

Miss  
Furkins  
says to link



The  
**CAMPUS  
BREEZE**



**APRIL, 1920**

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Notiss!

This hear foolish ishue iz respektfully dedicated too: Stephen Leacock, Gideon Wurdz and Joseph Miller, without hoose fulishnes we cud never hav got enuf original ideas two make thiis ishue such a howling sucess.

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# THE CAMPUS BREEZE

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Volume 2

April, 1920

Number 6

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## A Rare Rarebit

I rose at early morning  
As the sun was sinking fast  
The frogs were singing in their sleep  
The bull-bird croaked his last.

The cats were barking in the street  
A dog sang on the fence  
I flew into the Radisson  
And lunched for twenty cents.

I went into a butcher shop  
To buy a loaf of bread  
A camel singing in his cage  
Was standing on his head.

We took a trip down Broadway  
In a leaky topped pontoon  
The traffic cops were shooting dice  
The limit was the moon.

I went to stroll upon the beach  
And watch the people skate  
The wild waves whispered tenderly  
The dog-fish wooed his mate.

We went to sail upon a ship  
And ran into a tree  
The waves rushed in around me  
So I had my bath at three.

I strolled into a jewelry store  
To buy myself a collar  
The clerk was wearing pantalettes  
It made the baby holler.

I sat down on the counter  
And ordered oyster stew  
The man behind the bar looked up  
And yelled "near beer for two."

And when I die they'll bury me  
With roses at my feet  
And little angels telling me  
I "mustn't mind the heat."

## "U" High Daily Service

8:40 to 3:10

Processional:

"I want a tardy slip," by choir, with response by Mrs. Hickey:  
"Mr. Miller wants to see you after school at 3:15."

Silent prayer:

"Let her not call upon me for I am faint and weary."

Solo—by "Mugs." Sweet:

"I need thee every hour, my precious little excuse."

Sermon—by Mr. Miller.

"Let us all keep silent before the college classes and remember our lack of manners."

Prayer—by congregation:

"Preserve us from study period and keep us from absence and tardiness for ever and ever. Amen."

Offertory:

"I shall collect class dues in the morning," to the tune of  
"Come All Ye Faithful."

Hymn:

"There's a happy land where they have no school," by congregation.

Recessional:

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah! School is over for today."

Special notice: A meeting of the Ladies' Sewing Circle (alias the Man Haters' Club) will be held in the study hall directly after the service. An interesting program has been arranged.

## Thump!

Dreaming away, drifting away,  
To the mountains behind the beyond,  
To the wondrous palace of "Dreams Come True,"  
And the crystal wishing pond.

Dreaming away, sailing away,  
Over the mystic sea,  
Straight through the sky to the other side  
And the end of infinity.

Oh dreaming away, drifting along,  
Who'll come along with me—

\* \* \* \* \*

"Wake up, you nut! he called your name  
"For theorem twenty-three."

—ALICE HICKEY.

## Senior Maximum Non-essentials

University High School

Year, 43,000 A. D.

### I. Spelling:

All words must be misspelled correctly and a short definition of less than 15,000 words, written in Roman numerals.

1. Machiavellianism.
2. Exophthalmos.
3. Xylographical.
4. Zygophyllaceous.
5. Cat.

### II. Pronunciation:

An autobiography of one of the following, written in ink, giving the correct pronunciation, enunciation, and denunciation of each of the improper names in the list.

1. Bunyan P. Laster.
2. Shakes Beer.
3. Great Scott.
4. Carlyle Hose.
5. Oyster B. Shelley.

### III. Debates:

Each student will be required to give a solitaire debate in the Agriculture Assembly on the subject: Resolved, that a seventeenth-century seat in the Orpheum "gods," with a pair of field glasses is more beneficial to the "Hi-Y" than a \$2.20 seat in the bald-headed row.

### IV. Grammar:

Use the following famous English quotations in sentences expressing candidly your opinion of English Literature.

1. Oh, boy!
2. Buh leeve muh!
3. I'll say she does!
4. Fer tha luva Mike!
5. Good night!

### V. Compositions:

1. A detailed account of the thrills and quivers experienced upon entrance to the office at 8:41 A. M.

2. A contribution acceptable to the foolish number of the *Campus Whirlwind*. (No portraits nor autobiographies acceptable.)

### VI. Letters:

Each student will be expected to furnish his own stamps.

1. Business letters:

(a)—A letter of inquiry from your mother to Mr. Miller, asking him what time school lets out at 3:15.

(b)—A letter giving a full explanation of the value of each question in any one of the recent mental tests and how they rate the general debility and uncommon sense of our high school students.

(c)—A sales letter from Cluett, Peabody & Co. giving a logical and persuasive argument why Helen Jackson should wear a high stiff collar on all state occasions, including odd sock and tie days, and the Junior-Senior.

2. Letter of congratulation:

A short snappy letter congratulating the orchestra on the howling success of their latest production, the toy symphony.

3. Formal invitation:

One only correct formal invitation to attend the "stag" football banquet. Evening dresses will be worn (by the faculty).

4. Formal acceptance:

A formal acceptance to an invitation to join the Man Haters' Club, expressing a strong desire to be present at an informal toboggan party to be given by Miss Marion Sardeson at her home in the immediate future. The letter should contain all necessary qualifications of the aspirant.

5. Regrets:

Letters of regrets may be written for senior parties, staff meetings, study period, etc.

VII. Oral Work:

All oral compositions must be in ink and on one side of the paper only.

1. A three-minute talk on the use of Chinese birds' nests and their value in calories in the nitrogen bicycle.

2. A lecture (time limit three hours) on English history as it is presented in Gullibles Travels.

3. An announcement in assembly stating that school will be dismissed for the afternoon to attend the funeral of St. Patrick.

N. B.—Special reading notes must be taken on Mr. Miller's rebuttal.

VIII. Book Reports:

Book reports will be due every Monday morning and turned in every Tuesday at 4:30 on one of the following:

1. Little Lord Fountleroy.

2. Crossing the Bar.

3. Sesame and His Willies.

4. The Passing of the First Floor Front.

5. Ten Nights in a Tea Room.

IX. Memorization:

Memorization of four hundred lines from Lincoln's "Guess the Berg" speech and an epitaph written in a country barnyard.

The performance of an Irish jig at the Senior Vaudeville may be substituted for this requirement.

X. The last and only further requirement is that you receive a passing grade for four or five years (as the case may be) and have successfully weathered the preceding storm. If so, you are eligible for that great big diploma.



## A Spasmodic Timepiece

Carl Langland.

Spekks was thinking. It was not a common occurrence to catch Spekks when he was thinking, but when you have known him as long as I have, you will know that when he is thinking, he is not using his head merely as a finisher for his neck. When Spekks thinks he just squints up his eyes, wrinkles his nose and forehead, and when he begins to think real hard, he starts to wear out his ears by pulling them with his hands. Now, that was what he was doing this sultry spring afternoon at school. His geography was open before him just like mine, but I knew he wasn't learning the boundaries of Italy. He would look at the clock and then go after his ears harder than ever, then he would smile, and then think again. Of course, I was starting to get impatient myself, and was wondering what was on his mind, but I didn't dare let on because if I did old Crabbie would come for me for loafing in school, and anyhow I know Spekks would tell me when he was ready.

Come to think of it, I suppose you are strangers to Greenville, and so don't know Spekks and old Crabbie, our teacher, and Cy Smith, our marshal, and Sam Winnie, who runs the Greenville Blare, our paper, where all us kids go and set type whenever we want to. Well, Spekks is our neighbor and is a thin, long legged fellow. His real name is Archibald Rutherford Simpson, but we all call him Spekks, because that name just naturally seems to suit him best. He is kind of daft about electricity and has a whole room full of electric junk, which he is always monkeying with. Claims he is going to be an inventor. Well, old Crabbie is our teacher. He's only about seventy years old and is a thin dried-up little fellow, kind of sneaky like and mean as a mad hornet. In school he will go out of the room and then come catfooting back to catch the first one what looks up from his studies, and then when he catches him he will pinch. You can't imagine what a painful pincher he is.

Well, after school, I waited around for Spekks, and when he came out, I says:

"Well, what is it?"

He looks at me kind of surprised, and says back:

"What is what?"

"Please don't try to look innocent. I saw you were *thinking* this afternoon."

"Well, what of it," he says, "Can't a fellow think once in a while without getting jumped for it?"

I could see that he wasn't ready to tell me yet, so I closed up and started for home. When I was about half a block away he yelled for me to come back, and of course I did.

"Don't tell nobody," was what he said.

"Certainly not," I answered him. Anyway that's just like him, to make a fellow run back half a block to learn that he shouldn't tell anybody something he doesn't know himself.

After supper, about eight, I was reading the "Police Patrol," when here comes Spekks and says:

"I want you to help me a little tonight."

"I'm busy, ain't I?" I replies.

"All right, s'long," he says, and started to go.

That's Spekks all over, just as independent as he can be. Of course I knew he was going to tell me, so I had to get down off my high horse and go with him.

"I thought you'd come," says Spekks, and I didn't say anything.

We went straight to his house, and around by the back he had a good sized wooden box standing. It was too dark to see what was in it, but I could see a lot of wire and other electrical stuff.

"Help me carry this junk," was all he said.

"Where to?"

"The school house. I have planned a little surprise for old Crabbie, and you and me are going to spring it on him. We will get it ready tonight."

Of course I was willing to help carry the stuff, and we started down the alley and went across lots and around behind the old livery barn and then around to the school house so nobody would see us. When we got there Spekks opened the coal chute window and says:

"Go on in."

I didn't want to be called a piker, and although I didn't like it, I went in. Gee, it was dark, just a little light coming in through the window. Suddenly that got dark, and I started to yell, and then heard Spekks whisper: "For the love of Pete, shut up and grab ahold of this box."

I got a-hold and pulled it in, and then here in come Spekks. He reached in his pocket and pulled out a searchlight and flashed it around.

"Let's go up to our room," he says. "You take the box."

I answered with "Yes, I'm the goat, Baa, Baa."

That made him sore and he grabbed the box and carried it himself while I followed after. We went up in our school room, and he set the box down and then went out. I could hear him go down to the engine room and then pretty soon I heard the click of the fuse box door. I guess that's what it's called, and then pretty soon here back he comes.

"Shutting off the juice," I thought. "Now, I wonder what he is going to do."

He was acting kind of sore, so I didn't say nothing, but I could see that he liked to have somebody around so that he wouldn't be alone, so I thought I would stick. I decided I wouldn't talk to him until he got over his spunky feeling, so I just stood around and watched him while he worked.

First he took down the two flower pots that stand on each side of the clock on the shelf. These stood on two empty chalk boxes, which were painted to look nice, and he took them down also. Then he dug around in his box and found a couple of coils, and he wired them up, one in each box. Then he set the boxes back on the shelf and connected the coils up with some fine insulated wire. He stuck this wire under a crack in the top blackboard molding, and run it along to the window. There he run it up, and then dug a little hole through the ceiling, right in the corner, and stuck the wire through. He stuck

another wire through and run this down the edge to the table where we keep our reference books. Then he run a wire from this table to the clock shelf. He worked a long time to hide these wires, and he put a double acting quick throw switch under the table, and then put the flower pots back. Everything looked just the same as before. A feller could look right at where the wires was, and he wouldn't suspect that there was any. Oh, yes, Spekks is a good worker all right. Then Spekks started up the garret ladder out in the hall, and, of course, I followed him. There he found those wires he had stuck through the ceiling and connected them to the electric light wires. We went down again and he went down and turned on the light switch in the engine room, and then said, "Let's go home."

"All right, I'm game," I said.

We had just got outside through the coal chute, when he says: "Shucks, I've forgotten my cap. Wait for me," and before I could answer he had gone back in and was running up the stairs. I waited and pretty soon he come back again, and crawled out and closed the coal chute window and said: "Let's go and have some ice cream."

I could see that he wasn't sore any more, so I said: "All right, let's. But, say, what is all this foolishment you did tonight for?"

"You'll see when it's time," he says. "But, say, keep this real dark, will you, and whatever happens in school, don't pay any attention to it."

Of course, I was crazy to know, but I know it doesn't pay to tease, for when Spekks takes a streak like this, he won't say anything until he gets good and ready, no matter how much I ask him. Well, we went down to the drugstore and he set me up to an ice cream, and then he went home.

The next day was about the longest day I spent in school. I waited all day for something to happen; either the clock was going to be blown up, or it would fall over on old Crabbie or something like that was going to happen. Everything was as usual in the forenoon, only old Crabbie was madder than ever, and during the afternoon, I was getting all excited as the time went by, and nothing happened, and I kept waiting and waiting and all of a sudden it was four o'clock, and school was let out.

"Didn't it work?" I asked Spekks as soon as I could get him away from the bunch.

Course he had to pretend he didn't know what I was talking about, so he says:

"Didn't what work?"

"You know what I mean, what you fixed up last night."

"Oh that! Shucks, you don't think I would run it yet do you. I've gotta wait until a lot of dust settles over those wires. And say, I'll run it when I get ready, you don't need to tell me when."

I knew he wasn't mad, but he likes to do things his own way, and so I shut up, and started to talk about a fishing trip we were planning for Saturday. We kept talking about it until we got to our house, and there I turned in and started for my chores, while he went on home. That night I wondered a lot about his wires and everything, and tried to figure out what his plan was, but I couldn't make much sense out of

it, and that night I dreamt that during geography the clock blew up, and blew old Crabbie clear out of the window, and all of us kids along, and I awoke just as I was lighting, and found myself on the floor.

Spekks didn't do anything with his rig-a-ma-jig all week. On Saturday we went fishing, and he didn't even mention it all day. I didn't say anything about it, because I knew it wouldn't help, but we had a lot of fun anyway, even if I didn't find out what the plan was. All next week went by, and still Spekks hadn't made his outfit go off. I was beginning to think he had forgotten all about it, and so on Friday as we were going home I said:

"Spekks, have you forgotten that machine of yours in the school house?"

"No, I haven't," was his only reply, so I says:

"Well, when are you gonna work it?"

"I don't know for sure," he said, "but I think I can start next week."

I guess I told you a little about old Crabbie already, but I want to tell you a few things more. His full name was Daniel Webster Crabb; that's one reason we all call him Crabbie. Mr. Crabb has all kinds of funny notions and he has heaps of books telling all about these crazy ideas. Whenever he gets a new idea in his head he buys all the books ever printed about it, and while we are studying, he will sit up in front and read those old books. He never wants to tell us what these things are; he says they are too deep for us to ever understand. Course we make a lot of fun of these things, and then he gets terribly mad. The latest thing he had on his brains was ghosts.

Yes, sir, ghosts. He has stacks and stacks of books about spooks and spirits and ghosts and all sorts of these things, and claims that these ghosts can do lots of things, talk to people with some secret system of tipping over a table or something. He claims that once when he was in the cities he visited what he called a medium, not just one way or the other, but kind of half way, I guess, and there he talked with his grandfather's ghost. We fellers never believed him, and used to tease him about it a lot, and then he would get sore and tell us that some day we would be sorry, because he would prove to us that there was ghosts.

Monday morning Spekks came to school quite early, and instead of waiting in the yard, went right in. Of course I followed, and pretty soon all the fellers came in. After Spekks had taken off his hat and coat he went in and went right up to old Crabbie's desk, where old Crabbie was sitting with his nose in one of his ghost books, and said:

"Mr. Crabb, will you do me a great favour?"

Old Crabbie looked up and started to say no, when Spekks continued:

"I know you are interested in spirits, Mr. Crabb, and so am I, and I think the rest of the fellows would be if they could understand it."

"What do you know about the science of Spiritualism?"

"Well, I don't know very much about it, but I read an article in a magazine that I found in my father's office, and it kind of interested me."

"Let me see the article."

"It is written by Sir Oliver Lodge, an Englishman, I think," said

Spekks and he pulled out a piece of paper from his pocket and gave it to old Crabbie.

Crabbie took it and started to read it to himself, and pretty soon he got so interested that he forgot all about ringing the bell, and we didn't start school till ten minutes late, after he had finished reading the piece. School went on as usual until recess, and then Crabbie asked Spekks to stay, and Spekks told me to stay, so I did.

"That is a very good article," said Crabbie. "What do you want me to do with it to interest you in Spiritualism?"

Spekks answered, "Well, I became interested because that was written so simple that I could understand it, and so I was interested, and I just wondered if you couldn't read it to the class this afternoon during our study period."

"Um, well, maybe so, we'll see," was all Crabbie said. Then, "You may go," and he went back to his desk and opened one of his books and started to read, so we went out.

"Spekks, do you think he will read that humbug you asked him to?" I asked as we were coming back to school after eating dinner.

"It's hard to tell, but I hope he will."

"Well, say, when did you become interested in that stuff?"

"Oh, just a couple of weeks ago."

"What's the big idea, anyway?"

"You will see, if he reads that paper this afternoon," he says. "But, no matter what happens, remember you don't know a thing about it."

"Oh, I'll remember that alright," I answered him, "you wouldn't think I could forget very easily, do you?"

Of course the time was awfully long until our study hour, but two o'clock came at last, and just as we had started studying, and I had given up hope of having old Crabbie read that paper, he stood up behind his desk, and cleared out his throat with a loud gurgle.

"I have here an article handed me by Archibald Simpson, with the request that I read it for you," he started out. "It is an article on Spiritualism, which you know I am deeply interested in, which he found in a magazine, and which is so simply written that he could understand it, and he says he has become interested in the subject, and wants to see if it would interest the rest of you, so I have determined to read it."

Then he started to read. Every once in a while he would stop and put in something about himself, when he talked to his grandfather's ghost that time, or what a great medium he thought he would be if he could ever get in the right frame of mind to talk with the ghosts.

"Very often," he went on reading, "people who are deeply interested in spiritualism interest the spirits. In one or two cases I have noticed a departed spirit would come to the place of abode or business of the party it was interested in, and at some certain hour of the day it would perform some certain thing, such as lifting a table or causing a clock to strike a certain number of times."

"I believe that is so, absolutely," said Crabbie, "but I shall read: 'This performance is repeated every day at the same hour of the clock, whenever the person is at his usual place. It is continued until the

person gets in touch with the spirit, or if the person does not heed these signals, it has been noticed that some calamity would befall the person.”

Here Crabbie stopped again. He looked up from his paper, and then said.

“I have often wondered why some such thing as is described in this paper hasn’t befallen me. I am deeply interested in the subject, and have even felt that my poor grandfather’s ghost would like to establish communications with me independently of any med——”

He never finished his sentence for just then a loud bang or shot was heard right above him. We all looked, and saw the pendulum of the clock was sticking to the side of the case! While we were watching it, it suddenly swung to the other side so fast that it made another bang, just like the first. Everything was so quiet you could have heard a feather drop. Then the pendulum swung down kind of easy and started to swinging natural. It was just eighteen minutes after three, when this happened. I looked around and everybody was pale and scared looking. I looked at old Crabbie, and he was sitting in his chair, his mouth half open, his eyes wide open and scared looking, and his face as white as a sheet of paper. A fellow kind of laughed, and a girl started to cry. Sophie Jones set across from me, and she was white as could be and her teeth were chattering. I could feel myself getting colder, and kind of sick, and looked at Spekks. He was laying with his head in his arms on his desk.

It certainly was awful. Pretty soon Crabbie moved, and then a girl screamed out as loud as she could:

“Answer him, speak to the ghost, Oh!——for goodness sake, talk to him.”

(To be continued in May number.)

## A Phish Tail

James stood sitting in the hot sunshine, intently gazing with both eyes shut, into the ocean behind him. His mind being made up, he rolled over on his back, and leaving the cool shadow in which he had been sleeping, he started down hill for the house. It was a long easy descent, and when he arrived at the top he was completely exhausted. Being freshened by his climb, he hastened slowly from the house, and entering stealthily, he slammed the door behind, creeping along inside on tiptoe, making all the noise possible. He first went to the pantry, filled his pockets with bait, climbed down the ladder that led up to his room, there he placed his rowboat in his vest pocket, and went out to the porch, up the front steps, and down to the lake. Unlocking his lunch from the pier, he took a seat, and rowed for shore.

As he approached farther away from his objective, he became impatient, and dropping the anchor, thereby hastening his progress, he found that more speed was possible with one oar. Throwing both oars into the water, he rowed with the second one until he arrived at the chosen spot, a mile from shore, where the cool shadow left by the trees made camping a pleasure. He threw his lunch overboard and started to fish. The first fish he caught was a turtle,

and as he took it from the hook, his fingers became tangled in its fur, but after he got them loose, he threw the turtle behind him into the boat, where it made a loud splash as it struck the shore. In taking the next fish from the hook, it kicked so hard that he was nearly pushed overboard, but with a great presence of mind he kept his head above water until an oar drifted near him, when he climbed aboard and resumed his sport. Becoming hungry, he laid his lunch under the seat in the bow of the boat, and ate with a relish, while amusing himself playing an accordion, which he discovered behind a large rock.

After his meal he quit fishing entirely. He had no fishing tackle, so taking his shoe string for a hook and an oar for a line, he improvised splendid tackle. Then he stole a piece of meat from his lunch, baited his set of hooks with a dill pickle, and waited for a bite. The fish were biting splendidly and after waiting several hours without even a nibble, he became intensely interested in the exciting sport. Forgetting himself, he cast his bait into the bottom of the boat, where it made a hole. The water started to leak into the boat, and as he sat on the top of a wave and watched the boat fill up, he could feel himself sinking, until suddenly he was on dry land, the water of the lake having all entered the boat. Throwing his lunch over his shoulder, he started for his home three miles away, and arriving there five minutes later, he sat down in a chair, and wiping the sweat from his brow, said, "Never again."

—SIMM PELLSIMONN.

### The Romance of the Egg

"The rooster now with burstin throat  
Proclaims the rozy morn,  
And cacklin hens iz tellin us  
Another egg iz born."—*Josh Billings.*

In a discussion of this nature it is customary to lay an historical background for the subject at hand and we will therefore attempt to bring forth all the historical data available and thus lay a foundation for our theme.

Of course the first vital problem which confronts historians and philosophers alike is the origin of the subject. Is the hen the mother of the egg or is the egg the mother of the hen? This question might have been settled for all time if the ancient and venerable Noah had recorded in the log book of the Ark whether he carried two eggs or a hen and her mate, the rooster. We do not know whether it was Noah's failure to make this entry or the mere fact that the log book has never been found. But at any rate the eternal question comes down to us today no nearer solution than it was four thousand years ago.

However this may be we are certain that eggs existed at a very early date in history, as this is often proved to us by certain specimens which we receive from our grocer.

As to historical value, was it not the egg which convinced Columbus that the world was round and so made possible the dis-

covery of America? And was it not this discovery that founded a nation which could make the world safe for Democrats? Surely such an object is worthy of our earnest consideration.

Let us now consider for a moment the lowly hen, the mother and yet the daughter of the egg. The hen is solemn, so solemn in fact that she never creates any disturbance except when her great pride in the production of the egg overcomes her solemn dignity and she loudly proclaims her accomplishment that the whole world may know and appreciate it. Surely this pride in her masterpiece is justly due although that old patriarch, the rooster, generally accompanies her proclamation in a clarion note, claiming all the credit for the egg. However, this is a universal male characteristic and so it may be passed over without special comment and all due credit be accorded the weaker sex. The rooster is not the only usurper of the hen's pride and glory, for once a year we find the Easter rabbit, having covered the egg with camouflage and hidden it in conspicuous places about the house, claiming it for her own.

And yet our dignified hen has a great deficiency. It is hen sense, not mere college education but a kind of intelligence commonly known as horse sense. Will she not set for days at a time on a china egg or even a brick bat or an old door knob with a sublime faith in the final outcome?

She has never been known to accept the old adage which was especially created for her, "Do not calculate upon your juvenile poultry before the proper process of incubation has been fully materialized." Here science steps in with our friend the incubator. We have heard no claim that the incubator is more able to distinguish china eggs, brick bats and old door knobs from the genuine article and yet science claims it shall supersede the valiant hen. But wait! The incubator may mother the eggs and hatch the chickens but can it or any other invention of science ever produce the egg? And then, too, imagine the predicament of a whole brood of poor little chicks running around and calling an old wooden box with a kerosene lamp "Mother!"

Eggs are liquid and who will not say that the egg-nog has come into its own, though minus its famous kick, since the July thirst?

Last but not least in any sense of the word, eggs, especially ripe varieties of the fruit, are an invaluable asset to drama fans, who can express by these means in a most striking way their approval(?) of the entertainers.

All such serious discussions as this should conclude with a bit of near humor, or as near to it as the author is able to come, so as to lighten the reader's frame of mind and leave him in good spirits if the government agents have not yet confiscated them all. We will therefore conclude with a fitting example of the lowest order of humor, the "pun,"

"Why is a chicken coop like unto a Ford?"

"Because it's a Hennerly" (Henry).

—LAWRENCE B. PAIST.



## Miraculous LXI

### Going Davy Jones "One Better"

1. Better a clean locker and neatness therein than a locker full of "junk" and old rubbish.

2. Verily I say unto thee, if thou hast not a tidy locker, straightway get thee hence from mine eyes.

3. For a child of such indiscretion leadeth herself into the paths of the ungodly and in ways that are not good.

4. She enticeth her neighbor and leadeth her from the path of the virtuous, for an untidy locker is an eyesore.

5. Yea, verily, a clean locker is a godsend and a great joy to all that do behold it, even unto the eye of the janitress.

6. Hark, sister, to the words of a prudent Senior and restore thy locker to great beauty and thou shall be glorified.

7. And thou may'st put a knife to my throat if I speak aught but the truth.

8. Get thee hence into the locker room and prostrate thyself before thy locker.

9. Be ye of good faith, my sister, and fear not, for thine eyes shall behold strange sights. Yea, verily! So I say unto you.

10. Old rubbers, swimming caps and old hose—cast ye them out for ye need them not.

11. If thou faintest at sight of *these* things, thy strength is not great.

12. For ye shall find stale fruit, dry sandwiches, gloves, dirty middies, and hose without number. Even unto those of many hues. Yea, relics of the "Vaudeville" and the Christmas Party.

13. Sister, I beseech thee, cast ye them out.

14. Even unto epistles of ardent lovers; I beseech thee, cast ye them straightway into the waste basket for they will avail nothing but evil.

15. They are as a penny to the starving or as out-dated excuses to Miss Inglis.

16. Verily, I beseech thee, bring forth all thy rubbish and offer it upon the altar of the God Waste Basket.

17. Return ye, oh sister, and behold that which has come to pass, for thy locker has once more become a delight to the eye.

18. And lo every one shall rise up and call thee blessed.

Selah!

—W. EUNICE HUGHES.

### Just Hanging Around Now

"I understand Bill is all up in the air?"

"Yes, he was suspended from school yesterday."

## On Public Speaking

James had determined to master his speech and thereby be able to speak at a formal "U Club" stag party without knocking his knees. He had been assigned a special topic to speak on. Not being the best of public speakers, James studied industriously to safeguard his report from being printed in the joke column of the school paper.

The fatal day arrived, with James slicked-up, ready to spring his masterpiece. A few mothers had assembled in the rear of the room with some faculty members to hear the program which had been arranged.

The first number on the program was a fancy dance by Sandy Ann Hisfeet. Sandy was garbed in Grecian costume, which included very few garments. The feat (or feet) would have made a centipede jealous. The dance proceeded neatly until the end, wherein it drew to a hot finish. When bowing to the audience he neglected the radiator and received a warm reception. To be specific, Sandy had felt the need of a higher position in life.

James, upon hearing the applause awarded to Sandy, thought the audience poor judges of merit and he became certain that they would raise the roof when they heard his report on "Education." James' number on the program was the limit, *i. e.*, the last number. All during the program he had reviewed his notes and now felt doubly sure of his success. His number was called. James took a defying look at the audience and a hopeful one at his notes. He started:

"My friends (he hoped), the school work is the bulhouse of civilization, I mean—ah——" He already heard the echo of his knees.

"The bulhouse is the school work of civ——"

A smile could be felt.

"The workhouse is the bulschool of——"

He then determined to look at Bo Han no longer.

"The schoolbul is the house work——"

He decided he ought to settle down in order to settle up his mistakes.

"The bulschool——"

Knowing that he knew enough to pound rats down a sand hole, he decided to make a fresh start. Whereupon he mopped his brow and commenced:

"The schoolhouse, my friends——" A sigh of relief went up and James gazed serenely around, the light of triumphant self-confidence enthroned on his face.

"——is the woolbark of civilization."

And that is why James nevermore speaks at "U Club" parties.

J. EATON.

### A Hold Up

Mr. Powers (on blue Monday): "How would you define nitrates and nitrides?"

F. C.: "A nite rate is what you pay for a nite ride."

## The Soft Ice Company, Inc.

412 Celestial Way, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. John Dough,  
13 Wood Alcohol Ave.

Dear Madam:

As sole representative of this city for the Soft Ice Company, in order to promote the general welfare, better the public health and insure domestic tranquillity in your home, I would like to interest you in the use of our latest product, the soft ice. This ice is prepared in our chemical laboratories and is, in general, a heterogeneous, homologous conglomeration of amorphous molecules in a high state of crystallization and comprised chiefly of water. It is far superior in quality, morals and dew-point, to any of its competitors, orange or pineapple ice.

The ice is made from the purest distilled water which has been denatured and pasteurized by an expert chemist and is certified not to contain more than one-half per cent hair tonic.

It carries an iron-clad guarantee which will keep it from melting for over three months, thus making it last all summer. The outstanding feature of our ice is its velvety softness and vibrant elasticity. These features combined with its untarnishable reputation prevent it from injuring the feelings of the most fastidious ice box.

The cost of the ice is trifling, being ten dollars (\$10) per hundred (100) pounds, with a war tax of three cents (3c) per kilogram. I am enclosing a sample in this letter and if Mr. Burleson so deigns and the railway brotherhoods do not "walk out" for an airing to try to get the moon, I trust it will reach you in good condition about next summer. Trusting you will soon become one of our regular customers, I remain,

Yours until the sample melts,

JOHN D. CARNEGIE, *Solicitor.*

### Choice Sentences from Soph. Compositions

"... and he carried him across the street from where the fire was, and when he was standing there, his wife came and got right down on her knees and kissed the man who had rescued her husband's feet."

"He is neither blind in the right eye nor the left."

"She rose, blushing from her knees."

"The hero of the book's name is Theodore."

"He went strolling down the lane with a smile."

"He was kept after school for throwing snowballs almost an hour."

"Uncle Henry started out to feed the cows with an umbrella."

"These lines were written nearly fifty years ago by one who has for several years lain in his grave for his own amusement."

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# The Campus Breeze

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## EDITORIALS

### Seeing Red

Red! That little word of only three letters. One of the shortest and yet the most significant words in our great Anglo-American vocabulary. *Red* is the deep hue of the stripes of our glorious flag which perpetuates the memory of the noble blood which has been poured out for it upon the fields of battle. Why, it was even red which in the good old days was ever on the palette of the strong red-blooded and often red-headed fathers of our country, when at their country taverns they dabbled in the famous and delicate art of nose painting.

In historic Mexico and light-hearted Spain, red is the emblem of anger, used to infuriate the bulls. Now it is the Reds who infuriate all level-headed Americans with their line of "bull."

Red is the sign of warning, the danger signal on the dark and stormy night. And even as we meditate upon the fury, the anger and the danger of red we realize more forcibly than ever it is red

with which our beloved teachers decorate our monthly tokens, our report cards.

In the past, red has been an emblem of honor, of respect and devotion; but, alas, for the present, it has so degenerated that modern red stands for fury, hate, danger, bolshevism and report cards. Let us all, fellow citizens, strive toward that great ideal for the betterment of humanity. Let us restore our beloved "red" to its rightful place of honor and respect.

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### Athletic News

Our basketball season this year has been in such a minus quantity due to various circumstances that could not be overcome that there is little that can be said for this season and only to hope for better results next year.

However, the baseball season of this year is beginning to blossom in all its youth and beauty, and promises to be the fairest flower of them all. We are very much handicapped by the loss of Ed. Hunter and "Sam" Flannagan, both catchers of the best quality. But in spite of this seeming great handicap, we are going to make a big showing and one that we hope we can be proud of.

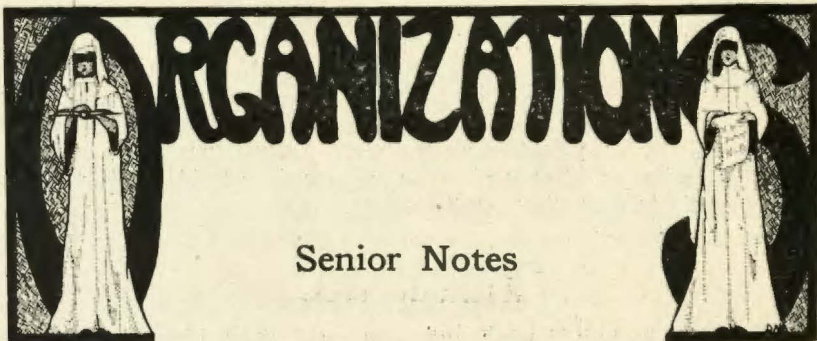
Owing to the seeming laziness, or inactivity, of "Old Sol" we have not been able to begin practice, but there seems every promise of his resuming operations in the immediate future.

Our first game is to be played with Shattuck Military Academy at Faribault on Saturday, April 17. We hope every one that possibly can will accompany the team to add their support. See Mr. Smith for accommodations and reservations.

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### Assemblies

Our "Athletics" assembly took place on Thursday, the 11th of March, at the Little Theater. The girls gave some amusing and entertaining games and dances. Then Mr. Smith told us how very unfortunate we are in not having a basketball team, but that the boys would show us what they can do when baseball season arrives. To show that they have not been altogether idle they performed some pyramid feats. We extend our most sincere sympathy to the boys who were on the bottom. Henry Brock always manages to get the highest place, therefore we predict that his future will be a very successful one. The next number was the awarding the letters to the football men, which, of course, was followed by cheers by the school. Letters were also awarded to the girls by Miss Schill for excellence in gymnasium work. It was announced that the Girl Scout basketball team was to play North High the following week and the school was appealed to for its loyal support. The assembly finally came to an end, as all good things must, and the students trooped back to seventh period with happy hearts.



## Senior Notes

The class meetings of the Senior Class this month have been the scenes of many battles. There have been arguments about the momentous question of a suitable class play. "The Gypsy Trail" has been chosen and rehearsals begun.

It seems an impossible thing to get all the busy and over-worked Seniors together long enough to have a regular class meeting. However, there are some faithful ones and the rest should follow their example. It was decided to have a Senior Class party the 13th of March. This certainly proves that we are not a superstitious class.

Another matter brought up was that of class pictures. Hugo informed the class that all pictures must be taken by Saturday, the 13th. Of course, at first everyone said it was an impossible request, but after giving it their earnest consideration for a few minutes, it appeared to be a very easy and plausible thing to do. It was decided that the class of "Nineteen" was too much for Sussman's poor camera, so we are endangering the life of Miller's camera instead. It is unnecessary to say that we hope to have some extremely fine pictures of our illustrious class.

On Saturday evening, the 13th day of March, the Seniors assembled for a most enjoyable evening in the history room, which lost its serious and grave look and was transformed into a fairyland of soft lights and beautiful music. The lights were covered with pink crepe paper, but the other decorations were maroon and gold. Whether this strange color scheme was due to lack of resources or to Bill Coffman's artistic ability, no one has been able to discover. It is needless to say that the effect was charming and so original and different too.

What exclamations of woe and excitement prevailed when it was discovered that the frappe was missing! But after a frantic search it was finally discovered and proved grand, to the delight of the thirsty ones.

Lucille Brock, Dorothy Bowen and Erma Schurr contributed dances and readings during the intervals of dancing.

The class wishes to thank Jessie Wright, of the Junior class, for contributing her services as pianist.

### Junior Class Notes

The most important event in the lives of the Juniors this month, aside from winning the Junior-Senior debate, was the Bean Feed, which they held on March 5th. Everyone came and was furnished with two big sandwiches and a generous helping of baked beans—all for the *very reasonable* sum of fifteen cents. Later, sandwiches were sold two for a nickel, and finally, on the last of the supply, they were sold—rather offered—at *five* for a nickel (no one bought any though). The Juniors cleared twenty-one dollars, a part of which is to pay for their pages in the Annual.

The Juniors wish to take this opportunity to thank the school for their loyal support in the Bean Feed.

### Sophomore Class Notes

The Sophomores made their social splurge last month, and evidently have resolved to lead very quiet and pious lives for the rest of the school year. This would be all very well—a very laudable resolution in fact—if it weren't for the poor reporter. I shudder to think of the condition of her constitution (already delicate) by the end of the year.

Margaret Thompson was absent, owing to illness, but she is back now, having established a correspondence with almost the entire class.

The Sophomores have decided to have a half page picture and the rest write-up for the Annual. We thought, at first, of having a full page picture out of consideration for the "pore creetur" that would have to write up the class, but this evidently was an awful social blunder, so we decided to be "customary."

### Freshman Notes

We may be Freshies, but after all, we aren't so very slow. The Freshman Leap Year Party, which was held on the 28th of February at Roy Thorskov's home, proved *that*, as anyone who attended it will admit.

Considering their inexperience the girls did a rather fair job of inviting the boys. A few, however, were too shy to go through this dreaded experience and consequently went as bachelors (or should I say "bacheloresses") while others took pity on the young men of the faculty who said that their wives were out of town.

It would be a very difficult task to tell in detail all the "doings" of the evening, but they can be summarized by saying that we sang, danced, and played the customary games (have you ever heard the Freshman class sing—in unison? Exquisite. As for dancing, words cannot express their feet that night!)

The refreshments, which consisted of chocolate, sandwiches, ice cream, cake, and a wonderful masterpiece of cookery made by Mrs. Thorskov, the name of which is entirely unknown to us all, had been so arranged beforehand by Mr. Stockwell that there was

just the right number of calories for little boys and girls to have without getting the "colly wobbles."

Every one had a good time, and it may truthfully be said that the Leap Year Party was a grand success. The Freshmen wish to thank Mrs. Thorskov, to whom they owe a large portion of the success.

### Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club is making a good start and some day soon we expect it to be a booming organization. It will make its debut in the presentation of the Irish play called, "Twig of Thorn." Rehearsals are progressing steadily and it most likely will be staged sometime in April.

There is just as much real talent in "U" High as in any other school of its size. Through the aid of this Club, hidden talent can be brought forth and presto! something wonderful is sure to happen.

Owing to lack of time and opportunity for practice on the part of the boys (not lack of talent by any means) the parts will all be taken by girls.

The cast is as follows:

Nessa Teig, woman of the house, Lillian Borreson.

Maurya, her neighbor, Winnifred Hughes.

Oonah, Nessa's grand-daughter, Erma Schurr.

Angus Arahn, village youth, Rosamond Tuve.

Aileel, the poet, Lois Wilde.

Miss Inglis, Miss Huban and Mr. Dickinson were elected honorary members at a recent meeting. The Club welcomes them gladly into their circle.

### A Dramatic Club Rehearsal

Some jealous aspirant has claimed that the "U" High Dramatic Club is the one which put the hearse in rehearsals but if that bright individual would drop in on us some time he would find us having anything but a funeral.

At 3:30 sharp, 4:00 o'clock to be exact, a grand ensemble takes place at the Little Theatre or any place that no one else has any use for whatever. Scenery (?) begins to rumble and gradually shifts itself into place and the ritual commences.

Immediately a discussion arises and centers on which is Lillian's deaf ear, but what's the use? No one can remember it when it is decided. If you have ever listened to a lot of deaf old ladies and young Irish colleens you know exactly what we do not sound like.

Eventually the beautiful maiden, Oonah, enters, with Angus Arahn whose heart has been set afire by her beauty. The two old ladies are glad to see them but are terrorized when they see the ill-fated thorn-flowers in Oonah's hair.

One would think that students long accustomed to brave the lion in his den in search of excuses would be able to show fear and terror, but a more fearless group of actors and actresses never



existed. It would also be taken for granted that our study-hall day-dreamers would have a habitual far-away look in their eyes, but, alack and alas, such is not the case.

This part of the scene is very touching when Angus takes Oonah in his arms and plants a kiss upon her upturned lips.

The entrance of Father Brian, who has forgotten (her) part, creates a disturbance and the grief-stricken household is comforted. The scene proceeds smoothly until the boys and girls appear for the dance. Aileel, the poet, gravely romantic, enters upon the scene.

Then it's "put on your rubbers and wade into the slush" from now till the end of the act. Aileel is touched by Oonah's great beauty and lavishes flowery words and verse upon her.

Angus, fearing he has lost his love, takes her hand and begs her favour. Oonah turns to Angus and tells him he is the greatest poet in all Ireland and he takes her in his arms and —

Curtain.

## Girl Scouts

The latest Girl Scout news is that we have adopted a French war orphan. Her name is Marie Loueil—her age, eleven. Several of us are planning to keep up a correspondence with her (provided that Marie is willing).

Saturday, March 13th, a very impressive Girl Scout Court of Honor was held in a large room in the Handicraft Guild. Miss Inglis took charge of the singing at the meeting. Needless to say, it was a success.

Alice Dyer and Lida Burrill received War Service Awards. These girls took high honors among the Minneapolis Scouts, and are to be congratulated upon their "stick-to-it-iveness."

Troop 52 from "U" High was well represented at the meeting.

The following girls received badges:

Mildred Jaynes—Ambulance, interpreter.

Alice Dyer—Interpreter, cook.

Gladys Kuehne—Ambulance, sewing, interpreter.

Winnifred Hughes—Ambulance.

Agnes Pierce—Ambulance, interpreter.

Perhaps by the time the "Breeze" comes out, the school will be aware of the fact that our troop has a wide-awake "peppy" basket ball team. Those belonging to it are: Mildred Jaynes, captain; Helen Baldwin, forward; Ruth Palm, forward; Mildred Jaynes, guard; Elvira Butler, guard; and Lucille Larson, jumping center.

Several substitutes were chosen as well. We hope that they will not have occasion to play, however, as we'd hate to see Helen Baldwin, star forward, or Mildred Jaynes knocked out. That would be altogether too hard on the team! The substitutes are: Erma Schurr, Agnes Pierce, Lillian Borreson, Winnifred Hughes.

Tuesday, March 16th, the team played their first scheduled game in the North High "Gym." We went to the game with very dull prospects, because of the fact that our team has not been well

practiced. We came back feeling pretty happy, for the score was 42 to 14 in favor of "U" High! We do not mean to say that we were so much superior to the North High Scouts—but our girls had the advantage of being several inches taller than their opponents. And when Helen Baldwin got the ball, it was as good as in the basket; her guard was absolutely lost.

The poor score keepers had a hard time finding enough paper to write down the baskets of both Ruth and Helen.

The girls played in good spirit, and I believe that no foul, either personal or technical, was made by any "U" High girl.

The rest of the Scouts who accompanied the team were: Erma Schurr, who acted as official line man, and Lillian Borreson, who acted as official timekeeper; Winnie Hughes, who had the job of official scorekeeper, got writer's cramp, thanks to Helen Baldwin and Ruth Palm. Agnes Pierce, Vera Young and Miss Smith were "official watchers and yellers"—and they did both.

We really have a remarkably fast Girls' Team—the teamwork is excellent and the forwards are almost sure of a basket every time they have the ball. With the support of the school we hope to see the "U" High Scouts win the city championship in basket ball. Come out and help us win!

### Entity Notes

As several people have asked curious questions lately concerning Entities, possibly a word of explanation would be advisable here. Because as yet they have not done anything really great or notable for the school is no reason why they should be considered slackers. Their purpose is not to push themselves forward, but to help wherever and whenever they can. It is entirely different from any other school organization, and next year, when it has had time to broaden out, the school will hear more of it. As yet they are working behind the scenes.

With the election of new members, plans will be made for next year. One of its purposes is good fellowship, and if it is possible, we hope to help and strengthen the spirit of friendliness and comradeship throughout the school.

### Girls' Athletics

If you have been coming out to play hour, you will know that Newcome is the game we are playing now, and that the Junior and Senior girls are both bringing out fast teams for basketball. We practice basketball Fridays and as no team has been chosen yet, there is still chance for you to make your class team.

At the recent Assembly Miss Schill presented several girls with their "U's." The Sophomores are to be congratulated upon the large number of letter girls their class brought out. The girls who received letters were: Katrina Hummel, Helen Evenson, May MacIntosh, Betty Erickson, Helen Baldwin. Alice Dyer and Winnifred Hughes received their "A's" as well as their "U's" since they are Acme members.

## Mathematics Club

The Math. Club has undoubtedly proved itself to be a success and those who have stayed away from any of the meetings will hear from those that were present that they certainly missed something that was extremely interesting and decidedly worth while. Those who missed Carl Langland's amusing, as well as instructive talk, on that never-to-be-exhausted topic "Perpetual Motion" ought not ever be *rightfully* reconciled to their loss except by attending the meeting of the University Mathematics Club when Carl will repeat his talk even more interestingly than he presented it to our Club—for we expect him to live up to the maxim that everyone should profit by his own experiences.

To crown the success of the meetings Mr. Fobert, of Chicago, who is vice chairman of the National Committee on Mathematical Requirements, dropped in very unexpectedly and, after attending several math. classes during the day, very kindly offered some of his valuable time to be put at the disposal of the Club. His talk was intensely interesting and, besides being recreational, it helped the Math. III students more than they may fully realize at the present time. He brought out the peculiarities of various numbers and then plunged deep into the derivations of some unusually useful formulas that might have proved difficult for some of the members of the Club had it not been for Mr. Fobert's pleasing manner of holding the undivided attention of every member. No one who was present will soon forget his talk as is sometimes unhappily the case with intellectual lectures. The only drawback was the brevity of the time. The Club, *en masse*, is hopefully looking forward to some time in the future when it may possibly have the great pleasure of again hearing Mr. Fobert should he chance to visit Minneapolis again. He may certainly always expect a hearty welcome!

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## Hi-Y

The Hi-Y organization of Minneapolis deserves great credit for the splendid work which it accomplished during the "Campaign of Friendship" February 23-March 7. Interviews with prominent men of Minneapolis were granted to all University High boys who applied for them. These boys are unanimous in their praise for these interviews and greatly appreciate the efforts of the Hi-Y organization to gain these interviews for them.

The Hi-Y Club at the "U" High is growing bigger and better than ever. Regular bi-weekly noon meetings are being held and some very interesting subjects have been discussed, subjects which vitally concern every boy. No boy should miss these meetings. No one can plead lack of time as a reason for not joining, as one noon hour out of ten is very little and should prove no inconvenience to anyone.

The monthly joint meeting of the Minneapolis Hi-Y Clubs was held March 9th, at the Central Y. M. C. A. A very interesting and entertaining program was given after the bountiful feed.

## The Junior-Senior Debate

There are *reasons* and *reasons* why the Junior Senior debate was a success. In the first place, it was a contest between two classes, and no other phase of school work is so interesting as inter-class competition; secondly, the debate had been given proper publicity by the selling of attractive badges; lastly, the teams were composed of the best debaters from both classes and their classmates were behind them—pushing hard.

The Juniors livened up the assembly the very first thing, by singing a "peppy" song to the tune of "Tell Me."

Then came the class yells—and such yells. Neither class could drown out the other so it came out "fifty-fifty" (in favor of the Seniors, however).

Eber Erickson, who acted as chairman, announced the subject of the debate: "Resolved, that complete independence is a better solution of the Irish problem than Home Rule."

Lucille Larson, the first speaker for the affirmative, gave a resume of the Irish history.

Reginald Forester and Douglas McHenry, who upheld the negative for the Juniors, used their time to the best advantage.

It would be utterly impossible to describe the way in which "Andy" "debated." It is enough to say that in addition to being very forceful, he succeeded in keeping the whole assembly in convulsions of laughter every minute that he had the floor. It would have done Andy's heart good to hear the girls "rave" about "how *perfectly sweet* Andy debated."

Each side presented good logical points, and the debate was a contest throughout. Following a few more yells by the contesting classes, the result of the debate was announced. The judges, Professor Koos, Miss Hartsaugh and Mr. Reeve, voted unanimously in favor of the negative—the Juniors.

Did the poor Seniors feign a sad crestfallen air? *Not in the least!* They heartily congratulated the winning team, and all but wore their throats out cheering.

At last the bothersome Irish question is off our hands, and the hands of the world, for Miss Smith has already wired Lloyd George telling him the decision "U" High has made. *Undoubtedly* the matter will be settled according to our jurisdiction!

When we consider the weighty problem which has been lifted from the shoulders of the world, I am sure that none of us will regret that "precious study period" we sacrificed!

The proceeds from the sale of the badges amounted to over twenty-two dollars and will go to the benefit of the Senior Annual.

### Look It Up

Isaiah 37-36: Then the angel of the Lord went forth and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and four score and five thousand. And when they arose early the next morning, behold, they were all dead corpses.



## WHO'S WHO, AND WHY, IN THE FACULTY

### Mr. Perkins

(By Himself)

There may be some peculiar suggestion in the fact that I was asked to write an autobiography for the Foolish number of the Breeze—I wonder, anyway. I am going to begin at the time I was a child, for to take you back farther would be to indulge in ancient history. Now history never did appeal to me, so I take it for granted that it does not appeal to you.

The first day I went to school I got lost going home. That may seem to be of very little importance, but I assure you it was of the highest importance to me at the time for I was found by the delivery boy who used to take groceries to our house and who took me home. This ride (for I was taken on the seat of the wagon and allowed to hold the lines while the boy made one or two deliveries on the way) established one of my early ideals—I was going to be a delivery boy.

This is one of many of my ambitions which was never realized. I went through the grades, where in addition to acquiring some of the fundamentals of reading, writing and arithmetic, I got the measles, mumps, and scarlet fever, and I believe that the diseases took harder than the school subjects. In high school I learned to play football, dance after a fashion, part my hair in the middle, and to like the girls. Now this liking of the girls is all right but it takes a lot of time to do it justice. I know, for it is to this defect in my high school life that I ascribe the fact that it was necessary to take Latin two and one-half years before I got a passing grade and I imagine the teacher was about as sorry to see me pass as I was to get through. In the course of time I graduated and thereby worked myself out of what was getting to be a permanent occupation. But I got a job holding the rod for a surveyor in the city of Rochester, Minnesota. That was a fine job for the summer, but they told me that when it froze in the fall that the job would automatically cease. What to do for a job for the winter. This is where my brother-in-law came in handy. He was superintendent of schools in Minnesota and came to Rochester for a teacher. I told him that I would soon be out of a job and asked his advice. He told me to apply to the county superintendents for a teaching position in a rural school. In the course of time I got a job in North Dakota and I discovered that I had a liking for this sort of thing and decided to prepare myself to be a regular teacher. The

next fall, therefore, I went to Winona, where I entered the Normal School. Now I am glad that I picked that particular school that particular year for it was there that I fell in love *once again*. The girl sat across the aisle from me in a clay modeling class and we got well acquainted. Finally I got a diploma and went to Owatonna, Minnesota, to teach school. My next teaching position was at Beaver Creek, Minnesota, and now I am here at "U" High.

O, yes, during this time I had convinced The Girl that it was time for us to get married and I am glad I did.

---

### Borrowed Wit

Observant Child: "Oh look at that man over there sitting on the icy sidewalk talking to a banana-peel!"

---

"Where do bugs go in winter?"  
"Search me!"

---

"What's most liable to get broke about an automobile?"  
"The owner."

---

A pretty girl is an opportunity for all young men to embrace.

---

"After all, fools make life worth living. When all the fools are dead, I don't want to be alive."  
"Don't worry, you won't be."

---

Dignified Senior: "When I graduate I expect to accept a position of 20,000 per——"

Inquisitive Sophomore: "Per what?"

Senior: "Per-haps."

---

Neighbor: "I understand that your son got his B. A. and his M. A."

Father: "Yes, but it is still his P. A. that supports him."

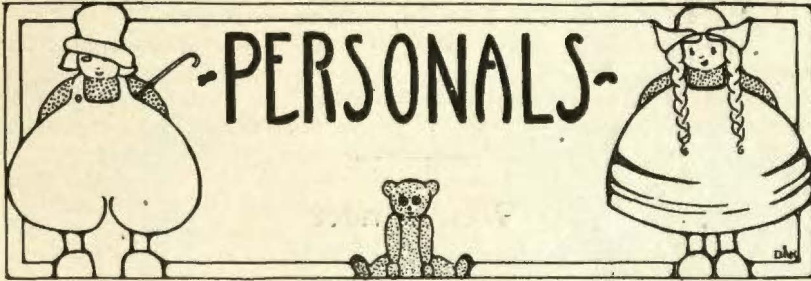
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### Exact Locality

"Does your employer, as alleged, live in melancholy sequestration?"

"No, sir; he lives in the suburbs."

—*The Magnet*, Owatonna, Minn.



### “U” High’s Library

All students who are *not* taking advantage of “U” High’s pretentious library are missing one of the opportunities of a lifetime. They are depriving themselves of knowledge which would do both *them* and the *teacher* much good. If you are one of these people, start reading *now!* We suggest, as good, entertaining books, the following:

“Seventeen”—Bill Coffman (a comedy of youth, love and a yellow moon).

“The Perfect Gentleman”—Ben Wells.

“Slow, but Sure”—Gladys Kuehne.

“The Fat of the Land”—Louise Hortvet.

“Wild Animals at Home”—The Agriculture Class.

“Emmy Lou—Her Book and Heart”—Miss Graham.

(Her book—“Math.”—her heart (?) )

“The First Call”—8:35.

“The First Hundred Thousand—those who have the *most* tardy slips against their names.

“Keeping Up with Lizzie”—“Fairy” Colgrove.

“The Shadow”—Mr. Stockwell.

“Innocence Abroad”—Frank Moulton.

“Shifting for Himself”—“Heinie” Brock, quarterback.

“The Last Chance”—Finals.

“Going Some”—Ruth Hicks.

“The Girl From Outside”—Erma Schurr.

“The Southerner”—Mr. Powers.

“The Westerner”—Mr. Dickinson.

“The Auction Block”—Perine’s.

“Not With My Money”—Miss Fleming at the Oak Tree.

“The Last of His Kind”—Jason Bass.

“At the Foot of the Rainbow”—The Freshies.

“The Wanderings of Little Jim”—Bohan on the Locker Slip.

“Ben ‘Hur’”—Ben and “Jerry.”

“Whether Black or White, a Man”—Jack’s policy.

“Up From Slavery”—The Seniors.

“Little Visitors”—Kids from Central.

- "The Voice of the City"—"Tommy" Strickler.  
 "The Four Million"—Number of flunks this year.  
 "Les Miserables"—Miss de Boer and the poor French practice teachers.  
 "The Crisis"—Commencement Day.  
 "Hoose Your School Master?"—Mr. Mackell.

### We Wonder

- Why no one is ever late to lunch period.  
 Just which boy Louise Congdon likes best.  
 How Ted Erickson's Ford made *such* an odoriferous odor.  
 How far Andy goes on the locker slip.  
 Why Jason has no lunch at lunch period.  
 Why Sis never has her Math.—when Fred Clark is absent.  
 Where Miss Fleming gets all the flowers.  
 Why the Gov't doesn't put a war tax on our class dues.  
 Why Ruth Palm and Mildred Jaynes laugh when the "shimmy" is mentioned.  
 Why Erma Schurr isn't memorizing any of her minimum essentials.

### Familiar Ads






- Paying the Price—"Us" at the "Oak Tree."  
*Don't Shout!*—Our advice to all students who see Mr. Miller in the immediate proximity.  
 Why Have Freckles?—Ask Carl or Esther Bullis.  
 Things That Endure—Marks in the "little red book."  
 When It Rains, It Pours—Oh, just the weather.  
 Quick Relief—Suicide in Chemistry.  
 Costs More—Worth It—Hot Delmonico.  
 Never Gets on Your Nerves—Lil. Borresson.

### Did You Know—

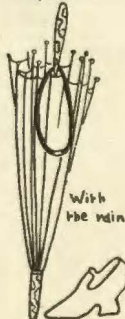
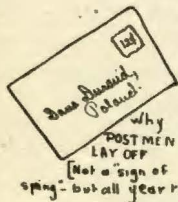
- that Marion Sardeson talked for two hours with Philip Anderson one night after school?  
 that Helen Barlow has learned the crawl stroke?  
 that Helen Christenson has two good looking brothers (?)?  
 that Eleanor Staples has a silk jersey waist?  
 that Emma Lou Graham has joined the orchestra?  
 that Jessie Wright is a "vamp?"  
 that Mr. Mackell hails from Indiana?  
 N. B.—(We're from Missouri—"he has to show us.")  
 that Emily Curtis' hair is naturally wavy?  
 that Winnie Hughes got some perfume for her birthday?  
 that Helen Haggerty writes love letters?  
 that Marguerite Robinson has a new brother?



# "IF WE WERE THE TEACHERS?"

<p><b>ALL STAR - CAST</b> <b>IF WE WERE THE TEACHER</b></p> <p>Scenes Laid in Historical Spots <b>U. H. S.</b></p>	<p><b>CAST</b> <b>TEACHERS</b> Miss Fleming - L. Elder Mr. Powers - A. Miller Miss DeBoer - I. Hahn M. Smith - J. Bass M. Miller - A. Bishop</p> <p><b>PUPILS</b> Mr. Miller Miss Fleming Mr. Powers Mr. Smith Miss DeBoer</p>	<p><b>PART I</b> <b>HISTORY</b></p> <p>MISS LEWIS ELDER - MISS FLEMING and <b>BORED PUPILS</b></p>	<p>CHILDREN WERE THE FIRST TO HAVE ICE-CREAM, SO DAVID MADE</p> <p>AND <b>WRIGHT CANDY</b></p> 	<p><b>PART II</b> <b>CHEMISTRY</b></p> <p>HUGE MOLLER - Mr. POWERS and <b>DENSE PUPILS</b></p>	<p>THIS IS SIMPLE</p> 
<p><b>PART III</b> <b>FRENCH</b></p> <p>I. FOSTER - MISS and <b>ATTENTIVE PUPILS</b></p>	<p>YOU ALL HAVE BEEN SO SERIOUS THAT I COME TO THE DECEPTION THAT YOU MAY ALL GO HOME</p> 	<p><b>PART IV</b> <b>MATH. I</b></p> <p>JASON BASS Mr. Smith and <b>STUDIOUS PUPILS</b></p>	<p>EVERYBODY PLEASE GO TO THE OAK TREE - I'M SLEEPY</p> 	<p><b>PART V</b> <b>ASSEMBLY</b></p> <p>A. BISHOP - MON. MILLER</p>	<p>STAY AROUND THE HALLS - MORE AT NEAR AND MAKE MORE NOISE - ITS MORE HOMEY BE TARDY! SHOWS LOVE FOR THE GREAT OUT DOORS</p> 

# SIGNS OF SPRING



### Our Twinkling Stars

Jessie Wright as Olga Petrova in "The Siren."

Gladys Kuehne as Theda Bara in "Salome."

"Jim" Smith and Jason Bass as Harry Lehman and Ben Alexander in "The Twilight Baby."

Rosamond Tuve as Constance Talmadge in "In Search of a Sinner."

"Reggie" Forster as Tom Mix in "The Cyclone."

Dorothy Kurtzman as Dorothy Gish in "I'll Get Him Yet" (D. Kopp).

"Louis" Tambornino as Bryant Washburn in "The Six Best Cellars."

Louise Congdon as Anita Stewart in "The Kingdom of Dreams."

Frank Moulton as Jack Pickford in "In Wrong."

Ruth Hicks as Dorothy Dalton in "Her Husband's Friend."

Jack Eaton as "Dick" Barthelmess in "Boots."

Marion Sardeson as Louise Glaum in "Sahara."

"Eddie" Bruce as "Wallie" Reid in "Double Speed."

Ethel Lamb as Lila Lee in "The Land of Make-Believe."

Harry Bill as "Jazz" Chaplin in "A Dog's Life."

"Mugs" Sweet as Alice Brady in "The Whirlpool."

"Bill" Coffman as Douglas McLain in "What's Your Husband Doing?"

"Ruby May" as Marguerite Clarke in "Come Out of the Kitchen."

Hans Bonde as "Eddie" Polo in "The Lure of the Circus."

Avis Litzenberg as Enid Bennett in "Stepping Out."

Bill Henderson as Dustin Farnum in "The 'Course I Can' Brothers."

"Winnie" Hughes as Mary Pickford in "The Hoodlum."

Charles Burns as Charles Ray in "The Egg Crate Wallop."

Ruth Hildebrand as Baby Marne Osborne in "The Littlest Patriarch."

Ethel Strickler as Nazimova in "The 'Red' Lantern."



## ALUMNI NOTES.



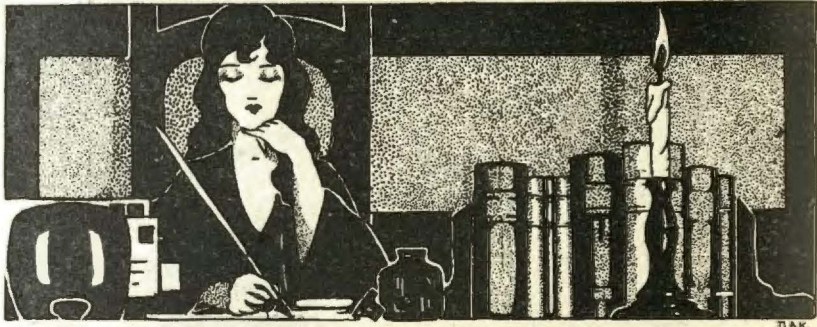
Certain members of "U" High's Alumni certainly have not proved themselves to be bashful, for three members were seen a few Sundays ago staring with unflinching gaze at several hundred Minneapolitans, a great number of which were entirely unknown to them, for they had not even had the great pleasure of meeting even one-half or possibly one-third of them. These Minneapolitans happened to be subscribers to, or at the very least, casual readers of the Minneapolis Tribune. On the eighth page of the Minneapolis Sunday Tribune, of February 15, was a group of pictures entitled, "Faculty Members Among Co-eds at University," and Elizabeth Young, '19, Lenore Alway, '18, and Jane Sedgwick, '19, monopolized half the space with their inspiring countenances and at least that much of the written matter.

Jane Sedgwick, '19, evidently is far from being considered an irresponsible green freshman in the University, because she was given complete charge of a Bib and Tucker affair given at Shevlin Hall by this organization, in honor of the Big Sisters. At this same event, Elizabeth Young, '19, was in charge of the Gypsy Room.

Lenore Alway, '18, is still loyal to "U" High—possibly more so than ever if her original very great loyalty could be increased. Whenever she is asked to do anything whatsoever for "U" High she immediately does it to the best of her ability. Whether it is in finding Alumni news for the distracted Alumni Editor or whether it is in obtaining an umpire for the Girl Scouts' basket ball team, she is always ready to do her best to help with anything pertaining to the High School.

Amy Erickson, '18, who has been attending St. Olaf's, has been spending her vacation among her numerous friends in the Twin Cities.

Rumors verging on the statement of absolute facts have been heard around school concerning the increasing of Fannie Lockwood's ('19) already amazing ability along musical and artistic lines, and "U" High is looking forward to hearing even greater things of her in future years.



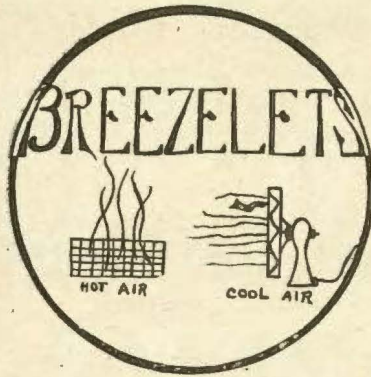
# EXCHANGE

The foolish number of the *Campus Breeze* speaks for itself and it is the one issue of the year when we have the excuse that all mistakes are made on purpose. Therefore, we hope that our exchanges will not be too harsh in their judgment of this issue. Remember that this month it is "fun for all" and "all for fun."

## The Booster, So. St. Paul High School:

The February number of the *Booster* is the first issue we have received. On the whole, your paper seems very good and appears to have the backing of the entire student body; however, we find the same criticism necessary in regard to your paper as we have found with so many others, that is: Your exchange department seems to be entirely neglected. Why not enlarge this department so that it will balance with the others? The idea of publishing your table of contents on the cover seems to be quite a good feature and also one entirely foreign to any other paper on our exchange list. Your "Gossip Corner" is good but just a trifle large in comparison with your other departments.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following magazines: "The Blake Torch," Blake School, Minneapolis, Minnesota; "The Lake Breeze," Sheboygan, Wisconsin; "The Polaris," North High School, Minneapolis, Minn.; "The Picayune," Minnesota College, Minneapolis, Minn.; "The 'E,'" Englewood High School, Chicago, Ill.; "The Ah La Ha Sa," Albert Lea, Minn.; "The Otaknam," Mankato, Minn.; "West High Weekly," West High School, Minneapolis, Minn.; "The Orient," East High School, Minneapolis, Minn.; "Brookings School News," Brookings, South Dakota; "The Crucible," Rochester, Minn.; "The Orange and Black," Gilbert, Minn.; "The Southerner," South High School, Minneapolis, Minn.; "Pep," Bismarck High School, Bismarck, North Dakota; "The Rah! Rah!," Two Harbors, Minn.; "A. H. S. Whirlwind," Albany High School, Albany, Oregon; "The Sauk Squawk," Sauk Rapids, Minn.; "The Magnet," Owatonna, Minn.; "The Record," Sioux City, Iowa.



**Profanity**

"They say that the ancients learned to swear when very young."  
 "Yes, it says in the Bible, 'Job cursed the day he was born.'"

**The Cradle of Philosophy Needs Fresh Paint.**

(In Ancient History): "Jessie, what was the situation of Athens?"

J. W.: "Why, I didn't notice anything unusual about it."

**Bridge Square is Now Also Negative.**

Bill H. (in Math. II): "But, Mr. Reeve, there's no such thing as a negative square, is there?"

Harry B.: "Aw, just use you imagination."

**In Agriculture Class  
Generous**

Mr. D.: "Aren't you nearly through with your breakfast?"

D. B.: "I'm not going to eat any more now."

Mr. D.: "It makes me hungry, seeing anyone eat."

D. B.: "Shall I get the other apple I have in my locker?"

**Heredity**

Mr. Dickinson remarked the other day, that his nose turned up just like the Berkshire hog's.

**Hot Stuff**

If Chuck "Burns," will he tell Mary "How(e)?"

**Not Guilty**

F. M. M.—"Where is Herculaneum?"

H. B.—"I don't know; she didn't give it to me."

### An Ode Found in a Math. Book

I'm just about contented here,  
 But tho' I tread the path  
 Of righteousness and saintliness,  
 There still remains that math.

And tho' I love my fellow men,  
 Have naught against my brethren,  
 May the Lord preserve my only soul,  
 From a geometric heaven!

#### Amendments Are in Order.

Moulton: "Guess I'll go down to the bakery and get something to eat."

Langland. "What about that big lunch you just ate?"

Moulton: "Oh, that's just the preamble to my constitution."

## You Don't Know what the "Y" has for you

If you haven't been down there lately.

Why not come down with the High School bunch any Monday, Wednesday or Friday afternoon and see what the new High School arrangement is like. :: :: ::

From 3 to 6, the big gyms, the pool, the running track, the bowling alleys, the hand ball courts, the social and billiard rooms are open to all members of the "Y" High School division. Younger boys are not allowed on these days at all. :: ::

COME AND GET CQUAINTED



CENTRAL Y. M. C. A.

Ninth Street and Mary Place.

# BANG!

## Let's Go!

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What Counts. Let's  
Have Yours For The  
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Is Here

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