

The Weekly Register

CHRISTMAS LITERARY EDITION

Vol. XLIV. No. 13

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, DECEMBER 20, 1929

PRICE FIVE CENTS

The Strange Myth of Gira

AN ORIGINAL STORY

GIRA was a youth who spoke much but thought little, as is shown in the following tale.

As Gira was roaming the woods one day, he chanced upon a wretched looking man fleeing in great terror.

"Now," spoke Gira, wonderingly, "why run you with such exceeding speed?"

"I am pursued!" gasped the man, "Hide me!"

Gira with quickness concealed the man behind an oak, and with an insatiable curiosity he lingered to see what would come to pass.

Presently a group of armed warriors burst through the path and fain would have hurried onward, had not Gira spoken up, saying, "Thou fools, the man with the tattered garments did not pass here. Nowhere has he been in sight."

The band stopped with exceeding haste, and the leader stepped forward.

"Art thou certain," asked he, "that no man with fine array did pass through this route?"

"Certain sure," said Gira. And seeking to set aright the leader's obvious little error, he blundered. "The fellow did not rejoice in finery. He was exceedingly ragged."

Then did the band, after a hunt of short duration, find Pero, the runaway. They seized upon Gira, saying with great wrath that he attempted to aid Pero's escape. In vain did Gira remonstrate. He was thrown with Pero into a pit of great depth.

In despair did Gira pray to his deity, Diana. Of a sudden did Gira see come creeping down from the top of the pit a hempen rope. With great haste Gira knotted the line around his shoulders and he then did give a signal to his rescuer to pull upon the rope of fine stoutness. The rope grew fearfully taut when of a sudden Pero, who realized that Gira was about to take his departure after bungling Pero's escape, leaped up and seized upon Gira's legs.

This somewhat sudden arrest of Gira's heavenward flight caused the noose to slip from his shoulders to his neck. Pero, who was full of wrath on Gira, did struggle desperately to retain him in the pit. But the goddess of the woods pulled harder, by which act Gira would have strangled had not he had divine aid. Now, as they both fought to keep him, Gira's neck began to stretch with the unwonted strain. Just at the moment when Gira's neck was stretched to the utmost, Diana pulled him out of the pit. Since Gira had previously called on Diana for help at diverse times, she was righteously angry at being called again.

Poor Gira suffered intense embarrassment from the length of his neck. He humbly beseeched Diana to restore his old neck, but she struck him with her bow, saying, "Thy neck well suits thy brains and thy looks. To further save me trouble, neither shalt thou speak."

As she spoke, Gira's arms and feet were transformed into legs and hoofs. His neck became more solid upon his body.

To this day the Giraffes have long necks and are unable to voice a sound.

—Harry Walsh, Eng. IV.



—Ruth Miller.

AN ODE TO WIND

He has covered the street
With a blanket of crystal white,
A cold white;
And all is still but for the whining
wind.
A door slams shut.
A figure goes hurrying down the
street;
And then another.
Now all is silent,
But for the cold raw wind.

—Robert Harris, Eng. IV.

Ebenezer Scrooge

A CHARACTERIZATION

Among my acquaintances in fiction the character whom I most dislike is Ebenezer Scrooge, that cold, covetous, selfish, solitary, old miser, who desired only to be left alone and who believed that others should so be treated regardless of their feelings about the matter. He enjoyed the rain, the fog, and the snow, for to him life was a perpetual winter and there was no generous fire in his heart to light him along. I dislike him because when asked to contribute to the poor, he inquired if the workhouses and the poorlaws were not in full vigor; because he considered Christmas and its spirit a "humbug"; because no beggar dared ask him for alms; and because even the dogs shrank from his path. I cannot forgive the spirit in which he lived alone in his musty, cold, dreary rooms, grasping and clutching at wealth and giving not a thought to charity. I cannot tolerate his solitary evenings in his melancholy tavern, his refusals to aid the struggling family of his clerk, and his absolute disregard of any sort of happiness or good cheer. And although he finally mended his ways, I can't quite forget the Scrooge who would not keep Christmas as it should be kept and who shut from his heart the good things of life.

—Stephen Dorsey, Eng. V.

A Glance at the World

Would the pleasure were mine,
Upon a lofty pinnacle to sit,
And watch people as large as ants
Scurrying busily on their ways.

—Murray Wintroub, Eng. VII.

Christmas Greetings

WAS IT not the star of Bethlehem that brought us the first Christmas of so long ago? After 1900 years, how friendly and very near appear these same stars as we look into the illimitable spaces from the great prairies and mountains. No wonder the Psalmist, who lived always so much in their presence, sang in the morning twilight, "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

The wise men, guided by the star, brought gifts of gold, frank-incense, and myrrh—visible symbols of an inner light and love. The most beautiful gifts that you can bring can never be sent by post nor messenger. These will be that of a pure, clean, unselfish life of love, good wishes, and good will to loved ones and the world. If you have grown kind, thoughtful, strong, gracious, and have developed those finer qualities of spirit and personality during the year, then all who know you will be supremely happy.

I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

J. E. Masters

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawn singeth all night long;
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

As this old bit of poetry says that it should be, so may it be with all who read these pages. May no evil come near you, may the season bring only the joy which in our minds belongs with it. —Jessie M. Towne.

While Christmas is a tradition of many centuries, its real significance, good will and joy, are new and vital every year. May each of you experience a full measure of joy during this Christmas season. —Fred Hill.

A WINTER SCENE

A foot of snow lay on the ground;
The trees and houses all around
Were covered with the fleecy whiteness,
Giving the world a keener brightness.
The trees stripped of their leaves were bare;
The breezes gently stirred the air.
A bit of smoke like a narrow ribbon,
Curled from chimney to clouded heaven.

—Madeline MacNeill, Eng. II.

The Sport Rivals

A COMPARATIVE ESSAY

Football is a game of speed and brains. Basketball is a game of wind, endurance, and co-ordination. However, to be able to play either of the games successfully, one must put in many hours of hard practice. If both games are played in the correct way, football, in my opinion, is more beneficial to the player than basketball because of the following reasons:

Football is played outside in the pure, open air, while basketball is usually played in a building where the air is unfree and impure. Football is played on the soft sod or ground, while basketball which requires a continual jogging is played on a hard surfaced floor which tightens all the muscles of the body and wears down the whole body. Thus football, barring accidents, is much healthier than basketball.

Football also develops greater determination than basketball not only because of the greater courage it takes to play the game but also because of the rougher and more spirited play shown in a football game.

Since both games, however might be classed as arts and are played on somewhat the same principles, the difference of most of the other effects of each are not large enough to mention. —Frank Wright, Eng. V.

Crime

Crime is the many tentacled octopus,
Which grasping the unsuspecting evil
doer,
Sucks him down into the mire and
filth,
From which there is no escape.

A First Night of "The Rivals"

A DRAMA REVIEW

ARTHUR CAVENDISH, critic dramaticus of the Daily Post, got out of his sedan chair before the door of his half-timbered, two-story house in Holborn Street, London, on a snowy night in January, 1775. "Egad," said he to the chairman, "egad, but you were slow enough getting me here. Well, what's your fee?" He reached into his pocket, pulled out a piece of silver, and tossed it to the waiting chairman, and, turning on his heel, strode into the house. "Low fellow," he grumbled; "it is a pity I cannot afford to live in style and keep my own man. I'd teach him a thing or two. It is queer that the magistrates do not do something about it. Egad. Ah, there you are, Godfrey," continued he, seeing his servant approach.

"Ay, ay, Master Arthur, here I be waiting for thee," replied the faithful retainer, taking his master's coat and cap. "How was the play?"

"Egad," said Arthur, "I've scarce formed an opinion as yet. It is a very different sort of play. Scarcely a bit of sentiment or moralizing in it. It's what Dr. Goldsmith called a "laughing comedy." And a beastly piece of work was done of a character called O'Trigger. Why I doubt not that every Irishman in London will be at Sheridan's door in the morning. But come, come, I must be writing, or I shall never get my criticism done. Plague on all managers who open on Tuesdays or any weekdays."

Godfrey took a candle from a bracket in the wall and led the way upstairs to a large, oak-paneled room containing some chairs and a table on which were a candelabra, goblet, bottle of wine, and materials for writing. He lit the candles in the holder and withdrew.

Arthur settled himself in a chair, chose a piece of paper from the quantity on the table, and moved the candelabra until he felt that the light was right. Then he selected a pen and, leaning back, stared at it for a moment. In a second or two the light of inspiration came into his eyes, and, saying, "Ah, I have it," to no one in particular, he began to write. He wrote:

"On the evening of January 17, a new play called *The Rivals*, written by a young man named Sheridan, opened at the Covent Garden Theatre. We are glad we were there, not so much for the pleasure the play gave us, as for the opportunity of seeing the mistakes a young author makes in his first attempt at the drama and of being able to help him by constructive criticism. But we had better begin at the beginning so that the reader may gain a proper knowledge of what transpired in the theatre. About six o'clock sedan chairs began to draw up before the doors of the Covent Garden, and by a quarter after six the boxes had begun to fill. The many friends of the young author were in attendance, and a much larger gathering came than might be expected for a first performance. Among the notables present were Dr. Johnson, David Garrick, and Edmund Burke. The curtain rose at half past six o'clock, and the play began. We will not go into a detailed description of the scenes for the acts were many and long, and since the play is not likely to be a success, the reader will

(Continued on Page 8, Column 4)

The Weekly Register

CHRISTMAS LITERARY EDITION

Editor-in-Chief.....

Marian Duve

Associate Editors.....

William Ellsworth

Lucile Lehmann

Vol. XLIV. No. 13

December 20, 1929

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

To some pessimistic souls, Christmas is losing its spirit! It's entirely too commercialized. And true, when you stop to consider the seething, pushing, I'm-before-you crowds; the irritated, worried salesmen; the hot, stifling, store air; the over-organized charity institutions; and the chill, bleak weather, maybe there is something wrong.

But on the other hand—there are the little deeds of courtesy that shine much brighter in the light of a real Christmas: stopping to help an elderly person, or a mother and her kiddies, or recovering some fallen article for a clerk. There's the personally supervised giving which always comes from the heart. There are all the sparkling, colorful windows to cheer those who have eyes to see. There is all the happy air of mystery and suspense; the joy in blustery, boisterous winds and weather, or in soft, flaky snow drops. There is the thrill of making others happy.

You can find whatever you look for. But it would never do to let the Christmas spirit—which is making giving the outstanding feature, while the giver is subordinate—die.

—Charlotte Towl, Eng. V.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH CENTRAL'S ALUMNI?

What is wrong with Central High School? Every one wants to know. Why can't we have a gym? Why do we have to go begging? Aren't we as good as the other schools? Where are the alumni—the men who gave Central the name it's trying to keep—trying to keep against overwhelming odds? These men don't seem to remember that they went to Central—Central, the oldest school in Omaha, and its Alumni can't get back of it to find out what's wrong.

It wouldn't take much. An ell on the north side of the school would give us a new gym, a new auditorium, and a swimming tank. No, Central doesn't need it. Central is a sissies' school—it will be if more attention isn't paid to something besides military drill and scholastic standings. We may be developing the minds but what good will they be without a strong body to keep them useful?

The Alumni must get out and do something. Get a gym for the basketball team, a tank for the swimmers, and a coach and some equipment for the wrestlers. Although Central's swimmers and wrestlers have been uncoached and very much handicapped because of lack of equipment, the only ones that have beat them are the much coached and pampered Tech teams.

Get out, Alumni, and take a lesson from these Central students—fight. Would you try to train a race horse in its stall? No—but you want the coach at Central to coach a winning team in a half-pint gym. These boys are lost when they get out on a man-sized basketball court.

Go see the school board. Don't you pay taxes?
Well———!!

—Ted Ruf, Eng. V.

WORKING FOR GRADES.

How would you like it if old Saint Nicholas left you a great big package, wrapped in bright holly tissue paper and topped with an enormous red bow? What if you were allowed a promising peek at it every once in a while? And perhaps you were even permitted to handle it—weighing it carefully, and thrilling with anticipated joys!!! Then—after all your expectancy—after all the beautiful coverings—if you opened it, searched inside, and found it to be empty, or filled only with meaningless sawdust, wouldn't you be disappointed? dreadfully disappointed?

Then perhaps you are able to understand a little of what the teachers must feel when they watch with expectancy a good pupil. Perchance you can realize how disappointed they must be when the lid is opened, and they find—nothing! When they find the student is only a good cheater; nothing but sawdust within?

And what of the pupil? Did excelsior and sawdust ever make good food? No! Then what food for thought is the pupil to have? On what shall he call for his decisions and problems? How is he to meet life?

Even if the substance of his hard learned lessons is forgotten in after years, is not the ability to think through his problems, sufficient repayment for studying to learn?

—Charlotte Towl, Eng. V.

WINTER SPORTS IN VOGUE.

Old Man Winter, with his snowy cold and his icy blasts is here again, and apparently to stay. But much as we love the fun and good times summer gives us, still there's an exciting fascination about the vast new territory that Mr. Winter spreads before our eager eyes. His icy blasts send not only a shiver of cold down our backs, but a tingle of energy through our bodies. They fill us with a vim and vigor that summer's lazy breezes, however nice, can never bring us. They put us on tiptoe to test the snow covered hills in a merry downward dash on sled or skis, as mood will have it. And it is with eager anticipation that we await the first ice to try our questionable powers on skates. Also there's the additional fun of an occasional sleigh ride with the unique delight of cuddling into straw and watching the world go by to the rhythm of prancing horses' hoofs and jingle of bouncing sleigh bells. And, in another very different, but equally enjoyable way, how cozy it is to sit about a warm fire whose blazing logs offer contrast with the placid beauty of softly falling snow outside. So we find winter a very enjoyable prospect, its gaiety surmounting its hardship to such a degree that we welcome it with a genuine gladness.

Safe, Sane, Silly Vacations in Vogue

Vacation is coming and Centralites are beginning to think—believe it or not! Beginning to think—about vacation!

For instance, such ambitious seniors as wee Isabel Hansen can hardly wait to grace themselves on Santy's knee and put her in order for a new fur coat and a Cord roadster.

Or Jane Bowman will simply pop if she doesn't find a reducing record for her victrola in her stocking Christmas morning. You see, over vacation Jane intends to get rid of a couple hundred pounds of that excess avoirdupois.

And to keep in practice for the debate team, Harold Saxe will let off steam to an audience of paper dolls during the holidays.

Among our juniors we have "Penney" Cosmas who will confine her powers of concentration to the Eata Pieca Pie, or should I say Phi Beta Pi?

And Dick Watson expects to spend many energetic and rambunctious hours doing nuthin' at all!

Bill Wood will spend as much time as any business man dares in hoping and praying for ole St. Nick to leave on his doorstep a bicycle built for two.

As for our suffermores, we have Jean Shumaker doing the Highland Fling in E flat. A quiet and restful way to spend Christmas.

And Eleanor Burke and Margaret Moore will amuse themselves shelling corn for next Fourth of July. The early bird gets the wormy ones.

The freshmen, after breaking in their roller-skates and kiddie cars, will all return to the more thoughtful subject of what to write about for their thousand word theme to be written in English V. That is, all but Bill Hamilton will. After he has played with his choo-choo train in the worst way, Bill will find a dummy Santa Claus to practice tackling with. One must keep fit for next year's football team, you know.

After Ten Years Santa Remembers

Our stocking is hanging on the School Board's fireplace, and the note attached to it is asking the old man with the white beard to leave us a gym and an auditorium. The note in full is as follows:

Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

We of Central High School are greatly in need of a new gym and a new auditorium, and in this note we are trying to prove this to you. First, Santa, we will relieve you of the thought of getting a gym and an auditorium for us this year, but be sure to get us on your list for next year. You have forgotten us for several years now, and although we used to be the best equipped high school in the city, we are the one with the least equipment now. Santa, if you had time to lay down your tools on November twenty-third this year, you would have learned that we do not lack the fighting spirit to make up a good basketball team for that new gym you are going to give us. Also, if you could see one of the spirited mass meetings or one of the fine plays you would know that an auditorium for us is absolutely essential. If you, Santa, should chance to look up the scholastic standings of our high school, you would find them superior to any other high school in Omaha. So, Santa, although we have waited patiently while the other high schools were being equipped, our turn is next, and on Christmas morning in 1930 we hope to see a new gym and a new auditorium at least started by your helpers.

—Fred Kerr, Eng. V.

The Rime of the Great White Whale

PART THE FIRST

First Day

The captain stood on the whaler's deck,

An ancient man was he;

He gazed intently to the left,

"She blows, a whale I see."

The mariners sprang up in the yards,

"'Tis Moby Dick!" A chill

Passed through their hearts; the whale lay on

The water like a snow hill.

"She blows, she blows; there again, there again

Stand by the braces, man the boats,"

The captain cried; the boats were filled

And lowered with their loads.

Soon all the boats were creeping on

Like noiseless nautilus shells, A great sea bird did fly o'erhead

And circled with a yell.

The captain hurled his mighty spear,

The harpoon reached its prey,

The whale sprang up and lashed about

With a mighty fray.

The rope was poor and so did break,

The whale did deeply sound;

An hour passed before the whale

Beneath the keel was found.

The white whale's jaws were opened wide

Just like a marble tomb;

He ground his teeth upon the boat

With many a fearful boom.

The men all spilled into the sea,

The whale swam round and round;

And when the ship did pick them up

They fell down in a swoond.

The captain's bodily strength did snap.

He lay with many a moan;

"The whale still blows"; the eternal sap

Runs up in the captain's bones.

PART THE SECOND

Second Day

When dawn did break, the three mast heads

Were punctually manned afresh;

"We'll get him yet," the captain cried,

"And catch him in our mesh."

No whale upon the sea was seen

Until that day at noon;

"The one who first the whale doth spie,

That man I'll grant a boon."

"She blows, she blows, straight ahead," was now

The cry upon the mast

"Oh, whale, you never more will use

The cruelty of your past."

"Lower away, lower away," the captain called

The boats once more did speed,

The harpoon, hurled upon the whale

Was bent as quickly as a reed.

More spears were hurled against the whale

And ropes were fastened tight;

The whale did charge upon the boat

And give the men a fright.

The whale did spill the men o'er board

When he charged the captain's boat,

And one poor man did wildly swim

Into the whale's big throat.

The whale doth travel to the west

And trails the ropes behind;

And ship doth bear down on the scene

And rescues all she finds.

The captain's body was a wreck,
As though his life to mock;
The captain's soul still stood upright
As steady as a rock.

"My death knell rings," the captain moaned,
"I hear its mournful sound,
But before I die, by my long harpoon,
The whale's heart shall be found."

When dusk did come the whale was still
In sight against the sky.
"Now keep good watch," the captain warned,
"We'll get him by and by."

PART THE THIRD

Third Day

The morning of the third day dawned;

Toward the horizon rim
The whale did leap to greet the sun,
And swiftly did he swim.

The whale did swiftly swim about,
His anger did he brew;
"We will not fail," the captain cried,
"The boats, stand by, the crew."

The boats once more did hit the sea,
"Give way," the captain cried,
The boats once more upon the brine,
Up to the whale did ride.

The men did see the fearful whale;
And speedily rowed forthwith
Back to the ship; the whale did blow
Like a demon in a myth.

The whale did see the ship's black hulk
As the wind the sails did whip,
And thinking it a nobler prey
He straightway charged the ship.

The whale did strike on the star-board side
Beneath the water line,
The fearful blow did split the seams
And let in all the bryne.

"My God, my God, save us the ship,"
The seamen cried aloud.
The sullen sea did slowly creep
Upon them, as a shroud.

The valiant ship that chased the whale
Did sink beneath the sea,
The sea then looked as it always did
And ever more will be.

Finis

THE PROMISE

The sad wind sings a requiem for the year;
The leaves grow tired of clinging to their tree;

They asked the moaning wind to set them free
And twirling downward leave their branches bare.

The frowning skies brood over bleak and drear;
The frightened clouds across them swiftly flee;

There is a hushed silence, 'til from a tree
A stray bird quavers out a note of fear.

And yet I cannot feel that nothing lives
In all this desolation and this death—
There is a hope that trees will bud again;

There is a promise of a spring that gives
To birds their song and to the flowers breath

As long as God above his earth shall reign.
—Margaret Browne, Eng. VII.

Christmas Ghosts

A PROSE ESSAY

The pine wood in the fireplace crackled pleasantly; the Christmas tree with its colored lights and the holly wreaths gave the room a mysterious expectant atmosphere. Seated comfortably in a large arm chair, a grey-haired little old lady looked dreamily, a little sadly out through a frosty window pane.

Large leisurely flakes floated lazily against a background of darkness. Here and there the shadowy presence of a tree was visible to the little girl who stood on tiptoe trying to peep through a little patch of the log cabin window on which Jack Frost had not lavished his artistic efforts. Her starry eyes betrayed some inner secret. She was thinking that out of this magic on this very night he was coming—with the jingle of sleigh-bells and the clatter of reindeer hoofs.

Life on the bleak Iowa prairie had few softening influences, and there was little time for Christmas sentiment, yet tales of Santa Claus had reached into the log cabin of this large pioneer family.

After the others were asleep, the little girl slipped into the cold shadowy living room and huddled before the big fireplace trying to get some warmth from the few remaining coals. In one hand she held a rudely knit stocking. Santa must know that someone was expecting him.

Early Christmas morning, hearing the sound of breakfast preparations in the kitchen, she arose quietly and hurried in to look at her stocking. Her heart leapt as she saw a pleasant looking bulge in the toe. She stood for a few moments in breathless ecstasy, then ran forward and reached eagerly down into the stocking.

Oh! it was something hot and moist. Then an older sister stood in the doorway laughing gleefully and pointing weakly at her. The stocking dropped to the floor with a dull plop, and a large baked potato rolled across the floor. With face flushed and eyes stinging with tears, the little girl ran from the room, and burying her face in her pillow, she cried and cried. . . . A starry eyed little girl interrupted, "See my dolly, grandma; she sleeps, an' talks an' walks."

When all were seated gaily at the Christmas dinner, the host said, "We wanted to have something for dinner that would remind mother of the old days, so it's going to be baked potatoes. All in favor . . ." In the laughter that followed grandmother's fork slipped from nerveless fingers to the floor. But the maid quickly supplied another.

—Eileen Draney '30.

My Gingham Pup

In the northeast corner of the room stands a rag doll-pup entirely covered with gaudy, figured gingham. His black, shiny, oil-cloth eyes with their puppy-appeal fascinate one, while his three-cornered mouth of the same material and his cocked ears, displaying their pink lining, give an expression that is both comical and amusing. His long, limp body and his crooked tail I am sure no well-brought-up pup would tolerate, but he does not seem to care. His black, oil-cloth, elephant-like, stuffed feet may not be the kind a puppy would prefer, but they do permit him to stand in various positions including such bowlegged ones as can be accomplished only by pups of this type. His long, ungainly legs seem to carry him lumbering off in a friendly frolic.

—Evajane Sinclair, Eng. II.

AMONG THE ACTORS

Abraham Lincoln by John Drinkwater. The trials and tribulations, the joys and sorrows, the life, the death—told in simple episode, with the members of his immediate family, his neighbors in Springfield, his cabinet, his generals in the war, and those connected with his tragic death as the only characters forming the material for the incidents portrayed from his life in John Drinkwater's drama, **Abraham Lincoln**. In four or five important incidents in Lincoln's life, Mr. Drinkwater points out the most outstanding characteristics of the Emancipator, his realness of purpose and his willingness to stand by his word in the face of public dissatisfaction. The author makes one feel his humility yet the forcefulness of his decisions is present in every word that he utters in the whole play. His fear of God leads him straight in his life path; and when he is taken by the gun of John Wilkes Booth, he is, although the play does not have him say so, satisfied to go; for in his eyes the work God sent him here to do is finished.

—John Sullivan, Eng. VII.

The Pigeon by John Galsworthy is a play concerning social reform in general, and an artist by the name of Wellwyn in particular. Wellwyn is one of those well meaning, charitable people who, with none too great means, is always giving to the flotsam and jetsam of human society who, in turn, recognize him as an easy mark, and impose on his generosity correspondingly. His daughter Ann says of him that he is the "despair of all social reformers, a sickly sentimentalist." The plot of the play, centers about three objects of Wellwyn's generosity, who have made all sorts of promises to do better and end up worse than before. A last desperate attempt of Ann's to remove these temptations from Wellwyn causes her to find another studio not so accessible to everyone and on moving day, Wellwyn frustrates this by giving his new address to all these "rotters."

This play was written partly in ridicule of social reform monuments and despite its necessarily sordid details, I rather enjoyed it.

—Helen Poynter, Eng. VII.

The play **Strife** by John Galsworthy is a strike story. Neither side had a monopoly on the right, and each was willing to give in, but each was dominated by an obstinate, uncompromising leader. The picture of the efforts made by these leaders to fight on is interesting; each was sure he was right and would fight to the finish for his principle; even the death, caused by the strike, of his wife did not change the attitude of the strikers' leaders.

Both leaders were overthrown and the strike settled as first proposed by an arbitrator. What the men gained would not begin to make up for what the strike had cost them, and what the company lost by increased wages was only a fraction of what the idleness had cost them.

Thus, Galsworthy shows the futility of many strikes, and in this case a strike which was caused by two obstinate leaders and not the workers or directors.

—Lowell Harriss, Eng. V.

REVIEWING IN BOOKLAND

LIGHTING SEVEN CANDLES

By Cynthia Lombardi

Lighting Seven Candles by Cynthia Lombardi is a novel in which I was greatly disappointed. My primary reason for this is that the author sacrifices the mission of the Seven Candles, or powers, Love, Truth, Faith, Hope, Courage, Reverence, and Knowledge, in endeavoring to attain the sensational.

The action of the story takes place near the city of Rome, Italy, at the Villa Magnolia. The picturesque charm of the old Italian villa and the serenity of the virginal beauty of the surrounding country-side form a splendid setting for this story of conflicting spiritual emotions.

Under a spring sky when the magnolias are in blossom, Joseph Ireland, a happy-go-lucky novelist, and Arthur Greene, a highly sensitized young man advanced beyond his age in the doctrines of spiritualism, are brought together in a close companionship, revealing to each other their innermost emotions and ideals. Each character is so individualized that he forms a striking contrast to the other in his attitude toward life.

In leaving New York for Rome, Arthur Greene changed the entire course of the life of the prominent novelist, Joseph Ireland. The death of the young girl to whom Arthur was engaged was such a shock to his nervous system that he developed a most alarming mental condition. In his belief that God had given to everyone seven candles or attributes to light through life, his seemingly supernatural powers were the dominating force throughout the story. His was the life of a man who struggles vainly against the world to gain spiritual happiness, but the irony that pervades the entire story is made apparent when he dies in the attempt to bring back to life a wax image he supposed to be his dead love.

—Louise Sevez, Eng. III.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON

By Rolt-Wheeler

"Come on boys! I'm learning, I'm learning fast!" With this quotation from the famous inventor, Rolt-Wheeler concludes his biography, **Thomas Alva Edison**. This book depicts the amazing adventures and experiences of the world's foremost scientific genius from the time when he was a small boy until his present age.

Throughout his entire life, Edison has continually asked the question, "Why don't you know?" to all perplexing problems to which man had found no answer. Usually after asking this question, he proceeds to find an answer. Another great quality of his is that he never counts himself defeated until the last experiment has failed. An interesting example of this 'stick-to-it-ive' spirit was his effort to find a filament for an electric light. After trying many hundreds of different kinds of filaments, and even sending expeditions to all parts of the world, he finally found the correct substance. Now there are millions of people benefiting by his labor.

Although he has many inventions to his credit, he does not cease, but continues to delve into the mysteries of Mother Nature, and draws forth from them comforts and conveniences with which to bless modern civilization.

—Philip Laserowitz, Eng. II.

THE MUTABILITY OF LITERATURE

By Washington Irving

The Mutability of Literature is a captivating essay on the ephemera of fame. Irving imagines that one of the oldest tomes in the library of Westminster Abbey is speaking to him. The musty volume complains that it has not been read for several centuries. Irving assures the book that many others have shared its fate; for language and diction are constantly changed, and none but a few bookworms care to study the old books. The ancient volume then asks the fate of the books that were considered immortal when it was young. These have been obliterated by succeeding waves of literature. At last the book asks what has become of "that good-for-nothing poet, Shakespeare." When Irving informs him that Shakespeare has perpetuated the literature of that period through his marvelous plays, the little volume roars with laughter. "Others may write from the head, but he that writes from the heart will always be understood by the heart," explains Irving; but the little volume has again lapsed into silence.

Although the essay is very illuminating on the subject of literary fame, it is the novel presentation that makes it so fascinating.

—Gunnar Horn, Eng. V.

THADDEUS OF WARSAW

By Jane Porter

Out of the lurid haze that marked the Polish revolt in 1832 rose the heroic figure of Thaddeus Constantine, Count Sobieski, answering the call of his ancestors, who had already given their all for Poland. Gladly did the young nobleman sacrifice his own fortune to the supreme effort of Poland to roll back the ever rising tide of the Russians. The fiery young patriot and his men fought with a ferocity gained only from despair, but the lack of equipment and numbers soon told on the waning line of struggling heroes who fought until their lives were taken from them by the merciless Russians. He lost everything he cared for in the final stages of the bloody uprising; his grandfather, his mother, and his country. The shattered nobility was as pitiful in defeat as it had been glorious in peace. Again and again the brave young soldier tried to get them together, but his efforts were all in vain. In a deep despair he sought the ever beckoning haven of England where he could again think clearly on a plan to keep his country intact.

In England he lived in a very plain room in a small boarding house. He made his living by teaching languages. In these teachings he came to know and love Mary Beaufort. Later he met his old friend, Pembroke Somerset, who invited Thaddeus to live with him. From Sir Robert Somerset Thaddeus learned that the former was his true father and that he belonged in the Somerset family. Meanwhile the understanding between Mary Beaufort and Thaddeus developed into love, and the two were married at the Somerset castle.

Throughout the story the author, by means of numerous incidents, presents the character of Thaddeus as one of self-sacrifice and friendliness. In addition to this there is a contrast between the brilliant yet tragic Polish nobility and the stolid English middle class. These two combine to make the story well worth its reading.

—George Holyoke, Eng. IV.

Students of Main Avenue High School, San Antonio, Texas, will be able to see movies of one of their own football games. A movie of their annual battle on Thanksgiving is being presented at a local theatre.

The Pleasures of Quarreling

A HELPFUL OUTLINE

Quarreling has, like almost any other body, a beginning, a middle, and an end. First, then, you must have something to quarrel about. Not that it makes any difference what this little verbal encounter is about. It doesn't. It really makes no difference just so it promises to bear the fruits of argument. The subjects may vary from pins to skyscrapers. Naturally the bigger the subject the more difficult it will be to handle.

Next, you are duly concerned with some one with whom to quarrel. Of all the creatures on this earth surely none is more fitted to argue than a woman. A woman can out-talk anything that walks, runs, flies, or plays bridge. A woman is like a phonograph. Get her started and she runs incessantly. Occasionally you find a man even more guilty than a woman. He, too, talks until his vocabulary runs out, or until someone has the good grace to choke him.

When you find someone to quarrel with, find your subject and stick to it. Never let her (or him as the case may be) have the last word. Hang on viciously, tenaciously, like a hall dog about to lose his supper. Never let a woman have the last word. Get the better of the argument and you have a right to feel that you have really accomplished something. Think of the glory in telling your friends that you **once got the better of a woman** in an argument. If you see the girl friend approaching and you feel exceptionally quarrelsome break the news gently to her that you were out with so-and-so, her bitter rival. Don't lose heart; this is absolutely sure to provoke a quarrel—probably one of the greatest since the days of Patrick Henry. If it does not, then I have made a huge error and all my teachings have been in vain.

Quarreling makes a new being of you. It wakes you up instantly, like being stuck with a pin or being thrown into a body of cold water. The quarrel is not to be classed with the debate at all. The quarrel soars to heights which the debate could never reach. The debate rarely gets to drastic measures, while the quarrel gets even to fistio measures.

—William Johnson, Eng. V.

Comments on Life

Life is lots like getting meals. You spend loads of time, energy, and money to prepare a meal. Just as you get every piece of silverware in the proper place and the cylinder of jelly on the plate, those younger brothers come raring in to plow viciously into the food. After gulping it down, they tear out again without a word of appreciation, and leave the debris to you. All must be carried from the table; the dishes must be cleaned up. The litter must be swept away.

Someone always has to pick up the messes of life. After the way has been paved for success, someone always takes the wrong turning, gets off into the muddy road, and wallows around in the slime. Then you have to wash off the dirt and send it down the straight road. But only to find another life must be started. Another mess must be made, and another mess cleared away. Always one more fling for someone else to straighten out.

—Jane Masters, Eng. V.

We are beginning to wonder if the girls are letting their hair grow or merely letting it go.

The Magazine Rack

Can you imagine the warm sunny southern France of today a desolate tundra with a climate as cold as that of northern Siberia? Just such a place was the France of 30,000 years ago when the first cave men inhabited the cave dwellings in the steep cliffs of the Pyrenees and carved their strange pictures on the walls and in the rock of the cliffs. Some of their tunnels are vertible underground art galleries, and exploring them is one of the most thrilling sports in the world. "When Reindeer Roamed the Pyrenees" in the December *Scientific American*.
—Helen McFarland.

Caligula's favorite pastime was ordering people to commit suicide, and he spent much time devising newer and more horrible kinds of death. Yet one woman found it in her heart to love him. "Caligula—Cruellest Emperor" in the December issue of *The Mentor* tells how the emperor's brutality finally brought about his own death.
—Gunnar Horn.

Romance came to the ladies of the fourteenth century in the guise of troubadours, those gay, wandering minstrels whose tender love songs made lovely dames sigh and dream. The troubadours were the newspapers, the circulating libraries, and the movies of their day. But sometimes the amours of these minstrels got them into trouble with distrustful husbands, as Fairfax Downey shows in "Gally the Troubadors" in *The Mentor* for December.
—Margaret Browne.

What is happening to the "gentle art of letterwriting?" Will this rapidly declining art finally fall into the limbo of forgotten things? Most letters today don't "satisfy" even if they are "mild"; they're not "toasted," and there are too many "coughs" in them. This is the opinion of Gilbert H. Doane, librarian at the University of Nebraska. Read his interesting essay "Is the Gentle Art Lost" and find his entertaining and humorous reasons for its decline. The article appears in the Fall number of the *Prairie Schooner*.
—Helen McFarland.

The biggest wreck raising job the world has seen, raising the German fleet from the bottom of the Scapa flow, was managed successfully by

Mr. E. H. Cox, a man who had never before tried to raise a ship. After he attempted, without success, to raise ships by means of strong chains and wire ropes, he oxidized the interiors of these vessels to such an extent that they would float. A man can enter an oxidized ship if he wears a gas mask and, if he desires to do so, he can wash his hands through an open port-hole without letting in any water although he may be forty feet below sea level. An explanation of this mystifying process is found in "A Scuttled Fleet is Salvaged" in the December issue of the *Scientific American*.
—Meredith Johnson.

Queen Victoria did not golf, drive a car, go to business, or attempt to get on a street car; therefore she had no need for two ounce underclothing, bobbed hair, or of short skirts. Is the female species of the human race going to allow style to tyrannize over comfort and happiness with high waistlines and long trailing skirts? In "Let's Not Wear Them" in the *New Republic* for October 30 Fannie Hurst helps to answer this question.
—Evelyn Chaikin.

Whether the modern women will succumb again to the dictates of fashion in the form of long skirts, or will revolt against the tyranny of Parisian dressmakers is a question that will soon be decided. Always before women have acquiesced in each succeeding form of torture, the hoop-skirt, the corset, the bustle, but perhaps this time they will assert themselves against this menace of the comfort of their short dresses. This all-important question is discussed in an interesting collection of opinions in "Must Women Go Back to Tripping Over Their Trains" in the *Literary Digest* for November 16, 1929.
—Genevieve Welsh.

Love of change, desire of the manufacturer to speed up production, the longing of the couturier to make models which should be truly individual have brought the flapper dynasty to an end; femininity has returned! There is much opposition to this carefully planned change, not only from the flappers who assert their inalienable right to keep on flapping but also from the women who fought for dress reform when skirts to the floor were not an amusing masquerade but a symbol of bondage to an old tradition. Read the forecast not only of a new

MIDNIGHT

'Tis when the wind sails highest 'mong
The fitful clouds; when shrieks the song
Of wild wind whistling under eaves
And sighing 'mid the withered leaves.
The flapping shutters beat the pane
That mocks the ever-dripping rain.
Amid the noisy, blustering drum
A hush—the magic hour has come—
And, mystic monarch of the night,
Grim Midnight, reigns in all his might.

The wind has paused her awful flight.
The clouds now gone, the moon shines bright
And slowly spreads its silvery beams
'Til now the country-side all seems
Half-hidden in the gleaming rays.
The mind, enraptured, quietly strays
'Til childhood friends and pleasure places
And long-forgotten scenes and faces
Drift slowly by in long review
To pay the King his homage due.
—Helen Crow, Eng. II.

dress fashion, but also of a new girl and a new age in "The Flapper's Successor" in *The Woman's Journal*, November, 1929.
—Virginia Tedrow.

The flapper has gone. Her brief skirts and boisterous manner are but part of the past, but in her place is the modern girl, whose poise is graceful, feminine, whose gowns dip and swirl about her ankles, and whose hair is pinned in a knot low on the nape of her neck. This is the lady of today pictured by Mildred Adams as "The Flapper's Successor" in *The Woman's Journal* of November.
—Ruth Reuben.

Baby girls are killed at birth by savage tribes in Indian, Henry VIII of England divorced Anne Boleyn because she had only daughters, and even at the present time parents are profoundly disappointed when a daughter is born to them. Read how out of date this prejudice against daughters is in "I'd Rather Have a Daughter" by Henry F. Pringle, the fond parent of a son, in the November issue of the *Mentor*.
—Henrietta Kuenne.

Henry Nestor '28 is now attending the George Washington University at Washington, D. C., where he is following a course of consular and foreign service.

The Menu

In these days of indigestion
It is often times a question
As to what to eat and what to leave
alone;
For each microbe and bacillus
Has a different way to kill us,
And in time they always claim us for
their own.
There are germs of every kind
In any food that you can find
In the market or upon the bill of fare
Drinking water's just as risky
As the so-called bootleg whiskey,
And it's often a mistake to breathe
the air.

The inviting green cucumber
Gets most everybody's number
While the green corn has a system all
its own
Though a radish seems nutritious
Its behavior is quite vicious,
And a doctor will be coming to your
home.

Eating lobster cooked or plain
Is only flirting with ptomaine,
While an oyster sometimes has a lot
to say;
But the clams we eat in chowder
Makes the angels chant the louder,
For they know that we'll be with
them right away.

Take a slice of nice fried onion
And you're fit for Dr. Munyon.
Apple dumplings kill you quicker
than a train.

Chew a cheesy midnight "rabbit"
And a grave you'll soon inhabit—
Ah, to eat at all is such a foolish
game.

Eating huckleberry pie
Is a pleasant way to die,
While sauerkraut brings on softening
of the brain.

When you eat banana fritters
Every undertaker titters,
And the casket-makers nearly go in-
sane.

When cold storage vaults I visit
I can only say what is it
Makes poor mortals fill their systems
with such stuff
Now for breakfast, prunes are dan-
dy
If a stomach pump is handy
And your doctor can be found quite
soon enough.
Eat a plate of nice pigs' knuckles
And every head-stone cutter chuck-
les
While the grave-digger makes a note
upon his cuff.
Eat that lovely red bologna.
And you'll wear a wooden kimona,
As your relatives start scrapping
about your stuff.

All these crazy foods they mix
Will float us 'cross the river Styx
Or they'll start us climbing up the
milky way.
And the meals we eat in courses
Mean a hearse and two black
horses,
So before a meal some people always
pray.
Luscious grapes breed 'pendicitis
And the juice leads to gastritis,
So there's only death to great us either
way.
And fried liver's nice but mind you
Friends will soon ride slow behind
you,
And the papers then will have nice
things to say.
—Everett Chandler, Eng. VIII.

A WORD FOR AUTUMN

A. A. Milne

"Waiter, the celery, please!" This first sentence seems to be the key word to the whole essay, *A Word for Autumn*, by A. A. Milne, who is an English writer of the present day. In this very clever essay, Milne discourses on the likeness of crisp celery to the autumn weather. He believes that as soon as celery is served with the dinner, summer is no longer here. This essay is very witty as well as amusing. The last paragraph is worked out especially well, because the author tells where he thinks celery should be eaten, the place according to him—being preferably a lonely tavern where one can be by himself to enjoy to the utmost the crisp sweetness of the autumn vegetable.
—Doris Ring, Eng. V.

I AM CONTENT

I am content.
And so, with beaten droop
To shoulders, bowed so suddenly by
age
That has been long stoved off; and
leaden feet
That picked each step as if in horrid
pain,
My cold and passive Shylock, still
the Jew,
But with his years of suffering now
writ large
On every deadened feature, slowly
walks
Through guarded court-room doors to
die a death
That's long in coming, since it is de-
sired.
—Catharine Marsh, Eng. VII.

Van Sant School of Business
38th Year
Co-Educational Day and Evening
Entire Third Floor Kennedy Building
205 So. 19th St. OMAHA JA. 5890

Omaha Crockery Company
Glass, China, Silver
116-18-20 Harney St.
Phone At 4842



"No wonder this milk is so good. It says "ROBERTS' DAIRY" on the bottle."
"Sure, silly, that's the same make we get on our Cocoa Malt every day in the Central Cafeteria."

Bickel School of Advertising
2906 Leavenworth Street
OMAHA
Devoted to the preparation of young men for admittance to the Advertising Profession



The Progressive Student Should Have a Typewriter at Home

We have a vast stock of Typewriters, Every Make—Large or Portable—New or used.

Very Attractive Prices—Easy Terms

Special Student Rental Rates

Increase your speed—better your marks. Phone At. 2413 for your favorite machine.

We suggest a new Royal Portable as an ideal Christmas Gift

All Makes Typewriter Company, Inc.

205 So. 18th St.

At. 2413

Poetaster's Corner

LONELINESS

Loneliness—Loneliness—Loneliness
A gray man on a bridge
Watching the sluggish
The slow moving, gray waters.
Watching the far off lights reminding
Him of homes, and of red warm fires.
The mist of the gray wet night
Envelopes and hides him.
A chasing sob escapes
Ah the loneliness—loneliness—loneliness
A gasp!—a splash!
The sluggish gray waters stir
And ripples spread wider
Until last in oblivion.

—Jane Appleman, Eng. VII.

CARTER LAKE

Beneath a sullen, solemn sky,
The narrow lake is a sheet of gray.
The wind begins to loudly sigh,
Not like warm wind of sunny May,
But more like wind of early Spring.
Far off there looms a viaduct,
That, hid by smoke in form of ring,
Resembles Roman aqueduct.
A fisherman doth fish alone
Beside the empty bathing beach
The wind hath risen to a moan
And when cold spray the shore doth
leach,
He rows his shallow bark to beach.

—John Miller, Eng. II.

TO SIVA

Siva, the creative and incarnate God
of Hindu,
In his circlet of power so divine
With pendulum-like swing and ges-
turous movement
Doth build and create each universe
in full,
And then with arms encircling all,
sustains
Our world in youth, ambition, hope,
and gayety,
But who with stamp of feet, while
drums do roll
In a light of brilliant red, the worlds
destroy.
This whim fulfilled in fitful dance of
triumph
The world he rebuilds through the
many and
Illusive characters in forms so statu-
esque behind
A screen of heaven bounded smoke
from fire,
Man's greatest gift from God our
Christian Lord.
This done, to his enthroned circlet
withdraws
And with uplifted knee and bent,
draws us
To him in a perpetual dance
With pagan grace, agility, and love
Overflowing into our predestined life.

—Isabella E. Hansen, Eng. VII.

AUTUMN TWILIGHT

A down the leafy, winding little lane,
Red from the battle of the frost
and trees
The autumn Twilight tiptoes; and the
rain
Pauses awhile to listen to the bees
That murmur mid the lane's
last valiant flowers.

The lonely road-way lips, and sways,
and climbs,
As Twilight hurries on, on eerie
feet.
A distant bell its vesper prayer
chimes
As vanquished trees their branches
softly beat
And dream of past and future
joyous hours.

The harvest moon allows her warm
red glow
On Twilight's dark and shimmer-
ing locks to gleam
That down her back in gentle ripples
flow—
And leaves within her wake a tran-
quil stream
Of darkness, veiling off the
waning light.

The owl his place as sentinel doth
take;
The nightingale lifts his melodious
strain
The bat doth his nocturnal visits
make
As dusk conceals the ending of the
lane
Where Twilight steals into the
arms of Night.

—Genevieve Westerfield, Eng. IV.

THE DANCERS

(Suggested by the
Denishawn Dancers)

A light and happy love, the love of
youth.
He with godlike form, in grace and
rhythm
Does wind a flow'ry vine of spring
about
A fairy creature with an airy charm
Who floats amidst a misty veil of
green.
But lo! The happy green of love in
spring
Has changed to a deep mysterious
blue of the moon
On a summer night that casts its spell
of love
The passion and despair of love upon
A maid enveloped all in an azure
gown
Draped with purple tinged with rosy
hue
And a man in velvet of a midnight
blue.

—Myrtle Thomas, Eng. VII.

QUAKER MAIDEN

There was once a Quaker maiden,
Who stood demure and prim
Before an ancient mirror
And viewed her frock so trim.

She wore a dress of sober gray;
Her bonnet, simple made,
Was tied beneath her dimpled chin;
Her hair was neatly braided.

Her cane was likewise gray and stiff,
Its only line of grace
Was in the lace so soft and white
Shirred round her rosy face.

Oh how this little Quakeress
Abhorred her dress and cape!
Oh how she wished her simple clothes
Weren't such outlandish shape!

Her mother's humble teachings
She readily cast aside,
With trembling heart and fingers—
She took one tuck—real wide.

As soon as she had sewed the seam,
Her heart ached to the core;
Never a little Quakeress
A guiltier conscience bore.

Thus repentant, saddened, humbled—
Her forehead in a frown—
This little Quaker Sinner
Ripped the tuck out of her gown.

—Frances Kort, Eng. IV.

IF I WERE A GYPSY

I wish I were a gypsy child
With ragged clothes and rough black
hair!
Black-eyed, bare-footed, running
wild,
I'd live my life in the open air.

All day I'd ride in a sweeping breeze;
My sturdy pony'd gallop fast!
I'd steal the cherries from farmers'
trees
And eat them when the farm was
past.

Were I a gypsy, I should wear
Red dresses full of spangly things,
A bright bandanna on my hair,
And in my ears, great gleaming
rings!

The wildest prairie would be my
home,
My friends, the care-free gypsy band,
As free as rushing winds we'd roam,
Dark vagrants, wand'ring o'er the
land.

Although I know 'tis vain to long
For life so colorful and free,
Deep in my heart there is a song
That sings of gypsy-life to me.

—Georgia McCague, Eng. II.

SIR ARTHUR GREENVILLE MACE

There was a house in Serewick town,
It was a famous place,
For there had lived a knight of yore,
Sir Arthur Greenville Mace.

This knight was bold; this knight
was brave
In game of fight or race,
"I care not if I win or lose,"
Would say Sir Greenville Mace.

One day while sitting in his room,
He saw a maiden fair
Ride by outside his castle walls,
On the road to Saladair.

Behind her followed a black knight,
Who rode in hot fury,
And tried in vain to catch the horse
That bore the fair lady.

Sir Arthur ran to mount his horse,
And take his shield and spear,
And then to kill this big black
knight,
And be a cavalier.

But as he charged he received a
blow,
Which time would never mend.
He heard the lady cry, "You brute!
Why that is my husband."

So he returned to his castle strong,
With shame upon his face,
And since that day, no maid's been
saved
By Arthur Greenville Mace.
—Philip Laserowitz, Eng. II.

SHYLOCK'S FAREWELL

The black robed night with silent
circling arms
Enveloped Shylock as from out the
hall
He stumbled. Lonely, broken, cast
out on
Life's way without so much as one
faint gleam
Of hope, with which to guide his
halting steps.
He knew not where he went nor did
he care.
His head was bowed, his trembling
hands stretched forth
As if to guide him on his wandering
way.
His eyes, though sunken, gleamed
with hate, despair.
But long ere morning wakened all
the world
To brightness, joy, and light, a lone-
ly soul
Went forth to seek a hiding place in
which
It might be safe from insults wrong,
defeat.

—Marian Searle, Eng. VII.



208 Courtney Bldg.

Flowers for Christmas
HESS & SWOBODA
FLORISTS
Flowers sent by Wire
Anywhere
1805 Farnam St. Ja. 1501

Photo ENGRAVINGS
for high school and
college publications
BAKER BROS. ENGRAVING CO.
1122 HARNEY ST. OMAHA, NEBR.
Get in touch with our
College Annual Department



**It's Hard
to Realize**

that Christmas is just
around the corner. That
means that you had bet-
ter order that plum pud-
ding or fruit cake for your
Christmas dinner.

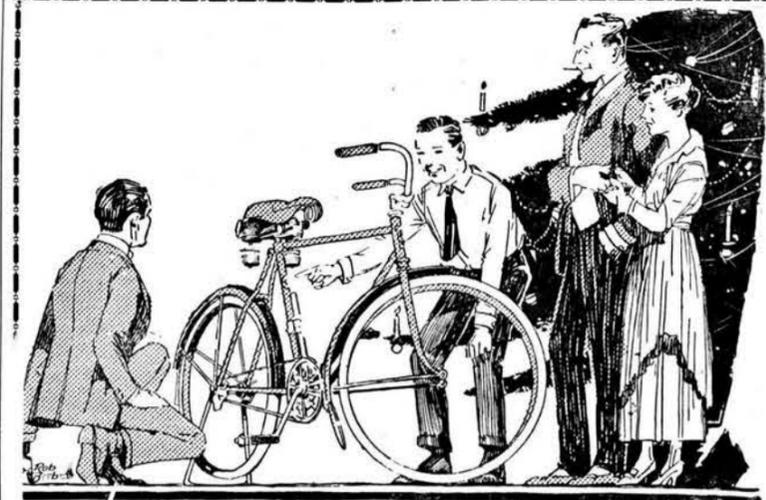
And another thing, if
you want to buy a Christ-
mas gift that is sure to
please, get one of our deli-
cious fruit cakes in a beau-
tifully decorated metal
box. We'll pack and ship
them anywhere.

**Merry
Christmas**
Northrup-Jones
COMPANY
Two Stores
1615-17 Farnam St.
36th and Farnam St.



"Say it with Flowers"
The Parker Flower Shop
New Location, 1512 Harney Street
Cut Flowers, Plants, Decorations, and
Designs
Phone Ja. 3102 *School Club Bouquets a Specialty*

MATCHA MUSIC
Our Music is Collegiate--Peppy
We have what You Want
MATCHA MUSIC SERVICE -- JA 0666



Walkers-Retiring of Baby Carriages and Juvenile Vehicles
RALPH W. CRADDOCK
Bicycles and Repairing
1514 Capital Avenue
Ice Skates and Sharpening "R" Special "Rambler"

Cupid's First Playful Trick

A SHORT STORY

The Parthenon's marble columns, dazzling in the radiant Greek sunshine, seemed to quiver with emotion as the high, sonorous notes of a violin emerged from within. Accompanying it, the sound of tapping feet could also be heard, like unto a far away rumbling. It was the most beautiful music that could possibly be obtained from a violin; it was a melody that could move the hearts of immortals. For Nero was fiddling "Keep the Home Fires Burning"—his favorite selection.

Inside the Parthenon, tapping their feet industriously, sat many familiar figures. On the front seat sat the renowned orator, Demosthenes, smoking his imported pipe with an expression of perfect satisfaction on his bearded face. "Not a cough in a carload of these pipes," the orator was often heard to say, and he would add for the sake of effect, "They satisfy." At any rate, there was Demosthenes, and at his right, Helen of Troy, with all her beauty, sat viciously attacking her famous face with a Parisian powder-puff, guiding her movements with the little round looking-glass that adorned the inside of the lid of her compact. On the other side of Demosthenes sat skillful Cupid, keeping time to Nero's fiddling by tapping his bow with a golden arrow. He was accompanied by his immortal mother, Venus, who was chewing her favorite grape gum. Then there was Virgil. The famed Roman poet sat with a Venus pencil in his mouth, staring blankly into space and trying to get an inspiration. Among the other familiar faces in the crowd assembled were Pan's, Mars', and Minerva's. The latter was displaying her new aegis, straight from Mount Aetna, and doing her best to look wise. In the rear of the building was the cause of this immense gathering. It was none other than Erato, the bride-to-be of the wedding. For it was on this day that Erato was to be married to Faunus, the gods willing. That handsome bridegroom, however, as yet had failed to arrive, and a lively conversation had begun among those present.

Demosthenes was turned around in his upholstered pew and was looking back at the congregation. "The Victory of Samothrace does not appear to be here today," he remarked. "I have never known her to miss a wedding."

"Oh, didn't you hear?" cried Helen, who had the much-desired reputation of being the most well-informed gossip of all the mythical characters. "The poor thing took cold in her head and they had to amputate it."

"Tsk, tsk," said Demosthenes, with understanding sympathy. "Is she still ill?"

"I should say," replied Helen. "So ill that her gall bladder is full of bile. I don't see how she stands it. Her heart must be stone."

"She always did seem quite hard to me," reflected the orator.

An hour passed. The bride was showing signs of anxiety, for as yet the bridegroom had not come. Now the congregation was being entertained by a speech by Plutarch. Conversations were being turned to the mystery of the bridegroom by those who did not care to listen to him, "I wonder," and "What do you think?" being the most popular phrases.

"Cupid," said Demosthenes at the end of some time, "have you anything to do with the bridegroom's absence?"

"I refuse to speak," said Cupid grinning, "until I have consulted my lawyer."

"One more bright answer out of

you, young man, and I'll—" began Venus.

"Here, here," Virgil cried. "Stop that infernal chattering. You have broken my chain of meditation."

"Maybe I could supply the missing link," suggested Cupid.

"You're a missing link!" growled Virgil. "Perhaps I shall have to doctor up the meter a bit." And he read from a slip of paper on which he had been scribbling:

"At last upon the altar is the bride,
Awaiting—ah! vain hope!—the tardy groom;
Thinking that perhaps he hasn't lied—
Alas! her days will all be spent in gloom."

At that moment Plutarch was terminating his oratorical effort. "In closing let me say," he said, and then went on, assuming that they would let him; "let me say that I only regret that I have no more lives to give to my country."

Then followed an appreciative applause. But it was cut short, for even in the great din that was rendered, every ear present except Venus' deaf one heard the door in back slam shut. The vast congregation whirled about in unison. But contrary to the expectations of all, it was not the bridegroom, Faunus. Instead their anxious eyes met with the stalwart form of Hercules, whose breath was coming in short gasps, as though he had just finished a cross-country marathon. He stood, with arm outstretched and eyes staring upward, a motionless figure. Not one of his huge, powerful muscles moved as he stood there. His Roman nose, significant of great strength, and his well-combed blond hair were noticed by all. He was being admired by all the goddesses and mortal women there as he stood mimicking a statue, and he knew it. Therefore, in a still further effort to be dramatic, he leaped forward, but tripped over a small rug in the center of the Parthenon, called the ruggum sacerum. Not knowing it at the time, Hercules called it something else, and rose to his feet.

"By the ten Muses!" he cried.

"Hercules!" piped up Pan, stamping his goat foot emphatically on the floor. "Don't you know there are eleven Muses? A man would think you had bolted the Dryad Party and become a Bacchanal the way you're acting."

"I said ten Muses," bellowed Hercules, "and ten it is. And as for politics, I have always been non-partisan."

Pointing a muscular finger at the nervous little Erato, Hercules eloquently shouted: "Wait you for fickle Faunus?"

"Aye, indeed," she sobbed.

"You wait in vain," he cried. The vast assembly gasped. Hercules felt that his oratory was going across in fine style. "As I came to the wedding—"

"Late as usual," squeaked Pan.

"Silence!" roared Hercules. "Just because you have a loaf of bread named after you—"

"Go on," cried Helen. "Go on with your story."

"Proceed," said Minerva.

"Continue," said Virgil.

"As I was saying when I was rudely interrupted," went on Hercules, "I was on my way to the wedding. I chanced to pass by Tmolus, near the fountain of Arethusa, and who should I see sitting under the cedars there but—"

"Pyramus and Thisbe!" piped up Pan again.

"But Faunus and Diana," finished Hercules, disregarding the impossible Pan. "They were cooing like two doves."

"Alas!" sobbed Erato.

"But how did this come about?" cried Virgil. "Diana is the goddess of perpetual maidenhood."

"Well," said Hercules, "it seems that Cupid shot an arrow—"

A First Year Student

A LOOK INSIDE

John Lawrence Smith looked up, and gazed curiously at the person seated opposite him in the next aisle.

John had graduated from grade school in June; and had entered upon his high school career with a zest for overcoming scholastic obstacles. At present he was seated in a large study hall; and was quietly endeavoring to complete a Latin assignment. This was difficult to do, since the hall was filled with belated arrivals seeking to be enrolled in the study, and bedlam reigned undisputed. John was firm in his belief that lessons were assigned to be done, and he was strengthened in this idea by his parents, who desired him to be the foremost in his classes.

The person across the aisle, as if conscious of John's gaze, raised his head and met John's eye. He queried, "Freshman?"

"Yes, and what are you?" readily came the answer.

"Oh, I'm a 9B. Say, you shouldn't study your lessons so hard. The teachers make the assignments easy the first week."

John, anxious to have the approval of his inquisitor, closed his book. In the next few moments, the 9B, who was bored by the monotony of studying, learned much of John's history; his age, school, classes, teachers, parents, and whether he expected to participate in extra-curricular activities. John, somewhat timid, chose an indirect route of asking whether he was to have first lunch or not.

"After the end of this hour, come with me, and I'll take you to the cafeteria," said his self-appointed guide. A bell rang, and everyone in the study-hall poised himself in his seat, and watched the hands of the clock. The hand moved with a loud click, and the study hall appeared like a scene from rush-day at the University of Nebraska.

John, who was somewhat surprised at the celerity of everyone, sought out his benefactor, and went with him to the cafeteria. He was in doubt as to the amount of food his limited finances would permit him to purchase, but his companion settled the matter for him by ordering for both.

Luncheon over, his friend opened the door leading to the court and went over to the west side.

"If the student control member is a boy," said the 9B guide, "we can linger around and have some amusement, but if it's a girl, we may just as well leave."

The 9B boy opened the door carefully, peered into the space beyond, and then placed his books in a corner. He was able to do this because the student control member was on the west side, out in the open.

—E. Louis Jahn, Eng. III.

OCTO-SYLLABIC VERSE

I fumed and swore for quite a time
In trying to formulate a rime,
And now I know there's nothing
worse

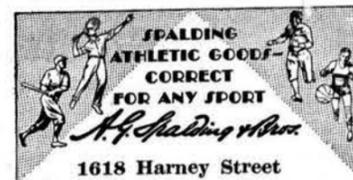
Than plain octo-syllabic verse.
I stamped my foot and tore my hair;
I prayed for thoughts but none were
there;

For inspiration I implored,
But writing poetry has me floored.
I lift my hat, and make a bow
To every person who knows how,
By work, by talent, or by curse,
To write octo-syllabic verse.

—Barrett Hollister, Eng. VII.

Everyone looked around for Cupid, but they heard only the sound of the flapping of his wings as he diffused through the ceiling of the Parthenon.

—Howard Wilcox.



MATCHA MUSIC

Why You Should Study With Us

Music students, why take a chance elsewhere, when we guarantee to give you work after you can play. We give our pupils preference because we know they can play.

MATCHA SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Jackson 0666

ORIENTAL ART GOODS

Incomparable Prices—Gifts for Every Member of the Family

Hand Painted Pongee Scarfs.....	\$1.25
Wool Challis Happy Coats, Black, Blue or Red.....	\$2.95
Japanese Handpainted Silk Brocade Happy Coat with Lining.....	\$6.50
and unlined.....	\$5.25
Mother of Pearl Beads.....	\$0.95 and \$1.50
Silk Crepe Card Cases and Notebook, each.....	\$0.25
Japanese Leather Purses, all sizes.....	75c to \$5.75

Hundreds of other articles too numerous to mention.

NIPPON IMPORTING CO.

Phone JA 4257

218 So. 18th St.

The Meeting Place for Central Students
During the Holidays

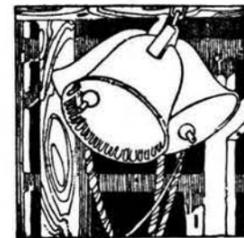
Mary Ann Sweet Shop

Dinners
Ice Cream
Sandwiches



Prompt
Courteous
Service

Space for Dancing



CANDYLAND

16th and Farnam

and

SUNSET TEA ROOMS

49th and Dodge

Wish Central High Students a

Very Merry Christmas

School and Society Printing
of Every Kind

109-11 North
18th Street



Telephone
Jackson 0644

Giants In The Earth

By O. E. ROLWAAG

Not many years ago a Norwegian fisher boy landed in New York. He did not know a word of English; in his pockets were an American dime, a Norwegian penny, and a railroad ticket to Minnesota. This boy was destined to become, in the opinion of many modern critics, the foremost writer about pioneer life in America. His most noted novel is a distinct contribution to the literature of two countries. It strikes the epic note.

In this novel, *Giants in the Earth*, the author instills in the reader the sense of the prairie that lingers beyond the book. It was only after many trials that Per Hansa and his little family finally reached the midst of the vast, endless prairie. They built their little sod hut, and Per Hansa began to realize his ambitious dreams. The soil was good and the crops, especially wheat and potatoes, sprang up fast. Per and his boys, Store-Hans and Ole, worked hard and diligently every day. Each day brought nearer the realization of Per Hansa's hopes and dreams. But for the wife, Beret, each day was dark and desolate; something bleak and cold had enveloped her. Terror crept slowly into her whole being. One Christmas morning a baby boy was born to Per Hansa and his wife. The child was christened Peder Victorious Holm. Just when Per seemed to be nearing the realization of his dreams, he was frozen to death while trying to save a dear friend.

The tale of Per Hansa, the enthusiast, who sinks his whole being in the rich future of himself and America, and of Beret, his devoted wife, who feels that she has left God behind her to go into a world which she sincerely believes is not meant for mankind, is the typical story of the Dakota pioneer. Rolwaag is a master of characterization, and in the character of Per Hansa has created something that will undoubtedly live forever. The spirit of the great, stretching plains seems to beat throbbingly in the heart of Per Hansa, the dreamer. Per typifies the hardy, sturdy pioneers who drove unerringly into the center of the Dakota plains. His wife, Beret, tries hard to understand the feelings of Per, but she believes that the prairies are so isolated and desolate that God finds it impossible to exercise his goodness over them. She believes they are at the mercy of the trolls of her homeland and of Satan himself. The characters are so real that the reader finds himself following their moods, suffering when they suffer, glad when they are glad.

It is a unique experience, all things considered, to find this novel by O. E. Rolwaag so palpably European in its art and atmosphere, so distinctly American in everything it deals with. Does it not seem wonderful that we now have projected into American letters a realist of the first quality writing in a foreign language almost an epic of the founding of America? —Jack Woodruff, Eng. VIII.

ALUMNUS INHERITS BOOK

Ira W. Porter, Junior cadet at the United States Military Academy at West Point, recently discovered, among some things he has inherited, the book, *Counsellor Manners, His Last Legacy to His Son* by Josiah Dare. Mr. Porter had the book which was originally published in 1676 in London, reprinted for the first time.

Ira was graduated from Central in 1927, and in his vacations he has substituted in the language department at Central, North, South, and Tech.

THE FEATHERED FLEET

The swan leads forth his navy great
To view the beauty of the lake—
The beauty of the lake to view
In sunset's dusky, amber hue.

With stately form these men-of-war
Drift on like driftwood from afar—
The beauty of the lake to view
In sunset's dusky, amber hue.

While weather-cocks in moonlight
glóat
Like tiny icebergs on they float—
The beauty of the lake to view
In sunset's dusky, amber hue.

The sunset slowly fades away;
The navy turns its course to bay—
No more the beauty of the lake to view
In sunset's dusky, amber hue.

—Julian McPherson, Eng. II.

Prize 1928 Similes

"As EMPTY as the Library of an Elks' Club."—Percy Hammond.

As empty as a church on a week day.

As full as a Centralite's Ford.
—Maxine Shepard.

"As SCARCE as a stenographer with cotton stockings."—H. C. Groth.

As scarce as a DeMolay meeting at the K. C.

As plentiful as the holes in a screen.
—Kathleen Spencer.

"She is as POPULAR as a suppressed novel."—Sidney Skolsky.

As unpopular as whooping cough at a Philadelphia Symphony Concert.

As unpopular as an Old Gold cigarette in a cough drop factory.
—Edward Evans.

As popular as cheese at a mouse party.
—Keith Wilson.

"SANK slowly BACK in his chair like a balloon coming to rest."—P. G. Wodehouse.

She sat on the chair as secure as a pince-nez on a Roman nose.

He filled the chair like bread set to rise.
—Irma Randall.

Jumped from his seat as if he had been sitting on his wife's work basket.

Sank back in his seat like a pardoned criminal.
—Kathleen Spencer.

"CHARACTERLESS as a restaurant lemon pie."—Irvin Cobb.

Characterless as hominy.
—Catherine Tholl.

Knockers

A SHORT ESSAY

As I raised the knocker on Ruth's door this morning, I realized how easy it was to tell the type of person living inside by his respective door knocker. Why that quaint, quiet, little knocker just suited Ruth. There was no trimming, just plain, and sort of Quakerish. Then in contrast, there was Mr. Berril's huge, massive knocker. And there was Mr. Berril, portly, proper, and with a sort of royalty complex. Then again, here was Mr. Squint, the man who attended all the races. And of course the knocker on his door was plain except for the horse and jockey carved on it. Then here was still another knocker. It was an odd little object, rather futuristic in design and shape. It was extreme to say the least. What type of person would you suppose lived here? I should guess a woman whose house was furnished with zigzag mirrors (loads of them) and low, futuristically designed furniture. I was correct. Mrs. Phillips had furnished her home in this way more to satisfy her desire for odd things than for comfort, much to her disgust. Even her clothes were futuristic in design. What next? Here was some real fun in this next deduction. It looked as if it had been polished daily very, very thoroughly. This was hardly the type of knocker to be owned by a prizefighter or even a business man unless he was an exceptional man. This knocker must belong to a very precise, bright, spic, and span little woman. And I was hardly surprised to find the door opened by a lady with very bright, blue eyes. Her hair had been carefully and precisely waved and had been combed and brushed till it fairly shone. Everything in her house was in place, and there was a cool, sweet something about it. This is so easy to do and yet very few people would think to look to the door knockers to tell a person's personality.
—Eileen Christensen, Eng. V.

A new one on the absent-minded man:

A fellow who put on his office door a card saying: "Out, will be back in ten minutes," and on his return sat down on the stair steps to wait for himself.

First senior: How near were you to the right answer to the fifth question?

Second senior: Two seats away.

SUNSET

I stand upon the summit of a hill
That upward thrusts its head from
lowly plains;

And from whose breast a lonely owl
complains,
As twilight slowly falls on rock and
rill.

The western sky with fire is all aglow,
As downward sinks the sun behind
the hill;

There is no sound except the brook-
let's flow.

The darkness downward steadily does
steal

Across the level, endless valley floor;
The trees have stopped their breezy,
rustling tone

A sudden pang of loneliness I feel;
For I can hear the chirping birds no
more;

The wind has died, and I am left
alone.
—Bernard Brison, Eng. IV.

Gum Chewing

Gum chewing is fun. It lessens the boredom of many an hour. It gives nonchalance when smoking is not permitted. It forwards studying. It entertains and amuses onlookers. It is by far the most perfect example of perpetual motion ever exhibited. It is harmless. In fact, it not only whitens the teeth, and aids digestion, but also adds beauty and dignity to the practitioner. It explodes nervous energy otherwise used in rolling six-sided pencils over the desk, and shooting paper wads. It serves as glue where glue is not to be had. It can be pipped and blown into bubbles. The flavor lasts for at least three minutes when the cud is chewed thoughtfully. In the face of these very apparent virtues, we are asked, entreated, and commanded to refrain from such ecstatic joy. No consideration for our feelings is shown. Why must others be so selfish as to attempt to deny us our most inalienable rights?
—Jane Masters, Eng. V.

Must one shine to be happy? It is thoroughly human to want to excel, to go one step higher than the next fellow. But the windbag who always is better than you, who always has seen or heard something that you haven't, needs to learn "The Art of Being Outshone." The article in the December *Atlantic Monthly* discusses the question very entertainingly.
—Richard Moran.

Death Comes For Archbishop

By Willa Cather

Death Comes for the Archbishop is an unusual book in that it is not dramatic and highly-colored in style but is rather quiet and impressive. The so-common love interest and romantic tinge of the majority of novels is almost wholly absent. The book presents a striking picture of the settlement of the Southwest territory which General Kearney acquired for the United States in 1846, especially from the angle of the Roman Catholic Church in its relation with New Mexico.

The story is one of a French priest who gives himself without stint to the guidance of the religious life of the Catholics, chiefly Indians and Mexicans, in this rugged, half-civilized country. The strong, beautiful character of the central figure, Father Jean Marie Latour, later the archbishop, and of his vicar, Father Joseph Vaillant, who are carrying out this missionary work, is clearly portrayed. Here is a David and Jonathan friendship deep and beautiful between an aristocrat of culture and gracious refinement and a plebeian, small of stature, unfavored by nature yet possessed of a fervent devotion to the church. One of the most interesting touches in the book is the introduction of the well-known Kit Carson as a friend of Father Latour. The human side of his nature is revealed in contrast to the usual conception of him as an adventurous trapper and fur-trader.

Although the action of the story is slow, the reader becomes more and more interested as the noble and unselfish character of Father Latour is revealed. One is especially interested in the archbishop's relation to his faithful Indian guide. The book leaves the reader with an impression of peace gained through indomitable missionary zeal. Death comes for the archbishop as a welcome fulfillment of his courage, self-sacrificing life.
—Margaret Waterman, Eng. VIII.

Miss Loretta M. Gill, who was graduated from Central High in 1925, died Sunday after an illness of five weeks. A sister, Dorothy, also attended Central.

THE CREAM OF THE TOWN
Satin
RICH AND SMOOTH
SATIN ICE CREAM CO.

HARRY M. COOPER
Voice Builder and Coach
Italian School
2037 Farnam At. 4327

Wrist Watches
This fine Elgin wrist watch, guaranteed American movement in several beautiful case designs. Only—
\$35.00

Strap Watches
This fine Garland Strap Watch guaranteed movement, complete with mesh strap. Only—
\$13.50

Mail Orders given special attention

JEWELER—OPTOMETRIST
1414 Farnam St. AT. 0858

TYPEWRITERS
Every Make, Large or Portable
Easy Terms
SPECIAL RENTAL RATES
TO STUDENTS
CENTRAL
Typewriter Exchange, Inc.
(Est. 1903)
Ja 4120 1912 Farnam

Flower-in-the-Bottle
Perfume Shop
Edythe M. Hooper
Perfumes and Toilet
Water of fascinating
fragrance with the real
flower displayed in
each bottle will appeal
for gifts.
Beauty Shop in
Connection
Expert Permanent
Waving
\$7.50 and \$5.00
Finger Waves 50c
Marcel's 50c
Hair Cuts 50c
Expert Operators
1718 Douglas St. Phone At 6164

Fifteen Men on a Live One's Shopping List

Yo Ho! . . . and what if there're two hundred? Here's the way wise ones do it; reach into Browning King's treasure chest of ties . . . all of 'em economically priceless . . . specifically, that super-specialty of ours . . . ties at \$1 and \$1.50 . . . for the price the smartest, riches male neckpieces in town. In fact, we could double the prices and they'd play their parts perfectly. Bring in that long list of males-who-must-be-pleased! Then see if we're right.

Neckwear \$1 and \$1.50
BROWNING KING & CO.
15th and Douglas St.

Wet to Wettest

A SHORT INCIDENT

It happened on a nondescript highway in Northern Arizona near the New Mexico boundary line. My friends and I had just left a small trading post where the railroad and the highway meet at a section house. We were in high spirits. The car was running perfectly, and a cool breeze had relieved the heat that had scorched us through the day.

Without warning a huge, ominous cloud suddenly boomed over the horizon, surrounded us, and poured out its contents like a sieve with the bottom blown out. We broke all records extracting our slickers from the piles of luggage and making our provisions as water tight as possible. How little we knew!

We started out on the greasy road thinking we should have an ark instead of a car. The old bus skidded from side to side as the road evolved into a river. Then, in trying to pass a stalled car, we met our Waterloo. The left wheels slid dramatically into the ditch at the side of the road. No normal gutter would have been so difficult to surmount, but this was a veritable canyon. Frantically we tried to get out before the ditch was filled, but the engine would stall, and the rain would pour down. By now we weren't wet. My no! We had reached a stage where we wished our parents had been fish. The lightning cracked the dull sky into tiny bits, then dropped to the desert and darted at the sagebrush and cacti. Then we heard a loud boom, and felt tiny needles pricking us. We hopped out of that car double quick and continued our shivering from a safer place in the middle of the road. The ditch had filled up to the hubs of the car and the water rose steadily toward the lid of our gas tank. Something had to be done. There were two tiny holes in the lid just big enough to allow the water to enter. Bravely one of the fellows extracted two pins from a huge rent in his knickers and strode hip deep into the raging torrent. With superhuman strength he thrust the pins into the holes, and the day and the gas were saved.

Then it started to rain. It had merely sprinkled before. The black cloud lost its hold on the heavens and splashed upon us in buckets. Immediately, it seemed, the ditch filled. Over the wheels, over the tank, over the radiator. We watched the faithful buggy slowly drown. Then the water came over into the road. Six inches, twelve inches, knee deep. We began to look toward a neighboring mesa for more substantial footing, and were confronted with a strange sight. Where was usually a blank wall, fell a huge square of red, muddy water that roared over the desert at the foot of the mesa toward the road. There hitting the ditch it leaped ten feet into the air in a muddy geyser, and fell, booming, on the other side of the road. The whole desert was one sea with cacti and sagebrush growing freshly from the waves. On the eastern side of the stream that blocked the road a line of cars waited impatiently for the water to subside. One conceited driver approaching the stalled cars honked industriously to get by.

The water was pouring down so fast that it soon exhausted its supply. In five minutes the rain had stopped, the remnants of clouds were floating peacefully away, and the sun helped to dry up the fast draining desert. Soon our car was left high and dry, a huge red mud ball. We worked in vain to get out of the ditch, until a good Samaritan with a strong chain came our way. Suddenly, the little car labored up the sandy road, and the wet gas sputtered in spite of the two gallant pins.

—William Ellsworth, Eng. IX.

First Impressions

Found, congenial company! This was what I thought as I looked within the door of room 235. The girls and boys inside were taking advantage of their two-minute recess, and were laughing and talking together. The damp grayness of the out of doors was not reflected on the happy faces inside. I glanced hurriedly toward the front of the rectangular room where on a platform behind a desk stood a little man consulting the clock above him. On either side and behind the platform were large blackboards on which were printed notices telling of a future football game. Bang! What was that? Nothing but a careless boy closing the big dictionary lying on the baby grand piano. The size of this antique instrument as compared with the door's dimensions gave the impression that the class room had been built around it. Between me and the platform ran eight long rows of seats topped by a sea of heads. How each individual could locate his own seat, seemed queer because these seats were as alike as two peas in a pod. But quickly each moving figure would drop into a vacant seat, give a sigh, glance at the clock, smile at his neighbor, and open a book and begin to study. The windows in the west wall, though they reached almost from the floor to the ceiling, failed to give sufficient light; and so the little teacher stepped down and pushed a button on the wall, and the next second the lights hanging from the ceiling flashed on. The lighting gave the room a new, clean aspect. Down the long rows of seats the little old man's unfaltering glance passed until the searching eyes fell on me as I stood in the doorway, and I hurriedly took my seat just as the silence bell rang.

—Deborah Hulst, Eng. I.

THE NIGHTINGALE

The wind's blowing softly among the tall trees.
Soothing the earth with its soft summer breeze
When hark! In the night a sweet melody rings.
'Tis the nightingale's voice his refrain gladly sings.
I peer from my window and nought can I see
But the bright silv'ry moon making faces at me.

—Louise Wylie, Eng. II.

WINTER'S EVOLUTION

Cold winds have watched their winter breezes blow;
The season's blustering days in triumph go.
With woeful face the snow man bids farewell
And bows in due respect to nature's whim.
The snowy blanket folds away to tell
Another year that all is well with him
Who paints the window panes in frosty flowers.
Then comes the Spring with gay and happy hours
To spend in deepest meditative thought
Admiring all the charm that Spring-time holds.
And soon the bud of Spring; that first is wrought
Turns into blossom's beauty, fast unfolds
Its petals to the summer's sunny skies.
And now the season's left in bright disguise.

—Betty Willmarth, Eng. VII.

A professor was giving a lecture when he suddenly stopped, and after watching the antics of a certain student said, "There is someone here who is making a fool of himself. When he is through, I'll commence."

The City Wakes

A FRESHMAN ESSAY

"Whir, whir, whir," sounds the alarm clock. It's three o'clock Sunday morning. I wake up with a snap, and it's a race between dad and me to see who hits the floor first. I get my clothes on like a flash, while dad gets my sweater out and starts me on my way. Several of the boys are already under the arc-light which is our meeting place. By the time we're ready to move on, there are five or six of us, all heading for the station. The procession moves down the dark silent street, meeting only the milkman, who is making his early morning rounds. We can hear him coming from a distance as the wheels of his wagon crunch the dry, cold snow. His lantern swings in the front of his wagon, making a faint glow as he approaches. When we reach Dodge Street, we see occasional cars, taking gay parties home from the dance or carrying men to early morning work.

It's hard to keep quiet when a fellow wants to laugh or shout or tell a joke. Every time he raises his voice somebody says, "Sh, keep still," or "Tune down your fog horn." There are two fellows who know what it is to be a boy and to be squelched for every yowl; they are the manager rubbing sleep out of his eyes, and the "cop" warming himself at the stove. They're always full of fun even though it's the small hours of the morning.

The station is the bright spot on the street and it's buzzing with boys, hurrying to get off with their papers. Quiet outside; confusion and fun within. "Close the door," the manager calls out. Bang! it goes, shutting out the cold air. "Shake it up, Al," shouts some boy who has run out of papers; bang! and they are slammed on the bench and stuffed into his bag. As we work back over the route, the only lights we see are those in the stores and filling stations. About five o'clock the alarms begin to ring in every tone and length of time imaginable. The street is so quiet that the thud of another carrier's paper is clearly heard.

Toward six o'clock the paper boy meets people going to church to pay their early morning devotions. The rumbling of the wheels and the clanging of the bells tell him that the street cars are running regularly. "Bep, bep, bep," the honk of a motor horn makes him slip and slide across the street: he hits an icy spot and away go the last of his papers. His words are hot and can't be printed. People come out in search of their Sunday papers. Thus the city wakes up.

—Webster Mills, Eng. I.

OFFER ENGLISH IX

For persons interested in creative writing, English IX will be taught during the second semester under Miss Sara Vore Taylor. This is both an elective and selective course by recommendation and by consent.

"Save the magazines—let the books burn!"

Magazines have become so essential in all branches of research that the librarian of today might well give this order in case of fire.

The Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh spends \$10,000 or eleven per cent of its annual book fund for 1,313 different periodicals, of which 279 come from foreign countries. Another \$5,000 goes into the permanent bindings of these magazines.

—Wilson Bulletin, October, 1929.

Have you heard about the Scotchman who went into the ten-cent store and asked where the furniture department was?

"The Rivals"

(Continued from Page 1)

probably not be interested in them. We suggest to the young author that he shorten his work vigorously for it plays an hour longer than the usual time."

Here Arthur paused, tilted back in his chair, poured a glass of wine, and consulted his playbill. He drew a deep breath and began to write again.

"The acts themselves have a polish in grammar and phrasing that shows the good-breeding of the author, but the comic element is low and altogether unsuited for production before people of the upper classes. The dialogue is for the most part common, the only sections of sentiment and nobility being the conversations between two characters called Julia and Faulkland, both of which are minor parts. Both Dr. Goldsmith's comedy of two years ago and this new play seem designed to ridicule the prevailing taste in comedy. We hope that the public knows the good and beneficial on the stage and will be but little influenced by the new style."

Blot, blot, blot, went the pen across the page. "'Odds quills and inks," said Arthur, aping Bob Acres in spite of himself. "Egad, a point scarce lasts a hundred lines these days." And he began to sharpen the pen. When he had finished he looked at what he had written. "I think that is enough on the play as a whole," said he. "Now to the plot." He wrote:

"The plot itself hinges, as in Dr. Goldsmith's play, upon mistaken identity. These two authors, although they try to blast sentimental comedy, are forced to resort to that most common of every-day happenings—that of mistaking someone for someone else. We feel that the theatre should be a place of relaxation for the tired and weary man who should not be bored by the experiences he has had during the day but rather uplifted by moral and elegant language. The intertwined love affairs of the heroine, Lydia, while they may be very laughable to the lower classes, can scarcely be compared to any of the higher drama heretofore seen on the stage of the Covent Garden.

"The characters themselves we feel should be discussed individually. There are but two characters in the whole play that are of any honor to the drama. These are Faulkland and Julia, the doubting lover and his beloved, who take very minor parts. Although we realize that Mr. Sheridan is young and inexperienced, we feel that he might have given, with great benefit to the play, these personages a larger role in his production. The part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger should certainly arouse resentment in the hearts of all Irish for so infamous a picture of an Irish gentleman. Mrs. Malaprop, with her "nice derangement of epithets," is certainly the height of the ridiculous; we do not see how anyone could find any humor in her. Sir Anthony Absolute, the peppery old gentleman, is but a fair character as is his son, Captain Absolute, the hero. Lydia, the heroine, is a new type in the drama, and we find her a bit de trop. Bob Acres, the country squire, is the most humorous of all the characters, but he is scarce fitted for a play intended for persons above the common run. About the three servants little need be said, for, although they form the connecting link of the plot, their action is minor."

Splat! came a drop of tallow down upon the paper. "Odso," cried Arthur, looking up and seeing a candle bent half-way over. "I told Godfrey that these cheap candles would turn with heat. It is sad that I cannot afford better. But these are the best I have; so I'll go on." He continued:

"Of the actors themselves only two need any censure. They are Mr. Shuter and Mr. Lee. We were greatly disappointed in Mr. Shuter. Having seen his Mr. Hardcastle, we expected his

Sir Anthony to be of a like excellence. We imagine that an intensive study of lines would redeem "Ned." Mr. Lee's performance of Sir Lucius only served to increase our dislike of that Irish gentleman; a more incompetent piece of acting has scarce ever been seen. For the rest we have little but praise, although we find it hard to account for Mr. Colman's allowing his company to play such a low piece. Mr. Woodward stood out with his usual good work, as did Mr. Quick. Mrs. Bulkley, always popular, and Miss Barsanti contributed much to the play. Taken generally the acting was very good although the play was not suitable.

"In closing we should like to state that Mr. Sheridan's first attempt, perhaps we should say attack, will require many changes, we feel, before any other trial of the public patience can be made. Mr. Sheridan needs great experience in the actual work of the theatre before he can attempt to produce a play efficiently. As a young playwright he has gained much in the performance of this play, and we hope his next attempt will be more successful, but we hardly think the public ready to accept this new type of comedy. It is low, all comments to the contrary notwithstanding. Our advice to Mr. Sheridan is to try a comedy of sentiment, using the elegant and moral language of the higher dramatists. His polish of the lines of the play shows his ability, and we feel he could achieve great success. We wish him better luck in his next trial."

"There," sighed Arthur, "at last that is done," and placing a weight on his papers, he picked up the candle and left the room.

—Jack Crawford, Eng. VI.

Lillian Holloway '24 is appearing at the Orpheum this week. Following her graduation from Central Miss Holloway attended Omaha University. While at Central she played in the school orchestra and was prominent in dramatics. This is her first appearance in Omaha.

Educate for Business
18 Weeks Course. Free Placement Bureau. 1,000 Students Annually. Ask for Prestige Booklet.
BOYLES COLLEGE
18th and Harney

"deliciously different"

OUR FAMOUS BITTER SWEET MALTED MILKS

O'BRIEN
DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST
20th and Farnam
Across from the Riviera

Christmas Cards

Headquarters for

Shaeffer, Conklin and Wahl Fountain Pens

Megeath Stationery Co.

1710-12 Farnam St.

Prompt and Courteous Service