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The Echo

The Echo



December, 1920



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THE ECHO

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Published Quarterly by the Students of the Central Catholic High School, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Entered as Second Class, December 15, 1919, at the Post Office at Fort Wayne, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879

Subscription per year, Fifty Cents

Single Copy, Fifteen Cents

VOL. 6

FOST WAYNE, INDIANA, DECEMBER, 1920

NO. 1



1820

1920

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REV. JAMES FRANCIS DUJARIE

A Centenary

A centenary marks a considerable length of time. Many things can happen in a hundred years. Kings live and die and are forgotten. Empires rise and pass into oblivion. Great authors strive for fame and when they are gone their works are held in the memory of but a few. It is only a really great event that lives through the ages and holds a place in the minds and hearts of many.

Such an event was commemorated at Notre Dame this year, when on August 12th representatives of the Congregation of Holy Cross from all climes and parts of

the world assembled at the University to do honor to the memory and works of the saintly founder of the Brothers of the Congregation of Holy Cross. On this day was celebrated the centenary anniversary of the founding of the Brothers of St. Joseph by the Very Reverend James Francis Dujarie.

This chosen child of the Church was born of pious, humble parents December 9, 1767, at Sainte-Marie-des-Bois, Mayenne, and from his tenderest years the grace of God hovered over him. During his boyhood we find no distinctive marks other than a blameless life and a deep-rooted piety, for in his early childhood he had heard the

Divine whisper, "Come follow Me", and the vision of the Chalice and the Altar was ever before him. He studied hard and diligently at a time when it was difficult to preserve the life of the body to say nothing of that of the soul. The tide of the French Revolution at this time had reached its crest. It was a period of misguided mobs, dreadful persecution, and widespread execution. Throughout these dark days the undaunted youth suffered untold hardships and privations. He was forced to practice his religion in secret and to work at whatever trade might furnish the scanty means for his existence.

In 1795 he was ordained priest and celebrated his first Mass in a cellar. Until a brighter day dawned he passed unknown through the multitude, stealthily ministering to the sick in body and soul. Very often his feet were without shoes, and his only shelter was a stable or a barn.

The dawn of the nineteenth century restored many legal rights to the Catholics of France; but the Revolution had materially weakened the saving influence of the Church, and whole generations had grown up ignorant alike of Catholic doctrine and moral responsibility. To reclaim successfully this neglected portion of the Lord's once fruitful vineyard, it was necessary above all to gather together the little ones—as yet untainted with the poison of error—and to instruct them in the truths of Holy Faith. To aid him in this grand work Father Dujarie in 1805 founded the Sisters of Providence whose most prominent establishment in this country is

Saint Mary's-of-the-Woods; and in 1820 he founded the Brothers of Saint Joseph, now the Brothers of Holy Cross whose motherhouse is at the University of Notre Dame.

At the Centennial Celebration at Notre Dame the founding of the Brothers was described thus: "Just one hundred years have passed since the pious pastor of Ruille, Father James Francis Dujarie, gathered in his presbytery a band of devout young men, who without aspiring to the priesthood, yet animated by a true zeal for God's glory and the salvation of souls, had formed themselves into a religious community under the title of the Brothers of Saint Joseph, having no other aim than to imitate the humble and hidden life of their holy patron. Toward the end of the year 1820 the community numbered four persons. A little more than a year later one is surprised to find there were eight schools under the care of the Brothers."

The Bishop of Mans seeing that the novitiate could not be suitably maintained in the country took measures to have the Brothers transferred to the episcopal city, where in 1835, Father Dujarie, broken in health and feeling the burden and responsibility too heavy for his declining years, resigned the care of the rapidly growing community to the Bishop who in turn placed it under the guidance of Father Antony Moreau.

After Father Moreau was appointed superior of the Brothers of Saint Joseph he took upon himself the task of uniting them to the Auxiliary Priests, a society formed by himself but a short while before. The new organization received the

name of the Congregation of Holy Cross from the title of the parish church near which the mother-house was located. The association of two distinct but not separate societies into one congregation as brought about by Father Moreau was declared by Pope Leo XIII to be "unique in the Church." Father Moreau's work did not end here for besides directing the Fathers and Brothers, he founded and directed the Sisters of Holy Cross as well.

Three years after the union of the two societies, the community numbered fifteen priests and eighty-five Brothers. It was at this time that the first foreign establishment was made in Algeria, Africa. Soon after at the urgent requests of missionary Bishops, the Brothers led by devoted Fathers were sent to the United States in 1841; to Canada in 1847; to India in 1852; and then followed successively the establishments of the congregation in Poland, Guadeloupe, Italy, and Dalmatia. Such in brief was the origin and development of the spiritual sons of Father Dujarie.

To perpetuate the memory of this Apostle of Education, a few years ago a normal school for the Brothers was erected at Notre Dame, and this year the Dujarie Burse for the training of Catechists for the Bengal Mission commemorates the Centenary of the Brothers of Holy Cross, and honors the memory of the saintly founder whose spirit lives in the missionaries of Holy Cross laboring for the conversion of 20,000,000 unbelievers in Bengal.

Perhaps the greatest testimony that can be presented of the zeal and apostolic spirit of the Dujarie

foundations is that six self-sacrificing Sisters of Providence have but recently departed from their native shores to carry the spirit of their holy founder to Pagan China; while six Brothers accompanied by two priests of Holy Cross are soon to set sail for their arduous mission in Bengal.

The Catholics of Fort Wayne have every reason to rejoice with the sons of Father Dujarie over this happy centenary. This city has for many years felt the abiding spirit and influence of their founder. Next June the Sisters of Providence will celebrate the diamond jubilee of their labors in the city. In 1852 three Brothers opened a primary school here, and since then the total number of those who completed their studies in "The Old Brothers' School" exceeds three thousand. In 1909 the Central Catholic High School as we know it today was opened to the Catholic youth of Fort Wayne, and all this was made possible by the prudent foresight of Father Dujarie a century ago. It seems fitting, therefore, that in this city where the spiritual children of that glorious apostle have labored so long and so earnestly, the Echo should give some recognition to the memory and the works of that venerable priest whose zeal and piety added a new cohort to God's army.

—J. Luley, '21.

Our faults seem small in us until we detect them in other people.

Vanity is a blight that injures many reputations.

All success in life depends upon continuous personal effort.

A New England Christmas

Out upon the harbor
Ice-clad vessels lie;
Flakes of snow fall thickly
From a burdened sky,
Carpeting the meadows
With a glittering floor,
Heaping in great snow banks
By each cabin door.
All within are cheerful,
Hearts are light and gay.
Each small voice cries joyously,
"This is Christmas Day."

—R. Neeb, '21.

The Return

I.

Far away in the arid, wind-swept desert of Arizona stands a small, prospector's cabin. As far as the eye can see there is no other sign of human habitation. The cabin stands alone except for the sage brush and cactus, the wolves that howl around it, and the lizards that bask on the threshold. A little distance from the sagging door is a hitching post; at its foot, the skeleton of what was once a horse. The interior of the cabin is as drab looking as the exterior. Here a curtain, there a piece of lace give mute evidence that at some time a woman had made this her home. Perhaps these same bleak walls had once looked down upon a happy romance. Now, however, the scene is one of desolation. Everything is in disorder and confusion. Upon a dust covered table lies a large revolver, one bullet fired. Near by is a piece of time-stained paper, and if you bend close you can make out the message

there. "Good-bye, Harry; I've gone back to God's country. Don't follow me. I'm through for good. This loneliness was killing me. I still love you but I cannot stay. Evelyn."

II.

As we gaze on this dismal scene a speck appears on the horizon. As it approaches it is seen to be a speeding auto driven by a woman. She stops the car about a hundred feet from the shack and alights. She stands, hesitating a moment as though waiting for a welcome. As none is forthcoming she advances. She stops suddenly as she sees the skeleton of the horse and seems to notice for the first time the gloomy appearance of her surroundings. One hand flies to her heart, she darts to the door and disappears within. As her eyes become accustomed to the semi-darkness she sees the revolver and the paper on the table. She advances slowly, examines the weapon and reads the note. A shudder passes over her, and with a moan of agony she throws herself on the table, her shoulders heaving with the intensity of her emotion, calling again and again to him who she thinks has been the victim of her treachery. At last seeming to realize the futility of this she arises, and with one last look at the dreary room bows her head and leaves.

III.

A few months later in a far away city, a well dressed gentleman stepped into his private car, gave an order to his chauffeur, and the powerful machine started forward. In passing a cross street the machine swerved in an attempt to avoid collision with another, and

struck a woman knocking her to the ground. With a grinding of brakes the engine stopped. In an instant the gentleman had the woman in the car. He rushed her to his own home and summoned a doctor. While waiting he paced the room like a caged lion, pausing now and then to gaze at the wan face of the sufferer. When the physician arrived he was astonished at the behavior of the man, who was as insistent and careful as though the woman were his mother. After a hasty examination the doctor announced, "The woman is starved. If I am not mistaken she has not tasted food for at least two days. That, with the shock of the auto striking her, has placed her in a critical condition. Rest and good food for a week will see her well."

IV.

When the woman opened her eyes she could scarcely believe her senses. There by her side was the husband she had thought dead and buried miles away in a lonely desert. She reached out an investigating arm. No, he was there; this was really Harry. In a few moments she was explaining: "When I left you I secured work, and for awhile was content. After a few months I began to long for you. At last I could stand it no longer and I determined to go back. I hired a car and drove out to our old home," and here she told him what she had seen. "The shock was terrible. Since then I have wandered around not heeding or caring where I went. But what of the revolver with the one bullet missing beside my note on the cabin table, and what are you doing here?"

"When you left I felt there was nothing to live for. In a rage I crumpled up your note and departed from the cabin. For a long time I was a wanderer. Then I reached this place and took a new grip on life, and I made good. I cannot say what has taken place at the cabin since I left there, but some day I intend to return and straighten things up in remembrance of old times," he explained, and a deep silence fell between them.

"Harry, can you forgive?," she shyly inquired.

"Forgive? Yes. Not only forgive but also forget. We will close that chapter of our lives and on this Christmas night begin to live only for the future."

—J. Haley, '21.

The Pledge of '23

A score plus ten and five are we,
To leave the school in twenty-three
With every member to a man
A-doing all the work he can.

We're proud of this old school of
ours;

We love its dear old battered
towers.

We know it doesn't look like much,
But we care not for looks, as such.

We're here to drink—as morning
dew—

Our learning with religion too.

For faith we'd fight, for faith we'd
die;

We'd do the same for Catholic
High.

—P. McEvoy, '23.

The Hidden Grave

It is midnight. A soft breeze rustles the pine needles, as the moon looks down on the dormant earth. Suddenly the silence is broken by the sound of footsteps plodding slowly through the brush. A grotesque form emerges from the woods, and starts to climb slowly up Murder Hill. It is a man. On his shoulder he carries a burden. Now and then he stops to look back down the hill. Evidently he has eluded his pursuers for his haggard features are dimly lighted by a sneering smile. Animals scurry from his path as though he were tainted. But he pays no heed. He stops to wipe the perspiration from his face, and one hears his labored breathing. As he again proceeds up the hill his step is more careful, for he is rapidly approaching the chosen spot. Several minutes later he reaches the summit. For the first time he lowers the bundle to the ground. From his shoulder he unslings a shovel. Carefully selecting a suitable resting place for the remains, he digs frantically. He hurries, for he has a feeling of impending danger. At last the grave is finished. As he raises the burden to deposit it in the yearning hole, he cannot restrain a few tears as a token to his only friend. Each shovelful of earth seems to pain him, but he proceeds in spite of this. Having finished he marks the place so that he alone will know it, and with one last look he turns homeward. But, alas! he dies of sorrow on the way, and with him is buried the key to the resting place of the last keg of "Old Kentucky."

—J. Striefus, '21.

One-Man Street Cars

"Oh, yes, we have a few specimens; you couldn't tell it by looking at them, and it would be a hard task to convince a stranger in Fort Wayne that those little yellow match-cases which run about the streets are street cars. Of course they aren't; they're just samples." Here I am ridiculing a little, defenseless street car instead of describing it, but I rode in one once, and if you ever do the same it's a safe bet that the descriptive adjectives with which you'll adorn your candid opinion will be censured before they reach polite society, although everyone feels the same way about it.

After carefully scrutinizing one through a telescope, we find that it has four wheels, one as a rule flat, a front and a back door, not used very much except for entering, the windows being much handier and less difficult for exit. Why? I'll explain later. On the front is a large number which is illuminated at night, probably an identification number to enable the company to recognize the little thing in case someone should forget to bid Satan to get behind him, and take one home for a souvenir pocket-piece or watch charm.

A person has to follow the rules for stalking deer to catch one-man street cars, because they are as scarce as hen's teeth when needed, a trait they copied from policemen. Once I waited for what seemed hours before finally catching one, and after depositing the usual "jit" (at present a seven-cent slug is in order) I took a seat, but as I never had much experience in one of Henry's "shuffle buggies," I

couldn't hold it for more than thirty seconds at a time, the intervals between having been spent in floating uncertainly about a foot above it. There are seven such seats on either side, each having a capacity for two thin persons, or one fat person. Then there are two boards hinged at the back; that is, the north end when going south, and vice versa. You see, there are controls at either end, and when the car is going one direction, those at the other end are not used, so four more individuals can be seated, making the seating capacity just thirty-two. As a rule, the count is forgotten, and by the time the Transfer Corner is reached the passenger list has climbed to sixty-four and sometimes even seventy, as there are straps on which an athlete can hang, giving the space otherwise occupied by his feet to some other victim. And there is a bar separating the entrance from the exit upon which a tight-rope artist can perch. Besides, the conductor-motorman has learned from experience that by starting and stopping suddenly he can pack the passengers closer, bale them as it were, thereby enabling him to take on several more fares. Now you see why the door is used so little for exit, or rather was used so little, because recently someone devised a system of bars on the windows, cutting off this mode of escape.

Since the introduction of these small imitations of the real thing the two rival routes known as the C. Y. B. & W. (carry your baggage and walk) and the L. E. & W. (leave early and walk) have become more popular, because they are more reliable and not so crowd-

ed. Then, they are not a sure death to a perfectly good shine, or a nicely pressed suit.

The name one-man street car is derived from the fact that the crew consists of one man. He wears a blue suit with brass buttons, and gives you twenty nickles in exchange for a dollar bill. He is called a conductor-motorman because he does his best to conduct one somewhere with the facilities he has, and motorman because—Oh, well, he's called it.

But let us be thankful for small favors, and remember what the sage says about small beginnings and great endings, and big oaks and little hickory nuts.

—E. J. B., '21.

Christmas

The time is come
 The time of bells
 And they are ringing
 O'er hills and dells,
 To spread the tidings
 O'er the whole earth,
 To tell the faithful
 Of the Infant's birth.
 The snow is falling
 And cloaks the land
 In a coat of white.
 And a joyous band
 Of angles sing,
 In happy flight,
 Their Glorias
 This Christmas night.

—E. Kramer, '21.

The secret of success is to do as well as one possibly can.

A Christmas Present for Father

The giving of presents as tokens of love, esteem, friendship, or as a matter of policy is very, very old. In the Old Testament many examples are given. The one which comes to my mind now is the Queen of Sheba's gift to Solomon. But you may ask how the custom of giving presents at Christmas time came about. Who gave the first Christmas gifts and who received them? If you will recall, this is answered in the New Testament. The Infant Jesus in the stable of Bethlehem was the first one to receive Christmas gifts. The three kings were the givers. The gifts they gave were suitable to their station in life and for the occasion. Their offerings were princely, and were for the King of Princes. Presents need not necessarily cost a great deal to be useful, for sometimes the most commonplace article is most acceptable. So a present for father; what will it be? He has mufflers, gloves, a watch fob, lodge pins, and a cane. I must get something useful. Oh, yes; every night he comes home tired after being on his feet all day. His old house slippers are gone—the dog chewed the tops off the two of them. So a pair of house slippers it will be. They are not very expensive, but still someone has said: "Think not of the gift, but of the love of the giver." In this I think father will be pleased though the gift is to be used only in the house.

* * * *

Father was very much pleased with his gifts from mother, sister, and brother Joe. He did not say much to me, but I think he liked

my gift most of all. Why? Well, he called me out into the dining room and gave me a ten dollar bill. Is not that pretty good proof? Of course mother got a present as did sister and Joe, but mine was the best; I know it.

—Eugene Luley, '23.

The Church on Judgment Day

The hills roll back to hide their eyes,
The snow-clad mountains droop away,
The dread seas kiss the blood-red skies,
And man bemoans his judgment day.

Beside the Great White Throne,
Behold
A bride assumes the reign of Heaven;
Her mantles sheltered and consoled
The saints. Her mantles number seven.

Beautiful, stately, she withstood
The demon in an earthly fight;
Clothed in her mantles and her hood
Now more than morning she is bright.

To those upon His left Christ turned,
One look, they swiftly fled away;
Rightward His eyes of longing burned
And God found mighty words to say:
"Arise, make haste, my spouse, my love,
For time at last brooks no delay;
The winter's past, my love, my dove,
This is our final nuptial day."

—J. H.

Breaking the Spell

It was fast turning dusk, and as I stood on the station platform wondering at the grandeur of the scenes about me, I felt that at last I had obtained the correct setting for resuming my literary work. For the past eight years I had been writing for various magazines and periodicals, and at last, devoid of ideas, I undertook to find some spot where the beauty of the scenery and the magnificence of the surroundings would give inspiration to my sluggish imagination. Finally hearing of a little town called M—— near the banks of the Hudson River, I determined to go there at once. I acted on my resolution, and in an incredibly short time I found myself standing alone on the deserted platform, while the train vanished around the hills in the distance.

It was a quaint little town which I now beheld, a typical Dutch village with small tile-roofed houses and carefully kept little yards. It immediately gave an impression of simplicity and tranquillity, and yet a strange, dim suspicion of mystery and unreality overhung all. "It was in just such a village as this," I thought, "that Rip Van Winkle pursued his shiftless course," and the outlines of the distant mountains emphasized the possibility for the unreal and mystic.

My first thought was to take a room in the picturesque inn, and when this was accomplished I engaged in conversation with the old inn-keeper, determined to ascertain the nature of my surroundings. To all my questions he answered affably, but when I men-

tioned to him that I was desirous of experiencing some of the mysteries which are always connected with the Catskill Mountains he shook his head and said, "Mysteries! we have but one. A short distance, perhaps a mile or two, down the south road stands what remains of the beautiful mansion of a wealthy London merchant. One night about six years ago, he, his wife, and their one child strangely disappeared, and nothing has been heard or seen of them since. At times strange sounds issue from the walls of the house, sounds indescribable in their blood-curdling horribleness, and on such occasions a thin, opalescent stream of light envelops the entire upper story of the house. No one in the village save my son Hans is brave enough to go near the place, but if you should wish to do so, he will no doubt accompany you."

Try as I might I could not keep a slight smile of incredulity from my lips, a smile which the aged man saw and readily understood. He, however, said nothing.

Late that evening as I was preparing to retire the son approached me and offered to guide me to the deserted house. Gladly I accepted the invitation and soon we were plodding along the dusty dirt road. We had walked briskly for ten minutes when I saw looming up before us the outlines of a once magnificent home. We approached within about a hundred feet of the house when things occurred which fairly made my blood freeze in my veins.

A pale glow illuminated the windows, a light which I can only describe as appearing like the rays of the moon filtering through a

rainbow, if such a comparison can be imagined. Along with this was a distinct though incomprehensible murmur like the sighing of the night winds rustling through the treetops. Increasing in volume for a short time, it suddenly ceased, and then I beheld the strangest sight that man had ever witnessed.

The huge door of the mansion flew open, and out trooped the wierdest assembly that the highest flight of imagination can fancy. Strange personages, human inasmuch as they walked, or seemed to walk; living in that they appeared tangible—they yet presented so ghostly and mystical an appearance as to be beyond description. Over them the strange light hovered, enabling us to witness their actions. Forming in a great circle, they began to dance about three of their number whom we could clearly see to be a man, a woman, and a child. Slowly at first, then faster and faster they whirled accompanied by a chant which seemed too soft and distant to proceed from the dancers, but which gathered in volume as the seconds passed. Suddenly the dancing ceased, the forms re-entered the building, the door closed, the pale glowing light lingered for a moment, and then vanished as though hidden by an enveloping cloud, leaving us alone, alone with the ghostly and silent inhabitants of the night, alone with the dreadful silence and our terror. Then we stood for some time when—

Ouch! a paper wad hits me in the eye, and I awake to the mysteries of Vergil and the possibility of a post ludum session before me.

—R. Neeb, '21.

MacSwiney

He lived for Erin, he died for Erin,
His name has ne'er been stained;
And his soul is now in Heaven
Where God hath always reigned.

He died in prison, 'twas no disgrace,
For saints have died the same,
And all of Erin's shall doff their hats
When they hear MacSwiney's name.

—E. Bresnahan, '23.

Spooks

A ghost, it is a direful sight
Produced by fancy's frightened flight—
Unearthly things which man can see,
Which are not though they seem to be.

Their sway is in the midnight hours
When they exert their weird powers,
And make a coward of a man
As only ghosts and spirits can.

I stole a story often told
Of a man named Seth, big, strong,
and bold,
Who went a haunted house to see
And get the ghosts that there might be.

Next morning near the house was found
A body lying on the ground.
'Twas lifeless and belonged to Seth;
He wasn't killed, just scared to death.

—R. Neeb, '21.

Getting In.

It was just one o'clock when a well dressed man of medium height stopped in front of a large and prosperous looking house on the avenue. As he stopped a light on the lower floor was extinguished, and taking advantage of the now dark front yard, he stepped into the shadow of a large tree which effectually shielded him from the dim illumination of a street lamp. Here he sat down on the lawn, leaned back against a tree, all the while keeping an eye on the house and especially on a light which still was burning in a front room on the second floor. He sat there for nearly an hour until the light was extinguished. Then he rose from his place of concealment, cautiously ascended the steps to the front porch, and noiselessly tried the door. It was evidently fastened for he did not open it, but walked down quietly from the porch and quickly moved around to the side of the house. He made his way to the rear and there tried another door with no more success than had attended his first effort. He seemed to be taken back a little with this turn of affairs, and he stood for several moments scanning the back of the house.

Then he tried a window that stood a little way above the ground but success was not yet in his grasp. Another window and then another on the opposite side were tried, but to no avail. He now turned his attention to what was seemingly a cellar window, and under his efforts it swung open. He soon disappeared inside, where all was dark and quiet. The first sound to greet him was the sharp bark of a dog which he quickly

silenced with the words "nice doggie." He proceeded cautiously through the darkness and only stopped when, as he climbed the cellar stairs, he kicked against a broom which the maid had left standing there, and sent it clattering down to the floor. He stood breathless for several minutes, but evidently the noise had awakened no member of the household, and once more he moved until he reached the kitchen. Here he groped in the dark until he found a chair, and then he sat down and removed his shoes. After this he moved more freely, making quickly through the house until he came to the front stairway. Here he stopped and rubbed his shins, which he had bruised when he collided with a wagon one of the children had left standing in the library.

Then he went up the stairs, step by step, slowly and deliberately. One step creaked; he shifted his weight to another. Another squeaked, and he slackened his steps. Finally he reached the top and turned, feeling his way in the darkness. He turned the knob of a door, quietly entered, and as quietly closed the door.

Noiselessly he turned on the light, and sighed. The sigh was that of a man who has been relieved of a heavy burden. Mr. Jones had for once evaded the blockade of his wife, and was now safely entrenched in his own chamber after a nightly visit to his favorite club. He put his hand into his pocket, removed a roll of bills, and after slowly counting them, smiled broadly.

"Lucky at poker and everything," he muttered. F. A., '21.

THE ECHO

Vol. VI.

DECEMBER, 1920.

No. 1

Staff

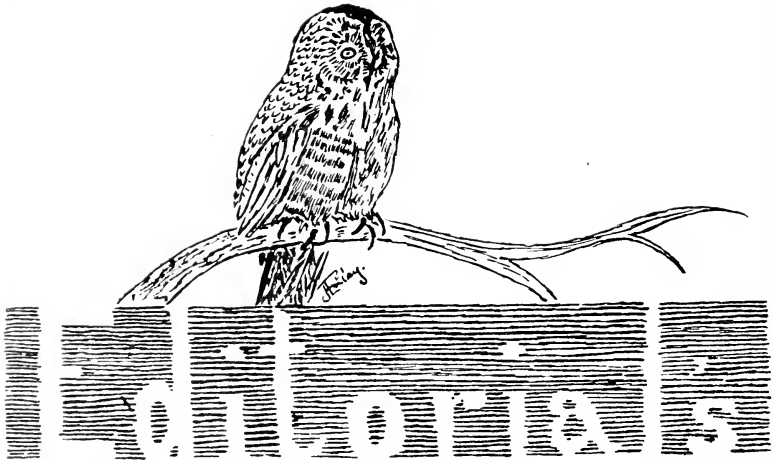
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Christmas—The Christmas spirit is here, the spirit that makes the world ring with joy and mirth. Every heart is light and gay striving to make the Yuletide a happy one for friends and acquaintances. Presents are exchanged, old-time quarrels are forgotten, and friendships are renewed. But for Christians Christmas means more than good cheer and the exchanging of gifts. It is the celebration of the greatest Gift ever bestowed upon the world, the birth of the Infant King. On this day it is the religious idea that predominates, and the Church with the same sentiments that inspired the angels' song centuries ago sings her "Peace

on earth to men of good will." With feelings of this same joyousness we wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.—P. M.

Our Calling—All high school students, or at least those in the upper classes, should have some idea of the calling that they are to pursue in life. After all, time here is but a short period of probation given us to fit ourselves for the life to come. All of us are destined for some particular calling in which we can the more easily work out our future destiny. If we bear this in mind we shall be careful what profession we take up. If we are in

doubt about our vocation we should seek advice and direction, for almost all ill-chosen professions are the cause of much suffering and moral agony in this world. When we select our life-work let us choose the profession for which we are best fitted, for by so doing we can best fulfill our duty to God and man.

—P. B.

Second Year of Quarterly.—

This number marks the appearance of the first issue of the school quarterly for its second year. Last year the publishing of a quarterly was a new undertaking and we spared no efforts to make our Echo appealing and interesting to our readers. With a year's experience before us we are determined to keep our paper up to its former literary standard, and to improve, if possible, each successive issue. With this in mind the first number was prepared and we are sure that our subscribers will receive it with the same favorable enthusiasm which they conceded to our last year's publication.—F. A.

Our Advertisers—We take this means of expressing our appreciation and thanks to the merchants and business men of Fort Wayne for the kindly interest manifested, and for the support given us in preparing the Echo. The cordial manner in which they received us and their willingness to advertise has been to us an incentive in our work. Their words of encouragement and advice we mean to follow that success may one day come to us as it has already come to them.—J. M.

Activity Association—Last year an endeavor was made to form an organization to promote greater interest in school life, but the project was undertaken late and much could not be accomplished. This year the Activity Association was reorganized, and it was decided to combine athletic and literary activities, and to give a literary program or entertainment each month. Nearly every student is enrolled, and if every member gives his support and lends his aid to whatever work is undertaken the Association will be a success and will accomplish the end for which it was organized.—S. M.

Our Last Year—Three years have passed. Out of a freshman class of sixty only one-half have survived. Still we shall have the largest graduating class in the history of the school. Under the influence of teachers and the higher classes we have, during our freshman, sophomore, and junior years, gathered some knowledge of the importance of school life, and what is more, we have formulated ideals which, if we let them guide us in our future years, can lead us only to what is best. In our senior year let us leave an example of success both in scholastic and athletic lines, that the following classes may profit thereby and do their part in turn.—R. N.

Ridicule is the argument to which the dishonest and the ignorant generally have recourse.

In Memoriam

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of Mr. Felix Logan, father of Kenneth of the Senior Class. Mr. Logan died at his home on October eighth after a six months' illness which he bore with Christian fortitude and resignation. The large attendance at his funeral evidenced the regard in which he was held by his acquaintances. To the bereaved family we extend our sincere and prayerful sympathy.

On October twenty-sixth the Angel of Death came to summon Mrs. H. Miller, mother of Paul, a member of the Senior Class. Although her passing was rather sudden she had no cause to fear for she was ever a model Christian wife and mother. We assure the family that she will receive a liberal share in the prayers of both faculty and students. May her precious soul rest in peace.

Mrs. Clarence Olds, sister of Eugene Luley of the Sophomore Class, died on November seventh at her home in Indianapolis. Although an invalid for a number of years, Mrs. Olds accepted her cross in a truly Christian spirit never complaining during her long illness. It may be a consolation to the family to know that she will receive a frequent remembrance in the prayers of faculty and students.

First Monthly Entertainment

The C. C. H. S. Activity Association has a very bright future before it if we may judge by the enthusiasm shown after the first monthly entertainment. The program consisted of selections by the School Orchestra and by the Mandolin Club, which were well rendered; songs by the Glee Club, which were gotten off nicely; and recitations by Joe Mungovan, Patrick Donahue, and Everett Storey, each rendering his piece in a way to do credit to old timers. Donald McDonald, chairman of the meeting and president of the Senior Class, read a paper on the purpose of the association and what it is expected to accomplish. At the end Brother Owen made a few remarks concerning the program, and complimented the performers upon the results.—A. B.

Program.

Selection, "La Veeda"—Orchestra
 Address—Donald McDonald, '21
 Recitation, "Casey at the Bat"
 -----Everett Storey, '24
 Selection, "Plantation Melodies"
 -----Mandolin Club
 Chorus:
 "I'd Love to Fall Asleep and
 Wake up in My Mammy's Arms"
 -----Glee Club
 Recitation, "Patriotism"
 -----Patrick Donahue, '23
 Duet—"Girl of My Dreams"
 (Piano and Violin)-----
 Harry Swift, '24 and John Burke
 '24.
 Recitation, "Kelley's Dream"
 -----Joseph Mungovan, '21
 Selection, "Buddies"—Orchestra

Father Bolger's Talk

About the middle of October Rev. Father Bolger, Dean of the Department of Economics at the University of Notre Dame, gave a short talk to the students of the school. He took as his subject the choosing of an ideal or an end, and how everyone should strive with all his power to the attainment of that end. Father Bolger is an excellent speaker and drove home his points with emphasis. He cited several examples, making his talk interesting and convincing. We thank Father Bolger for his kindly interest in the school and we sincerely hope that we will be given the opportunity of hearing more talks of this nature in the future. —F. A.

Right Reverend Bishop Le-grand's Visit

Our school was very much honored November 24th by a visit of the Right Reverend Bishop Le-grand, C.S.C., Bishop of Dacca, Bengal, East India, and Reverend Timothy Crowley, C.S.C., his Vicar General. His lordship gave a very interesting talk on the people under his care, describing their characteristics and manner of living. He thanked the school for what it has done in the past to help in his arduous labors. The point was emphasized that while all cannot go to Bengal, they can help in the work by their prayers and by being active in the undertakings of the school for the benefit of the Bengal Mission. As a testimonial of appreciation the students presented the Bishop with a check for fifty dollars.

St. Andrew's Day Program

As is the yearly custom, a program was given Tuesday afternoon, November 30th, in honor of Right Reverend Bishop Alerding, who observed the twentieth anniversary of his consecration as bishop of the diocese of Fort Wayne. From D. McDonald's "Da Greata Basaball" to "Santa Lucia," a four-part piece sung by twelve quaking seniors, everything went off nicely. Aloysius Becker and Ralph Neeb recited their parts in a very polished way, and the orchestra played two pieces very creditably. But perhaps the musical selections of our two young virtuosos, Harry Swift and Johnny Burke, were the most pleasing parts of the program. Swift rendered a very difficult piano selection and responding to an encore, gave another that required his fingers everywhere on the keyboard at about the same time. Burke proved himself an adept with the violin by his rendition of "Whispering."

Program

- "The Nest Love" --- *Louis Hirsch*
Orchestra
- Address of Welcome --- *Ralph Neeb*
- Piano Solo --- "Syncopated Sym-
phony" --- *D. Baier*
- Harry Swift
- Recitation --- "The Benediction"
----- *Anon*
- Aloysius Becker
- Song --- "Santa Lucia" -----
----- *Theo. Marzials*
- Glee Club
- Piano-Violin Duet --- "Whispering"
----- *Schonberger*
- J. Burke and H. Swift

Recitation—"Da Greata Basaball"
 ----- *T. A. Daly*
 Donald McDonald
 "Tumble In" ----- *Schwartz*
 Orchestra

Welcome Address

Right Reverend Bishop:

We are gathered here today to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of your consecration as Bishop of the Diocese of Fort Wayne. It is a pleasure to have you with us, and we welcome you to our school, the school whose existence was made possible only through your untiring endeavor and zealous labors.

Twenty years ago Divine Providence appointed you to be the shepherd of an important flock, and from the day when the sacred oils of consecration were placed upon you, you have guarded your fold with a tender and solicitous care. Ever mindful of the welfare of your people, you have devoted your earnest efforts to their spiritual and temporal well-being. Among the many noble works accomplished by your lordship as head of this diocese, we would dwell upon but one, the founding of our high school, a result of your interest in Catholic Education. The foresight which inspired you to found this school, and the determination which completed that plan so successfully, could come only from one who is keenly interested in higher scholastic work. Desirous of giving the boys of Fort Wayne a better Christian training you established this Central Catholic High School; for in your wisdom, born of years of experience, you realized the necessity of such an

undertaking. Where there is no constant reminder of God, it is man's nature to follow the lines of least resistance, and to give vent to those inclinations which lead ultimately to mental and moral ruin. It requires constant religious influence, the influence of those who have at heart not only our mental welfare, but also our spiritual well-being, to lead us along the path of true Christian manhood. You secured for our teachers the Brothers of Holy Cross whose deeds, more than any words we can utter, bespeak their zeal. Due to their efforts in Fort Wayne, hundreds of young men have entered upon life's journey better fitted to succeed, because of a godly education.

Whatever success this school has attained, the glory in the first place redounds to you, for it is due to you that so many young men have left here equipped with a Catholic training and fortified with such ideals as could come only from one who has their best interests at heart.

We know you love not praise, but, Right Reverend Bishop, we have no means of showing our gratitude other than expressing our thanks and appreciation in words, words that are but the echo of the sentiments of those who have preceded us. You are to us an inspiration, and your memory shall ever be a light, guiding us on our pathway through life.

Our hope and prayer is that God may spare you to us for many years, and may the great Saint Andrew on this, the anniversary of your consecration day place our petition before the throne of Him you serve so well.

In his response, Bishop Alerding thanked the faculty and students for their hearty congratulations and for their pleasant program. He recounted the difficulties that were surmounted in the experimental days of the school, and expressed his sincere pleasure that the school is and has been so beneficial to so many young men. "As for me," he declared, "it is a matter of gratification, for one is not human if he does not feel the effects of the success of an undertaking."

Locals and Personals

We wish to thank Father Quinlan for the use of Library Hall this year again for our basketball games.

In order to show our sympathy for the Irish cause we assisted in a body at the services at the Cathedral for Lord Mayor MacSwiney.

As usual, the ring and pin salesmen stormed the school during the first few weeks of the year. As a result of the frequent visits of the best talker, the Seniors are now sporting a display of gold.

Leslie Logan and Frank Doriot, star forwards on the basketball teams of '18 and '19, are making strong bids for positions on the Notre Dame varsity quintet. Here's wishing them success.

The sphere of C. C. H. S. influence is widening with time. This year Besancon, Hesse Cassel, Arcola, New Haven, Monroeville, Waterloo, Buffalo, N. Y., and Mexico City, Mexico are represented.

The latest addition to our library is a thirty-volume set of that

complete, up-to-date encyclopedia, "The Americana." We wish to extend our sincere thanks to our Right Reverend Bishop for the same.

Robert Kelty, a junior of last year, is attending the high school at Hartford City where he now lives. While Bob was with us his chief diversion was drawing cartoons. Most of those in the Echo are his ideas.

By a happy coincidence, the first mass assisted at by the student body this year was celebrated by the Reverend Charles Girardot, '13, who received the first diploma given by the Central Catholic High School. Father Girardot is doing parish work in Michigan City.

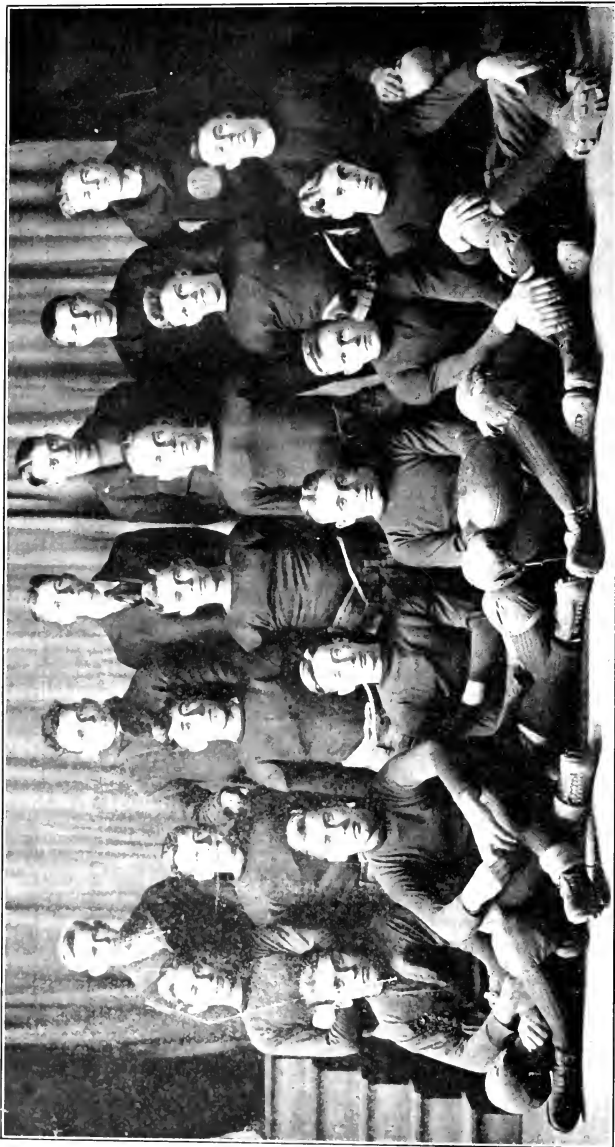
J. Stephan Weber, '13, was recently elected Grand Knight of the Fort Wayne K. of C's. The Knights are contemplating an extensive building program, and Steve is the right man to see it through.

Eugene Cull and Edmund Bresnahan of the sophomores showed the way to the rest of the school in getting Echo subscribers. The two working in partnership got one hundred and twenty-five.

Two of the C. C. H. S. men honored at Notre Dame are Leslie Logan, '19, who was elected president of the Sophomore Class, numbering four hundred, and Clifford Ward, '19, who was made a member of the Students' Activity Committee.

The basketball court was made up-to-date by moving the backboards out two feet from the supporting standards. Leo Suelzer, '19, and George DeWald engineered the job.

We wish to thank Leo Weber, '16, and the Knights of Columbus



Football Squad

Bottom Row: R. Stephan, J. Clifford, P. Donahue, J. Koehl (captain), R. Neeb, D. McDonald.
 Middle Row: W. Bushman, A. Centlivre, T. Mungovan, E. Kramer, R. Gordon, C. Graf, J. Haley.
 Top Row: P. Miller, S. Miller, Brother William R. Rinehart, R. Suelzer, A. Becker.

—Photo by VanDeGrift.

for the interest they have taken in C. C. H. S. athletics. Recently Leo made a raid on his Brother Knights and collected a very material sum of money to help defray expenses on the school football uniforms.

Five of the fourteen graduates in the Class of 1920 are now doing university work. Jerome Arnold, Richard Deininger, Emmett Miller, and Gordon Conway are at Notre Dame, and William Gocke is at Purdue. Herman Centlivre and Robert Blee also registered at Notre Dame, but crowded conditions there made it advisable for them to wait until next year.

Twenty-five of the thirty members of the Senior Class went to Notre Dame to see the Purdue-Notre Dame football game. George DeWald and Bruff Cleary journeyed also to Indianapolis to see N. D. beat Indiana. DeWald became so enthusiastic that he went to Chicago to see the Notre Dame-Northwestern game.

We want to take this occasion to thank the young ladies of St. Augustine's and St. Catherine's academies for the enthusiastic support they showed the football team. In former years this support was always in evidence, but never so prominently as this year. As a result, a large number of fellows in school have learned what encouragement and support really is.

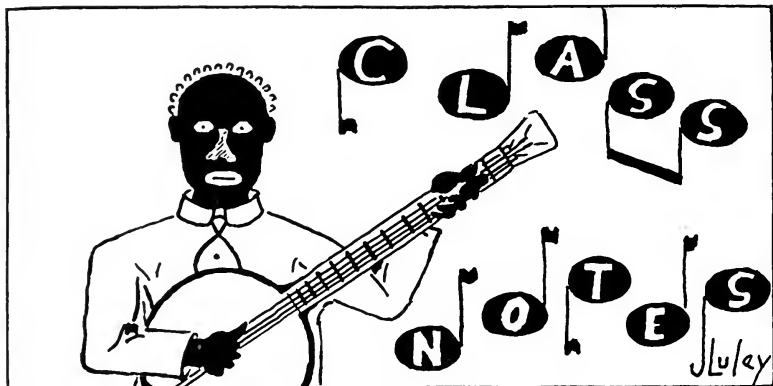
Among the recent guests of the faculty and students we are happy to record the Right Reverend Bishop Legrand, C.S.C., Bishop of the Diocese of Dacca, Bengal, East India, and Reverend Timothy Crowley, C. S. C., his Vicar General; Very Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., Provincial of

the United States Province of the Congregation of Holy Cross; Reverend Joseph Boyle, C.S.C., Superior of the Holy Cross Mission Band; Reverend William Bolger, C.S.C., Dean of the Economics Department of the University of Notre Dame, and Reverend John McCarthy, our former professor of religion.

Old students returning to school in September found several changes in the faculty. Brother Daniel, the genial principal who directed the work here for the past six years, was relieved of his responsibilities, and returned to us as professor of Latin and Spanish. He is succeeded by Brother Owen who has been teaching here for the past two years. Brother Edmund is now teaching at Holy Cross College, New Orleans, where he succeeded Brother Gilbert, who spent three years in the South before coming to Fort Wayne. Brother Augustus was transferred to the Cathedral High School, Indianapolis, Brother Killian taking his place here. Just when we thought all was settled, Father McCarthy was appointed to do parish work at Lafayette, and Father Dillon took his place as professor of religion. The departure of Father McCarthy who had been with us for eight years was deeply felt by both faculty and students. All unite in wishing him success in his new work.

A wise man is always ready to learn; an ignorant man imagines he is already well-informed.

The wise are silent when fools ventilate their notions.



SENIORS

When school started we were ushered into a room all by ourselves, and in that room we now hold full sway. We were told that as soon as we held a class election we could have free, whereupon Joe Mungovan, president of the class in our freshman year, ascended the platform and told us as only Joe can, whom to vote for and why. A majority succumbed to his unresisting arguments, but nothing less than a unanimous vote would satisfy him, so a unanimous vote it was, and Don McDonald was made our president, "Sub" Miller, secretary, and George DeWald, treasurer.

After a week or so we decided that we ought to have rings and pins. We believed in patronizing home dealers, so we placed our order with a local jeweler, and we are very well satisfied with the results.

Space will not permit a full record of our activities, but suffice it to say that we are backing all school doings. We are sponsoring

the newly-formed Activity Association, bearing the brunt of the Echo work, contributing more than half the members of the school football and basketball teams, while the Glee Club is composed entirely of members from our class.

A thing we feel proud of is the fact that we are the largest Senior Class in the history of the school. That we are not satisfied merely with quantity may be gathered from this harangue of Haley: "By all the laws and institutions we should now be stately seniors, as solemn and serene as the proverbial owl. To the contrary, however, we are the same bunch of happy-go-luckies that we were as freshmen. The mantle of our responsibility has neither deadened our spirits nor discouraged our endeavors. Neither has it fallen on heedless shoulders, for back of all our seemingly heedless fun there is a different spirit from that devil-may-care one that pervaded us in past years. We realize our responsibilities, and to the best of our ability are endeavoring to do them justice."

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JUNIORS

As usual school started the day after Labor Day. We spent the morning cheating the sophomores on second-hand books and getting cheated by the seniors.

Most of our former sophomore celebrities are back with us but we miss Jauch, Deininger, Gerard, and Belot. Fitzgerald and Schiffli are the only newcomers.

A few days after school opened we organized for elections, and Clifford after a successful campaign became president and Kinstle, secretary-treasurer. A short time ago Clifford resigned the presidential chair and since then the president's duties have fallen on Kinstle who is now overburdened with the three offices. At the first class meeting called we decided to get monograms in the shape of octagons just to remind us that we took geometry last year.

We have been dispossessed of the room that we have occupied the last two years. It has been given to the seniors and we have been put in the former Senior Room.

The old "Sophomore Daily Squeek" was reorganized and published under the new name of the "Junior's Jazzy Journal" which was later replaced by the "Junior World".

Some look down on us because we are the smallest class in the school, but we believe in quality, not quantity.

SOPHOMORES

Biff! Bang! Crash! Hurrah for the Sophomore Class!

Twenty-nine of us returned in September, but we got several new

additions making our total thirty-five.

As for the new members, "Mutt" Rhinehart blew into C. C. H. S. with the September storm and bumped his head on the electric lights the first thing. "Jeff" Ryan hails from Lagro and is the midget of the class. Eugene Luley came from St. Mary's to yell for Cox but we soon converted him. Schiffli, commonly known as "Goggles," comes to us from Cleveland and gives silent speeches for Debs. MacCarthy and Clifford, seeing the "pepperino" of the class of '23, decided to stall a year to be with us.

A few days after school started we held class elections. There was not much campaigning, so at the primaries every member voted for himself for president. As a result when a count was taken thirty-five had tied for the office. The next best thing to do was to hold a convention, the outcome of which was that we had three candidates for each office. "Buckshot" Donahue, president of last year's class, was re-elected by a Harding majority. Cy Fitzgerald was elected secretary, and Windy McKiernan is our Croesus.

Besides our basketball activities which will be recorded later, we organized a football team and after several hard try-outs we played the pick of the Freshmen Class.

As they had Graf and Bushman—both semiprofessionals—we did not want to discourage the freshies and still we did not want to be walloped ourselves, we let the game go at a tie score of 13 to 13 in favor of both. Our class has five representatives on the school football team. Clifford the full-back, Cent-

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livre the half-back, Donahue the quarter-back, with Suelzer and Rhinehart as subs on the line, show the "peppisimo" of the sophs in athletics.

Last April Donahue, McKiernan, and Perry organized a weekly paper called "The Bull." Professor Wilkinson, our social lion, was later taken in on the staff as society reporter, and very few items of interest escape his eye and pad. Besides the class news, the Bull has a science section, a history column, a weekly poem, a story or two, and several jokes. Cartoons are added when space permits.

We started something when we got our monograms. Six other classes on the Cathedral square followed suit. We needed luck and something with a kick in it. We got both in the form of a purple horse shoe with C. C. H. S., '23 in gold on a background of green. Purple and Gold are the school colors, and the antithetical green is our class color.

As for pep, we are in the superlative degree of it comparison. Pep, pepperino, peppisimo. We are the first in class spirit, Echo subscriptions, Echo ads, football, basketball, monograms, and school boosters. We contribute the school cheer leader, and have representatives in the orchestra and glee club. Anything in our hands is sure to succeed. We've got the kick and we've got the pep as is shown by the bill boards we are sporting.

FRESHMEN

When the school year opened last September fifty grinning, care-free, yet nevertheless shivering

freshmen came to C. C. H. S. in quest of knowledge. We gathered on the broad, Calhoun Street entrance, waiting for an encouraging invitation, but as none was forthcoming, we trooped around to the Lewis Street side and went in where everybody else did. Judging from our capabilities, it is only reasonable to predict a successful four years' course for the freshmen of 1921. There are among us artists, musicians, and athletes. Although our attempts at art find expression only in cartoons and drawings in science class, still we think them worthy of recognition.

No one, however, will dispute our ability as musicians and athletes. Charles Graf and Wayne Bushman are stars on the varsity football team, and John Burke, Harry Swift, Alfred Junk, John Martin, Emmett Holsinger, Clarence Kaliker and Raymond Herber are contributors to the instrumental music. We have many other celebrities, but space will not permit us to mention all of them.

According to long standing custom we chose class officers: Charles Graf was voted president, Eugene Shea, secretary, and Michael Hogan, treasurer. So far the burdens of their offices have caused no wrinkles in their brows.

Someone hinted on the quiet that we are a little cheeky, but it didn't cause us a bit of worry. We consider ourselves the peppy little freshmen—and some of us are so very small—and we are quickly acquiring the old C. C. H. S. spirit. If we keep it up, we will bid fair to rival any preceding class.

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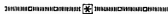


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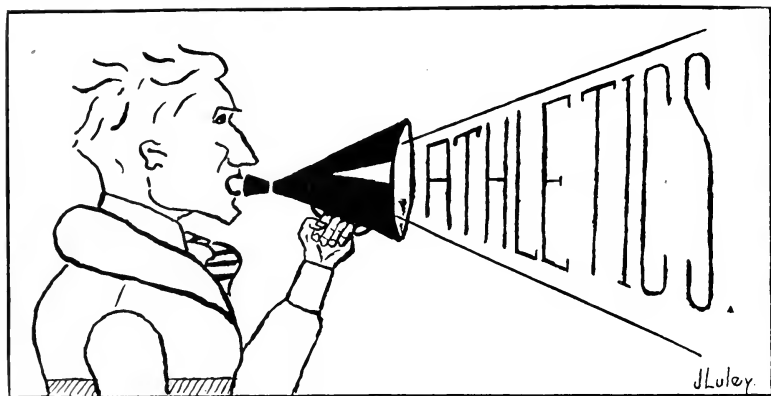
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Football

Our football history for this year is much like an obituary column. The team played four games and lost every one of them. In justice to the squad, however, it must be mentioned that this was our first year of football on a large scale, and we played teams with state championship aspirations. A late start in practice told against our athletes too. But the one great drawback of the varsity was the lack of a competent and heady field general. In spite of defeat, however, we think that the team stands favorable comparison with any that ever represented the school. In Tom Mungovan, Bushman, and Neeb, we had ends who were fast, and sure tacklers. Rinehart joined the squad towards the end of the season, and his work showed that he will be a valuable end next year. Sub Miller and Stephan were our tackles, and we consider it enough said when we mention that a rival coach pronounced them the best pair of tackles for their size that he had

seen in a long time. Unfortunately Miller sustained an injury in the first game that put him out of play for the rest of the season, and as a result our line was greatly weakened. Suelzer also played a steady game at tackle when called upon. Graf, Gordon, Becker and in the first part of the season, Mills, were our guards, and during the season few gains were made by opponents through these positions. McDonald proved a whirlwind at center. His passing was always reliable, and on defense he was a veritable brick wall. Captain Koehl and Kramer at halves, and Clifford at full were our line plungers. Kramer was injured in the first contest of the season, and between games he hardly had time to get into fit condition, but he played in every game except the one with Decatur. Clifford also played tackle part of the time. Centlivre took Kramer's place at half, and judging by his speed and low hitting it is safe to venture that few lines will be able to stop him next year. Paul Miller also played half where his speed made him a valuable man. Pat

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Donahue and Haley were our quarter-backs, and they did as well as could be expected with the experience they had.

Our one regret is that ten members of the team will not be with us next year. Stephan, S. Miller, Kramer, Haley, Mungovan, McDonald, Gordon, Becker, Neeb, and P. Miller will graduate in June. The last six mentioned never played football until this year, but their work was a feature of the season.

The team had the support of the school throughout the year. The student body realized that any team can show fight when it is winning but to do the same in defeat is something worthy of admiration.

That the team played as good a brand of ball as it did is due largely to Mr. Robert Connelly, Dean of the K. of C. night school, who is a Wisconsin letter man in football and baseball, and who came out to coach the squad whenever his many duties permitted; and to Leslie Logan, '19, who spent a week home from Notre Dame, and during that time devoted every afternoon to teaching the team something about the science of the game. Our "peppy" manager, Joe Mungovan, also deserves mention. Joe was back of the team every minute, and he took care that the season was a success financially.

Games

Our first game was with Fort Wayne High on October 28th. We lost by a score of 13 to 0. We met them so early only on condition that another game be played later on. After hearing various reports that we should expect a bad drub-

bing we weren't very much disappointed with the outcome.

The game was played on a muddy field, partly covered with water. Fort Wayne High made its first score when Waterfield scooped in a pass and ran fifty yards for a touchdown. The second score was the result of an on-side kick, Richey falling on the ball while several C. C. men stood by looking at it.

In the first quarter it looked like sure victory for us. The backfield made first downs time after time through big holes opened by our linemen, but we couldn't push across a marker.

Our trip to Indianapolis where we played the Cathedral High will be remembered for some time. Royal describes the kind of treatment we received. In fact had we been shown less consideration we might have played a better brand of ball. On our way back to Fort Wayne Brother William broke the news gently to us that while we showed plenty of fight, we put up a rather lifeless exhibition, and we gave ourselves away by describing the various places which we had visited the preceding night, and all that we had eaten for dinner two hours before the game. We must say, however, that Cathedral High had a well-drilled, shifty team.

The score was 18 to 2. In the last quarter we finally woke up, but the best we could do was to score a touch-back.

Hartnett, who scored the three touchdowns for Indianapolis was the star performer of the day, while Koehl played a great game for us.

We had the game with Decatur High School won until darkness interfered, and we lost 13 to 6. In

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the third quarter Bushman received a neat pass from Koehl, and brushing aside several Decatur tacklers raced fifty yards for a touchdown. The try at goal failed.

In the growing dusk of the fourth quarter, Beel, the Decatur left end, crept unseen to the far side of the field, and receiving a long pass, carried the ball to our one-yard line. On the third attempt it was pushed across. The goal was kicked, making the score 7 to 6. The large search lights at one end of the field were then turned on, and with the glare in our eyes, it was hard to distinguish anything. Decatur had the advantage and succeeded in scoring another touchdown.

The long punts of Graf kept us out of danger on several occasions. Bushman played a pretty game at end, nailing the receiver of Graf's punts before he had time to get started.

Fort Wayne High defeated us again in our final game of the season, 7 to 0. The contest was, perhaps, the most bitterly fought game played on a Fort Wayne gridiron during the year, most of the play being in the middle of the field. In the last three minutes our opponents recovered the ball on our twenty-yard line when Centlivre fumbled, and following up this advantage pushed across a touchdown before the game ended.

Basketball Schedule

December 3..Alumni
 December 10..Ossian at Ossian
 December 17..St. Rose H. S., Lima at Lima.
 December 21..Fort Wayne High

December 27..Alumni
 December 28..Decatur at Fort Wayne
 January 7....Monroe at Fort Wayne
 January 15....Decatur at Decatur
 January 21....Ossian at Fort Wayne
 January 28....C. C. H. S., '13
 February 5...Cathedral High, Indianapolis at Fort Wayne
 February 11...Fort Wayne High
 February 18...St. Rose H. S., at Fort Wayne
 February 25...Monroe at Monroe
 M. Boland, '21.

The Athletic Association wishes to express its thanks for the donation from the author of the following anonymous letter.

Manager of the Basketball Team.

C. C. H. S.

City.

Dear Sir:

Inclosed find five dollars for the Athletic Fund of the C. C. H. S.

I'm a strong backer of the High School, and hope its friends and supporters will increase with its endeavors.

Hoping you have a successful basketball season,

I remain

A Fan.

Boland (just arriving): What's the score?

Herber: Nothin' to nothin'.

Boland: Must be a pretty good game.

Herber: Don't know; it hasn't started yet.

He who shuns unusaul efforts will never accomplish unusal results.

Edward H. Miller

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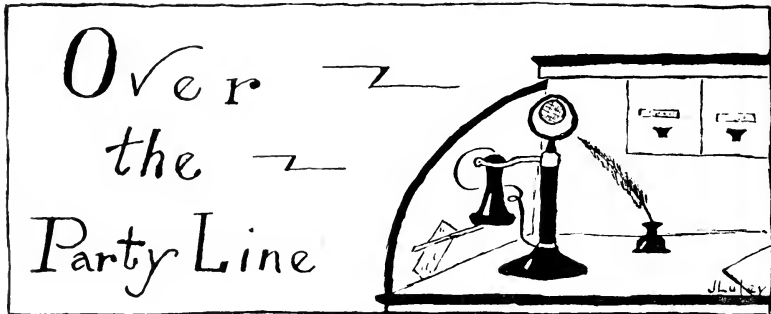
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By Seniors

Ahem! Did you notice our new pins and rings?

Class rings are great things. Those who wear them:

Don't mind cold hands.

Never carry their hands in their pockets.

Keep their hands clean.

Wear a smile.

"Ain't they the stuffins?"

New principle in geometry: "drop the perpendicular up."

Want a girl? Just look over the list in Tom Mungovan's Logic text and pick one out.

Hats off to Raymond Young, the city's junior tennis champion. Young says it wasn't size but brains that won out. No doubt about it.

Wanted: Someone in Physics class to figure out how much Cleary would weigh at the top of the Eiffel Tower.

Joe Luley still plays the saxophone as well as he did last year.

Do you remember the time when Eddie Kramer insisted on going riding instead of attending the party given to the basketball team last year at Lima? Well, he attends Trier's three times a week

now. It can't be in preparation for the Senior Dance which is still seven months away, but then Eddie always was fast.

The sophomores are such big fellows that people sometimes mistake them for seniors. They have, however, labeled themselves with '23 monograms to avoid confusion.

We noticed at a recent football game that C. C. H. S. yells were pretty popular with both Decatur H. S. and F. W. H. S.

A tryout of the new boilers nearly smoked out the seniors.

Sub Miller slipped on a banana peel the other day and cut his finger on the crease of his trousers.

Dickerson will donate a loving cup to the student who succeeds in getting Spanish abolished from the curriculum.

The class of '24 were duly initiated into the L. O. P. B. when school opened. The L. O. P. B. (Loyal Order of Paper Borrowers) now has a membership of over one hundred.

Joe Mungovan, our ad-chaser, says that getting ads broadens the mind and develops a good line.

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Delicious sandwiches, coffee, cake, pastry and frozen
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Pete Becker, is preparing for a fight he pronounces his name Backer.

Joe Striefus dines daily at the Summit City Restaurant. While there he does not drop a plate or miss a tip.

Haley is regretting the fact that his boils deserted him. Never mind, Bill, they offered a convenient excuse while they lasted.

Gordon and Haley practiced the forward pass in the Senior Room, and that night they got their first experience in fitting in windows.

Joe Mungovan still thinks that he has a record for a beard. Pete Becker is giving him a close shave for honors.

The seniors are insured sufficient heat this year. The boilers are just a few feet below them.

Crops must have been good down on the farm during the summer. Anyhow, Herber came back to us with a very prominent waist-line.

There's many slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and the same also applies to the hand and the diploma. We're hoping, however, for the best.

Somebody's always takin' the joy out o' life. Now they've put in a perfectly good heating system, thereby cutting out all the free Mondays of the good ol' days.

Becker is back with his old line, but it doesn't seem to have much effect. The catching of fish demands besides a line, a hook and once in a while a change of bait. Much depends on the skill of the fisherman, too.

Much can happen in four months. The last time we heard of our old class-mate, P. N. Grime, who occupied so much space in this

column last year, he was in Mexico. We are anxiously watching the papers for news of new revolutions. Fine place for Paul; he can start anything he pleases down there.

The seniors are supposed to be examples to the juniors, the juniors to the sophs, the sophs to the freshmen, but to what class are the freshies an example? To the whole school, they say.

If the Democrats would have had Aeneas on the platform for them they surely would have won the election. The seniors think so, anyway. Why, he spoke for a week one time.

Ask Haley about his flying tackle at Indianapolis, and McDonald about finger bowls.

Bruff Cleary is pretty good at learning the rules of football, basketball, and baseball, but it is just about impossible for him to learn the rules of Spanish.

Gordon has ambitions of becoming a doctor; hence he takes Vergil very seriously.

Neeb and Becker had a debate at Schulte's some time ago. Neither of them was very boastful about it so it must have been a draw.

Jack Fox didn't take to the Sophomore Room at all when the seniors took up quarters there. The desks don't make sleeping as comfortable as those in the study hall did.

Herber leaves out this scheme for getting rabbits: paint the side of the stump like the hole of a rabbits nest. Scare the rabbit so he will run to said counterfeit hole and crush his skull.

Some fellows think Sub Miller and Jake Miller are brothers the way they act toward each other.

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Gordon is going to be a doctor and Tom Mungovan an undertaker, so if you go to Gordon, you'll eventually go to Tom.

To whom it may concern: McDonald wants it plainly understood that his name is not "Mug-Donald."

G. DeWald says that the automobile he intends to make will go so fast that when he leaves California for New York he will have to put on the brakes at Chicago to stop at Broadway and Fifth Avenue.

Bruff Cleary had his tonsils removed, but evidently he lost none of his bulk from the effects of the operation.

Berning has all the neighbors on Madison Street in a state of nervous excitement since he got a mandolin.

Haley is with us almost every day, and he says that he has a new hat coming if he doesn't miss too much. But he did not say what he considers too much.

Pete Becker, a native of New Haven, who sits with "Gob" Boland tells us some funny things about his childhood days. In fact, quite a few of the things that Pete tells us sound sort of funny.

Creigh, App, and Boland are going to be bookkeepers judging by the way they soak up the knowledge in the class.

DeWald thought very hard when someone told him that they didn't use elevators in New York, but safety razors (raisers).

A certain senior in bookkeeping class defined "property" as anything that may be bought or exposed of, whether material or immaterial.

Someone said that the freshmen were cheeky. They may be fresh, but they have the school spirit besides.

Gordon says that he caught such a big fish at the lake this summer that the water went down four inches after the fish was landed.

I'll bet that the fellow who designed the sophomore monograms got a headache over the idea. It looks as if there is at least one genius in the school.

Rest easy, Seniors; Micky always can console you with his pleasant "They're coming."

Passino says that the dogs bark so much when Conway plays his mandolin not for the purpose of accompanying him, but because they hear better than men.

Gordon wants his hair to grow. He puts something on it every day. It's his hat.

Becker is as hard as ever, getting harder right along in fact. In a football uniform he looks like a brick.

Most fellows wish they had taken bookkeeping a long time ago so they could blow in as Ed Baker is accustomed to do.


The pictures of the graduates have recently been removed to the Senior Room. No doubt this was done in order to inspire us to strive harder when we look on the benign countenances of those who have already realized their ambition.

When it comes to self-sacrifice, the palm goes to Joe Striefus. Joe missed one school activity, and that was the day he worked for Kramer so that Eddie could be on hand to play in the F. W. H. S.-C. C. H. S. football game.

M. APP

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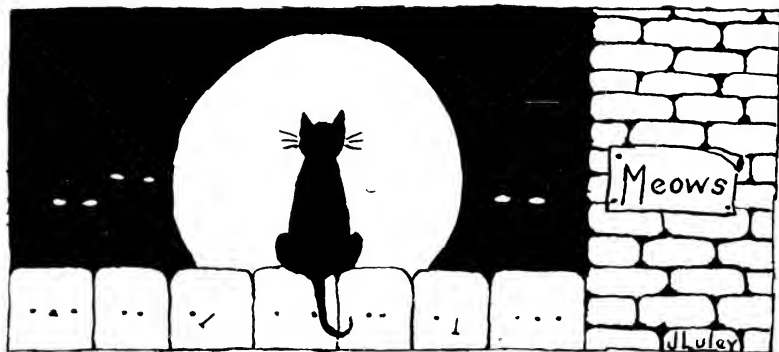
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS

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FORT WAYNE, IND.



DeWald (speaking of pants):
Whenever my pants need pressing
they go to the dry-cleaners.

Mungovan: Well, I always
press mine in a pinch.

In fact he is so very high
That if you wished to fix his tie
You'd probably find yourself quite
late

When you had reached close to
his "pate."

—F. A.

O'Neill: Why could Wingerter
be easily robbed?

Donahue: I don't know. Whis-
per it, please.

O'Neil: Tut, tut, boy; because
his gait is broken and his locks are
few. If you don't believe me look
at his head.

Jake: There's one place in this
city where you can get in all right,
but it takes a ticket to get out.

Heinie: Where? Let's go.

Jake: The C. C. H. S. No get-
ting out without your duty.

About Senor Torres of the Freshman

L. Roth: Has he a knife?

Kinstle: I don't know.

L. Roth: Has he a rope?

Kinstle: Don't know.

L. Roth: Does he carry a gun?

Kinstle: How do I know what
Mexicans wear?

Place—Physics Lab.

Time—3:00 P. M.

Occasion—Haley wandering aim-
lessly about the room.

Brother William: Haley, where
are you working?

Haley: Freight House.

Gordon is a lanky guy
His hat 'ud almost touch the sky.
And when he stands nice and
straight
He's very nearly six-foot-eight.

Hogan: My father is watchman
over four hundred men.

Loney: What does he do?

Hogan: Take's care of a ceme-
tery.



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Sign in a local shoe store window
—Buy shoes now; they won't last
long.

Teacher: What do you do when
your balance does not agree with
your cash?

J. Fox: You go South.

F. Arnold went to the Anthony
Hotel the other day for dinner.
The waiter handed him the menu
card and Florian ordered. At the
bottom Florian noticed a line: "Our
cuisine is of the best." He hesi-
tated a moment, and then boldly
said: "Add on to that a serving of
cuisine, too."

Brother Gilbert: Every rational
creature has a reason for his ac-
tions. Haley, why did you do it
that way?

Haley: I don't know.

An irate woman walked up to
Kramer while he was working in
the grocery, and complained that
the safety matches she bought
would not light. Eddie, anxious to
save the reputation of the store,
said, "Why, madam, those are
safety matches. You surely don't
want anything safer."

Brother Daniel: You under-
stand music, don't you Luley?

Luley: Yes, Brother.

Brother Daniel: Is that clock
ticking right?

Perhaps you have wondered
what makes modern girls so noisy.
I have solved the mystery. Sh!
They comb their hair with a bang.

Judge: What's the charge?

Policeman: Intoxication, your
honor.

Judge (to prisoner): What's
your name?

Prisoner: Gunn, sir.

Judge: Well, Gunn, I'll dis-
charge you this time, but don't get
loaded again.

Teacher: Kinder, where did you
get that book?

Kinder: She gave it to me.

Teacher: She gave it to you!
There are no girls in this class.

Kinder: I know it, Brother, but
Dolly is still with us.

"Say, O'Neill, are the Brothers
hard on a fellow?"

"Why, yes; some are pretty hard
on us, and some are pretty heavy
on us, too.

One of our short Seniors: Give
me a package of cigarettes.

Lady cigar clerk: Why, I don't
see what a child of your age wants
with cigarettes.

Here's one of Pete Becker's:
"Say, fellows, if your young broth-
er saw one kid hitting another
kid, would that be a striking ex-
ample?"

Brother Gilbert: Passino, leave
the room until you have finished
your breakfast.

M. Passino: Beg pardon, Broth-
er?

Brother Gilbert: Leave the
room.

Passino: Yes, Brother.

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our optical department will give
you perfect service.

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Jewelry Company
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2 doors South of Lewis Street

A Texan was seeing Washington, the guide explaining the different points of interest. "On the right is a building built in a year," said the guide.

"Dallas could have done it in six months," remarked the Texan.

"On the left," continued the guide, "we have a building built in six months."

Again the Lone Star man returned that the Texans could have built it in three months.

Finally they came to the Washington Monument. The Texan looked up at it, and turning to the guide asked what it was.

The guide, gazing at it with some surprise answered, "Darned if I know; it wasn't there yesterday."

App: What do you want to bet that I get out of that speed fine?

Creigh: You've got about as much chance as a celluloid cat has of catching an asbestos mouse running through a blast furnace.

"99"

Kinder made a snow ball;
He packed it hard and tight,
And he sailed it through a window;
Poor boy! He's now a sight.

In black and white pajamas
He keeps his place in line.
And when the jailer wants him
He yells, "Bring ninety-nine."

—J. S.

Luley: You better keep your eyes open around here.

Young (astonished): Why?

Luley: Because you'd look darn funny with them closed.

Daily Bulletin

Review Logic from 14 to 44.

Finish Number 19 in Bookkeeping today.

Quiz in English and Physics.

Hand in Spanish story.

Write up next chapter in Physics note book.

Well, the next fifteen lines.

Can you imagine—

Eddie Kramer with his vest off?

Don McDonald not in a Ford?

Bob Gordon in a hurry?

Dick App resting easy?

Joe Mungovan not talking?

Joe Luley with a hat on?

Pete Becker looking mild?

Raymond Stephan getting gay?

Eddie Baker going slow?

Florian Arnold getting noisy?

Hugh Creigh not smiling?

Ralph Neeb without a book?

DeWald forgetting his fish stories?

Sub Miller without his curls?

Paul Miller acting serious?

Conway forgetting to say something that he thinks is funny?

Things that worry us:

Who put the glass in the windows on the south side of the Senior Room.

How some of our classmates can float when ivory has a density of 3.5.

Why Creigh leaves Latin class with a smile after spending a grueling forty-five minutes with his teacher.

Who tunes the violins for the school orchestra.

Who the playful fellows are who simply must amuse themselves by throwing erasers, upsetting the waste baskets, and marking on the walls.

When You Think of Glasses, Think of



"You Can't Be Optimistic With Misty Optics."

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See the Receivador—the Automatic Servant
(It protects your deliveries)

The Prescription.

Doctor Black: "Well ef dat aint de temf time dat bell am rung dis mawnin."

"Hello."

"Yes, dis am Doctor Black."

"Yo' Rufus am sick?"

"Has de stomick ache."

"Am dis Mrs. Pettifo'd?"

"Say, Mrs. Pettifo'd, I'se dun cotched your little Rufus wif dat Johnson boy in mah peach o'cha'd dis mawnin'. I'se spect de pain am from eatin' dem green peaches."

"No, ah 'aint lyn'."

"Well, dey eat 'bout a peck."

"What am ah gwine a do?"

"Ahm gwine a gibe you a 'scription to 'ave filled out fo' 'im."

"Yes, it am a sho' nuf cure; a pow'ful remedy."

"Sho, ahm not gwine to do nufin to um."

"Sho, you gibe 'im four table-spoonsfull ob casto' ile an two glasses full ob Epsom Salts. When dis am down fo' a half an hour gibe 'im seben mor' table-spoonsfull ob dat ile. Dat'll fix 'im."

"Yes um, you'se got it right."

"Yes, a sho' nuf cure."

"Dis 'scription am free; don't cost you nuffin'."

"No."

"Good-bye."

Senior Spasms

Bruff is a bluff
As we all know.
He hands us the "guff."
Bruff is a bluff.
We've said enough,
But he sure can blow.
Bruff is a bluff
As we all know.—H. C.

I was to meet her at two-feet-six
And now it is six-feet-two.
She has left me in a fix—
I was to meet her at two-feet-six.
In a quarrel I never mix,
So why fret and stew?
I was to meet her at two-feet-six,
And now it is six-feet-two.—P. M.

App went to the game
And saw Spicer's Spice Store.
I saw the same
When I went to the game.
App saw a dame
Who stood in the door.
App saw the game,
But I knew the score.—J. L.

Pat lost his soul
And went straight to the devil,
Where they shovel in coal.
Pat lost his soul;
He was out for a goal
That was not on the level.
Pat lost his soul
And went straight to the devil.

—G. R. D.

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Make your appointment at once.

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Your saving of from 15 to 25 per cent in this low rent store is clear and positive—our idea of furniture selling is not to talk bargains, but—

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Bread is your Best Food Eat More of it.

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UTILITY BUILDING

E. Wayne Street

“Don-Cha-Know.”

(A one-act drama.)

Dramatic Personae:

Charles Montgomery, a dudish chap. Jerry, the grocer's boy. Hans Gugenlasher, the grocer.

Scene: Interior of “Gugenlasher's Department Store.” *Time:* 7:00 A. M., Jerry discovered sweeping the floor. Enter Charlie.

Charlie: Good morning, my dear young sir. Exquisite, entrancing, decidedly fine morning, don-cha-know.

Jerry: Peach of a day. What's yours?

Charlie: I should like awfully much to 'ave some real fine silk 'ose, size five-an'-a-af.

Jerry: We don't keep hoes or hose. Try the hardware or the fire department.

Charlie: But really you misunderstand me, don-cha-know. It's stockings I seek for; stockings. Pardon my not properly explaining.

Jerry: Oh! It's socks you want. (Reaching for a box.) Try these, guaranteed to never last.

Charlie: Really these are delightful ones, don-cha-know. What is the price, may I awsk?

Jerry: Four bits each; one dollar the pair. We can't split pairs.

Charlie: It's outrageous! my dear sir; really it is. What makes 'osery go up?

Jerry: Mine doesn't. Mine's always comin' down. The Boss sez silk's up cuz all the silk bugs or worms died last winter; froze to death.

Charlie: Perfectly proper explanation, sir, don-cha-know. I'll take this pair. 'Ave you hany 'ooks?

Jerry: Hooks? What kind?

Charlie: Picture 'ooks.

Jerry: No; we don't keep no kind of hooks. Can't get 'em. All the hook worms froze last summer.

Charlie: Very reasonable explanation, I declare! Don-cha-know, I wish I were a salesman.

Jerry: Gugenlasher, my boss, you know, is looking for a lady salesman. Maybe you would fill the bill.

Charlie: Perhaps I would, don-cha-know. I used to fill all fawther's bills in the office. When can I see Mr. Gug—Gug—?

Jerry: Gugenlasher, sir; Gugenlasher.

Charlie: Yes, Gugenlasher. When can I 'ave the 'appiness to hinterview him?

Jerry: He's due here now. He ought to be “in ter view” soon.

Charlie: Very well, sir; I shall sit down if you 'ave no objections, and hawait 'is arrival.

Jerry: No objections at all; only keep your hands off the prunes and out of the crackers. We just had them sterilized.

Enter Grocer:

Grocer: Vell, vat is? Something I can do fer Mister ——?

Charlie: Your worthy assistant hadvised me to hask for a position of saleslady; I ham looking for work, don-cha-know.

Grocer: Ve have no obenings yust now. Mr. Van Boomer vas got a vacant blace in his store, vone dozen and dwelfth street.

Charlie: I shall see 'im, by gore! Good morning.

Grocer: Goot morgan.

Jerry: Haw! Haw! He! He! Tee! He! He! One Dozen and twelfth street; that's the crazy house.

—W. B. C.

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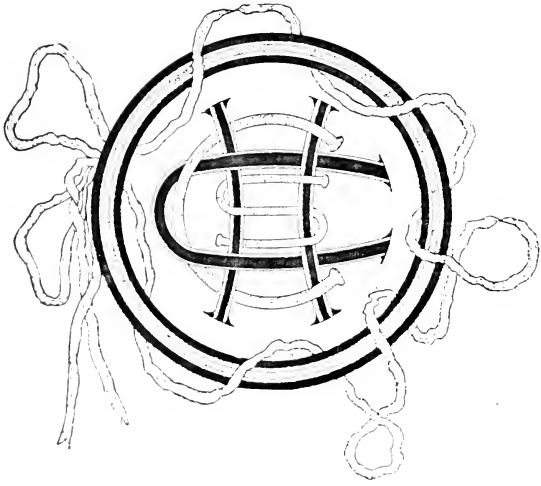
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Published Quarterly by the Students of the Central Catholic High School, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Entered as Second Class, December 15, 1919, at the Post Office at Fort Wayne, Indiana,
under the Act of March 3, 1879

Subscription per year, Fifty Cents

Single Copy, Fifteen Cents

VOL. 6

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA, FEBRUARY, 1921

NO. 2

Washington

The father of our country,
A strong man brave and true,
The leader of that doughty band
Which wore the buff and blue.
Each year we praise with great
acclaim
His great and now immortal
name,
And naught shall ever dim the
fame
Of Washington.

In freedom's cause he gave his all,
And strove with all his robust
health
To free and found a great new
state,
A future mighty commonwealth.
And well and deep he sowed the
seed,
And guided it in its great need---
A worthy man in thought and
deed
Was Washington.

—R. Neeb, '21.

Father Pierre Gibault

There was much confusion and consternation in the little town of Kaskaskia on July 4th, 1778, when General George Rogers Clark with his small company of American soldiers entered it. So terrified was the handful of French Catholics who composed the population of the town, that they immediately began to pack their be-

longings in preparation for their departure. Due to the intrigues of the British, these settlers were prejudiced against the American cause, and Clark meant no more to them than an inevitable tyrant, whose soldiers had come to occupy their homes and break up their families.

But there was one person, Father Pierre Gibault, in the village who understood the American situation. It was because of the tender ties that had sprung up between this parish priest of Kaskaskia and the settlers that he was able to persuade them to abandon their preparations for departure, and to send a committee to Mr. Clark in order to ascertain his attitude towards them. The general realized that unless the villagers could in some way be made to understand his reason for being there serious trouble might arise which would hamper his plans. He thought of the possibility of finding one or two influential citizens who could calm the riotous populace. While interviewing the committee which the settlers had sent the morning following his arrival, Clark found his man. He was no other than Father Gibault, a French missionary, and at that time, parish priest of Kaskaskia.

When Father Gibault met the conqueror, he inquired whether

the Catholic church could be opened. General Clark replied "that an American commander had nothing to do with any church save to defend it from insult, and that by the laws of Virginia his (Father Gibault's) religion had as great privileges as any other." From that time, writes Theodore Roosevelt in his *The Winning of the West*, Father Gibault "was a devoted and effective champion of the American cause."

From that time, too, the priest and the general worked hand in hand, and, after the inhabitants of the French village had been made aware of the treaty between France and the colonies, finally won the people to the support of the United States. This was the first step in the winning of the West. Father Gibault went so far as to sell his property in Kaskaskia for American currency in order to establish the credit of the invaders in that part of the country. These bills afterwards proved worthless as far as purchasing power was concerned, but they did much to help the colonies in their noble struggle.

A short time later Clark decided to send troops to Vincennes to convert that place to the American cause. And here again, the powerful influence of Father Gibault triumphed when he obtained Clark's consent for himself and Father La Font to go to Vincennes to accomplish that end. Before two months were over the energetic priest completely won the citizens to the support of the United States, revived religious practices in the community, and converted a Presbyterian family to

the Catholic Faith.

But Father Gibault, who was a man who did things thoroughly, was not satisfied with having the settlers merely passive onlookers or silent supporters. With the aid of the young ladies of Vincennes he began to do expert work at recruiting. He persuaded many daring young Frenchmen to enlist in Clark's company, the ranks of which had been sadly depleted because many of the soldiers had returned to their homes when their term of enlistment had expired. Thus it was that the zealous missionary labored unceasingly in the interest of church and state, accomplishing great things, until the people finally came to know him as the "patriot priest."

Father Gibault reached the Illinois country in 1769, at the age of thirty-two, and until his death in 1804, he traveled extensively over the Western states, influencing the inhabitants to recognize the authority of the colonies, and to believe in the true religion. After a life of many hardships, he retired to the Spanish territory beyond the Mississippi, since his petition to the government for a grant of five acres of land had been disregarded. There he lived peacefully the few remaining years of his life.

"To him, next to Clark and Vigo," says Judge John Law, "the United States are more indebted for the accession of the states comprised in what was the original Northwestern Territory than to any other man." But, strange to say there was never a man in all history who accomplished work so great and so effective as Father

Gibault had, and who yet received so little recognition of it.

No county, town or post office bears his name, no monument has been erected to his memory, no headstone marks the grave (the location of which is unfortunately not known) of that zealous missionary, the effects of whose work we are enjoying today. At the present time, however, there is a movement on foot in this state that will preserve the memory of the "patriot priest." The State Council of the Knights of Columbus intends to establish in the near future the "Gibault Home," an institution for wayward Catholic boys. It will be but a fitting tribute to him who was always ready to make the most of opportunities for greater service of God and Country.

—Herbert Conway, '21.

My Pony

I had a little pony once,
His name was Ima Help;
He helped to prove that I'm a
dunce
So now I call him Whelp.
He stalled into my pocket last
Examination day,
One look into the feed-box cast
And then I turned away.
I tried to use him only once
And then the crisis came.
The teacher said he spied a dunce,
And called out Kinder's name.
The strong hand of the teacher
Led pony from exam;
I cannot tell what Brother said—,
Oh, what a fool I am.

—M. Kinder, '23.

A Near Tragedy

The wind howled. The snow fell furiously. A flake landed in his eye. He instinctively raised a hand, and immediately dropped three packages. He muttered something under his breath. He trampled on something under his foot. He gazed down. There lay three parcels. One of them was smashed flat. He grumbled something. It sounded like, "Now, what'll she say?" He picked up the three packages, tried to repair the broken one and at the same time dropped another. There came a faint tinkle of broken glass. He cast his eyes downward, muttered something indistinct, and kicked the package into the street. "Done with that one," he said.

With both arms embracing the numerous bundles he struggled across the street. There was an ugly look on his face that boded ill to someone. He leaned against a lamp post and clutched the packages fiercely.

The street car that he was waiting for came along. With great difficulty he boarded it. With greater difficulty together with dropping a few parcels, he paid his fare. A small boy deposited the dropped portions of his burden in his arms, and he beamed a look of thanks over the top of his load.

Slowly he made his way to a seat and very slowly sat down. Carefully he held on to the mass of things and waited with an air of resignation for his stop. It came. He clambered off successfully, was narrowly missed by an automobile, and then yelled to an urchin, "A dime if you help me

home." The lad was willing, even eager, and finally they reached their goal. The man opened the door of his home, the small boy followed, and together they dropped the purchases on the floor. The man's wife entered the room and said beamingly, "Oh, Henry, I've just sent John after you with the car."

—F. A.

On Making Excuses

You've heard and given all kinds of excuses during your life. Some were good; others not so good. Some you have believed; others you couldn't credit unless you were brainless. A good excuse is admired, but it takes a person with a great deal of wit and imagination to put it over. Originality is as essential to the excuser as it is to the comedian. Both are in the same class. Sometimes much depends on an excuse, as in the case of a sailor who returned to his ship some minutes over-leave. When brought before the "Skipper" and asked the reason for his delay, he replied in a most dignified manner: "Sir, while I was hurrying back to the ship, a parade passed by, and the band commenced playing *The Star Spangled Banner*. While I stood at attention the car pulled out for the Navy Yard and I had to wait an hour for the next one." The "Old Man" reflected a few moments, and then replied, "Well, I've heard better ones, but that excuse will save you a few days on white wine and angel food."

—M. B.

The Return

The water was becoming rough along the rocky coast line. The threatening clouds were scurrying faster and faster. A strong wind was sweeping off the sea, carrying with it the promise of rough weather. The fishermen were coming in, for it was apparent to their trained senses that a storm was brewing.

One of them slowly approached a rocky cave, carefully steered his dory through the maze of rocks projecting from the shallow water until the boat was grounded. He jumped out, splashed through the surf, and dragged the skiff high on shore, fastening it to a large rock evidently used for that purpose. It could now be seen that he was a man along in years.

He removed the nets and other fishing paraphernalia from the boat, and tramped over the wet sand of the beach to a shack sheltered in the lee of a rocky ledge. As he drew near, his wife opened the door and greeted him with the words, "Any news of John, Lem?"

"Not much," was his answer. "Met Amos out beyond the reef. He said he was over to the harbor day 'fore yesterday and that the *Niles* was overdue then five days. He heard there'd been quite a blow, so I s'pose that's what held it up." With these words the two went inside.

Within it was cosy and warm. Outside the wind was stiffening and blowing in cold from the sea. It was becoming dark, and the storm was growing in violence. A cold rain was falling and freezing to sleet. The dull roaring of the surf increased, and now and then

the waves would rush up on the shore and throw a chill mist over the little cabin.

They lighted the lamp, illuminating the interior. A stove stood in the center of the room. At one end was a rough, wooden table; at the other were three rude chairs. Along one side was a wide shelf and a small cupboard containing a meagre stock of dishes. On the other side was built a small extension to the building, containing two bunks.

The woman was now preparing supper. The fisherman had taken up a torn net and was deftly repairing its broken meshes. Not a word was spoken by either, and the silence was unbroken save for the rattle of the sleet as it struck the solitary window, and the shrieking of the wind as it swept around the corner of their home.

When the supper was ready the two drew chairs up to the table, and the fisherman offered a prayer. Nothing else was said, and the two ate for a while in silence. It was evident that something was weighing on their minds. Finally the woman spoke. "Our son surely didn't dock yesterday, Lem, for he would have been home by now. You know tomorrow is his birthday and he said the last time that he would be in port then, and that he would spend the day with us."

"I know," was all the man said, and once more silence fell on the two.

When they had finished eating and the dishes had been cleared away, the man returned to his net and his wife began to knit.

The storm was now at the height of its fury. The driving rain and

sleet lashed the building; the wind moaned mournfully, accompanied all the while by the booming of the waves as they rushed up the shore and broke into spray at the foot of the ledge.

Now and then the woman would lay her work aside and go to the window and peer through the icy coating into the darkness beyond. Usually she returned to her chair with a sigh, but this time she did not. "Lem, I believe that I just saw a rocket," she said.

The man excitedly arose from his place, went to the shelf and took down a telescope. He donned his oilskins, and opening the door, strode out into the elements with the glass under his arm. Raising it to his eye he gazed long and steadily, and then apparently satisfied, returned to the warm interior. "Yes," he said briefly, "it's on the reef. I s'pose the life crew from Pokeshaven will try to reach them. But it'll be a miracle if they make it," he added quickly; "everything's against them."

He returned to his task but his wife remained at the window for nearly an hour. Then she spoke. "I haven't seen a rocket for a long time now. Maybe they went down."

"Mebbe," was his terse reply.

She began to cry. "That might be John's ship," she remarked.

Several hours later both were aroused from their slumbers by a vigorous knocking on the door. The man arose and opened it. There burst in upon him the full force of the storm and with it two members of the life guard. Between them they supported a dripping figure which they carried in

and laid on the floor. The woman appeared and she fell on her knees beside the body. She turned over the head, and as she saw the features she uttered a shrill cry of "My boy." The two members of the life crew left to revisit their post and to render aid to whom-ever they could.

Meanwhile the two fisher-folk worked furiously to revive their son. At last his regular breathing showed that he was coming to, and soon he opened his eyes. "I knew that John would come home for his birthday," the mother said to her husband.

—Florian Arnold, '21.

A Mountain

Cold and still, bound in snow
Where gaunt trees rise in endless
row,

And the wind at the peak sings a
lasting psalm

While over all hangs a strange,
strange calm.

Far removed from the haunts of
man

It stands and has stood since the
world began,

Hidden and cloaked by the whirl-
ing snow

Falling to drift in the valley be-
low.

Enduring and grand in every way,
It greets the dawn of each new
day---

Our time is flitting, soon is past,
But through the ages the moun-
tains last.

—R. Neeb, '21.

Some men can rise only on an
elevator.

Devil's Gap

In Montana there is a place known as Devil's Gap. There, as the sun goes down it throws a huge shadow on the wall of a steep cliff a shadow the very image of Satan. Its diabolical countenance grins and twitches in the rays of the sinking sun, and seems to sneer at the puny works and ambitions of the laboring ranchers.

Under this devilish influence lived Jones, a cow-puncher. Jones, the fire-eater, the gun man, the terror of all, even of those who did not know him---seven dead men haunted him at night, and seven live men avoided him while the sun shone, or to be precise they avoided a meeting with him at any time. By some uncanny power, he knew when a man intended to draw a gun, and he always exercised the precaution of drawing, and inadvertently using his own gun three fifty-fourths of a second sooner. Old Doc Barry's remark applied to the other fellow: "Why shoot a man when you're already dead?" And so Jones lived and lorded it over his neighbors.

On one occasion he rode into the neighboring town of Buckskin got drunk, and shot a man, merely because he had an impression that the fellow though he couldn't shoot. And had you been watching the shadow of Beelzebub in Devil's Gap you would have seen it smile as the fatal shot was fired. By a strange coincidence all of the notorious Jones murders had occurred at the time when the sinking sun threw into strange relief the image of the Evil One, an

ly on such days did the phantom
 ace acquire that strange flicker of
 an evil smile.

On the day of the last great
 ones killing the aforesaid Terror
 of Buckskin rode towards the
 town. He entered the bar-room
 the only, and therefore the best
 hotel in the booming cattle town.
 He ordered a drink. A stranger
 ordered one at the same time, and
 had the audacity to drink his por-
 tion before the uncanny one had
 succeeded in placing himself on
 the outside of his own.

* * *

Far a way in Devil's Gap the
 shadow of a shadow twitched and
 cckered in a horrible convulsion
 laughter. A mountain lion
 gazed for a moment with a stupe-
 fied stare, and then precipitately
 fled.

Back in the little town of Buck-
 skin Jones was carried out of the
 best hotel.

—J. L.

A Leak Amidships

Bill Lawless walked out of the
 front entrance of a large apart-
 ment house. He glanced at his
 rickety-plated time-piece, adjusted
 his last summer's panama hat, and
 started walking. "Late again," he
 mused. Why was it that there was
 always this hurry, this invisible
 hand pushing men like himself on-
 ward, onward through the daily
 routine, only to find at dusk that
 they not only had not gained any-
 thing, but that they had slid back
 in the race of life? Now he must
 go to that infernal office to slave
 over huge books, and all for what?
 Only to close them at five-thirty
 and board an express for home.
 At seven o'clock he would don his

hat, kiss his wife good night, and
 as a matter of routine, remark,
 "Well, I'm going to the club." At
 the club he would shoot a few
 games of pool, play a few hands
 of rhum, and then at exactly
 eleven o'clock he would open the
 door of his apartment, enter, lock
 the door again and retire. He
 gritted his teeth as he thought of
 the monotony of it all. If he could
 only break away from it.

Each summer he took his wife
 with him and stayed at the beach
 for a week. But he had gone
 there so many consecutive sum-
 mers that the roar of the surf
 waves sounded like distant rum-
 bling jargon in his ears. He was
 a failure in life. He labored not
 for his own profit, or even with in-
 terest. He worked to live, to main-
 tain a dreary existence. He found
 no way to better his condition. In
 shore, he was in a rut, without a
 thought, an idea, an ambition
 which would change his position.
 Mrs. Lawless embodied all the at-
 tributes of a good wife. She was
 consistent, she taught him to save,
 she was a cheerful companion—in
 short she took care of him. But
 he did not want that. He wanted
 to be thrown into the world with
 no cares, but with many ambitions.
 Curse it all! Why wasn't his wife
 capable of firing him with ambi-
 tions, with inspirations that would
 help him to bring into use the
 qualities that he possessed?

That evening at five-thirty he
 boarded an express bound for
 home. Soon he was turning the
 knob on his apartment door. He
 called for his wife. The usual
 "Yes, dear," was not forthcoming.
 He wondered. Then his glance

fell on the small telephone stand. Propped against the telephone was a sheet of white note paper. Eagerly he picked it up. "Dear Bill," it read, "Please forgive me, but I can't continue as we have been doing. I have left for the good of us both. Elsa."

With a shout of delight he tossed the paper into the air, and jumped from the floor. Immediately his brain, formerly so inactive, began to formulate plans for the future. The first step, he decided, would be to enjoy the evening. But where? He went down to the club, as a matter of course, picked up a friend, and together they took in "The Follies." With a light heart he slept that night, and when the rays of light silently stole through the windows he awoke to what he thought was the beginning of a new era in his life. After dressing hurriedly he picked up the receiver of the telephone and made his firm aware of the fact that he had quit his job. The next thing in order was to see the landlord to cancel his lease on the apartment. He found out, however, that this could not be done until the end of the month. He then went to the bank and drew out the paltry sum that represented five years' savings. His warped mentality called for a change. The Beach! As a starting point, he would take a week's rest at the seashore.

That evening he registered at the "Seaside Inn," the most fashionable resort of the season. This he confidently hoped was the beginning of one of the wildest vacations he had ever spent. But as the end of the week drew near he

found that he was tiring of it all. The hum of social life was too much for him. He woke up in the mornings with splitting headaches, results of night spent in revelry. When his room engagement had run out he was glad to take a car for the city.

As he turned the key in the door of his apartment, he was surprised to smell the odor of cooking food-stuffs. As he opened the door, he was greeted by his wife, who between sobs of joy and sorrow told him how glad she was to see him back, and entreated him to live the old life over again.

"I'm willing," he answered.

—Herbert Conway, '21

Success

If one wishes to succeed he must be well acquainted with the Success Family. First comes the father, commonly known as Work. The mother is Ambition, and the oldest son, Common Sense. But there are still some other boys whom we ought to know. They are Perseverance, Honesty, Foresight, Thoroughness, Enthusiasm and Co-operation.

When one undertakes to do something he should call upon Perseverance, and have the courage to see it finished. But before he does this he should see Foresight in order to know definitely what he is going to do. After this he should have Honesty with him at all times. Then of course, he must know Thoroughness, so as to complete his work, and have Enthusiasm to see it through. Last of the boys is Co-operation, which can not be disregarded.

Now comes the oldest daughter

Character. Then there are her sisters: Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Sincerity, Courtesy, Care, Economy and Harmony. One should know all of them, but he must be intimately acquainted with Character. Last but not least in the baby, Opportunity.

But if one gets well acquainted with the "old man," he will be able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family, and thus be successful. —B. R.

Words

Does anyone realize the value and significance of those little parts of speech which we encounter in speaking, reading and writing? The ordinary person takes them as a matter of course, merely as a means of making himself understood, and does not comprehend their true value. If one would stop to consider their worth he would treasure them, for in their wide significance they are, in the hands of a word-lover, a mightier weapon than the sword.

In the great orator words become lasting testimonials of his eloquence. In the lawyer they become either convincing proof of innocence, or degrading evidence of guilt. In the judge they are either a fountain of hope or a source of despair. In the national officials they affect the rise or the fall of national prosperity. In the minister of God they become a bulwark of Christianity. In the hands of anyone who realizes their worth and uses them to their best advantage and strongest meaning they are sources of strength on every occasion. —R. N.

Abraham Lincoln

Looking down the ages, we find written on the pages of the history of every nation names of great men raised up to guide their country or their people through distressing times. In our land, when things looked darkest for the Republic, when the clouds of war were hanging over the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, when one-half of the states was ready to destroy the other half, there was held in waiting Abraham Lincoln to guide us through the greatest crisis since the Revolution. A simple, unaffected, self-educated man, Lincoln rose to the highest position in the land, and can deservedly be set up as a true example of noble American manhood. During the years that he steered our ship through the roughest storm of its national existence, the nobility of his character was manifested in every deed. He was a man quick in forgiving, but long in chastising. Many a poor wretch owed his life to the mercy of Lincoln, and many a mother's heart was gladdened by his sympathetic words. Well is he called "The Second Christ of the Negroes," since he sacrificed all for his principles, and resolutely adhered to the right, though eventually it cost him his life. With Washington, he stands out as one of the foremost figures in American history, for although Washington founded the Republic, Lincoln saved it from internal destruction. —J. M.

Don't waste a dollar's worth of time saving a penny.

THE ECHO

Vol. VI

FEBRUARY, 1921

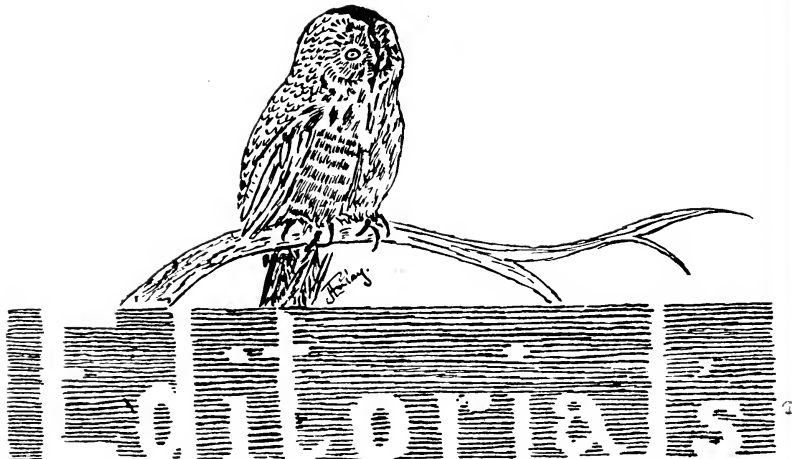
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Joseph Perrey, '23 Eugene Luley, '23 Donald Vordermark, '24

BUSINESS STAFF

Joseph Mungovan, '21 George DeWald, '21 Richard App, '21
Eugene Cull, '23



Washington---February twenty-second recalls to our minds the name of the immortal Washington. Every true American is familiar with the life, the endeavors, and the achievements of the great general of the Revolution, and it is but fitting that the nation show its appreciation for his efforts by paying him tribute and keeping sacred his memory. The name of Washington should be an inspiration to every loyal American. From his life we can learn lessons of sacrifice, courage and patriotism, a few of the virtues that were moulded in the moral principles that went to make up the

character of him who was, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

—H. C.

Higher Education---The existing aversion among many grammar school students to further education is one of the greatest evils of the country. The prevalent idea is that as long as a boy or girl, as the case may be, has a working knowledge of the elementary subjects no further progress is necessary.

Years ago when a high school student was a *rara avis*, and a college education was undreamed of,

save by a chosen few, such a condition of affairs was reasonable. But now when every profession and every business is dominated by keen, university-trained minds, it is a rare thing for one who is not so well educated to forge far ahead in any endeavor.

An outcome of these conditions is that many young men gifted with natural talents and ability are lost forever, buried in some work shop, forced to be content with crumbs, when with an education the best positions in the land would not have been too good for them. Too late do they see their mistake, and having natural thinking ability they turn to socialism as an outlet for their discontent. They see about them boys, perhaps their former companions, who, though of mediocre ability, have forged to the front because of an education. Ultimately carried away by their discontent, they ally themselves with Bolshevistic organizations and devote their lives to outrageous proceedings.

—R. N.

Procrastination---Progress in our studies is our chief object in coming to school. We like to think that we are advancing, going forward in our work; that our stock of knowledge is greater now than it was a year ago; that we are more capable, and better adapted to make our own way in life after this last year of study.

We know, all of us, that study, hard, self-sacrificing study is the only way we have of learning our lessons. To have knowledge, like all other things, we must work for it. Yet few of us are willing to

devote to study the time that we should. We put it off to a future time, an easier time, the vague tomorrow.

There are some who are studying, who are forging forward, climbing toward the summit, the goal of knowledge. To know, to be sure—that is their aim, and to attain it they study. The world is going on. Those who study are keeping up with it; those who procrastinate are falling behind.

—J. L.

Rabid Religious Radicals---A short time ago nearly all the newspapers were filled with reports concerning a movement to force the adoption of a Federal Constitutional Amendment compelling nation-wide Sabbath observance. Many of those who were active in the movement were listed as well known Prohibitionists. Others were only professional reformers of no standing. The Lord's Day Alliance which took the leadership in the movement stated that it was not its object to enact a law compelling one to attend church, but it was its belief that should theatres, sports, together with the driving of cars be stopped on Sunday, and a strict censorship be placed on the newspapers the people as a result would go to church.

Naturally anything of this sort helps to drive out religion rather than instil it into the hearts of the people. Sunday is a day of rest and should be spent as determined by the individual and the religion to which he belongs, and not by persons who have nothing better to do than endeavor to reform their neighbors to the neglect of their

own spiritual advancement.

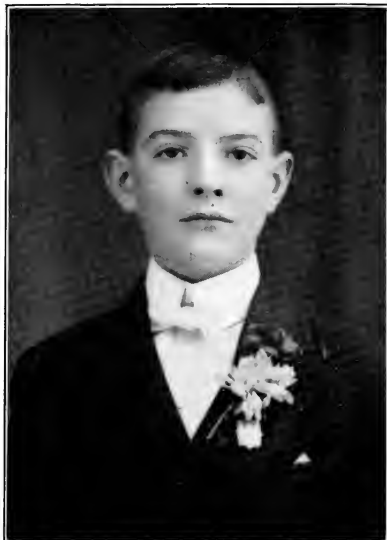
No doubt many newspapers exaggerated their reports of the activities of this collusion of narrow-minded individuals whose efforts may be summed up as a well meant but misguided ambition to rise to prominence.

—J. S.

Drifting---One of the tendencies of the present day is to move about from one thing to another. Those who are addicted to this nomadic spirit drift from place to place, from one occupation to another, never satisfied, never happy. Some of the nomads of this new order may have a definite goal in sight when they start, but this is soon lost in their wanderings, and they flounder about still discontented. Let us not imbibe of this drifting spirit. Some of us, when our four years of high school are over may wish to get away for a while from school and studies. We may not have our minds definitely made up as to what pursuit we shall follow; we may be uncertain of our calling. If these sentiments dominate us there is a strong probability that we will join the class that drifts and that in the end accomplishes nothing. Now in our high school days is the time to lay the foundation upon which our future is to be built, and to become certain of our life's work, for in uncertainty there is doubt and in doubt there is ruin.

—P. B.

The pessimist can see nothing but the mist, while the optimist can see through it.



ROBERT CRANSTON

Faculty and students were shocked on Thursday, December 9, at the sad news of the death of Robert Cranston, a member of the Junior class, who died suddenly on that morning of neuralgia of the heart. Robert had been ill for a few weeks, but his illness was not considered serious and it was thought that he had fully recovered; in fact he intended to return to school the day before his death, but he was advised to wait a few days longer.

During the two years that Robert attended the High School he was one of the most studious and best-liked boys in the school. Though of a quiet and retired disposition, he was, nevertheless, the most ready and foremost in all school activities. His calm and unassuming nature endeared him

to everyone, and though his death was a blow to all, we feel sure that he has received the reward promised to the faithful servant.

The funeral, which was held from the Church of the Precious Blood, was attended by the student body, who will frequently remember in prayer the soul of their departed companion. Faculty and students extend to the bereaved relatives their sincere and prayerful sympathy.

Monogram Sweaters

Just before the holidays the Activity Association held its regular monthly meeting. The entertainment was postponed, but during the meeting monogram sweaters were given to the members of the football team, and the basketball suits were distributed to those who made the basketball team. Those who received their letters are the following: J. Koehl, J. Mungovan, D. McDonald, R. Gordon, T. Mungovan, R. Stephan, E. Kramer, S. Miller, P. Miller, R. Neeb, A. Becker, P. Donahue, A. Centlivre, R. Rinehart, R. Suelzer, J. Clifford, C. Graf, and W. Bushman.

Alumni Support

It has often been said that the Alumni of the school are a rather lifeless organization, but we had ample proof during the holidays that there are many live wires among you. Leo Suelzer, '19, took the business end of the Alumni game into his own hands, and mailed tickets to every alumnus in town. As a general rule, all responded. In many cases the "old boys" didn't sell the tickets, but

they brought the price. As a result of their efforts a check of seventy-five dollars was presented to the athletic fund as a starting point for football activities next fall.

A Word of Thanks

From the opening of the school year there was talk of installing shower baths for the use of the various athletic teams, but it was not until the Christmas vacation that something definite was done. The showers were put in at a cost of more than two hundred dollars, and in order that the athletic fund might not be completely exhausted the following friends of the school contributed generously towards the cause: Miss Sadie Fleming, Messrs. Joseph Miller, Timothy Foohey, Harry Hogan, William O'Rourke, A. C. Aurentz, Frank Gilmartin, Byron Hayes, Wm. P. Breen, P. J. McDonald, Maurice Niezer, Charles Niezer, William Noll and Charles Nolan.

Students' Entertainment

It is indubitable that we owe a monument, if not of bronze or onyx, then at least of gratitude and praise to President Patrick Donohue, who, with his cordon of efficient co-laborers of the Sophomore class, is responsible for the first under-graduate play. "The Millionaire Janitor," a comedy in two acts, by Seymour S. Tibbals, is especially adapted to high school pupils. By a careful selection of characters, the play proved a great success with the audience. As usual, the orchestra furnished the music. The selections which

were most popular were "The Japanese Sandman" and "Margie."

The Students' Activity Association, under whose auspices the January program was given, is grateful to the young entertainers, and have expressed a desire for more such hours in the future.

We haven't space to mention anything save the grace and dignity of Pat Donahue, and the "Dutch highness" of Norbert Koehl. Of course there was Edmund Bresnahan with bells on in the noise and punching scene, and Eugene Wilkinson showed himself a perfect doll. All in all it was a memorable success, even if Cull and McEvoy were unavoidably restrained from telling the joke about Koehl's make-up.

Cast of Characters

Herman Schmaltz, the Millionaire Janitor.....	Norbert Koehl
Prof. Flogg, proprietor of a boys' school.....	Patrick Donohue
James Madison, Harold's father.....	Albert Schoenle
Harold Jennings, a future U. S. Senator.....	Raymond Murphy
Horatio De Algers, the studious boy.....	Eugene Wilkinson
Fubbs, Harold's chum.....	Michael Kinder
Skinner, one of the boys.....	Edmund Bresnahan
The Boys.....	Eugene Cull, Robert Litot, Russel Loney, Paul McEvoy

Favorite Pastimes of the Seniors

Jack Fox	Sleeping
R. Stephan	Showing his skill at drawing portraits
R. Neeb	Writing Poetry
J. Luley	Drawing Cartoons
E. Baker	Writing letters in class
Bob Gordon	Vergil
P. Berning	(Censored)
P. Miller	Testing the ducility of Chewing Gum
Conway	Trying to be funny
McDonald	Pulling off jokes and tricks

Locals and Personals

During the holidays many of the "old boys" who were home from school called around to talk over old times. Many of them spoke about having a real live Alumni meeting this June. How about it?

Brother Leonard, C. S. C., who is none other than the genial Joe Zuber, '19, is now in Dujarie Institute, the House of Studies of the Brothers of Holy Cross. Brother Leonard is anxious for his four years of study to be over to begin his life work.

Gordon Kelly, '18, is very important these days. According to reports, he's running the Ross College of Chiropractic while Dr. Ross is attending the State Legislature.

Myron Parrott, student in '10-11-12, is now in England doing journalistic work in the fiction department of the London Daily News. Recently the News and Sentinel under the heading "Fort Wayne Boys Who Have Made Good Away From Home," ran a column about his work.

Besides the Sophomores, the team had at least one rooter when it played at Indianapolis. Richard App was there, and we bet that Dick made himself heard.

Jerry Miller, '13, has charge of the printing of the Echo. Jerry as secretary-treasurer of the Superior Typesetting Co., is the whole works of that establishment, and sees to it that the job is done right.

In a recent number of the "Purdue Exponent," there was a ponderous answer to a question of the inquiring reporter. The author of

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it was none other than our former orator, William Gocke, '20, who is a freshman at Purdue University.

Brother Exupere, C. S. C., whom so many old students remember as an ideal teacher, writes from France that he is still at his favorite work. Brother Exupere is teaching in a normal school, preparing Catholic teachers to take government degrees.

Rev. John McCarthy, our former professor of religion, recently paid the faculty a visit to talk over old times. Father McCarthy, who is now pastor of St. Ann's Church, Lafayette, reported that he had the happiness of receiving Ralph Blume, '18, into the Church. Ralph is a sophomore at Purdue University.

"Bruff" Cleary is getting a great deal of publicity through the sporting columns these days. "Bruff's" name is among the list of certified referees in Spalding's "Basketball Guide." One paper in a nearby town went so far as to compare him while in action on a basketball court, to Billy Sunday.

Emmett Rohyans, '14, is one of the most enthusiastic and devoted supporters that the C. C. H. S. athletic teams have. Emmett is on hand for every game, and his words of advice and encouragement mean much to the team.

The Rector of the Cathedral, Rev. John R. Quinlan, helped us along in our Mission basketball game by making an announcement at all of the masses on the Sunday before the game, urging the people of the Cathedral Parish to buy tickets. We wish to thank Father Quinlan for his interest in our annual contest for the benefit of the

Holy Cross Mission in Bengal.

At least one of our graduates will witness the inaugural celebration next month. Frank Wyss, C. S. C., '14, is now pursuing his theological studies at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

Among the many supporters that the basketball team has, Fathers Dillon, Fitzgerald and Fallon deserve special mention. They, together with Brother William and Leo Suelzer, '19, got together on two occasions to play the varsity. The Clerical team, as they called themselves won both games by the narrow margin of three points.

Ensign Leon J. Baker, '14, now stationed at Port Key Washington, the Pacific Torpedo Station, is the latest C. C. H. S. graduate to join the benedicts. Leon was married to Miss Martha Berghoff of this city, in Seattle, February 5th. Congratulations and best wishes.

According to reports from Notre Dame, Aaron Hugunard, '18, is as studious and industrious as ever. Recently Aaron was appointed to be a reporter on the Notre Dame University Law Quarterly.

We wish to thank Leo Suelzer, '19, for his interest in the basketball team. Leo is around at all the games and his presence adds a lot of fight to the team. He had charge of the squad when it traveled to Ossian and Indianapolis, and on both occasions the team was victorious.

When the manuscript of the Echo was sent to the printer we were not in a position to give a full account of the proceeds of the Mission game, as all tickets were not in at that time.

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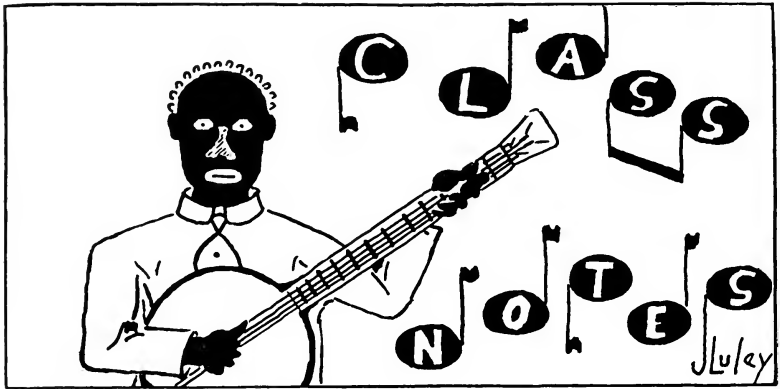
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SENIORS

"All's well that ends well," but the Class of '21 will never say that until June, and then they can say it and mean every word of the old quotation.

Well, the last time you heard of us, one of our classmates tried to ruin our reputation by giving you our history, but it is needless to say that he gave you only a shallow idea of us. We can't tell too much now because we intend to give a full account of ourselves in the graduation number.

Right now we are in a quandary; nothing happens, nothing seems to happen, and nothing seems to be going to happen. Of course there was the walk-out a month ago that was a failure (those who remember the Fort Wayne High game know the reason for the threatened walk-out), but it caused a good bit of excitement. Thanks to Logic Class, we saw our mistake before it was too late. Only a few—not to mention any names—who come late for class rather frequently couldn't

reason as well as the rest of us, and consequently were at a loss what to do.

Just now we are a little uneasy about one thing, and that is the annual banquet that the Juniors give to the Seniors. Someone said that judging by the size, we won't say ambitions, of the Junior Class, we can expect our "feed" at a wiener stand.

Our class now numbers twenty-seven. Bill Haley and Ken Logan couldn't hold on any longer, and consequently fell by the wayside. For any information about our individual members, we would direct you to "Over the Party Line," the safety-valve of the Seniors.

JUNIORS

Monday, January 3rd, found us back in our places after two weeks Christmas vacation. After some advice had been given to us, we all took a resolution to settle down to hard work.

Our class takes great interest in Chemistry experiments on Friday afternoons, but some of our more

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delicate members, like Dickerson and Mills, find it hard to stand the different gases. Cicero has a strong hold on us, as we are infected by his first two orations, and we are wondering that if the writing of them affected him as much as the translation did us how he ever survived to write more than two. We are sorry he did.

Our room has been flooded with class papers, since Fields' greatest ambition is to be a noted editor. We have our doubts as to whether or not he will succeed, as he has already tried to publish four papers, each one of which was a failure. We wish to correct the statement made in the last number of the Echo that the "Junior's Jazzy Journal" had given way to the "Junior World." The Junior World never was published but the Jazzy Journal makes its appearance each Wednesday with its regular news features.

Some of our members are becoming famous. Schiffli has developed a mania for Spanish; Koehl and Mills for Commercial Arithmetic, while Dickerson stars in all classes. Mills as the new class president adds much weight to his arguments. Foohey's monthly oration is, "Friends, Juniors, Classmates, pay me your coin."

SOPHOMORES

Sophomore notes don't mean music, but there are charms about us all the same. We are the only class in school that has suffered no defections so far. We must not toot our horn too loud for we nearly lost Burt Rossington when he started a riot by wearing his new sweater to school. The

prompt action of certain members of the faculty luckily saved poor Burt's life.

When Brother William made it known that he would like to install showers, McKiernan and Donahue hustled about and found a good number of loyal friends who gladly helped defray part of the expenses. Speaking of getting around, Eugene Cull has worn out a couple pair of shoes doing Echo work; while the whole class tried to do its level best to sell tickets for the Bengal Mission game.

Although our basketball activities are recorded elsewhere, we must remark here that we have one of the fastest class aggregations in the city—if not in the whole state. Of our victories, we are especially proud of our putting it all over the local Senior class; the Indianapolis C. H. S. Juniors; the F. W. H. S. Seconds and the C. C. noisy Freshmen. Rinehart represents our class on the Varsity team, and if dope works out, all we'll have to do is join Captain Koehl and change our name to that of varsity next year.

We have become so popular that the K. of C. manager came and asked us to usher at their Concordia games. We were willing and glad to go. "Stand please," "You're in the wrong seat," "Let me down," "Where is your stub?" have become common expressions with us; but if we'd attempt to tell what some of the fans call us it would never pass the censor.

"Our Millionaire Janitor," the Sophomore play, was a "howling" success. 'Tis hard to tell who should get the cauliflower, as all

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performed remarkably well, but Herman Schmaltz and Prof. Flogg were especially good.

We are glad to state that our class weekly, the "Bull," is growing. We have put out a couple of double issues lately. If Perrey, the printer, can only keep up with the work the enlargement will be permanent.

We are sorry our space has been limited. We'd like to tell you about our Christmas sweaters. We have all the colors from Joseph's scriptural garment to a convict's Sing Sing colors. We've had to cut out all our vacation stuff because the Echo management said we had too much space in the last issue. That was because we had so much to write about; and moreover, "If we toot not our own horn our horn remaineth untooted."

FRESHMEN

All hands on deck for the "Freshie's ship." Our voyage is in the hands of Captain Sorg. Little Charlie Graf runs the roulette wheel in the saloon, while Raymond Stier is our helmsman. We trust to Herber to fill the quartermaster's post as long as Hogan is our purser. As stokers, we have Cleston Erb, Wayne Bushman, Lester Conners, Ross Pettit and Arthur Volz. Chief Mate Vordermark has selected two well known birds as mascots. We know we can't be lonesome with a Parrot and a Martin flying about. A slender Lilly in a Brown vase adorns the Captain's table, while Swift and Husselman hop around in quick succession. We've got a little Storey that Stier Beloted out

to Junk, so without any further punning we think our ship is destined to have a safe voyage. We hope to strike no rocks before we reach the end of our cruise in June.

No one to look at us now would think we are the same "freshies" that looked so timid in September. We stick out our chests and carry more books home than do all the other classes put together. There is nothing slow about us except our growth, and our science teacher tells us not to worry about such little things.

Besides our regular freshmen team which has won five out of eight games, we have three other basketball teams in the second league. The Chicks, the Wolverines and the Whirlwinds have been battling it out with the Gastons and the Nobles of the sophomores. The Chicks won the first series and are now making good headway on the second.

Our cosmopolitan team composed of Ralph Torres from Mexico City, Mexico; Arthur Wingerter from Buffalo, New York; Edwin Schuckle from New Haven; Eugene Husselman from Auburn, and Edwin Maley from Arcola, has challenged the winners of the second league to a post season game to be played for the benefit of the foreign missions.

We recently organized a "Names is Names Club" and if "Duke McDuke" is not careful he will have to take a back seat. We got the best list of dime novel names of any class in school.

Just watch this space next time. You'll hear more about us in the next issue.

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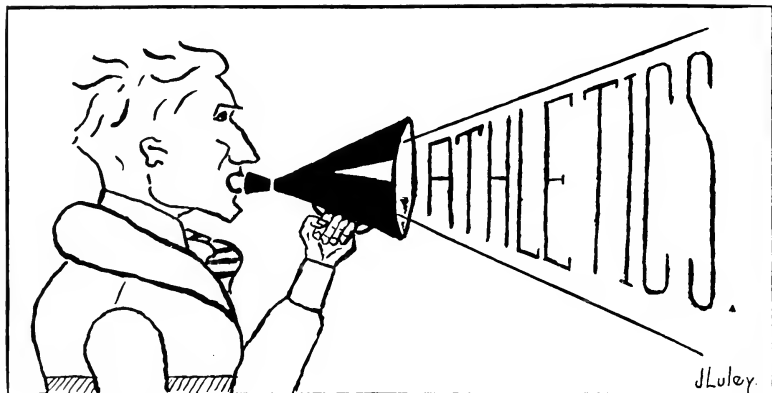
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With six members of last year's varsity back and all the seconds to rely on, we were looking forward to one of the most successful seasons ever enjoyed by a C. C. H. S. basketball team. Eddie Kramer and "Sub" Miller were out of the game indefinitely due to injuries received in football, but there was plenty of material on hand to fill their places. The one thing, however that made the outlook brightest was the fact that Brother William secured Ralph Miller, third baseman on the Philadelphia National League baseball team, and forward on the K. of C. world-beating quintet, for our coach. Under his expert tutelage the team learned more basketball than any former C. C. H. S. squad ever dreamed of. The team started out in whirlwind fashion, winning four straight games. Then came the Alumni game, and as a result of it the varsity seemed to become totally disorganized. Not until the latter part of January did it hit its old stride. By that time, however, some of the best games on the schedule were lost.

The members of the team are: J. Koehl (Captain), G. DeWald, P. Miller, R. Neeb, M. Boland, S. Miller, T. Mungovan, A. Becker and R. Rinehart.

Games

The first game of the season was played December 3rd with the Alumni five. DeWald and T. Mungovan were barred from playing, but despite this the varsity maintained precedent and defeated the grads 18 to 14. The game was fast and well played throughout. The old boys led at the rest period, 9 to 8, and kept the advantage until near the end of the second half when Paul Miller sent the C. C. H. S. to the front with two long shots in rapid succession. All of the Alumni played a good game, while Bushman with four field goals led in the scoring.

Lineup and summary:

C. C. H. S. (18)		Alumni (14)
P. Miller.....	F.....	Centlivre
McDonald.....	F.....	Zurbuch
Koehl.....	C.....	Suelzer
Becker.....	G.....	Bushman
Boland.....	G.....	Rohyans-Beuret
Field goals—Miller 3, McDonald 2, Koehl 1;		
Bushman 4, Centlivre 1.		
Foul goals—Koehl 6; Suelzer 4.		

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A week later the team met Ossian and won 16 to 14. The contest was declared to have been the best ever played at Ossian. At no time did more than four points separate the two teams. Although the small ground floor and the low rafters were a great handicap, superior basket-shooting and team work kept the C. C. in the lead.

December 17th the varsity traveled to Lima, Ohio, to play the St. Rose High Quintet. The slippery floor and the net which enclosed the entire court proved handicaps, but the C. C. H. S. boys put up a splendid passing game, time after time working the ball down to the basket. Both teams played a fast game, but the accurate shooting of Miller's charges won 26 to 12. The first half ended 15 to 11 in our favor. The expert guarding of DeWald and Boland in the second half kept the Lima boys from registering a single field goal.

December 22nd the C. C. H. S. played its second home game, winning from Garrett H. S. 36 to 25. The game was hard fought and fast throughout but the accurate shooting and the fine passing of the C. C.'s made the outcome certain. Beeber was high scorer of the evening, getting eight field goals. Paul Miller was the leading point-getter for the varsity with six field goals, while DeWald at running guard gathered in five.

During the Christmas vacation all the members of the '18-'19 team were back from college, and as is the custom, played the varsity. Miller's proteges entered the contest with small hopes of winning, but they put up a good exhibition, even though they were

defeated 33 to 12. The advantage in weight, reach and experience was with the old boys, and everyone of them was in tip-top condition after a month of college training. In the second half the C. C. H. S. put up a fine passing game, but had hard luck in shooting. Everyone of the Alumni put up a stellar exhibition, while Koehl played the best game for us. The C. C.'s not only lost the game, but also the services of Boland, star back guard, who injured his arm.

Lineup and summary:

C. C. H. S. (12)	Alumni (33)
DeWald-MungovanF.....	Doriot
P. Miller.....F.....	Logan
Koehl-DeWaldC.....	Suelzer-Costello
S. Miller.....G.....	Bushman
BolandG.....	Costello-Centlivre

Field goals—Koehl 2; Doriot 6, Logan 5, Costello 3, Bushman 2.

Foul goals—Koehl 8; Logan 1.

It was a bruised and battered team that took the floor against Decatur H. S. the night following the Alumni game. Weakened by the loss of Boland at back guard, the C. C. H. S. was forced to acknowledge a 19 to 15 defeat. The game developed into a regular rough and tumble contest, and the football games last fall amply proved that the C. C.'s weren't there when it came to winning a football game.

January 7th, Monroe H. S. invaded the C. C. camp. Reports forewarned us to expect a real battle, and the game proved the reports to be true, for Monroe had the best high school team that played on our court so far this season. Luck seemed to go against the team, for before the first half was well under way, DeWald was forced out of the game with injuries and Koehl soon followed

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him to the showers. With both regular guards and the center out of the lineup, the C. C. H. S. was defeated 28 to 13.

A week later the entire squad with the exception of Boland went to Decatur for a return game. After the most exciting contest seen on the home team's court in several years, the C. C. H. S. lost out 22 to 20 after battling ten minutes overtime. In the first overtime period neither team scored, but in the second Decatur scored two field goals to our one.

For the first time in the history of the C. C. H. S. regular season games were scheduled with the Fort Wayne High. The first game was played on our court. January 18th, and after a fast and hard fought contest the F. W. H. S. won, 23 to 15. The varsity took the lead and held it the greater part of the first half until the expert free shooting of Morse, the visitors' forward, gave his team the lead. The score at the half-way mark was 12 to 9. The second half was as fast as the first, but C. C. H. S. hopes of victory went dwindling when Koehl was retired because of four personal fouls. The game was rough in spots, but this was due to the intense rivalry of the two teams. Morse and Adams played a stellar game for the winners, while Koehl and P. Miller were the best bets of the C. C. H. S. "Sub" Miller played his first game of the season, working at his old position, running guard.

Lineup and summary:

C. C. H. S. (15)	F. W. H. S. (23)
P. Miller.....F.....	Morse
DeWald-Mungovan.....F.....	Welch
Koehl-DeWald.....C.....	Wilson

S. Miller.....G.....	Adams
Boland.....G.....	Possell
Field goals—Koehl 3, P. Miller 2, S. Miller 1; Morse 3, Adams 2, Wilson 2, Welch 1.	
Foul goals—Koehl 2, Mungovan 1; Wilson 1, Morse 6.	

The following Friday the varsity met its old time rival, Ossian H. S., and made ample amends for the defeats that it suffered at the hands of the visitors last year. At no time were the C. C.'s in danger. The final score was 26 to 11. Koehl was high scorer of the evening with five field goals.

The night following the Ossian game, January 22, the team played the Cathedral High of Indianapolis in the Capitol City. Displaying a brand of team work that was a revelation to their followers and outplaying their opponents in all departments, the C. C. H. S. triumphed 26 to 17. During the first half, which ended 13 to 2 in our favor, the home quintet failed to make a single field goal. While every member of both teams displayed a good brand of ball, the wonderful guarding of Boland, the all-around playing of Koehl, and the speed of Paul Miller attracted much comment.

Lineup and summary:

C. C. H. S. (26)	Cathedral High (17)
P. Miller.....F.....	Mooney
Neeb-DeWald.....F.....	Ruckelhaus
Koehl.....C.....	Trenck 5
S. Miller.....G.....	O'Connor
Boland.....G.....	Hartnett-Harmon
Field goals—Koehl 5, P. Miller 3, Neeb 1, S. Miller 1, DeWald 1; Trenck 5, Mooney 2.	
Foul goals—Koehl 4; Trenck 3.	

When Petroleum H. S. came here for the next game on the schedule, C. C. H. S. followers were looking forward to enjoy the brand of ball that the varsity played at Indianapolis, but they were greatly disappointed. With several second-string men in the lineup in the first half, the C. C. H. S.



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quintet had everything its own way. In the second half the regular team took the floor, but could not get started. The game ended 16 to 15 in favor of Petroleum.

—A. Becker, '21.

Sophomore Games

Our plucky five has won thirteen games so far and have lost but four. We opened the season on December 1st, with a defeat at the hands of the St. John's Lutheran Society, by a score of 24 to 22. We redeemed ourselves a few nights later by a score of 26 to 16. We then met the local Freshmen and walloped them. While we were in a winning streak, we took on the Cagers and won by a score of 40 to 4. On December 9, we duplicated the same on the Cavaliers by a score of 42 to 8.

After winning four straight games, we met the St. John's team to play the rubber of our series with them and lost by a score of 18 to 16. Our next great victory was over the South Side Cagers when we piled up 40 points to their 6.

On January 7, we had what we consider the best game of the season so far. The strong E. A. C.'s played us a hard game, but as the playing progressed, our opponents lost ground and we won by a double score of 24 to 12. Ten days later the same team returned and handed us a defeat by a score of 20 to 16.

Our first out of town game was with the Cathedral High Juniors of Indianapolis. It was a clean, sportsmanlike game in which we proved ourselves the victors by a score of 13 to 11.

Lineup: Joe Clifford, Pat Donohue, Guards; Edwin O'Neill, Center; Austin Centlivre, Edwin McCarthy, Forwards; Norbert Koehl, Thomas McKiernan, Utility.

Freshmen Games

Our husky little first team has played six games so far this season. We won the four games we had any hopes of winning, as the other two teams were above our class. We haven't made much of a reputation in athletics, but Graf and Bushman intend to bring us to the top next year.

Games:

Dec. 10—Sophomores 30; Freshmen 20.
Jan. 3—Yale A. C.'s 13; Freshmen 17.
Jan. 10—Hamiltons 32; Freshmen 12.
Jan. 17—Eagle 2nds 13; Freshmen 39.
Jan. 24—S. S. Cagers 16; Freshmen 41.
Feb. 1—F. A. A.'s 12; Freshmen 24.
Lineup—Bushman, Torres, Forwards; Graf, Center; Echert, Sorg, Guards; Belot, Borntrager, Utility.

The peppiest basketball organization in school is the Junior League composed of two teams from the Sophomore Class and three from the Freshmen. Two games are played every week, and the little fellows are uncovering some real basketball. The Chicks won the first series of games, going through the schedule without a defeat. The Wolverines look like the logical winners of the second series.

Scores of the first series games:

Chicks (Freshmen), 18; Whirlwinds (Freshmen), 11.
Nobles (Sophs), 25; Wolverines (Freshmen), 12.
Chicks, 24; Gastons (Sophs), 16.
Wolverines, 30; Whirlwinds, 13.
Chicks, 13; Wolverines, 12. (Five minutes overtime.)
Gastons, 16; Nobles, 12.
Chicks, 14; Nobles, 8.
Gastons, 21; Whirlwinds, 13.
Nobles, 28; Whirlwinds, 18.

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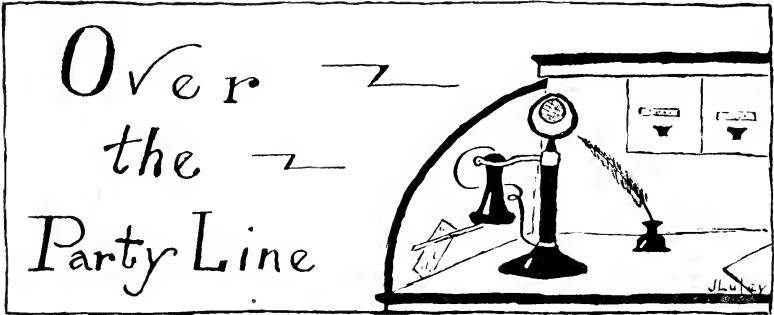
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Just because Ed. Baker has the "touch system," don't think that he is crooked. He operates a type-writer.

Marcellus Magers must have ambitions for becoming a doctor. Right now he has a hypodermic needle, and the dizzy stuff that goes into a poor victim's arm. He explains all about it to the startled freshmen.

Mike Young is our Latin mystery this year. We wonder where he gets his correct Latin duties.

Gordon and Becker still pester us by writing jokes on the black board. Once in a while they manage to put on a good one.

McDonald, our president, has issued a proclamation to the effect that Ivo Herber will have to drop out of the Senior Class if he brings any more grape juice around.

The Seniors now admit that App has the biggest mouth in school. Many aspirants are trying for second place.

Did you know that Boland can be funny? Well, it's possible; ask

the gang that went to Lima.

Remember about the girl and Heiny's Grocery in last year's book? Ask Micky about her now, and then run.

App and Tom Mungovan are the rival Romeos of the Senior Class.

New Haven is wondering who the little darling is with the big Peerless.

Mystery---What does R. S. T. mean?

Mike Young joined the K. of C.'s, and the day after the initiation failed to come to school. What happened, Mike?

Gordon is now called "Farewell," because he's so long.

Famous saying: "Don't miss anything, Passino."

Curious: Who put the gum in McDonald's gym shoes?

Dick App got ambitious before the holidays and worked his Latin out after school.

It is rumored that Bruff Cleary is going to wear a full dress suit to a dance in the near future.

Young doesn't mind his own business because if he did no one would pay any attention to him.

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Kramer passes a certain house on Brackenridge Street nearly every day and he's taking dancing lessons, too. There's a reason.

Herber sold a hog the other day and then stopped in a restaurant and spent the money on a pair of pork chops.

DeWald has two ears, and thus can put a pencil on one and a pen on the other.

Since Roth began bookkeeping he parts his hair in the middle so it will balance.

New Year's celebration had a bad effect on the fleshy folds that surround Dick App's mouth.

Someone ought to donate some mucilage and adhesive tape to mend a few voices in the Glee Club.

Did anyone notice the encyclopedias on the senior's desks? They are just there to hold the desks down.

Looking at the size of the Junior Class it seems that the Senior Banquet will be held at a wiener stand this year.

Becker is becoming known as the "great lexicographer."

Snuff was scattered about the Senior room one morning. It worked.

Haley boasts that he is going to build a garage for Gordon's feet.

Notice---Joe Mungovan was seen to smile on January 7th.

Important---School reopened January 3rd. Haley was among those present.

Cleary's refereeing is proving a regular mint. Bruff is especially popular in many of the nearby towns. They all like to have an *ex-college* man referee their games.

According to Kramer everyone is inspired to write a story once a year. That's why he wrote one.

When do we eat? (Signed) The Seniors.

The latest addition to the Party Line is in the Brother's House. Brother Owen's morning calls have a marvelous effect on skivers.

No, that's not a convict. That's McKiernan with his new sweater.

Get in touch with the "Big Four." Cleary, '21, Mills, '22, Clifford, '23, and Eckert, '24. Brother Gilbert takes a deep interest in the new organization.

Senor Torres of Mexico City is learning English very rapidly. He knows all the basketball slang already.

Russell Loney is improving his penmanship in order to maintain the ancient pronunciation of his name, and yet he sometimes makes a "u" instead of an "o."

O'Neill ate a package of raisins before the whole class the other day. Guess he must be a raisin jack.

Windy McKiernan didn't last long as a coach at the Lyceum. The girls soon ditched him.

Robert Boyle of Hesse Cassel is a great friend of Ceasar. He takes him home with him every night.

Rinehart doesn't trust the banks of Arcola anymore. He almost cashed in his checks on one of the railroad banks there during the holidays.

Seems that everyone wanted to tell his teachers how he spent Christmas, but when it came to New Years everyone was mum. How about it, Austin?

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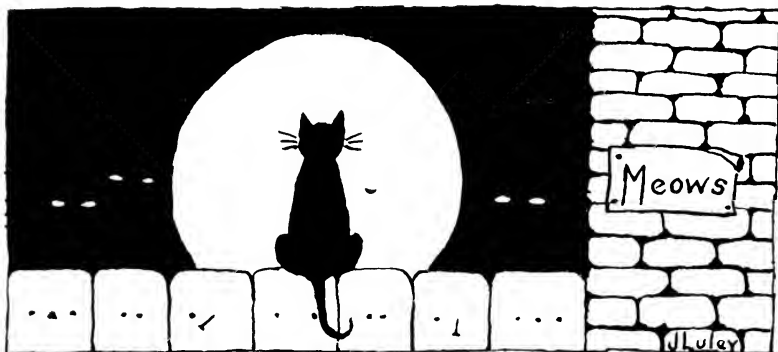
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Professor: Force times distance equals work.

Gordon: Air resistance is also a great factor.

It says here that a man never retires on the money he has spent. What about the man who sleeps on a bed that he has bought?

A new parody---Comin' through with the Rye.

Headline in a Fort Wayne Paper---Three Autoists Fined For Illegal Parking in City Court This Morning.

Neeb: Who was the ancient who is supposed to have supported the world?

Stephan: Atlas.

Neeb: But who supported him?

Stephan: I don't know; I guess he married a rich wife.

"Do you have face powders?"

"Yes, we have them."

"Love Me?"

"It will cost you seventy-five cents for that."

Striefus: It would be awful if a train hit this street car with this big crowd on.

T. Mungovan (who intends to be an undertaker): Now you're talking business.

DeWald: Hey, Jake, hand me a match.

Miller (about ten feet away): Do you think I am Gordon?

Brother William (between halves): Paul Miller is the only one whose playing is up to form, and Tom Mungovan is the only one who uses his head on the floor.

Sub Miller: No wonder he's always getting his head bumped.

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Monday Morning, January 3

Brother Owen: Rossington, you're late again.

Rossington (sleepily): Yes, Brother, but this is the first time this year.

McEvoy: Sure, McKiernan was at the game.

Stranger: Why, I didn't see him.

McEvoy: Well, you see he had his mouth open yelling all the time.

Schoenle (in the early hours delivering papers): What are you doing with the spot-light?

Becker: Searching for daylight.

Suelzer: Where do the billions of pins manufactured annually, go to?

Donahue: Darned if I know. The blamed things are always headed in one direction and pointed in another.

Brother Daniel: How many of those questions have you got, Fink?

Fink: All of them, Brother.

Brother Daniel: Already? What have you got for the first one?

Fink: I haven't got any of them answered yet, though.

Teacher: Can you give a logical definition of a chair, Gordon?

G. Gordon: A chair is a seat to sit on with a back.

"Heinie" Bresnahan says, "Don't despair of cider as long as you have Adam's Apple.

DeWald: Hey, Pud, look at that sign across the street. The dude says he'd run a mile for a Camel cigarette.

Koehl: That's nothing. I'd run around the bases after a Lucky Strike.

Expert tutors
Have labored in vain
To make an impression
On Dickerson's brain.

If Parrot is a bird, is John A. Martin?

If Husselman is in a hurry, is Harry Swift?

First Sophomore: I smell rubber burning.

Second Sophomore: Well, go soak your head in a rain barrel.

"I want a bottle of Wine of Pepsin."

"Sorry, but all we have left is wood alcohol."

An American soldier describing a lilac bush to a Frenchman gave its height as fifty feet. The Frenchman replied, "I wish I could lilac that."

Teacher: Who were some of the most despised people?

Student: Charley Horse.

Teacher: Who was Charley Horse?

Student: He's the fellow who put the kink in Mr. Muscle.

Put a crown on Joe Mungovan's head and give him some authority, and "Wuff! Wuff! I own the world."



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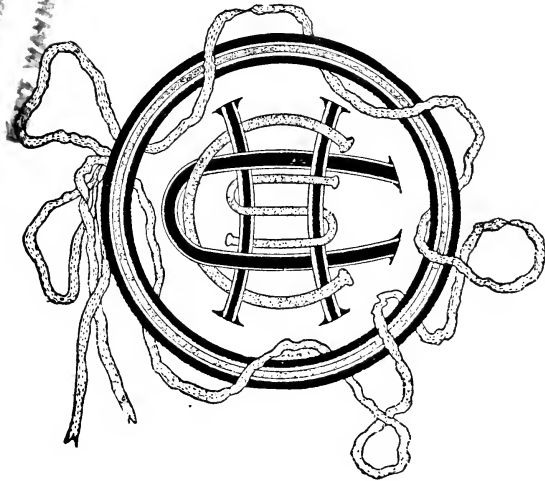
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Entered as Second Class, December 15, 1919, at the Post Office at Fort Wayne, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879

Subscription per year, Fifty Cents

Single Copy, Fifteen Cents

VOL. 6

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA, MAY, 1921

NO. 3

In Memoriam



Reverend John R. Quinlan

In the death of Reverend John R. Quinlan, Rector of the Cathedral, the Fort Wayne Diocese lost one of its most zealous priests, and the Cathedral Parish one of its ablest pastors. Father Quinlan's work in Fort Wayne at the Cathedral covered a period of nearly nineteen years; as assistant pastor, from 1890 to 1897, and then as rector from 1910 until his death. When he became pastor of the Cathedral its total indebtedness was almost \$60,000. Before very many years this was liquidated. Then he built the Cathedral Boy's School, sham-rocked the church, and recently installed a new heating plant—all at a cost of more

than one hundred thousand dollars, and yet the last annual report showed that the Cathedral Parish is entirely free from debt. And the large amounts necessary to defray these expenses were collected by Father Quinlan in his own inimitable way, without too great insistence on his part. Successful in his parish work from a business standpoint, he was equally successful in the spiritual guidance of the large congregation confided to him.

But in the small world of our school life, the Central Catholic High School lost one of its interested friends and constant supporters. Altho the C. C. H. S. is not a parish school Father Quinlan was always deeply interested in its welfare. He was one of us at our entertainments, oratorical contests, and commencements. Always interested in public speaking, he was the donor of the gold medal awarded annually to the winner of the Junior elocution contest. But as boys of the C. C. H. S. we shall remember Father Quinlan for the interest he has taken in our athletics. Every year he had given us the use of Library Hall for our basketball games. His zeal in behalf of the school was manifest in many other ways—ways which will make his loss keenly felt. Faculty and students mourn his death.

The Birds

God keeps the angels,
But seeing our dearth
He became compassionate
And sent birds to earth.

And now in the woodlands
Their singing abounds,
Grand peons of joy,
Wondrous sounds.

No doubt the angels
With their songs of love
Sing far more sweetly
In heaven above.

But for the present
I rest content
To list to these minstrels
By Heaven sent.

R. Neeb, '21.

Father Badin

When a man devotes his entire life to the interests and welfare of his fellow beings he is deserving of praise, and should be held in grateful memory. More so should this be true when he overcomes many and great obstacles in the performance of his charitable labors. A man of this kind was the Reverend Stephen Theodore Badin. He is of especial interest to us, however, not because of his missionary enterprises merely, arduous as they were, but because they often benefitted the early inhabitants of our city. To quote from Father Benoit: "The few Catholics that resided here (Fort Wayne) were visited for the first time on record on the first of June, 1830 by Very Reverend Stephen Theodore Badin, the first ordained priest in the United States."

Born in Orleans, France on July 17th, 1768, Father Badin was given the saintly name Stephen Theodore. Because of his early extraordinary mental faculties, it was

decided that his should be a classical education. When he was of the proper age he entered Montaignu College, Paris, where he remained three years. Then feeling the call to the sacred ministry he took up his studies in the Sulpician Seminary at Orleans. Two years later the seminary was dissolved as a result of the French Revolution. Because of the fact that the Bishop of Orleans had taken the odious Constitutional Oath, the youth decided not to receive ordination at the hands of such a man, and consequently in March, 1792, he sailed for America in the company of two priests. This incident shows the strength of his moral principles, for America at that time was little more than a wilderness.

Shortly after his arrival in this country he was ordained on May 25th, 1793, in St. Peter's Cathedral, Baltimore by Bishop Carroll. His was the first ordination in the United States. As at that time there was no priest in the Kentucky missions, the bishop appointed him to attend to the spiritual wants of the Catholics in that district.

With the vicar general, Father Barrieres, for a companion the young priest started for the field of his missionary activities. Travelling on foot and by flat boat for three months, they finally arrived at Lexington where on the first Sunday of Advent Father Badin said his first mass in Kentucky. The two priests were on the mission but two years, when for the sake of the shepherdless flock of Louisiana, Father Badin sacrificed his only helper, and took entire charge of the Kentucky missionary field. Although Father

Badin did not feel called to the mission labors of this section, he never complained because as he said, "Nothing that is done for God is done in vain."

It would be difficult to conceive the hardships, anxieties, and privations he was forced to endure. In all seasons, by day and by night, his task led him through forests, over flooded rivers, and amid the tomahawks of Indians, where he was constantly exposing his life. It was necessary for him to contend single-handed with ignorance, prejudices, and the bitter hostility of sectarians. The three hundred Catholic families of his mission were scattered over an area of more than one hundred and twenty miles. Hence he spent much of his time in the saddle. It is estimated that he traveled more than 100,000 miles by this method alone.

After some years of intense labor, two fellow-missionaries were sent to aid him, but shortly afterward one died as a result of an accident. Better times, however, were at hand. One by one missionaries came to Kentucky until in 1808 Bardstown became an episcopal city.

In 1819 Father Badin visited his native France where he remained until 1828. During a few years of his stay there, he was in charge of parish work. While abroad he published a "Statement of the Missions in Kentucky" with a view of arousing interest in the work that was so dear to him. He secured the Trappists for Gethsemane, and several secular priests for the missions.

On his return he went back to Kentucky, remaining there until,

in the autumn of 1830, he went to Cincinnati. This trip seemed providential, for at that very time the Pottawatomie Chief, Pokagon, induced the Very Reverend Gabriel Richard, Vicar General of the Diocese of Cincinnati, to secure Father Badin for the neglected Indian mission on the St. Joseph River, near South Bend, where the University of Notre Dame now stands.

When the veteran priest took up his work among the Pottawatomies the Baptists abandoned the mission attempted by them, and he was encouraged in his efforts to revive the teachings of the early missionaries. He was aided in his teaching office by a Miss Campou, a skilled linguist, and by Eliza Jackson, both devoted and fervent co-workers, who are styled by early historians as "Charity Sisters." Here he purchased a section of land from the Government and built a log chapel as early as 1831. This was the first church in the diocese of Fort Wayne. From this center the proto-priest of America attended not only the Indians, but also the French people in the villages of South Bend, Huntington, Wabash, Peru, Logansport, and the present sees of Chicago and Fort Wayne. His recorded visits to our own city bear the dates from June 1st, 1830 to September 5th, 1834. In a letter written at Huntington on September 23rd, 1834 he mentions having procured a town lot in Fort Wayne on which to build a church for the needs of about one hundred Catholic families in and about the village.

In 1836, his health, weakened by strenuous labors, broke down, and

he was relieved of the mission. He then returned to Cincinnati, where he devoted much of his time to literary work. The most prominent of his writings are his "Letters to an Episcopalian Friend," which were published in the *Catholic Telegraph* in the same year. In 1837 he went to Bardstown where he acted as vicar general, at the same time attending several missions. This was no small task for a man in his seventies, but Father Badin performed his work cheerfully, knowing that he was working not for men but for God.

A missionary's life is one of hardship, and from the time that Father Badin followed the Divine call the cross was his portion. As a young man he had been driven out of France by the Revolution. As a young priest he was sent to a mission which was not only against his natural preferences, but which was so extensive and inconvenient that it was, from a human standpoint, discouraging and impossible. As a man, venerable with age, he found his companions to be men of another generation, whose views, though often more enlightened, were contrary to those of the aged and experienced missionary priest. Father Badin would never quarrel, but would change his residence when he met with any difficulty with his fellow priests or his superiors in the hierarchy.

On May 25th, 1843, the venerable priest celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination in far away Baltimore. Three years later he became pastor of Bourbonnais Grove, Illinois. He spent the years of 1848-49 with his old friend, Bishop Flaget, in Kentucky. Thence he made his way to Cin-

cinnati where he went about helping overburdened priests. During the last eleven years of his life he made frequent visits to Notre Dame, the place he loved so well. Five months before his death he took up his abode at the residence of Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati.

Feeble from his life-long labor, he steadily declined in strength. On the morning of April 21st, 1853, it was evident that his end was near. Archbishop Purcell and the priests of the household hastened to the sick chamber, and while they were there a thunderstorm passed over the city. When the skies had cleared the venerable priest had passed away. And thus after he had spent sixty-one years in missionary activity death came to give him the reward which he so rightly deserved.

Though he was buried in the crypt of the Cathedral of Cincinnati, his body was moved fifty years later to Notre Dame that it might rest in the spot where he had offered so many Masses, where he had baptized so many children and converts, where he had united so many young people in the bonds of holy wedlock, where he had spent so many hours in silent prayer, and where before he left his mission he donated his land as a site for the University of Notre Dame. And there rests his body in a log chapel, the exact reproduction of the first chapel built by the zealous missionary on the bank of St. Mary's Lake. A simple marble slab covers the grave of this protopriest of America, Father Stephen Theodore Badin.

Florian Arnold, '21.

Sunbeams

Just some tiny beams of sunlight
Through my window hangings creep
Ere I yet am roused from slumber,
And my lids are veiled in sleep.

Like some tiny threads of copper
In a fold of bleakest gray,
Or a dimly lighted schooner
On a murky watered bay.

Faltering they pause a moment,
Then they speed upon their way,
Leaving me no consolation
For a cold and cheerless day. A. E.

Trav'lin' Some

One wintry afternoon the Rod and Gun Club had gathered in Bill Sloane's general store, and as usual Bill was trying his best to spring one of his fish stories on us, but was not enjoying the best of success, when suddenly Pop Nelson showed symptoms of story telling. Of course we all shut up, because whenever Pop told a yarn it was a good one. Our suspicions were verified, for after a few perfunctory preparations, he launched forth. "I jes' sort'a thought of somethin' that happened when I was about twelve years old. Me and my brother and Jim Bowers had gone out campin' in an old cabin near a pond. It was late fall, and the last week of the duck season. We hadn't had any cold weather yet and the pond wasn't froze. It was dark when we got there. After settlin' down we went to bed so we would be ready for an early start. I had a brand new gun, and was awful anxious to try it out, so jes' as the east begin to grey, I rolled out without wakin' the rest and started for the pond, all primed for action, so to speak.

"It turned cold and froze over night, and I'm stumblin' along across a small pond which I notice

has considerable hillocks of grass sticking through the ice, though I can't distinguish clearly, when I see one of these hillocks move right in front of me, and now it looks like a duck. I lay right down and points the old gun at what I reasons must be its head, and pulls the trigger. After my head sort 'a clears up from the kick I got, I hear a squakin' and flappin' of wings all around me, but I lay still. The flappin' keeps on and don't get any farther away, and I begin to get a sick'nin' sensation in the stomach. In a little while I raise my head to look around, and I notice that all them things that I thought was hillocks was really ducks that was sleepin' with their heads under their wings. I think they must be froze in and can't fly, so I get up to kill a few when I suddenly notice that I don't see any trees or bushes,—jes' nothin' but horizon, and what's more, I seem to be movin'. Then I begin to think, and I see how the ducks was froze in the ice in the night, and when I shot they tried to fly away, and there bein' so many of them, they jes' naturally flew away with the sheet of ice with me on it. After this I don't do much thinkin' but jes' holdin' on, and hopin' that the sun don't come up and melt the ice before I land."

By this time Bill had got his breath back, and he asked Pop how he got down.

"Well, I jes' crawled around and choked them to death, one at a time, until there was only enough left to keep from fallin' right down, and I landed fine—sort 'a like a balloon lettin' out a little gas at a time when they want to land."

Joe Striefus, '21.

Nathan Hale

He stood upon the scaffold
 With his face turned towards the sky,
 And he said in cheery accents,
 "I'm not afraid to die."

That man is now remembered
 As one who did not fail—
 American shall ne'er forget
 The name of Nathan Hale.

E. Bresnahan, '23.

Spooks

Fred Melwood and I were spending a pleasant week-end at my summer cabin in the mountains. In the course of a day's fishing Fred started to talk about Spiritualism, a fad in which he placed credence, and which I thought was all bosh. We often had friendly arguments, on my part more or less bantering, on the subject, but today out talk waxed hotter and hotter, until at last when I thought we had gone a little too far, I said, "Oh, come on Fred; let's not quarrel about it!" At that he closed up like a clam, got sulky, and went on fishing without saying another word. Finally, as we picked up our tackle to go back to the cabin he turned abruptly on me and said, "Never mind, young man; you'll soon see something that will make you believe." This seemed to relieve his pent-up feelings. I laughed off his prophecy, and we went up the path arm in arm, chatting as only real friends can.

It was nearly dark when we arrived at the cabin, and a light wind had sprung up. Over in the west dark clouds were gathering, and Fred remarked that it looked as though we were in for a storm. We cooked our supper, and afterwards sat around a cheery log fire, smok-

ing our pipes. Outside the wind had worked itself into a commotion, and the noise that it made as it tore through the pines that stood outside the door was not very pleasant to listen to.

"Nice night for spooks, isn't it?" I ventured innocently.

Now Fred was a man to feel a hurt quickly and afterwards resent it. Well, when I said that he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and without saying a word went straight to his room, and from the noises I heard I judged that he went to bed. I knew that it was of no use to argue with him because I had had experience with his queer moods before. I knew that in the morning he would be bright and cheerful, and would have forgotten all about the incident.

I read a magazine for about a half hour and then prepared for bed. I put a log on the fire, nearly stepping on our cat (Tom we called him) in doing so. I then turned out the lamp, went to my room, and tumbled into my cot.

I don't know how long I had been sleeping, but all of a sudden I awoke with a start. First I heard the moaning and whining of the wind, and then a tapping noise—tap, tap, tap. Cold chills chased themselves up and down my spine. I recalled Fred's prophecy, and after a moment's reflection I thought that he was trying to fool me. Then I heard another noise—fit, fit, fit—whir-r, whir-r-r. In the dim light from the dying embers in the other room I could see the chairs moving around. I pulled out the gun that I always kept under my pillow. No human being could have made those noises. I quickly banished any

thought of Fred's being connected with them.

The three taps, and the same fit, fit, fit—whir-r, whir-r-r were repeated. I started out of bed, but a chair by the side of it began to jump around. Right there I stopped. Right then and there I almost became a spiritualist. I called to Fred, and I admit that my voice was rather trembling and squeaky. Either he was too fast asleep, or the tempest outside drowned my voice, because he never responded. The same noises continued. By gathering my wits about me and by difficult maneuvering I managed to stumble into the room where the log fire was. I lighted the lamp, and summoning enough courage to find the cause of all the disturbance, I returned to my bed-room. As I entered the door, the cat came bounding out. In its mouth was an artificial bait that I had used during the day. The bait was fastened to my line and reel.

It all dawned on me when Tom paused long enough to give his "fit" sound to get loose from the bait, and finding them ineffectual bounded off again to the whir of the reel. My line was hopelessly tangled around the legs of the chairs that the cat in its desperation jostled around the room. On investigation I found that the tapping noise was caused by a branch that struck against the window with each violent gust of wind.

Fred never heard about my experience. You wonder why? Well, I wanted to cheat him out of a good laugh on me, that's why.

Paul Miller, '21.

Our Hero Dead

The fleeting years are passing by,
But though forgetful time has sped
Let not in us the memory die
Of those brave souls, our hero dead.

From every walk and path of life,
They fought and bled in Freedom's
name.

May we with never faltering voice
Proclaim their everlasting fame. L. E.

Springtime

It was a cool and fresh morning. The trees were in leaf and the grass everywhere was green. The dew sparkled in the sun. The robins were chirping in a maple tree near the door, and as Annabel looked up from the steaming tub she saw two bright orioles alight on a little twig and begin to show great fondness for each other. The songs of the birds came in through the window as she paused over the washboard. The sight of so joyful a morning brought tears to Annabel's eyes, and bending over the tub to shut out the view, she started at the task before her.

As the sun rose higher and higher the air became warmer until at last there seemed to be no breeze whatever. All was quiet save the noise made by the steady rub of the clothes over the washboard, and the buzz of a lazy fly that flew over the girl's head. Annabel was a generous girl. How she wished to bring more comforts to the sad home of which she and little cripple Jim were the only occupants. The thought of him on his bed of pain and of that terrible hump on his back again brought tears to her already swollen eyes. They coursed down her cheeks and fell into the soapy water. How she wished there was no such thing as washing clothes. Her arms were already

aching, and her fingers, drawn and wrinkled by the water, were without strength to wring the garments. Still she toiled on, and her brave heart, driven by its generous impulses, seemed to give her new strength.

Then again the girl stopped as she heard the happy songs of the birds, which seemed to mock her unhappy state. She thought of the "Song of the Shirt," and her suppressed grief seemed to tear her heart. The air where she worked as hot and sultry. How cool and inviting the shade of the trees seemed. Annabel's arms ached, her head ached, her whole body ached, and dropping the wet shirt back into the tub, she staggered to a chair.

The peach trees were in bloom. The perfume of the apple blossoms came in through the open window. The robins and the orioles sang louder and sweeter. A cool breeze began to move, and blew loose ringlets of hair across Annabel's sweet but care-worn face. The tired eyes closed, her head dropped on her breast, and she slept. She dreamed of the future, when she and Jim no longer lived cooped up in so small a house, and where all was happiness.

The perfume of the apple blossoms came in through the open window. The peach trees were pink in bloom. The robins and the orioles continued singing. A little wren hopped in and out a box that Annabel had placed in a tree near the house. Still the girl slept and dreamed—dreamed of a fairyland.

Edmund Bresnahan, '23.

A Parody

Write, write, write,
On that paper sheet, O hand!
And I would that my mind could think
of
A poem most solemn and grand.

O well for those who are poets,
That they write what they mean and
think.

O well for those who are students
Whose poetry's on the "blink."

And the daily classes go on
To the very end of school;
But O for the lines of a needed poem
Unlike the lines of a fool.

Write, write, write,
About some great thing, O hand.
But it writes about nary a one sane
thing,
Much less, something solemn and grand.
F. A.

Psychology.

The hot rays of an August sun fell on the over-crowded bleachers. Two spectators were especially noticeable because of their animated conversation, which caused the nearby fans to crane their necks in order that they might not miss a word of the conversation. The one who was doing most of the talking was a young fellow with a supercilious air about him, and with a knack of handling mouth-filling words that completely awed his companion.

"Psychology," he was saying, "is one of the most useful studies we have. The powers of the psychologist are unlimited. Human events are as evident to him long before they happen as the date of the new year is to you. Human characters, their powers, and capabilities are as transparent to him as the lately washed window is to the housemaid, who stands surveying it, Bon Ami in hand."

"Are you what cha call a psychologist?" queried his passive companion.

"While I do not in any way desire to clothe myself in psychological laurels, I will say that I consider my pursuit of psychology not in the least neglected."

Alter deftly rolling a cigarette, the educated person sat mutely on his hundred and forty-four square inches of the pine boards that go to make up the well known fifty-five cent bleacher seats. Batting practice was begun, and the movements of the players on the field seemed automatically to put into action the human phonograph.

"Psychology," he started out, "is used in every-day life. Take, for instance, that batter out there. No, not that one; the one near the end of the bench, standing there swinging his bat. You can tell just from his general carriage that he doesn't know much about baseball. Look at the way he swings his bat. Why, man, he resembles a gorilla more than a ball player. Notice the way that he bends forward when he swings. You never see a real ball player do that. The idea is to step up on the ball. Anyone can see from his carriage and characteristics that he's no ball player. His place is in a blacksmith shop, not on the baseball diamond.

The object of derision went to take his turn at bat. Mixed shouts of joy and applause welcomed the favorite Babe Ruth to the plate.

Herbert Conway, '21.

"Tuff"

It was a tiresome evening. I was disgusted—in fact I had not been so much bored since the night

before. The girl that I had escorted to the dance, the only one there whom I knew, had inconsiderately, but very systematically given away all her dances with the exception of two, the first and the last. Kind, was it not?

Any diversion was naturally welcome to me, and while I sat, rather dejected, on a lounge I saw with much neck-stretching a young fellow nearby, slouched into the cushions. His mental attitude seemed to reflect my own, and I immediately arose, went up to him, and did my best to start a conversation.

"Query Quarry," "Annie Laurie," and other columns in the daily papers attest to a fact known by both Aristotle and myself, that human beings, especially youthful ones, have a weakness for disclosing their troubles to others, and as Aeneas says, after the usual preliminary remarks Disconsolate No. 2 spoke thus: "I say, I want to put you wise to something. Some of these girls up here take a kind of pleasure in hurting one's feelings. That black haired girl dancing with Pat Brown fleeced the last dance with me. Now I don't mind a girl doing that once, but when she makes a practice—How's that! you don't know Pat Brown? Well, there he is, in between those two couples by the orchestra—no, not there. Here they come; they are passing us."

It was my girl. I said so, and he laughed.

J. L.

Release.

Twilight steals upon us unawares,
We scarcely note the fading of the light
Until the west shorn of the sun's last ray,
Is shrouded by the falling cloak of night.
Appalling us with all its gloomy depths
Yet freeing us from work and worldly
cares.

R. N.

THE ECHO

Vol. VI

MAY, 1921

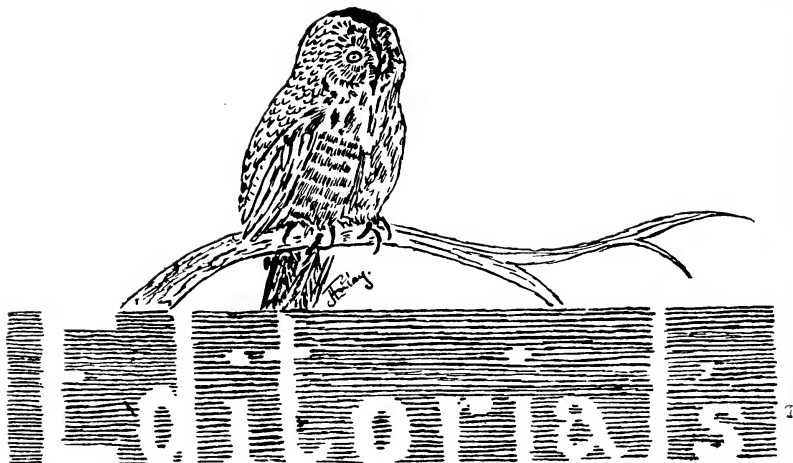
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STAFF

Ralph Neeb, '21 Florian Arnold, '21 Edward Baker, '21 Herbert Conway, '21
Paul Berning, '21 William Foohey, '22 Edmund Bresnhan, '23
Joseph Perrey, '23 Eugene Luley, '23 Donald Vordermark, '24

BUSINESS STAFF

Joseph Mungovan, '21 George DeWald, '21 Richard App, '21
Eugene Cull, '23



The Month of May. May, the month of flowers, has in modern times been especially dedicated by the Church to the Blessed Virgin. Our special devotions of this month are, however, but an echo of the distant past when churches, shrines, images, the very names of streets and squares proclaimed the honor due to Mary,—times when every Christian home and shop boasted of its image of the Madonna, with its glimmering lamp of olive oil burning in token of undying love,—times when confraternities and societies, with their continual public devotions to the Mother of God, fostered and kept alive and fervent those deeply

rooted sentiments of affection for her and of confidence in her intercession, for which the Church in the Catacombs was so remarkable. We, as Catholic boys should cultivate a deep-rooted devotion to our Blessed Lady, and never let a day pass without having recourse to Mary, through whose powerful intercession all graces flow. Let us, during the month of May strengthen this devotion by special practices in her honor, and we may rest assured that if we are her clients in thought, word, and deed, she in return will obtain for us the graces we need in time and for eternity.—M. S., '23.

Cardinal Gibbons After reading the newspaper accounts and appreciations, the personal glimpses and the estimates about Cardinal Gibbons set forth in divers periodicals and magazines, both Catholic and non-Catholic, one appreciates him more than ever before, not only as an ecclesiastical figure, but also as a national one. His justice, and his unprejudiced views of Church and of national matters is proverbial. So also is his patriotism, not an inactive or sluggish variety, but a patriotism that is an inspiration to all. Although his strong and noble character has passed from amongst us, he shall be cherished as an example of a truly great and glorious man. May Providence raise up another leader such as he. J. S., '21.

A Time Schedule. In the world nothing is more evident than the regular way in which different enterprises are carried on. Trains run by schedule, ships leave on an appointed day, men work or rather quit work at an appointed hour,—in fact, the world turns on scheduled time. The successful business man manages his establishment in a certain order every day. He foresees his daily tasks, and has a special time for performing each special duty. In other words, he works on a schedule. Some people may say that his business is in a rut. But it is not. It's his routine, together with his foresight, that has placed him where he is.

A time schedule brings results since it insures the fulfillment of each task, and prevents a clash of duties. It is useful in all walks of life, but it is especially serviceable

in school work. How many lessons would not be neglected entirely or in part were a student earnest enough to adopt a time schedule. It begets system, the keynote to a successful life. System is a philosopher's stone that turns time into gold, and system is best obtained by doing a specific work at a appointed time.

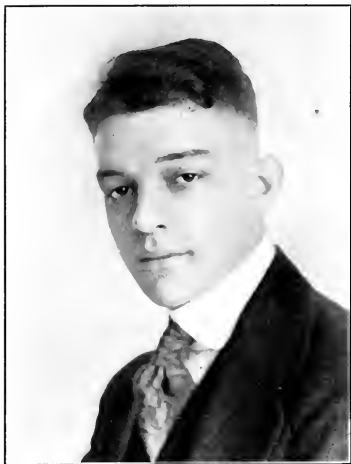
M. B., '21.

The Senior Number. According to present plans the final number of the Echo for this school year will be devoted entirely to the Seniors. While there are no pretensions to call it an annual, no effort will be spared to make it representative of what will very likely be the largest graduating class in the history of the school. As only a limited number of books will be printed, anyone desiring extra copies should make application to the Echo management not later than June 1st.

E. B., '21.

Father O'Donnell's Visit

The Very Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross, visited our classes on Tuesday morning, April 19th. In a short address he encouraged us to continue our full high school course, and if possible attend a college or university. He made himself extremely popular with us by proclaiming "rec" for the rest of the day. During the short time he was with us, Father O'Donnell won the hearts of all, and we shall look forward with pleasure to his coming again. J. P. '23.



Charles M. Harkenrider, '16.

On February twenty-first we heard of the sudden demise of Charles M. Harkenrider, '16. With abated breath we stood transfixed, unwilling to believe, unable to realize that he had gone to his Maker.

Charley, with his jovial smile, his frankness, and a pleasing personality that carried with it the charm of undying friendship, had won a warm spot in the hearts of all who knew him. Even in his days at the Central Catholic High School his natural ability for doing things propelled him upward, and he had no equal as a booster of athletics, of music, and of whatever pertained to wholesome entertainment. His energy caused him to be chosen the first Editor-in-Chief of the Echo. His progressiveness later won him a place on the staff of the "Beacon" the Fort Wayne K. of C. publication, and made him the publicity manager of the famous "Casey" basket-

ball quintet. He had the ardor and the enthusiasm that spell success and lead to greater things.

Dead! How often we hear it, and with what suddenness a cheerful home can be plunged beneath a pall of death. Yet, how much harder, and more sorrowful when it is the young soul of one just blossoming into the golden future of manhood that is called to its eternal reward. Faculty, students, alumni, the Knights of Columbus, the Phi Delta Kappas, and the American Legion, one and all mourn the loss of a very dear friend.

L. W.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of Mr. Edward W. Ehinger, father of Russell of the Freshmen Class, who died on Monday, March twenty-eighth. Although suffering from a lingering illness, Mr. Ehinger accepted his cross in a truly Christian spirit never complaining during his long sufferings. The host of friends at his funeral evidenced the regard in which he was held by his acquaintances. Brother Gilbert and the members of the Freshmen class represented the faculty and students at the funeral services held Thursday, March thirty-first, in St. Patrick's Church. To the bereaved family we extend our sincere and prayerful sympathy.

The Mission Game

The annual basketball games for the benefit of the Holy Cross Mission of Bengal, India, were more successful financially this year than ever before. The spirit of the boys in school and the ardent cooperation of many zealous friends brought the total beyond the hopes

of even the most sanguine. The expenses of the game were rather large, but the sum of \$156.00 was cleared, and this amount has been forwarded to Rev. Michael Mathis, C. S. C., the editor of *The Bengalese*.

Special thanks are due to the members of the Super Six and the M. I. X. sextets, who played the opening game, and who sold many tickets; to Mrs. Quinn, to Mrs. C. Benward, and to the young ladies of the St. Augustine's and the St. Catherine's academies, who also helped in selling tickets, and to Mr. Mart Cleary who annually donates one thousand tickets for the mission game.

Every class in school was one hundred percent behind the enterprise. The Seniors led the other classes in the matter of salesmanship, turning in \$60.00.

After the game a great many of those who were present repaired to the K. of C. Hall, and rounded out the evening's entertainment with a few hours of dancing. Mr. and Mrs. Clem App, and Mr. and Mrs. George L. DeWald were chaperones. The Cathedral High orchestra of Indianapolis furnished the music.

The Day is Over

The shades of night are falling,
The sun has gone to rest,
And the golden sunbeams slowly sink
Behind the wooded crest.

The proud oaks bend in humble note,
The church bell sounds its peal
To call the rustic folk to prayer
And at His altar kneel. H. C.

Locals and Personals

Leslie Logan, '19, our old point-getter on the basketball teams of '18 and '19 won his letter this year on the Notre Dame University quintet. Congratulations, Les.

Myron Parrott, student in '10-11-12, who is a member of the fiction staff of the *London Daily Times*, is now in Fort Wayne visiting his mother.

The Seniors are very important and business-like these days. Preparations for commencement are in full swing, and they are all set for the oratorical contest which is to be held in the near future.

Reverend Timothy Crowley, C. S. C., Vicar General of the Diocese of Dacca, India, made a special visit to the school to thank the students for their splendid work in making the basketball game for the benefit of the Bengal Mission such a success. Father Crowley assisted also at the funeral ceremonies of his intimate friend, Father Quinlan.

More honors recently came to Aaron Huguenard, '18, at Notre Dame. Besides being a reporter of the *University Law Quarterly*, Aaron was added to the board of editors of the *Notre Dame Scholastic*.

The account of the Senior Dance is being held over for the Commencement Number. The Class of '21 wants that writeup and the one of the annual "feed" at the expense of the Juniors to occupy one page of space. As yet the banquet exists only in the minds of the Seniors.

Brother Gilbert spent a week some time ago in St. Joseph's Hospital with a painful infection of the foot. He is, however, back in

the class room again, and according to the Sophomores, making up for the time he spent in the hospital.

Robert Kelty, a student of '18-19-20, is now a senior in the Hartford City High School. Bob still has his hobby of drawing cartoons. Not less than thirty-six of his drawings were accepted for his school annual.

The faculty was honored recently with a visit of Very Reverend James Burns, C. S. C., president of the University of Notre Dame. Father Burns represented the University at the funeral of Reverend John R. Quinlan.

Emmett Sorg, '16, returned to Fort Wayne some time ago after spending a year in California regaining his health. We were about to offer Emmett our best wishes on his nuptials when we were informed that the Emmett Sorg who was married was not our own at all.

The following item from the *Journal-Gazette* sport page explains itself:

Raymond Young, a member of the R. S. T. team of Fort Wayne, was awarded highest honors for sportmanship and conduct in the junior basketball tournament recently held at Huntington. He was also picked as floor guard on the all-state team. Young was junior tennis champion of Fort Wayne last summer, and is a student at the Central Catholic High School.

Maurice Zurbuch, student from '16 to '18, is now a freshman at Duquesne University, Pittsburg. Maurice was in Fort Wayne recently, and visited his old friends in school. He furnished the news that Stewart Zurbuch, '19 is doing the quarter mile and the mile in great time for the Washington and Jefferson University track team.

Through the courtesy of the officials of the Traction Company the Senior Class was shown thru

the Power Plant. The two men who explained the electrical apparatus were kept busy for two hours answering questions put by the interested Seniors. We have heard that one or two of the class were slightly dissatisfied because they weren't allowed to experience what 33,000 volts felt like.

Brother Ephrem, C. S. C., a member of the faculty from 1912-20, and who is now principal of the Catholic High School in Evansville, underwent an operation for appendicitis some time ago. We are very pleased to hear that the operation was successful and we wish him a complete and permanent restoration to health.

The Sunday edition of the *Journal-Gazette* ran a full-page story a few weeks ago about the Fort Wayne Radio Club. The picture of George Gordon of the Sophomore class occupied a conspicuous place on the page. The following was said about George:

One of the youngest wireless operators in the city is George Gordon of 927 Wildwood Avenue. Gordon is only sixteen years old, and has had a wireless receiving set since June of last year. His instrument consists of a home-made regenerative cabinet, with a single audion detector. He has heard stations in nearly all the districts of the country. Among the telephone stations, which he has heard are 9XM, University of Wisconsin; 2XX, DeForest Telephone Company, Ossining, N. Y.; 2XJ, Western Electric Company, Elberon, N. Y.; 8ZL, St. Mary's, Ohio; 2XQ, Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.; KDKA, Westinghouse Electric Company, East Pittsburg, Pa., which gives a concert and lecture every night from 7:30 to 8:30 o'clock, and gives United Press news from 10:20 to 11:20.

Then and Now

He used to come at eight
And leave at three.
He didn't think that late
Nor yet did she.
They're married now, and he
Leaves home at eight
At night and comes at three,—
Now is that late?

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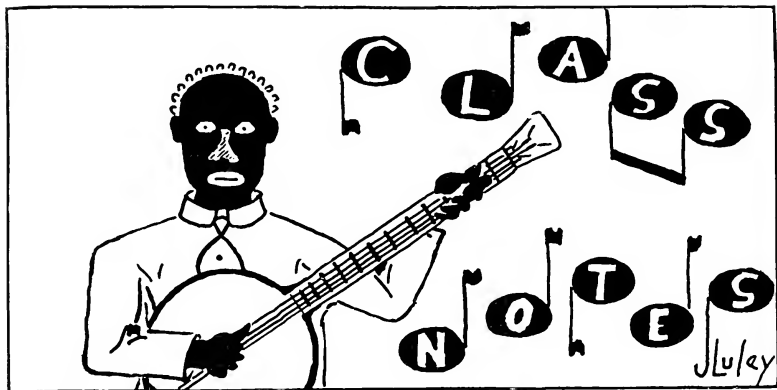
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SENIORS

We don't intend to say much about ourselves in this issue of the Echo because we are keeping all our illuminating ideas for the commencement number which will be devoted entirely to us.

During the last month all sorts of affairs have been crowding upon us. First of all, we or rather Don McDonald and Joe Luley, put across the Senior Dance which set a standard that succeeding classes can only emulate. Then we did a good bit of work on the Senior play, but it proved to be wasted work when the play "fell through." Preparation for the oratorical contest came next and we are still at it. Just now, too, the Senior number is occupying all our spare time, and the way Eddie Baker, the editor-in-chief, is going about it, it should prove worthy of the largest graduating class in the history of the school.

But it isn't exactly a case of all work and no play. We are just in the act of copping the inter-class baseball championship, and we have no fear about annexing the title of the tennis tournament that

is under consideration. Mike Young, the city junior tennis champ, will look after our laurels in that.

Just now all we have to say is: "Watch for the final number of the Echo."

JUNIORS

As the Seniors insist on patronizing a "hot-dog" stand instead of going to the Summit City for the annual "feed" we'll fulfill their wishes and take them to the dogs. Should any difficulties arise before or after the above mentioned "swell" affair, we'll just turn the matter over to Fields and Foohey and let them scrap it out as they are doing about their rival newspapers.

Hedekin says he is going to be a good little boy, and is going to keep up his record and pass in everything except Chemistry and his three language classes. John was always a bright chap and this makes Bopp so jealous that he is now using oil on his hair to outshine John's brightness, but it will take pretty tall stepping to do so.

Dickerson, first known as Harry and later as Charles, takes good

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care of his ivory except when he worries over names. We expect him to be calling himself Reginald or possibly Percy or Archibald soon. Koehl might take time out of his reading of schedules and box scores to suggest a few more names if he were but asked.

The Royal Order of Ally Skamooch has been successfully united with the Ancient Order of the Bloody Dagger and everything will run peaceably until the officers are to be elected. Mills and Schneider are campaigning for the Most Royal High Office and Mills seems to be making the bigger hit of the two.

Martin's Ford seems to be trying to put the south bound street cars out of business at noons of late. But this is but one of the new changes. Schiffli and Fitzgerald are trying to run the rest of us out of class by wanting all the work for themselves. Roth and Elliott are with us every day. Kinstle moved to town, and seems to be quite settled. Mills spends much of his time trying to convince Lucas that barbers' prices are coming down. Lawrence Roth is now our star in Chemistry. He is the first to reach class and the last to leave.

Again we beg to repeat that we'll meet the Seniors at the weiner stand.

SOPHOMORES

Yes, sir, after claiming the inter-class football and basketball championship, we are ready to carry off the same honors in baseball. We certainly have a peach of a start and we've never failed in anything we have undertaken.

We suppose you noticed that there were but five members in the picture of our basketball team. We know it is bad form to offer an excuse for the absence of McCarthy and Koehl; but kindly remember that it is easier to patch up matters with the long and the short of the team, than it would be to pay for a broken camera. Just turn back and lamp "Little Joe" Clifford once again. It is a cinch you'd know him if you ever met him, for he's the exception that proves the rule that "Nobody loves a fat man."

We didn't mean to give Clifford so much space, for we wanted to tell you about how our own George Gordon's physiognomy which occupied about twenty-four square inches of space in the local Sunday paper recently. George, who is but sixteen years old, is the youngest radio operator in the city.

The "Bull," our class weekly, hasn't been very regular of late. Increased demands on Perry's time, Donohue and McKiernan's fight, Clifford and McCarthy's love, Rinehart's broken nose, the trip to New Haven, O'Neil's bi-annual hair cut, McEvoy's raise at the Hope-Methodist, the spring vacation, Smith's election, class prophecies, and Brother Gilbert's sojourn at St. Joseph's Hospital, all worked havoc with our esteemed weekly.

We are still claiming distinctions. Our latest boast is that we are the only class in school that has been able to claim the attention of the entire teaching staff. We succeeded in roping in Brother Owen to teach history during the absence of our regular teacher.

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Brother told us many nice things about the Napoleonic period.

With this issue of the Echo we bid adieu to our readers until next year, when we hope our "perfect thirty-six" will be able to introduce ourselves as juniors. We are confident that by continued application both in school and at home, there will be none of the class of '23 to be found lacking when the June examinations are over.

FRESHMEN

No doubt the change in the schedule of our classes is convenient for the faculty, but it is inconvenient for us. Now that spring has come, and with it the season of baseball, we are looking forward to a practice of the national sport every afternoon; but since our Algebra class is now the last hour, there may be times when an extended period may cut short our afternoon practice. Anyhow, we hope to be able to beat the Fort Wayne professional team, and since Harry Swift has been chosen for pitcher, and Cleston Erb for catcher, there should be no doubt about our success. David Eckert with his usual ambition in regard to athletics, is trying hard for the position of manager. Whether he will get the position or not will be determined by the amount of interest he shows in the organization of the team.

Many of us seem to have lost for our books that special fondness which we showed just before the last examinations.

If good scholarship depended on the amount of chewing gum consumed. Louis Belot and Howard Pauley would tie for first place.

Is it interest alone that has made

us work out the prose problems in Algebra, and to spend two or three hours in the solution of one problem, or is the fear of a half hour's detention after school? Ask the Freshmen.

Has anyone yet fallen a victim to spring fever? If not, there is hope for us now that the first hot spell has passed.

The Sophomores tell us that one of the teachers has used the expression. "You're almost as bad as the Freshmen." We think that the word "good" should be substituted for "bad."

Ralph Torres is beginning to use his pencil and paper in class, a proof that he is becoming familiar with English. We think that there are some among us who would wish to be in his shoes, and in order to escape work to give for excuse, "No understand Englelesh."

Raymond Herber, after sitting immovable for six months, has at last shown signs of life, for the other day he and Herman Brown came near bumping. However, it is only fair to Raymond to say that if we were all as quiet as he, the Brothers would have fewer opportunities for exercising their patience.

When A Feller Needs a Friend:

When called on in Latin after being caught day-dreaming.

When we have to write an essay with no definite subject being given.

When we get an unexpected exam.

When we face "dad" after he gets our report card.

When we get an unexpected free day and are "broke."

When a window is broken and you are the only one in sight.

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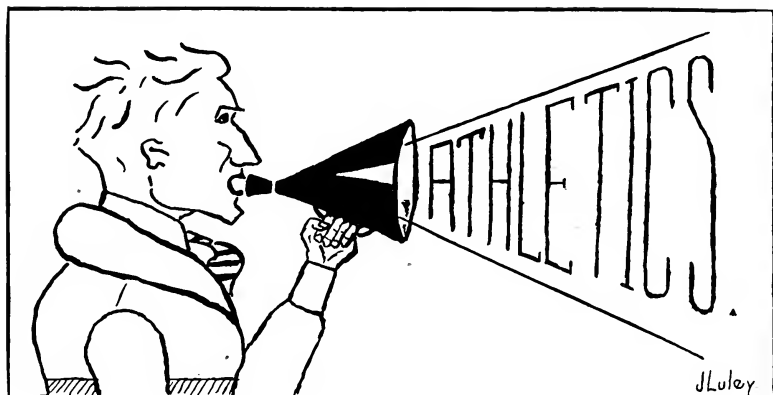
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The 1920-21 basketball season has almost been forgotten by this time, but yet we must record in this number of the Echo our appreciation of the efforts of the members of the team. The C. C. H. S. never had, perhaps, better basketball material than it had this year, but yet in spite of very efficient coaching and steady practice the team could do no better than break even. Ralph Miller, the "old reliable" forward on the K. of C. quintet, the Central States Champions, taught the varsity the game from every angle, but yet it didn't deliver. We take this opportunity to express our appreciation and thanks for his efforts in behalf of the team, and we wish him every success in his role of third baseman on the Philadelphia National League baseball team.

The Team

In Paul Miller and Ralph Neeb the varsity had two forwards who worked together like veterans. Both were always greatly outweighed, but they were fast enough to run circles around guards pitted

against them. Miller especially was a marvel for speed and endurance. Paul seemed to be everywhere at once. He probably would have been the leading scorer in every game had he not hurried his shots too much. Neeb was the best shot on the team, and in every game he could be counted on for at least four baskets. Ralph didn't get his chance on the team until the middle of January, but his work has proved that he deserved a regular berth.

In the early part of the season Koehl, captain and center, didn't make as impressive a record as his playing last year led us to expect. Towards the middle of the season, however, "Pud" began hitting his old stride, and from then on he couldn't be stopped. Next year should be his banner year in basketball.

DeWald played forward last season, but he was shifted to running guard this year. In the early games George was a regular whirlwind, but after a week's illness he had difficulty in coming back to his early season form.

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"De" also played forward and center on several occasions, and always performed creditably.

Boland was unable to play basketball last year because of a badly broken arm. This year his arm was still weak, but "Gob" made the team without any trouble. He played a strong game at back guard on every occasion, but he was at his best in the Indianapolis game. According to reports, Maurice didn't win the games for us, but he kept the Cathedral High quintet from winning, which comes to about the same thing.

Sebastian Miller was regular running guard last year, but injuries received in football kept him out of a basketball uniform this season until the middle of January. "Sub" had all his old time aggressiveness, but his late start handicapped him somewhat. Always reliable, he gave a good account of himself in every game that he played.

Rinehart came to us after completing the commercial course at St. Peter's. Although he didn't get into many games because of Koehl's work at center, his shooting ability and his working under the basket showed that he will be a valuable man next year.

Games

Saturday night, February 5th, was the biggest night in C. C. H. S. basketball history when two of the best games ever staged at Library Hall afforded two hours of entertainment. In the opener the Super Six, a sextet composed of alumnae of St. Augustine's Academy, triumphed by a score of 15 to 9 over the M. I. X., composed of

students of St. Augustine's and of St. Catherine's academies. The game was very fast and abounded in fine passing and good shooting.

In the second game the Cathedral High of Indianapolis won from the varsity, 24 to 20. In order to describe the game appropriately, a new set of sporting adjectives would have to be coined, for the contest was without doubt the best ever played on our floor. Cathedral High started the scoring when Hartnett looped one from under the basket. A minute later Trenck added another point on a free throw. Then the varsity got going and Neeb rang up two field goals in quick succession, giving the C. C. H. S. a one-point lead. From then on it was an even battle, with the lead switching continually. The first half ended 12 up.

In the second half the Indianapolis quintet started strong, and in a short time was a few points ahead, but the C. C.'s came right back and tied the score at 17 and again at 18. With but a few minutes to play the visitors started a determined spurt that put the game out of danger.

The game was exceedingly fast, but it was slowed up somewhat by too strict an enforcement of rules. The contest was the cleanest ever played here this year, and yet Trench and Ruckelhaus of the Indianapolis quintet, and Paul Miller of the varsity were forced to retire because of so-called personal fouls. Every member of both teams played fine ball, but the work of Hartnett stood out prominently for the visitors, while Boland, Neeb, and P. Miller were our luminaries.

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Lineup and Summary:

C. C. H. S. (20)	Cathedral H. S. (24)
Neeb.....F.....	Mooney
P. Miller-DeWald...F.....	Hartnett
Koehl.....C. Trenck--Ruckelhaus-	Harrington
DeWald-S. Miller...G.....	Harmon
Boland.....G.....	Ruckelhaus, O'Connor

Field goals—Neeb 4, Koehl 2, P. Miller 1; Hartnett 6, Mooney 2.

Foul goals—Koehl 5, Neeb 1; Mooney 4, Ruckelhaus 2, Hartnett 1, Trenck 1.

The C. C. H. S. colors were lowered once more by Fort Wayne High at St. Paul's court on February 11th. The game was hotly contested, but superior team play gave the victors a 30 to 18 decision. Both teams kept the throng of fans on edge by spectacular long distance shooting. Koehl and Neeb each made eight points on shots from the middle of the rectangle, while Morse and Hosey did most of the scoring for Fort Wayne High.

The St. Rose High of Lima was unfortunate in playing the C. C. H. S. on a night when all the breaks of the game came our way. Paul Miller and Ralph Neeb, giving an exhibition of shooting such as has seldom been seen on our court, sent the ball through the circle from all angles. The boys from the Buckeye state fought all the way, but the final whistle found them trailing 33 to 7.

On February 25th the varsity played a return game with Monroe H. S., champions in the district tournament held at Bluffton. The C. C.'s were as well acquainted with a class room as the Monroe boys were, but they never attempted to play basketball in one; hence they returned with a 60 to 22 defeat. Boland, DeWald, and Sub Miller were on the sick list, and Graf of the Freshmen team,

and Clifford of the Sophomores took their places at guards.

In the final game of the season the members of the '13 varsity came out of their retirement and attempted to show the "kids" how they used to win games for the C. C. H. S. in their day. The old boys went about it very seriously, and Jerry Miller rounded up his caging artists for several hard workouts. The result was that the "grads" put up a good exhibition of team work and endurance. The varsity, however, was too fast and won out 24 to 18.

C. C. H. S. (24)	'13 Varsity (18)
Neeb.....F.....	L. Centlivre
P. Miller.....F.....	S. DeWald
Koehl-Rinehart-	
DeWald.....C.....	J. Miller
DeWald-S. Miller...G.....	T. Huguenard
Boland.....G.....	J. Finan

Field goals: Koehl 5, Rinehart 3, Neeb 2, G. DeWald 1; L. Centlivre 3, S. DeWald 3, J. Miller 1.

Free throws: Koehl 2; J. Miller 4.

In order to get a line on material available for next season's quintet, those who performed creditably on the class teams played a post-season game against the members of the varsity who will be graduated in June. Koehl and Rinehart played with the "Futures." The Seniors were off form, but the "Futures" had only a few practices together, and they convinced us that next year's team will be a good one when they romped away with a 33 to 17 victory. Rinehart sustained a fractured nose in practice before the game, and hence could not take his place at center as was intended.

C. C. H. S. (17)	Futures (33)
P. Miller.....F.....	Bushman
Neeb.....F.....	O'Neill-Centlivre
DeWald.....C.....	Koehl
S. Miller.....G.....	Centlivre-Clifford
Boland.....G.....	Graf

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Sophomores

Standing: E. O'Neill, T. McKiernan
Sitting: P. Donahue, A. Centlivre (Captain), J. Clifford

Junior Basketball League

The Junior basketball league went through the season without a hitch. A few games were forfeited, but that was because several members of the teams were on the sick list on the days that games were scheduled, and the season was over before the frays could be played off. Five teams composed of boys who didn't make the Sophomore or the Freshmen team, were in the league, and each team played the others twice. The Chicks won the first series by de-

feating the Wolverines, after winning from the other teams by comfortable margins. In the second series the Wolverines came out victorious by defeating the Chicks by one point. In the championship game the Chicks triumphed over the Wolverines by another one-point victory.

Chicks (Freshmen): J. Kelker (Captain), D. Eckert, L. Belot, R. Torres, C. Dick, R. Ehinger, and H. Swift.

Wolverines (Freshmen): C. Loney, H. Pauley, W. Bushman, J. Parrott, R. Pettit, and G. Becker.

Nobles (Sophomores): E. Bresnahan, E. Luley, (Captain), R. Suelzer, J. Perrey, W. Hedekin, and G. Fitzgerald.

(Continued on page 36)



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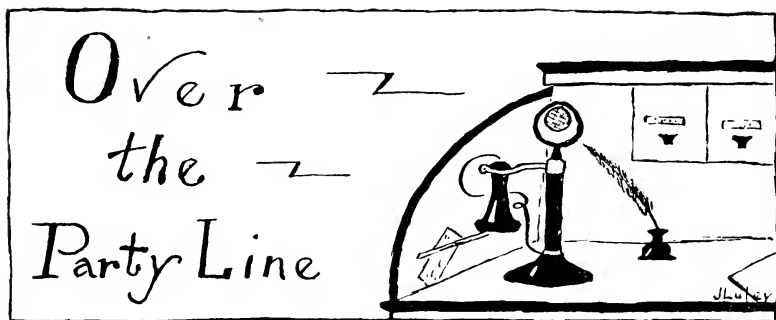
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“Why have an iron fence around the school; aren’t the brick walls strong enough?” asks Bushman on a gloomy day.

For some reason or other Conway has let up on the funny stuff since the February issue of the Echo.

April 22—Baker won the inter-class gum chewing contest.

Since Passino was out of school some time ago we suppose tobacco advertisements will read: “Passino’s Nose Knows.”

Joe Luley sold his saxophone, but lovers of music should not despair; he has long since ordered another one.

Boyle was absent for a few days some time ago, and some of the sophomores found it pretty hard to get their Latin duties.

Since the Mungovan establishment got the new hearse some of Tom’s friends are just dying to ride in it.

Ed Baker wears a shirt with white cuffs so he won’t have to carry a notebook.

Now that the baseball season is underway, shirts are worn in the Chinese fashion.

The Freshies unanimously declare that the nails on the top of the ball park fence should be re-

moved. Most of them had to halt for repairs.

The Seniors were very backward about bringing snap-shots for the Senior Number of the Echo, until Brother William threatened to print the pictures of unknown babies over the names of those who were too modest to furnish a snap-shot.

In a recent Logic quiz some junior used the term “undistributed middle” something like this: Bruff Cleary has an undistributed middle.

If you want to remember something and are afraid that you’ll forget it, just remind Eddie Baker to remind you not to forget it.

Jack Fox has all his plans for the future completed. He intends to play ball with the Lincoln Lives—some day.

Fools there were—going in swimming on April 7th at Rome City. McDonald’s nose had the prettiest plum color after the ordeal.

Becker is considering bringing an alarm clock to school. No, not to replace the old clock either.

A certain Young man arose during Spanish class to inform us that the Andes were a city in Ecuador.

Maurice Passino objects to having App for a seat-mate. He states

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that Dick never has anything to say. Yea, bo.

The senior play "Dark before Dawn," was lost in the darkness.

Cleary says: "Any fellow who can sit beside Young for one whole year and still have his right mind is receiving an education in self-control."

Young says: "He who sits beside Cleary will at the end of the school term regret the loss—of his—Well, enough said.

Writing improves one's style of composition; also one's command of grammar; also McDonald's use of past participles.

Wonders will never cease. Luley came to school wearing a dark flannel shirt, and the scandalous part of it was that he didn't even have a tie. Someday he's going to come without his hair being parted, and then—well, we'll have to get a new school.

Joe Mungovan lost his talking streak, but we all are of the opinion that (name deleted on request) must have found it.

Neb vociferously asserts that the sticky white stuff that he had on his face some time ago was not cream.

Mr. Martin Cleary visits the hospital so frequently that we are afraid that there is still something wrong with this leg.

There are two kinds of pencils popular in the Senior Class: the Eversharp and the Neversharp.

Logic is making the Seniors and Juniors hard-headed. It forces them to produce concrete thoughts and ideas.

If the professor of Vergil pursues his latest policy some of the Seniors will learn Latin in spite of themselves.

The reason Joe Mungovan is late for class is because said class begins before he arrives.

Rinehart says he spends nine hours every night on Caesar. We knew he was a long sleeper but we did not expect him to admit it.

What has become of some of the class rings and pins of the Seniors? Just take one guess and you'll get it right.

A sophomore got an idea one day, and wrote this:

Here lies what's left
Of Ima Few;
She tried to make
Her own home brew.

The four lines (not the labeled article) furnished inspiration for the active mind of Eddie Baker, and he wrote out this meditaion:

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Ethyl Alcohol was denied them and treated to a dose of Bichloride of Mercury, thereby making it extremely killing. As an improvement, Bay Rum was mixed with Tartar Emetic, but it proved to be a whole lot harder to keep down than the truth, because that particular drug has powerful rising qualities. Hair Tonics, that is

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those containing not less than fifty per cent alcohol, were tried next, but being a little bad to the taste, are now used only in a pinch. At this juncture Jamaica Ginger came into its own and flourished for a while, but the Prohi Chronicles got wise and Jamaica Ginger (called by its patrons "Jake" for short) received the K. O. Now as a last resort men have turned to home brew, which at the present time is extremely popular.

Home brew is a concoction of anything and almost everything under the sun, that may in any shape, form, or size give a kick to the finished product. This finished product is boiled down to steam, which is eventually bottled, and which is supposed to be the fully equipped thing. Raisins and yeast are indispensable. The process has to be carried on in cellars, because catacombs are very rare in this part of the country, which is less favored by Dame Nature than our sister state, Kentucky, and because the consequences of being caught are not particularly gratifying. As a rule the unlucky one is separated from not a few "simoleums," and is bequeathed a sojourn of some months duration in the "Federal Jug."

Some home brew has a kick like a million dollar cow, and produces the desired jag in two or three internal applications. Again, there are other varieties, one shot of which will knock one clean across the Styx, requiring none of Old Charon's ferrying to do it either.

The brand in which Denatured Alcohol is used is hard on the eyes, and rather wearing on the rest of one's anatomy. At its worst, however, home brew has nothing on

that one-half of one percent "Kill'em-quick" now served to the public, disguised as "almost" beer, nicknamed Prohi Juice.

When you see two men sneak off to a secluded corner to compare notebooks, fear not, for they are not detectives; they are only two home-brewers comparing their recipes in an attempt to imitate that most ambrosial of extinct beverages (remove your hats and say this in a solemn tone) Beer.

Edward J. Baker, '21.

(Continued from page 30)

Junior League

Gastons (Sophomore): J. Huguenard (Captain), N. Koehl, M. Kinder, G. Gordon, and B. Rossington.

Whirlwinds (Freshmen): E. Husselman (Captain), G. Morris, G. McGrath, J. Kaliker, E. Holsinger, G. Flick and C. Lilly.

Second Series Results

Chicks 9—Whirlwinds 8.
 Wolverines 12—Nobles 6.
 Chicks 18—Gastons 14.
 Wolverines 16—Whirlwinds 10.
 Wolverines 12—Chicks 11.
 Nobles 2—Gastons 0. Forfeit.
 Nobles 32—Chicks 12.
 Whirlwinds 2—Gastons 0. Forfeit.
 Wolverines 38—Gastons 12.
 Whirlwinds 2—Nobles 0. Forfeit.

Inter-Class Baseball League

After many arguments, supporters of a class baseball league won over those in favor of a school team, and a real live series of games is now in progress. Each class is represented by a team, and each team gets into action once a week. Bernard Roth is president of the league, and his assistants are the captains of the different nines. Two series of contests will be played, and the winner of the first series will play the winner of the second for the championship.

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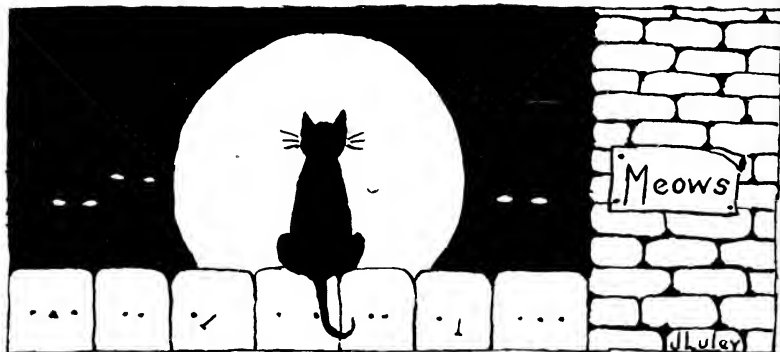
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Creigh: Give me an idea, Eddy; we have to write something.

Baker: Sorry, Creigh, but mine has not yet developed.

Gordon: I just made fifteen cents, De.

DeWald: You did? How did you do it?

Gordon: H— asked me to lend him a quarter, so I gave him a dime and told him to keep it.

Roth: Hey, Steve, get this message.

Stephan: Which way's it coming?

Brother William: This action takes place instantaneously—in one—one hundred thousandth of a second.

DeWald: I think that's faster than instantaneous.

Steps in Education

Freshie: Excuse me, please; I didn't understand the question.

Soph: Gimme the question again.

Junior: I didn't get that.

Senior: Huh?

Sub Miller and Dick App, while at Rome City last summer were caught by a sudden shower and forced to take shelter under a tree.

"The rain's starting to come through this tree," complained Dick.

"That's all right," returned Sub: "when this one's wet clean through we'll get under another one."

Pauley (astonished): Brother, do rabbits ever bark?

Science Teacher: No; why do you ask?

Pauley: The book says that rabbits eat grass and bark.

The boy began to sing: "There are Smiles That Make You—"

"Coo, coo," finished the clock.

1st Stude: What would you do if you had all your duties done a week in advance?

2nd Stude: I suppose I'd wake up.

Cull: Did it hurt much to get that tooth pulled?

Rinchart: No, only about three bucks.

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Sign in a local meat market: "I butcher myself every Friday."

1st Senior: How does App always have money even though he doesn't work?

2nd Senior: Oh, he's a regular mint. I've even seen him put a match into his mouth and chew it into four bits.

Schwanz: Swift has an ear for music.

Kallmyer: Yes, I'm expecting to hear him play the "Anvil Chorus" on his ear drums next.

Teacher: Is someone in that back row rolling dice?

McKiernan: No, Brother; that's Miller thinking.

Clifford: I'm not going to write any more jokes for the Echo. The teacher sits on them all.

Donahue: It's evident your jokes have very few points.

Junk: Say, have you forgotten that you owe me fifty cents?

Martin: No, not yet, but give me time and I will.

Koehl: We had a fire here as big as the Chicago fire of '71.

Kinder: When was that?

Koehl: When it started.

Becker: I found out the best way to see around a corner.

Pauley: How?

Becker: Stick your head around the corner.

Brother Killian: Give me three kinds of sentences.

Bushman: Five years, ten years and for life.

Heard Over the Fence

"Austin is a dandy fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes, indeed; he's got a Cadillac."

"O Man"

Father: My son, do you want to go to the show this evening?

Son: No, father dear, I must get my lessons for tomorrow.

If you have wool to shed,
Prepare to shed it now.

A wise Soph contributed this bit of wisdom: The Greeks used to play an instrument called the lyre. It's in use yet, but it's a mouth organ.

Jake: In the spring a young man's fancy turns to—

Joe: Thoughts of final exams.

Jake: Huh? You mean to Rome City.

A Tragedy.

2:30—Mike Young caught sleeping in class. Three pages.

3:00—Had a very serious attack of unknown malady. Was excused.

3:30—Having a hilarious time on down-town street. Enter Brother Owen.

3:30-4-5—Recurrence of attack. Requires support of an auto.

Next Day—Double dose.

Hard Luck, Mike.

'Aint It a Grand and Glorious Feelin' When

The test in Logic is postponed?

The faculty announces a free day

Becker has nothing to say?

Latin class is over?

You find a dollar bill in an old suit?

The report card says "Promoted?"



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