

MINSTREL SHOW

HEAR THE JUNIORS.

Maybe you think you know; I know. Hear ye! Hear ye that wonderful strain! That's only a part of it. It's the very best entertainment you'll see this year, even including the Senior class play—anyway all the Juniors think so. Probably you didn't know that the Juniors are going to give a big, Big, BIG MINSTREL SHOW until Mr. Dirks announced something about a poster contest. (That was just to inform you of it.) Well, they're going to, and it's going to be something you'll never regret having gone to see. There will be some soloists you never knew could sing, some "rare" jokes, snappy dances, lots of songs, music, and—oh, my, I mustn't tell you everything; you'll have to come to see it yourself. If for nothing else, at least come to see who turned black all of a sudden; then see if you can recognize them. This is the biggest thing ever put on by any Junior class in N. U. H. S., and even your grandchildren will be talking about it in years to come as the "topic of the day." Mark my word! Just see that you're not "financially embarrassed" about that time, or you'll miss the time of your lives. You ask when? March 14 and 15. Where? N. U. H. S. auditorium. How much? 25c and 35c.

—HEAR THAT PRETTY STRAIN—
DEBATERS BEGIN WORK.

Contest After Vacation.

Debating material was distributed among those who have entered the competition for the prize, which the New Ulm Grocery Company has offered, Monday after school, and the contestants have begun preparation for the debate, which will take place soon after spring vacation. Another meeting was held Wednesday night, at which a general review of the question was made, and Mr. Camp explained the affirmative side. The debaters are to work on the question during vacation so as to be well-prepared when they return. Benj. Kitzberger has recently joined the ranks.

Next year the debating will be done on a somewhat different scale from what it has been this term. There will probably be six members on the squad, and dual debates will be arranged.

—BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE—

9TH VS. 8TH GRADE.

The Freshmen lost to the 8th grade in a very close game. Fritz Bentzin went in in the last 45 seconds. The 8th grade was one point behind and Fritz put in two baskets before the game ended. The score was 9 to 12 in favor of the 8th grade.

—OFF MY HEELS!—

One more week of school, and then two whole weeks of bliss! But six weeks' exams come right after vacation! I guess we had better draw up a petition asking the earth to prolong its revolutions, at least after next week and until school starts again.

—HEAR THAT PRETTY STRAIN—

The Vergil class is having scansion now. Perhaps that is the cause for the mysterious babble by which we have been so puzzled.

"BELIEVE ME XANTIPPE" SENIOR PLAY CHOSEN

The Seniors have been try-outs for their play, which is to be given sometime in the near future.

"Believe me, Xantippe," written by Frederick Ballard has been chosen. It is a four-act farce comedy. The farce starts with a friendly wager of a certain amount of money that a man can commit a crime and elude the authorities for a year. The chase leads to the western mountains, where finally the fugitive is trapped by a young woman. She remembered about a police circular that declared a forger was wanted, who, at times not thinking, often exclaimed, "Believe me, Xantippe." Therefore there is a succession of farcial scenes in a Wild West jail. Later the young man wins his bet.

We all hope that the Seniors have as great a success with their play as they did with their carnival last year. Everyone is sure that they will do well with Miss Carney as their faithful and experienced coach.

The Cast.

Geo. MacFarland Morton Ouren
William Winfred Halvorsen
Dolly Edna Cooling
Simp Orval Fenske
Violet Edna Pollei
Martha Margaret Schmid
Sole Henry Somsen
Brown William Redeker
Buck Erwin Theissen
Wren Clarence Hamann

C. F. G. GIVE PROGRAM.

Food Sale Successful.

The Camp Fire girls gave a demonstration and program at the Episcopal Ladies' Guild, Wednesday afternoon. Explanations were given of the various requirements for membership and rank and the meaning of the ceremonial gown and other interesting facts concerning the Camp Fire organization. Several songs were sung, including "I Love a Little Cottage," and several Camp Fire songs.

The food sale, which the girls held a week ago Saturday, was very successful. It proved to be a fairly profitable enterprise.

—QUIT DAT TICKLIN' ME!—
Hildegard Amann was absent a number of days on account of illness. We certainly missed her, and the Sleepy Eye people missed a real laugh since she was unable to entertain them with her Swedish monologue.

The English IV classes are studying the poets, which show the revolutionary influence. We are beginning to think that Shelley and Byron, et cetera, are not the only ones which show THAT.

We notice that several of the Junior girls have become rather "vampy" lately. It's nothing serious. They're just practicing up their chorus for the minstrel show.

The boys' B. B. pictures are out, and the girls recently had theirs taken, their "last appearance in uniform," at least this year.

—HEAR THAT PRETTY STRAIN—

BASKET BALL BANQUET.

A banquet was given to the members of the boys' and girls basket ball squads by Miss Fritsche and Mr. Stover at the former's home last Monday night. After a delicious three-course dinner had been enjoyed, the remainder of the evening was spent in playing games and cards. A very pleasant time is reported by all.

—OFF MY HEELS!—

SOPHS WIN CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Sophomore boys win the cup for basketball since they defeated the Seniors, Tuesday, after school by a score of 26 to 8.

LAST GAME VICTORY.

New Ulm Defeats Chryslers.

The New Ulm high school closed the basket ball season with a victory. The high school played the Chryslers in a close game. Any team could have won because the score was so close that a few points would win.

Throughout the first three quarters of the game the score was always close. Both teams were working fine, but in the last quarter the strain began to tell on the Chryslers and the high school rolled in several baskets and made the score 22 to 32 in their favor as the game ended.

Pete Waterston, playing his last basket ball game for this high school, did some of the best playing of both teams.

—QUIT DAT TICKLIN' ME!—

The Glee Club girls and the members of the orchestra reported a fine time in Sleepy Eye in spite of the fact that Harold Loeffelmacher was almost taken to the hospital except for Mr. Dirks' timely and muscular interference.

Among the Alumni who are home from College are Florence Schneider, Howard Vogel, Carl and Theodore Fritsche, Charlotte Bockus, Helen and Alice Meile, Verval Mueller, and Amy Mather.

—BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE—
TRACK WORK HAS BEGUN.

Come On Out.

Coach Stover, after many interviews with some of the other coaches from the surrounding schools, has decided to drop baseball and take up track.

There will be several meets, first the inter-class, then district. If we go through that we will go to the Southwestern meet, then to the state.

Coach Stover has already called for men to try out, but more may enter at any time.

—QUIT DAT TICKLIN' ME!—

HOME EC. II BANQUET.

The girls in Home Economics II enjoyed their class banquet Tuesday evening. A three-course dinner was served and the rest of the evening was spent in dancing.

RETURN CONCERT

N. U. VISITS S. E.

On March 18th the New Ulm high school Glee club and orchestra gave their concert at Sleepy Eye. Many boxes of "Cough Drops" were devoured before the entertainment in hopes that there would not be so many hoarse voices.

There was a fairly large audience present. Our program certainly was enjoyed by the audience, especially the solos. The program given is as follows:

"Greeting," Overture—Mahl. Orchestra
"Minuet in G"—Beethoven. Orchestra
Baritone Solo Benj. Kitzberger
"Loch Lomond" Glee Club
"Ole Uncle Moon" Glee Club
"Big Brown Bear" Glee Club
"Red Gnome," Overture—Rollinson
..... Orchestra
"Chanson Triste"—Tschaiakowsky ..
..... Orchestra
Violin Solo Virgil Wagner
"Skating Song" Glee Club
"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling"....
..... Glee Club
Cornet Solo Morton Ouren
"I Love a Little Cottage".... Glee Club
"Old Folks at Home" Glee Club
"Rain" Glee Club
"First Smile," Waltz—Lagye
..... Orchestra
"Robin's Farewell"—Arthur. Orchestra
"Good Bye"—Tosti Orchestra
—BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE—
GLEANINGS FROM NORMAL.

Enroll for Next Year.

We have returned from our "two weeks" in rural schools. Many and varied reports concerning our respective activities were brought in. While all rural schools have not caught up with their city neighbors, we know some are up and coming.

Our class is now locking forward to two enrollments—that of the spring primary class, which opens April 12, and that of the Normal Training class of 1927. Are you eligible for either?

As soon as the rules governing entrance to Normal Training Department will be received, the applications now on file will be considered.

The Normal Training class attended the Institute for Rural Teachers, held at the court house, March 19 and 20. Miss Swenson of the State Department of Education conducted the meetings.

—BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE—

LAST FRIDAY'S ASSEMBLY.

Last Friday, during assembly, the student body, under the direction of Mrs. Olsen, spent most of their time in singing. Lorraine Spaeth favored us with a piano solo. After the talk on music, which was given by Mr. Dirks, almost all of the students left the assembly for first period classes.

—OFF MY HEELS!—

Minnie Radtke was absent from school several days this week. Maybe it's Spring Fever.

Joe V.: "So you danced with Loraine last night?"

Butz A.: "How did you know?"

Joe V.: "I saw her buying a pair of slippers and a crutch this morning."

The Graphos

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FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1926.

Our Exchanges have some very good
editorial writers, as you can see:

EXTRA CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES.

Extra curricular activities should
be placed on the same level with oth-
er school work. Formerly students
taking part in various school events
received no credit whatsoever.

Now the students who fulfill certain
requirements in taking part in cer-
tain extra curricular activities are of-
fered letters and sweaters, and in a
few of these subjects are given a little
credit.

However, a great many people are
inclined to believe that participation
in these activities tends to decrease
students' interest in school work, les-
sening their efficiency, and ability to
live a practical life. Still, these seem-
ingly practical people do not consid-
er the benefits derived from making
use of such subjects as swimming,
gymnasium, public speaking, glee
club, art and staff work. They regard
growth of mental capacity as the es-
sential factor in a successful life.

The question is, should mental de-
velopment be the chief consideration?
Are not physical and moral develop-
ment quite as necessary for success in
the future?

There are a few students who take
part in no extra curricular activity.
They come to school, go through the
dull daily routine, and go home. There
is nothing to break up the monotony.
These students have no opportunity
for mixing with others except in clas-
ses.

Statistics show that the students
who take part in school activities are
doing better in their studies than
those who refrain from doing so. The
reason is quite obvious.

These students mingle with each
other, exchange ideas, and keep up
their interest in school work. They
acquire new ideas, and new ways. In
their contest work they abide by cer-
tain rules. In this way they obtain a
clearer conception of honesty, loyalty,
courtesy, and true sportsmanship, all

of which go to build up character and
Americanism.

Athletics, of course, develop the
body. Art creates a desire for beauty.
All of these activities inspire the stu-
dents with interest. Since statistics
show that they do not prevent their
doing good work in school and do as-
sist in developing students morally
and physically as well as mentally,
why can not extra curricular subjects
be regarded as important as the regu-
lar subject?—Aurora Borealis.

CHARACTER: ITS IMPORTANCE.

There is something in genuine worth,
in character, in what really is hon-
orable, kind, and true. You can well
nigh feel it in a person after you have
been with him for a while. Character
does add weight to what a person says
and does. And it lasts. A person may
"get by," as we say, for a while, in
some things, but in the long run it
will not work. Not many can be
"great" in this world; but we all can
strive for a noble character. And
that means more for the world and
our own happiness. Men may excel
in some way, as in music or other ac-
complishment, be intellectually gifted,
even brilliant, and yet not be per-
sons of a character that inspires res-
pect. The world's true welfare and
our own best contentment depends not
on how brilliant, smart, we are; but
on a worthy character, a sincere de-
sire to be found faithful, helpful, du-
tiful.—"The Echo," Luverne.

A STUDY HALL DESK.

The first thing that strikes the eye
as one sits down in this seat is some
clever person's "coat of arms." The
symbol of his house consists of a
pick, a sledge hammer, and an ax
crossed behind a shield adorned with
the artist's initials. As one's gaze
wanders over to the ink well, that
worthy object is found to be much
bescarred. The cover is chipped and
bent, and the remaining portion is
very much scratched up. Upon a sys-
tematic survey of the desk, one finds
names and more names, too numerous
to mention, scratched on the var-
nished surface with pen points, or
dug in with pencils. Some names are
enclosed in hearts, some linked by
the word "loves," almost all of them
underlined or surrounded by deep
lines to insure their visibility. The
whole desk is a monument to the many
idle hands that have made mischief
there, and upholds the truth of a cer-
tain old adage dealing with fools.—
From "Star of the North."

FRESHMAN NOTES.

Soon all eyes will be turned toward
those of the Freshie girls, who are
taking Home Economics. Why? Be-
cause they'll be wearing the new
dresses they have made.

Spring is here. Haven't you heard
a meadow lark or seen a robin?
Helen Krook was absent again
Thursday morning, March 18th.

Miss Treadwell is going to give the
Latin I students a "drop test." Does
that mean they will drop?

Freshmen have the spring fever.
They don't seem to be able to get
General Science through their heads.

Meter.

There are meters Trochaic,
And meters Iambic,
And meters of musical tone;
But the meter that's neater,
Complete and sweeter,
Is to meet her in the moonlight alone.

SIGNS AND ADVERTISEMENTS.

Radio dealer's ad: "Prepare for a
long, dreary evening with the radio."
Fair warning, say we.

Restaurant sign: "Our tongue sand-
wiches speak for themselves." (If the
one we had there claimed it was good,
it lied.)

Milwaukee ad: "Try our pigs' feet.
We pickle our own."

In a Portland restaurant: "You take
no chances with our food, the pro-
prietor eats here."

CAN YOU FEATURE?

Bill Oswald doing the Charleston;
Lowell Rieke in short pants;
Mr. Stover in a pea green suit and
red socks;

Johnnie Broecker not bluffing in
Physics;

Frank Heck with black hair;
Mary Sperl in the Follies;
Miss Treadwell in a bathing suit;
Johnnie Esser without his argument.

You can still find modesty and in-
nocence—in the dictionary.

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FEATURE



**"IT WAS FINE—WHILE IT LAST—
ED."**

I had never taken much stock in what folks called, "Hypnotism," yet one day when I saw an advertisement in my favorite magazine, in which a course in hypnotism was offered, I sent for particulars, and, eventually, the course. The evening that it came I studied it alone in my room, and tried it on the cat, (which has, by the way committed suicide since). Evening after evening, in the confines of my room, I sat with the course open before me, and the cat tied up in such a position that I could look into its eyes. At first I decided it was hopeless; yet after my thousandth attempt, I grew more reconciled as I met with some success. And then it was that the full value of my new knowledge dawned upon me. I was not a brilliant scholar; now why not with the aid of hypnotism could I not stare my teachers in the eye and say, "Miss Benson, (or whoever it happened to be), you will now proceed to give me an A, instead of that E minus." And she would be obliged to obey. At length I decided that I was quite well versed in my subject, and one evening, I decided to try it out the next day. I slept very poorly that night.

The next day upon arising I once more read my course during breakfast and on the way to school. My heart was all aflutter. Just as I entered the front door, the last bell rang. I was late. Doffing my cap, I darted up-stairs and into Mr. Dirks' office. Harley Schneider was there ahead of me getting an excuse; he also was late again. I advanced across the room.

Mr. Dirks looked up. "Well," he snapped, "What do you want?"

At first my old fear came to the front, but I quelled it. I was a hypnotist. I fixed him with my eye. "Mr. Dirks," I said, "I am late; give me a pass."

A moment he stared at me, and then his glance wavered and finally dropped. I knew I had conquered. With my pass in my hand I went to class. I had little use for my new weapon, for Mr. Camp was quite human, although he did ask me, "In what part of Germany is the Sahara Dessert? I gazed at him, bringing all my hypnotic power into play and said, "It isn't in Germany, it's in France."

"Correct," he answered and sank back dazedly in his chair.

Next came my Bookkeeping class, and here my new knowledge I had no doubt would come in useful. It did. Miss Benson had given me my usual grade, and kindly raised it to an E minus. But it was not to my satisfaction. From my seat I called, "Agnes Benson, will you come to my desk a moment please." Not a question, but a command. She started, and then, as her eyes met my compelling gaze, she slowly rose and came to my desk. Once there I pointed to the mark on my paper. I glared at her with all the hypnotic power I possessed. "Miss Benson," I said, "That mark should have been an A plus."

But a moment she fought against my will; then she murmured simply, "Yes, sir," and accordingly raised it to an A plus.

Next came English, and in that

class I had no need for my art. But in the next period, which was assembly for me, I at length met my Waterloo. It was this way: Miss Treadwell ordered me to remove a bit of gum from my mouth. I answered, "When I get good and ready." I had longed for many months to say that, and now with my new power I had the nerve to say it.

But I little knew the metal of Miss Treadwell. She took my cue and returned my stare when I tried to "eye" her. She glared back, and all my efforts to conquer her will were in vain. The consequences—never mind about them. Happy Easter to all.

Moral: It's all right to be a hypnotist, but—beware of Treadwells.

Finis.

Aint it enuff?

THE TEACHER TRIP.

Last week Ben and I went to CAMP to spend our vacation. Our guide told us to TREAD WELL to avoid getting into a MEYER, which would leave us behind.

We found a dead canary lying on the ground with one wing broken off. Ben thought we ought to take the wing as a remembrance, but I told him to take the HOLZINGER. Next we saw a bird's nest lying up side down, so we turned the nest OVER. Then we saw a wood-pecker pecking at a tree. He surely was a CUNNING HAMER. Soon we came to a STONE HOUSE. Through a window we saw a man with two DIRKS in his belt. He probably had had a fight as he had a large BRUESS (bruise) on his face. He was eating when we knocked. When we entered he ran away. I guess he didn't want his MEAL BACK. I noticed a small shiny object sticking in the wall near the ceiling. "If WE SLING it with our rope we might get it down," I told him. We managed to get it down. It was a small silver knife. Attached to it was a piece of paper bearing the words: "WorK EARNS satisfaction." It puzzled me and BEN SO Neither of us could talk for a while. Whatever was the real meaning we never found out and probably never will.

R. L. E.

PSALM TWENTY-SEVEN.

By the Juniors.

Mr. Ralph Camp is our History teacher, we cannot talk.

He maketh us to remember too many dates.

He leadeth us in paths of knowledge, for good grade's sake.

Yea, though we study our heads off we cannot shine, for he is our teacher.

His outlines and his sermons confront us always.

He prepareth a test before us in the presence of our troubled brain.

He filleth our heads with facts, Our minds runneth over.

Surely brain fever and despair shall follow us all the days of our lives.

And we shall dwell in an insane asylum forever.—Aurora Borealis.

A Load Off His Roll.

Cora: "Did you know Polly was getting married?"

Katzy: "No. Who's the lucky man?"

Cora: "Her father."

YOUR HEADQUARTERS

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HOT DOG!

Almost a Riot.

Jack: "Church was out early last night, wasn't it?"

Jack: "What was the trouble?"

Jim: "Someone blew an auto horn outside and the male quartette was all that was left."

What They Wear!!

Raggie wears an English cap, Mable wears her pearls so rare; Mother wears her Hudson wrap, Father wears the cellar stairs.

Ever Open to View.

Puddle: "I saw your girl this afternoon."

Mickey: "Did you see her new gold tooth?"

Puddle: "No, she had her mouth closed."

Mickey: "Then it wasn't my girl."

Miss Carney: "Will you tell me what a conjunction is and compose a sentence containing one?"

Pupil (after reflection): "A conjunction is a word connecting anything, such as 'The horse is hitched to the fence by his halter.'" "Halter" connects the horse and the fence."

Jerry: "Did you know John Jacob Astor?"

Bill: "What did he ask her?"

Mr. Dirks entered the class-room one morning and said: "I'm very glad to see so many bright and shiny faces this morning."

Immediately the clicking of vanity cases was heard and many powder puffs were put into operation.

Coggy: "I'd be much better off if they'd put that sign on the mail box."

Can: "What sign?"

Coggy: "Post no bills."

Mr. Camp: "Who was that who laughed aloud?"

Joe Vogel: "I did, but I didn't mean to."

Mr. Camp: "Didn't mean to?"

Joe: "No, sir. I laughed in my sleeve and I didn't know there was a hole at the elbow."

Mr. Camp: "Alvin, what three words does our class use most in the study of Modern History?"

Alvin: "I don't know."

Mr. Camp: "Exactly."

Katzie: "How many subjects are you carrying?"

Minnie: "I'm carrying one and dragging three."

Edna: "Do you know father has never spoken a hasty word to mother?"

Ed: "How is that?"

Edna: "He stutters."

Fat: "I just bought a new suit with two pairs of pants."

Shorty: "Well, how do you like it?"

Fat: "Fine, only it's too hot wearing two pairs."

Heine: "I guess you've been out with worse-looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

(No answer.)

Heine: "I say, I guess you've been out with worse-looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

Katzy: "I heard you the first time. I was just trying to think."

"Go 'head, Pete, it's your move."
"Wot's the rush? I haven't got rested from movin that other checker, yit."

Joe: "Whatcha doing?"

Jack: "Don't bother me. I am adding up some figures and every time I look at you I put down zero."

Eleanor: "How kind of you to bring me these lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh; I believe there is some dew on them yet."

Warren: "Yes, but I'm going to pay it off tomorrow."

A Senior: "The Juniors have turned cannibal."

Soph: "How's that?"

Senior: "A notice on the board said: 'Junior Meating'."

Mother: "Where has Mildred gone?"

Father: "Well, if the ice is as strong as she thinks, she has gone skating; if it is not, she has gone swimming."

Mary had a little dog,

It was a noble pup;

It stood upon its hind legs,

When you held its front legs up.

—Shortridge Daily Echo.

First Student: "Say, she is the dumbest girl I ever met."

Second Student: "How come?"

First Student: "Why, she wanted to know how many quarters to a football game."

Second Student: "That's nothing. Mine wanted to know if a football coach had wheels."

"Can you tell me what a ground-hog is?" said the teacher.

"Sure," said Johnny, "it's sausage."

Little Girl: "Why hasn't daddy much hair?"

Mother: "Because he thinks a lot, darling."

Little Girl (after pause): "But why have you such a lot, Mummie?"

Miss Fritsche (in class discussing a problem): "Well, Ferdie, what do you think about this problem?"

Ferdie (thinking hard): "Well, what do you think?"

Miss Fritsche: "I don't think, I know."

Ferdie: "Well, I guess I'm in the same boat you are. I don't think I know, either!"

Cora (head on Ferdie's shoulder): "Your shoulder is so soft."

Ferdie: "So is your head."

Erwin's head is a foot long, but he doesn't use it as a rule.

"Did you know that Virginia Alwin was a B. V. D. girl?"

"How come?"

"Born very Dumb."

Bill Oswald is an awful ladies man, isn't he?"

"Yes, he does pick up some awful ones."

"Tis better to have loved a short guy and lost him, than never to have loved a tall."

Bill B.: to Helen Hintz—

When lilacs are yellow

And violets are pink,

I'll be your fellow,

Now what do you think?

Orval: "There's a town in Ohio named after you."

Fred: "What one?"

Orval: "Marblehead."



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