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OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

Published in the Interests of the Omaha High School



GIRLS' NUMBER

VOL. XIV., NO. 8
APRIL.....1900

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THE REGISTER

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This number was gotten up by the girls of the O. H. S. Every article which is printed this month was written by some young lady of our school. They have worked faithfully and hard and have tried to make it well worth the expectation of the most critical.—Editor.

Mr. W. E. Johnson last month resigned his position as business manager of THE REGISTER to take up a position with the school press association, and Mr. Allan Hamilton, who has been acting assistant business manager, immediately assumed the duties of that position. Mr. Johnson has been a hard and faithful worker during his services on THE REGISTER. The editor wishes him every success in his vocations.

Monday, April 23rd, the Seniors held a short business meeting in room 49 to hear the announcement of the class honors. May Edholm received the first

honors, Willard Lampe, second, Dwight Pierce, third, and Jeanette Newlean fourth. The boys and the girls cannot boast this year over each other as the honors were so evenly divided. The first two had an average between 96 and 97; the second two, between 95 and 96. Out of this remarkably bright class there were forty-one who had averages over 90 per cent.

Beaton-McGinn Drug Co. has offered the pupils of the high school a Special Day at their soda fountain. They will have on hand numerous fancy drinks besides plenty of delicious crushed fruit ice cream sodas. Any pupil of the school can take advantage of this liberal offer by securing tickets from any of the class editors on THE REGISTER, at the reduced rate of nine cents, or three for twenty-five cents, i. e. Boys, here's your chance to take the girls and give them an afternoon of enjoyment at Beaton-McGinn's and save money by so doing. Remember this is good only on Saturday, May 19.

The Nebraska Inter-Scholastic A. A. Field Meet is to be held at Lincoln, the nineteenth of May. There ought to be as large a crowd to go down this time as there was for the foot ball game last November. The boys need the encouragement that a large crowd of their friends necessarily gives. Every one ought to feel it his duty to go, especially the members of the A. A. The rates will be reduced and will be within every one's means. Everyone who wishes may come home the night of the same day. The girls usually say, "Oh, what good do we do, and what good do we receive from it? They are wrong, decidedly. The girls do help, and a good deal, too. They naturally cheer, and it helps the boys to their best ef-

forts. The boys say so, and are not the boys the best authority on that subject? Then, girls, make up your minds to swell the number of those anxious to see the representatives of the O. H. S. carry off all laurels.

There has been some complaint recently concerning the squib column. It is true that the squibs were limited last month, but there was very good reason for it. The pupils do not seem to understand that a squib column should contain jokes that will be funny to the whole school and not to a few only. Such squibs as these, for instance, "The dark car," "Who ate the most fudge," "Who threw that paper wad," etc., have absolutely no sense in them for the majority of the readers, and to make the squib column a success it is necessary to have jokes which all can comprehend. Hereafter only such jokes will be printed as are amusing to everyone and not to a select few. If the pupils will consider this matter from this standpoint they will see that it is the only way to make this department a success.



How We Enjoyed the Officers' Hop. SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

"Hello, Marie! Are you going to the officers' hop Friday night?" said Nan, on Monday afternoon, April 16th.

"No, I haven't been sufficiently urged, sorry to say," replied Marie.

"Here too," laughed Nan. "Say, I'll tell you what, you come over Friday night and we'll have a blue party, will you?"

"Yes, that will be fun."

"All right. Olivia isn't going either, so I'll ask her up, too. We'll console each other."

"All right; I'll come sure."

Tuesday morning Nan met Olivia on the way to school and told her the circumstances, but not invited of the "consolation party," and gave her a very pressing invitation, which Olivia heartily accepted.

Tuesday afternoon, Olivia saw Marie, and said to herself, "I wonder if she's going to the officers'. I'll ask her."

"Hello, Marie! How are you?"

"Better. Pretty soon I'll be best. Good, better, best; you see!"

"Are you going Friday night?" said Olivia, referring to the officers'.

"Yes," said Marie, meaning that she was going to Nan's, "aren't you?"

"No."

"O shoot! I wish you were. It will be lots of fun."

"Yes; I guess it will. What are you going to wear?"

"O, goodness! I haven't thought of that. I don't know what I'll wear. My pink shirt-waist and blue skirt, I guess."

"For heaven's sake!" thought Olivia, "she must be dreaming. A shirt-waist to the officers' hop! And that skirt! I wonder if she means it!"

"Why, Marie, the other girls are going to dress well."

"The other girls! What girls?"

"Why, all of them that are going," urged Olivia, anxious for the good looks of her friend on that eventful night.

"Dear me!" thought Marie. "Is Nan going to have a whole stack of girls up. I thought she was going to have just Olivia and me." "Well," she continued, "I don't care what the other girls

are going to do. I think it would be foolish to dress up just for that. And as I said, I'm just going to wear my pink shirt-waist and blue skirt. Why aren't you coming?"

"Well, why do you suppose?" laughed Olivia. Marie thought that something was the matter between her and Nan. She started down the hall and Olivia looked after her, pityingly.

Olivia stood lost in thought. "I don't know whether to call her 'poor girl, silly thing, or conceit personified.'"

"If she doesn't think it worth while to look better than that for the hop, I must say that she's mighty conceited."

While thus contemplating, Nan came up to her and said, "Why so thoughtful, Olivia?"

"Did you know Marie was going Friday night?"

"Of course. She said she would," replied Nan, thinking of her own invitation.

"Well, do you know? She's going to wear a shirt-waist, and that old blue skirt. It's as old as the hills; just think how she'll look."

"Well, that's all right. What difference will it make?"

"For goodness sake, you're as bad as she is," said Olivia, disgusted, and walked away.

"I hope Olivia understands that I'm just going to have herself and Marie."

The eventful Friday night came at last. As Marie was donning the blue and pink and occasionally glancing out of her window, cabs were flying in all directions.

"O, dear," sighed Marie, as one rolled up the street. "There goes Grace's. Well, I'll just bet I'll go in a cab tonight, too. Just for the fun of it. Mr. Collins always lets me have one whenever I want it. I'll telephone."

Down-stairs she flew and called up

Mr. Collins. "Yes; this is Marie M—. Can I have a cab tonight, Mr. Collins?"

"Why, my dear little girl," came the answer, "it's impossible. Every cab's engaged. You know, Irving plays tonight and then the cadets have a host of our carriages engaged."

"O, I just want one for five minutes; I only want to go two blocks."

"Two blocks! And you need a cab for that! Bless my soul, what's the matter. Well, never mind. Be ready in five minutes, and you'll have your cab."

"Want's a cab for two blocks! I wonder if she's sprained her ankle," mused he.

Five minutes later a cab rolled up to Nan's and stopped. Out jumped Marie.

"Yes, sir!" exclaimed Olivia, looking out the window. "Nan, she's got on the shirt-waist!"

"Whose cab?" said Nan, coming to the window. "It's hers. What's she stopping here for?"

"She's going to spend the evening."

"She is not! She's going to the hop."

"Who said so?"

"She did. I know she's going."

By this time Marie had reached the door. Nan opened it, but from her late surprise, she simply stared at Marie and didn't say a word.

"Well, shall I come in?" said Marie.

"No!" shouted Olivia, running to the door. "Look! your cab is going! call the driver!"

"I don't want the driver."

"O, I suppose it will come back," thought Olivia. "But what on earth is she coming here for?"

Finally, between Nan's stare and Olivia's shouts, Marie got in, and was sitting down when she remarked, "Where's the rest of the girls?"

Olivia and Nan looked at each other and Marie looked at both of them. Nobody knew what anybody was talking about. There was dead silence.

"Well, if my presence is such a terrible damper, good-bye," said Marie, haughtily.

"Don't! What girls do you mean?" uttered Nan in dismay.

"The swells that Olivia was talking about."

"What does this mean?" said Olivia. "Aren't you going to the officers' hop tonight?"

"Me! Hardly. Did I say I was?"

"Yes."

"I did not."

"Yes, you did."

"I did not."

"I beg your pardon, Marie M—, but I'm not a liar."

"Well, I beg your pardon, Olivia B—, for you are, if you say that I said I was going tonight, for I didn't. And I'd like to know why you told me that Nan was going to have a lot of girls up tonight?"

"I never said anything to that effect."

"I beg to differ, but you did."

"All right. Have it so. But I didn't. Good night."

"O, girls, please let's have an explanation," burst forth Nan.

"Well," said Marie, "here's the long and short of it. Olivia asked me last Tuesday if I was coming here tonight and I said —"

"Marie! I did not. I asked you if you were going Friday night, and I meant to the officers'. O dear me! And you meant here. What a misunderstanding. And I thought you were going to wear that shirt-waist and skirt to the officers'."

And such a laugh as went up.

"Well, girls, now let's have our consolation party," said Hostess Nan, and

the evening, begun in such misunderstanding, ended very happily, and none of the girls envied their friends at the officers' hop.

The Mind of a Tenth Grade Pupil Devoted to the Myths.

One day during the time that Proserpine was staying with her mother, I had planned to go to the haunts of Pan and pursue the favorite pastime of Diana. So as soon as Aurora had thrown open the doors of the east for Apollo, I donned my robes and walked out upon Gea.

Niobe had evidently been weeping, for every tree, flower and blade of grass was glistening with her tears. They were not allowed to go to waste, however, for Ceres was using them to good advantage and was busy decking Mother Earth out, in her gayest hues.

Some of the doves of Venice were feasting upon Ambrosia in a field across the road, while others were enjoying that pastime of Diana when Actaeon so surprised her. A little brook at the bottom of the garden was making as sweet music as did Orpheus with his lyre.

Mercury had evidently got up late and so was in a great hurry to drive the herds of Appollo to pasture, for a large number of clouds were scudding across the sky. He must have been using his whip by the way they were hurrying by.

Jupiter was out for a morning ride because I heard the distant rumble of his chariot wheels coming nearer and nearer.

Everything else was quiet and still as if listening to the strains of Apollo's lyre. But in a moment all was changed, for Zethus came flying along, bending all nature before him, as if he was get-

ting Old Mother Earth in a humble enough position to greet the king of gods and men. I felt as disappointed in not being able to go to the silvan shades as Apollo did when Daphne was transformed into a laurel tree. But if I did not go out I would not be so likely to share the fate of poor Semeli.

HELEN TRUE.

Coat-Tail Telegraphy.

John and Arthur had been room-mates for the four years of their college life and had helped each other with their lessons. John knew nothing of Latin, but had managed to get through with the aid of Arthur, who was an excellent student and had helped him each day with his Latin lessons. But Arthur knew nothing of mathematics, in which John had excelled and helped him, so they both succeeded very well until the time came for the final Latin examination. The teacher, who had noticed this tendency of the boys, decided to divide the class, putting one of the boys in the morning class and the other in the afternoon.

"Well," John said, when the boys were in their rooms the evening before the examination, "it is all over for me. I will fail and won't be able to graduate. It's hard luck, just the last time, too."

"It does look a little doubtful," said Arthur, "but cheer up; you will get through some way. We can surely think of some scheme. Can you — I have it; just the thing!"

The next morning, in the large study hall, the Latin class had assembled to take this final examination. John set on the front seat. He sat for a long time gazing blankly at the paper filled with questions. Everything seemed lost. He hadn't the faintest idea how

to answer a single one. He looked around him and on all sides could see some of the "smart" girls writing rapidly without a second's hesitation, it seemed to him. He was getting desperate. What would he do? He must not fail for it meant everything to him. He must graduate in June. Why hadn't the thought of the bright idea of one of his neighbors who sat calmly by glancing occasionally at a thumb-pony, which he held in the palm of his hand. John sat with his eyes fixed on a corner of the ceiling, nervously rubbing his hands through his hair. Would Arthur never come? Surely he would not disappoint him now, when so much depended on him.

Just at this moment Arthur came into the room with a book in his hand and asked the teacher in charge if he might sit in the room and do some outside reference reading. The teacher gladly consented and gave him a seat in the very rear.

Once again John's face brightened as he thought that perhaps now he could get through. He called the teacher to his seat for an explanation of one of the questions and in the meantime pinned a copy of them on his coat-tail.

Instantly all eyes were on this strange proceeding and all watched eagerly to see the result. Would the teacher take his seat and, hearing the crumpling paper, discover the bold act?

No one was more anxious than Arthur, who just then found a difficult passage in translation and asked to have it explained. While the teacher was carefully scanning the passage he unpinned the paper. He glanced over it quickly for a few minutes and then wrote a little on the sheet and again called the teacher for an explanation, this time replacing the paper.

Would John be sly enough to get it

before the teacher would notice it, for now every eye was turned on him and all sat breathlessly watching and fearing the result.

But when John raised his hand, summoned the teacher and said, "Mr. Brown, I do not exactly understand this question." While the teacher leaned over his desk, pointing out to him the meaning John put his hand on the back of the seat, around the back of the teacher and quickly secured the paper with each question carefully answered.

Once again he could breathe freely, although the girl across from him did look rather angry at him, for he had scribbled through the whole course and now would get a higher mark than she, who had worked faithfully the whole time.

A SENIOR.

Memories.

The first session of the Omaha High School was held nearly thirty years ago at Fourteenth and Jackson streets, in an old tumble down building of two rooms. There were two teachers. He with the early crown of silver hair was John H. Kellom, whose name is the watchword of all that is best in the life of Omaha. The other was the ever calm and noble figure of him who has just gone from our number. Much that is worthiest in the character of many men and women of Omaha is due to the influence of these two lives. It was not the obtrusive aggressive influence that publishes itself to the world. It was that silent touch which reaches the deeper and more enduring purposes, where, almost unconsciously, are moulded the foundations of character.

A few days ago Mr. Beals spent the fortieth anniversary of his residence in Omaha. He has given nearly all of that

time to our schools. Forty years of faithful public service is a noble monument to any man. We would give him no other, for on it is carved an indelible record. He was broad and liberal in thought, charitable in his opinion of others, tolerant in his judgment of differences, a kind and patient teacher, a superintendent with a lofty and controlling sense of justice, and a friend absolutely true and loyal—this is the outward evidence of a serenity more impressive in that it hid a great and lasting sorrow, that it bore heavy burdens uncomplainingly, and that every hour was a masterly struggle with insidious disease.

For nearly thirty years his quiet form has passed to and fro in these halls. A multitude of men and women, old and young, have come and gone, and these walls have known them no more. A few have come and gone and returned to share his labors. He only has remained since the laying of that corner stone so soon to be torn aside. It is fitting that he and this old building should finish their work together.

Clothed in the majesty of death sleeps that impressive figure, but clothed in the more majestic dignity of noble living his memory shall abide, and to this the High School offers honor and reverence.



SENIOR MUSICALS.

The Senior Musicals given at Y. M. C. A. Hall, Friday evening, April 13, 1900, was without doubt a success, socially and best of all for the Seniors, financially. The program was a credit

to the committee that selected the artists for the occasion, as they were most all professionals. We are sure those who took part on the program were highly flattered by the hearty applause they received from an exceedingly appreciative audience. The High School students were not much in evidence, but we were glad to hear from two of our number, both of whom reflect great credit upon the school. Miss Grace Northrup, whose sweet voice is ever pleasing to her many friends, rendered two very beautiful selections. Mr. Conrad showed his skill as a zither player and was highly appreciated.

PART I.

1. Selections.....Omaha Banjo Club
2. Piano Solo.....Sigmund Tandsberg
3. Vocal Solo.....Miss Grace Northrup
4. Mandolin Solo.....Mr. Francis Potter
5. Reading.....Miss Alice Howell
6. Banjo Solo.....Mr. Gellenbeck

PART II.

1. Violin Solo.....Mr. C. F. Steckelberg
2. Vocal Solo.....Mr. Garriessen
3. Zither Duet and Guitar.....
Oscar A. Albrecht, Emil Conrad, Otto H. Albrecht.
4. Reading.....Miss Alice Howell
5. Contralto Solo.....Mrs. Myron Smith
6. Selection.....Musical B's

SIGMA PHI.

On April 14, a meeting of the Sigma Phi was held at the home of the president, Miss Beth Wallace. The original purpose of the meeting was a program meeting, but as a number of the members failed to come, only two numbers were given; an essay by Miss Lucile Walworth and a recitation by Miss Martha Grimm. These were enjoyed doubly because of the shortness of the program. The secretary read a letter from the secretary of the Demosthenian in which that club thanked the Sigma Phi for the support it had given them in their debates. Games were then played until the time for adjournment. This was the first meeting of Sigma Phi

which has been held outside of school. Hereafter the club will be entertained monthly at the homes of the various members.

On Saturday, April 28, the Sigma Phi was entertained at the home of Miss Katie Garret, 2828 Dodge street. There were very few members present on account of the inclement weather, but those who were present enjoyed a good time. Miss May Welch and Miss Higby read original stories and Miss Beulah Evans rendered a vocal solo. The president read Miss Nell Painter's resignation as treasurer of the club. After this short program, games were played and fudge disappeared.

1901.

Friday, April 27, the class of 1901 gave one of its most interesting programs, besides members of the class, many others were present, as they know they will always have a good time at a Junior program meeting. Program as follows: Piano duet, Isabel Baldwin and Nell G. Carey; essay, written by Miss Bartos, read by Mr. Harry Reed; zither solo, Emil Conrad, piano solo, Alene McEachron; recitation, Miss Martha Grimm; piano solo, Miss Tenner; debate, Burdette G. Lewis, Arthur G. Schrieber, "Resolved, that the dish-rag is more useful than the broom;" piano solo, May Welch. As there were no judges for the debate, ballots were passed to the audience and the result was a tie.

CADET OFFICERS' HOP.

The sixth annual hop of the Cadet Officers' Club was given at the Millard Hotel, April 20, 1900. It surpassed in every respect any hop ever given by any High School organization. The many parlors of the Millard were dec-

orated in the colors of the various High School clubs—B. D. C., Sigma Phi, P. L. S., and C. T. C. The dancing was enjoyed in the large dining room, where in one corner, behind a beautiful screen of palms, was stationed Dimmick's orchestra. In the room adjoining the dining room was the punch bowl, at which the dancers might refresh themselves between the dances. The corridors and cozy corners afforded places of retreat for those not dancing. At about 11 o'clock refreshments were served in small dining rooms. The officers appeared in their dress uniforms and those who were fortunate enough to possess them wore their swords. The floor, although it was too crowded at times, was in good condition for dancing. A program of twenty-five dances was danced. The hop was managed by the following committee: Captain Paul T. Robinson, Captain Gilbert E. Moore, Captain George H. Canfield, Captain F. Wolters, Captain Gay Hardy, Lieutenant Will Stephenson and Lieutenant Albert Randall.

The Senior Social was given Friday evening, May 4th, 1900, at the Metropolitan Hall, and was without exception the most successful class social ever given by the O. H. S. The dancing hall was decorated with palms and evergreen, and the Senior colors "green and gold." The orchestra played behind a bank of palms. The banquet hall was decorated in flags and the national colors. The various rooms were made cozy by the help of the P. L. S., D. D., and B. D. C. clubs. In these rooms arrangements were made for games for those who did not dance. The members of the committee were Edithumont, Pauline Adair, Willard Lampe, Guy Richards and Joe Skinner.



Hurrah for the Athletic Association!

Judging from the active interest all take in the A. A., from its large membership of four hundred and fifty, two hundred and fifty of which are girls, and from the earnest preparations of the boys for Field Day, the A. A. is one of the most promising of the many societies in the High School.

As the girls do not mean to let the boys carry off all the laurels, they have organized two lawn tennis teams, with Miss Mabel Packard and Miss Marion Connell for captains.

There will be two courts on the campus. Anyone who wish to may join the teams, both girls and boys.

There are also two basket ball teams. The captains are Miss Alice Towne and Miss Minnie Myers. They are going to play against the Lincoln girls in the near future, and there is no doubt but that our girls will win. They will give a public exhibition next Monday evening.

Mr. Arnold is the captain of the hand-ball team and Mr. Tracy of the base-ball team. As it now appears its members will be Fairbrother, catcher; Tracy and Welch, pitchers; Welch, first base; Englehart, second base; Griffith, third base; Hays, shortstop; Lehner, left field; Hardy, center; Ehlers, right field. There are a number of promising substitutes, some of whom may later make the team.

The second base-ball team will soon elect a captain and play games with the other team.

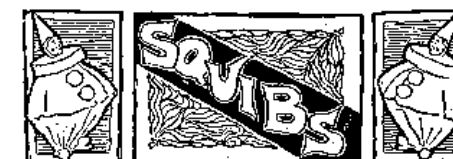
The base-ball team will not be compelled to play in overalls, as at one time seemed inevitable, because at the last

moment Mr. W. R. Bennett of the W. R. Bennett Company most generously offered to present to the school a set of magnificent suits. The uniform, which is believed to be one of the knobbiest in the west, consists of a purple cap, purple and white jerseys, pearl gray pants, purple and white stockings and russet leather belts.

Through this splendid gift the appearance of the team will be a credit to the largest high school in the state.

In order to express its appreciation of Mr. Bennett's generosity the A. A. held a jubilee meeting on Friday afternoon. After the gift was announced resolutions thanking him in the name of the association were adopted and he was unanimously elected an honorary member.

It is hoped that the suits will be here in the course of a week.



Lives of lazy men remind us
Most of us can rusticate,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Debts for friends to liquidate.

Let us then be up and doing—
Doing friends who live on earth—
Seeking labor, yet renewing
That tired feeling at our birth.

"I wish it would stop raining," sighed a St. Petersburg gentleman; and he was promptly arrested for having referred to the Czar as "it."

"When rain falls, does it ever arise again?" asked the professor of chemistry.

"Yes, sir."
 "When."
 "Why, in dew time."
 Yale Student (reading Virgil)—
 "Three times I strove to cast my arms
 about her neck, and—that's as far as
 I got, professor."
 Prof. Thatcher—"Well, Mr. Evarts,
 I think that's quite far enough."
 Teacher—"Who was the first man?"
 Head Scholar—"Washington; he
 was first in war, first in—"
 Teacher—"No, no; Adam was the
 first man."
 Head Teacher—"Oh, if you're talk-
 ing of foreigners, I s'pose he was."
 Mother (to little boy who has been
 visiting his grandpa)—"Did you enjoy
 your visit?"
 Little Boy—"No; he was just like
 pie."
 Mother—"Just like pie?"
 Little Boy—"Yes, short and crusty."

A Harvard professor, dining at the
 Parker house, Boston, ordered a bottle
 of hock, saying as he did so: "Here,
 waiter, bring me a bottle of hock-hic,
 haec, hoc."
 The waiter, who had been to college,
 smiled, but never stirred.
 "What are you standing here for,"
 exclaimed the professor. "Didn't I or-
 der some hock."
 "Yes, sir," said the waiter, you or-
 dered it, but you afterwards declined
 it."

BATTALION SQUIBS.

Randall—"F. P. A."
 Hillis—Oh, it's all in the family.
 And they all came up with Pinks.
 Look out for the P. L. S. pictures.
 Did Canfield ever get a square meal?
 Tennis is sometimes a "love" game!



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Why didn't H. F. R. go to the Senior
 hop?
 Who blew the trumpet? Was it Ga-
 briel?
 Maguire (second hour) — Which
 hand?
 Taylor, prima donno in "Dutch."
 Listen!
 You're too small, Larry; Suthy
 would be better.
 Why wouldn't Hillis join in the pre-
 liminary debate?
 Mangan—"Now, if I just had a hod,
 I'd be complete."
 Mysterious D. D.—Sore it over colli-
 fituditillinislicator.
 Joe is mourning the loss of his
 "Source of Demerits."
 Who raises the windows so obliging-
 ly in second hour 31?
 Read Randall's article on "How
 cream puffs are made."
 Sign in barber shop window—"If
 you can't raise ten cents raise whisk-
 ers."
 Canfield's latest attempt "to cuss
 without swearing." We all wish him
 success.

Book Reviews—Read Reed's latest,
 "How to Succeed in Love-Making."
 Ten dollars reward for particulars of
 Higgins, Randall & Co.'s buggy ride.
 Teacher—"Where do we find that
 domineering spirit today?"
 Private—"In drill."
 "Petie," otherwise known as "Oom,"
 is getting great renown as a joker.
 Samples free on request.
 Pierce is writing on "The Capacity
 and Longevity of Waste Baskets," with
 suggestions from the B. D. C.
 "Why 'Freddie the Parrott' didn't,"
 will probably always be a secret. May-
 be the "Admiral" knows, though.
 Higgins has written a tragedy, en-
 titled, "The Demand for Cadet Caps at
 Noon." It will be a great hit, for Bush,
 if the girls get him.
 Tragedy—With a wild shriek she
 tore up the back stairs, while he, with
 a howl of anguish, jumped in a boat
 and pulled up the river.
 Somebody—There's room for one
 more.
 Gilly—That's me.
 Strange! We always considered
 Gilly as being "too Moore!"

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Exchanges

The H. S. Times and the Epsilon are two of the very best exchanges on our list. Either can be taken as an example for a High School paper. The Times doesn't believe in giving praise to every paper, but in this case we don't suppose they will object. We think the papers should have the name on the cover or on the first page. It is a very trying to have to hunt through the "ads" to find the name of the place the paper is from. We have received two, and in several cases more than two, numbers of papers this month. The papers are all more regular in their appearance than they were at the first of the year. The Daily Echo, the Daily Coachinal and the Pennsylvanian never forget us, for which we thank them.



The following promotions and transfers are hereby announced: First Corporal C. Stult, to be fourth sergeant, A Company; Third Corporal J. Dumont, to be first corporal, A company; Private A. Gordon, to be third corporal, A company; Second Corporal J. Fair, to be fifth sergeant, B company; Third Corporal H. Hansen, to be first corporal, C company; Fourth Corporal W. Buchanan, to be second corporal, C company; First Corporal C. Hughes, D company, transferred first corporal, B company; Private McDonald, to be third corporal, B company; Third Corporal E. Harris, to be first corporal, D company; Private A. Heimrod, to be fourth corporal, F company.

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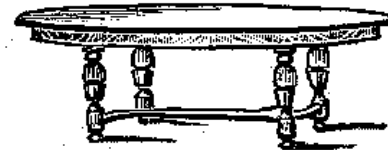
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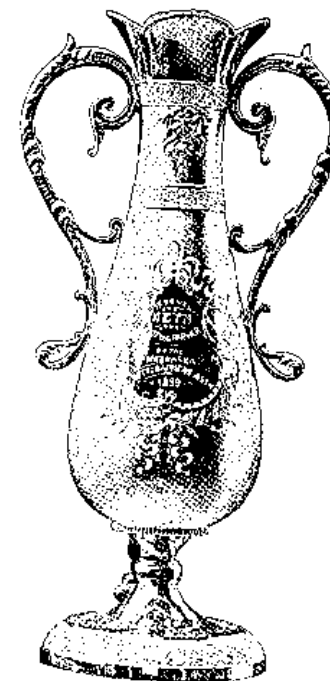
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