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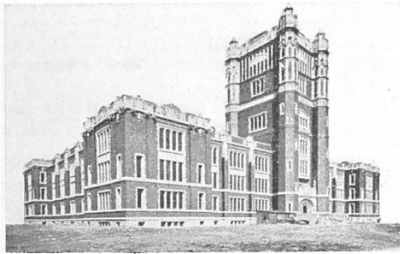
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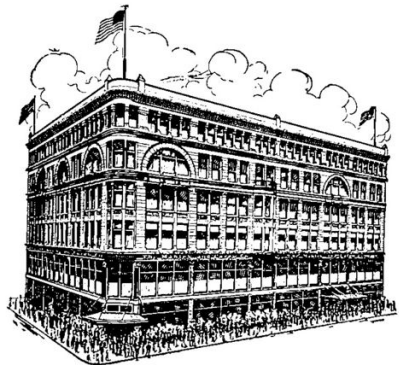
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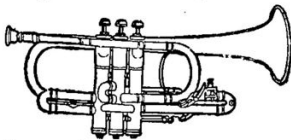


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# Old Hughes

"DEO ET PATRIAE"

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY STUDENTS OF HUGHES HIGH SCHOOL

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
News of the School,	7
Molly Saves the Day,	F. M., '16 11
Promises,	Elizabeth D. Crawford, '14 13
Icelandic and the Sagas,	Maximilian Braam 14
A Modern Inferno,	Nick Salkover, '17 16
The Season's Attractions at Hughes,	J. W. M. 18
Five Years from Now,	J. S. S., '14 18
Editorial	20
The Great Interscholastic Game,	Stanley Fellers, '15 21
Spectator	24
School Laughs,	26
Stingers	28
Athletics	29
Budget	33
Exchanges	33
The "Weakly Cheese"	34



## THE PRINCE

Oh! let me ne'er fall to a Prince's lot,  
With riches and fame by heritage got;  
With nothing but splendor and pomp from birth,  
A life never known to wholesome mirth.

Oh! let me ne'er fall to a Prince's right,  
Whose each solemn day brings a more solemn night;  
Whose companions are court-bred, round castle and throne,  
They respect the high prince for his power alone.

Oh! let me ne'er fall in a Prince's way,  
Who must sit in his splendor the live-long day;  
Though his desires like other men may be the same,  
He dares not do so for fear of shame.

Take away my attendants and let me be,  
Give me will of my own, that I am free;  
From the clutch of splendor and pomp and strife,  
Back to the simple, virtuous life.

Leave my conscience loose, and my hands untied,  
And let me have unaffected pride;  
With a faith and an aim and a sincere smile,  
Then I can live a life worth while.

O. T. GROENLAND, '15.



## NEWS OF THE SCHOOL

### O, THAT ATHLETIC BANQUET

"Wait a minute, Betty, I say, are you going to walk to school this morning?"

"Why, howdy, Bob, yes, I'll walk if there's time. I'm crazy to hash out the Athletic Association's party anyway."

"Now that was a real party, all right. Lots of pretty girls and things happening all the time. The luncheon was great, too."

"Yes, and did you notice the decorations in the lunchroom? The football team's table was quite festive with its mammoth cake in the center and all the little miniature footballs around it. In fact, the whole lunchroom was transformed with all of its holiday greens, besides all the good things to eat.

"You're right, but say, I didn't get to the auditorium till late, so I missed the first part of the programme. What happened, anyway?"

"Well, Marcella Menge sang a solo—"Dream Lady" was the name of it, I think—and then Mr. Lyon gave a short address and then—let me see—Oh, yes, some of the girls gave a dance called 'Moonlight on the Ocean,' and then Scott Oyler spoke—"

"Yes, that's just where I came in. Miss Des Jardin's piano solo was fine, too—but the play—that was last, but far from least. It was called 'A Christmas Chime,' wasn't it? Copelan and Trisler were right up to the mark."

"Oh, they weren't any better than Elizabeth Crawford and Norma Harte. They both played as if they did that sort of thing every day."

"And now for the action in the gyms. The centerball game in the boy's gym was a pretty hot one, I hear, but I believe the girl's gym, where dancing reigned supreme, was the most popular place after all."

"You know it seemed rather queer at first, but after a while it really seemed good to be dancing an ordinary waltz and two-step. You weren't kept in a state of anxiety during one dance wondering how in the world your next partner would hesitate or what kind of walk he would lead you through. And then, the orchestra played dandy dance music, too."

"Uh-huh, and nobody got tired; the Honte, Sweet Home waltz found everybody ready to begin over again. Well, here we are, just in time, too, it's twenty-five minutes past eight—so long—see you in Latin."

H. J. S., '14.



During the past month the student representatives on the Executive Committee of the Art League were elected. They are Elvira Goettsch, A Grade; William Carson, B Grade; William Dunbar, C Grade; Raymond Metcalf, D Grade. The teachers on the Executive Committees are Mr. Teal, Chairman; Miss Jordan, Miss Hall, Miss Julia Bentley, Mr. Ritchey, Mr. Walker and Mr. Grever.

E. D. C.



### CHRISTMAS CONVOCATION IN THE AUDITORIUM

It would have been a difficult matter to find a place more filled with good cheer and Christmas spirit than the Hughes Auditorium on the morning of December 24. The program was unusually long and enjoyable. Mr. Frank Nelson, rector of Christ Church, spoke on the contrasts of the ancient and modern in Rome. He spent last year in that city and could recall every object and bring it to the minds of his audience as clearly as though it were thrown on a screen. Mr. Van Wye, of the University of Cincinnati, read several selections from the Christmas Carol, which called forth the heartiest applause from all. Mr. Roberts gave a brief address, wishing all the joys of the Christmas season. During the earlier part of the program an elderly gentleman entered and endeavored to sit in the audience, but he was hailed and borne triumphantly to the stage. It was Mr. Sands, one of the oldest graduates of Hughes. He had been a teacher for many years and had also seen service in the Civil War. He spoke a few words and promised to speak at length some other time. The school talent was ably represented by Miss Menge, who sang two numbers, and by the school orchestra. Cutler, President of the "A" Grade, made a report of the fund collected from the pupils at Christmas time.

R. P.



## COMMODORE WADHAMS' ADDRESS

A man who knows "a little of the world" and who is considered of enough importance to stop the daily routine of work in the middle of the morning to address us, was present at Hughes on January 19. Retired Commodore Wadhams, of the United States Navy, and now a director of the New York Prison Commission, spoke to us in the auditorium. Seldom has there been a speaker at Hughes who won the hearts of the pupils as did Commodore Wadhams during his short stay at the school.

His address could hardly be given a title, as it was divided into many unrelated topics. What was said was well said, and each point brought forward had an object ahead of it. Especially did the advice on "home politeness." Here the speaker brought out the fact that there should be the utmost kindness and politeness shown in the family. Then again came the plea to "advance by steps." He said, "Don't try to get ahead of the other fellow all at once. Work your way up and you'll get there. Be honest, be polite, be good, and DON'T LOAF." J. A. G.

## A GRADE CLASS MEETING

On January 19 the A Grade held a meeting to decide on the A Grade dance. The first question discussed was as to whether the dance should be strictly A Grade or not. Several members of the class wanted the affair so arranged that they could bring outside girls and boys, but the majority ruled, and the dance was declared strictly A Grade. After this a suggestion was made that a committee be appointed to assign to each boy a girl to take to the dance. But this plan met with general disapproval, so it was decided that each boy was free to ask any A Grade girl he wished. The next point discussed was where the dance should be held, the class finally deciding to have it in the gym. The President was then given the power to appoint two committees, the first to decide on what dances should be danced, the second to arrange the affair in general. Rogatsky made a few remarks about the pictures for the annual, after which the meeting adjourned. M. A. S.

## B GRADE CLASS MEETING

The B Grade assembled in the auditorium for their first class meeting on the morning of January 9. Mr. Lyon conducted the meeting. He spoke to the class about the election of officers and explained the manner of electing officers by petition. The candidates for President were Avery, Paddock and Fellers. After two ballots Paddock was elected for the office. Those up for Vice President were Miss Miller, Miss Withrow, Miss Waldo, Miss Meguire, Miss Newton and Gerhardt. After voting four times the class elected Miss Meguire. Griffin defeated Miss Chambers for the office of Secretary by a large majority of votes. From the candidates for Treasurer, Powers, Blackmore and Felter, Powers was chosen. E. N.

## THE WALNUT HILLS-HUGHES DEBATE

The great and much heralded interscholastic debate is now a thing of the past. We of Hughes were in a mood for celebration Friday, January 16, until ten o'clock p. m., when our hopes were dashed to the ground by the judges of the "intellectual combat," Mr. W. F. Robertson, Prof. B. C. Van Wye and Judge F. Hoffman, who announced through the moderator, Mr. E. D. Roberts, that they had decided in favor of Walnut Hills. There was one consolation, the judges were not unanimous in their decision. It must be admitted that our debaters, Phillip Cohen, DeWitt Balch, Willard Cutler and Fred Weiland, were rather downcast at first, but when they reflected by whom they were defeated they were not slow in deciding that there was no great cause for their dejectedness. The chances of Walnut Hills for success were greatly augmented by the presence of Cutler's "fair opponent," Miss Ruth Aultman, for two years a pupil at Hughes. She was declared by many to be the best speaker of the evening. The ease with which our boys bore themselves was gratifying to say the least, as they had had no previous opportunity to speak before so large an audience. Our orchestra assisted greatly in making the evening a success by rendering four delightful selections, which were enthusiastically applauded. The meeting was very well attended, for there were almost a thousand people in the audience. When it was all over these were unanimous in declaring that this was the best debate they had ever attended. C. H. R.

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 Lost and Found

The ferryman, whilst plying over a water which was only slightly agitated, was asked by a timid lady in his boat whether any persons were ever lost in that river. "Oh, no," said he, "we always finds 'em agin, the next day."

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The man who burns the midnight oil  
 May rise to heights of fame,  
 But the man who sells that midnight oil  
 Will get there just the same.

---

 New Use for Hyphen

A teacher in the lower grades was instructing her pupils in the use of a hyphen. Among the examples given was the word "bird-cage."

"That's right," encouragingly remarked the teacher. "Now, Paul, tell me why we put a hyphen in 'bird-cage.'"

"It's for the bird to sit on," was the startling rejoinder.

## Molly Saves the Day

By F. M., '16.

Mr. Kenneth Crittenden sat pensively in his "private" office amidst a whirlwind of papers and important-looking documents, the click-click of a typewriter and the subdued scratchings of his secretary's fountain pen. Now and then Mr. Crittenden sighed, occasionally he frowned irritably, and it was quite evident that his mind was far from the exacting demands of business. His thoughts, if analyzed, would probably have furnished a clue to his present rather melancholy attitude. They would have been found to consist of little more, however, than the all-important—to him, at least, if not for the sake of the story—"She said she would write if she wanted me to come. Oh, why did we have to quarrel and spoil it all?"

A telephone tinkled on the desk. Aroused thus rudely from his bitter reverie, Mr. Crittenden muttered a weary "Hello."

"Is this the office of Mr. Kenneth Crittenden?" asked a small voice anxiously.

"It is. This is Mr. Crittenden speaking."

"Oh, Mr. Crittenden," the voice sang back over the wires, "I'm so glad you are there. I'm in the awfulest fix! Won't you please help me out?"

Kenneth started violently.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, "it can't possibly be little Molly Patterson? Well, of all—!"

"Why, of course," gleefully responded the voice, "Edith's sister, you know—" the young man winced—"I was so afraid you wouldn't remember who I was."

"Fat chance! How could I forget? And pray, young lady, how do you happen to be in Chicago, so far from your native town?"

"That's the point," replied the voice promptly, "I got on the wrong train at the junction, and Chicago being the first stop they made me get off. I'm on my way home for the holidays. And I was terribly scared until I thought of you and remembered you lived here. Will you please tell me what I ought to do?"

"Where are you now? At the Grand Central? I'll be right down, and we'll see about things."

"Oh, thank you so much," cried the girlish voice. Then apologetically, "I didn't know whether to call you up or not, because—because—you see, Edith said—"

"That's all right," interrupted Mr. Crittenden abruptly. "See you immediately. Good-bye." He clicked down the receiver.

"Of all the coincidences!" he observed slowly, even bitterly. "I wonder what it was that Edith said? Ah, the fickleness of them!" With this rather trite and totally unoriginal observation he hastily donned his hat and overcoat and hurried from the office.

Some minutes later he arrived at the railway station and entering the waiting room gazed expectantly about him. The big hall had very few occupants and it did not take him long to discover the small, brown-eyed, freckle-faced girl carrying a suitcase, who rose and came to meet him with a most disarming smile.

"You certainly are the 'Good Samaritan,'" she said, as they shook hands.

"Nothing so dramatic, I'm afraid," laughed Crittenden. "Anyhow, the pleasure is all mine, I assure you. Dear me, how the child has grown! Now let's see. First we'll find out when the next train for Indianapolis leaves."

Molly dimpled. "There's one at 4:50," she said. "I inquired before you came. I hated to seem so sort of helpless."

Crittenden laughed. "Have you had any lunch?" Molly sighed.

"They switched off the diner some place along the line. They were always doing something funny. I've never come home by that road before. I just knew I'd do something wrong. I haven't had a bite since breakfast, except some chocolates and salted peanuts and a few other things like that."

Mr. Crittenden led her to a waiting taxi. "We'll go to the Annex and have a bite," he said.

"Isn't this perfectly thrilling!" demanded Molly, her eyes sparkling. They had arrived at the hotel and through the efforts of an obsequious waiter had been established at a cozy little table with pink-shaded candles on it, standing by some palms. "It's extremely good of you, Mr. Crittenden."

"Tell me about everybody at home," said the young man. "How are they all?"

"Last time I saw them, which was at Thanksgiving, they seemed to be thriving. You know Tom is a sophomore at college this year and what he doesn't think he knows wouldn't cover a postage stamp. He's affecting a slouch and a blase expression. He told me patronizingly if it weren't for my freckles and red hair I wouldn't be so bad. I thanked him and I said he needn't be discouraged with his turned-up nose, because Socrates had a slight pug. That made him mad and he said he'd have me to understand it was a retrouse. How we do learn! A retrouse nose is a turned-up one that's been to college."

Crittenden laughed. "And Billy?"

"Oh, he's all right, I s'pose. He talks about nothing but football. He's captain of his team at the prep. He pulls my hair once in a while and teases me as usual."

Mr. Crittenden then inquired solicitously about Mr. Patterson, Mrs. Patterson, Maizie, the cook, Joe, the gardener, and Rex, the collie. Molly, with characteristic vivacity, related their respective states of health and paused. Her companion carefully selected an olive and contemptively regarded the design on the table cloth.

"Is your sister Edith well?" he finally asked, with studied indifference.

Molly darted a quick glance at him from the corner of her eye.

"It's queer about Edith," she said. "She's been acting peculiarly lately. I can't exactly describe it. But she is getting thin and mother's awfully worried about her."

"Ah!" was the non-committal statement of Mr. Crittenden.

"Oh, don't suppose these things have anything to do with the matter, and she'd be furious at me for telling you," continued Molly, "but I'm going to, anyway, if you'll promise never to tell anyone else. When I was home at Thanksgiving she gave me a letter to mail addressed to you—look out! You

almost upset your glass of water. Just as I was going out the door she ran up and took it out of my hand, saying something about having changed her mind. That Mr. Hayes doesn't come to see her any more, either. I guess they had a quarrel, for I found a picture of him torn right in half in her waste basket. She wouldn't let me open a silver locket of hers, and that was queer, because she *used* to have a picture of Tom as "Romeo" in it. I can't imagine why she wouldn't." A sudden idea seemed to dawn in Molly's mind. "Why, it was just after you were called away so suddenly from Indianapolis that she began to act so queer. We none of us can make it out."

Mr. Crittenden gazed into space, apparently absorbed in deep meditation. Then—

"Little girl," he said suddenly. "Do you know, which of course you don't, that when I heard your voice over the 'phone you gave me the shock of my life, so to speak, for I had just been thinking about Ed—er—you all. In fact, you were a God-send, to put it strongly."

Molly suppressed the rebellious dimple. "Thank you," she murmured. "That sounds nice, but kind of pious."

"Does it? I don't want to seem abrupt—say, listen—I think I'll take the 4:50 down to Indianapolis with you." Molly opened wide her eyes and stared very hard.

"Why, how nice," she stammered. "How *very* nice. They'll all be so glad to see you."

"Wish I could be sure that they ALL would. I'll take a chance anyway. I'm possessed of an overwhelming desire to investigate that picture of Tom as 'Romeo' in the silver locket."

Molly was seized with an enlightening thought. "Why, Mr. Crittenden," she said slowly, "I see *now* why you left Indianapolis and why you're returning. Oh, dear, what *will* Edith say?"



## Promises

By ELIZABETH D. CRAWFORD, '14.

The faint blush of a million blossoms hid  
 In brightening pink the fruiting orchards trees;  
 Fair promise of a late, more useful gift,  
 Their perfume wafted on the fragrant breeze.

So bright a promise! yet how vain a boast!  
 For biting were the frosts which sought the glen—  
 When autumn came the trees bore no fair fruit,  
 Which they in all their beauty promised then.

Thus in our lives fair promises we make,  
 But when the unseen difficulties come  
 Our ardor weakens, and we set the task  
 Aside—and autumn finds the work undone.

## Icelandic and the Sagas

BY MAXIMILIAN BRAAM.

The episode of which a translation follows lies in the heathen time, before the year 1000. The incidents of the story play about two prominent men, Gunnar and Nial (Njal), and their rival wives, Hallgerth and Bergthora, respectively. The outcome is that both men lose one of their servants. The story is as follows:

"Gunnar rode to the council meeting, but before he rode from home he spoke to Hallgerth: 'Be peaceful now whilst I am from home, inasmuch as you have dealings with friends of mine.' 'Troll (the deuce), have your friends,' said she. Gunnar rides to the meeting, seeing it was not well to come to words with her.

"Nial rode to the meeting and with him all his sons. Now it is to be told what is doing at home.

"Nial and Gunnar had a woodland together in Rauthaskrith. They had not divided the woods, but either was wont to hew wood as he needed, and no one said anything to the other about this. The foreman of Hallgerth was named Kol. He had been with her a long time, and he was a most desperate man.

"A certain man was named Suart. He was the house servant of Nial and Bergthora, and they were pleased with him. Bergthora spoke to him: 'Go to Rauthaskrith to hew wood, and I shall get men to convey it home.' He said he would do as told. He went to Rauthaskrith to be there a week.

"There came poor men from Hlitharenda eastward from Markarflote, and said that Suart had been at Rauthaskrith and had hewed wood, and had done much of it. 'Thus will Bergthora think to rob me much,' said Hallgerth. 'But in this matter I shall make it that he does not cut wood again.'

"Raunveig, the mother of Gunnar, heard (this) and said: 'Although I have been a good housewife, yet I have not stood for man murder.'

"Now the night passed, and in the morning Hallgerth comes to speak to Kol, and says, 'I have thought out work for you,' she says, and put a weapon in his hand and spoke, 'Go to Rauthaskrith; there you will find Suart.' 'What shall I with him?' said he. 'Do you ask about this?' said she, 'where you are a desperate man? Kill him, you shall,' she says. 'It will be done,' said he, 'but this is most likely, that I give my life with it (in the bargain).' 'Do you show the white feather now?' says she, 'notwithstanding that I have often taken your part? I shall arrange with another to do this if you dare not.'

"Kol took an ax, and was very angry, and takes a horse, which Gunnar owned, and now rides thither, and comes east at Markarflote. He alighted there and stayed in the woods until they had carried the wood from above and Suart was alone behind. Kol then runs to him and speaks: 'There will be others to cut wood here at a great rate besides you,' and then he set the ax in his head and heaved him a death blow, and after that he rode home and told Hallgerth of the murder.

"She spoke: 'Then I shall take care that nothing will hurt you.' 'That may be,' said he, 'but in my dream, before the murder, it came out a different way.'

"Now the men come up in the woods and find Suart slain, and they bring him home. Hallgerth sends a man to Gunnar at the council to tell him of the murder. Gunnar did not berate Hallgerth before the messenger, and at first the men did not know whether he thought well of it or ill.

"A little while after he stood up and bade his men to come with him. They did so, and went to the tent of Nial. Gunnar sent men for Nial and bade him to come out. Nial went out immediately, and Gunnar went also to speak. Gunnar said: 'There has been a murder, and my wife and foreman are concerned in it. They have killed Suart, your house servant.' Nial remained silent the while Gunnar told him the story. Then Nial spoke: 'You have need not to let her have the upper hand in everything.' Gunnar spoke: 'You shall adjudge this yourself.' Nial spoke: 'It will be hard for you to pay for all the wrong of Hallgerth, and it will have more weight in another place than here, where we two are concerned; and yet much is wanting here to make it right, and we have need bearing this in mind in connection with what we have here friendly discussed, and I hope that it may be well with you, although it will become very trying for you.'

"Nial adjudged the case himself, and spoke: 'I shall not press this case to the utmost; you shall pay me twelve ounces of silver. But this I wish to stipulate, that if anything further should come of this, from our house, you shall then make a settlement in no more severe way.'

"Gunnar paid the money off-hand, and thereafter rode home.

"Nial comes home from the meeting, he and his sons. Bergthora saw the money and said: 'The case is fairly well settled, but a like sum will pass hands for Kol when the time comes.'

"Gunnar comes home from the council meeting, and talked to Hallgerth. She said: 'Better men, in many places, lie unatoned for.' Gunnar told her to attend to her own business, and I shall arrange when it comes to close up an affair. Hallgerth boasted constantly about the death of Suart, and Bergthora disliked that.

"Nial went with his sons up to Thorolfsfell to attend to business on the estate there. On that same day it was, that it happened, when Bergthora was outside, that she sees a man riding on a black horse. She remained standing and did not go in. This man had a spear in his hand and had a short sword in his girdle. She asked the man's name. 'Atle is my name,' said he. She asked whence he was. 'I am an East-fiord man,' said he. 'Where will you go?' said she. 'I am a homeless man,' said he, 'and intend to find Nial and his son Skarphethen, and see whether they would take me in [service].' 'In what is it that you are handiest?' said she. 'I am a farm hand, and I am handy at a great many things,' said he. 'But I will not conceal anything, for I am a high-tempered man, and where I have been there were always wounds to bind up through me.' 'I do not blame you for not being a coward,' she said.

(To Be Continued.)

## A Modern Inferno

By NICK SALKOVER, '17.

"Forewarned is forearmed," so, gentle reader, I will warn you that this story will not be about New York, or ships, or love. If there is anyone who delights in these topics, to the exclusion of all others, let him cease reading, for he will be disappointed. However, this story is a masterpiece, no ordinary, common drivel; but something original, epoch-making. It is a story of the great hereafter, in a word, Hades. Do not turn away in disgust, gentle reader, for I will write nothing vulgar. I will relate only "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." (It is not essential to believe the following, as, confidentially, I've never been to Hades, and never even died.)

I was born on the 25th of April, 1880. From earliest childhood I was a hard character, and even before my seventh birthday I carried matches and expectorated. (Horrible! you remark.) That is just to illustrate my extreme depravity. My evil ways soon led me to the grave, and I died in my thirty-fifth year. So, you see, I was a comparatively young man when I returned to the dust. I had always feared death, imagining it to be total oblivion, and scoffing at the belief in an afterworld. How foolish were my fears, as I soon found out. For the benefit of those who have never experienced death, I will relate the adventures between the physical extinction of life and my arrival on the banks of the Styx.

Immediately after my death, with rusty creaks and groans, for I had not used it for many years, my soul arose from its "earthly abode." I experienced a wild sense of freedom and exhilaration, and laughed at my mourning friends. But I was not to enjoy my freedom long, for suddenly a mysterious blast of wind wafted me swiftly away. I was powerless to resist. I struggled, I screamed, and yet it forced me onward. At last I gave up, and allowed myself to float passively away. After a short time I began to fall, gently, yet swiftly, and I alighted on the shore of a great, black river, the Styx.

As soon as I stood up and looked about me a fat, pompous shade walked up to me and inquired what my business was. I thought he might be Charon, so I answered, "Could you row me across the river?"

To my surprise he grunted "no!"

"And why not?" I asked.

"Firstly and primarily, shades are no longer rowed across the river, but are taken across in motor boats. Secondly, and secondarily, you have not been approved by the Plutonic Board of Censorship," he replied triumphantly.

I was dumbfounded. Hades certainly had been improved since Dante's time. As a guide book, his "Inferno" was a distinct failure.

I had always been a brave person, so I said fearlessly, "How may I encounter this Devilish Board?"



"Plutonic Board," interrupted the Chubby One.

"Well, Plutonic Board," I snapped.

"First you must go to Hellis Island, and be examined for contagious diseases," the Chubby One complacently replied.

"And how do I get to Hellis Island?"

"Ah, that's the question," he murmured.

By this time I was decidedly angry.

"Listen here," I shouted, "while on earth I was a hard guy, and I won't take any trifling; hurry up and show me the way, or I'll make you croak."

The Chubby One cackled derisively. "You seem to forget, my dear man, that you cannot harm me in any way whatsoever, for I am dead, beyond all injury."

"Ah, 'tis true, 'tis true," I moaned. "We all are shades, mere shadows, that once lived and breathed. What are all mortal passions and woes but futile fancies. We must linger in these nether regions all eternity, so why rush? Come, gentle shade, let us enjoy our deaths. I'll set 'em up."

"No, no; we must hurry, we must cross the river, time flies, his Majesty awaits me."

"Why this sudden change of feeling?" I inquired.

The Chubby One looked at me in surprise. "Don't you know who I am?"

"No, of course not," I answered.

"I am the shade of Tantalization."

I saw light, his actions were explained.

"Come," he said impatiently, "let us begone."

"All right, but where?" I replied.

"Follow me," were his only words.

I followed him. He led me a short distance down the bank of the Styx, where we stepped into a powerful motorboat. He started the engine, and we sailed swiftly across the river. We landed on the opposite shore, and without a word he led the way. The Chubby One led me to a small building, where I was "mugged," numbered and measured by the latest Bertillon methods. My number was 1,567,858,664, which shows the enormous number of deceased evil-doers. After this I was assigned to a cell, and my life as a shade commenced. Since my offenses on earth had been mostly of a trivial nature, I was not subjected to any special torture, but cleaned out boilers and roasters, and did odd jobs for His Majesty, Pluto I. I was ambitious, however, and decided to hold some responsible position, therefore I braved an involved civil service examination, and, after much delay, was appointed Third Assistant Stoker of Cauldron No. 3, reserved for political bosses. I turned out to be a very efficient stoker, and rose rapidly, until I was in charge of the Murderers' Roasting Department. My industry and perseverance were rewarded, and at last I held a position of trust. Shades high in national affairs consulted me on the latest approved methods of roasting. Pluto himself visited me occasionally, and I basked in his Imperial favor. My cup of joy was overflowing, I was a man of might in the land. I held this position for about fifty years, when a wave of reform struck Hades. My office was made elective, and William Jennings Bryan ran

against me. Contrary to all earthly precedent, he was elected by an overwhelming majority, and I returned to the ranks. Although I had been defeated, I still influenced a great many shades, and persuaded them to rebel against Pluto I. Our revolution was successful, and Pluto was condemned to his own eternal fires. The happy populace crowned me in his stead, and I am now Pluto II., Arch Demon of Hades.



## The Season's Attractions at Hughes

By J. W. M.

### Theatrical Directory

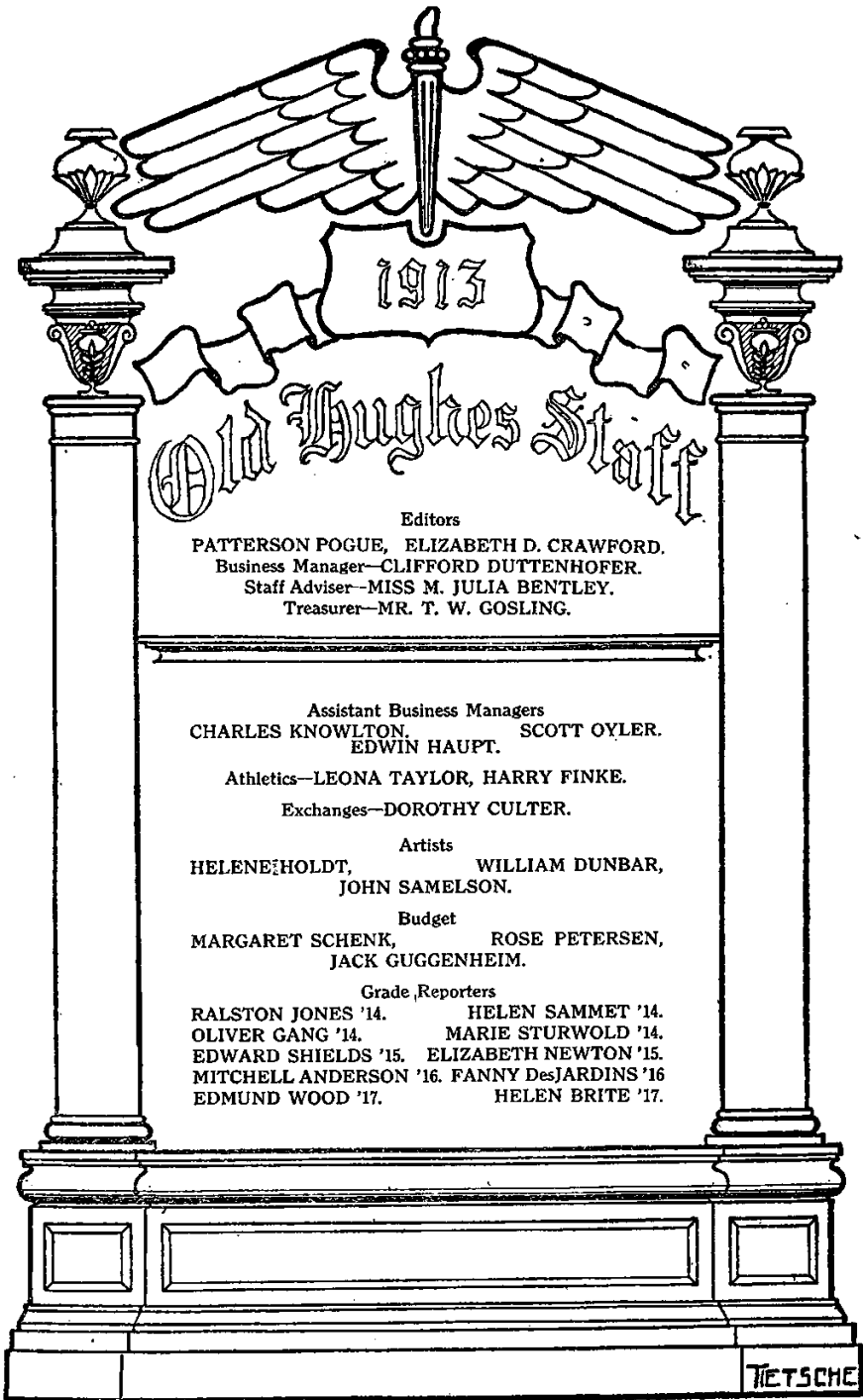
- "Little Women"—Miss Hall and Miss Ettlinger.  
 "The Fight"—Stanley Fellers.  
 "The Servant in the House"—Patterson Pogue.  
 "Dear Old Charlie"—Mr. Otterman.  
 "All for the Ladies"—Burton Closson.  
 "Tantalizing Tommy"—Tom Conroy.  
 "Peg o' My Heart"—Margaret Kirchner.  
 "The Terrible Meek"—William Dunbar.  
 "The Rosary"—Hulda Brackman.  
 "What Every Woman Knows"—Scott Oyler.  
 "Little Miss Brown"—Dorothy Brown.  
 "The Country Boy"—Emmert Daniel.  
 "Hamlet"—C. Hammond Avery, Jr.  
 "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"—John Church.  
 "The Talker"—Andrew Blackmore.  
 "Baby Mine"—Emily Corbett.  
 "The Midnight Sons"—Clifford Duttonhofer and Charlie Knowlton.  
 "Officer 666"—Margaret Schenk.  
 "Kiss Me Quick"—Churchill Blackburn.



## Five Years from Now

Isaccs still trying to get out of the A Grade!  
 Balch has a swell motorman job on Cross Town!  
 D'Aubry de McArtney writes "How to Memorize the Bible!"  
 Mose Wolf president of the umph National Bank!  
 Robert Copelan serving ten years for electrocuting goldfish!  
 Mlle. Furst champion lady wrestler of the world!  
 Bill Cutler bareback riding with a big circus!  
 Luchs founds "The International Union of Boiler Makers!"  
 Swebston Brothers controlling the peanut market of the world!  
 Straub teaching dancing at the Y. W. C. A.!  
 Hughes Hi leading in all contests as expected!

With apologies, J. S. S., '14.



1913

# Old Hughes Staff

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PATTERSON POGUE, ELIZABETH D. CRAWFORD.  
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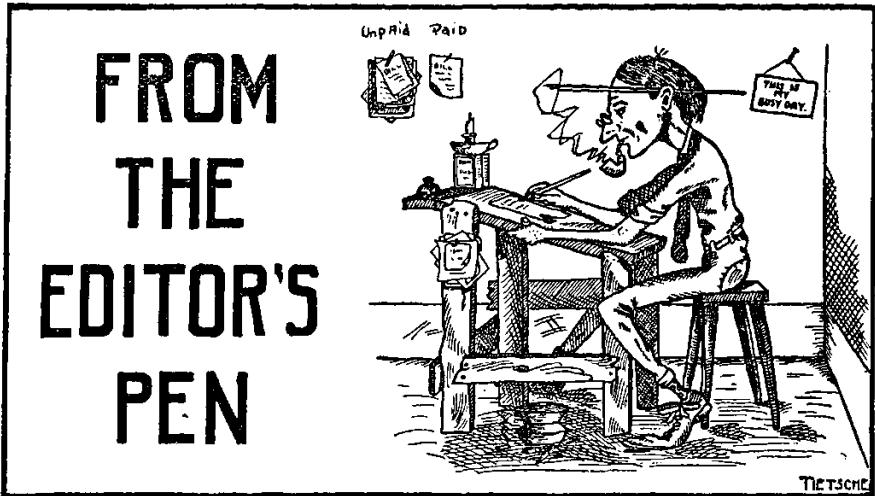
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MARGARET SCHENK, ROSE PETERSEN,  
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RALSTON JONES '14. HELEN SAMMET '14.  
OLIVER GANG '14. MARIE STURWOLD '14.  
EDWARD SHIELDS '15. ELIZABETH NEWTON '15.  
MITCHELL ANDERSON '16. FANNY DesJARDINS '16  
EDMUND WOOD '17. HELEN BRITE '17.

TETSCHÉ



## Red Letter Days

The month of anniversaries has returned once more. With the name of February flock memories of parties and Valentine festivities, but these fade into insignificance before the red letter days of this month. For they mark the birth of the two greatest leaders of our country, who represent the triumphs of its epoch-making periods.

We cannot hear too often the recital of the lives of Washington and Lincoln, nor afford to listen carelessly, as we are wont to do with a familiar subject. For to one who thinks of them seriously the question unconsciously arises, "How do I measure up to their standard?" And the realization of our littleness cannot but be felt. But why should this be? They had no advantages of education and environment superior to ours. We know that one, at least, had none of the opportunities that are considered essential to successful life, and of which we have full share. "Ah," we think, "but they had genius." Strip Lincoln of his honesty, his sympathy, and self-sacrificing, and his genius is gone. Their greatness lay in the fact that they lived out, and fought for, the principles of character that are laid before us every day. The power to be what they were and to achieve what they did lies within the grasp of each one of us, and the opportunity to render as great service, though perhaps never to earn as brilliant a name, is always open to those noble enough to undertake it.

E. D. C.

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## What Have We Done With It Thus Far?

A prologue to this editorial effort might not be out of place, but with an eye to business I refer those that do not "get the drift" to last month's issue.

"Footsore," did you say? Well, that's to be expected for a short while, when consideration is taken of the fact that we are not traveling on a path

of grass, but that we have chosen as our highway a course on which progress is difficult and the road never crowded. However, crowds are a menace, and how fortunate we are that as the numbers are few, friendship may the more readily assert itself when the way is especially rough or discouraging.

And what is greater, nobler, more to be desired than a friend who is tried and true, aye, tried time after time and is ever found ready? For friendship is the one thing that stands pre-eminently divine between man and man and is second only to the communion between God and man. It is the foundation upon which every generous impulse that arises in the human breast is laid, and the true test of a life well lived is not what we have taken out of life, but what we put into it with no hope of compensation.

PAT.



## The Great Interscholastic Game

By STANLEY FELLERS, '15.

"Look, fellows! What do you know about this?" said Tommy Young, the sharp little quarter back of West High, to a group of fellows in the school gym. "If I get the guy that wrote this dope on East High I'll break his —." Says Tom, "What's the matter? Why so mad; don't you know that peevishness is bad for the health, especially the health of a football warrior?" "Yes, I know that, Hon, but that is enough to get anyone's goat. Read it yourself." Hon. Lawrence, captain of the football team, took the *Morning Globe* and read an account of the coming interscholastic game, which partly favored the East boys because they had shown up better in preceding games. "Well, Tommy," exclaimed Hon, after he had finished reading the article, "we should worry about all this paper talk. When it comes to playing the game we'll be right there with cow bells, ain't that right, fellows?" Hon's opinion was loudly welcomed by the other members quartered in the big gym. Any of my readers who have had the good luck to sit at a training table know the trials and tribulations as told by each and every player. Signal talks, as well as blackboard illustrations and criticisms, which are always welcomed, go to make up the life of an athlete during football training season. West High claimed to have the best and heaviest team in Southern Ohio and had thought seriously of playing for Northern Ohio championship, until the school council disapproved. Little Tommy Young was the lightest lad on the team, but in his face one could see strong character and deep determination. He was only a Sophomore, and this was his first year on the team, but he was as capable of running a football team with very great skill. Signal practice was started and before they had gone far Spider Winslow, right halfback, called Hon's attention to the fact that if the delayed buck were worked in a different way it probably would be better. Suggestions were offered, and finally agreed upon to run the halves in the opposite direction in which the play was to be run. Head Coach Stan Jones then told them of another new mass on tackle play which he had invented. Then, finally getting down to hard work, these two plays were

run through until the fellows could almost hear them in their sleep that night. All thought that the new play would be East's downfall next Tuesday afternoon. As this game promised to be more hotly contested and more spirited than all the previous ones, the lads were ordered to turn in early every night from now on so as to be able to give and take as much as possible during the game. Practice was ordered every day until the day, with a result that each man knew exactly who to get and what to do on all plays, and while Coach Stan Jones remarked to Hon Lawrence that the team would have to work harder in order to win, down in his heart he knew that if they put up the kind of a game against East that they had against Brookville University they would surely come out victorious.

The days flew fast, and finally the day for the game arrived. That morning at West High School one could have seen Tommy Young again in a fiery attitude peering at the *Morning Globe*, for the headlines of the dope sheet pointed out the fact that Thompson, quarter back of East High, had the best chance for All High—but what cared Tommy for All High?—it was the game he and his comrades wanted and were going to get.

The players were dismissed at 12:30 by order of Mr. Green, the principal, who had been a great football player as well as a student at college. As his reason for so doing he declared, "The youngsters will be glad of a little rest before such an arduous struggle." This was welcomed by all the members, who immediately flocked to the gym for a short signal practice and rest. Outside in the grandstand sat the rival girls and fellows, one school on the east side, the other on the west, each waving pennants and cheering in loud, sonorous voices for their respective schools. Reporters of various papers were there, to give the public a story of the game and a final summing up for "All High" honors.

Morris, kicking off for East and having the wind with him, booted the ball within fifteen yards of the goal posts, where it was caught by Hon Lawrence, and who, with a wonderful formation in front of him, ran it down to the fifty-yard line. As an opener this run could not have been better for the encouragement of West, and the crowd in the grandstand yelled with delight. Before the yelling had subsided, little Tommy, with great judgment, shot around right end on a quarterback run for fifteen yards; then Jones, whose great shoulders had forced many a lad out of the game, shot through left tackle for eight yards. Tommy was evidently showing great generalship, for, upon the next play, the great delayed buck, Hon Lawrence, carried the oval for a touchdown, amid great joy of the crowd of West rooters, as well as to the dismay of the East hill lads, who had been completely baffled by the trick play. Goal was kicked by Tommy Young, and upon the score board appeared the big 7 to 0. Upon asking the question, "What 'a you want 'a do?" Captain Thompson, of East, received the kick-off. By this time East knew that she was fighting a dangerous foe, and took a wonderfully strong brace, with a result that the first half ended with a score of seven to nothing, in West's favor.

During the third quarter the battle waged furiously, both sides putting up the best game of their lives, and without doubt the hardest upon the

boys. Finally, with about three minutes of this quarter to play, Fite, East's right end, shot from out of the crowd, grabbed a forward pass as it sailed over Winslow's head, and carried it over the goal line for a touchdown, a wonderful piece of work on the part of Thompson, the giant quarter back. At this point the whistle blew for time out, this allowing time for Morris to kick goal. There appeared upon the score board the numbers 7 to 7, a tie thus far.

It was now the East's time to cheer, and cheer they certainly did, while a passing funeral could not have caused the West rooters to be more quiet and sorrowful. Just at this moment, Grace Wynn, cheer leader, burst forth with a loud school yell. The result was that all took heart, and cheer upon cheer, words of encouragement and loud praise, helped the boys along. Upon hearing Grace's voice Hon Lawrence resolved to win or break his leg in the attempt, while Tommy Young spoke to his men, as a general does before a great battle. "Fellows, how can we lose the game with girls like those in the stands, cheering for us? Let's go in and win this game in the last quarter not only for our sake, but for the sake of the whole school as well."

This put greater determination in the mind of each fellow, and Tommy, with a twinkle in his eye, knew that they would win the game.

The whistle blew for the kick-off and East, receiving the ball, carried it to the twenty-yard line, when, by a beautiful tackle, Johnson brought down his man in a heap. But Peebles, the man who had been tackled, lay stretched out in a heap, while the ball bounded off toward big Dunneley, the center, who had been waiting for the tackle. Like a tiger pouncing upon his prey, so did Dunneley pounce upon the oval, picked it up and ran for twenty yards before he was thrown. Time was called for Peebles, but he was taken out after his two minutes were up, Cleveland taking his place. Lining up, signals were called sharply and there was a shifting of the line. As the ball was passed back, Jones and Winslow, working the delayed pass with perfection, shot through left tackle, while Hon Lawrence, crouching like a lion, gathered the ball in his arms, and with a hole big enough to drive a cart through hit right tackle. This greatly deceived the back field of East, who, thinking that one of the halves carried the ball, ran over to get the tackle. So Hon had a clear field to the goal line, with the exception of the big Eastern quarter back, who stood ready to make the tackle, when something shot through the air like a cannon ball—it was little Tommy Young, using a famous body block. Thompson's great weight forced Tommy to the ground, while Hon Lawrence lay over the goal line smiling to himself. It was one of the greatest plays, and the greatest exhibition of interference yet seen on that field in an interscholastic game.

Two minutes later the referee's whistle sounded and the game was over. West High School had won the great Interscholastic Championship. Cheers were given to the losers, who returned them in a sad mood, while Tommy Young, carried upon Hon's shoulders, said to him! "Well, Hon, I guess the *Morning Globe* didn't get stung!"



During the month just passed events, meriting the professional notice of the Spectator, seemed conspicuous for their absence. This can be explained, perhaps, by considering that the past month contained a considerably smaller number of school days than any month. As the twentieth of the month approached I feared that the space beneath the flattering caricature of the Spectator would be filled to its utmost capacity with emptiness, and I tried my best to manufacture symptoms of some serious malady by way of excuse. But my fears had no foundation and my efforts to feign sickness were unnecessary, for the incidents of the last two weeks more than made up for the absence of events in the fore part of the month.

The first extraordinary commotion that caught my eye was caused by the restless "B" Graders. For the first time we see those impertinent children in the limelight, and an election serves as their introduction. About a week before the election Mr. Lyon assembled the youngsters in the auditorium, and informed them how they were to nominate their candidates; namely, by petition. The said youngsters, having absorbed the information and having heard that the same method was used in the "A" Grade, reasoned thus: "If, next year, we are to nominate our candidates for the "A" Grade by petition, why not get thoroughly acquainted with the method this year?" Accordingly they set about like good little children, and, after a little effort, succeeded in dragging seventeen candidates into the struggle. Now this small number of candidates might do in an "A" Grade election, but it is absolutely absurd in a "B" Grade election. How on earth do you inexperienced youngsters expect to elect an efficient officer from such a limited number of candidates? It can't be did, that's all there is to it—it can't be did! To help you along, I have a better plan to suggest. If you ever hold any other election this year, nominate the entire "B" Grade, and then you can rest assured that the "gent" or "gentess," who is doomed to fill any of your offices, will be the most popular and efficient unfortunate of the grade. Try this plan when you open the nominations for the Old Hughes staff of 1914-15 and I can assure you of crowning success in your enterprise. While speaking of nominations for the Old Hughes staff, I suppose it would not be casting any reflection upon your intellectual ability to advise you to nominate for editors only those who favor the "recall," as the "recall"



might come in handy in dealing with future troublesome "Specs," who might try to follow my leadership.

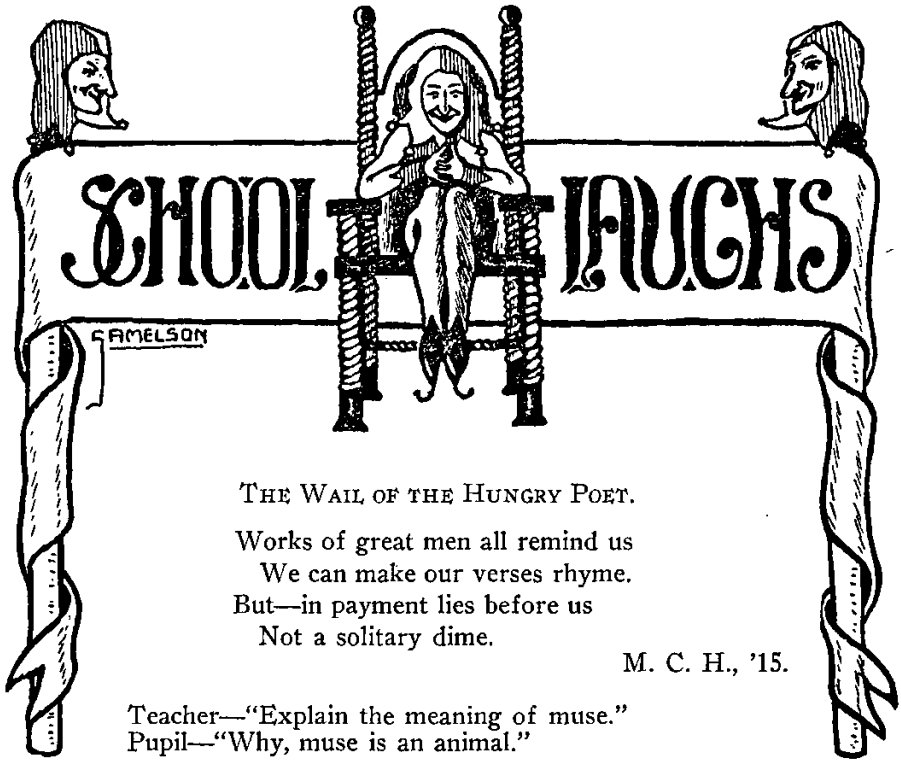
All this talk of the "B" Grade election reminds me of an incident in our own class. A long, long time ago, farther back than my memory will carry me, most of the citizens of the "A" Grade "came across" with the price of class pins or rings, expecting to be sporting the coveted insignia by the end of the week. For some unknown reason the A Grade is still in the state of expectancy—citizens in the State of Expectancy, as it were. Help, Reginald! Bring the oxygen. Either the treasurer has absconded with the funds or the jeweler has gone out of business. In either case, up to the time of writing this, our badges of pride have not arrived.

A moment ago I said that the B Grade election reminded me of an incident. I was wrong; it reminded me of two incidents, the second of the two being the interscholastic debate. The Debating Society of the "A" Grade, in order to overshadow the importance (?) of the "B" election, decided to give a debate on the very day of the election. The debate, as well as accomplishing this purpose, was a great success. In the first place, a large audience was present, a great factor in making anything a success; and in the second place, there was a competent bunch of debaters upon the platform, a great factor in making a debate a success. The fireworks were touched off with some music, which was perfectly delightful—thanks to Mr. Aiken and his orchestra. This put the audience into a good mood for business, and when the moderator had been introduced and the rules read, they were prepared to witness the war of wits. And, believe me, it was some war of wits. One speaker would make a statement, which he thought was immune from fault, and his opponent would immediately pick it to pieces and ruin it for life. So familiar were they with the issues that one would think that the debaters and the question were first cousins. Aside from the arguments and charges advanced by each side, the thing that interested me most was the delivery of the debaters. In this the speakers were alike, inasmuch as they all had voices and used them to good advantage, but they differed in one thing—gestures. Our team used gestures in abundance, while the opposing team dispensed, or almost dispensed, with them as unnecessary. As a whole the debate was as "scumptious" as I predicted it would be, and the victors deserve praise for winning it. But, to many, there was a mystery connected with it. Why did we lose? For an answer turn to page 13 of "Old Sleuth" and you will learn that "wherever there is a mystery, a woman is always at the bottom of it." I wonder if that holds good in the solving of this mystery?

While it was rather sad to lose such a hard-fought debate, yet something sadder and more disagreeable will have happened 'ere this reaches you, and this something will come in the guise of the exams. Heretofore we have always had the November exams to prepare us for the terrible ordeal of the February exams. Not so this year. It all comes at once, and I am afraid it will strike us like a whirlwind, carrying many of us to destruction with it. While we cannot render you any practical aid in your trial, yet I do hope you may pass a successful exam.

Ever your friend,

THE SPECTATOR.



Mr. M. (to Schmitt in German)—You are not a piece of jelly fish, that you have no back bone.

Balch—"Bisect the arc at its middle point."

Mr. Gaines—"How many state reports do you get?"

Class—"None."

Mr. Gaines—"How many state reports do your parents get?"

Toms—"Fewer."

H. Hasemeier was seen going into Mableys January 5, 1914. He raided Mabley's ten-cent tie sale, buying ten ties for a dollar. Some ties and some taste.

Mr. Howe (during a make-up period)—"Girls, don't talk so much. This isn't a sewing circle."

Heard in music:

Mr. A.—"Miss Stamm, you are not Miss Holt, are you?"

Chemistry—"What would you do if you got sulphuric acid on your clothes?"

Miss L.—"Eat it."

Brooks (translating Latin)—"They put the water between the bridge and themselves."

Miss J.—"Miss Kirchner, what is your vernacular?"

Miss Kirchner (with a blank look)—"Oh, I don't know my lesson today."

Miss Waldo claims that men and fish are alike. Both can easily be caught with a hair.

Miss J.—“Miss Newton, what is latitude?”

Miss Newton—“Those little lines (lions) that run around the earth.”  
Caution, beware of these animals.

Shinedling declared that Godfrey the Buller led the first crusade.

Miss J.—“What made Aeneas' hair stand on end?”

Miss Langmeier—“His wife.”

Miss Braham at the map in a Greek meeting—“Dr. Schliemann found Troy, but I can't.”

Mary Frances Davis translating Greek—“The wide-spreading ruler Agamemnon.”

Mrs. H.—“What is the nationality of Darwin?”

Inattentive D Grader—“Methodist.”

Mr. A.—“Only two instruments are needed to complete the orchestra—the oboe and the bassoon. Some people say that oboe playing produces insanity, but I know a man here in the city who plays the oboe and is as sound as a nut.”

Miss Phillips (in English)—“All the boys went, therefore I went.”

Hollmeyer (translating German)—“Where are my new dresses, mother?”

Lewis (in English)—“Jessica knew that a person could not live on love alone.” John, have you had experience?

Miss Hettel (to one of the Pin Committee)—“When are we going to get our fingers?”

“Why does Isaacs take manual training when he intends to study medicine?”

“He claims that all surgeons must know how to saw straight.”

Big show! Ten cents to see Hon. J. E. Crawford, of D Grade, drink a bottle of catsup. He likes it better than water.

If you can't work your physics problems ask C. M. Howe.

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A Freshie sat in study hall  
Laughing—hard?—oh, not at all;  
Alas! alack! so young and fair,  
I can't tell how he went or where.  
But here is warning for Freshies green—  
Don't laugh when slips you already have 'steen.

H. B.



# STINGERS

1·9·1·3

Note by Editor of Stingers: I know these stingers are rotten, because I heard someone say so on a Crosstown car. Be more careful next time.

Miss Miller says it takes away her appetite to have to stand and watch the boys eat.

Miss Moore informed the class that she had deserted the village at home. Have you noticed with what dignity Conroy behaves lately?

“Doc” P. says—“Use your other left leg.”

Sohn—“Are you trying to make a fool out of me?”

“Heinrichsdorf—“No, nature did that.”

Whitaker’s highest ambition is to be war correspondent for the Ladies’ Home Journal.

Someone has suggested that some new, good excuses be printed in the paper. About this time of year they run out.

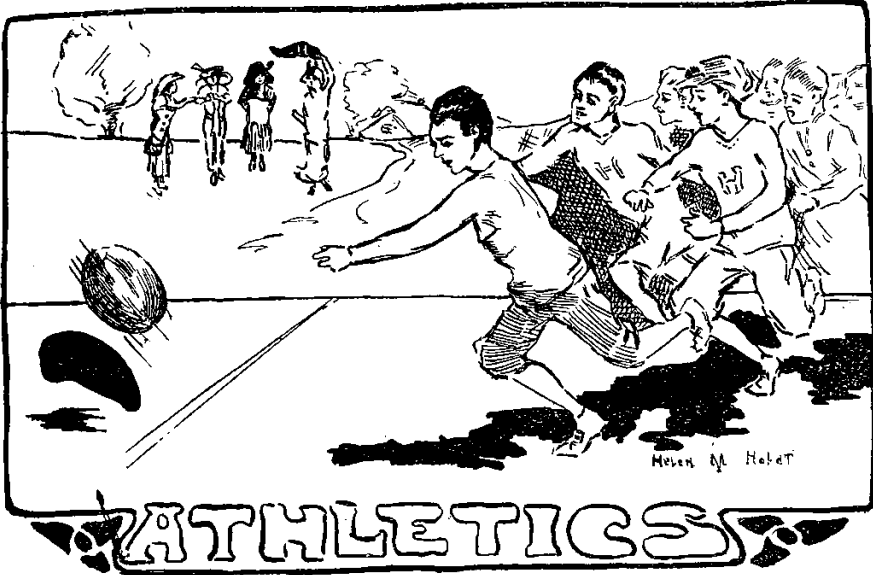
A gentle hint from Closson—“Don’t put anything in OLD HUGHES about my new mackinaw.”

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who proposes a candy pull instead of an A Grade dance?

Miss (in Latin)—“Behold the light top of Iulus. With his hands he stretched his voice to heaven.”

C Grader—“Who is the boy in the A Grade with the bewitching smile?” Spritz, of course.

There was a great commotion in the hall outside Miss A.’s door. Miss Struble was handing in a composition on time.



GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

An earnest appeal has been issued by all the captains of the girls' poos ball teams to the girls who are in any way interested in their respective teams to show up at practice. How can you expect to have a winning team if you leave everything to the captain? Every player on the team is valuable and indispensable. It is you whom we need; why don't you come down and try for your team? What enthusiasm there is has been shown by the B Grade only. They have enough girls who come down for practice to make up two teams. Bertha Bruckman, captain of the B Grade team, will have a delightful time choosing the twelve for her team. If the B Grade shows that much enthusiasm, why can't the other grades show at least as much? The A Grade is a disgraceful example for her younger followers. It is stated that about five girls show up at practice. Do you think the A Grade captain can stretch five girls into twelve? Tuesday is "A" Grade practice, also "B" Grade practice. The "C" Grade practices on Thursday, and the "D" Grade on Wednesday and Monday. Why do you girls insist in forgetting these days?

The girls' poos ball games are near at hand, and everybody is looking forward to them, because these games bring about the only competition between the girls. Therefore everybody is urged to come out and root. Join the rooters' row, and help your team win the championship. The "A" vs. "D" game will be called for Tuesday, February 10. The "A" vs. "C," Friday, February 13; "B" vs. "D," Tuesday, February 17; "B" vs. "C," Thursday, February 19; "A" vs. "B," Tuesday, February 24; "C," vs "D," Wednesday, February 25.

There have been some new cork balls bought for the girls' gymnasium. Games are now being played in the plunge. Water polo and many unique games have been originated by our assistant gymnasium teacher, Miss Shriefer.

## ATHLETICS IN THE D GRADE

Among the four hundred boys of the class of 1917 there are many who are bound to play an important part in the history of athletics at Hughes.

The ability of many of the coming athletes is still unknown, while many others are too small to do much at the present. The largest thing in the athletic sphere just now is the preparation of the teams which are to participate in the Winter Carnival. As yet none of the teams are far enough advanced to tell just what D Graders are making good. Hughes does not get the best of the public school runners, for comparatively few of them ever reach high school.

In the midget relay for boys under five feet, Garrison, of D-1, has done the best, but he may be too large for the class. Among the others who have made creditable showings are Jack Withrow, George Crapsey and Mark Hamburger, who is also an excellent broad jumper.

Kinney, Hopkins and Stevenson are among the D Graders who have done well in the dashes for larger boys.

The football material can be judged only by the size of the boys, and among the largest are Salkover, who is not only large, but quite a fast runner; Kinney, Klare, Miller, Waltz, Bluedau, Goenge, Timmons and Pugh, who is probably the largest fellow in the D Grade.

Stoehr, of D-20, holds a lightweight record in the basket ball throw, and if he can only gain in size he ought to do well in other branches of weight throwing. Zearer and Grodsky are both stars in the hop, step and jump and high jump, respectively.

My knowledge of the baseball talent is limited to the school from which I came, and in that school Grodsky and Newburgh were considered stars. The latter is quite small, but is an excellent fielder.

On the whole the athletic prospects of the D Grade are very promising.  
E. P. W., '17.

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A medical student was talking to a surgeon about a case.

"What did you operate on the man for?" the student asked.

"Three hundred dollars," replied the surgeon.

"Yes, I know," said the student. "I mean, what did the man have?"

"Three hundred dollars," replied the surgeon.

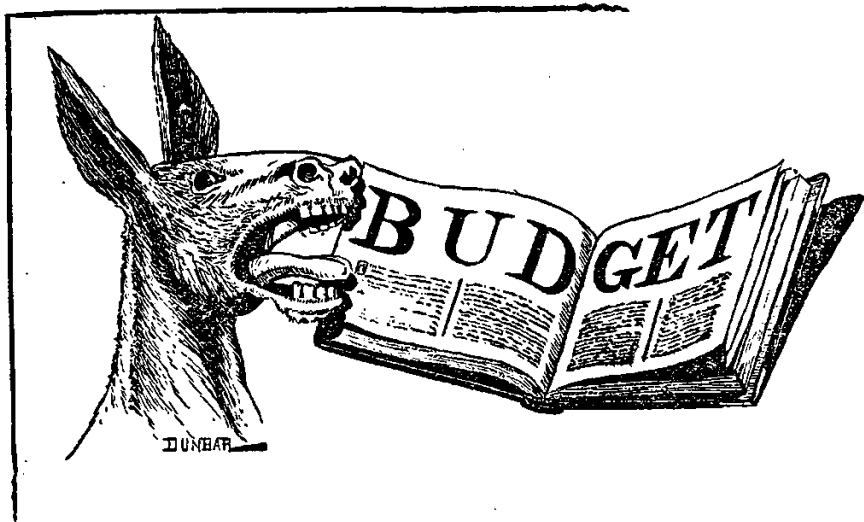
"Repeat the words the defendant used," said the lawyer for the plaintiff in a case of slander.

"I'd rather not," said the witness timidly; "they were hardly words to tell a gentleman."

"Ah," said the attorney, "then whisper them to the judge."

"Why did you break your engagement with the school mistress?"

"Couldn't stand it any longer, old man. The other evening, when I arrived fifteen minutes late she told me I must bring an excuse in writing, signed by my mother."



“Is there any soup on the bill of fare?”

Waiter—“There was, sir, but I wiped it off.”

Professor—“A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.”

Stude—“No wonder so many of us flunk in our exams.”

Teacher—“Henry, can you define a hypocrite?”

Henry—“Yes’m. It’s a kid wot comes to school wid a smile on his face.”

A colored man in Alabama, one hot day in July, while he was at work in a cotton field, suddenly stopped and, looking toward the skies, said: “Oh, Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, and de sun am so hot dat I b’lieve dis darky am called to preach.”

“Before you take this house,” said the honest real estate agent, “I wish to tell you something that is against it.”

“What’s that?” asked Hemmandhan.

“It’s right next to a boiler shop.”

“Oh, that’s all right. The family next to where we now live has a parrot, a phonograph and a pair of twins.”

Pat (arriving in the United States)—“Moike, how do they kill their criminals here in the United States?”

Moike—“Oh, they just put ’em in a chair and kill ’em with elocushion.”

“Mike, I am going to make you a present of this pig.”

“Ah, sure; an’ ’tis just like you, sor!”

"Archimedes," read the young pupil aloud, "leaped from his bath shouting, 'Eureka! Eureka!'"

"One moment, James," said the teacher. "What does Eureka mean?"

"It means 'I have found it,'" was the reply.

"Very well. What had Archimedes found?"

James hesitated a moment, then ventured hopefully, "The soap."

"Is there any money in a perpetual motion machine?" asked the inventor.

"I guess there is," said the man in the red tie. "I have a little machine in my store that would bring me in millions if I could keep it in perpetual motion."

"What is it?" asked the other.

"A cash register."

"Well," declared the man who had been looking over the law, "there seems to be a penalty for everything except stealing a man's daughter."

"Oh," said his friend, "there's a penalty provided for that, too."

"What is it?"

"Hard labor for life."

Dear Teacher:

"Please excuse Edith for not coming to school yesterday. She fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige,                   "HER MOTHER."

Mrs. Coalblack—"Wha's matter, honey. Huh?"

Mr. Coalblack—"Ah jes' feels blue, dat's all."

Mrs. Coalblack—"Cheer up, honey, yo' hain't."

"Mr. Brown, there's a man outside with a wooden leg named Smith."

"What's the name of the other leg?"

"Mercy, James," exclaimed the employer, as his office boy showed up the other day; "your face is dirty. What would you say if I came here with a dirty face?"

"I wouldn't say a word," replied the unperturbed James, "I'd be too polite."

1st Grad—"My wife's gone to the West\_Indies."

2nd Grad—"Jamaica?"

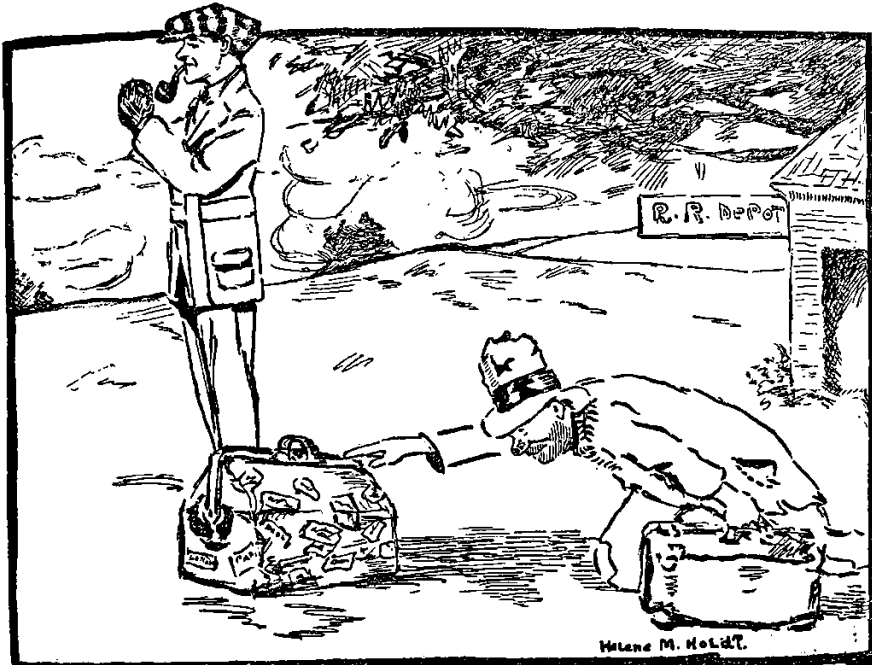
1st Grad—"No—she wanted to go."

Willie—"Paw, why is a man called the head of the family?"

Paw—"Because he has to foot the bills, my son."

He who hesitates is lost.





# EXCHANGES

The Tucsonian, Tucson, Ariz.—Welcome, Tucsonian! Your paper is a model of what high school papers ought to be. Your school seems to be overflowing with both artists and authors.

The Optic, South High School, Columbus, Ohio.—Again comes the dainty Optic with another lot of good poems in "A Corner for Our Poets."

The Piquonian, Piqua, Ohio.—Spend a little more time on your drawings, and with such a good literary department your paper ought to be a fine one.

The Habit, Salina, Kan.—We wish all high schools had "the habit" of getting out as good papers as yours is. Come again, Habit!

The Academy, German-English Academy, Milwaukee, Wis.—Congratulations, Mr. Business Manager of The Academy. Six pages of advertisements make us all envy you.

The English High School Record, English High School, Boston, Mass.—Your stories are a credit to your name, but we wish you would use your Exchange Department for criticisms.

The Tattler, Milwaukee, Wis.—A contents page and a little more systematic arrangement of material would add greatly to The Tattler. The students of your school certainly have a number of interesting clubs.

The Occident, Rochester, N. Y.—The Occident continues to keep its high standard. The picture of The Three Wise Men deserves much praise.

We wish to acknowledge The Minus, The Uneedme, The Oracle, The Gleam, The Yellow and Blue, The Polaris, The Bayonet, The X-Rays, The Mirror, The Purpel and Gold, The Vexillums, The Oread, The Occident, The Micrometer, The Tattler, The Bellflower Bulletin, The Rail Splitter, Two Mile Higher and The Courant.

# THE WEAKLY CHEESE

Wether: Do Your Own Guessing!

## HAIR!

Did you ever notis what funny hair som people have in our skul? Light and dark—long and short—ruff and smooth—oh all kinds, even the blonds who are just dyeing to be brunettes Well to start with—just yesterday a fellow came up to me with the following prayer.

First Bug: "Curses on the luck!"

Bug No. 2: "Whats rong?"

Little first green one!—Oh I just slipped off "Pat's" dome and broke a leg!

Ouch, get off my corn! Of course we no that this is our noble editor "Pat Poge."

Slide a glance at his vegetashun some sunny day and see the shine! Now then there is that little boy "Weiland." Did you folks no that he carries a pink come? Honest! Ask him. We don't intend to slight "Heinrichsdorfs" long, domestikat-ed, cultivated, cultured hair—and oh how he loves it. He too is a member of the "Royal Come Carriers Union." Another, "every once in a wile" member of this club is our religus edifis "Church." He too has cute hair. Oh Emil, how could I forget you! Yes they keep em at the 5 & 10 cent store. Any kind you want. And then thers "Bill Cutlers" rasp file brand but

we could go on and on, never tiring, talking about hair but just look around after this and see the sights!

## POPULARITY

Contest to be carried on by the Cheese, since the editor has received so many requests to that effect. This is limited to members of the A class but any student at Hughes can vote as many times as he likes providing he wears tan shoes, neither smokes nor chews and loves his country.

### The first convulshun!

The best athlete .....Luchs  
Best looking .....Quzrfsmpre  
Best scholar...See Mr. E. D. Lyon  
Biggest .....Weinberger  
Hardest worker .....Me

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By Fenstermacher, Heinrichsdorf and Berkowitz.

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--Clara Pothoff.

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J. Brahams Corresponding School.

# SECOND SPASM

## EDITORIALS.

Keep it up folks, your doin fine. Keep on with the numerous contributions.

The editor wishes to extend his hearty thanks to the fellow who gave the "C Breeze" hint.

Harold Herman's idea of an A grade candy-pull, wasn't apresheated much—was it?

Ever-complaining, frail little Kaufman was passing a house the other day, when a lady opened a window on the second floor. Our hero attracted by the noise, feebly thundered, "Hey, Miss, please close that winder, I feel an oful draft!"

## BULLITEN.

The editor has just received the following letter!

"The National Cheese Colege has desided to bestoe the degree of D. S. 'Docter of Slang' on the editor of the "Weakly Cheese."

Think, if you can, the honor attached to this!

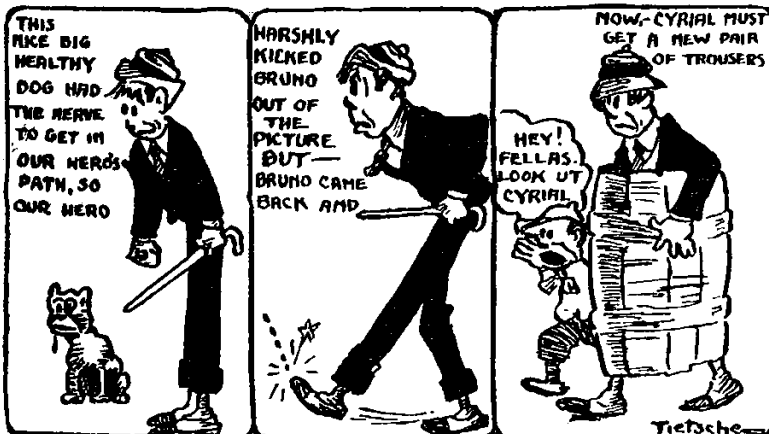
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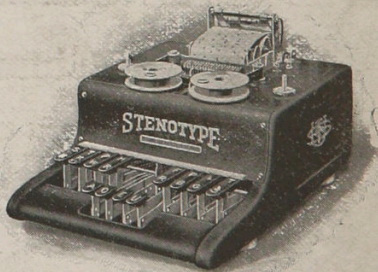
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