

# IN AND AROUND THE HIGH SCHOOL

We received a letter the other day from Miss Schwittay, who had the History department in the High School last year. Miss Schwittay spent the summer at Vassar College, taking the nurses intensive training course. This was open only to young women who had attained unusually high honors in college. She completed her work there last week, and is now taking her hospital training at Bellevue Hospital, New York City. She writes that she is in love with her new work, and hopes to see overseas service before long, but at the same time she longs for Downers Grove and her friends here. To each one she sent in her letter, a most kindly greeting.

We heard some people Saturday insist upon calling the Alumni the "Aluminum."

What will the D. G. H. S. Football team do to Glen Ellyn today? Last week La Grange scored 63 to Glen Ellyn's 0.

Everyone is glad to see Miss King back again; especially the Seniors, for they were lost without their advisor.

The D. G. H. S. wishes to thank the Alumni for their fine work in fixing up the field. The job was a good one.

Many pits and shells have been pitted against the Hun, but our pail still has room for several thousand more.

The Freshmen certainly chose a popular combination for their class colors, if we may judge by the number of Sophomores, Juniors, and, yes say it low, though, even Seniors who wear it.

Football score on Saturday, 38 to 19, in favor of the Alumni. The H. S. put up a good fight, but was out-classed in weight.

What was the matter with Phelps in last week's football fight? Wasn't he of great help? Just ask the Purple and White.

Some Sophs had better quit saying that it is some Freshy who is the anchor in spelling.

Freshman on the side lines, Saturday: "Ataboy, Freshie, you're playing the whole game yourself."

Jealous Junior: "Except that twenty others are playing."

Gr-r-r!!!

Ashes to ashes  
And dust to dust,  
If the French doesn't get you,  
The Chemistry must.

Winnie Roth must be mind reader. He called out almost every play that the Alumni made last Saturday.

Much interest has been evinced in the announcement in this column last week concerning the sale of white sweaters. One member of the H. S. informs us that it was held at Mr. Dexter's store, while another, in whom we have equal confidence, says that Mr. Penner had the sale. To those interested, we would suggest calling at both places.

'Twas on a Wednesday morning so bright  
The Freshies sang with all their might.  
Some thought 'twas good,  
While others growl,  
To hear those little Freshies howl.

We have been brought up to think that Hebe was a Greek goddess. Lately, though, she has been carrying the flag of Ireland under her arm. We had just become accustomed to that, when lo! one morning she appeared without that. Is Hebe fickle, think'st thou?

No, aspirant to football honors, a forward pass does not mean that the ball should be thrown through a front window.

Favorite months in the High School, May and June.  
Favorite States, Virginia, Florida and Georgia.  
Favorite color, Green.  
Favorite pets, King-Fisher, two Wolves and a Bird.

Riddles:  
Whom does the world love? Good-man.  
To what must we all eventually come? Graves.  
Who would be popular with a farmer? Binder.  
What do we all have to do now on Sundays? Hitch.  
What do most of us dread to see arrive? Snow.  
In what region would most of us be glad to live? A Kohley one.

Teacher: Where did the ancients get their ink?  
Pupil: From the Red or Black Seas.

Is it true, do you suppose, that Raymond Wales?

Although his name is Twohey, he is scarcely large enough for one he.

The Freshies are a merry bunch. They like to run and play. But when it comes to studying They begin to run away.

The Seniors are the roughest crowd. They knock us all around. But when the studying begins, They're nowhere to be found.

The Juniors think they're something big. They should change their names to "pester."

For when they catch some Freshie kid, His bumps are sure to fester.

The Sophies are a funny set. They can't do much but blow. But often, when the bells ring out, They don't know where to go.

Teacher: What happened to Babylon? Student: It fell.  
Teacher: What happened to Nineveh? Student: It was destroyed.  
Teacher: And to Tyre? Student: Punctured.

Advice to any homesick members of D. G. H. S. Go to a recitation in French, and hear the members of the class say "ma ma."

The Sophomores, and Juniors, and Seniors, too, Think they've got us Freshies feeling blue. But they all had to creep before they could walk, And if it makes 'em happy, we'll let 'em talk. After a year of doing our best, We'll be real "men and women", like the rest.

Pupil: Can a person be punished for something he didn't do?  
Teacher: Certainly not.  
Pupil: Well, I haven't done my lesson.

What do the little Sophomores do at night? They seem to find a nap a necessity during the sixth period.

The Freshies entertained the assembly the other morning with the singing of the Loyalty Song. We'll have to admit that it sounded fine. They're going to be alright, those Freshmen!

On Wednesday morning occurred the election of officers for the D. G. H. S. Athletic Association. Those chosen were: President, Winston Roth; Vice President, Paul Vaughan; Secretary, Bernice Thateber; Treasurer, Bruce Bush.

Teacher: What is the difference between a katy-did and a cricket?  
Pupil: The only difference that I know is that a katy dids and a cricket doesn't.

Little Freshies in red and white Help to keep our spirits bright.

The Sophomore class has a 100 per cent paid membership in the Athletic Association. Nine rahs for the Sophs!

A Sophomore said the other day, "You should have heard the grand stand yell." Honestly, now, wouldn't you like to.

The Freshies at last have sung their song. And they all wore red that day; So we wore it, too, to help them along. And snatched theirs off by the way.

Their colors are red and also white, And the Freshies sang with all their might. But finally, when the chorus grew too weak, And the little ones were too scared to squeak, We all joined in with "We're loyal to you," And the whole assembly sang it through.

Teacher: What do we get from the Hanging Gardens of old?  
Bright pupil: Porech Baskets.

The Seniors are outnumbered, The Juniors, Sophies and all And by such little fellows, The baby class of the hall. But when it comes to learning, The Freshies are right there, And when the honor roll is given, They, too, will have a share.

Say, did you notice the surprised look on the faces of the Alumni team when it saw what the H. S. could do? As one H. S. member said, "It was as if they had ordered fish, and had been served with wild cat steak instead."

Is Miss Hughes going to coach the Freshman football team? We don't know for sure, but she announced a meeting in her room for all Freshmen interested in the game.

The gym class opened last week. The first lesson for some was to learn the right foot from the left. We have heard of the man who had to tie a red ribbon on his left arm in order to tell it from his right. This may be a good suggestion for some of the girls.

The football team will journey to Glen Ellyn today. Come on, all you people who have cars. Let's have a good turn out. Come out and root for D. G. H. S.

If this is too short notice for you, begin now to plan for the 12th. On that date we play Riverside at Riverside. Come with us, and show Riverside that you are proud that we belong in your town.

The Freshmen are to be complimented on the number of them who showed up at the game Saturday. We are especially proud of one of them, You know whom we mean.

Why should we care if the score was only 19 to 38? They say we have an upping team. Are we downhearted? Watch us play Glen Ellyn and see if you think so.

Our records show the following for last year's grads. If it is incomplete, or in any way incorrect, let us know. Chuck De Witt, Illinois U. Fred White, Northwestern College, Naperville. Roy Bruns, Northwestern College, Naperville. Gordon Swanson, N. U. Evanston. Roscoe Morton, Lewis Institute. Leo Rogers, Enlisted in the Marines. Willard Gallup, Enlisted in the Marines. Sam Bertolin, "Over There", fighting for democracy. Martha Diener, Teaching School, Adelaide Walters, With Illinois Steel Company. Fred Shoger, Burlington Office. Frank Waples, Same. Ruby Iehl, Same. Ruth Bessey, Burlington. Ernest Hammer-Schmidt, Northwestern College. Frank Drees, Western Electric Company. Esther Klein, Cashier for Father. Glorie Farrar, Future undecided.

The spelling contest last week shows the following results:  
Section A—40 spelled, 24 were perfect. Average 96.4.  
Section B—39 spelled, 24 were perfect. Average 98.03.  
Section C—38 spelled, 27 were perfect. Average 98.31.  
Section D—38 spelled, 26 were perfect. Average 98.31.

## WHEAT FEEDS TO BE FED ONLY TO DAIRY HERDS AND POULTRY

The Food Administration hereafter prohibits the use of all wheat feeds to other than dairy herds, young pigs, calves and poultry.

Persons making purchases of this class of feed will be obliged to sign a pledge that they will use it for no other purpose.

This action was taken because of the danger of the total extinction of the dairy herds in Great Britain and France. Immense quantities of wheat are being sent abroad, so that British mills can supply the feed that comes from it. Because of this American mills have little feed to sell and indiscriminate use of it in this country is forbidden.

### DR. W. J. TRUITT DIES SUDDENLY

Dr. W. J. Truitt of Naperville died Wednesday of Spanish influenza. He was a very reliable and well known physician, having practiced a good many years in that town.

Be Sure It's Worth It.  
Who would least a victory that cost no strategy and no careful disposition of the forces? But let a man be very sure that the city is worth the siege.—H. Marvel.

Origin of One Proverb.  
One obtains historical glimpses in proverbs. The familiar "robbing Peter to pay Paul" is said to derive its origin from the fact that in the reign of Edward VI the lands of St. Peter at Westminster were appropriated to raise money for the repair of St. Paul's.

## MINISTER'S CHUM

By VINCENT G. PERRY.

It was just another of Effie's disappointments, but it seemed harder than the rest. She had built so much on the success of her first attempt at directing an amateur theatrical production and now she was faced with failure. It was the night of the second rehearsal—so wretched an affair that she was sure she would have to give up.

She was roused from her thoughts by the sound of the outer door opening. A man stood in the doorway. "Am I late for the rehearsal, Miss Mcintosh?" he asked as he stepped inside. It was Mr. Sterling, the minister's college chum, who was spending a few weeks at the rectory.

"I am sorry, it is all over. You promised to come and see that things got along all right, Mr. Sterling."

"Did they?"

"I hoped it would be better," she said.

"That is too bad," he consoled. "How would it be if I helped you in earnest. I had a little experience in amateur theatricals when I went to college."

"Why didn't I think of it before?" she exclaimed. "Will you play the leading part?"

"I'll have to hear the play before I consent—suppose you read it to me now."

They found a seat close to the stage and Effie commenced reading. His eyes never left her face for an instant but she was so engrossed in the lines that she did not notice him. After an hour of steady reading Effie closed the book. Sterling watched her closely for a moment and then exclaimed earnestly, "God, young lady, you have talent."

"Thank you," Effie laughed. "Will you play the part of Randolph?"

"I don't like the play," he announced. "I have a copy of a much finer one in my trunk. If you will change to it I will be glad to take the leading role and there is a splendid part in it for you—a part to fit your talent more than the one in this play."

The play was better than Effie had imagined a play could be. The part just suited her but she feared she could not do it justice. Sterling brushed the fears aside and a week later rehearsals were well on the way for the new play.

As the date set for the performance drew near, Effie's confidence grew. It was going to be a big success, there was little doubt of that. Mr. Sterling had worked untiringly with her and the others to make life and energy appear in the lines. She knew his criticisms were given just where they were needed and it helped her to make her part what she knew it should be. He went through his own part like a professional. If a man with talent like he had couldn't find a place on the stage what hope was there for her. Effie often wondered.

The important night arrived. Effie's preparations made her arrival late. When she entered at the rear door and emerged on the stage she was greeted with a big surprise. The stage was set with bright new scenery and two stage carpenters were putting on the finishing touches. Mr. Sterling was responsible for it all, she knew, and hastened to find him, but he seemed to be evading her and she had to give up to dress for the first act.

The curtain went up on a full house. Effie had time to see that before she was lost in her part. The man who was acting beside her was not the Mr. Sterling with whom she had rehearsed; he was the character of the play. His acting was wonderful; she realized that and it spurred her to greater effort. The applause that resounded through the hall at the conclusion of the act told her her efforts were appreciated and the play was a success. Curious call after certain call Sterling and she had to respond to.

After it was all over and Effie had partly awakened from the spell it had cast over her, she sought out Sterling. He did not evade her this time.

He did not give her a chance to speak. "You did wonderfully, little girl. That last scene was one of the prettiest pieces of work I have ever seen. It made me wish I was making love to you in real earnest," he said.

"Isn't that strange—your acting affected me in the same way," she blushed. "You were so wonderful—so like a real actor."

"Then you wouldn't mind my making love to you—asking you to marry me in real earnest?" he asked, taking her hand.

"Oh, but you wouldn't—you are not in earnest," she stammered.

"I was never more in earnest in my life. I love you and I want you to go back to New York with me as my wife and open the season with me in the part you played tonight."

"New York—open the season? Then you are a real actor—you are Frederick Sterling, the famous star? Oh, why didn't you tell me before?"

"Because you never asked me, dear. I thought you would like me just as Fred Sterling, the minister's college chum. Are you not angry?"

"No, not a bit. I am glad you did not tell me for I would never have dared to learn to love Frederick Sterling and I have learned to love you, Fred," she answered with a smile as she raised her lips for the first real kiss.

Direction: Hilliard Campbell

Saturday, Oct. 5th. Matinee 3:15. Night 7:30 to 11.

Today

# THE LITTLE BELGIUM

A Sunshine Comedy and Hearst Pathe News.

Matinee: All seats 10c. Night 10c & 20c.

Tuesday, Oct. 8th. 7:45. All Seats 10c & 15c

# Harry Morey

in

# THE GREEN GOD

and a Harold Lloyd Comedy.

Thursday, October 10th.

# Constance Talmadge

in

# Sauce for the Goose

Vaudeville and Fatty Arbuckle. Seats 10c & 20c.

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### Restaurant Patrons Must Ask for Sugar.

Owners of hotels, restaurants, and public eating houses are being requested by the Illinois food administration to instruct waiters and waitresses not to serve sugar unless patrons ask for it, and then only one level teaspoonful per person.

In many restaurants and cafes sugar is served to people who would not use it unless it were placed before them. The food administration points out that in just such ways as these, public eating places can save large quantities of food, and do much to redressing in the national food program.

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### CANDY PURCHASES ARE LIMITED TO ONLY ONE POUND

Illinois Confectioners to Devote Half of Window Space to War Activities.

Illinois confectioners last week decided to limit their sales of candy to one pound per person a time in order to cooperate with the Illinois division of the food administration in conserving candy.

The new rules will not apply to soldiers, sailors, or Red Cross nurses. Civilians who are buying candy for anyone in the service will also be allowed to purchase more than the one-pound limit.

By making these exceptions to the rule, the soldier's candy supply will not be cut off, and dealers will be able to make use of any supply of two, three, and five-pound boxes they may have on hand.

Retail confectioners will also devote 50 per cent of their window display space to war activities such as Red Cross, Liberty loan, War Savings stamps, etc.

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### "EAT LESS, WASTE LESS," IS NEW FOOD SLOGAN

Robert Stevenson Tells of Crop Outlook for 1918.

"Eat less, waste less," is the new slogan of the United States food administration, and is amply justified by facts. Last year we exported more food-stuffs than ever before, but this year we have produced a 50 per cent increase over last year.

Our wheat and corn crops look promising according to Robert Stevenson, Jr., deputy food administrator for Illinois, but late reports indicate that our potato crop will be short 58,000,000 bushels over last year's.

"Indications are that there will be a decrease in all the potato-growing states except Maine. The yield in Michigan, it is estimated, will be reduced 7,000,000 bushels, in Wisconsin, 3,000,000 bushels.

"Beef shortage gives promise of becoming more stringent owing to three years extreme dry weather in southwestern states. Many cattle have been shipped from the southwest to Pennsylvania and the East to find feeding grounds. In other cases these lightweight cattle have been shipped to market and slaughtered to save them from starvation. Cattle thus forced on the market are referred to as drought refugees. This means serious depletion in the country's cattle breeding herds.

"It is generally known that sugar is scarce and must be used with the greatest care. Probably everyone who patronizes restaurants or hotels appreciates this fact, but it is not yet fully realized by the stay-at-home folks.

"People must learn the meaning of conservation as never before, if we are to help the boys over there give the final punches that will win the war."

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### PUBLIC COLLECTING FRUIT PITS FOR SOLDIERS' GAS MASKS

Housewives, grocers, restaurant patrons, department store shoppers, and school children are all taking part in the movement to save fruit pits and nut shells which the government needs in the manufacture of charcoal for gas masks for our soldiers.

At the request of the United States food administration receptacles have been placed in stores, public buildings, schools, etc., with signs asking that fruit pits and nut shells be deposited. All pits, stones and shells are dried before being deposited.

Only the best gas masks will save our boys from painful death. These masks cannot be made without gas-charcoal and wood charcoal has proved deficient.

Fruit pits and nut shells make the necessary charcoal and as a result enormous quantities of these are needed at once.

The public has responded heartily to the call, and many carloads of pits and shells are now being collected by the Red Cross.

Save half a pound of food a week and help win the war by 1918.

Eat less food—stop all waste.

Keep on saving food, just as our boys keep on winning over there. THEY do not stop for a day or an hour—neither can WE.

For many of our boys, war will mean the sacrifice of their lives. Can you not sacrifice some of your food, that some of these lives may be spared?

Save sugar, wheat, meat, and fats—any waste will prolong the war.

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### Transportation in Hankow.

Within foreign concessions of Hankow there are 2,357 licensed trucks, 67 public carriages and 83 private motorcars.

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### Just a Business Deal.

Dorothy said to her mother: "I went three errands yesterday, and you promised me two cents, but if you haven't any change today we'll settle it for one cent."

**The Healer's Treatment For The Sick**

"They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

Mark 16:18

Rev. Dr. Hawkins  
Divine Healer  
Treating Rooms  
Room 404,  
Great Northern Bldg.  
20 W. Jackson Blvd.  
CHICAGO, ILL.