

# The Graphos

VOL. II

NEW ULM, MINNESOTA, FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1918

NUMBER 13

## TEAM MAKES GOOD SCORE AT TOURNAMENT

DEFEATED BY STATE CHAMPIONS

Strengthened by the royal send-off the team departed for Carleton in high spirits. After the circus the team waited in the gym while Mr. Henry drew lots to see who they would meet in the first battle. He drew Waseca, who was then little thought of as a championship team.

On the following morning at 9:00 the game took place. The Waseca team had considerable advantage in both height and weight. After a few minutes of play Mike caged the first basket. Throughout the first half the splendid defense of Waseca was evident. Muggie got one basket and Mike two in this period. During the half the playing was very fast except that the New Ulm team did not hit its usual stride. Juhnke, the all state forward, starred for Waseca netting six baskets the first half and two the second. Much credit must be given our boys for scoring the second highest count against Waseca.

During the second half the Waseca team had an easy time. Shapiro was the only New Ulm player to succeed in caging a basket during the half. At the whistle Waseca had amassed a total of 44 and New Ulm a total of 12.

The showing the team made was very good considering that Waseca beat Duluth the team which entered the finals by a score of 29 to 10. With the form shown in the Cottonwood and Madelia games, Waseca could have been held at least to a two to one score.

After the game, though a little downhearted, the team began to have that good time which had been dreamed of for weeks. The first number on the program was a grand rush to the swimming pool. Here the boys displayed a great deal of ability in "playing porpoise." In fact the cool waters charmed them so long that they were almost late for dinner.

Then followed the remaining games of the tournament. After being so cleanly and scientifically walloped, the New Ulm contingent was to a man strongly pro-Waseca for the tournament. As "Chick" said, "If they win it will make us feel some better, yet." And win they did. The Waseca team was never in danger, although Albert Lea had a very strong team.

The New Ulm team stayed until the last canine was executed, and returned via Owatonna on Saturday a wiser (not noticeably sadder) bunch of basket ball enthusiasts, and although they fell far short of state laurels, they brought back a high resolve (Continued on page 4.)

## SOCIETIES HOLD JOINT SESSION

DEBATE FEATURE OF PROGRAM

A joint meeting of the D. O. T. and Protean Literary Societies was held March 25, 1918. The two respective presidents had charge of the meeting. The meeting being for the sole purpose of enjoyment, all seemed to enjoy themselves.

The program opened with a very humorous reading by Willard Vogel. Louise Fritsche held her audience by delivering a good oration. A selection by a quartet followed which everyone enjoyed very much, judging from the fact that they were encored. A debate followed on the question, Resolved: That a wooden leg is of more value than false teeth. Mr. Woebke and Mr. Dougher upheld the affirmative and Violette Steinmetz and Julia Meyer upheld the negative. A fierce word combat followed in which Mr. Woebke touched the tender heart strings of his audience. No judges were selected and everyone formed his own silent opinion.

Gladys Grussendorf presented a piano solo. She was also encored. Victor Reim gave his prize winning oration, and every one knew that Victor would come back with a scalp at his belt.

The vaudeville sketch followed. This was to be the main event of the evening but owing to the lack of practice, it nearly fell through before the meeting. However, it was very good. The actors were Edmund Lebert, Arthur Geisler, Anne Mueller, Julia Meyer and Elmer Held. The act was very interesting, and some of the players created great excitement, especially the intentional, but unsuccessful suicide.

After a few minutes of parliamentary drill, the societies adjourned.

### RECOLLECT THIS.

Recollect that everything except the demonstrated truth is liable to die. Every language has a cemetery. Every now and then a word dies and a tombstone is erected, and across it is written the word "obsolete." New words are continually born. There is a cradle in which a word is rocked. A thought is molded to a sound, and a child-word is born. And then comes a time when the word gets old and wrinkled and expressionless, and is carried mournfully to the grave, and that is the end of it.

Miss Turner: "Now, all of you get to work. You'll enjoy your dinner so much more."

Douglas: "Gee, if I'd study anymore I'd be so hungry that I couldn't walk home for dinner."

## ROYAL SEND-OFF FOR DISTRICT CHAMPIONS

STUDENTS AGAIN DISPLAY PEP

Last Wednesday morning almost the entire student body met at High school shortly after 8 o'clock, to escort our basket ball boys to the depot. Lavender and white, the predominating colors, seen in the form of ties, ribbons and streamers, showed that there was no lack of pep. Our good old High school band was also there, playing with more energy than ever. Perhaps this was due to John Woebke, their new broomstick leader.

### Parade Through Town.

The students formed in line, and headed by the band and a sign, informing those, who might yet be ignorant of the fact, that our boys were district champions, marched through town, to the depot.

### Fond Farewells.

At the depot, some of the girls distributed farewell tokens in the form of k—(don't get excited)—nots of lavender and white ribbons. To some it surely was a sad parting, and one as though she needed sympathy all morning, but news must have come by noon, for she carried something in her pocket, which made her blush, when inquiry was made, regarding it. Even Violette and Mike seemed rather quiet, but Violette had a camera with her, with which she took a last picture. While the train was pulling out, yells were given.

### And Then—School.

The students then returned to school, so as to be there for classes at 9:30. Until that time, the band gave an open air concert outside of school, which was greatly appreciated. The strains of an old cow bell, issuing forth from Miss Turner's room, announced the hour of 9:30 which was received amid sighs and groans, and "Oh, why can't I be on the basket ball team?"

It surely was kind of Mr. Hess to allow this send-off to be given, and bright of Toodles Esser and Ellen Hummel to originate the plan.

### D. O. T.

The D. O. T.s met Thursday, March 28, at 2:45, for the purpose of electing new officers.

The officers for the next three months are the following: President, Eliabeth Russell; vice president, Eleanor Biebl; secretary, Emily Groebner; treasurer, Gudrun Melheim; sergeant-at-arms, Helen Berg.

The D. O. T.s were well satisfied with their last officers, and if the newly-elected ones do as well, there will be no doubt, as to their success.

## BOYS TO ENLIST IN WORKING RESERVE

GIVEN CHANCE TO HELP FARMERS

One of the most important drives is on in Minnesota. It is to enroll 5,000 or more Minnesota boys between sixteen and twenty years of age in the United States war industrial and agricultural service. The announcement was made by Don D. Leschoter, state director of the United States Boys' Working reserve in the federal department of labor.

Every high school principal and agriculture teacher, Y. M. C. A. secretary and Boy Scout master in the state has been appointed a recruiting officer and eligible boys are to apply to them for enlistment, according to the director.

Although the State Public Safety commission recently abandoned a proposal to close Minnesota colleges and high schools April 1 to permit students to assist with spring work on farms toward producing maximum mobilization will result in special mobilization by many school leavers to permit boys fitted for the work to go on farms and into factories, and in some instances the enrollment of boy students will be 100 per cent.

## GIRLS WIN LAST GAME OF SEASON

ALL-STARS FIGHT HARD

Monday night an exciting game was played between the Girls' first and second teams.

As Minnie and Ralie faced each other, ready to jump, they looked as though they might be deadly enemies. Both were determined to have the ball and both fought hard for it.

Ochsie must have thought she was a celebrated acrobat for she made several fancy turns and tumbles. During the first half Lucille played forward with Ochsie and they contrived to get baskets. During the second half Leona Braun played forward and Lucille took her position as running center against Kaggie. Louise and Geggie had splendid teamwork despite the fact that Louise had a hard guard, in the person of "Billy" Eibner. Bergie and Bessie were right there when it came to guarding and were a splendid match for the second team forward.

The game was exciting from beginning to end, the ban being first on one side and then on the other. The score 12 to 6 in favor of the first team, was hard fought for and both teams should be congratulated upon their good players.

## The Graphos

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### NEWS EDITORS

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Anne Wager, '18.  
Eleanor Biebl, '19.  
Mildred Meyer, '20.

FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1918.

### ZIPPO.

The Senior class has real pep, at least they accomplish things to evident satisfaction. demonstration a while back? Style and originality to it, wasn't there. That's just the way the class and the annual staff in particular; intend to keep on doing things. They decided to give a show and have a **Lavender and White** day and they did. They have decided to put out a book that's a hummer and they will. **Lavender and White** day produced results up to par, in fact a bit above. It was due to effort. Due to the same effort, the **Lavender and White** will result in a book far above par, so much above par that it will turn in the background and shadow any previous attempt. So much above par that those of you who haven't signed up for a copy or two will begin to feel sick about the time the book leaves the press. The selling price, one cart wheel, makes it possible to buy with such little effort that wise ones will take advantage of time, and sign now. There are only twenty-five unfilled blanks and they will be gone before slow ones get busy, so "git."

The staff here wishes to express its thanks for the excellent spirit of the school and is grateful for the support given them by loyal signers.

### WHAT CAN WE DO?

"What can we do? We can help man; we can help clothe the naked, feed the hungry; we can help break the chains of the slave; we can help weave a garment of joy that will finally cover this world." At the time of the writing of these words by one of the greatest American orators, the Civil war was raging in the United States.

At this time, a time of greatest need caused by the greatest, most

terrible war in the history of the world, this should be uppermost in the mind of everyone: We can help to clothe the naked; feed the hungry; we can help break the chains of the slave; we can help weave a garment of joy that will finally cover the world. Every little bit counts. Buying W. S. Stamps will help. Enlist in the surgical dressing classes and do your bit.

### ARE YOU A QUITTER?

Do you know that you were brought into this world with a certain task to perform and when you have done that task, you have gained the real purpose of life? And do you also know that if you are a quitter, you are licked, a failure, before you begin your task? You will have obstacles to surmount in performing your task and if you are a quitter, how will you surmount them?

If you fall discouraged by the way-side, a quitter, you will be instantly forgotten, because the world is cold and stingy with sympathy and has no place for a quitter. But if you get up every time you are knocked down and come back for more, you will be able to write your checks in six figures and get your name printed in big type.

If you begin your task, stick to it and if you cannot surmount the first obstacle or the second, don't give up the ship and be a quitter, but try, try again and then if you fail try again; until you have mastered it. And you will be nearer your goal.

### FUNNY MISTAKES.

Though matters are progressing splendidly in the Red Cross sewing now, there were some funny mistakes made in the first garments.

Aleen had been sewing diligently one afternoon when suddenly she rose, and with a tragic hopeless air, exclaimed, "Look, I got my sleeve in the neck." You can bet she got it—in the neck!!

Katherine, too, got sadly mixed in the matter of sleeves. She was ready to sew in, her second sleeve, and not finding it, began a hurried search through the whirl of materials on the table. It was all to no avail, and suddenly she discovered that she had sewed both sleeves into one armhole.

There is a sort of charm in sewing for the helpless infants, many of them orphans, across the sea, and those that have already volunteered are certain that the rest of the girls would really enjoy the work. With the number of girls in high school there could be many more volunteers, and more enthusiasm.

### DEFINITION OF A KISS.

A KISS is a peculiar proposition  
Of no use to one,  
Yet absolute bliss to two.  
The small boy gets it for nothing.  
The young man has to steal it.  
And the old man has to buy it.  
It is a baby's right.  
The lover's privilege.  
And the hypocrite's mask.  
To the young girl it means faith.  
To a married woman it means hope,  
And to the old maid charity.

### THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

Oh! The Days of Long Ago, were the days of nineteen six,  
When the students weren't kept within the prison-like red bricks,  
But strolled in merry couples to their classes on the lawn,  
Where they diligently studied until the sun was gone.  
While Botany was up above and everywhere around,  
They took their Glee Club lessons from the robin's trilling sound.  
Zoology was waking from its death-like winter's sleep,  
And actively beginning down ticklish necks to creep.  
While Botany was mingling with golden dandelion  
Hard Geometric problems for hidden pleasures pined.  
And thus, the out-of-doors did bring  
To students, then, the joys of Spring.  
But mournful is our whispered tale of woe  
That we did not attend this school, in the Days of Long Ago.

### HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH.

Highest average—Verona Gebhard—95½.

Second highest average—Harold Olsen—94 1-5.

Third highest average—Rosa Tepe—94.

Students whose average is 90 or better:

Seniors—Helen Barth, Louise Fritsche, Emily Groebner, Floyd Hughes, Maudie Johnson, Bertha Kral, Edmond Lebert, George Penkert, Theo. Crone, Bessie Russell.

Juniors—Lesing Schiender, Hilda Sommer, Rosa Tepe, Walter Schulke.  
Sophomores—Carl Hummel, Lillian Zimmerman.

Freshmen—Verona Gebhard, Harold Olsen.

### RECREATION.

Last Wednesday the Bookkeeping I class was both surprised and pleased when the teacher informed them that the hour was to be a recreation period. Two leaders, Franklin Brust and Clara Puchner, were nominated. These "honored" persons chose the other members of the class to be on the offensive or defensive side. One member of each side went to the blackboard to try his skill in arithmetic. The one who had his problem finished first could have another "try." This method was kept up until one side had to give up.

Three cheers to Miss Von Doehren! May she devote more periods to such recreation.

### WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY TO SEE—

1. "Lething" flunk?
2. Douglas Garrow in short pants?
3. Bessie Russell go home alone?
4. Louise Fritsche being sensible?
5. Emily Groebner any thinner?
6. Anne Mueller miss a movie?
7. Armin Gaetke with a girl?
8. Helen Berg getting fussed?
9. Bert Frederickson with a Bible?
10. Helen Johnson in bed at 10:30?
11. Eleanor Biebl failing in a subject?
12. Grace Rinke not shrugging her shoulders?

## N. U. H. S.

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The state contests in Oratory and Declamation were held Thursday, March 28, in the Studio theatre of the Northwestern Conservatory School of Expression. Each district in Minnesota sent its finest orator and its most successful reader. On each program there were ten contestants, and each contest was remarkably strong. The decision of the judges was as follows:

First place in oratory—Harry Willet, Hastings.

Second place—Victor Reim, New Ulm.

Third place—Wm. Blaisdell, North High, Minneapolis.

First place in declamation—Norma Krause, St. Charles.

Second place—Edna Jarpe, Hibbing.

Third place—Helen Sasse, Blue Earth.

A large group of New Ulm people attended both contests. Many of these came from the University. One and all were proud of our representatives and hoped that New Ulm would continue to enter the state contests.

**ONCE UPON A TIME.**

1. Buster Johnson didn't know Bessie Russell.
2. Helen Berg didn't know all the Ball Room dances.
3. Walter Schulke admitted Miss Von Doehren was right.
4. Anne Mueller knew how to pronounce "favorably."
5. Helen Johnson, Aleen Seiter and Margaret Esser didn't know each other.
6. Mr. Schrammel didn't want things quiet.
7. Every one was quiet, in assembly when the Victrola was being played.
8. Louise Fritsche wasn't seen giggling.

**SPRING.**

The out-of-doors is calling and you can't sit still a minute, And every time there's any noise, they say that you begin it, And your brain is undersized, And your bluffs are undisguised, And any time there's any fuss, you're ready to be in it. Then you try to study Civics, but gee—the stuff is stale, You quit your Latin in disgust, and say that it's for sale. And though Henry teaches Lit, It's not interesting a bit, And the earliest chance you get, you'll be skipping without fail.

**TO OUR LEADING LADY.**

Here's to eyes of unknown depths, To teeth of purest pearl, To locks that crown, With gorgeous brown, The head of fair Helen. Here's to cheeks of rosy red, To darling lips that curl In lines of love Themselves above The dimple of fair Helen. Here's to manners of wondrous grace. To feet, to which I'd hurl Myself, and be Eternally Faithful to fair Helen.

M. D.

**WISE SAYINGS.**

Prejudice is the child of ignorance. It squints when it looks and lies when it talks.

Conceit is the most contemptible and one of the most odious qualities in the world. It is vanity driven from all other thrifths and forced to appeal to itself for admiration.

We love people because we see in them something no one else does; not for their intellect or learning; because everyone can see that kind of attraction, but we have made a discovery and like all discoveries we want ownership.

**A SAD STORY.**

There was a man tried in court for having murdered his own father and mother. He was found guilty, and the Judge asked him, "What have you to say that sentence of death shall not be pronounced on you?"

"Nothing in the world, judge," said he, "only I hope your honor will take pity on me and remember that I am a poor orphan."

**APRIL FIRST.**

I love to have the rain splash down As I go walking through the town. I love to lift my face, and get From falling rain, my face all wet. And when it's evening, and soft mist Is falling down, the plants to kiss So that the May flowers open burst,— Oh! Then you know it's April First!

**HEARD IN ENGLISH III.**

Tony: "Efficient schools have efficient teachers. Our school has efficient teachers. Therefore our school is efficient."

Mr. Henry: "Wrong! Class, what's the matter?"

Class: "The teacher?"

Mr. Henry: "Correct."

**DAILY OCCURENCES.**

Lessing changing his Jersey on the Gym floor.

Mr. Schrammel: Too much talking."

Henry: "Say Mike, what is 'Coach' in German?"

Mike: "Dumkopf." (Laughter).

Pupil translating Latin: "He chased the lifeless body of Hector three times around the wall."

**WANTED.**

More room for my elbows.—Louise Fritsche.

Some original excuses for late themes.—Mr. Henry.

News.—By the staff.

Room for my shoes.—Maurice Dougher.

Teacher: "Where is the Dead Sea?"

Freshie: "Dunno."

Teacher: "Don't know where the Dead Sea is?"

Freshie: "No Ma'am, I didn't even know any of them was sick."

Miss Kester: "For what is the term, 'etc.,' used?"

Douglas Beecher: "It is used to make people believe that we know a great deal more than we really do."

**TEAM MAKES GOOD  
SCORE AT TOURNAMENT**  
(Continued from page 1.)

to win the district championship again next year.

New Ulm	Lineup	Waseca
Kumm	L F	L Juhnke
Shapiro	R F	Frentz
Burg	C	Jacobson
Olson	R G	Wymann
Wiedenmann	L G	R Juhnke

Substitutes—Ochs for Wiedenmann, Johnson for Juhnke, Wabshall for Juhnke. Field goals—Juhnke 8, Frentz 5, Jacobson 4, Kumm 2, Shapiro 1, Burg 1. Fouls—Burg 1, Olson 2, Wymann 4.

**Don't Judge Others by Yourself!**

Mr. Bergtold: "Julia, I thought you said you were going to study."

Julia: "Well, how can I?"

Laurie: "Yes, how can you when you are minus brains."

Ludwig Hofmeister, who has been here for a short visit will return to his work next week. We are glad to hear of his progress in the business world.

**WON IN THE ELEVENTH.**

(A Baseball Story.)

Carl Curtis, manager of the world's champion Wolverines sat in the spacious smoking room of the Winter League Club. Around him were gathered a group of baseball luminaries of more or less brilliancy. Outside, the January blizzard howled relentlessly; inside the warm clubroom the Winter League was holding forth with great enthusiasm and much cigar smoke. As Curtis himself remarked, "You could trust this bunch to talk baseball on a trip to the South Pole."

Strangely enough the current of the conversation ran to the question of honesty in playing the game. Joe Wheeler, a heavy stockholder in the Blue Sax syndicate, lifted his huge calabash pipe on high to emphasize his opinion: "I tell you, boys, a ball player can't be a success unless he takes every advantage, even to the point of being positively crooked at times. He can't get on otherwise."

Cal Curtis blew a column of smoke high into the air. He closed one eye; opened it again; flicked the ash from his cigar, and then spoke in his usual drawl: "Joe," he said, "did you ever hear of Dave Lester?"

"Well rather! I'll never forget that last game of the season last fall. Ever hear of Dave Lester! Did I ever hear of Noah, or Washington, or Bob Fitzsimmons? Ask me something hard, me boy. This modern history's too easy." Wheeler's scorn was truly withering.

Curtis smiled quizzically. "Well, Joe, I was sure you'd know all about him. I wonder if you know what he's a livin' exception to your remark of a moment ago?"

"Eh—what's that? Spring your joke, Cal. What do you mean?"

"Well, you've admitted that Lester's made good. He showed that he had the stuff when he won that game from Joe Mandell's Tigers last fall. Now I happen to know that Dave Lester is a strictly honest ball player. He has made good in spite of that distressing

handicap. What do you say to that, Wheeler?"

Joe Wheeler scratched his head. "Cal, you've sorta treed me. But can you prove that Lester's what you say he is—a strictly honest ball player? I'm a resident of Polk county, Missouri. You've got to show me."

Curtis took out his watch. "It's now 8:10. Will you fellows agree to give me thirty minutes to tell my story? At the end of that time I want your opinions. And, by the way, this is just between us and the chandler. This story never gets into the sport columns, and Lester'd bust my head if it did. So mum's the correct adjective."

"Have no fear, my lord. We are no tell-tales," Bunk Cary had once studied Shakespeare at college, and still spouted at regular intervals—"like a bloomin' whale" as Wheeler had once disgustedly remarked.

"Fire ahead, Cal. I'm still from the Ozark Highlands." Wheeler filled his pipe, lighted it and settled back in his easy chair.

"Well, boys, it's a rather long story. It began two years ago last August. I'd heard about Lester from a travelin' man, an' so I took a day off and went to see him work. Joe Mandell met me on the train, and I found out that he was going to look Lester over too. Well, that was all O. K. with me. If Joe wanted to look him up that was his business. So we buried all professional disagreements an' took in the game. Lester worked for the home team. He was tall an' awkward—but, boys, he had the stuff. He'd wind up those long arms of his'n, an' the ball'd come through like a white streak. The opposin' batters swung at his curves like a bunch of drunken sailors. He sure looked good. As I watched him I decided to sign him to a contract as soon as the game was over. Joe Mandell left me in the sixth inning—said he had to catch a train. After the game I found out that he had sneaked down to the clubhouse, an' signed Lester before the game was over for fear I'd get ahead of him. That's what you call taking every advantage, eh, Wheeler?" Curtis paused to trim and light another cigar. Then he continued: "Well, that little piece of strategy on the part of Joe Mandell lost me that chance to get Lester for the next season. But I kept my eye on him. He and Joe didn't hitch very well. It was along in July a year ago when we were playin' a series against the Tigers, that I found out what the trouble was. Dave Lester and Joe Mandell couldn't get along because one of 'em was square and honest, and the other was—well, the other was Joe Mandell. Their scrap was over the 'bean ball.' Joe always was an out and out advocate of it. You've heard him coach from third base: 'Git 'em scairt, boy. Give him the old bean ball.' Well, boys, Lester wouldn't touch it. He said it was dirty baseball, and he refused to use it. Joe swore up and down he shouldn't pitch for the Tigers unless he'd learn to throw it. An' Lester had spunk enough to tell Joe that he'd see the Tigers in last place in the league, before he'd throw anything approaching it.

(To be continued.)

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