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Editorials

No might or power in mortality can censure 'scape; backwounding calumny the whitest virtue strikes.
—Shakespeare’s “Measure for Measure.”

The greatest man that ever lived had his detractors. Can those who are only near great expect to escape? It seems not. There never lived a man whom everybody liked and admired. No matter to what heights the human soul attains there will be those who will sneer behind its back, will blacken its whitest deed, and will be only too glad at its downfall. The philanthropist who gives his all to humanity is accused of trying to buy popularity, the inventor who advances civilization years by his labor-saving device is accused of defrauding the poor, the diplomat who gave his best for a cause is charged with selfishness and so on down the line. To some people every chivalrous and kind deed is only a cloak for some sinister motive which usually has its origin in the brain of him who distrusts. So has it been, so will it always be unless the human brain and the human heart improve. Charity is turned to avarice, modesty to brazenness, and learning to conceal by the perverted eyes of these useless observers.

Why?
Why is it that some people can see no good? Why is it that some people can not see charity for what it is, the greatest of human virtues? Why can they not see truth for what it really is, the only foundation for a noble character?

The fault lies in him who errs. Hold this page to a mirror and it will appear backwards. Hold truth to the eyes of some people and they will misinterpret it. Why? Because held to the mirror of their own character they see it backward or in a wrong light.

And so the next time that you hear a person belittle another, look first for littleness in him who speaks and then in him who is spoken of.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN THIS PLACE?

Have you ever put your best into some piece of work? Have you worked and dreamed and prayed for some cause? Have you ever put your soul into something and then proud of your achievement brought your accomplishment forth to the eyes of the world expecting praise that would be worthy of your efforts and then have you ever had these efforts met with a sneering laugh? Do you remember that lump which rose in your throat, that sinking of the heart and that moistening of your eyes as you turned despairingly away? Although the rest of the world applauded that one sneering laugh took the edge off of your victory and left you heartstuck. The person who laughed did not know the pain he would cause, he didn’t think. It was only a passing occurrence to him but you will bear the scar for a long time. We have too many thoughtless words and deeds in High School. Be careful of what you say and how you say it. If you can, praise. If you can not, make your criticism courteous, friendly and helpful.

School Notes

CLASS DAY.

On Wednesday the class held its informal class day exercises in the auditorium. A good sized crowd attended.

The reports of the various committees were accepted and then the meeting was turned over to Miss Lucille Nichols, chairman of the entertainment committee. The class day officers were:

Catherine Watkins …… Historian
Harry Pump ………… Poet
Leonard Shepherd …… Prophet
Dorothy Calhoun …… Prima Donna

Mr. Fred Vosse presented a Bible to the school on behalf of the Graduating Class. The gift was received by Lawrence Harwell, President of the Student Council.

Mr. Hurley Baird presented a belt to Mr. Warren Smith on behalf of the class to its president.

Mr. Warren Smith then presented the official gavel of the school to Charles Ross, the president of the June class.

GRAUDATING EXERCISES OCCUPY SCHOOL’S ATTENTION.

Class Play

The exercises held by the graduating class and lasting three days were among the best managed ever participated in by a High School class. A large part of the success is due Miss Schloss and to President Warren Smith. The class was the largest February class ever to leave this school. It numbered 99. The class officers were:

Warren Smith …… President
Willard Slagle …… Vice-President
Dorothy Johns …… Secretary
Hurley Baird ……… Treasurer

The class play was held Tuesday night, January 29, at 8:15. The school auditorium was packed and several hundred people were turned away on account of the lack of space. The play was “The Peddler of Hearts,” by Gertrude Knevels.

The cast of characters follows:

“The Peddler of Hearts”

Characters:

The Prince of Herzimwald …… Warren Smith
Burgomaster of Herzimwald …… Hurley Baird
A Cobbler ………… Fred Vosse
The Butcher …………. Eugene Lott
The Candle Stick Maker ……... Julian Heard
The Baker …………. Sydney McCellian
The Blacksmith …….... Vern Baumgarten
The Blacksmith’s Wife …… Katherine Braxton
The Butcher’s Wife ……… Gertrude Peits
The Baker’s Wife …… Elizabeth Watkins
The Candle Stick Maker’s Wife …… Mary Virginia Powell
Belrose, the Burgomaster’s Daughter …… Frances Burke
Gretel, the Goose Girl ……… Dorothy Johns
Rudolph ………….. Ernest Leathem
Karl ………….. Paul Tate
Hilda ………….. Gladys Murray
Marie …………. Doris Gadeby
The Elf King, or Peddler of Hearts …… Willard Slagle
Other Artisans and Their Wives:
HI-STANDARD

Youths and Maidens.

Garland Dancers:
Donald McDonald, James Washington, Norman Schneider, Leonard Shepard, Henry Willis, Harry Pump, Maxine Miller, Marie Craig, Helenia Gates, Hazel Bonner, Lucille Nichols, Margaret Cooke.

Scene I—Market Place in Village of Garland

Elves:
Munsell, Sadie Northrup, Gertrudeville Fort, Marie Gregory, Minola Lace, Gussie Hammonds, Anna Reese, Katherine Watkins, Dorothy Pump, Maxine Miller, Marie Craig, Helenia Gates, Hazel Bonner, Lucille Nichols, Margaret Cooke.

Scene II—Same as Scene I.

Time—Morning of the Day following Peddler's Visit.

Act II.

Scene I—A Glade in the King's Wood

Rustic Dance of the Villagers.

Garland—Dance of the Youths and Maidens.

Dance of the Pied Piper—By the Children.

Duo Dance—Glazunoi.

By Rudolph and Gretel.

Scene II—Same as Scene I.

Time—Morning of the Day following Peddler's Visit.

Act II.

Scene I—A Glade in the King's Wood

Frolic of the Elves—Verdi.

Dance of the Elfin Queen—Spindler.

Dance of the Elves—Kullak.

Scene II—Same as Scene I.

Festival Dance of the Youths and Maidens—Massenet.

Song of Youths and Maidens.

Dance of the Elfin Queen—Grieg.

Act I.

Scene I—Market Place in Village of Herzimwald.

Time—Morning.

Rustic Dance of the Villagers.

Garland—Dance of the Youths and Maidens.

Dance of the Pied Piper—By the Children.

Central High School Orchestra.

Overture—"Marianna"...Wallace

Melody of Love...Engelmann

Opera Gems...Mackie Beyer

March—"Bugle Boy"...Engelmann

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The Mid-Winter class held its graduation exercises Thursday, January 31, at 8:15 p.m. The auditorium was filled to overflowing. The program and events of the evening follow:

Program

1. Overture...Lustpiel Keler Bela.

C. H. S. Orchestra.

2. Invocation....Rev. M. L. Tate.

3. America......Audience.


Graduating Class


7. "Romance".....Swenson.

8. Violin Solo.....Marie Gregory.


10. Stephanie Gavotte.....Calibuka.

C. H. S. Orchestra

11. "Awake with the Lark".......

12. The Honor Pupils.......

Asst. Principal, R. M. Rolfe

The Achievements of Former Graduates.......

Asst. Principal, Anna I. Mahler

13. Presentation of Graduating.

Principal C. P. Jester

Awarding of Diplomas.

14. Finale......C. H. S. Orchestra

HI-STANDARD

EXCHANGES.

To our Exchanges:

We want to thank all of you for your kind attention to the HI-Stan-

ard. Let's make '24 the biggest year in the history of school papers.

HI-STANDARD.

The following papers have been received:

Prep School Papers.

"The Pointer," High Point, N. C.—We are glad to see you have or-

ganized a "Hi-Y" club.

"Durfee Hilltop," Fall River, Mass.—You have a fine paper, need more

jokes.

"Sputerinktum," Russellville, Ky.—Your paper is well arranged and

peppy.

"The School Bell," Big Stone Gap, Va.—Good, though small.

"Little Sioux Ripples," Linn Grove, Iowa.—You have a "Hi-Y" club, we

wish you success.

"Brookings School News," Brookings, South Dakota.—Your editorials

are fine.

"The Pica," Greenville, Miss.—Jokes seem to be your mainstay.

College Papers.

"The Technique," Georgia Tech.


"Cardinal and Cream," Union University, Jackson, Tenn.


"The Columns," West Tennessee Normal, Memphis, Tenn.

E. Editor.

'A JUNGLE DISASTER"

By Poynter Hastings.

His name was McReady, 
And the lady's, I forget;  
They entered the jungle, 
To kill beasts or be et.

They ran across an elephant,  
But couldn't bring him down;  
They saw the tracks of a 'possum, 
But were without a hound.

They walked on undefeated, 
And feeling kinder spry;  
Both stumbled across a skunk, 
Now, they beneath a tombstone lie.

The English department holds sway over every student of high school until the night of their graduation. By that time their cultural natures have also been developed by English. The splendid English faculty have awakened in them a desire for good literature and other good things of life. They have made for themselves friends that will last a life time. Nothing broadens the education and the culture of anyone more than good reading. Thus we see that the English Department is a big cog in the machine of Central High School.

MARY VIRGINIA POWELL.

"A TYPICAL SCHOOL DAY."

By Poynter Hastings.

You get to school at eight-thirty, 
Feeling life is treating you dirty;  
Through the first period you struggle, 
At the end your mind's a muddle; 
Lunch time—your life brightens, 
Your load just naturally lightens;  
The last period makes you lazy, 
Your mind starts getting hazy;  
The bell is awful slow, 
Especially when you crave to go. 
At last—the bell—you're glad, 
Oh well, "Life ain't so bad."

"That parrot has a rare vocabulary. 
Was he trained on a ship?"

"Oh, no; the girls brought him from college."

MISS ROGERS

Every subject taught in High School develops the practical or the cultural side of the students' nature. Some, however, do both. Outstanding in this class is the English department. 

This department, possibly, does more to bring out the cultural as well as the practical side of life than any other department in the school. It takes under its control every freshman that enters Central High School. They are first taught a practical English. In this way they get a workable knowledge of English that will enable them to take their place in the outside world.

There are no monarchies in the Western Hemisphere. Brazil was the last, but she changed her form of government in 1889.

OUR SENIOR CLASS OF '24.

There's 200 of us all told 
And now we think we are so old 
And you ought to hear our talk and jabber 
As in 318 we all gather.

Mr. Ross, he is our president, 
Skeet sometimes takes his place; 
Miss Watson adds to our merriment 
With her secretarial grace.

Oh! Winchell, just to call his name 
Makes chills go all around our brain. 
He's just the very meanest boy, 
He takes all our money we could enjoy.

There's Joel Thomas, it's Bybe, I mean 
And gobs of boys from our football team, 
And debaters, gee! Why you know Bill? 
He'll always argue 'til you keep still.

Oh! we've some class, 
With a boy seated next each lass 
And there's no talking as thus they sit.

Now you know there's no doubt about it.

We have some knock-out times 
And when that ole bell chimes,
TO THE ELEVENTH GRADE OF C. H. S.

At the present time the eleventh grade of C. H. S. does not exist as an organization. However, in the near future, it will become such.

The success or failure of the eleventh grade is absolutely dependent upon its members. What are you going to do about it? Will you help or hinder its progress?

There are two factors in your hands for the achievement of success. First, there is the choice of officers. There are approximately three hundred and fifty members in your ranks from which to elect your leaders. Will you elect good looks or ability? Your officers need initiative, executive power, and poise. They must have the qualities of intelligence, initiative, executive power, and poise. In your selection of officers search for these characteristics.

The second factor is your cooperation. By electing a classmate as your president, you are professing your faith in his leadership. Where you disregard his wishes and authority, are you upholding that faith? Your officers may accomplish miracles, IF YOU exert your best efforts.

The responsibility which rests upon you is two-fold. Will you stand up to your duties?

The responsibility which rests upon you is two-fold. Will you stand up to your duties?

John of Arc, the deliverer of France, was unable to read.

THE ROAD OF BY AND BY LEADS TO THE TOWN OF NEVER.

One of the most popular roads in the high school curriculum is that of "By and By." Students are always looking forward to a test By and By and then something comes up so that in the end only a half-way preparation is made or none at all.

When preparing a note book many students choose the road of By and By to gather material. The night before the note book is due a grand rush is made for material, some students reading the town "Never," while others though they are spared that city, wish most fervently that they had chosen another road.

The road we wish to suggest for the new semester and all times—the road which will result in happiness for all concerned, is "Do It Now." This, the guide posts say, leads to the city of "Success."

What's In a Name.

An English motorist was stopped by a policeman on account of poor lights. "I'll have to take your name, sir." "John Smith," was the reply. "Don't try that on me, sir," warned the man in blue. "I want your proper name and address."

"Then if you must have it, it's William Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon."

"Thank you, sir," said the policeman, jotting it down. "Sorry to have troubled you, sir."

THE CENTRAL DEBATING CLUB.

This semester marks the second term of the existence of the Central Debating club. The society is fast growing in quality and quantity. As students of C. H. S., you are not "up" with its activities unless you know of the club's affairs.

Last year we sponsored only one public debate, but that fact can be attributed largely to our infancy. Our program for the coming year is an extensive one. Debates with New Orleans, Chicago and Cordova are under consideration.

A new set of officers has been installed, William Cooper, President; Joe Harris, vice-president; Betty Harris, secretary; Emily Peale, treasurer. They have decided to make things hum, to put the Central Debating club on the map.

Although the existence of the Central Debating club has been brief, loyalty to C. H. S. has characterized it. It has faithfully upheld the first word of its name. Won't you, the students of C. H. S., give us your attendance at our debates is inspiring, while at the same time helpful to you. We are boosting C. H. S. Won't you boost the Central Debating club?

MOORE & MOORE
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Market Phone. Hem. 2905

MRS. GEO. L. MCKEE
Teacher of the Violin
Studio—282 North McLean

OPPORTUNITY.

By Berton Braley

With doubt and dismay you are smitten.

You think there's no chance for you, son?

Why the best books haven't been written.

The best race hasn't been run,
The best score hasn't been made yet,
The best song hasn't been sung,
The best tune hasn't been played yet,

Cheer up, for the world is young!

No chance? Why, the world is just eager

For things that you ought to create.

Its store of true wealth is still meagre,

Its needs are incessant and great.

It yearns for more power and beauty,

More laughter and love and romance,

More loyalty, labor and duty,

No chance—why there's nothing but chance!

For the best verse hasn't been rhymed, yet,
The best house hasn't been planned,
The highest peak hasn't been climbed yet,
The mightiest rivers aren't spanned.

Don't worry and fret, faint-hearted,

The chances have just begun.

For the Best jobs haven't been started,
The Best work hasn't been done.
She. “Can you drive with one hand?”
He. “Just watch me.”
She: “Well, pick up my handkerchief from the floor.”

Foolish Question 5794.
Boarding-house lady—“Do you want a room.”
Student—(sarcastically) No, I want to disguise myself as a banana and sleep in the fruit dish.

Old friends are like cheese—the strongest.

Patron—“Waiter, there’s sand in this bread.”
Waiter—“Yes sir, that’s to keep the butter from sliding off.”

“Son, where have you been?” queried the anxious mother as her boy slouched into the house at 1 a.m.
“I’ve been out on a date” was his answer.
“With that dirty shirt?”
“No, with a girl.”

She (suggestively) “That roast duck in the window makes my mouth water.”
The Brute—“Then spit.”

“Rufust, wake up Holt back there.”
“Wake him up yourself; you put him to sleep.”

Dumbell
Slim—“I asked her if I could see her home.”
Skinny—“And what did she say?”
Slim—“She said she would send me a picture of it.”

Miss Worth—“What is that noise in the library?”
Miss Benson—“Just History repeating itself.”

Conductor—“You can’t smoke in this car.”
Connolly—“I’m not smoking.”
Conductor—“You’ve got your pipe in your mouth.”
Connolly—“I’ve got my feet in my shoes but I’m not walking, am I.”

Teacher—“What important thing have we now that we didn’t have a hundred years ago?”
S. B.—“Me!!!”

The Black Death, a plague which swept Europe in the fourteenth century, destroyed probably half the population of England. Strangely enough, however this emancipated the serfs throughout many parts of Europe.

It has been shown that if a human were able to lift as much as an ant, in proportion to its weight, he would lift 120 tons.

Patron—“Waiter, there’s sand in this bread.”
Waiter—“Yes sir, that’s to keep the butter from sliding off.”

“The girl who is “wild” about dancing.”
The girl who Adores tennis.
The girl who simply DETESTS Latin.
from grace. On December 12, 1923, we have fallen to the twenty-fourth place? And whose fault is it?
You blame the teams when they fail to beat Tech in a game. You any of our teams if they let South Side beat us. And yet you that have not deposited have allowed both Tech and South Side to beat us, and beat us badly.
It is up to the 40 per cent of the school who are not depositing to get busy and show Tech and South Side that Central High is still in the running.
Are you one of that 40 per cent? If you are, get out Wednesday morning, if you can't do any more than deposit a penny.

FROM THE HOME ROOMS

I have often heard seniors say that they "sure would be happy to get out of this place." As a freshman, I thought that possible, but not probable. As a sophomore, I thought it highly probable, and a fine doctrine. Then I joined the Public Speaking Class. For a while, I still thought I had enough of C. H. S. Then I joined Miss Gardner's Home Room. It was then I fully realized what Central means. No two forces aid school spirit more than those classes.

Notice, I said "joined" Miss Gardner's Home Room. You don't "get in" her Home Rooms. They are just clubby or families. It's a sort of mixed "frat" and sorority, whose motto is "Central III and Miss Gardner's Home Room which is the best Home Room? I'll answer for all of them—there may be a best Home Room in C. H. S., but our family in one-eleven beats them all. We have been together for three terms. Soon we must separate, but close behind, old Central in our hearts lie Miss Gardner and one-eleven.

Our Definition of a Cheap Guy.
One who wants to borrow your Hi Standard instead of buying one of his own.

The Emperor Charlemagne was very fond of fried fish. Once when the fisherman was 15 minutes late, the chief, rather than face the Emperor's wrath, went out and hanged himself.

HI-SCHOOL'S BASKETBALL TEAM IS SHOWING CHAMPIONSHIP STRIDE.

In the games already played Central Hi's team is showing itself superior to all opposition. In the early part of the season High School showed by its victories over the smaller schools that it was of championship material, one-sided scores over Catholic High and South Side it proved its worth. The big game of the season was with Tech. Tech had beaten C. B. C., who was favored for the pennant, and by this victory took the heavy end of the odds. This is the first time that Tech has ruled a favorite over High School in any form of sport. The game was the old story, Tech couldn't overcome the High School spirit and went down after a hard fight to the score of 12-5. The whole of both teams played well, there being no individual stars.

Thumb Nail Sketches of Central's teams.
George Hunt—Hunt is one of the fastest forwards in the city. He has the ability to instill fighting spirit into any team. His work is the best of any forward in the city and featured the Tech game.
Ernest Atkins, forward, is a worthy running mate for Hunt. They have played together for some time and are as hard to get by as a Blue Bird bus on the Collierville road. Schneider is a wonderful dribbler and passer, and a remarkable shot.

ABOUT THIS TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

For the past month High School students have had their ears and eyes cluttered with the oft repeated assertion in the Commercial Appeal and elsewhere that Tech has defeated High School in tennis. It's all wrong. True, one Tech man did defeat one High School man in the singles competition. It is also true (but never mentioned) that the doubles team from High School defeated the doubles team from Tech. It is also true that in the team ranking, Central came second, while Tech was ranked fourth or fifth, so what we can't understand is where they get this stuff that Tech has defeated High School. They never have and they never will.

"Hello."
"Is Rose there?"
"No."
"Is Violet there?"
"No."
"Is Pansy there?"
"No."
"Is Lily there?"
"Say, this is a sorority, not a hot-house."

Rrrrrrrri-ng.
ELECTION OF NEW HI-STANDARD STAFF.

As is the custom in High School, the staff which will serve on the paper for the terms 1924-1925 will be elected in a few weeks. This staff will be different from last year's staff, several offices being changed. These officers will serve with the old staff so that they may be able to gain experience in the trials and tribulations which will confront them next year.

There will be two nominating conventions, as before. Each home room will be represented by a delegate to each convention. Candidates will be nominated and their names printed on ballots. These ballots will be collected from the home rooms in the morning and counted. The results will be announced in the next issue of the Hi-Standard.

The officers to be voted for are:

1—Editor-in-Chief.
2—Business Manager.
3—Ass't. Business Manager.
4—Advertising Manager.
5—Advertising Counsellor.
6—Advertising Counsellor.
7—Advertising Counsellor.
8—Advertising Counsellor.
9—Advertising Counsellor.
10—Advertising Counsellor.
11—Circulation Manager.
12—Collection Manager.

Editorial Staff.
1—Department Editor.
2—Local Editor.
3—Art Editor.
4—Sporting Editor.
5—Exchange Editor.

H. R. 117 AND THEIR LOFTY AMBITION

Doris Durham—To own a Ford and blonde chauffeur.
Martha Gray—To do as she pleases and get by with it.

Alice Stout—To change her name.
Frances White—To fall heir to a C. H. diploma.
Shirley Stotz—To acquire the gift of gab.
Dorthea Knight—To be a Senior.
Helen Felts—To get a successful anti-fat.
Mary Evelyn Bidnell—To get into all the trouble possible and not get caught.
Ruth Cameron—To learn to guard her unruly tongue.
Wylma Wadlington—To be at the head of the “lunch-room” line.
Virginia Moses—To get out of all work.
Martha Ramey—Ambition undeveloped.
Dorthy Block—To be small.
Louise Gardner—To be neat.
Katherine McQuirk—To be smart in Latin.
Ella Mae Jones—To be smart in Chemistry.
Helen Quinn—To give a sensible answer.
Gwendolyn Quinn—To be quiet.
Dorothy Vaden—To control her temper.
Sara Printup—To locate the guy that started the course in Chemistry.
Bernice Rubenstein—To get out of Chemistry II.
Elizabeth Mays—To work an experiment.
Lyman Hoshall—To be considered an authority on shooting bull.
Rosie Williams—To love two women at the same time.
Wallace Johnston—To dance.
Harry Hendricks—To wait for a certain street car (?)
James Pittman—To get married as soon as he learns his girl's last name.
Olum Conner—To be a Chem. shark.
Webster McCann—To be smart.
Abe Harvitz—To catch up with his sleep.

WASHINGTON, LINCOLN AND WILSON

The 22nd of this month marks the birthday of one who might well be called the founder of the United States. It was the character of this man which carried the falling fortunes of the thirteen states through many trying and carestrewn years. Without it him it is probable that there would have been no United States. That is the view which many take, but we believe that it was pre-ordained that there should be a United States, and Washington or no Washington, the republic would have come. This, however, takes no credit from one who was instrumental in its birth. Washington deserves the title, Father of his Country.

In striking contrast to the dignity and aloofness of Washington is the democracy of another whose birthday falls in February. This one, Lincoln, like Washington, came into control when affairs reached a crisis. Unlike Washington, he had no solid unit behind him, but it was his task to unite a house divided against itself. He was successful, and in the junction, by his foresight, tenderness, and humanity raised his name high on the world's list of great men.

Wilson, the forerunner of a new order, the prophet without honor, and the greatest of great idealists, ends the triumvirate. We are too close to him to measure him but his character is already assuming marvelous proportions and we believe it will grow throughout the centuries. Wilson stood on the peak and then still strove upward. Never again will such idealism be known. Washington was the Father of his Country, Lincoln might be called the Savior, and Wilson was certainly the Seer.

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YOU'VE HEARD OF MR. ROGERS?

He's our H. R. teacher.
Do we like him?
'Are we smart?
Do we study?
Just ask Mr. Rogers if we're not the best H. R. he ever had.

Albert Wolf—Waiter I come in yesterday for a steak.
Waiter—Yes, sir, will you have the same today?
Maybe the trouble with the bum.
Living today, dead tomorrow—aw, what's the use?

Albert—Why, yes, I might as well if no one else is using it.

Skeet—Do you know Henry Williams?
Ernest Latham—Yes, I used to sleep with him.
Skeet—Roommates?
Ernest—No, classmates.

Miss Cooke—What is the greatest achievement of the Romans?
Allen Seagar—Speaking Latin.

"Frances, spell ferment and give its meaning."
"Ferment, f-e-r-m-e-n-t, to work."
"Use it in a sentence."

Frasberger—"I'd rather play in the woods aV. day than to ferment in a school room."

When Hungry or Thirsty
Stop at
POLLARD'S FILL 'EM STATION
(Not Gas But Eats) 1724 Poplar, at Evergreen
Operated by Karl N. and Stierle A. Pollard
And More Yap Than Pay.
The same letters that spell pay in France become yap in Germany.

The Frightful Substitute.
"Are you sure we have taken the best road?"
Somebody has. Dreadful thing they left in its place, isn't it?

A Time for Guidance.
Careful reading of the news events of the day would seem to indicate that there are two kinds of likker, pre-war and post-mortem.

Self-Advertised.
Persons who have taken the Ford boom seriously should remember that the little things always sound as if they were going sixty miles an hour.

Furs in Danger.
Store Detective—"I'm suspicious of that woman; she seems furtive."
Floorwalker—"Well, keep your eye on the furs."

Preparedness.
"So you have been married before, Mrs. Smith?"
"Yus, ma'am, three times; and if it pleases 'eaven to take this one, I know where I can lay me 'ands on a fourth."

Civilization Slipping.
A Chicago taxi driver reported that a young woman held him up with a pearl handled revolver and stole $34.30, his day's takings. Is there no honor among highwaymen?

Obsolete.
"In days gone by the young men came around at midnight to serenade young women."
"The custom is impossible now," commented Miss Cayenne. "A popular girl is very seldom at home at that hours."

Fay: "Who wrote, 'Wild Oats'?"
Ruth: "I don't know, but it's a good cereal."

"What are our young people coming to?" asked the lecturer.
"Old age, just like the rest of us," replied a wise philosopher in the audience and the argument closed.

Ruby: "This is a cute little joke-book. I brought it from home."
Frances: "Really, Ruby, I think this is carrying the joke too far."

Speaking of History.
Nero—He was a hot violinist.
Marie Antoinette—She lost her head in an agreement.
Antony—He turned a wicked Brute into a hot dog.

Duff: "Why is Minerva called the Goddess of Wisdom?"
Ida: "That's easy. She never married."

Woman is versatile; she can look apologetic in a Ford and haughty in a Packard.

Jean—"There isn't any such thing as a pipe organ."
Mary—"Why, Jean, what do you mean?"
Jean—"Well, I looked in a physiology and a zoology, and it doesn't say a word about it."

The girl who's not good looking but is a good sport is like an Elgin movement in an Ingersoll case.

Katherine—"What did you say?"
Ted—"Nothing."
Katherine—"I know that, but I wondered how you expressed it this time."

Student—"What are your terms for students?"
Professor—"Deadbeats and bums."

Mignon—"Did you ever sit in the dog's seat in the theatre?"
Edith—"I'll bite; what is it?"
Mignon—"K-nine."
Modesty is to virtue as a curl is to a permanent wave.

Musical Scents.
Music Teacher,—"Who can tell me the national air of Italy?"
Bright Boy—"Garlic."

Required Some Thought.
"I've asked you three times if you have not been out with homelier men than me."
"I heard you. I'm trying to think."
Forgiveness may prove the source of great regret.

Left—"Whew! I just took a quiz."
Right—"Finish?"

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Left—"Whew! I just took a quiz."
Right—"Finish?"

Doctor— "How do you sleep nights?"
Patient— "I can't sleep at all."
Doctor— "To what do you attribute your insomnia?"
Patient— "I'm a night watchman."

A freshman in William Jewell College was called as a witness. He mumbled his words so that the stenographer could not hear him. The judge told him to turn around, face the stenographer, and speak plainly, "Speak to the stenographer," the prosecutor said sternly. "How do you do," said the young man, as he rose and bowed deeply.

"I drove a hundred miles—speeded the whole distance—wet all the way—but didn't skid a bit."
"What were you driving?"
"A yacht."

John Burroughs and Jay Gould, the famous railroad men, were born on adjoining farms.

The Bible uses only 6,000 separate words. There are at least 100,000 words in the English language.

Really now.
Girls.
Isn't it.
Awful.
To be.
Watching.
A sunset.
With him.
And have.
Him say.
"How beautiful."
And then.
Find that.
He's really.
Looking at.
The sunset?

—Waldron.

Question—Why do some people wash their faces with Palm Olive soap?
Answer—To get their faces clean.

OUT BOLIVAR WAY.

"Hooray, at last I'm breaking into print!" yelled the incurable inmate as he poked his head through the Sunday paper.—Kay.

In medieval times, London covered an area of less than one square mile.

Miss Cohen (at fourth period)—"This recitation is absolutely wretched. Why, I've been doing three-fourths of it myself."

There are meters of accent.
There are meters of tone.
But the best way to meet her is to meet her alone.

There are letters of accent.
There are letters of tone.
But the best way to letter is to let her alone.
The other night
I attended a
Wooden wedding anniversary
The menu consisted
Of plank steak
Potato chips
Club sandwiches
And cabinet pudding.
Wouldn't that jar you?

'24—Jim's in the public eye now.
'25—Is he in politics?
'24—No, he's making hot-cakes in a
cafe window.

SY KLOPPS SAYS that the morn­
ing after he drinks his home brew
his tongue feels like it needs a hair

cut.

IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANY
ONE to grasp the right angle of the
eternal "triangle."

IF GERMAN MARKS GET MUCH
LOWER and the natives are broke
they will have to "bock the kaiser."

"Hello, hello, this Frances?"
"Yes."
"Do you still love me?"
"Yes, who is it?"

OUR GOVERNMENT WILL NOT
JOIN THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS
because it will be deprived of the
right of fighting to make the world
safe for Democracy.

MANY A FAMILY TREE has pro­
duced a nut, a lemon, and a peach
at the same time.

Why is a pretty girl like alcohol?
Because she makes your heart beat
faster.

Minds of moderate caliber ordinarily
condemn everything which is beyond
their range.

Always patronize the firms who ad­
vertise in this paper. They are en­
titled to your business and will give
you excellent value for your money.

This country needs n
and less conversation.

There seems to be a dispute over
who started the World war, yet it is
definitely known who finished it.

Nature tries at least to compensate
the bird with no sense of humor by
giving him the loudest laugh.