

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreign Correspondence—Dora V. Smith.....	3
Two Pilgrims in London—Frances Morehouse.....	7
Pluck—Roy Oswald Franzen	11
The Strike (Continued)—James Perkins.....	12
Faculty	15
Editorials	16
Assemblies	18
Organizations	19
Dramatics	23
Cartoons	26
Personals	27
Athletics	29
Alumni	34
Exchange	35
Jokes	36

The Campus Breeze

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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

10 Turney Road, West Duluth,
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Dear Friends in the High School:

How shall I ever begin the story of my wonderful year in Great Britain! Already it would fill volumes, and in spite of the editor's frantic search for material for the "Breeze," I am sure I should be properly censured for taking up more than the space allotted me. I shall have to skip rapidly over our delightful voyage, our long-anticipated reunion in Scotland, our glorious ten days in the Highlands themselves, right up in the Rob Roy country where "the Scotch blood leaped in a' our veins" at every memento of the sturdy fighters who once roamed over the "grand auld hills," and even the many places of literary interest so full of delightful associations to the American traveller. And somehow Europe discovers the American traveller at once. Sailing down beautiful Loch Katrine one day, taking a last gaze at the silver strand, we sighted some American nurses on the other side of the boat, the little "Sir Walter." How did we know they were Americans? Really I can't tell you how, but we did! Finally we crept near enough to hear a mention of Milwaukee, and had a kindred feeling for them at once. Later when we introduced ourselves, they took our breath away by announcing breezily, "Oh, yes! We had you spotted. You're American school teachers touring the Trossachs!" To have one's nationality distinguished with so much ease is disconcerting enough, but to have one's profession so thrust in one's face is a thousand times worse. I wish I could learn the secret; then I'd have more chance of

concealing it. Well, Loch Lomond is all the poets say it is, and more too. At one end the great green mountains close it in on all sides, and the clear blue of the highland skies is reflected and intensified in its calm and quiet waters. Then at the other end it broadens out into wider, still more peaceful bays, simply dotted with little islands, which the Emerald Isle itself would have difficulty in surpassing for greenness. We were slightly disappointed in Loch Katrine and Ellen's Isle, chiefly because of their small size and the very short distance from the island to the shore, which rather detracted from the glory of Malcolm and others who swam the distance (some two yards or more) to save themselves and the women of the clan. However, we cannot expect the British Isles to compete in size with our broad continent. I know exactly the feeling of the American visiting England who said he was afraid to go out alone at night for fear of falling off the edge of this tight little island.

Abbotsford, Edinburgh, the Burns country, and the English Lakes were even more beautiful than the lovely Mentor pictures would have us believe, and we had the added delight of walking in the footsteps of the poets and dreaming their dreams once more.

Before I go on to our winter in London, perhaps you would like to know a little about the Scotch schools. Scotland is still operating on the old idea of the Shorter Catechism that if there are an easy and a hard way to do a thing, an entertaining and a tiresome way, one must choose the latter of the two, for isn't that how character is built? Well, far be it from me to say anything disrespectful of Scottish character, but I'm glad I was educated on the other side of the globe. Shakespeare, for instance, I found being taught at the rate of three pages a day, regardless of divisions into acts and scenes. The procedure of the lesson consisted in having each student in order around the class read three lines, which the Master proceeded to read after him, explaining all the outlandish words he could find in the passage, and reminding the class of every other poet in the English language who had ever used the same word in a similar connection. He told me that the class had prepared the words for homework, but he just gave them to them, in order to save time. The part the class took in the lesson was perfectly comical. This is what went on:

Master: Now the ghost enters. Shakespeare again makes use of super-

Class rolls out: STITION.

Master: Then he says, "I'll cross it." You remember Macbeth used the same word meaning he was contra-

Class: DICTED.

After half an hour of this, I was certainly thankful to get out of sight of both class and master and have a good laugh all to myself. The students continue the study of this play through some six months of the year, studying other books at the same time, on alternate days of the week, for at the end of the year they have to pass examination in them all, and the master wishes to keep them all fresh in their minds at the same time. The Shakespeare examination consists of questions like this: Who

said each of the following lines? (Ten separate lines chosen at random from the play.) To whom did he say it and under what circumstances? Quote the other's answer. I think I shall have to revolutionize our study of Shakespeare when I come home. How would you like to have your characters built in that way? As for oral work, it is entirely tabooed because children in Scotland are supposed to be seen and not heard. Should any expression of opinion on the part of the child be forthcoming at home, the school would have to answer for it at once.

So much for the Scotch schools. After our summer in Scotland we came back to London where we have had a most delightful winter of sight-seeing without half exhausting the delights of the city even yet. Miss Morehouse spent her Christmas holidays with us, so you should all have taught your ears to burn, as you were certainly much talked about. I'm afraid I shall have to acknowledge that the old-time Christmas is fast dying out in England, though it may still survive in the country districts. I hope so. But we had the waits visiting us, singing under our windows for a week before Christmas. Though most of them did not vie with the angelic hosts so far as their voices were concerned, they had the most cherubic faces and never-failing boxes in which they collected funds for one cause or another. Christmas Sunday we attended the Carol service at Westminster Abbey and, arriving at the last minute, were ushered into the Poets' Corner, sitting above the graves of Dickens and Samuel Johnson, with our friend Chaucer lying in a huge tomb to one side. I assure you we were properly thrilled.

Since I know Miss Morehouse will tell you the story of our Christmas sight-seeing, I shall content myself with relating our visit to the Cheshire Cheese. That old Coffee House, of Dr. Johnson fame, has somewhat deteriorated since the eighteenth century, and, strictly speaking, is not a place for unescorted women. Hence we invited the whole family to go along for moral support, hoping my mother's white hair would lend an air of dignity to the party. But I'm afraid if it hadn't been for Miss Morehouse, the Smith family would never have had the courage to enter. A long line of men crossed the doorway, waiting for their drinks, and looking most uninviting, to say the least. But after Miss Morehouse had "crossed the bar," there was nothing left for us to do but follow. We couldn't leave her to her fate. However, we found ourselves in an inside room, with little side stalls much like those in the Oak Tree, except that they are of ordinary pine wood, and simply covered with the initials of generations of travellers. We looked for Miss Inglis' and Miss Hubman's, knowing they, too, had visited the place, but they must have been on their good behaviour as we couldn't find a trace of their initials. Above the little wooden partitions were short green curtains in true tavern style. Mementos of Dr. Johnson were everywhere; by the fireplace, his huge arm chair from which he used to hurl down all opponents, around the room scores of pewter jugs which bore ample evidence to his proverbial appetite, and all over the walls, huge pictures of the worthy, scorning Boswell, attending Mrs. Williams, befriending Goldsmith, or holding forth to a gathering of friends around the table at Mrs. Thrale's. Even the menu card bristled with Johnson's favourite dishes, and, not to be outdone, we ordered the most deadly-looking

of the lot—Oyster, Mutton, Kidney and Lark Pie. Truly it was a marvelous concoction which, to our certain knowledge, had never seen oyster or lark, but had a generous proportion of mutton and curry powder, some kidney which we had not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing "historic", and a generous sprinkling of sparrow bones to give the illusion of reality so far as the larks were concerned. Then to top it all, we had "Ye Olde Pancake with Syrup" which, in spite of its fancy name, tasted surprisingly like the variety which has long made Child's famous. You will be surprised to hear that none of us had any after effects, but survived in health and happiness with a sincere reverence for the digestion of Samuel Johnson though perhaps less so for his taste in foods.

Now if Mr. Editor will still bear with me, I'll finish with a word about St. George's College, in which I am teaching. Of course, it is a girls' college (no woman being allowed to enter the sanctum sanctorum of the men and boys in this country) in which the students range from sixteen to nineteen years of age. All wear the college uniform, navy blue jumper dresses with St. George badges on them, and to and from school, black hats also properly badged with the school emblem. In school they must have their hair tied tightly back (no curls allowed) and wear soft house shoes to avoid noise on the stairs when classes are passing. Respect for their elders is the first rule of the school. Every time I leave the room, a girl rushes to open the door for me and close it behind me. Again, when I have filled up the blackboard space in class, someone jumps up to erase it for me in case I wish to write something else. Truly I am having a most dreadful time remembering my dignity, and refraining from doing these things for myself. I assure you it would be much less of a nuisance in the end. Then the minute the recess bell rings, up comes the school maid with tea for the mistresses (by the way, I had almost forgotten to tell you that I am a MISTRESS now,) and if it is my turn to be on duty in the Locker Room, where no talking is allowed, I have to take it downstairs and drink it in front of the poor hungry girls. At first I absolutely refused, but have since succumbed on the plea again of character training for the girls! No girl is permitted to ask me a question unless she prefaces it with the word please. For instance, "Please, Miss Smith, what did you say was the date of so and so?" Or, at roll call, she replies, "Present, please, Miss Smith!" until I sometimes think I'm a character in a Dickens novel (not the Squeers variety, please). But the funniest thing of all happens when I'm taking down marks in class, and a girl who has perhaps made 20 in spelling says: "Twenty, please, Miss Smith!" Just see what you'll have to live up to when I come home!

It may be a source of some comfort to you to know that these English girls are no better composition writers than their American sisters (no slur intended on the latter). Many of them, brought up on paraphrasing Macaulay before they can manage simple sentences of their own, write such frightfully long sentences that they lose themselves entirely and becoming hopelessly involved, simply put in a period (or worse yet, a comma) and begin all over again!

Now I simply must stop this lengthy chronicle without tell-

ing you all the interesting things I might about seeing the King and Queen in their golden car of state, Admiral Beatty, Viscount Haig, the Prince of Wales, Lloyd George, and many other celebrities, to say nothing of being caught in a London fog, and numerous other adventures. It is all most delightful, and a glorious place for a holiday—so long as we know that our return tickets are upstairs in the drawer all ready for use in August. Next month Miss Morehouse and I leave for France, Switzerland, and Italy for our Easter holidays which last a month here. We shall be thinking of you all and wishing you could be with us.

Believe me, ever your sincere friend,

—DORA V. SMITH.

TWO PILGRIMS IN LONDON

By the *Breeze's* special foreign correspondent

One rainy, grey December morning two *Breeze* representatives who were in London started downtown. They waded through the thin mud, "of a creamy consistency" as the cook-books say, to the foot of the road where the huge lumbering motorbusses stop; and, being adventurous Americans instead of sensible Britons, they elected to ride atop the thing instead of inside. It was comparatively dry inside, and it was wet and windy atop; but atop one sees much, while inside one's prospect is limited by too many raincoated backs.

But if Clio and Athena had thought it a bit of the national temperament that took them sky-high that morning, they were mistaken, for arrived on the open top of the 'bus they discovered that the one other human being who had braved the elements up there was the very prototype of John Bull. Sturdy frame, rosy face, flat top hat and good-natured bulldog expression, he was all there; he lacked only a Union Jack for raiment to have walked straight into a cartoon. He held up against the rain and wind an ancient umbrella, stoutly challenging both to battle royal with it. Athena and Clio, sitting opposite, watched him with apprehension, for the umbrella was clearly in the last stages of some wasting disease, which exposed its poor lean ribs to the public gaze; and the wind flapped what had once been a comely cover. They were having troubles of their own with a Dayton product, which twisted around in the gale and threatened to prove unequal to the strain put upon it. But it kept out the rain and maintained its integrity. Athena and Clio voted that no weather could rob a 'bus-top ride of its infinite variety, nor mar its supremacy as a means of seeing London.

In the midst of their remarks a strange, disgusted, pathetic exclamation from across the way caught their ears; and, turning, they beheld poor John Bull gazing with consternation on his round face at his poor old umbrella, which the wind had turned quite inside out. It was a pathetic wreck, but he did not abandon it; he put it together again as best he could, and then he rose and made his way to the sheltered lower regions.

But the Dayton product held its own. It kept off the rain even on the bridge over the Thames, which is a double river—a stream of water below, and a ribbon of mist above, instinct with an infinite magic. People do not often rave about the Thames, and yet it is beautiful beyond words, at any hour of day or night—whether it lies delicately grey beneath clouds of circling sea-gulls, or whether it rolls blackly at night with twinkling lights reflected from either side. It is loveliest from the far end of Westminster Bridge, at sunset; that is now a tired sight-seer, going home after a busy day in town, remembers it most vividly—with the towers of the Houses of Parliament against the sky, and with swift little boats darting about on no apparent business in the world.

Athena and Clio went to see Madame Tussaud's waxworks. They went through mud and rain and paid a shilling with glee, happy to find something that hadn't gone up in price. They walked into a hall which had soldiers of many uniforms ranged about the wall, and looked about for those real live guards who, according to the tales one has always heard, play at being wax figures for the satisfaction of their sense of humor. But they saw none. They saw nothing, in fact, which was not openly and somewhat clumsily made of wax. All the marvelous verisimilitude to which our forebears paid glowing tribute, had vanished. The figures are still there; and they are for the most part the same ones that have been there for years and years; that is patent. Queen Victoria is still receiving the news of her accession; the Duke of Wellington still gazes with a sad intensity—one at the sleeping Napoleon; and even Thomas a Becket continues to be murdered in the same glass case which has housed the tragedy for at least two generations.

Athena and Clio found themselves so wearied by an hour or two in the place that they escaped without being inveigled into the Chamber of Horrors, which for sixpence extra is guaranteed to give one shivers at night for an indefinite period. But as the ordinary English habitation can do that without being at all horrible, it is clearly sixpence wasted to see the Chamber. Madame Tussaud's is a place that should be seen in childhood, and remembered with gratitude that one needn't go again.

On a particularly sloppy day Athena and Clio started out to find the hallowed tomb of John Milton. They had spent the morning wading around in the region of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, and having been fortified by a good luncheon they thought they could attempt another consignment of those tombs of the mighty which fill so large a place in a sightseeing program. Milton lies buried in St. Giles Cripplegate, which is not far from the Old Lady. But they could not seem to find it. They slipped into a doorway and consulted a map which Athena, who knows how to read them, always carries around with her, and consults on every appropriate occasion. It should have been right where they stood, but it was not. Then they spied a London policeman, that hope of the sorrowful, that refuge of the perplexed; and they made for him as he stood on the soaked pavement, deftly directing the traffic, which was not very thick at that place.

"Where is St. Giles Cripplegate?" they said to him in chorus.

"Here," said the man of law and order. And he turned slightly, and laid his hand on its old grey wall. And, sure enough, there it was; if they had gone another step they would have been on it.

"What do you want of St. Giles?" the policeman inquired.

"Milton is buried there!" announced the twin sciences of language and history.

"He is? I didn't know that. But there's a statue of him in the churchyard. And be sure to see the Roman wall!"

"What Roman wall?" the travellers inquired. They didn't want to miss any of London's Roman wall, for there are only a few bits of it left now.

"I'll show you!" exclaimed the policeman, with enthusiasm. "It's this way." Calmly leaving the traffic to regulate itself, he set off with the pilgrims to show them the wall, which appeared through a rift in the trees just beyond St. Giles—a moss-grown, uneven, grey-and-black mass, apparently as strong as ever it was. When he said there was another bit, much longer, at a little distance, the pilgrims joyfully turned again to find it. The "Bobbie" as the Londoners call them, was as proud of that Roman wall as though he had built it. Having carried the pilgrims far afield he brought them back again to St. Giles', and they thanked him and passed into the church to see the tomb of Milton.

The great poet lies in a very simple tomb, with Martin Frobisher for a neighbor. The church itself is interesting, and one feels it is much used. Not far away is Milton street, which is not named for the poet but for an architect of the same name; and also close at hand is Grubb Street. Athena wanted to tramp the stones of Grubb Street, and Clio agreed that it was entirely the thing to do. But where was Grubb Street? It has changed its name with the passing of years, and it was nowhere to be found.

As they stood peering into the maze of streets that thread old London like a net, a small blue mountain loomed ahead, and the same policeman appeared again.

"What is it now?" he asked, good naturedly.

"We want Grubb Street!" said Athena. She used its modern name, which I have forgotten.

"Now what do you want of Grubb Street?" said the policeman, as if she were an unreasonable child. And Athena explained to him that many impecunious but famous men had lived there. He looked at her in admiration of such erudition, and exclaimed—

"You Americans know more about London than we do ourselves. There it is," pointing.

So they trudged down Grubb Street, trying to imagine the upper rooms filled with starving poets and struggling philosophers. It was a strain on the imagination, for the present buildings are sturdy warehouses and office buildings for manufacturers. And therefore Clio and Athena were satisfied with a very few blocks. It is pleasant to know that Grubb Street is no more, and gives one a hope that its like is disappearing from the earth.

Down in Cheapside is St. Mary-le-Bow, or St. Mary of the Arches as we should say if we were naming it now. It is really a very beautiful church, but its interest lies chiefly in the bells, which rang for Dick Whittington on an historic occasion, and which sound over the area in which a true Cockney may be born. It was a true Cockney who acted as guide when Athena and Clio went to see St. Mary; Clio opined that he had been born within sound of Bow-Bells, and Athena announced with conviction that he had been born in the steeple. However that may be, he inveigled the two to see the crypt, with a small party which was descending at that moment. What happened is related for the warning of any unwary ones who may be visiting London in the near future.

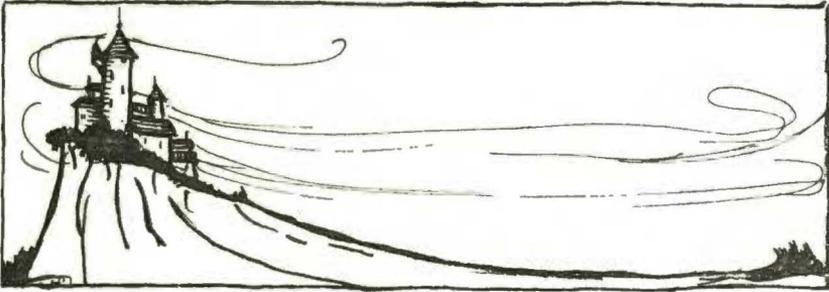
St. Mary's has really a wonderful crypt, which one should on no account miss, as it is very old—perhaps the oldest in London; and it has several unique architectural features, including a column with a spear-head decoration, the only one known to exist. But it might easily be seen in twenty minutes, and its interesting points could be quite adequately described in that time. The guide, however, takes possession of one, body and soul, as soon as one enters the inclosure; and there is no escape from his erudite lecture on the glories of Bow Church. The casual sightseer, who has something else to do that day, listens at first with interest, then with uneasiness, then with apprehension, and at last with hopeless submission. He follows the guide from one stone to another, giving polite attention to his infinitely detailed account, but with an eye on the avenue of escape. His secret intention is quite evident to the virtuous verger, who fixes him with an accusing glare and silently but quite clearly dares him to make an unauthorized move. The hopeless answerer is utterly crushed. Everyone sympathizes with the poor hypnotized creature, but all look at him as though he had just filched the last crust from an orphan. The verger continues in possession of the field.

The hours drag by. The learned discourse on Saxon, Norman, Gothic, Renaissance and Georgian ecclesiastical architecture drones on interminably. The prisoners support each other as best they may, and wonder if their feet will ever be warm again, and whether people in the bright world above still eat, drink and have their being as they once did, and whether the world still has railroads, Margots and afternoon tea.

Just at this point there is a hopeful movement among the company. Athena plucks Clio ecstatically by the elbow, and the verger stops talking, while a tall man pours something into his palm. All the company, disenchanting and free, find their legs and walk upstairs unassisted, having deposited thripences or sixpences in the hand of the magician, the gnome of Bow Church crypt. Arriving at the top of the stairs they find grey London daylight—they who had long since given up ever seeing it again. Great is the rejoicing, greater the astonishment.

Later in the day someone says that Athena and Clio should go down into the crypt of the Guildhall. They declined with thanks, and "all the gods on Olympus shook with inextinguishable laughter."

—FRANCES MOREHOUSE.



PLUCK

Bloody Heart had just sprung up over night it seemed. Gold had been discovered in great quantities according to old prospectors, but this gold was of no use at present; for it was so long and dangerous a trail to a real city that no one dared to go with gold on his person. Two railroads, C— and N—, were building branch lines to Bloody Heart. It would mean a great deal to the line that got there first; for there was only one pass into the town, and so only one railroad could enter. The railroad which reached the pass first had the right of way; so it was a hot race between the two.

Larry O'Neil was walking along the street in Bloody Heart when the superintendent of N— railroad called him in. It had just been discovered that the main vein of gold was in the next valley, and that Bloody Heart was but a small branch vein. Of course the town would move into the next valley, which, likewise, was entered by a single pass. It was up to the field superintendent to turn the railroad to New Bloody Heart before the C— was notified, thereby giving the N— a head start.

So he instructed Larry to take the roadster and hurry out there. A terrific blizzard was rising, but the trip must be made. After being heavily cloaked, Larry started; but he had not gone over three-fourths of the distance when the car was securely moored in a ditch. The snow filled the air like a heavy fog and it grew steadily colder; yet Larry had to walk at least to the Donovan ranch to get another car; so off he started.

It seemed as if he walked and walked for hours and hours, yet he arrived nowhere. It was fast becoming night, which lessened his chance of reaching the ranch-house a great deal. Altho it seemed as if he had traveled miles in the many hours which he had plodded on, he had in reality only travelled in a circle. He would walk a few feet and then fall. It seemed as if he couldn't move an inch further, but he summoned all his courage and strength and made a final attempt. He fell down and was unable to rise. Groping blindly about him, he touched something that he recognized as a fence, with the help of which he pulled himself to his feet; but, on attempting to move, he found that his feet seemed like logs. In order to move, he had to drag them along and use his hands as the propelling force. After just about dropping from fatigue several times, spurred on only by the thought of his duty, he reached a woodpile which was piled

against the fence. He knew that the house must be near the woodpile, but where? In order to find out, he called several times to no avail; but, realizing that he was growing weaker, he thought of throwing sticks of wood in order to find the house. So with great effort he threw the first one, the second, the third, the fourth, and—what was that which seemed to echo in his ears? Was that a light he saw? He would go and get it and wave it so someone would see him. So with a frantic cry, he fell on his knees and began to crawl crazily towards it. All of a sudden it seemed to be behind him; so with several desperate cries, he attempted to turn around but fell exhausted and unconscious.

An hour later he came to, and found himself safe in the Donovan home. He insisted on telling them his mission and seeing someone start out with the message, when he found he couldn't move himself, before he succumbed to that sleepiness which persisted in bothering him.

The message was delivered to the superintendent, and N—road won the race. But Larry had to have both feet amputated, for they were frozen. Yet today he is one of the highest officials of the N—road, and one of the greatest engineers in the world, all because of his pluck, nerve, and sense of duty.

—ROY FRANZEN.

THE STRIKE—Concluded

The seething mob wavered an instant at the sight of their fallen employer, but as quickly rallied.

"To the Mills!" a voice was heard above the crashes of thunder. Immediately the grim crowd turned back towards the Mills, trampling the life from the grass and destroying the beautiful hedges and flowers.

When the frenzied workmen reached the Mills they found the doors locked, for Pat had taken advantage of their absence to securely fasten all the openings. Not to be daunted by such a small resistance, they quickly piled tar paper and wood against one of the buildings and touched the mass off with a match; but the rain, increasing in fury every second, quickly extinguished the flames which were hungrily licking the sides of the wooden structures.

"Break down the doors!" was the next cry, causing the crowd to sweep around to the front. There the men saw a sight which so surprised them that they paused in their mad rush.

From the window Joe had seen Mr. Briggs fall and had also seen plainly the person who had shot him, who was Barnum Vallum. When the crowd had left Mr. Briggs, Joe quickly ran to the office and lifted the apparently lifeless body to his broad shoulders, starting back to the Mill. There he laid Mr. Briggs on his coat under the shelter of the eaves and gave him as much first aid as his scanty knowledge of bandaging could afford. It was at this time that the men swept around the corner of the building to break down the doors and destroy everything within. It was the sight of Joe kneeling by the side of Mr. Briggs' unconscious form that caused the men to hesitate. Joe stood

up and raised his hand for silence. One of the men started up the steps with an iron rail in his hand, but another man pushed him back, saying "Let's see what the d—d kid's got to say! We can knock him off any time we want to."

"Fellows," Joe started, "I'm afraid there's going to be a little wife heartbroken tonight, and a little kid asking for his daddy. You know, men, all the wealth of the world, all the costly gems, all the gold and silver in the mountains aren't worth one human life. Yesterday you were contented; contented with your jobs, contented with your pay, and contented with your bosses. But today—," and Joe pointed to the unconscious form of Mr. Briggs. The rain ceased to fall in such torrents, gradually slowing to large drops and finally ending altogether. The thunder no longer reverberated incessantly and now became a faint rumble in the west. Joe did not now need to strain his voice to be heard, but could talk with ease.

"It's true that if there wasn't dissatisfaction," Joe continued, "the world wouldn't get any better, but that dissatisfaction is for the bettering of the world's condition, not for the destroying of what little civilization the world now has."

The mob, which had become quiet, was again getting restless and many whisperings were heard, such as, "Well I'll be doggone if what the kid's saying ain't true."

"There are many guys who go around preaching and stirring up the last kind of dissatisfaction," Joe continued. "One of those fellows came here! It was one of those fellows who turned you from the first kind of dissatisfaction to the second. It was one of those fellows who shot this innocent man. That dirty villain is among you now!" he said, pointing to Barnum Vallum. "He is—," but Joe got no further for a revolver shot rang out and Joe crumpled up beside his employer.

The crowd had been as easily swayed by Joe's words as it had by Barnum Vallum's. As Joe had continued through his speech, Vallum had become more and more nervous. His hands moved continually, often sliding inside his coat to a concealed revolver. His forehead had become contracted to a set scowl; his eyes became even more restless, shifting around as if searching for a place in the hostile crowd through which he could escape; and his teeth were tightly clinched. Seeing no possible escape and realizing that if Joe continued he would be in danger, he hastily drew the weapon and aimed directly for Joe's heart, but, because of his nervousness, the bullet missed its mark, inflicting a serious, but not fatal wound.

At this last action, the crowd swooped upon Barnum Vallum, and two powerful workmen seized him, despite his struggles and threats. A rope was called for and secured, into one end of which a noose was tied and the other was thrown over a beam projecting from the building. Vallum was frantic and pleaded for his life, but the crowd paid no attention to his cries. The noose was slipped over Barnum Vallum's head and tightened around his neck. His hands and feet were securely bound and then the cry "Pull it up," was heard.

Little has been said of Pat, but he was in action just the same. The Southlick Steel Works, because of the necessary smoke, is situated at a distance of five miles from the city limits

of Snoshone; therefore, it is without police or fire protection. After Pat had closed all the openings of the Mills, he started for Snoshone, "borrowing" the motorcycle of one of the workmen. Arriving there, he immediately sent in a riot call and five autos of heavily armed policemen sped to the works. Great was Pat's astonishment upon arriving at the plant, to find the crowd in the act of hanging Barnum Vallum instead of destroying all the mills. Immediately, Barnum Vallum was cut from the rope, shackled, thrown into one of the cars, and driven back to Snoshone. At the same time Joe and Mr. Briggs were carefully placed in another auto and rushed to the nearest hospital. The crowd was then dispersed and told to report as usual at their benches in the morning.

An operation was immediately performed upon Mr. Briggs when he arrived at the hospital. Several nurses kept constant watch over him during the night, and their reports were anything but satisfactory. He had not yet regained consciousness, and although respiration was still feebly occurring, there was no telling when it might stop entirely.

Joe had fared better and was now conscious. He was very restless, however, and asked continually about Mr. Briggs' condition. It was well on into the morning when he beckoned to his nurse.

"See how Mr. Briggs is again, will you please?" he asked.

"Certainly," she replied.

In a few minutes she noiselessly returned and smilingly whispered, "The chart says that while not yet out of danger, he has regained consciousness for a few minutes."

At this information Joe relaxed and was soon in a deep sleep, which was the very best thing to hasten his recovery.

Several weeks had passed and it was now in August. Joe was nearly well and was sitting in his wheel chair on a spacious, screened porch of the hospital overlooking one of the city's parks when the nurse came up to him.

"Joe, there is a man here to see you, well dressed and quite prosperous looking. He gave his name as Mr. Southlick."

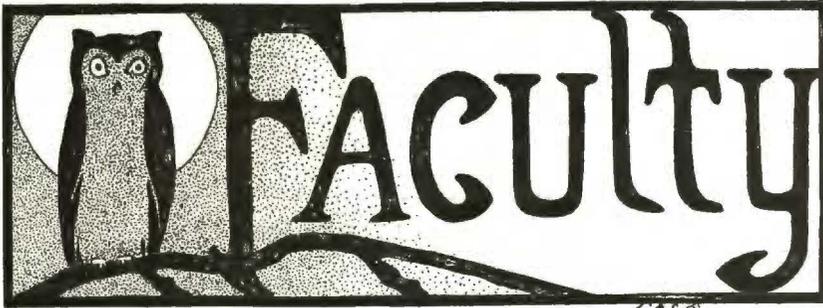
"Good night!" Joe exclaimed. "Why he is the president of the company! Show his royal majesty in; I'll condescend to honor him with a short interview."

Joe had always pictured Mr. Southlick as a sort of haughty, snobbish person, and so he was quite surprised to have a pleasant, elderly gentleman come up to him and warmly shake hands. After praising him for his admirable conduct on that memorable day of the strike, (much to the embarrassment of modest Joe), and after telling Joe of Mr. Briggs' good recovery, he told him that Pat had been promoted to assistant superintendent. At this Joe was highly delighted and asked Mr. Southlick to congratulate Pat for him. After a few more minutes of visiting, Mr. Southlick took his hat and cane, again shook Joe's hand heartily and started to leave. At the door he stopped and turned around.

"And say, Joe," he continued. "When you come back you can leave your overalls at home and report at the office for the job of special messenger for Mr. Briggs."

The End.

—JAMES PERKINS.



MR. ARMSTRONG

The staff, with wailing and gnashing of teeth, announces the season's greatest tragedy:

We fear that the High School will have to survive the summer without knowing what has been the life-history of Mr. Armstrong. For a while we thought that, with a little persuasion, we might be able to ward off any such catastrophe. The disgusted reporter coaxed and urged and wheedled and cajoled, and almost lost her temper (but not quite).

Oh, Mr. Armstrong offered a glib excuse (which sounded not any too plausible to the reporter, who has had experiences in things of this sort; but of course, even a reporter is not so far privileged as to be permitted to argue with an instructor). Anyway, we are convinced that the thesis which was occupying so much of Mr. Armstrong's time was, in reality, only an excuse, and that he has really done something very note-worthy which we shall never know. After considering this for some time, we have agreed that he must have done one of three things: (You may take your choice, and believe what you will of him.)

Either he has done something very heroic, or he has committed some atrocious crime, or he has been in the movies.

We wonder what similarity Mr. Tohill thought of when he said that we could obtain marriage licenses, dog licenses, and bar licenses.

Mr. Mackell admits that he isn't a musician but he says that flats are invented for a purpose.

Miss Thompson said she measured a mile in Minneapolis (by walking) and found thirteen blocks. She must have either slipped up or had the size of Watt's foot.

Mr. Mackell—"Well, it's funny how marks run!"
 Watts—"It is peculiar. I wish they would set a record on my paper."

THE CAMPUS BREEZE

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VACATION

The time for the closing of school is near and we are planning how to spend our vacations. A vacation usually means a rest but for some it will mean nothing more than the dropping of one occupation and taking up of another, that is, many of us will probably work at various occupations at various places thru-out the country. For others it will mean a continuation of school work in order to make up "those lost credits." Others will doubtlessly go to the lakes to spend the summer in fishing, swimming, etc., while some will probably travel, either to visit friends and relatives or to visit places of interest; and last but not least some will remain in the city to rest up for next school year.

To all the students and the faculty the Campus Breeze wishes a most pleasant and profitable vacation.

A QUESTION

How many of us go to school to learn? By "learn" I mean diligently apply ourselves to our studies, and honestly try to learn all that it is possible for us to acquire.

Would you, if you had no parents to give you money and send you to school, go to school of your own free will? It would mean, if you had no outside support, that you must work all your spare time to earn money to put yourself through. Then, no doubt you would really know what work was and would not go to school, as many of us do, just to pass the time away. You no doubt notice that those who are in hard circumstances get better marks than you do. "O well!" you say, "I could do that to if I wanted to." You won't admit that the other person is any brighter or more intelligent than you are. The difference between you and him is that he knows something you don't; he knows enough to know that he wants to know as much as possible.

Do you get your lesson because you want to learn, day by day, as much as you can glean from it? Perhaps you do not. You get your lessons because you merely think it wouldn't look very well, on the card you hand to your parents, to have an outstanding F or two; it is because you know the teacher will make it "hot" for you if you don't even attempt to learn something that you really ought to be glad to study, for the sake of general knowledge. Perhaps you say, "I don't like the stuff." Don't you admire a person who can talk intelligently on almost any subject? How do you expect to be able to have a good general knowledge if you study only the things you "like"? How much of a success do you intend to be in life if you only attempt the things you "like"?

Again, how many of us come to school to learn? Do you?

THE END

The school year is drawing to a close and with it comes the fastening-up of loose ends, and the satisfying knowledge that one year has passed that can never be recalled. Mr. Miller will soon say that this Senior Class is the finest that ever graduated from the University High School, and Juniors will prepare to accept that honor with their coming advance to holy ground.

The "Campus Breeze" Staff, on looking back on its attainments of the past year is on the whole satisfied with itself, true, the student body hasn't been exactly wildly enthusiastic about contributing its "little mites," but after some encouragement (to put it mildly) on the part of the editors, a fairly respectable amount of material was received.

Of course, Miss Inglis is the man behind the guns, and without her advice our shots would probably fire into space with a sublime disregard of time or sense, or the fitness of things. Imagine what the faculty would suffer without her ever-busy scissors.

And we expect the "Campus Breeze" to improve with age. It will start out with a fine staff for next year, it is out of debt, and with the sincere help of the student body, the "Campus Breeze" will be something of which "U" High can be proud.

ETIQUETTE!

In the past the students of the University High School have wondered why we have had so few assemblies, now that we are having them it is a question as to whether they are appreciated. Do the students think that an assembly is a signal for a general conversation? If this is the prevalent idea, the fewer assemblies we have, the better. To invite a speaker to address an assembly is an imposition in itself, but to disturb the assembly by inattention and free conversation is the height of insult. By so doing we disgrace the school and furthermore bring shame upon ourselves.

There should be no occasion for such an article as this but it is still harder to realize that some of us are guilty of the offense. Let's stop it in its tracks! We cannot afford to have it said that the students of "U" High are a discourteous audience and we do want to have more and better assemblies.

The question is entirely up to the students. Is it a go?

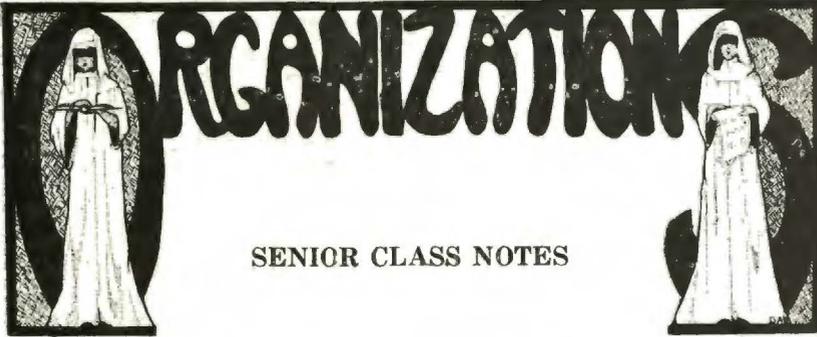
ASSEMBLIES

On April 12th an assembly was called at fifth period in the Little Theater. The purpose of the assembly was to advertise the Bisbila. Ethel Strickler read a poem from the pen of Miss Inglis while members of the staff acted out the story brought out by the poem. The acting was done behind a sheet with lights thrown on from behind so that shadows of the actors appeared on the sheet. It was very cleverly done and convinced many to buy a "mighty Bisbila, little Gopher." After this spectacle Oliver Skalbeck explained the purpose, the features, and other questions about the Bisbila. Mr. Smith then announced the winners of letters in basketball, but as the letters hadn't arrived he was unable to give them out. The assembly then adjourned and everyone went to their sixth period classes.

On April 29 an assembly took place in the upstairs study hall. Mr. Miller made some announcements and Mr. Smith told us about the Blake game which everyone was expected to attend. After this Miss Carney of the history department at Central High School, St. Paul, gave us an illustrated lecture on the history of Minnesota.

Many people don't know anything of the history and inhabitants of their own state. This lecture enlightened us all and was exceedingly interesting. We hope we have the pleasure of hearing Miss Carney again.

On May 4th the Little Theater was again the scene of an assembly to arouse enthusiasm for the Senior Class Play. Miss Inglis first presented the different characters of the play, explaining their different peculiarities and actions. The curtains were then drawn and the cast gave a very exciting part of the play, ending at a very exciting place, in order to make the students curious to see the play. After the play the assembly ended.



SENIOR CLASS NOTES

We are nearing the end of our high school career, and the solemnity of the occasion is being forcibly brought to our minds by the frequent class meetings that we have had for the purpose of ordering our announcements and cards for graduation, and planning a class party, the last we shall ever have at "U" High. We all felt sad about that, but on Friday, April 22, when we held the party, we managed to cover our grief and have an exceedingly good time. We are yet to learn whether it was in joy or sorrow that Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. Tohill, Miss Coon, and our long suffering and patient class adviser, Miss Denneen, came to help us celebrate our last party. It was a memorable night for some of our members; for instance, Charles Burns, our dignified President, amused himself in the absence of his fair friend by washing the dishes. Also, where did the brick of ice cream and the half cake disappear to? We don't know, but from certain suspicious characters whom we spied as they disappeared around the building, we have a hint.

The "Bisbila" Staff are working hard, and plan to put out the Annual much earlier than last year.

Of course the great event of the year was the Class Play, which now has passed into history and left the cast wondering what to do with all the time that used to be filled with rehearsals. The Seniors wish to thank the Juniors for their assistance in selling candy and ushering, and especially James Perkins for his violin numbers between acts. The financial returns of the play exceeded those of any past production, and now comes the necessity of deciding upon a fitting memorial for the school.

EXCITING TIMES FOR THE JUNIORS!

Talk about thrills! The Juniors have had such an exciting month. So many wonderful things have happened, the dear things are quite worked up over them.

In the first place, they have received class pins; wonderful little devices they are, with real pearls in them! And such a time as they have had over them! Possibly you remember having heard a battle going on in Miss Inglis' room a long time

ago, when you were very young. That was when we were convincing our refractory friends that we wanted pearls in the pins, and rings, too. And then every day for the last month Fanny Graham or Eleanor Clure or Harry Bill or somebody else has knocked down some class member and forced him to confess that his money has not yet been wrung from him. And there have been wars and struggles and class-meetings, in which, (it is said,) life-long friends have almost resorted to violence. Many have been the quarrels that the little baubles and their terrific price have caused; many the broken hearts and pocket-books. (The reporter has heard that the members of the committee for collecting the money are on the verge of a complete nervous collapse, or were, when the pins arrived, but the Breeze staff requests that this little bit of news regarding the welfare of the officers be kept quiet until further notice, as it might be interpreted as a slam at some of the recalcitrant members of the Junior class.)

But the thing is, the coveted articles have arrived, as you have probably noticed by the stately bearing of all the Juniors. Well may you be envious of this aristocratic class of ours.

Several of the Juniors have had most extraordinary experiences of late. It has been rumored that some time ago Miss Hickey reached the point where she actually bought a package of paper and for three days abstained from borrowing from her neighbors.

On Tuesday, April nineteenth, Miss Helen Christenson translated her French only asking four questions in two sentences.

READ ALL ABOUT THE SOPHOMORES' BIG PARTY!

"Excitement! Were you at the Sophomore affair the other night—" You may take this remark in any way you please. Perhaps it might have been a little more "peppy" for some, but the rest—arent Jessie's music, two ten-cent prizes, four girls with the same color organdies, refreshments, and a congenial crowd enough to satisfy anybody? Yes, we started at eight bells as usual and quit at ten and a half. It was with great eagerness that we hammered slips of paper into each others' backs, bearing (the papers, understand) the names of different teachers, pupils, poets, statesmen, actors, singers, and other prominent people. The object was to find out who was on your back, either by standing on your head and twisting your face around to where your neck ordinarily is, or to get the aid of a few hints from somebody else, thus guessing the name and being relieved of your burden. It also might be mentioned that the large reward of double amounts of ice cream was bestowed on the two best or least bad dancers (namely, Dorothy Every and her partner, George Rostrom).

Several of the Sophomores have begun to feel literary of a sudden, distinguishing themselves by working up plots for plays (if such they may be termed); however, Mrs. Bing reports them all to be such perfect masterpieces that it will take a few days more for her to decide on the one or two best, which we expect to present (absolutely free of charge) sometime.

FRESHMAN DOINGS

The Freshmen, contrary to the usual method, took only one class meeting and one committee meeting to decide on a party. We had it all planned to have it on Saturday, April 15, but it was postponed by Miss Thornton until a week later.

At last it has been discovered who owns the car with the loud cut-out which starts up in the second period with a noise like a machine gun. Mr. Dvorak has confessed to being guilty of causing the noise. He gave a demonstration of the car when transporting about half his G. S. class to Minnehaha for a picnic.

Mr. Dvorak announced beforehand that the picnic was for the purpose of studying the rock formation, etc., but though we noticed a few rocks below the falls, most of the time was spent in hiking around, exploring tunnels and caves and leaping water or balancing on a slippery log to cross. This is something that our beloved instructor is not good at, for he had a wet foot after trying to balance himself on the aforesaid slippery log.

When we had followed the creek to the river and up the river to the dam and then walked through the woods to the falls, we piled into Mr. Dvorak's noise-maker and Bob Brahm's car and went to the old round-tower, below which there is a spring and an old reservoir from which the soldiers at Fort Snelling used to get their water. The reservoir is no good now but the spring is, which gave us opportunity to drink, and to get water to put out our fire. The water was carried, several gallons at a time, by Lee Fisher's mouth. If Lee had not been there we would have had great difficulty in putting the fire out. When we had filled ourselves up with sandwiches, wieners, ashes, ETC., watched Mr. Dvorak do some acrobatics, and watched Lee put out the fire, we adjourned to the cars, which brought us speedily home. The end of a perfect day!

THE HI-Y

The "U" Hi Y was well represented at the monthly "joint feed" at the Central Y. M. C. A. The main occasion was the installation of the new officers of all the clubs. Their duties were told them by Mr. Chapman and they were impressed with the fact that unless they all worked together and lived up to their duties, the club could not attain the success that was attained the last year. The prospects for a stronger Hi Y next year are very good; so that they should beat all former records. A wind-up meeting for the season was discussed and the promises for the peppiest meeting of the year.

Dana Bailey, the newly-elected president, has been ill in the hospital which necessitated a delay in the Campaign of Friendship since the Vice-President was not acquainted with the movement. A boy that is in high school is aware that the time when he will have to pick out his life work very soon so the Hi Y has arranged for every Hi Y boy to be assisted in picking out his life work. A boy can then select his subjects to suit his line of work. Many a life has been turned into the right channel by just such an opportunity.

ORCHESTRA

The Gopher Orchestra has been conscientiously practicing each week at the home of one of the members. We are energetically studying that primitive and yet highly developed art of producing what is commonly known as jazz music.

We have discovered from actual experience, having been previously informed of the same fact in physics by Mr. Mackell, that there is a difference between noise and music. While at times we seem to have an inclination toward the former, we have been informed by several interested observers that we are improving in the latter.

The orchestra has played at several school parties, and has also had other engagements. The idea of playing for school parties seems to appeal to most of the members. We have a large room in which to practice, are served refreshments, and at the same time are furnishing music by which those attending the party may indulge in the latest dances.

ENTITY

A new generation of Entities has recently come into existence. The four new girls are Greta Clark, Katrina Hummel, Marjory Cheney and Ruth Ekles.

This means that from the four charter members who with Miss Hubman originated the club four years ago, three generations of Entities have descended.

Last year the new members were initiated at the home of Alberta Wright, a house which is in the country and conveniently in the vicinity of a brook, hills, a barn, chickens and cows. This was certainly an ideal place for a PROPER initiation; the girls who were initiated will agree to that.

At present we are still looking for a spot half as suitable for a very THOROUGH initiation of the new "Entities."

ACME

Those who saw the gym demonstration on April eighth, probably noticed several rather worried and care-burdened girls rushing around looking for someone or something. Well,—they were Acmeans, without doubt; for the Acmeans were endowed on that night with the great responsibility of "collecting" the girls of the different classes and groups at the proper times, and getting them lined up for an orderly entrance on the gym floor. It was CERTAINLY a job!

On the evening of the demonstration, "U" letters were awarded by Dr. Norris to Ruth Bullis, Lyda Burrill, Edith Erickson, Bessie Bacon, and Frances Hickey.

Mr. Tohill: "Where was the Constitution signed?"

Mary H.: "At the bottom, I believe."



"STOP THIEF!"

(As seen by, an Alumnus.)

Adding another stone to the structure of which the good reputation of "U" High is the most important part, the 1921 class presented "Stop Thief!" a three-act farce, at the Little Theatre the evening of May 7th.

It is the tale of a burglar who had a wooing gone. In order to set up in house-keeping his pretty little fiancée (who, by the way, happens to be his partner in crime,) he (and she) plan to rob a rich Rhode Islander's mansion. A wedding between the daughter of aforesaid rich man and a "chappy" is taking place (unfortunately) on the eve of the proposed robbery. Matters become somewhat involved over missing articles, Mr. Doogan arranging affairs in such a manner that, he tells "the best detective in the state of Rhode Island," who, perchance, has wandered in to investigate, "Ssh! it's a big case! Amalgamania! you know." (N. B. the robberies, not the weddings.)

"Stop Thief!" was difficult of high school production for two reasons. Being a farce with a relatively loose plot as contrasted with comedy, the play required essentially different types of players to hold the entangled situations. The second point grows from the first: three of the four most important parts were foreign to the experience of a young, amateur cast. No extensive criticism of the play as a whole can be made. Certain minor points are worthy of attention. The most difficult characterizations were those of Mr. Cluney, Mrs. Carr, and Mr. Carr. Reginald Forster's English brogue, at times faulty, was, however, a matter of difficulty incomprehensible to any auditor to whom "Bah Jove!" is sufficient measure of English dialect. Mr. Forster's British mannerisms were well managed, and were the cause of gale after gale of laughter. Irene Johnson, with the exception of a forced note in a rather young voice, satisfactorily handled the lines of Mrs. Carr. The psychology of speech and mannerism in a deaf wife lacked something of desirable unity, but in the main was quite acceptable. Mr. Carr, a most enjoyable, absent-minded father, could have been improved only by the actual addition of years to the portrayer, Douglas McHenry. Well managed, however. Frances MacLean handled the part of the crook's fiancée, Nellie, with a nice combination of reserve and dramatic intensity; and was particularly suited to the part. Doogan, the pseudo-detective crook, by Oliver Skalbeck, showed

that quality so often grievously lacking on the real stage—intelligent performance. Satisfactory as was his improvement through the hurried period of rehearsals, Mr. Skalbeck's character would have been bettered, had it been two or three shades more forceful. Worthy, also, of attention, were the Doctor Wiloughby of Edward Cless (good, clean-cut, natural playing in the last two acts), and the "weepy" little bride of Arndis Lundeberg. Incidentally, the interpretation of "Morning" from the "Peer Gynt" suite, played at the close of the second act by Miss Jessie Wright at the piano, was of exceptionally fine and sympathetic understanding, and was an instance of what dramatic music, as distinguished from absolute music, has power to connote.

Miss Inglis and the cast are to be complimented for whipping across this play after five weeks of rehearsal. Its success cannot help but add to the favor with which "U" High is being regarded.

—R. T. REYNOLDS, '18.

"STOP THIEF!"

As Seen by a Junior.

"Program, sir?" asked a polite voice next my elbow. And then, "Why Mr. Skwudgbudgit, what can so noted a journalist as you be doing here tonight?"

"Here!" I answered in amazement, "What man can afford to miss the Class Play at the University High School? Indeed, had I not intended to come, the portraits of Reginald Forster and Irene Johnson would have forced me to realize the merit of the actors; and then when I saw the picture of the renowned Oliver Skalbeck and the charming Miss MacLean, I knew that I **could** not stay away."

Although the hour was yet early, anyone would have known that the Little Theatre was to be filled to overflowing. An expectant hubbub filled the air, and the audience thrilled as did the actors behind the scenes (for they were far too experienced, of course, to feel any trace of stage-fright.)

And in the midst of all the "Hellos" and rustle of programs the strains of the Godard "Venetian" broke upon the ears of an exalted audience, which instantly recognized the incomparable pianissimo which comes only from the facile fingers of Miss Jessie H. Wright.

Then—oh joy! A ripple of life spread through the folds of the curtain, the pin which held it together gave way and a most absent-minded "Papa" was wondering where he "could have left that." Poor, tired, hysterical mamma with her three pretty daughters created the sensation of the evening. A most distinguished young English kleptomaniac, quite convulsed his audience, and everyone fell in love with the young doctor, whose charms were appreciated, apparently, by everyone but the winesome Joan (alias Miss Litzenburg).

Their friends had never before noticed the evil expression lurking in the countenances of "Fran Mac" and Oliver, but surely with their furtive glances and light fingers they showed themselves expert "crooks."

And always the curtain went down in the most exciting place, leaving an exasperated audience to wonder why the "stop" was necessary.

"Peanut brittle? Two for five," a low voice would murmur, in time to a Chopin prelude; and the victim would innocently mistake a penny for a nickel, confused, as he was, by the numerous bouquets which, of course, were presented to the pretty actresses.

Such a time as the Carr's had in escaping from kleptomaniacs and policemen, in solving mysteries, in being helped by the best detective in Rhode Island, in finding Mr. Jamison's stock, and mamma's ear-trumpet, and the bride's ruby ring, and in getting married. But victims and criminals were reconciled, and distracted lovers finally dropped to their knees at the request of the most excellent minister, who had only once longed for "a drink of whiskey."

The delighted reporter clambered out, over audience and chairs and baskets of candy, with his head in a whirl of burglars and weddings, and his ears ringing with

"Reggie—rich!" " 'Stop Thief'—just darling!"

"Oliver—wonderful" "—better than last year's."!

—IMOGENE FOSTER.

"MR. BOB"

Maybe you think the Dramatic Club hasn't been doing anything for the last month, but—well, of course, if you're not a member, you COULDN'T understand.

If you'd like to find out what we've been doing, just linger around the Little Theater or Room 206 some night after school. You will hear sounds that will make your ears freeze with horror and your sides shake with laughter. Here is a sample—

"But I tell you that suitcase had two black cats in it!"

"Oh! I know he'll be drowned!!!"

"You'll be sorry you spurned the noble love of a Jenkins."

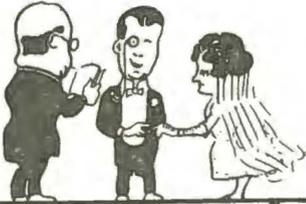
" . . . and he was lying there on the sand, as white as a sheet!"

"You've GOT to sign that paper!"

By this time you'll be so interested that you'll step inside, and here's what you'll see—Fanny Graham as Patty, the pains-taking parlor-maid, who longs to wear crinkly skirts and stand on her toes; Marie Bush as Miss Becky, the old maid who has a passion for sheltering stray cats; Alice Hickey as the coy, cajoling Kitty, who cuts capers and cracks conundrums so cunningly; Harry Bill as Phil, the poor victim of Kitty's capers; Dana Bailey as Jenkins, the noble butler who h' objects to 'andling cats; Nibs Clure as Mr. Brown, the MODEST clerk who came down to . . . well, wait and see; and last, but not least, Ruth Eckles, who introduces "Mr. Bob."

David Canfield is in charge of the properties, and Imogene Foster, of the posters. Tickets are 35c, and may be bought of Jim Perkins, ticket manager, or any other member of the Dramatic Club. Save your pennies!

Exclusive performance at the Little Theater, Wednesday matinee, May 25, at 4:00 o'clock.



REGGIE DID BUT NOT WITH A
DRUNK MINISTER



ROSS FINNEY 10 YEARS FROM TODAY



FRIEND HAYSE



ULTRA
MODERN
TENNIS
SUIT



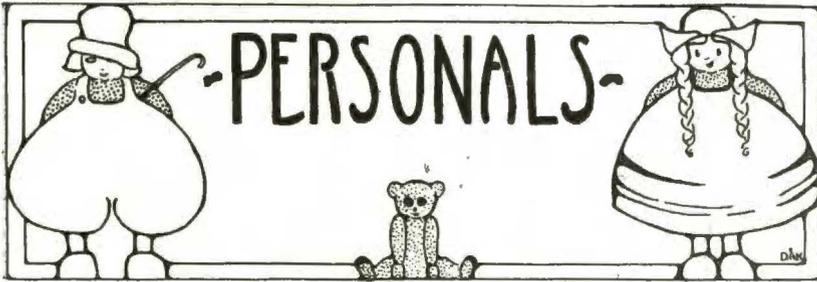
A SUGGESTION
TO ROWDY



We're
Done



THE Author
has been read-
ing Poe



All of the manly youths in the Senior class came sporting out to the Senior party. Oliver S. in a bright new orange tie and Maurice Irons in a dashing green sport shirt made quite a hit with the ladies present.

A Junior class meeting was called last month for the girls. They all were very curious to know what it was to be about. Curiously enough they all thought it was about improper dancing. But to their great surprise it was just about bringing candy to sell at the class play.

It is hardly proper to ride with strange men, Fanny, even if it is in a wheelbarrow.

"This is your room, help make it a pleasant one." How many times that sign has caught our attention in the study hall. But it seems just as we are trying to make it pleasant for us and those around us, by telling some amusing joke or whispering across the room to some one, the study hall teacher sends us to the office and Mr. Miller sure makes it pleasant for US then!!

Helen Barlow reminded us so much of Miss Hubman in the little stunt the Juniors put on at the school party. She had better look out or she'll have to be taking her glasses of milk at regular intervals.

Ruth Hicks was over at the St. Paul Athletic Club last week. Good looking man and everything.

Harry Bill's shoes need resoling. Wonder where he has been dancing. Pretty rough place. Huh?

U. HIGH INDISPENSABLES

Maurice Irons' shirt.
 Nib's coat.
 Bernice Mayland's gum.
 Marion Hallberg's poems.
 Marion Sardeson's beaux.
 Dave Kopp's bow-tie.
 Mike Graves' socks.
 Esther Bullis' hair-dress.
 Fredrick Always' "Gift of Gab."
 Maurice Léwis' pompadour.
 Eleanore Clure's bobbed hair.
 Miss de Boer's "Now this is a serious matter."
 Helen Barlow's band around her head.
 Emma Lou's "C'mon kids."
 Alice Hickey's funny hair do.
 Miss Deneen's long lessons.
 Mr. Miller's mental tests.
 Miss Schill's "Now ladies, be good."
 Pauline Fletcher's bright gingham dresses.
 Mugs Morris' turned up nose.
 Fran Hickey's curly locks.
 Don Nelson's pongee shirts.
 Helen Evenson's red hair.
 David Canfield's youthful slenderness.
 Mr. Reeve's false tooth.

Avis L. looked as charmingly youthful and sweet as a maid may look in the Senior class play. Dressed in a dainty frock of light chiffon and lace and with her hair parted demurely on the side you can hardly blame Ed for falling so hard.

Poor Fanny is just a nervous wreck. Being one of the leading characters in "Mr. Bob" and keeping up with all her lessons is hard on the poor child.

We see that Ruth Hicks improved her time while she was sick. Notice the wonderful array of sweaters in all of the colors of the rainbow.

Betty Morgan got a wonderful mark in mathematics the other day. D—. Maybe we can account for this mark, by the fact that Milfred J. doesn't happen to be in that class.

Francis Hickey is back at school. All fat people **notice!** If you want to get thin, pale, and interesting looking, just get good and sick and stay out of school a few weeks.

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL PRACTICE BEGINS

Due to the unusually early spring and the desire of the boys to play baseball, the first practice was called on the first day of Easter vacation, March 23.

It was a pleasant surprise to the veterans to see about thirty candidates cavorting around the lot. The veterans who are back this year are Eric Borglin, Leslie Blomberg, Henry Williams and Capt. Dave Canfield. Around these four players the team will be built. Among the twenty-six rookies there are, of course, some who will soon lose their spirit and drop by the wayside; but when the first few practices had been held it was apparent that there was a lot of new and welcome talent at hand, bidding for berths and liable to make the veterans hump for their positions.

The first few afternoons consisted mainly of outfield practice at catching flies and then a four or five inning tilt between teams, in which everyone was given a fair trial to show his wares.

MINNEAPOLIS TIGERS VS. ST. PAUL ALL-STARS

Last fall after football practices there was usually much good natured arguing as to whether the players who came to school from St. Paul were more powerful in football than their Minneapolis rivals. Of course no decision could be reached by argumentation, as the formal rules of debating did not hold sway in the locker-room at all.

Therefore the only way to decide this grave question was to have a game and find out. They played the game on a day when it was not a question of which team could run with the ball best, but rather which team could slide and skid thru the mud and water to the best advantage. The game ended in the Tigers' favor, so that since then the "Disciples" have waited for revenge. "Vengeance is ours" quoth the St. Paulites.

Therefore at the earliest convenience a St. Paul-Minneapolis baseball game was arranged and before the customary overwhelming, frenzied, cheering grandstand and bleachers, the Minneapolis Tigers tasted defeat in a seven-inning contest to the tune of 14 to 4.

On the first day of April we played Breck High School in a practice session of about seven innings, and while everyone was given a chance to play, "U" High ran up eleven scores to Breck's five.

By this time Manager Clure had given the suits to the veterans and those who seemed most likely to place on the team and Coach Smith had taught the recruits the rudiments of base running and sliding and given them helpful talks. At this stage of the season, Old Man Ineligibility put on the gloves and knocked out Wold and Blomberg for the season. This was a blow as Blomberg, a veteran, was expected to cover third base and Wold

was looked for as catcher. Then it was known that Hans Bonde, a very promising shortstop, had to stop baseball because of certain difficulties aside from school work. These affairs leave three holes to be filled up, but since it is so early in the season they will no doubt, be filled up quite capably by others very soon.

U HIGH VS. ALUMNI

On April eighth, while the weatherman was trying to decide whether to have an outburst of sunshine or of rain, and compromising on cold cloudy weather, the Alumni and the regulars had an eight inning melee on Northrup Field from which the High School emerged with a five to four victory in a well-played game, considering the chilliness of the surrounding atmosphere. "Lefty" Berglin and Finkelstein were the batting stars. "Lefty" got three neat hits in four trips and "Fink" clouted three also.

The box score:

Alumni				"U" High			
	AB	R	H		AB	R	H
Wells, p	4	1	--	Miller, rf	4	1	--
Eaton, 2b	4	--	--	Borglin, 1b	4	3	3
T. Canfield, 3b	1	1	--	Finkelstein, 2b	4	--	3
Brock, ss	3	1	2	D. Canfield, p	3	--	--
Vye, cf	3	1	1	Williams, cf	1	1	--
Piles, c	2	--	--	Kopp, ss	4	--	--
Flannagan, lf	2	--	--	Grumke, c	4	--	1
Pierce, c	2	--	--	Hughes, 3b	4	--	2
Moulton, rf	2	--	2	Clure, lf	2	--	--
Pontius, 1b	2	--	--				
Moss, rf	1	--	--	Total	30	5	9
Totals	26	4	5				

U. H. S.	0	1	2	0	1	0	1-5
Alumni	1	0	0	1	1	2	0-4

Two base hits—Finkelstein, Borglin.

Sacrifices—T. Canfield.

Double Plays—Brock to Eaton to Pontius (2).

Base on balls—Off Wells, 3, Canfield 2.

Struck out—Wells 9, Canfield 6.

The Alumni game was followed by practice games with Minneapolis Central, in which a Central pitcher worked for U High because Coach Smith felt that since there was such a scarcity of pitchers at "U" High, that it was not best to make those few work too often, and next with the T. K. E. fraternity, followed closely by a short tilt with North High. These games were purely of a practice type and no accurate account was kept. They served their purpose and helped to experience the players and at the same time show up the weak spots.

U HIGH WALLOPED AGAIN

After a rest on Sunday and a light workout Monday, "U" High played Mechanics Arts High School at Northrup Field, and were again defeated by a large score. This time it was 15-3 but the runs were not due so much to errors, as they were at Shattuck, but rather to the hard hitting of the Mechanics team, which garnered eleven hits while "U" High could scrape up only three. In this game the team worked hard and the game was closer than the score indicates.

Some changes were made in the line-up just before the game, Flannagan was tried at third base and Hilgedick was put in the field, but late in the game was transferred to short, when Moulton was put in the field.

There were quite a few spectators, one estimate was placed at seventy-five, an enormous crowd for any "U" High spectacle, and altho most of them were from Mechanics, perhaps the players from our school got stage-fright and couldn't bat, as is plainly indicated in the box score.

The box score:

	University High					
	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Borglin, 1b	3	1	0	3	0	0
Kopp, ss	3	0	0	0	1	2
Flannagan, 3b	3	0	1	0	1	5
Finkelstein, 2b	3	0	0	1	1	0
Canfield, p	3	1	2	0	1	0
Hilgedick, cf-ss	1	1	0	3	0	2
Williams, lf-cf	2	0	0	2	0	0
Grumke, c	3	0	0	11	0	2
Miller, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Moulton, lf	1	0	0	1	0	0
Total	25	3	3	21	4	11

Three base hits—Rosen, Wagner.

Stolen bases—Strecker 4, Anderson, Canfield 3, Hilgedick.

Bases on balls—Off Wagner 3, Canfield 2.

Sacrifices—Rumsey, Eaton.

Hit batsmen—by Canfield (Wagner).

Struck out—by Canfield 11, Wagner 10.

SHATTUCK TRIMS "U" HIGH

On Saturday, April 16, through the generosity of some few people the team was enabled to make the trip to Shattuck, at Faribault, in the cars of Comstock, Dvorak, Finkelstein, Lewis, and Litzenberg. All except one car arrived in tip-top shape and after dinner was eaten and partially digested the game began.

A strong northeast wind was blowing and this made it exceedingly difficult for the fielders to judge flies and for the pitchers to use a fast ball.

Altho Shattuck had a much larger team than the prep school, they made only three hits more than the High lads; they made most of their runs through the loose playing of the High School. In the fourth inning with one man on the paths, Aird of the

Academy drove what looked like a ripping single, but it was out of Miller's reach and rolled on the level ground for a home run.

Altho this game was somewhat disappointing, as it ended 15-2, it showed our lack of experience, and will no doubt prevent us from getting too cocky.

In the fifth inning the prettiest catch of the game was made. With two out an Academy man got up to bat and slammed a vicious liner towards right field; it looked like a sure hit but Borglin leaped high and speared it one-handed, retiring the side. In the seventh inning Smith relieved Canfield of mound duty as Canfield's arm had been sore and Coach Smith did not want him to take chances of hurting it. Smith struck out five men in two innings.

After the game the high school boys declared that next year, as they will have practically the same team, they would make a decidedly different showing.

The box score:

		University High					
		AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Borglin, 1b	2	0	0	7	0	1
Hilgedick, 3b	3	0	0	0	0	1
Miller, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Finkelstein, 2b	4	0	0	3	1	2
Kopp, ss	3	1	1	1	3	6
Flannagan, cf	3	0	1	0	0	0
Williams, lf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Grumke, c	4	0	1	9	0	5
Canfield, p	4	1	1	3	2	0
Smith, p	0	0	0	0	1	0
Total	31	2	5	24	7	16
University High	0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1—2						
Shattuck	1 2 2 4 0 2 0 3 x—15						

Two base hits—Canfield, Kopp, Flannagan, Wieland.

Home Run—Aird.

Stolen bases—Borglin 2, Hilgedick, Canfield, Wieland 4, Blackwell 3, Dickey 3, Hapgood 2, Greeley 2, Stewart.

Double plays—Hapgood to Blackwell.

Bases on balls—Off Canfield 5, Smith 1, Crew 4.

Struck out—Canfield 9, Smith 5, Crew 12, Meader 7.

Hits—Off Canfield 5 in 6 innings, Smith 3 in 2 innings, Crew 2 in 6 innings, Meader 3 in 3 innings.

Comstock, our efficient scorer, has been ambitious and at four different times has fixed up the statistics and posted them on the locker room bulletin board, where everyone was able to see them that wanted to. (I mean the boys, I don't know whether the girls have a bulletin board, having never investigated.)

At present the statistics, which are taken only from the regular games and the most important practice games, show Canfield leading the batting with a mark of .333 while Hughes is next with .286 for three games and Borglin is third with a mark of .250 for seven games, tied with Flannagan for five games and

Clure in two games. These statistics include only those who have played in two or more games.

	G	AB	R	H	SO	BB	Pct.
Canfield	7	15	6	5	3	4	.333
Hughes	3	7	0	2	3	0	.286
Borglin	7	20	9	5	8	6	.250
Flannagan	5	12	1	3	4	1	.250
Clure	2	4	1	1	1	1	.250
Miller	6	22	1	4	7	0	.182
Finkelstein	6	18	1	3	7	2	.167
Kopp	7	20	3	3	13	2	.150
Grumke	7	20	2	3	8	2	.150
Williams	6	14	2	1	8	2	.067
Hilgedick	5	11	2	0	6	6	.000
Curtis	2	3	0	0	3	3	.000
Moulton	2	2	0	0	1	0	.000
The Team	7	174	32	32	54	31	.184

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Baseball practice was begun several weeks ago. One Freshie was heard to say, "Well, I guess we can beat any team in this school, and we're **going to do it, too.**" And they will with that attitude. Come on Juniors and Seniors, get some of the Freshies' pep.

THE GYM EXHIBITION

On the evening of April eighth, the gym exhibition was held in the Women's Gymnasium building of the University.

Many interesting feats were enacted by the four classes: floor work, apparatus work, folk dancing, a demonstration of "how we girls play scrimmage," and a very interesting and exciting relay obstacle race which the Freshmen won.

The apparatus work was perhaps the most interesting part of the program to the audience. The climbing of ropes was nimbly done by several girls. The Junior girls were very accomplished in their feat of doing the "swing jump" (vaulting over a rope). One girl was unfortunate enough to miss a six foot, seven inch jump, but, she complacently told one of the judges later, "Never mind that; it was done for effect."

Some of the Senior girls momentarily forgot their dignity in order to climb the vertical ladder, and descend **HEAD FIRST** in a very perilous and snake-like manner.

There were several moments of suspense for all the girls at the close of the demonstration, when the judges withdrew to confer and compare notes on the work of the different classes, but everyone felt that their decision was a very just one. The Juniors ranked first with a score of 85; the Seniors made 79 points, the Sophomores 75, and the Freshmen 73. This victory for the Juniors gave them fifteen points towards the silver cup. These points were very welcome, for the Freshmen are now fifty points ahead of the Juniors.

Alumni Notes



In the recent sorority pledgings Lucille Larson was pledged to the Alpha Gamma Delta sorority. She was also a member of the Freshman Championship Basketball team.

Jane Sedgwick has returned from California. She gained twenty-five pounds and her brother got the measles but they all had a fine time.

Lillian Borreson is a member of the Freshman commission of the Y. W. C. A. and has been elected to Kappa Phi Debating Society.

Sally Fenton is the president of the Senior Class at Miss Wood's School.

Rosamonde Tuve is doing clerical work for Mr. Van Roosbrock. She also took part in the Cosmopolitan Revue given at the Armory, the fifteenth of April.

Winnifred Hughes and Rosamonde Tuve are teaching Roumanian people to talk and write the English language.

Carl Langland is the leading man in a Norse play. He is also chairman of the Membership Committee of the Scribblers' Club.

Alys Dyer was elected a member of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet on the "Ag" Campus. She and Winnifred Hughes, Fredrica Alway, and Emily Curtis took part in a drill in the Faculty Women's play which was given on the "Ag" campus.

Elfrida Lundeborg is still in White Hall, Wisconsin. Next year she expects to attend St. Olaf's College, Northfield, Minnesota.

Phil: "I'm trying to get ahead in Physics."

Burns: "That's good. Everybody knows that you need one."

Betty: "What's the difference between a vision and a sight?"

Avis: "I'm a vision and you're a sight."



EXCHANGE

The graduating class of West High School will present in June as their class play, "Her Own Way." An interesting title!

In Gilbert, Minnesota, an operetta entitled "The House that Jack Built" was presented. It dealt with the nursery rhymes.

In Milaca, Minnesota, the self-government system has succeeded. The class play will be an operetta, "Miss Cherry-Blossom."

"The Comment," Cretin High School, St. Paul:

We welcome this magazine to our exchanges. It is a well organized magazine with good departments. Your editorials of the April number are well written on good subjects.

"T. H. S. Megaphone," Tyndall High School, Tyndall, S. D.:

This is a good paper, and we are glad to add it to our list of exchanges. Your ten commandments are very entertaining. Why not add an exchange department? It is of value to discover what other schools think of your paper.

"Ada Hi Hi," Ada, Minnesota:

Your paper is written in an interesting style, but it is too short. Why not add a few more jokes? You are to be congratulated on having obtained a new building.

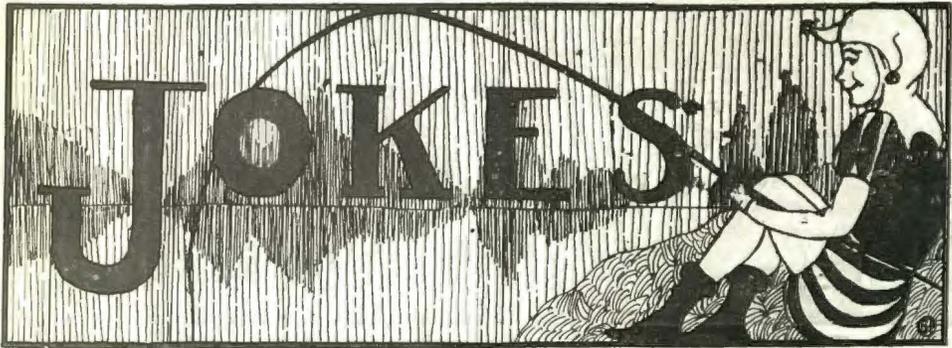
"Netop Junior," Turners Falls, Massachusetts:

The stories of your magazine are original and extremely entertaining. You might enlarge your editorial section. Your magazine contains many excellent jokes. We are delighted to receive the "Netop Junior" as an exchange.

AS OTHERS SEE US

"The Otaknam," Mankato, Minnesota:

The Campus Breeze is as usual on time as were its predecessors. The football picture is worthy of mention, and also we find quite a long list of noted people in the joke column that attend that school.



"Were you and daddy good boys when I was gone?" asked the mother.

"Oh, yes, mother," replied the child.

"And did you treat nurse respectfully?"

"I should say we did!"

"And did you kiss her good night every day?"

"I should say we did!"

Harold was a very stout farmer lad. Once while in the city he was looking around for a restaurant where he might eat his dinner. Noticing a bakery across the street with the word "Lunches" painted on the window, he went over.

"Do you feed people?" he asked the proprietor.

"Sure we do," replied the man, looking him over as he spoke. "We feed people all right, but we don't fill silos."

Grumke: "How's everyone at your house?"

Henderson: "Oh, I'm all right."

Doug: "Every time Oliver sits next to Ethel Strickler he clenches his fists."

Charlie: "Yes, he sees red."

GOLLING-HESSE

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MINNEAPOLIS