

ence with him, but that evening had forced herself into his private apartments even while he was at his bath, and stabbed him in the chest with a knife up to its hilt; the good Marat that had been ridding France of the aristocrats by an enormous number each day—some said that the guillotine had disposed of one hundred upon one single day. The innkeeper marvelled that she had not been torn to pieces by the mob, but had surrendered herself to the authorities and would soon be guillotined. That was all the innkeeper could say, for he hurried out to join the mob in order to get a view of the woman who could strike such a death with her knife.

Monsieur returned to his bed-chamber, packed his few belongings and left the inn, and in a few hours Paris and its angry mob.

Eleven days after Monsieur had left his beer shop, the door of "The Saloon of the Red Jugular" was opened, and Monsieur Jouet again waited upon his crowds of customers and served them with his best beer. No one asked Monsieur why the shop had been shut, they knew him better than that. Still there was none but noticed a different, far away look in those dreamy eyes—Monsieur's thoughts were not in France now but in heaven.

—Marcus, '24.

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## Announcements, Weddings, Etc.

The Football Club would like to thank, through the columns of *The Chanticleer*, Mr. S. Douglass for so kindly giving the individual members of the team the team pictures; Dr. Gerow for the big oyster stew he gave the team, and Mrs. H. G. Chestnut for the turkey dinner, with which the team gorged themselves.

The boys would also like to thank the girls of the school who assisted them in the entertainment of visiting teams and who ran food sales for their benefit.

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*The Chanticleer* wishes to announce the fact that for financial reasons a students' dance will be held in the near future. We would like to add that it will be for F. H. S. only, and possibly Normal. No public dances will be run under the auspices of *The Chanticleer* this year. We might warn students against being deceived into going to public dances advertised as under the auspices of the High School. *The Chanticleer* are trying to make arrangements to have their dance the first, or one of the first, students' dances to be held in the new hall on York street. We might emphasize the fact that we shall bar outsiders so that all High School may go with a clear conscience. Refreshments will be served.

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Diner—"Waiter, come here; there's an earth worm in this soup."  
Waiter—"Well, watcha want for ten cents—silk worms?"