Central High School Hi-Standard, Memphis, 2:02, 1922

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HI STANDARD

BE THERE
TURKEY DAY

AND HELP BEAT M.U.S.
All Suspenders
and other
Supporters!
of the
C. H. S.
WARRIORS
Meet in Court Square
Wednesday, Nov. 29th
3:45 o'clock

MR. ADVERTISER: Do you know that our advertising space is the best you can get? The “Hi-Standard” is a regular publication, dominating the lives of the Memphis High School Students. We always trade with the man who gives us his “ad”
HI-STANDARD

PIGGLY WIGGLY
Advantages to Customers
Lowest Prices
Best Products
Serve Yourself
1,000 Items
Freedom of Choice
Clean Store and Goods
No Waiting to be Waited On

YORK - AMBROSE ARMS CO.
162 South Main St.
Tel. M. 68
Official Outfitters
Athletic Supplies
Special Discount to Students
If It's Sporting Goods We Have It

The Bellevue Bakery and Delicatessen
297 South Bellevue Boulevard
Telephone Hem. 9262
Our bakery is new, strictly clean and sanitary. All kinds of soft drinks, sweet milk and cream. Our food the best and cheapest obtainable. Our own oven-baked ham, our delicious minced ham, made fresh daily. We earnestly solicit your patronage, with the assurance that you will always receive prompt and courteous attention. Respectfully,
The Bellevue Bakery
Opposite Central High School

MEMPHIS STEAM LAUNDRY
86 N. Second St.
Phone Main 21
We Do
DRY CLEANING AND PRESSING

REAL DELIGHT
A Box of Silver Moon Chocolates will give you an idea of what real delight is.
Oliver - Finnie Co. Makers

THINK IT OVER
It takes a College and Prep School Man to Tog a College and Prep School Man—
Hence the Popularity of
PHIL A. HALLE EXCHANGE BUILDING
Our Moderate Payable Prices are Guaranteed in Every Way

A YOUNG MAN'S STORE
Make It Your Store
MAIN AT MONROE

BUY GIFTS THAT LAST—

from

Julius Goodman
3 South Main

The High Standard of
OAK HALL
Clothes QUALITY

Makes them especially appealing to the well-dressed young High School Boys who want Style and Snap in their attire.

Henry Halle Dave Halle

OAK HALL
"More Than 35 Years at 55 North Main."
Honor Roll

Is your name on this roll? If not, let's have it next time.

Martha Ambrose
Bertha Angel
Elizabeth Angel
Milton Acklen
George Abraham
Jennie Addison
Carolyn Abele
Annie Atkins
Martha Ayres
Milton Goldberger
Linnie Sue Gary
Matilda Gay
Anna Guire
Elizabeth Gray
Dorothy Green
Jane Hyde
Lyman Hashal
Katherine Hicks
Louise Hudson
Harrison Hale
Raymond Highsmith
Nola Mae Hill
Gladys Johnson
Louis Joffe
Sara Johnson
Robert Johnson
Bertha Jack
Corinne Koonce
Herman Kapell
Claude Keitner
Gladys Kemper
J. G. Lowenthal
Ardelle Liddon
Matilde Levy
Ernest Leatham
Thomas Lowe
Sydney McClellan
Marie Le Prince
Ireys Martin
Mildred Marx
Martha McKellar
Gladys Murray
Thorburn McGown
Jannie Morris
Elizabeth McGurk
Katherine McGurk
Leonard Shepherd
Sue Mae Stewart
Donald Stewart
Rosie Schatz
Barbette Scharff
Vera Schmidt
Frances Thompson
Mary Bell Thompson
Margaret Thompkins
Helen Tidwell
Raymond Thompson
Fred Vosse
Van Whittaker
May Wynn
Tom Weis
Virginia Watts
Marcelle Yard
Winnie Welch
Cecil Wray
Orum Waddey
Grace Wolf
Mildred Wilder
Mildred Younger
Howard Pritchard
Evelyn Zearing
Jeanette Benovitz
Robert Brankston
Mamie Barnes
William Berghsichker
Guts Crenshaw
Elizabeth Carnes
Viola Calvery
Gerald Capers
Frances Covington
Elizabeth Chustup
Eugenia Clark
Reubin Cole
Elizabeth Cole
Ruth Coughon
Dolly Doss
Edith Douglass
Charles Dean
Viola Engler
Elizabeth Ellis
Luke Finlay
Esther Felt
Malcolm Cranberry
If there are any names omitted, please overlook. This list is incomplete on account of the lack of records sent in by H. R. teachers.

A Song of Thanks

By Angela Morgan

For the color of life, that is golden,
For the savor of life, that is sweet,
For the zest of life, that is olden,
Yet new with the heart's first beat.
For the magic of life that is hidden
Where the humblest eyes may see.
For love that comes unbidden,
Thank God from the soul of me!

For the labor of life, that is willing,
For the goad of life, that is good,
For strength my glad arms thrilling
To work for daily food.
For the clamor of life that gushes
From the mow and shop and street,
For the splendor of life that rushes
Where walks the million feet;
For the music of life that blends me
With the songs the planets sing;
For the lift of life that sends me
Mounting on eagle's wing;
For the passion of life that thunders
Where the might of men is hurled,
For noble deeds and wonders,
For the triumphs of the world . . .

For these and the great Unspoken
That lies in the soul of me,
For the Mystery unbroken,
Thank God with the whole of me!
Cutting classes isn’t a smart thing to do at all. No one thinks anything of a boy or a girl who tries to “get by” by using underhand methods. When you cut a class you have to sneak along the halls and try to slip out a side door unnoticed. Why do you trip to slip out unnoticed? Why, because you are doing something that you know is wrong, something for which you know you will have to suffer the consequences because it is wrong and you know, isn’t honest. Can we trust anyone who isn’t honest? Most assuredly not! And then you really never get by with it. Nothing may be said the first time or even the second, but you may well expect the blow to fall sooner or later. Central High School wants to have all her students honest, fair and endowed with a feeling of responsibility. Every student must have these qualities in order to have the standard of his school keep its high position. Are you helping or hindering?

“SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT”

Students, do you realize that “Turkey Day” is about to visit us again? “Turkey Day” means more to us than having turkey for dinner. It means a thanksgiving. Everyone should give thanks for his blessings. We also have another reason why we should be proud of this day, because it means a great deal to us. We should be at the “Turkey Day” game. Be there 100 per cent in every department. This game between M. U. S. and C. H. S. is a game of note. Not only will the rooters from the different schools be there, but stars and students of yesterday. They will watch everybody. The game, of course, will be watched, but another thing that will be watched is the number of students that have come out to root, yell and support our team. Will your face be seen there? If not, why not? There isn’t any reason why you cannot be there, so make your arrangements right now. If you haven’t the do-ra-me, start saving now. If you have an Athletic Association ticket it will cost you either fifty cents, four-bits, two quarters or five dimes. If you haven’t it will cost you either one dollar, two halves or eight bits. Beg, rob, steal, but be there! Don’t fail to bring your colors. Wear them everywhere. Advertise C. H. S.

HURLEY BAIRD.

HI-STANDARD BY MAIL

The “Hi-Standard” will be mailed anywhere in the world for the small sum of one dollar for the remainder of the year. This includes the 12-2 annual. We want a large mailing list, so, alumni and former students of C. H. S., please kick in with a ducat and have “the best high school paper in the U. S. A.” come to you for one year.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

What do we mean by “SCHOOL SPIRIT”?

We mean that there are twelve essentials that go to make up school spirit. If you haven’t all twelve, you haven’t the real school spirit.

S stands for the SUPPORT we give our different athletic teams and other activities of the school.

C for the COURAGE we keep by backing the school under all conditions.

H for the HONOR that is bestowed on us for the privilege of being a member of C. H. S.

O for the ORDER in which we stand for C. H. S.

L for the ONLY SCHOOL that we should love and respect—that school is C. H. S.

S for the LOVE we have for the school activities of C. H. S.

P for the SINEW bands which bind us together in C. H. S.

T for the PRIDE we should take in our conduct in and out of C. H. S.

R for the INTEREST we take in our school life.

F for the RESPONSIBILITY placed on us by the members of the different activities.

I for the INSTITUTION of our heart.

A for the TEARS which we shed if we are knocked. Everyone knows what kind of tears these are.

The above twelve compose the big thing known as school spirit. Don’t try to take three or four of the above essentials, but take all of them. Get into the game. Show people what real school spirit means. Take the words, school spirit, everywhere you go. Boost; don’t knock. Let your criticism be constructive. You only criticise yourself when you down your school. Uphold its honor; caress it with your love; support it with your presence, for your absence leaves a gap in the ranks. Don’t fail to cooperate. Put yourself to a little trouble for your school. When you leave “dear old C. H. S.,” feel proud to say that “I had the twelve things that composed school spirit.” Be an example for your comrade. You are someone’s model; try to make a good one.

Let’s make C. H. S. a school among schools—a name that will be in everyone’s mouth. We can make it so if we have school spirit.

Remember our schedule. Keep up with our team. We have a big game in front of us, so if you haven’t the school spirit, “get it!” You can get it if you want to. We do not want students in C. H. S. who cannot get this necessity. Don’t only have it in school, but have it everywhere.

“A student without school spirit is like an oyster without a shell—soon to be swallowed.”

“All things come to him who waits. But when they come they’re out of date.”

HURLEY BAIRD.

OUR POLICY

We have heard that someone has objected to the first issue of your paper not containing more material of literary merit. We are trying to dispense from the “Hi-Standard” office in the South Auditorium Annex a school paper. We are trying, with your co-operation, to make it known as “The best high school paper in the U. S. A.” We are not making an attempt to “roll” Victor Hugo et al. We would refer the above-mentioned party to the Misses Scudder and Cox, who can probably satisfy their insatiable thirst for knowledge.
CO-OPERATION

With your co-operation, student, we can obtain anything. Why not own a printing press? A thing we need. A thing we ought to have. The one thing C. H. S. lacks is a school printing press. With a printing press we could print our own paper. This would add to the school a great deal. A printing press would pay for itself and at the same time it will give the students that like this kind of work a chance to learn the trade. Why not make the paper such a success so as to enable us to make enough money to help buy a press? Why let an local school get ahead of us? Help us to start this fund. Other schools have printing presses, why not us? A little effort by each student would soon put it over. Think what it would mean to us: C. H. S. printing establishment! We could get work all the time from local firms, and print all our supplies. Help us to start the ball a-rolling.

EDITOR'S PSALM

Lives of editors all remind us
We can't make our lives sublime,
For we have to work like—
To get our papers out on time.

12-2 WHYS?

Why does M. S., in writing in class books, call herself wicked?
Why does G. F. always stand in front of the class during the meetings?
Why does V. W. call himself a brick?
Why do several boys kid E. S. about a certain girl?
Why does A. P. usually wait till the class meeting is over before coming in?
Why does D. G. always sit in the same seat at the meetings?

Why has L. H. been carrying an egg around with her all the time?
Why was M. O. picked as the scent-er on an all-star football team?
Why does G. M. always wear such loud shirts and cute jazz-bow ties?
Why has A. L. lost her appetite for candy?
Why does Z. F. leave school so early every day?
Why do the boys call R. S., Miss Wylie?
Why do I. S. and B. O. come to the class meetings so early?
Why do the boys and girls sit on different sides of the room at the meetings?

Ardelle Got the Candy.

It has been discovered that there are two radical Socialists in the Senior Class. Although they might not be recognized as Socialists by their appearance, their actions in Miss Horton's fourth period history class will convince anyone of their ability to practice Socialistic principles.

For further information apply to Gilbert Martin and Everett Thompson. Their first victim was Ardelle Liddon, whose pocketbook suffered a loss of more than half of its contents.

Ask May Wynn why she was so "stuck up" (or rather, stuck down) in Miss Schloss's second period expression class.

Ask Day Grismore who is going to be the sunbeam for the third period 12-2 English Class.

and while your converts may not be great numbers (and granting that there will be many backsliders among them), from the few that hear your words and are impressed and become money savers, you will reap a larger measure of reward than you can appreciate at this time.

Picture yourself some thirty years from now, should the knowledge come to you that ten or fifteen of all the students that you have preached this gospel to give you credit for having first interested them in saving their money. If these ten or fifteen have grown to be prominent, influential citizens in the community, you will then regard that as a most splendid reward for all of your present efforts.

I am reminded of my experience with Bill Honnecut. Bill was a long, lanky Vermont Yankee who had moved down into the mountains of North Carolina. When I met him and was his guest, I found upon riding through the valleys with him that he seemed to own nearly everything worth owning that we saw in two days' ride. He was evidently a very wealthy man even then, but since I left I have been built through the country, piercing the heart of his property, which I am told possessed untold mineral wealth. I marveled somewhat on learning of how vast were his possessions, and in the most modest, unassuming way he explained to me that fifteen years prior to that time he came into that country with $20,000 in gold, having sold the old home place in Vermont for that amount. He invested it all in lands
in that country, and then wound up with the startling statement: "Sam, it was a cinch for me to get rich. Me and my boys work six days a week and rest on Sunday, and these folks around here work about one day a week and rest the other six. If I lived long enough, I would own all of western North Carolina that I wanted."

If this effect could be produced in North Carolina, is it not quite true that a thrifty, industrious, economical individual in Memphis is quite as certain to rise to independence and even wealth among the thousands of extravagant ones that surround us on every side.

I, therefore, commend your effort in most unstinted terms. There has been entrusted to you in this movement the building of the cornerstone in the arc of citizenship. There is no other quality so essential as thrift in either man or woman, because thrift begets industry, and with those two essential qualities follows almost as a certainty that of honesty. I, therefore, congratulate you most heartily upon your much deserved success in the past, and hope that the future may hold out even a larger measure of reward for you.

With kind personal regards, believe me,
S. M. WILLIAMSON.

PUBLIC SPEAKING NOTES

On Wednesday afternoon, November 22, the Public Speaking Department gave the second of a series of monthly entertainments which they have planned for the enjoyment of the faculty, the student body and the friends of Central High School. The program presented was a little out of the ordinary, being an exhibition of the relationships which exist between the public speaking and other departments of the school. Clarence Kuhne acted as chairman of the program and presented the various members of the third period class, who, in well-planned talks, established the fact that the public speaking and other departments are interdependent.

Those taking part on the program were: Catherine Barnes, LaDelle Ingram, Alice Menard, Geneva Millett, Margaret Morgan, Janie Peete, Bernice Roe, Vernon Allen, Abe Bass, Joe Harris, Wallace Johnston, Charles Ross, J. E. Satterfield and Vic Vescovo.

What we are going to do for next month's program is a dead secret, but be assured that it will be well worth your time. If you missed this last program, come out on second Wednesday in December and see what the Public Speaking Department is doing. Get into things!

PUBLIC SPEAKING DEPARTMENT

By Geo. H. Ferguson

The debating team has been named for the debate with Stuttgart, Ark., High School. The proposition for debate is "Resolved, That Capital and Labor Should Be Compelled to Settle All Differences in Legally Established Courts of Arbitration."

The personnel of the team is as follows: Negative, Nathan Engleberg and Fred Vosse; affirmative, Francis Rollow and Bill Rollow.

The personnel for the second debate, which is with Nashville High School, has not been named. The proposition for this debate is "Resolved, That Further Restriction of Immigration Is Necessary in the United States."

Our regular program, which was to have been given the second Wednesday of this month, was deferred to oblige Mr. Hawke, who was busily engaged with a concert, which was indeed a splendid one, several of our members taking special parts. The next program will be on schedule.

Better Speech Week was celebrated highly by C. H. S. students. Miss Thompson's and Miss Schloss's expressive pupils starred in the production of two prize plays, the first prize coming to our member, Fred Vosse.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Some people have no idea how important the Sewing Department is, so here is something to show you what we really are: Besides winning several prizes at the Tri-State Fair, we are planning to stage a play and fashion show similar to those held in the colleges over the country every year, using living models.

Our able teachers, Misses Finley and Woods, have decided to give it first here in the auditorium so that you may be convinced of its merit. But first there is a prize offered for the best play, thirty minutes in length, which will be worthy of our effort. Try for it! You may have hidden talent (or luck). For further particulars concerning the playwriting see Miss Woods, Miss Finley or your English teacher.

DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF THE HISTORY DEPARTMENT?

Wherefore History?

Everything we do is toward one goal, Happiness. That is the reason we are sent to school, that we may be happy—later. For were it not for this preparation in school for life, we would have, oh, so many embarrassing and humiliating experiences. And with an abundance of experiences of this kind no one could ever be happy.

Then wherefore history?

I will disclose some of my own embarrassing experiences. (Pardon my personal reference.) One Sunday morning the minister referred in a you-know-what-I-mean air to the law of the Medes and Persians. Now I did not know at all, and I was positive everyone recognized the fact that I did not, and I blushed with embarrassment.

Another time was when someone called me a "Queen Elizabeth." I wondered if this was a compliment. I did not think so, but I did not know. But the most embarrassing incident of all was my opinion of the "balance of power." I ran across a reference to it in a newspaper, and the impression I did get! No, I will not tell that here. But my youth and innocence was no excuse for my ignorance. Ignorance is not innocence, you know.

Of course, misery was a result of
all these humiliating illustrations. My failure to understand certain historical references was plain ignorance. I do not believe "Ignorance is bliss." I knew that I could never be happy ignorant.

So I started in and took four years of history. Now that I have had it, I cannot see how the citizens of tomorrow, as we are called, can really be American citizens without a knowledge of history. It is almost an impossibility!

For in studying history we are free to judge the past and its heroes and imagine what we would have done instead at that time. Of course, we can not do it, but we can prevent such conditions from arising now, for we may draw conclusions from the similarity of influences and the likeness of economic conditions now and then, for there is no better way of judging the future than by the past.

Now, gentle reader, wherefore history?

WHAT THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT IS DOING

The English Department has had a very full, happy and successful week, which began November 6th. In the first place, about three weeks ago the department offered two prizes, the first for the best one-act drama submitted by any student who had completed English IV, setting forth a phase of Better Speech Week, and a second for the best poster bearing a similar message.

The drama contest resulted in disclosing the fact that C. H. S. has several real playwrights—embryonic, of course. The judges, Mrs. Edward Klewer, Miss Monte Cooper and Mrs. Will Orgill, each a specialist in some dramatic line, were generous in their praise of all the documents submitted, but selected "The Awakening," by Fred Vosse, as worthy of first honor, and "Pandora's Box," by Martha Ambrose, as second.

On Friday, November 10th, they were both produced in the auditorium by Miss Thweatt's tenth grade expression class and won hearty commendation from both faculty and students. Miss Thweatt's task was herculean to stage two plays in four days' time, but, in a most creditable manner, she accomplished it.

The poster display was unusually artistic and very abundant. The race for first place was exciting. Finally the judges, Mrs. McIntyre, Miss Minnie Raines and Mr. G. Pangborn, awarded the blue ribbon to Nowland Baum and the red to Sadie Northrup, and the last to Jessie Webb.

The C. H. S. Annex was furnished a fine collection of posters, which, together with their own, impressed the freshmen deeply. "The Awakening" was staged in the assembly room of the Annex on the following Monday.

These events chronicled above, together with five-minute daily observance in each class and two-minute speeches by English students in each home room Thursday morning, furnished an abundance of good seed that should bear much fruit this present year.

MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT OFFERS NEW SOLUTION, "AN ORIGINAL"

To prove: That a ton of coal is a colored man.

Proof: A ton of coal is a weight, a wait is a pause, a pause is a short stop, a short stop is a ball player, a ball player is a foul grabber, a foul grabber is a colored man.

Therefore, a ton of coal is a colored man. 2 E. D.

Former Editor and General Manager of "Bulletin" Receives Highest Honors at U. of T.

George Schaffer has again been honored and this time by one of the highest honors that a former student of C. H. S. has ever received.

George has been selected by the authorities of U. of T. as a contestant for the Rhodes Scholarship. Very few ever receive this honor, and we are proud that a C. H. S. student has become one of the "chosen few." We feel that George has a fine chance and sincerely hope he will be successful.

While at C. H. S. George was one of the foremost students, always taking a lead in the school activities. We will always remember how he worked to publish the "Bulletin," the school paper at that time.

C. H. S. Graduate Wins Honor at Harvard

Fletcher Gans Cohn, a senior in the Harvard Law School, has been elected to the Harvard Legal Aid Bureau. This bureau is composed of the highest men of the law school and maintains offices in both Boston and Cambridge.

When a student at C. H. S. Fletcher represented us in interscholastic debating. When at Vanderbilt he won the orator's medal in a state-wide declamation contest and also won first honors in a contest held under the auspices of the University of Tennessee at Knoxville. He has represented both the West Tennessee State Normal School and University of Tennessee in debates and always makes a fine showing.

Some of our alumni are now in the business world. Central Hi hopes that they will achieve great things in their business careers.

Jim Jeffries is now with the Newberger Cotton Co. William Miller is also in the cotton business.

Houston Beasley is with the E. C. Atkins Co.

William Deupree is with Marks & Bensdorf.

Fred Deupree is with Wm. Barnes Hardware Co.

J. C. McLin is with Brodnax.

Louise and Fannie Ottenheimer, June '22, have entered Smith College.

Eugenia Strickland, after a year at University of Tennessee, is attending the University of Oregon.
Kenneth Dale Owen, June '22, is a freshman at Cornell. He has won a position on the track team.

Sterling Tracy, June '16, graduated from the University of Wisconsin in June. While there he represented with honor his Alma Mater in intercollegiate debates and made a high record for scholarship. He is now connected with the Commercial Appeal, where he is doing excellent work.

Ellis Margolin, June '22, winner of the High School Alumni Scholarship, is studying at Johns Hopkins. Jake Alperin, June '21, is also there.

Babette Becker has graduated from Wellesley and is now connected with the Commercial Appeal, where she is one of the society editors and also has charge of a special page.

Virginia Farabough, June '20, is a junior at Wellesley, and Mirian Hertstein, a former High School girl, is a sophomore at the same place.

Manuel Dlugach, June '17, and Gilbert Dlugach, February '20, are at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Vivian Keys, June '22, is living in Dallas, Texas, and attending a normal school near there.

The following former students of C. H. S. are continuing their studies at the following colleges:

- Walker Jones is at Washington and Lee University.
- Fanny and Louise Ottenheimer are at Smith College.
- Weir Mallory is at the University of Chicago.
- Isabel Helman is at Bishopthorpe Manor at Bethlehem, Pa.
- George Gerbig and A. J. Ackerman are at Columbia, N. Y.
- Gordon Lewellyan is at the University of Texas.
- Helen Everts, Edward Bailey, John Sessums, Paul Gieselman and Billy Perkins are at the University of Tennessee.
- John Dean is cheer leader at the University of Tennessee.

Alumni Weddings

We are glad to know that some of our alumni have found their "better halves" among the alumni itself. The following couples have been married recently:

- Oscar Culpepper and Lois Parker.
- Carolyn Leigh and Clifford Davis.
- Carol White and Elizabeth Leigh.
- James Young and Laura Neblett.

The news about our alumni and former students is to be continued in each issue, as it is impossible to mention all in any one issue.

"LEST WE FORGET"

Armistice Day has just passed and that day never fails to bring back to us the sweet memory of our honored dead—those who made the supreme sacrifice for us. We feel that it is very timely to publish in their honor the names of our gold stars:

- Bernard Aden.
- John Barr.
- Neal Bailey Finley.
- Pack Fernandez.
- Thomas Hamer.
- Cyril Garnsey.
- John Highams.
- James Ryan.
- James Natham.
- Albert Scroggs.
- Thomas Tate.
- Harry Warde.
- Any Unknown.

Central High School has had many unusually good surprises this month.

On October 25, Mr. Ogilvie, the manager of the Goodwyn Institute, brought Mr. Paulette to visit Central High. Mr. Paulette is one of the most noted speakers of the country. He gave to us a most interesting and beneficial talk.

Judge Brown brought a rare treat to us on October 26 in the personage of Mr. Bronston. Mr. Bronston is one of the coming tenors of the country. He rendered a delightful program for the students of Central High, and we heartily enjoyed it.

On November 2 we had with us again Dr. Bailey, from the University of the South. We were visited by Dr. Bailey last year and were glad to have him with us again. He gave us a most interesting as well as an instructive talk.

On October 27, Central High School had auditorium for the purpose of introducing the Hi-Standard staff. Mr. Jester introduced the editor-in-chief, Hurley Baird, who in turn introduced each member of the staff.

Short talks were given by Alfred Boyd, Tom Wensler and Hurley Baird. These members promised the students that the staff would give forth every effort to make the "Hi-Standard" one of the best school publications if only the students would give their cooperation and support in both buying the paper and contributing to its pages.

At this auditorium meeting Coach Curlin gave the candy to the home rooms that were 100 per cent in the purchase of athletic tickets. There were nineteen home rooms that had already gained the 100 per cent mark.

On November 10 an auditorium was called for the purpose of "Better Speech Week." The following program was given:

I. Announcements—Mr. Jester.
II. Band.
III. "Better Speech"—Talk by Gladys McGill.
IV. Introducing the Prize Play—Alice McKnight Vernor.
V. "The Awakening"—Play, written by Fred Vosse.
VI. Awarding of Prizes—By Miss Margaret Rogers, head of English Department.
VII. Armistice Day Speech—George Ferguson.
VIII. Introducing Second Prize Play—Billy Hughes.
IX. "Pandora's Box"—Play, written by Martha Ambrose.
Characters: Mother, Elizabeth Baldwin; Little Girl, Matil Levy; Little Boy, Lindsey Gunn; Pandora, Alice Crump; Ephemeteus, McGhee Moore; Hope, Eloise Sifford; Slang, Sadie Kantor; Mother English, Elizabeth Ellis.

Appreciation

The staff wishes to heartily thank those home room reporters who worked so hard to get subscriptions...
for the paper. We now have about one subscriber out of every three pupils in C. H. S. Our aim is to have two out of every three. Keep working on subscriptions and help us realize our ambition.

Home rooms that are 100 per cent in 75-cent subscriptions to the "Hi-Standard":

- 204 (Miss Haszinger)
- 209-C (Miss Horton)
- 111 (Miss Cunningham)
- 209-A (Miss Williams)
- 307 (Miss Gardner)

The English Department, 209-B, highly recommends the following book list, compiled by Professor Philmsprts, the famous professor of slang at the University of Flunking. These books are splendid for killing time, the reader, or anything else.

- "The Lovers," Henry I. Holder
- "The Wreck," Ivan Otto Mobile
- "The Sacrifice," John U. Klaeser
- "The Sentence," Mann U. Dye
- "The Flower Girl," Lily Bloom
- "The Coward," Tom B. Brave
- "The Heiress," Lotta Doe
- "Good Children," A. Betty Kidd
- "The Bad Girl," Ura Moody Child
- "The Dogs," A. Kerr
- "The Return," Homer Gayne
- "The Graveyard," Sim I. Terry
- "Clothes," Iva Taylor
- "Insane," Luna Tycke
- "The Catastrophe," Oher Skurtzoff
- "The Panacea," Sally Patty Kerr
- "The End," Allsup

When
When eggs are ten dollars in China,
And two-bits in old Asia Minor,
And peanuts come twelve in a shell,
And cotton crops all turn out well;
When people go crazy in Siam,
And say, "What a crazy fool I am!"
When the North Pole is blazing and burning,
And milk comes from butter without burning;
When the sun becomes dark and the night becomes light,
And the earth ceases turning and pencils won't write;

Lights From 117
"Every animal has carbon, including man."—M. O.
"Sure 'nuff, girls, I can't read it."—K. B.
"Oh, those old invitations!"—M. W.
"A test? Why, Mr. Rogers, I'd be ashamed."—The Class.

We Wonder If—
The "fake laboratory" on Friday, November 10, was a success?

Mr. Jordan's 210
1. A car—Jordan.
2. Kitchen maid—Miss Cook.
3. While canoeing—Mr. Roe.
4. Essential to a garden—Miss Gardner.
5. A mighty bird—Mr. Hawke.
7. At cost—Miss Parr.
8. April showers—Miss Raines.
9. Road from Memphis to Cordova—Mr. Macon.
10. A coal company—Miss Galloway.
11. A dancing hall—Miss Lanier.
13. Picture of youth—Miss Young.
14. An important government island—Mr. Ellis.
15. A city in Alabama—Miss Montgomery.
16. Of bookstore—Mr. Taylor.
17. Our ex-president—Miss Wilson.
18. Transfer company—Mr. Harvey.
19. A song of a bird—Miss Thweatt.
20. A clown—Mr. Jester.
21. A president—Mr. Rogers.


PROF. PHILMSPRTS.

Mr. Rogers agreed with the marks his "committee on grades" gave the test papers.

Wordsworth wrote "A Few Lines Above Tintern Alley?"
1. "Every animal has carbon, including man."—M. O.
2. "Bessemer steel is a hard

Some of the answers Mr. Rogers found on his test papers this month:

- "Every animal has carbon, including man."—M. O.
In October the 12-1 Class was organized. Mr. Tom Wenzler was elected president; Miss Ruth Moren, vice-president; Mr. Albert Glazier, treasurer; Miss Louise Hudson, secretary. There are 155 students enrolled in this class. This is the largest 12-1 class in the history of C. H. S. The meetings are very interesting and entertaining. The class meets every Wednesday morning, and a large assembly is present at each meeting. The class plans to do some excellent work under the leadership of their worthy president and Miss Florence Schloss.

All 12-1's come to the meetings. There's something in store for you.

### 12-2 Facta Non Verba

That is a splendid motto! Deeds, not words. It has inspired us with a desire to make our class one of the best classes which has ever been organized.

The following officers have been elected and are doing their duties with the zeal which is characteristic of seniors, under the supervision of Miss Schloss:
- Van Whittaker, president; Ardelle Liddon, vice-president; Day Grismore, secretary; George Ferguson, treasurer.

For class day exercises we have elected the following:
- Lonnie Holland, prophet; Irene Samelson, prima donna; Alice Henry, historian; Ruth Crenshaw, testator; Bullet Griffin, poet.

We wish to express our appreciation of the splendid co-operation in the organization of our class which Miss Schloss has given us.

Meetings are held every Tuesday and Thursday morning at 8:15 in Room 318. Do not fail to attend each meeting; something important might happen.

### PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

**Heard in Room 304**

Miss Richardson: "How many of the five problems did you fail to get?"

A certain very brilliant student: "I couldn't get the first two or the last three."

Needless to say, Home Room 304 is studying 11-1 Algebra.

**We Wonder**

Where W. D. gets his permanent wave?

Why John B. and John H. love each other so?

Somebody ask Pete if he likes grape jelly.

If the baby cries, will Virginia Walker?

If Mississippi wears Missouri's new dress, what will Delaware?

A diplomat is one who steals your coat and apologizes so thoroughly that you will give him your vest and pants. Early to bed and early to rise, you'll never meet any regular guys.

**The Wonders of 307**

Why Albert B. thought he could not qualify for the position of sergeant-at-arms (janitor) as well as Hurley B.?

What Rice G. and W. D. D. roll their hair up on?

Why Harry P. is so out of breath when he comes to class every morning?

Why do they call Hiram, Hiram?

Why do they call Warren S., Hiram?

Where did Lee Hammond get that stuff after the Columbia game?

---

**Home Room 310**

Very good work has been done in the typing department in Room 310. The work is going ahead rapidly and we expect to turn out some expert typists before long.

There were a number of new accounts opened in the Wednesday morning bank last week.

There has also been a great improvement in attendance lately.

**Home Room 316**

This H. R. regretted very much the loss of our teacher, Mrs. Fontenay. Many of us have had her for English the whole time we have been in high school, and all of us had learned to love her. We hope she will be very happy in her new life and home.

We also welcome our new teacher, Mrs. Carman, and know that we are going to love her as much as we did Mrs. Fontenay.

---

**Miss Laura Mauzy has just decided that 316 needs converting. At the first of the term she omitted Bible readings, but now she's changed her mind.**

**Edgar Lee Throgmorton:** "Well, I ain't got no particular mistakes in grammar."

**Heard in Room Home 306**

"Miss Mahler wants to see H. K. in the office." — Anybody.

"You'll have to prove that to me. I don't accept anything on faith." — Miss McG.

"Have you brought the money for your ring?" — J. L.

"Where's your money for the 'Hi-Standard'"? — I. D.

"We had a class meeting this morning." — Every member of the class on one day or another.
THE CANDY DIGEST

From Home Room 209-C

We wonder why Mr. Hawke felt that his presence was needed in Home Room 209-C just at the time that we opened our 5's?

Heard at the celebration of the 5's:
"Now, who hasn't had any?"
"Don't everybody speak at once."
"May I get some water, Miss Horton?"
"There's no rest for the weary."
"Oh, my tummy!"

We wonder who B. M. was saving his candy for?

From the looks, Bill L. must have "fasted" the previous week. (Ah, Bill! Shame on you for thirteen minutes!)

Home Room 316

A masher stopped a pretty girl; Says she to him, "Oh, shucks! Wash your neck with Bon Ami—That may improve your Lux."

Stop a minute and say "Hello," As down life's road you go; For a kindly word and a cheery smile Will shorten the road by many a mile For some poor fellow who's moving slow, Stop for a minute and say, "Hello!"

It was a cold and wintry night, A man stood on the street; His aged eyes were full of tears, And his shoes were full of feet.

We wish that Home Room 316 would send in a list of "Puppy Lovers."—The Staff.

CARD PARTY

The sighing lover led a heart, The girl for a diamond played. Father came in with a club, And the sexton used a spade.

The beginning of a perfect evening is a decision to let the supper dishes wait till morning.

Sometimes the naked truth makes the best of us blush.

Patronize our advertisers.

"I certainly am absorbing a lot of knowledge," murmured the janitor as he erased the blackboard.

There seems to be a wonderful sense of rumor in C. H. S.

P. S.—Auditorium at eighth period tomorrow.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE, 1922

C. H. S. vs. Tunica (Sept. 23) ............... 58-0
C. H. S. vs. F.-K. (Sept. 30) .................. 27-0
C. H. S. vs. Blytheville (Oct. 6) ............. 6-0
C. H. S. vs. Tech (Oct. 14) ................... 6-0
C. H. S. vs. Clarksdale (Oct. 20) .......... 13-6
C. H. S. vs. Little Rock (Oct. 28) .......... 17-19
C. H. S. vs. Columbia (Nov. 3) ............. 6-7
C. H. S. vs. Pine Bluff (Nov. 11) .......... 0-45
C. H. S. vs. C. B. C. (Nov. 18) .......... 0-7
C. H. S. vs. M. U. S. (Turkey Day) ...........

We Are With You, Warriors
"H" Club

The "H" Club comprises all the boys who have won their "H" in athletics. To win an "H" one must show proficiency in football, baseball, basketball or track. The "H" Club was organized by Coach R. L. Sullivan and has been one of the strongest influences in C. H. S. since that time.

It is composed of active and alumni members. The alumni members are our former "H" Club boys, and they are now among the most prominent citizens in Memphis. Many acquired distinction during the World War.

The active members are among the foremost students in all C. H. S. activities. They are the backbone of the student body. The following represent the active members and when they have made their "H"s:

Andrew Pettit, President—Football, 1920, 1921, 1922; baseball, 1921, 1922.

Gordon Clark, Vice-President—Football, 1921, 1922; baseball, 1921, 1922.

Frank Leftwich, Secretary and Treasurer—Football, 1920, 1921, 1922; basketball, captain 1921, 1922.

Van Whittaker—Football, 1921, 1922.

Barney Humphries—Football, 1921, 1922; baseball, 1920, captain 1921; basketball, 1921, 1922.

William Reir—Basketball, 1921, captain 1922; baseball, 1922.

Gene Caruthers—Basketball, 1921, 1922, captain 1923.

"Skeeb" Harwell—Track, 1921, 1922, captain.

Robert Bronston—Baseball, 1922.

James Lancaster—Baseball, 1922.

Mose Quinn—Baseball, 1922.

Marion Hale—Baseball, 1922.

Ivy Wayson—Baseball, 1922.

Lee Hammond—Baseball, 1922.

Gene Porter—Baseball, 1922.

Mose Kornosky—Baseball, 1921, 1922.

Norman Schneider—Basketball 1922.

Houston Moore—Basketball, 1921, 1922, captain 1923.

Bernard Martin—Basketball, 1922.

Charles Martin—Basketball, 1922.

J. T. Bybee—Track, 1922.

Bill Demuth—Track, 1921.

The following girls have won their "H" in basketball:

Mabel Butler—1920, 1921, captain 1922, captain 1923.

Catherine Warren—1920, 1921, 1922.

Catherine Broadway—1921, 1922.

Sarah Stanton—1922.

Clare Guy—1922.

Marie Marquette—1922.

Ione Donaldson—1922.

Ordie King, one of our last year's football players, is playing regular right end on the University of Tennessee (Doctors). This is remarkable. Jake Plesophky and Harold Birk are also old "H" men and are playing with the Doctors.

Listen, students! I am pretty sure there are no one-lungers in school. It looks like that at our recent games. I have seen big fellows as large as Everett True who cannot send their yell over twenty yards. They should send it 100 yards. Our freshmen friends who haven't hardly cut their second teeth can yell and make it heard from one end of the field to the other.

Anyone can yell if he just tries. If he is lazy he should remember that his yelling isn't nearly as strenuous labor as the team's playing. Let's see everyone at the Turkey Day game.
Learn the following yells. Bring your lungs and yell, yell and yell.


Buzzard
W-h-e-e, Buzzard!

Baby in the high chair, Who put him up there? Ma, pa, sis, boom, bah! Hi School! Hi School! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rip Rop! Flip Flop! Dead cinch, can't stop! (Repeat twice, getting faster.) W-h-e-e! Boom! Hi School!

Leader:
Who said so?
Chorus:
Everybody!
(Chant together)
Oh, what a liar!
Oh, what a liar!
Everybody is!

Locomotive
C-e-n-t-a-r-a-l
Central!
W-h-e-e! Boom! Hi School!

Hit 'em in the wishbone,
Soak 'em in the jaw,
Send 'em to the hospital,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

We want blood, we want blood,
We want blood in a crimson flood!
(Repeat twice, getting faster)
W-h-e-e! Boom! Hi School!

Wah! Hoo! Wah! Hoo!
Wah! Wah! Wah!
Hi School! Hi School!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hit 'em low! Hit 'em, High!
Give 'em hail, Central High!
(Repeat twice, getting faster)
Wheee! Hi School! Sis! Boom! Bah!
Central! Central! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Leader: Will we win that game?
You bet!
Leader: Will we lose that game?
Not yet!
Leader: Who said so?
We did!
Leader: Let the lion roar!
R-R-R-r-r-r!

How Well Do You Know Your Team?
Each of the following make up the name of one of our players:
1. A favorite and a neuter noun.
2. Something some girls have and others long for, and a preposition.
3. Opposite of sea, and a fisherman.
4. An expedition for the purpose of shooting.
5. Opposite from right, and an evil prophetess.
6. An ancient water vessel.
7. A unit in a forest, an adjective applied to tennis, and a suffix.
8. The most prominent part of a camel and a verb meaning intensely cold.
9. A word meaning to purchase, and an insect.

To the one sending in the correct list of answers will be given a valuable prize, to be announced in our next issue along with the winner and the correct answers.

Conditions and Rules
1. Do not write on more than two sides of paper.
2. If writing with ink, do not use pencil paper.
3. If you typewrite your answers, please make them legible.
4. If your answers are not right, do not send them in.
5. Mail answers to sporting editor of "Hi-Standard."

The Clarksdale Game
In Clarksdale, Hi School found a much stronger team than they expected. The team was well coached and outweighed us several pounds to the man.

On the kick-off Clarksdale received and within about three minutes had the ball on our nine-yard line. At this point we held them for downs and got the ball. Trelawney fell back to punt, but for some reason he was delayed. The kick was blocked and fallen on, behind our goal, by one of Clarksdale's men.

This seemed to put fight in the men, for when we got the ball we marched down the field to their goal, where Whittaker carried it over. Again we scored before the half was over by a pass, Harwell to Trelawney to Harwell. A pass after touchdown gave us one more point. The score at the end of the first half stood: C. H. S., 13; Clarksdale, 6.

In the second half neither team scored, but we outplayed our opponents.

About seventy-five students from Hi witnessed the game, coming down in cars, trucks and freight trains. That's the pep that makes a team fight! Keep it up!

Several ambitious and enthusiastic sons even started to walk to Clarksdale, but, we are glad to say, were picked up.

Did you hear "Dago" tell about where he spent the night?

The Little Rock Game
C. H. S. suffered her first defeat of the season when they dropped this game to Little Rock by the score of 19 to 17. It was by a fluke that Little Rock won this game, for Hi outplayed them from beginning to end.

Whittaker, who was playing a brilliant game at half, was put out of commission for about ten days. He had his ankle badly hurt.

Several other members of the team received minor injuries.
The Columbia Game

In a hard-fought game Hi lost to Columbia by the score of: Columbia 7, C. H. S. 6.

Neither Lefty nor Van were in this game, and it seemed as though without them we did not have the usual punch.

Pete and Barney did some excellent work in the line.

“Dago” and Bybee starred in the backfield.

The Pine Bluff Game

In this game Hi School ran up against one of the strongest prep teams in the South. Because of their weight we were only able to hold them for about one quarter at a time, they doing all their scoring, with the exception of seven points, in the second and fourth quarters: The score: Pine Bluff 45, C. H. S. 0.

I thought Pine Bluff was a “dry” town, but it evidently is not, judging by “Dago’s” actions while there.

PETE PETTIT
C. H. S. Captain

"A score in need is a score indeed."
The best elevator service in the world. The politest elevator boys. They give us such prompt attention. Between periods they give us the most incomparable service.

The second thing we should be proud of is, of course, our elaborate swimming pool, which was recently moved to the roof. The elevators will carry you there. The freshmen will be at all times free to ask any member of the staff about this pool. Everyone should take a part in it. Kindly bring your own bathing suit.

At a recent meeting last year it was suggested that we build a stadium. This plan was carried out in every detail. You can see it at any time if you come and ask any staff member to guide you through this immense structure. Kindly wear good hose, so that when you take off your shoes before entering you will not scratch the hardwood floor.

We have a great number of distinguished men in C. H. S. I will name a few of them: Henry Ford, Thomas Edison, Marconi, Shakespeare (otherwise known as Bill). Any student wishing to meet any of these famous men kindly consult the editor-in-chief in his office.

The soccer team, which last year ran out of socks, requests all students and former members to meet in Room 404 behind elevator. Please come out in full uniform.

We are very happy to state that we have received a large shipment of supporters, who will undoubtedly hold up our soccer team.

The noiseless street cars are deeply appreciated by the students of C. H. S. I thank the M. S. R.

We are indeed fortunate in securing the services of her confidant and kinfolk, Miss Auntie Chatter of Ford brake band fame, who will carry on the column of her niece until her recovery. Please drop all questions in the Hi-Standard box in front of the auditorium.

Dear Auntie Chatter: Please tell me where I can get some racy literature. BENNY DICTEEN.

Ans.—Ask Miss Cox for a copy of "Ben Hur."

Dear Auntie Chatter: I am a blonde and am considered very pretty. How can I get into the movies?

Ans.—Walk in backwards and the doorman will think you are coming out.

Dear Auntie Chatter: I would like to know what the butterfly on the blackboard in Miss Morrison's room has to do with the theory that $X^0$ equals 1. RAY VA LOTTE.

Ans.—The same as a six-foot snowfall in Kansas has to do with the price of Lincoln manifolds if Ford carburetors are selling at $3.30, delivered.

Dear Auntie Chatter: I have been in a quandary for some time. Probably you can assist me. I desire to know if the wonderful musical concerts which are gratuitously given to the fourth period boys' study hall every day have anything to do with the Board's idea of music while you study?

Ans.—No. Think of the poor guy who lives next to a saxophone testing station.

Dear Auntie Chatter: I just received a letter from my girl and am in a quandary as to how I should answer it. It read:

"Dear Heza:
Apples are good,
Peaches are better.
If you love me,
Write me a letter.
SHEZA CLOWN."

Please advise me.

HEZA NUTT.

Apples on the table,
Peaches on the shelf.
If you are big enough help yourself.
AUNTIE CHATTER.

Dear Auntie Chatter: My husband beats me up something terrible every morning. What should I do?

MAGGIE.

Dear Auntie Chatter: I am lost in the depths of despair. Can you tell me the nearest way out?

Yours despairingly,
HAZEL HAYSEED.

Dear Auntie Chatter: When a lad writes you love-sick poetry, should you take him seriously?

UN-SAR-TIN.

Ans.—Yes. Real love gives pain without hurting.

Dear Auntie Chatter: I am in love with a very beautiful dame who is trying to jilt me. I am an attractive young man with a nice chummy speedster and can't imagine what is the matter.

MAX M. SILENCER.

Ans.—You might stop using Stacomb for a while and see if you can not win her back.

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Apples on the table,
Peaches on the shelf.
If you are big enough help yourself.
AUNTIE CHATTER.
To the forty-odd exchange editors who received the first issue of our paper: We wish to state that we believe the "Hi-Standard" to be "the best high school paper in the U. S. A." Do you? If you do, tell others; if not, tell us why, either through your columns or by letter. Your criticism is earnestly desired.

It is the writer's aim to have an exchange with some school in every state in the Union and with as many foreign countries as possible before many months. We crave the address of a school paper in the following states: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New Jersey, Washington, Nevada, District of Columbia, Wyoming, Oklahoma, Nebraska, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Oregon, Montana, New Mexico, Rhode Island, Michigan, Idaho, Utah, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Arizona. If you can give us the above information it will be appreciated.

What We Find


"The Technique" of Georgia Tech lives up to its name of "The South's Livest College Weekly."

We notice that "Student Life" of Washington University and the "Ring-tum-Phil" of Washington and Lee never contain any jokes. We wonder why?

"The Mississippi Heights Review" of Mississippi Academy: Your paper contains good school news. A picture or two would help out.

The "Armiho Student" of Fairfield, Cal., informs us that they are playing baseball now and have a championship team.

New Exchanges

New exchanges to arrive since last issue are:

"The High Life" of Ripley High School, Tenn., has good school spirit, but we notice your student body is lacking in school spirit. One of our big problems, too, "High Life."

"The Technical" of Crockett Technical High School, Memphis, Tenn.: We notice that this paper has too many newspaper clippings and not enough original material. Their editor seems to think "Tech" outplayed Central in their recent battle. Seems to be a difference of opinion, eh?

"The Bob Cat" of Walnut Ridge High School, Walnut Ridge, Ark.: Seems like with the ads you have you might bring your paper out oftener or increase its size.

"The Commercial News" of Commercial High School, New Haven, Conn.: Your paper doesn't have as many pages in it as it should for a school the size of yours. Good news and jokes.

"Hi Life" of the Helena Public Schools, Helena, Ark., is unique in that no charge is made for it. One copy is furnished each family representative in the school.

"Central Recorder" of Central High School, Springfield, Mass., does credit to its staff. Not enough jokes.

"The Danville School News" of Danville High School, Danville, Ky.: Dan­dy paper, but not enough jokes and locals.

"The Sou'wester" of the Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tenn.: A good weekly paper.

"The Tatler" of Selma High School, Selma, Ala.: Your motto, "Second to none," is a good one. Your headings are also good.


"The Waxa Beacon" of Waxahachie, Tex.: You need more good jokes. Your "Linked Lines Column" is good.

"The Torc" of Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Ind., informs us that they had a homecoming day on Nov. 3. Many alumni returned to the school for this day. Several of our exchanges will have a similar day during this month.

"The Pine Cone" of Pine Bluff High School, Pine Bluff, Ark.: We like your school song.

"The Cardinal" of Mayfield High School, Mayfield, Ky., has good cartoons.

"The Arkansas Traveler" of the University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.

"The Flash Light" of a girls' college in Searcy, Ark., who unfortunately forgot to put the name of the school on their paper. It is a real live paper, though, and is published bi-weekly.

"The Somerset Idea" of Somerset High School, Somerset, Ky., is the only paper which we have received that is put up in book form. A cover certainly adds to any school paper.

Patch: "Ain't you jealous when another boy goes to see your girl?"

Ella: "Naw; the more she sees of other boys, the more she appreciates me."

"The Old Swimming Hole," by Belle E. Flop.


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"Wakefield Academy"

Fellows, some people seem to think that M. U. S., otherwise known as Wakefield Academy, can beat C. H. S. when they meet on Turkey Day. I, for one, don't believe any one-man team can beat Pete Pettit's gang, if you will go out to Russwood Park, 1,500 strong to back that team up to the limit and cheer and cheer some more. Cheer until you are so hoarse that your folks will think that you have lost your voice when you get home. That is how hoarse I am going to be, and I am going to eat two-bits worth of onions just before I go to the park. We can beat M. U. S. We will, if you will only be there with the "ole pep." What say you? I'll meet you at the gate.

"Subscribe for the Hi-Standard"

Read this boy's experience and then don't let it happen to you. A boy who was walking through the woods on his way home was caught in a thunderstorm. As he was afraid of thunder and lightning, he crawled into a hollow log. It began to rain and the log swelled. Soon it had swollen so the poor boy could not move. He saw all his sins before his eyes. It seemed as if he had never done a good thing. Then he happened to think that he had not subscribed for the "Hi-Standard." This made him feel so little that he was able to get out easily. He quickly ran to find our illustrious circulation manager, Tom Wenzler, and planked down his six-bits. His conscience does not hurt him any more. Does yours?

Nerve

Someone had the nerve to ask a member of the staff if he couldn't get a subscription for less than seventy-five cents, as the first issue had been given out. We would like to know what that bird wants for six-bits. The subscription price will not be cut until after the annual number is given out in February. Last year you only got seven numbers for seventy-five cents. Anyone who saw the first issue this year will agree that it was much better than any issue last year. Well, we are giving you nine like that and the annual, all for seventh-five cents. Can you beat it? Well, frankly, we cannot. Your school paper is the speaking tube for C. H. S. It is the only activity in the school which takes in every other activity. Had you ever thought of that? Well, we have; and, fellow students, you must subscribe to the "Hi-Standard" right now! Six-bits, please!

Student: "Do you guarantee this suit to be all-wool?"

Honest Salesman: "Well, I won't deceive you; the buttons are bone."

Boy—book,
Girl—look,
Book—neglected,
Flunk—expected.

How would you like to be the professor of a girls' school looking over the class "rolls" every morning?

A rainy afternoon! What disappointments it can bring! And how many pleasures have to be postponed! For it is the time when dates to play tennis and golf must be broken, and picnics and even ball games must be postponed. No wonder young people hate rainy afternoons—for it is then they must stay indoors and preserve the energy which they should work off in the open.

But there are a few people in this world who love rainy afternoons. They claim that is the best time to read, or sleep, or write letters. There are even some queer creatures who love to sit at the window and observe the changes in atmospheric conditions on just such a dreary day.

Then again there are some pleasures which we can enjoy on a rainy afternoon that are denied us on a more pleasant day.

And that is the reason Evelyn was so happy. Why, it seemed to her as if the 3 o'clock bell would never ring. But it did. And she rushed from out the class room to her locker and hurried, hurried, hurried. For she did want to get home early today, and she was happy, happy, happy!

And why shouldn't she be? Wasn't this a rainy afternoon, and didn't she know what happened on rainy afternoons?

She hurried to catch the first car, and she reached home ten minutes earlier than usual. And the things she did in this ten minutes! She brushed her dress, her shoes, washed her hands, powdered her nose, and arranged her hair over and over again.

Then she glanced at her watch and realized that it was at just this time Bob always called her. But perhaps her watch was fast. Anyway she sat down with a book. She didn't pretend to read, but the book helped to make a pretty picture—and Evelyn knew it. She sat in this pose for some seconds. Then she began to wonder why Bob had not called. He must be going to come out without calling up, she thought. Yes, that must be it—to surprise her. That would be just like him! She remembered that he had done that once last year.

For, you see, "this affair" between Bob and Evelyn was no little affair. It had "been on" for years, and they had always been sweethearts. Or, to be exact, ever since Bob had first carried her books home from school. And that was when they were in the fifth grade. She remembered how he had asked her if he could walk home from church with her the next Sunday.

But this was only a memory now. For they both were in their last year at high school. Such memories as these had little time in Evelyn's mind now, for she was living in the present. Bob was now on the first team, and he was confident of making his sweater. And couldn't Evelyn picture herself in the sweater with the big "H" on it? And wasn't she proud of Bob? Why, she expected that this very afternoon he would ask her to be his sponsor at next Thursday's game. And she was happy, happy, happy!

She glanced at her watch again and walked to the window and looked out. But she saw no Bob coming down the
come like you always did?" She asked, almost in a whisper: "I couldn't—dear. Why didn't—oh, I looked for you this afternoon—and—oh, why didn't you her hand in saying good-bye, "Bob—I'm going to get my 'Civics'.'

After dinner she tried to study, but somehow she could not. She kept wondering why Bob had not come over that afternoon. He always had come, she reasoned, and she knew there was no football practice on rainy afternoons.

About 7 o'clock the doorbell rang, and it was—Bob. He wanted to borrow Evelyn's "Civics." He had left his own over—er—he had forgotten it, he stammered. "Of course he did not go after Evelyn had brought him the book. And most assuredly he began to talk about everything except school. He asked Evelyn if she was going to Thursday's game.

"Why, funny boy, do you think I would have come, she reasoned, and she knew there was no football practice on rainy afternoons.

"No, I didn't think so. I'll get you a 'comp' per usual." Then they talked about "everything" again. But neither mentioned that afternoon. Finally Bob said, "I've got to go if I'm going to get my 'Civics'."

"Bob," Evelyn asked as he squeezed her hand, trying to say good-bye, "Bob—why didn't—oh, I looked for you this afternoon—and—oh, why didn't you come like you always did?"

Then Bob let go her hand and turned his head slightly and said almost in a whisper: "I couldn't—dear. Bill asked me to go over to Frances Hill's with him. He wanted to ask her to be his sponsor. Now that's why, sweetheart."

"Oh, Bobby, tell me some of the sponsors, and who is going to sponsor for whom. I don't know any of them," she asked encouragingly, for she thought that he would surely ask her now.

Then Bob did blush. But he answered quickly: "Let's see—Kate for Sam, Peggy for T. P., of course, the Hill sisters, Frances for Bill, and—oh, Evelyn—dear—Helen for me!"

"Oh!" was all Evelyn could say. Then she asked politely, as if she had always expected it, "And who else, Bob?"

"That's about all," he answered, and said good-bye after an embarrassing silence of several seconds. And the "Civics" was left forgotten.

Now, what did Evelyn do? What would any girl have done? She threw herself on the bed and cried as if her heart were breaking.

She saw it all so clearly. Those Hill girls were the leaders of the smartest set at High. They were the most popular among the boys and the most envied and admired among the girls. And she wasn't. Yes, Evelyn was a nice girl—no one would deny that—but she was not in the smart set. Why, she didn't have any cars, a good-looking home, nor did she even dress smart. She knew it, and she knew she never would be "in" with this smart set. She couldn't.

Those Hill girls had a perfect right to be envied—they had been sponsors for three years. Why, boys thought it was a privilege to be seen with one. And Bob—Bob was just like the others. Evelyn knew Helen Hill cared nothing about Bob—except being his sponsor. And she did! "Oh, Bob! How could you? Oh, dear—don't you know that I love you? She doesn't!"

Fate works out her own way of revenge. And this is how it finally came out. At last the day came when the boys received their sweaters. Of course Bob got one.

And that night he drove his Ford over to Evelyn's. He called her out to show it to her and to ask her opinion of it.

"Oh, it is simply precious, Bob!" she said naturally, but with great effort.

"Get in. Let's go to the drug store and get something to drink—dear."

Evelyn looked up as she heard her own name that Bob had always called her by. She "got in." But they did not go to the drug store; they drove through the park instead.

"Dear—Bob said, with his voice shaking, "I've been such a fool—I feel so mean—but—dear, you know I love you." She could hardly hear him, but she did not interrupt him.

After a moment he went on: "I know what you think of me, but please don't hate me, because I like you and always will. I was a fool. I don't know yet why I asked her. You know I wanted you. So—can you will you ever forgive me, Evelyn dear?"

Yes, she could, and she did because she loved him. And she didn't care if Helen had been his sponsor or anything else; he loved her and that was sufficient.

They drove slowly—yes, very slowly—back home. At the door Bob took off his sweater and held it out to her. "Dear," he said, "it is yours. Please wear it tomorrow and—always."

And she did wear it. She was surprised to find that she was the first girl in High School to wear a new sweater and she was happy, happy, happy! That same day it rained, and Bob was waiting for her when she came down the High School steps. And they walked home in the rain, and they told each other—Well, Bob told Evelyn how empty everything had been; how impossible it was for him to live without her, etc.—And Evelyn told Bob how much she had missed him, etc. But, no, I will not tell you all they told each other, for that is a secret, for they both agreed not to tell a soul and wait until afterwords to tell. They had agreed not to ever fuss again when they heard Evelyn's mother crying to them, "Hurry, children! Where have you been? You are soaking wet."

But it made little difference to these two if they were. Well, why should they care? They were happy, happy, happy!

Atta Boy, Pat!

Mrs. Casey: "And yes a goat, Patrick in school this year?"

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HI-STANDARD

street. Poor little girl! She watched for him a while longer, but she knew it was no use. He wouldn't come now, for it was too late. She was disappointed. Unconsciously tears began to roll down her cheeks, for her eyes were filled with tears. It seemed to her as if everything was against her. No, the rain was not, for it seemed to sympathize with her. And when she thought of this she began to cry more than ever. But this flood of tears was suddenly stopped by the announcement of "dinnertime." She discovered that her appetite was as healthy as ever, in spite of her disappointment.

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TO BE RATHER THAN TO SEEM

By Leo Oppenheimer
'Tis not the clothes or how we look,
But to make our life an open book;
To have no secrets that we must
screen.
Be what you are, and not what you
seem.
The Ten Commandments have been
agreed
The guiding light, the helping creed.
Abide by them, and you'll realize your
dream,
And be what you are, and not what you
seem.
In every man success lies still,
The man whose motto is "I will."
Success in him will rise and gleam.
He is what he is and not what he
seems.
Never be overcome by that monster
greed.
Happiness grows from the charity
seed.
Never resort to a lowly scheme—
Act as you are, and not as you seem.
When you are roaming in your later
days,
Remember "Being" and "Seeming" are
different ways,
And God's motto is supreme:
"To be rather than to seem."
And in the Aftermath, where we all
must go,
Let our records shine and glow,
And God will say, we can redeem
If we be what we are, and not what
we seem.

CO-OPERATION
It ain't the guns nor armament,
Nor funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation
That makes them win the day.
It ain't the individual,
Nor the army as a whole,
But the everlasting teamwork
Of every bloomin' soul.
—Rudyard Kipling.

SHATTERED DREAMS
I gaze upon your lovely face, your
lovely form divine,
Then clasp you in a fond embrace and
press your lips to mine.
With throbbing heart I touch your
hand and feel your tender kiss—
What greater joy could one demand
than such a moment's bliss?
We stroll along a grassy lea, pick
laurel blossoms high,
And watch the moon rise over the sea
through yonder star-lit sky.
Love smiles upon us everywhere with
feelings of delight,
And romance fills the very air around
us, dear, tonight.
Again I whisper words of love, em-
bracing you anew,
And swear by all the stars above to
evermore be true.
But then, alas! we'll not be wed, for
when Big Ben alarms,
I wake to find ma's feather bed
clapsed tightly in my arms!
—Exchange.

Pete: "What became of the girl
you made love to in the hammock?"
Clark: "We fell out."

WHY?
Why didn't you take Hi-Standard,
Why didn't you read it through
And find what the Central High
School
Is doing and planning to do?
Why didn't you take Hi-Standard?
Is it because of the great expense?
Why, it's worth more than anything
else
You could buy for seventy-five
cents.
Why didn't you take Hi-Standard?
Didn't you think it would be a suc-
cess?
If everyone thought as you did,
There wouldn't be any Hi-Standard,
I guess.
Why didn't you take Hi-Standard?
Just not interested at all
In anything we're doing,
In studies, pleasures or ball?
Why didn't you take Hi-Standard?
Didn't you want to be classed as a
part
Of the faithful boosters in High
School,
Or as one of the pure in heart?
Why didn't you take Hi-Standard,
So you could discuss, with the rest,
The things that were the most inter-
esting,
And those that were written up
best?
Why didn't you take Hi-Standard?
Did you think you could borrow
one?
I'm sorry you got disappointed,
But in High School that can't be
done.

Well, it isn't too late to start think-
ing
Before your knowledge all goes.
And now won't you take Hi-Standard?
We're just simply asking you to,
Because it will help Central High
School,
And most of all 'twill help you.
—Selma High.

ADVENTURES IN DRIVING
I cranked her up—
The clutch was in—
The ground came up—
And hit my chin.
The gas tank leaked—
I lit a cigar,
The Ford stayed there,
But I went far.
The front wheel broke,
A fence we knocked,
And I to sleep
Was gently rocked.
I asked my girl
To ride with me.
A tire blew out,
And so did she.
We met a mule—
No more to tell;
The Ford's in heaven,
And I'm—getting well.
—Squib.

ANONYMOUS
All alone I sit and ponder
O'er the news I have just read,
And the murders in the paper
Fill my sickening heart with dread.
And the robberies, and the kidnaps
Of a merciless crew,
And the poor wife—love-deserted—
While he sought for—home-brew.
Oh! The horror of it all!  
Then burglars there are, too,  
Who file their way in any house  
And make bankrupts of you.

As I sit and ponder—  
('Tis after twelve o'clock)—  
A noise—familiar—awful,  
I hear—then comes a knock!

A crash—a slam—a bang!  
Then all is quiet again;  
But all my nerves are on an edge,  
I square with might and main.

They made an awful racket,  
A burglar, or a thief?  
What can it be? I question me,  
And either's just as lief.

When all is quiet for some time,  
And I am growing easier,  
The curtain stirs—a shadow moves,  
Ah! the nights are growing breezier!

Then a scraping and a scratching  
Reach my sharpened ears,  
And I think I hear a filing—  
This awakes all my fears.

The filing still continues,  
Grating on my senses.  
Have I courage for to face it,  
And what are my defenses?

I reach out for the poker,  
And tip-toe 'cross the room;  
The filing grows the louder,  
Coming out the gloom.

My safe is in the next room,  
Just behind the door;  
I plan to hit him on the head  
And knock him to the floor.

I'm at the door—I grasp the knob,  
One fling—and then a scurry,  
A scramble and a squeak—  
That mouse was in a hurry!  
—The Hill Top.

BE A BOOSTER

Throw Away Your Hammer and Get a Horn

Hi-Standard

We can knock it, we can rap it,  
We can kick it and we can scrape it,  
But let's advertise our paper another way.

Let us laud it and applaud it,  
Let's commend it and defend it,  
Till the world shall know we mean just what we say.

We can rake it, we can break it,  
We can make it or forsake it,  
Just by the way we talk about our paper.

We can boost it, we can shove it,  
We must talk it, we must love it,  
If we want it to go up instead of down.

Why not sing about its praises—  
Mention all its happy phases—  
Show the universe the best paper on the map?

Boost it at the store or table,  
Boost it when and where we're able.

All together now—let's boost and "can" the rap!  
—Exchange.

ADVERTISE SAFELY

The codfish lays a million eggs  
While the helpful hen lays one,  
But the codfish does not cackle  
To tell what she has done.

And so we scorn the codfish coy,  
But the helpful hen we prize,  
Which indicates to thoughtful minds it pays to advertise.

Goo' morning, frien's!  
* * *

Whoo! Raw! for Andy Gump!  
The people's dandy choice!  
100 per cent for them!

Collars? He doesn't wear them.  
He's just a good old chump.

Thanks, thanks, to his worthy friends  
For the support from them he got.

To Mose, and George, and dear Gene Scott  
His humble praise he sends.

C. H. S. Visitor: "You boys are brothers, I suppose?"  
Rier Doublets: "No, sir; twins."  
—Sol E. Post.

Miss L. M.: "Frances R., finish that proposition."  
F. R.: "Begin where I left off?"  
Miss L. M.: "Yes; start at the first."

Said the courteous headlight: "Well, I'll be dimmed!"

Country?

Math. Reins (Raines): "Harlam, please shut the gate."

50—50

Chris F.: "Miss Levy, may I go to the library?"

Miss L.: "No" (naturally).

Chris: "Well, then, can I go out and play?"

Huh!

L. H. to "Don" E.: "What's the matter with you? You look so different! So much better than usual!"

A la Schloss

Lost—A cow by a man with bobbed tail and crooked horns.

"This is a great shock to me," said the condemned man as the guard threw the 2,300-volt switch.

Good Resolution

"Let me endeavor to so live that even the undertaker will be sorry when I die."—Mark Twain.
2-X-ing Him

Mr. W.: "Noah, dear, what can be the matter with the camel?"
Noah: "I'm going to Mr. Jester for a libel against my English teacher."
J. G.: "What's the idea?"
J. N.: "My teacher wrote on my paper, 'You have bad relatives and antecedents.'"

Mary owned a Jersey cow,
And once went out to milk her,
But to Mary's extreme surprise
The cow turned to butter.

W. Thomp.: "I was calm, but Bill was collected."

If "X" is the boy who goes to the dance,
"Y" is his sweet little miss,
"Z" is the chaperon with cold, search­all bare—Exchange.

"Is he comin'?"
"Do you know Izzie?"
"Izzie who?"
"Is he comin'?"

If "X" is the boy who goes to the dance,
"Y" is his sweet little miss,
"Z" is the chaperon with cold, search­ing glance.
Does X plus Y minus Z equal bliss?
—Exchange.

O to O
'Twas midnight in the parlor,
'Twas darkness everywhere;
The silence was unbroken—
There was nobody there.

Tee-Hee!
M. A.: "If you say that Indians are not stoical, prove it."
L. C.: "Didn't Longfellow make Minnehaha?"

The Modern Girl (a la Kipling)
A rag, a cropped dome, and a shank all bare.—Exchange.

Joe G.: "Where ya goin', Jack?"
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The Wurst Joke
O. F.: "Mr. Wright, this sausage is awfully strong."
Mr. W.: "It probably came from an atheistic hog."

Good Advice
"When you eat onions don't breathe it to a soul."—Miss Cunningham.

George: "I'm crazy when I'm not with you."
Georgette: "Oh, yes—out of sight, out of mind."

We hear so much about the advisability of adopting the honor system in our great and noble school, but between you and me and the blue-books, I would rather have my girl's folks adopt it.

A woman isn't necessarily a jewel because she is set in her ways. Neither is she a Venus because she has an off-hand manner.

The girl that looks good enough to eat is usually hungry enough, too.

Son: "Say, dad, can a person have different parts of his body in different places in the world?"
Father: "Of course not."
Son: "But teacher says she's going to Colorado for her heart and then to New Mexico for her lungs."

Treason
He sits apart.
The dance goes on.
He looks with saddened gaze
Upon the merry throng.
And why?
Because he's been betrayed
By the one he trusted—
His suspender button's busted!

Mr. Rogers: "You owe a great deal to chemistry."

1925: "Yes, look at our high school blondes."

Logical
Kid (aged 8): "Does Sis have ears?"
Brother (aged 18): "Guess so, else I don't know what she hangs her earrings on."

The Haughty One (approaching the floorwalker in the lingerie department): "I—ah—ah—ah—wish to—ah—purchase—ah—ah—attiah for my wife."

He of the Pompadour: "Automobile department, basement, old building, take elevator at your left."

"I have money to burn."
"You must have a hot time."

And Then He Gave Up Golf (African)
Backward, O backward, O Time in your flight!
Give me my kale back just for tonight.
Give me that ten-spot; its crisp sound
Is dear."

Yeah, the path of a crapshooter leads
but to the grave.

Chew This
Lecturer: "The purpose of Wrigley's advertising is to put Wrigley's gum on the map."

Voice from the rear: "I thought it was to put it in the map."

First Stude: "Done your outside reading in English this month?"

The Other One: "Did you get time?"
The First: "Well, of all the nerve! How do you expect me to pass unless you do your reading?"

Earl: "Do you think kissing is as dangerous as the doctors say?"
Girl: "Well, it has put an end to a good many bachelors."

The Height of Laziness
Breaking a cigarette in half so you will not have to draw the smoke so far.

Evolution
Wall Flowers, Society Buds, Wild Flowers.

"Grrr!!" He was mad clear through.
She had slighted him. She had ditched him. She had laughed at him. "Grrr!" He was desperate with hurt pride and grief. "I will do something desperate," he grated. "I will show her that I care for her and that I can not go along in the unruffled tenor of my life if she is fickle. I will do some awful thing to keep my mind from being unbalanced by thinking of her action. Oh, if I could only think of something bad enough. I must think of something! I have it! She will be horrified—good! I shall do it—I shall smoke a cigarette!"

You can't tell About these girls. Sometimes they seem wise—They use their ears To hear everything; They use their eyes To see everything; But then They go and use Their tongues To tell everything.
"It's a berth mark," said the traveler as he pointed out the scrawl on his Pullman ticket.

Central High School
Magnificent specimen of ancient architecture, discovered by trustees looking for place to put a high school and by flocks of freshmen twice a year since. Exact age unknown, but relic of pre-Flapperite days. N. of the Armory, E. of the Bakery and Warnock's, due W. of the alley and the shop, S. of parked cars. In detail:

Front Steps—Campustry laboratory. Headquarters of M. P. C. (Most Popular Co-eds); hours, fifth and sixth periods. Standing offer of $10.00 reward to anyone who breaks through during last fifteen minutes of fifth period.

First Floor—At right, inquisitory chambers; offices of Mr. Jester, Mr. Rolfe and Miss Mahler; sanctum and resting place of credit cards. Lost fountain pens and combs may be called for here. In the hall, women's study and gossip exchange. Ahead, auditorium. At left, bulletin board.

Second Floor—Office of Miss Scudder and Miss Cox; balcony; polling place for those who will insist on voting.

Third Floor—Class rooms, Miss Schloss, etc.

Fourth Floor—Magnificent swimming pool. No freshmen admitted.

Basement—Lunch room; the other side of the bicycles is the gym.

"This is where I shine," said the co-ed's nose when the vanity case was left at home.

"I'm picking out the stars," said the astronomy student as he clipped Mary Pickford's picture from the paper.

S. S. teacher: "Who was Noah's wife?"
Bill: "Joan of Arc."

"Women make fine distinctions."
"How is that?"
"It's all right to call them visions, but it is mighty dangerous to call them sights."

His Prize Lamp
Father (reading a letter from his son at college to mother): "Myopia says he's got a beautiful lamp from boxing."

Ma: "I just knew he'd win something in his athletics."

A New One?
H. W.: "Say, did you know we were going to get off at the end of the seventh period today?"
M. L. (very excited): "What for?"
H. W.: "To go to the eighth period class."

Epitaphs
Here lie two men who we agree
Have won the cut-glass bonnet.
The first of them blew out the gas,
The other stepped upon it.

Here lies an early riser
Who never more will squirm.
He thought he was the early bird;
Fact was he was the worm.

—American Legion.

Employer: "Did you ever do a single day's work during your school days?"
Graduate (seeking work): "Just about, sir."

Do You?
Some students burn the midnight oil
In garret nook,
Expend a lot of earnest toil
Upon their book.
Others go out for spins, we learn,
Beneath the stars;
The midnight oil they freely burn
In touring cars.
SOUTHWESTERN
THE COLLEGE OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY
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In the meanwhile college work of the highest grade is being carried on at the old location at Clarksville, Tennessee.

Only those of high moral character and those who are well prepared to enter upon college work are desired. The emphasis is laid not upon numbers, but upon quality.

A limited number of select students will be accepted next year. It would be well for those who are qualified and who desire to enter to make their reservations early.

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