.

Selah.

Virginia L. Dustin.

8:30 MONDAY MORNING.

"Mother!" cried Jimmy, "is it time to get up for school?"

"No, go to sleep again. It's only 6:30. I will call you when it is time to get up."

It was rather hard for Jimmy to go to sleep as he was so anxious (?) to get back to school after the Christmas vacation. However, at 7:30 he was sound asleep as were his brothers and sisters.

"Jimmy, Dick, Helen, Mary, it's time to get up for school."

"Ah gee!" cried Dick, "I don't want to get up. Can't you let a fella sleep once in awhile?"

Finally all the children got up after a number of unpleasant words about the Board of Regents having school start so early in the morning.

"Mother," cried Dick, "Jimmy threw my shoes down the clothes-chute last night. Doesn't he have to get them?"

"I won't get them," said Jimmy. "He threw my stocking

"There, there," said the patient parent. "Dick shall get his shoes for throwing Jimmy's stocking in the water and Jimmy can wear another pair of stockings."

"Mother," said Mary, "I can't find my shoes. I know I left them here last night and now they are gone."

"Mother," cried Helen, "Jimmy is sitting on my hair-ribbon and he won't give it to me and I'll be late for school. The teacher said that next time I was late she would send me to the principal's office."

At last they succeeded in getting dressed, ate their breakfast, and were ready to start.

"Mother," cried Jimmy, "what did you do with my coat? I left it here on the chair."

After a great deal of searching for lost articles they were ready to leave.

"Come, kiss me good bye," said their mother, "and you are ready to go at last."

She kissed them all but hesitated over Jimmy.

"Why, Jimmy, what are those red spots around your ear?"

"Come back, children, you will have to stay home. Jimmy has the measles!"

Gordon Murray.

A WELL EARNED FEED.

It was a cold winter night and the family was gathered around the fireplace eating apples and popping corn. Jack had just finished telling us of one of the pranks that the boys had played at school, when dad gave a chuckle and we all knew that he had thought of another one of his school day pranks. Without any urging he told us the following story:

"It was customary for the boys of our dormitory to raid the kitchen, which was about a block and a half from our hall, and get the 'eats' for our midnight spreads. There was something that always puzzled us boys. No matter when we went to the kitchen there was one certain window that was always unlocked. Some of the boys suspected that the second cook was our confederate but we could never find out who the good fairy was. The 'eats' varied from night to night. One of the nights the two boys who were detailed to do plundering, brought back a big pail. In this pail was twenty-four dozen eggs if there was one. When scrambled eggs were on the breakfast menu the cook prepared the eggs in the evening. That night we ate the eggs that were intended for breakfast. To this day I never have been as fond of scrambled eggs as I was before that night.

"At last the eventful night came. It was our turn to tread the forbidden ground. Bill was to stand guard and I was to do 'the dirty work.' I carefully raised the window and slowly crept into the room. My movements were very slow and cautious as I was not very familiar with the lay of the kitchen. I was making good progress, when suddenly within a few feet of me someone struck a match. I did not waste any time in getting through the window. Fortunately for me, it had been raining all day and so the earth made a soft cushion for me. While I was getting up I discovered that Bill had deserted his post and was nowhere in sight but I did not waste any time hunting for him, as my pursuer was coming through the window. I started running across the campus when someone shouted, 'Stop, or I'll shoot.' I thought that I would rather be a dead hero than a live thief and so I kept on running. Oh! the thoughts that I had while trying to outrun my pursuer. I saw in my mind the scene at home when the news of my expulsion came. Mother was crying, father was furious and sister Irene was very dejected because of the disgrace I had brought upon the family. Meanwhile I ran on, going around bushes and pine trees and grabbing the lower branches and letting them fly back again in hope that they would delay my pursuer's progress.

At last I decided that I could go no longer and, resigned to my fate, I stopped. My pursuer came up, and tickling me under the chin said, 'Well, Fats, you sure gave me a good run that time.' I looked up into his face, and discovered that it was Ben Jones, the champion long-distance runner of the college, who had several medals to his credit.

"I don't know whether you know how I felt or not. If you do not, I cannot explain the feeling that came over me.

"The training you gave me is worth a good spread, Fats. Come up to my rooms and we'll have a real one."

"I was too weak to refuse, and I doubt whether I would refuse anyway and so we went to his room and ate the delicious lunch which had arrived that day from the host's folks at home."

Wilma Gerst.

CONTRAST "AUF DEUTSCH."

I "Freshie" Speaks.

Ich was ein dummes kind,
Ich hatte nicht ge learned
Ich hattle oft gesinned
Und lessons hat ich spurned.

II "Soph" Speaks.

Ich thoughte that ich smart sei
Als Sophomore ich became,
Ich wurde besser feelen,
Wenn die teachers thought die same.

III Junior Speaks.

Ich war so smart gegrowen
Man hat mir A's gegeben
Ich ging zum Fest mit Bohan
Er hatte viel Geld saven.

IV Senior Speaks.

Jetzt bin ich Senior nun
My lessons lern ich immer
Denn ich bin Senior nun
Und dock nicht mehr ein Sinner.

Rollin Posey drew a picture of a hen so lifelike that when he threw it in the basket it laid there,

MY OPINION OF SUB-ZERO WEATHER.

I cannot understand how anyone could give a humorous opinion or description of sub-zero weather, for, to my mind, of all situations I can think of, sub-zero weather is one of the farthest from being a joke. Analyzing the word "sub-zero" itself gives my opinion of it—"sub," meaning "under," and "zero," meaning "nothing." Thus we have "under nothing" or "worse than nothing." Even though we may get used to having the "worse-than-nothing" weather, I'm sure I never ordered it. For freezing weather, the weather man, who we will assume is responsible (or rather irresponsible) and to blame for it, has all the degrees on the Fahrenheit thermometer between 0° and 32°. Any temperature in that zone is cold enough for all human and humane purposes. Even the ice trust (if it exists) does not need it, so why have it at all? Still, I suppose we must accept it as the poor Moslem accepts his misfortunes with a "So it is written."

If anyone thinks he enjoys having the mercury go down through the "zero hour" of the thermometer, let him "think on these things" which he undoubtedly experiences during the afore- and too much-mentioned weather: clinging to a very small portion of the street car gate in a crowded car; walking across the "U" of M campus, where King Winter seems to set his icy foot in addition to having his icy grip; shivering up and down stairs to see that the furnace is well fed with nourishing fuel; and as a sequel to this—the big dent made in the coal pile. As one thinks of these suggestions he can probably think of countless others, as I could.

What is the use of wasting time on furthering this fruitless dissertation, as I can suggest no way of overcoming Lord Sub-zero except that we can at least act as true Americans and appoint a committee to investigate the matter more thoroughly.

"O Summer, where is thy sting?"

James Bohan.

"I understand the Browns are strictly vegetarians."

"They certainly are. They won't even let their children eat animal cookies."

The E, Chicago, Ill.

He: I know what you're going to say next.

She: What?

He: I knew I was right.

Ex.

IN A SLEEPING CAR.

Five girls were going home for the Christmas vacation—Betty, Kitty, Dot, Gay and Margaret.

That night as the girls were going to bed a fussy old woman, who had been so hard to please in the diner, came squeezing her way down the aisle, and took possession of the berth opposite Betty and Gay.

"I wonder if she's going to keep up that grumbling all night. I'm glad I'm not that poor hen-pecked maid of hers," whispered Gay.

It was nearly two hours before the maid succeeded in getting her mistress in bed.

The woman didn't notice the other passengers on the train at all. She confided to the maid in a loud voice that she hoped nobody on board would snore and keep her awake.

"Hi 'ope not, ma'am, hit's a bad 'abit, ma'am," answered the maid.

"What?" asked her mistress.

"Hi honly said as 'ow hit were a bad 'abit, ma'am!" squeaked the maid.

When Gay and Betty went to bed, from the opposite section came an unmistakable sound. Madam was evidently asleep.

"Gay!" called Dot, "would you mind getting me a drink? That candy we ate makes me so thirsty!"

"No, certainly not, Dot," answered Gay.

As she came back, the car rocked violently and Gay swayed from side to side.

"If I ever get to Dot it will be a wonder," thought poor Gay.

At last she reached the berth and went in. Then with a scream of terror she rolled out faster than she had rolled in. She had gotten in Madam's berth!

"Murder, murder!" screamed Madam.

"'Elp, 'elp!" echoed the maid.

"It's train robbers!" gasped Betty.

At last the cries brought the porter and the conductor to the rescue. But there was nothing to see. Gay had tumbled out and was in her own berth.

"You must have had a nightmare," said the conductor.

"Nightmare!" cried the lady. "I intend to hold the company responsible. I shall certainly sue the railroad for this shock to my nervous system."

Gay could not go to sleep without sharing her secret with the other girls. At last she managed to tell them. Dot decided to get the drink of water herself now.

As a certain duet was renewed by the maid and her mistress, Kitty leaned out to say "Hi honly said as 'ow hit were a bad 'abit, ma'am."

Helen Westerson



UHS



Prof. Hugo in Chem.



Just about this time-



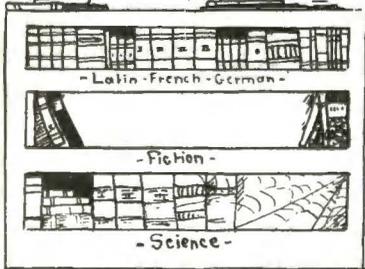
Diogenes, our Study-hall-orator!



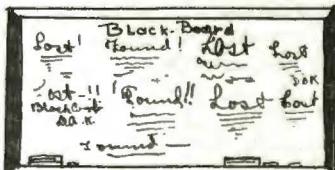
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Delicious, Filling, and Refreshing -



Our Study-hall Waste-basket after 1 A.M.



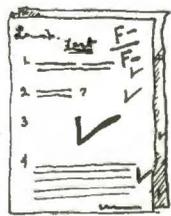
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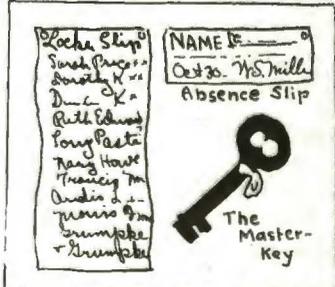
Lost & Found Dept.



THE comb!
! We girls know!



! Familiar Fractions!



"! Pass - Ports!" DAK.

The Campus Breeze

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EDITORIALS

BEHAVIOR AND MISBEHAVIOR.

I wonder if we in the University High School realize and appreciate fully the advantages which we are enjoying. We have a school with high ideals in every way, in gymnastics, in scholarship, and in sociability. Let's all try and do our best to keep these standards high. Even if, for some reason or other, we can not all be members of Acme and the "U" Club, we can do our bit and help. This motto might in some way express what we can do: "Think first what you are about to do, then act, and afterwards regret nothing."

A Senior.

TO THE FACULTY

We of the University High School find our daily routine well filled with many interesting and necessary activities. There is, however, one side of our high school life which seems to be very much lacking. The side to which we refer is that dealing with the social activities of the students which should occupy at least a part of their time and serve to counterbalance the more serious side. The different classes have occasionally had some party or the like but the Christmas party is the only occasion where the whole school has had a chance to get together for a good time and to learn to know one another better.

It seems a sad state of affairs that the students in a school of our limited size cannot get together more than once a year.

We realize that difficulties have been encountered in the way of securing a place for the party to be held but we do not see why, since this was accomplished last year, it can not be done now. Bi-weekly parties or dances in the assembly hall would serve to fill this want, and we hope that it will, in some degree at least, liven up school spirit in the University High School. We therefore make this plea that the faculty earnestly consider the matter and see what can be done about it. We hope for the best.

BOLSHEVIKI.

We co-operate in providing sports, parties, a school paper, and other activities. But do we co-operate in keeping our class rooms and halls neat and tidy? Each morning we find our building swept and dusted throughout. This work is done by the janitor and janitress of the University High School who have a reputation for co-operation rarely found in persons rendering this type of service.

Following the lunch period there is evidence that some of the High School students do not appreciate this service and fail to co-operate in maintaining the neat and tidy standards set by our janitor service. It is unbelievable that any student is accustomed at home to standards of neatness less exacting than those that should prevail at school. It is also unbelievable that any student would intentionally litter the floors with lunch papers, chalk, orange peel, and other refuse.

The January issue of the Breeze contained an editorial on this same subject and the same day the magazine came out the Study Hall was left in worse condition than ever before. This **does not** show co-operation on the part of the students and it is a situation which requires action. This carelessness and selfishness must be stopped. The sooner the better.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

The basket ball situation at "U" High has become critical. Last year the team practiced under difficulties in the north wing of the Armory; this year the team is unable to obtain even the north wing on account of the so greatly increased registration in the University. The gymnasium is being used for drilling and boxing and all the lockers are taken by the freshmen. The team, however, has obtained the use of the Hennepin Avenue Church gymnasium for two afternoons a week. As this is not very near school, and the time limited, it is not very satisfactory. It is obvious that no winning team can be developed under these circumstances. What are we going to do about it?

BY THE WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

The Breeze this month is introducing a new feature in the way of a continued story which will be concluded in the next issue. This is an experiment and we would like to have the students' opinion on whether they think running continued stories is a good policy. **Let us have your opinion.**

A CHANGE IN FACULTY.

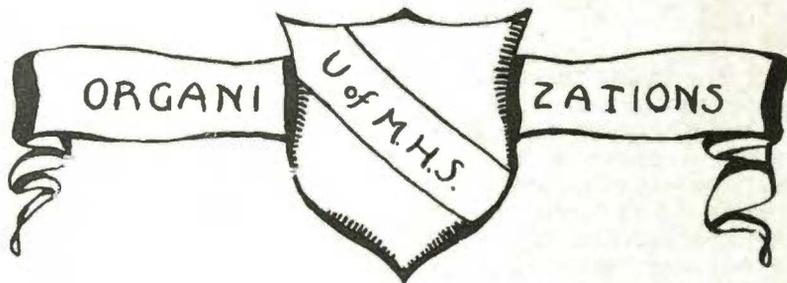
Mrs. Ueland, our study hall teacher, has left, and Mr. Perkins, of the University, has taken her position.

A CHANGE IN STAFF.

At a recent meeting Charles Burns was elected associate editor to take the place of Lucelia Mo who has left this school. A new department, Personals, was also created with Margaret Sweet as its editor.

"Oh, I'm the flower of my family, all right."
"I wonder if that's what your brother meant yesterday when he said you were a blooming idiot?"

Ex.



SENIOR CLASS NOTES.

On Tuesday, January 6, the Seniors had their regular meeting. Reports from the secretary and treasurer were given. Hugo Miller was appointed chairman of a committee to get snap-shots for the Annual. Anyone who has snap-shots which would be suitable for the Annual is requested to give them to Hugo.

The best part of the meeting was an invitation to a sleigh-ride given by Lillian Borreson for the Senior class. The Seniors this year have not gotten together socially very much and we hope that from this time on there will be more social activities in which the whole class will take part. The class certainly appreciated Lillian's invitation and enjoyed a wonderful time at the sleighride.

Harold Beere has had an operation and has been at St. Luke's hospital until a few weeks ago when he returned to his home.

THE SENIOR SLEIGHRIDE.

"Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way; oh what fun it—" What's the use of finishing it when everyone knows how it ends? Only the sleigh that the Seniors happened to be riding behind while they were singing this song was a "two-horse" instead of a "one-horse open sleigh."

The class of 1920 has never had a sleigh ride before, and Lillian Borreson, class scribe, deciding that it was high time we did have one, suited the action to the words, the result being the very best party the class has experienced so far.

The two sleighs, filled to overflowing, left the school at about eight o'clock. From there they went across the river to Loring Park, back by way of the school through St. Anthony Park and over to Lillian's.

There were so many interesting things which happened before we reached our final destination that they must be given some space here.

A. No. 1 was Hugo's dead finger, which terrorized everyone on both of the sleighs. Hugo declared he got it from the pathology building, but we have every reason to doubt him, especially since we know the inside of the secret.

Bill and Hugo made themselves prominent by staging an impromptu vaudeville. Their somewhat old joke about the "cootie" was applauded by everyone, although the majority had heard it several times before.

Everyone in the party felt it his religious duty to wash the face of his neighbor, or his worst enemy. The teachers were by no means excepted from this "horse-play"; in fact, they led the crowd.

We have always felt that a sleigh ride is the best kind of a place to get it back on the teachers. At dances, one may refuse to dance with his teacher, but that doesn't hurt her feelings at all; whereas on a sleigh ride, one can get the teacher who gave him an F, into a corner, wash her face and throw snow down her neck, and she has to take it as a part of the game. Oh, there is more than one advantage to a sleigh ride, and the Seniors made the best of every one, you may well believe.

Do you know what the eighth wonder of the world is? Lillian was able to put fifty-six into one house! How she did it, no one knows, and how so many found room to dance will forever remain a conundrum.

From the looks, the "eats" must have taken a baking crew several days to prepare. No one was the least bit bashful, not even Elvira and Miss Flemming.

We certainly all appreciated the cordial welcome we received and the wonderful treatment accorded us by Lillian and her family.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES.

What have the Juniors been doing? They haven't been having any good times, it seems. Wait. The results of the Juniors' quietness will be seen on the night of February fourteenth.

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES.

Nothing very startling has come to pass during this past month in the Sophomore class. Margaret Thompson has returned apparently as well as ever, and Catherine Barnes and Ernest Borglin have left the school "for good."

A class meeting was called to plan a prospective sleighride party. After about ten minutes of very heated discussion, it was decided that all arrangements should be left entirely in the hands of the Social Committee, "as usual," to quote the words of the class cynics (viz.: the members of said committee). It is really remarkable with what efficiency and dispatch our meetings are carried on, or rather—off!

THE FRESHMAN SLEIGHRIDE.

Was the sleighride a success? Just ask any of the forty-two members of the freshman class who went, besides Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, and Mr. Stockwell.

Promptly at seven o'clock everyone piled on the bob and started out upon our happy ride.

During the ride many interesting and exciting things happened, perhaps the most exciting was the ducking of Mr. Miller and Mr. Stockwell by the male members of the class. Mr. Stockwell is looking for his perfectly good rubber lost by himself during the scramble.

After two hours of walking, riding and running we found ourselves at Helen Westerson's with ravenous appetites.

After cleaning up and sewing up pants, (ask Everett Comstock about the latter), the dancing began.

After dancing for quite a while we stopped for refreshments which disappeared with amazing rapidity.

Dancing was resumed until ten-thirty, when we left for "home, sweet home."

None of the freshmen regret coming to the sleighride, but the ones who did not come will have something to regret all of their lives.

The whole freshmen class wish to thank Mrs. Westerson immensely for opening up her home for the party.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

The first meeting of the University High School Dramatic club took place on Wednesday, January twenty-first. Twenty-five charter members were present and the aims and purposes of the club were set forth by Miss Mildred Mandel, who is to be the instructor and director of the club.

The election of officers was one of the first matters disposed of and Lillian Borreson was elected president, Lawrence Paist, vice president and Rachel Perkins, secretary-treasurer.

The matter of dues was taken up and discussed but no conclusion was reached except the general agreement that dues were necessary for the sustainment of the club's work. A committee consisting of Laura Elder, Edward Cless and Lawrence Paist was appointed to draw up a constitution which will have to be adopted in the near future.

It was decided that the club should consist of juniors and seniors and in some worthy cases, sophomores and freshmen might be admitted if their ability warranted such action.

The members were each asked to look up some subject of interest to the club which they will report on at the next meeting.

The interest which has been shown in its formation points to a very successful career and we may soon expect to see excellent result from our Dramatic Club,

HI-Y.

The Hi Y Club at "U" High has been having its regular bi-weekly noon meetings and has had very good representation at the down town meetings. We have had some very interesting discussions at our bi-weekly meetings in the French room.

The last joint meeting at the Y. M. C. A. was Tuesday night, January the thirteenth. There was a large representation of the boys in the high schools of Minneapolis there and you may be sure that "U" High contributed their share. A fine speech was presented by a chaplain in the U. S. Army, followed by some movies. We have some great times at these meetings and we would be glad to have more fellows come out.

ACME NOTES.

The meetings which the Acmeians have been holding lately have been the most important meetings this year, for it was at these meetings that candidates for Acme were discussed. The chief factor that is keeping girls out of Acme is the fact that they haven't the marks. An average of B for all one's high school years, is hard to get, as the Acmeians now fully realize. Much valuable material is kept outside of Acme simply because their scholarship is not up to par.

We hope that all the Freshmen and Sophomore girls will keep Acme in mind, so that no slump during the Sophomore year will deprive Acme of their help and them of the honor of a membership in this society.

GIRL SCOUTS.

In addition to their weekly noon meetings, the Girl Scouts held a formal meeting Thursday, January 15, at which all of the new Tenderfoot Girl Scouts were installed. Those installed in Patrol I were Dorothy Bowen, Lucille Larson, Helen Haggerty, Helen Baldwin and Lillian Borreson; in Patrol II, Elvira Butler, Ruth Palm and Erma Schurr; in Patrol III, Vera Young and Muriel Hanna.

Although the girls were terribly disappointed that some of the horrible rumors did not materialize, we hereby promise to initiate them "properly" when they come to camp next summer.

AND SHE WAS!

First Senior: Why don't you kids want to go to the Oak Tree? Elvira's the only one of you who has any sense.

Second Senior: You're right; Elvira is the only one who has any cents. That's why we can't go.

ENTITY NOTES.

The "Entities" are so fond of each other (and of themselves) that they welcome opportunities to meet together on the slightest pretenses.

Lillian Borreson entertained us at her house the day after New Year's. We had a little purpose for meeting, which we are too bashful (?) to confess; but you may discover it sometime if we ever do anything extraordinary. We were very sorry that Miss Hubman could not come. However, we enjoyed ourselves as only Entities can, playing our ukuleles and talking—perhaps I should say gossiping. We all four possess very smooth tongues, and between Lil and Winnie we discussed everything imaginable—from our report cards, even to who our successors should be. (By the way, Juniors, you had better be converting yourselves into little Mildred Jaynses, Winnie Hugheses, Lillian Borresons and Helen Jacksons—if an H. J. could ever be little—if you wish to become Entities; for you know, each Entity chooses as her successor the Junior girl who is most like her—no offense intended toward the girl.)

Before departing from Lillian's we feasted upon delicious cake of Lillian's own making, ice cream, cookies, cocoa and candy. (What appetites these Entities have!)

Sometime we Entities intend to live up to our name. At present we are trying to decide in what manner it shall be.

Entity Number Two.

THE ORCHESTRA.

Under the leadership of Mr. Pepinsky the orchestra is progressing very fast. All the members are working hard in order to be able to play at the next assembly. We hope in the future to be able to play at all the assemblies so that the school may know just how we are getting along. We have in the orchestra at present, eight violins, a cello, a cornet, and a drum. In loyalty to the school all those gifted with musical ability should come out, and help make our orchestra the best school orchestra in the Twin Cities.

GLEE CLUB DIRGE.

After several valiant attempts to form a respectable Glee Club among the girls, Mr. Giddings has decided that there is some truth in the club's favorite "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs." Mr. Giddings hopes that at sometime the few chosen songstresses of the school will appreciate the honor conferred upon them sufficiently to muster a little enthusiasm towards singing. Then, and then only, can we have a successful Glee Club.

Amen.



RECENT MOVIES PASSED BY THE U. H. S. BOARD OF
SENSELESS-SHIP.

"The Virtuous Vamp".....	Ruth Hicks
"The Bad Boy".....	Jason Bass
"The Commanding Officer".....	Bill Henderson
"The Miracle Man".....	Monroe Strickler
"Twenty-Three and One-Half Hours' Leave".....	Christmas Vacation
"Out of the Fog".....	Graduation
"The Precious Packet".....	Our Diplomas
"A Dog's Life".....	School
"The Misleading Lady".....	Eleanor Staples
"The Hoodlum".....	Marion Sardeson
"Daddy Long Legs".....	Philip Anderson

Katherine is a little Hall
 With room inside for each and all.
 Sara never has the Price
 So sometimes takes to shooting dice.
 Margaret is too Sweet for words
 People 'round her in great herds.
 "Tice" has often tried to Match It
 But now decides it's time to patch it.
 Jason caught a little Bass
 But still is angling for a lass.

Who are the W. W.'s—"Watchful Waiters?"
 No, this isn't a conundrum; it's just a matter of general intelligence. Just be observant and you'll discover who they are.

BY WAY OF VALENTINES TO OUR ILLUSTRIOUS
FACULTY WE WILL SEND TO:

W. D. Reeve, a pair of opera glasses for himself and the Hi Y. club for use in their frequent visits to the Orpheum.

F. M. Morehouse, a replica of the interior of the Arcadia for the purpose of assisting the study of ancient architecture.

S. R. Powers, ground and elevation plans showing how the still in Room 8 may be altered for more practical purposes.

M. B. Denneen, a tombstone and a bouquet of Swiss chard to put on Virgil's grave.

May Holt, a bale of hay to sustain certain ponies in her class.

R. B. Inglis, a pair of sandals for Lady Macbeth to wear when she walks in her sleep.

W. S. Miller, our broken hearts which have been torn asunder by the numerous white slips.

S. I. Flemming, a standing invitation to the Oak Tree which will include Laura Elder and Marguerite Robinson.

Sherman Dickinson, an incubator wherein his agriculture students may hatch out their immature ideas on the subject.

W. R. Smith, one of his own examinations in Math. III. There shall be a two week time limit and all dictionaries and encyclopedias may be used. Mr. Smith's answers and also the correct answers will be published in the March Breeze.

Miss Hubman, a joke book with which she may refresh her memory sufficiently to furnish an evening's entertainment for the Entities.

D. V. Smith, a permit to enter her room after four-thirty, thereby saving her many trials and tribulations and the extreme humility of **attempting** to borrow carfare from Miss Inglis.

L. E. Stockwell, a text complete in three volumes on "My Experiences as a Freshman Class Adviser," replete with helpful hints and suggestions by S. R. Powers.

FAMILIAR FIBS.

Ruth Edwards: I **know** I flunked. I didn't study a bit.

Miss DeBoer: I **never** heard such talking before.
Now in the freshman class—

Jack Eaton: I **studied**, Mr. Powers, but I can't seem to remember that formula.

Jason Bass: I wasn't talking, I didn't say a word.

Ethel Strickler: Yes'm, I was making up gym.

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

Ex.

SONGS TO BE HEARD AROUND "U" HIGH.

The Vamp.....	Margaret Payne
Lullaby Land.....	Jason Bass and Betty Erwin
Boy of Mine.....	Helen Jackson
Yellow Dog Blues.....	Heiny, Jim, Ori and Andy
Two-Lip Time.....	Bill Coffman
I'm Always Blowing Bubbles (In Chemistry),	Dorothy Kurtzman
Going Up.....	Everything but Marks
I Know What It Means to Be Lonesome.....	Lucille Brock
Dreamland Brings Memories of You.....	Dorothy Bowen
Tell Me.....	My Math. Assignment
Tell Me Why.....	Andy and Cotie
My Gal.....	Phyllis Clemetson
Your Eyes Have Told Me So.....	Louise Congdon
You'd Be Surprised.....	Milferd Jaynes
Freckles.....	Esther Bullis
Baby.....	Eleanor Stoples
Wait Till You Get 'Em Up In the Air, Boys.....	Louis Tamborino
Farewell to Thee.....	Ann Coe
I Love You Truly.....	Hugo to Erma
I Want Sympathy.....	The School
I Want to Powder My Nose.....	All the Girls in the Locker Room
Please Don't Take My Lovin' Man Away.....	Ethel Strickler
He May Be Old, But He's Got Young Ideas.....	Monroe Strickler
All the World Will Be Jealous of Me.....	All Those Who Get A's
They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me.....	Dan Finkelstein
I Want a Daddy to Rock Me to Sleep.....	Elenore Clure
Just a Wearyin' for You.....	Francis McLean for Ed
Waiting.....	For the Noon Bell
The Road to Home, Sweet Home.....	Everyone at 3:10

LIVES OF GREAT MEN OFT REMIND US!

Robert Tyrol.....	Diogenes
Chesty Posey.....	Julius Caesar
Paul Tambornino.....	St. Patrick
Francis Colgrove.....	Don Quixote
Rowland Moulton.....	King Arthur
Bill and Hugo.....	Katzenjammer Kids
Rollin Posey.....	Wee Willie Winkie
Eugene Young.....	Andy Gump

"Your teeth are like the stars—"
 The maiden's face grew bright.
 "Your teeth are like the stars,
 They all come out at night."

Ex.

DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT—

American History and Henderson aren't so hard after all?
 Young Moulton likes to show off his blouses?
 Snow baths are healthy?
 Our weekly assemblies are minus quantities?
 "Old Black Joe" is a popular (?) song?
 We have an orchestra?
 The J. S. is not far away?
 F. M. thinks it funny to yell out "whoops?"
 Locker slips are a great asset to hungry students?
 The collar Looney wears Monday, has to last all week.
 Milferd Jaynes is not crazy but just in love?
 The "Cooties" lunch is composed of twenty-four sandwiches and
 a half dozen apples daily; or that in a year, all the crumbs
 from sandwiches placed .0001 of an inch apart would stretch
 from here to Mendota starting from the Bahama Islands.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wanted: A cure for blushes—Andy Hislop.
 Wanted: Something to laugh at—Bill Coffman.
 Wanted: A few old one hundred dollar bills. Must be a
 bargain—Jack Eaton.
 Wanted: Some new ideas in hairdressing—Caroline Murray.
 Wanted: Someone to look over my cartoons. Applicant
 must have great sense of humor—Dorothy Kurtzman.
 Wanted: A companion to stay with me evenings.—Sis
 Brock.
 For Sale: A complete chemical outfit. Full equipment
 cheap—Chesley Posey.
 Wanted: Powder puffs for girls' locker room.
 Found: Difficulty in getting material for the Campus
 Breeze.
 Lost, Strayed or Stolen: A pair of false teeth.—Mugs Sweet.
 For Sale: Reeve's "Hot Stuff." The burning question.

The reason why the girlies say
 They canteloupe with me,
 Is just because they're peaches,
 And I'm a lemon, see?

Ex.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Ann Durand, '19, who is attending Cornell, is majoring in the domestic science. She has been pledged to the Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority and is business manager of the Women's Dramatic Association.

Elizabeth Young, '19, was a representative in the National Student Volunteers' division of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. conference held at Des Moines, Iowa. She has also been assisting the person who is in charge of the silent campaign being carried on by the W. S. G. A. in the University for the purpose of obtaining contributions for the proposed plan of making the Roosevelt home at Oyster Bay a permanent memorial.

Wilson Wells, '18, was also a representative at the conference.

Theodosia Burton, '19, is now attending the University of Michigan where her father will take up the position of President beginning next fall. She has gone before her family so as to have the novel experience of living away from home.

A SOLICITATION.

Alumni and former members of "U" High! Please notice the length, or rather, the brevity of this column! The alumni editor has been to as many as possible of you individually, but the answer seems to have become a formula with most of you: "Oh, I'm doing the same things I did last month!" or "Nothing unusual has happened since last month." Please hunt for something unusual to do or at least something that will make at least another line for this column! It wants to grow up and not remain stunted all its life!



EXCHANGE

The Gleam. Johnson High School, St. Paul.

An exceptionally fine paper and one that we are glad to welcome to our exchange list. The joke department is very good.

The Sauk Squawk. Sauk Rapids, Minn.

A very well edited paper. Your department entitled "School Prattle" is very interesting, but where is your exchange department?

The Whirlwind. Albany, Ore.

Your paper is very complete and interesting in that it covers articles and news of interest to outsiders as well as to the students. The society column is a very good feature.

The "E." Englewood High School, Chicago, Ill.

Your cover design is good, and your many fine cuts add a great deal to your paper. Your department entitled "Weeps" is very interesting, and original in its heading.

The Echo. Fairmont, Minn.

Your paper ranks among our best exchanges. It is very neat and has an exceptionally fine literary department. The cuts and department headings are very original, and make your paper more attractive.

"Pep." Bismarck, N. D.

We notice that there are cartoonists on your staff, but where are your cartoons? They would add greatly to your paper, also a story or two. However, your paper has improved wonderfully since we first established an exchange with you.

The Periscope. Dallas, Ore.

An Alumni department would improve your paper. The poem entitled "The Ol' School Paper" is fine.

Brookings School News. Brookings, S. D.

Although ads are essential to a paper, we would suggest, by way of improvement, that you make your other departments longer and more interesting, thus making them balance the number of ads.

The Poly Optimist. Los Angeles, Cal.

Our comment on your paper issued November fourth is entirely in its favor. It is a very snappy little paper displaying strongly your school spirit, and proves to be generally interesting.

The Crucible. Rochester, Minn.

Yours is the only paper on our exchange list that devotes a special department to "Junior High News." It is a splendid idea. Could you not ferret out a cartoonist among your students? A few cartoons would be a great addition to your paper.

The Matoskan. White Bear Lake, Minn.

A very interesting and well edited little paper. We think, however, that you could improve on your exchanges.

The Ah La Ha Sa. Albert Lea, Minn.

In your paper issued on November the twenty-eighth there is an editorial on "Discourtesy to Speakers." It is a splendid article and one well worth reading. We note in the closing paragraph of your paper a little poem asking the pupils to get more ads "To make the venture pay." Our advice to you would be "Be careful not to let your ads crowd out your school news and literary departments."

The Orient. East High School, Minneapolis.

The revival of the "Orient" adds another very interesting exchange to our list. Your column headed "The Safety Valve" seems to us a novel and necessary addition to a school paper. Complaints and suggestions which arise in the school find representation here, thus making the paper a real representative organ of the student body.

AS OTHERS SEE US.
The Campus Breeze. Minneapolis.

You have a good Literary Department, but it is rather large in proportion to your other departments.

Polaris, North High, Minneapolis.

The Campus Breeze. Minneapolis.

This is a new exchange and a good one. The literary department has a play, "Wandering Sheep," which is very interesting. We also enjoyed the poem, "The Spell of the Silent Lands."

The "M," Mechanics Arts, St. Paul.

The Campus Breeze.

"Interesting from cover to cover" is the verdict we can unhesitatingly give your magazine. The "Flunk Quartette Forevermore" is especially good.

The Lake Breeze, Sheboygan, Mich.



BIG VAUDEVILLE—"THE ROAD SHOW OF 1920,"
From the New York "WINTER GARBAGE."
Will Run Indefinitely and Simultaneously at Both Orpheums.

PROGRAMME.

—1—

U. H. S. ORCHESTRA—

Prologue—Missouri Waltz and Lohengrin's Wedding March.

1. Tindustpan.
2. Kippered Herring (Tipperary)

—2—

PORTER, TEPLY & CO

Mystery Sketch.

Watch the Sparks Fly in
"WIRELESS & WOMEN"

—3—

**"SIS" (Lucille) BROCK & THE ORIGINAL
 SLICKER SEXTETTE.**

Female Chorus: "Sis," "Petite," "Hic," "Jerry," "Erma" and
 "Mabel."

Catchy and Catty Phrases—A Most Nervy Bunch.

Introducing: "The Strongest Toreador Had Nothing on Us."
 A Decided Hit With the Truth in the Very Title.

—4—

William
HENDERSON

Catherine
HALL

Present

"IN THE GLOAMING"
 and other scenes.

—5—

ARCADIAN DANCERS

Featuring: "Dot" Bowen, Louise Hortvet and members of the
 Alumni.

WONDERFUL COSTUMES.

ADV.—"Flannel Shirts and Army Shoes Supplied by U. S. Army
 and Navy Store."

—6—

KANGAROO KOURT

"A Special Session"

Assisted by The Junior Jazz Band.

—7—

H. Miller, F. Moulton, Wm. Coffman.

HOT AIR VENDORS OF VERSE.

The Noteless Song: "I'm Forever Blowing Convection Currents"

—8—

PAIST'S SLAVE MARKET

With Mme. Sardeson as *PAPRIKA*, the dancing dancer.

Elaborate Scenery

By Nichols Co., Interior Desecraters.

—9—

Rex Jack

EATON & EATON, in

A Series of Pathetic Poses entitled:

"Coldfooting IT from St. Anthony to

Merriam and Backagain."

—10—

ORPHEUM RAVE ALONG WEAKLY.

1. Vye's Quartette—the Verdant Songsters from the Chicago Grand Slobbera.
2. Launching of Numerous Torpedoes at the U. H. S. Schoolyards.
3. Scenes of the bakery riots in which a gum machine was wrecked, and 14th Ave. in a dense fog.

WHICH IS YOUR MOTTO?

Any fellow and his money are soon parted on Fourteenth.

A penny saved is a penny for war tax.

A word to the "wise" is useless.

A bird in the bag is worth ten in the coop.

Studying is the thief of time.

Count not your chickens before the next morning.

He who laughs last, always gets caught.

The early bird has to wait for the same streetcar anyhow.

Let him that thinketh he stand take heed, lest he be pushed in the snowdrift.

The love of money is the root of the evil of "ducking the con."

The early bird in the office gets his excuse the easiest.

Climb not the stairs, holding your books too easily, lest the fall be great.

A stitch in time saved mine.

Birds of a feather flock to the oak tree.

Early to bed and late to rise makes the faculty healthy, stealthy and much too wise.

Don't cry over spilt books; spill somebody else's.
 An ounce of bakery cake is worth a pound of alum and sand.
 Occasional study a day keeps the white slips away.
 To err is human, to make excuses, supine.
 Bluff, and the world bluffs with you; don't, and you flunk
 alone.

IN SOCIAL SCIENCE CLASS.

Miss Flemming: "Will somebody please explain what an agent is?"

Someone: "It's a third person acting just like a first."

Theodore: "Before we go any further, Miss Flemming, I want to ask if this kind of an agent has anything to do with catalytic agents that we study in Chemistry."

A student, endeavoring to explain a point in Social Science, is not making it very clear.

Miss Flemming: "Can't you make that a little clearer? I don't believe I understand you very well."

Student: "Why, Miss Flemming, don't you really understand?"

W. S.: "You're weakminded."

W. D.: "Why?"

W. S.: "Well, you have a cold in your head, and a cold always settles in the weakest spot."

BORROWED WIT.

All good boys love their sisters,
 But so good have I grown
 That I like other boys' sisters
 As well as my own.

Ex.

If in this sheet you see
 A joke or two, or even three
 That's aimed at you,
 Brace up; it's just a joke, you know,
 In fun, and in a week or so
 You'll not feel blue.

Ex.

Teacher: "I am good looking. What tense is that?"

Freshie: "Past."

The Spectator, Duluth, Minn.

Fat Lady: I would like to see a waist that would fit me, please.

Clerk: So would I, lady.

The Otaknam, Mankato, Minn.

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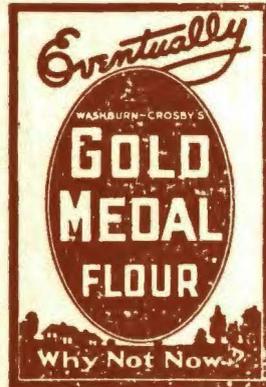
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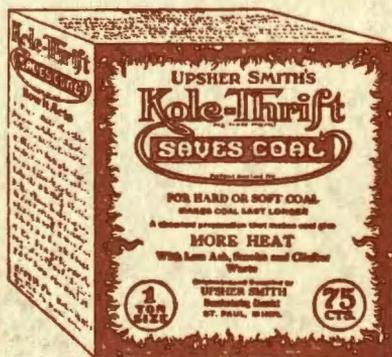
1405 University Avenue S. E.

For---Class Pins and Rings

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How to Save Coal!

Treat your coal with Kole-Thrift. Then notice the clean fine ashes and steady clear fire, which lasts longer with less attention.

Order a package from your druggist, grocer, hardware or department store, or call Midway 3698