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BAKERY DEPARTMENT

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MADE FROM ALMOND PASTE

A most delicious and dainty assortment of cakes in 1-lb. boxes...	50c
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Neapolitan Bars, per lb...	40c
Almond Macaroons, per lb...	40c
Anise Drops, per lb...	40c
Imperial Macaroons, per lb...	40c
Kisses, per lb...	40c
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Butter Wafers, per lb...	40c
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WE take orders for Brown-Stone Front Cakes, Pound Fruit Cakes, and special-size cakes of any kind. Our Bakery Goods are not like the ordinary. They must be tried to be appreciated. Absolute purity with the highest grade of ingredients, together with skilled workmanship, make our bakery goods above par.

Tel. Douglas 647

# Courtney's

Private Exchange  
Connecting all depts.

3

SEPARATE ENTRANCES

3

# High School Register



## Omaha High School

APRIL

Phone Red 3523

Creighton Block

## Dunham & Dunham

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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

1

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SUITS of the lat-  
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all the new shades  
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THE dapper young fel-  
lows who have the  
nerve to set the pace for  
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*Little Brix of Ice Cream*

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1513 Burt Street.

Telephone Douglas 7398.

## HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

Published every month from September to June at the Omaha High School, by Margaret Kennedy and Harry E. Ryan.

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OMAHA, APRIL, 1907.

No. 7.

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Athletics..... Merle Howard	Alumni..... Elizabeth Charlton
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Woodward's Ganymede Pure Sugar Stick Candy, 10c box.  
Fenway's Viola Walnuts, 10c box.  
Fenway's Swiss Milk Chocolate Flat, No. 2, 10c package.  
U-All-No Mints, 10c box.  
Peters' Milk Chocolate Tablets, No. 66, 10c package.  
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Woodward's Chocolate Assorted Nuts, 1/4-pound box, for 15c.  
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Woodward's Frappe Assorted Chocolates, 1/2-pound box, for 25c.  
Woodward's Bitter Sweet Chocolates, 1/2-pound box.  
Woodward's Ganymede Pure Sugar Stick Candy, 1-pound box, for 25c.  
U-All-No Mints, 1-pound box, 25c.  
HILDRETH'S VELVET, 1-POUND BOX, FOR 25c.  
Fenway's Chocolate Creams, 1/2-pound box, for 25c.  
Fenway's Chocolate Cocktails, 1/2-pound box, for 25c.  
Woodward's Opera Bon Bons, 1-pound box, for 30c.  
Woodward's Chocolate Almonds, 1/2-pound box, for 30c.  
Woodward's Virginia Chocolates, 1/2-pound box, for 30c.  
Balduff's Gold Medal Chocolates, 1/2-pound box, for 30c.  
O'Brien's Monte Cristo Chocolates, 1/2-pound box, for 30c.

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Woodward's Chocolate Frappes, 1-pound box, for 50c.  
Woodward's Bitter Sweet Chocolates, 1-pound box, for 50c.  
Woodward's Opera Bon Bons, 1-pound box, for 60c.  
Woodward's Chocolate Almonds, 1-pound box, for 60c.  
Woodward's Virginia C. Chocolates, 1-pound box, for 60c.  
Balduff's Gold Medal Chocolates, 1-pound box, for 60c.  
O'Brien's Monte Cristo Chocolates, 1-pound box, for 60c.  
Woodward's Chocolate Almonds, 2-pound box, for \$1.00.  
Woodward's Opera Bon Bons, 2-pound box, for \$1.00.  
Woodward's Bon Bons, 5-pound box, for \$1.50.  
Woodward's Chocolate Almonds, 3-pound box, for \$1.50.  
Woodward's Opera Bon Bons, 3-pound box, for \$1.50.  
Woodward's Chocolate Almonds, 5-pound box, for \$2.50.  
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## SHERMAN & McCONNELL DRUG CO.,

Corner 16th and Dodge Sts.

OMAHA, NEB.

Please mention THE REGISTER when answering advertisements.

## HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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No. 8.

### A Bunch of Violets.

It was one of those pleasant summer mornings in a quiet French retreat. A young girl, dressed in a close fitting habit of black broadcloth, a piquant napoleon of the same color, faced with scarlet, perched on her glossy dark braids, waited for the morning mail. It was slow in coming, but even such an irritating incident as the tardy arrival of the mail from home could not detract from her satisfaction in the place. Impatiently she tapped her trim boot with her riding crop, hoping that the mail would come before the delivery of the horses.

However, any further signs of impatience were averted by the bearer of the long waited epistles. "It's done come, honey. Dis heah's it, ah knows," called out Aunt Lindy, an old colored woman, who had served as nurse in the Porter family from time immemorial, and who had, since the death of Marion's mother, shared a place in her father's and brother's heart.

Marion's face fell, as she read the contents of a letter, which brought disappointment more keen and harder to bear than one thousand years of waiting would have been. Reid had written that it would be impossible for him to join them in France. The unsatisfactory explanation in her brother's letter only added an element of uneasiness to her mystification. On the face of it, it was a mystery.

Womanlike, she divined a romance at once. "Who can she be? Nothing but a chain around his heart could hold him on that side, when father and I are over in France," she mused, "and especially after all our plans for the summer together. But then he says nothing about going back to Georgia, and certainly he would never think of any other girl as long as Helen Worthington is to be had. Oh! how perfectly scandalous for him to consider another girl, when he and Helen have been sweethearts ever since she was big enough to confer any favor. Here I am over here, miles and miles away, and can't do anything at all, not even have the satisfaction of administering a good sisterly lecture."

She stamped her foot and now wondered what could be detaining her father.

"Now, don' you go to feelin' bad, honey. Don' you reckon Mistah Reid knows what he's about?" assured Aunt Lindy, as ready to defend the absent one as to comfort the distress of the present child.

"Don't misjudge your brother's character with a hasty conclusion, Marion," observed Mr. Porter, strolling in from the garden at this juncture. "Your brother is twenty-three, you know, and it's wholly possible that a junior at Princeton might find other things with which to occupy his time, besides making love to some girl."

"Now, papa, you'll admit that this is serious."

"Yes, it undoubtedly is," he reflected.

A further pursuance of these possibilities was interrupted by a cheery "hello" from below, reminding Marion of her engagement for a canter with Mademoiselle Devereux.

"Well, anyhow, it is serious, and you know it," called back Marion to her father, as she ran down the stairs to join her friend.

Mr. Porter, much relieved to be rid of his daughter and her troubles, carefully selected a fresh cigar and a comfortable chair, that he might apply his more serious judgment to the probable reason of the new turn of affairs. From the veranda he looked at his daughter with utmost satisfaction as she rode down the driveway with all the traditional grace of a southern woman.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was one of those unexpected and unexplainable things which makes a mettlesome horse shy—but shy it did—with the result disastrous to the equilibrium of its young rider. At a quick leap of the horse Marion was thrown to the ground, while her companion dashed helplessly on.

It was a fortunate coincidence that had sent Dick Morgan and his companion riding down that road that bright day, but it was more fortunate that they crossed the brook in time to witness the accident. While his companion sped on after the runaway, Dick sprang from his horse to the side of the helpless girl. He assisted her to a sitting position on the grass, and considerately turned to pick up her scattered hat and riding crop, while she restored her hair to some semblance of its former charming confusion.

"Porter," he said, "Marion Porter," as he glanced at the engraving on the gold mounted riding crop. The name recalling some vague recollection of the picture that stood on the piano in the room of his former college mate at Princeton.

"Marion Porter; yes sir, by Jove, that was Reid's sister's name. By all that's lucky, I believe she is the original of that much admired picture."

Neither Dick nor Marion ever could tell just what constituted the oral part of their introduction, but certainly neither of them ever forgot how she rode home on his horse, and he walked along beside her, talking of her beloved brother, who had been his companion in more than one lark at Princeton. However, there were some phases of this intimacy which he, manlike, did not confide to the sister of one of his best friends.

Even the possible outcome of the runaway dwindled to nothing more than uneasiness on the part of Marion and Dick. Of course Kenneth rescued the runaway. Dick knew he would, for Kenneth was as level headed as he was experienced in the saddle. It would take something more than a hired horse of a French stable to get the better of him, as long as the rider was safe and sound on top of its back.

Morgan changed his mind about going to the Alps. The quiet little French village developed possibilities that he had never suspected. Its quietude appealed to him amazingly for a young man who was all energy and activity.

The flowers which he sent helped to overcome the odor of liniments on the binding of Marion's bruised ankle, which for weeks would not bear stepping upon. Of course where his flowers went he was welcome. He soon developed a tender capacity as nurse, for which his nearest friend would never have suspected him capable.

But that bright Thursday morning, as Marion was swinging in her hammock, was destined to bring something more than the usual bunch of flowers. She arose on her elbow at the sound of wheels on the drive, and her heart stood still, as she recognized the bronzed, broad-shouldered fellow who bounded from the seat beside the driver.

"Why, Reid Porter, how perfectly horrid of you to surprise us like this, after you said you weren't coming," but the rest was smothered by a brotherly embrace, utterly reckless of consequences to her pretty morning gown and even the injured ankle.

Then he explained how the business in New York had fallen through, and he figured that a surprise might add something to the pleasure of his coming. Then followed an hour of such visiting as is possible only to a devoted brother and sister.

"A package for you, Mademoiselle Porter," announced the maid, and knowing it was the time for her flowers, Marion requested that they be brought to her there, trying to conceal her embarrassment at the evident expectation.

"What will you give me for them?" said Reid tauntingly, as he took a huge bunch of violets from the box, with the familiarity tolerated only in brothers.

"Oh, don't, Reid, look what you're doing," said Marion as he dangled the flowers just out of her reach. A little purple velvet box fell to the ground, and a card fluttered after it. "Whew," whistled Reid, "that's the game, is it?" as he handed her the box and shared her admiration for the brilliant stone in its gold circle, that rested on the purple cushion.

But it was a prolonged whistle of mingled astonishment and satisfaction that he gave when he read the name of his college friend engraved on the piece of pasteboard that he held in his hand.

"Congratulations, Marion," said Reid, as he handed the card to his sister, "but where in thunder did you get acquainted with him?"

HAZEL RALPH '07.

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### "Register Out!"

The bell for dismissal rings, there is a wild rush for the "Register" tables, a scramble for first place in line—and then the troubles of the editor begin.

"I want my 'Register,' please."

"Grade?"

"What? John Lang."

"No; your grade."

"Oh! I'm a sophomore."

"Wrong line!"

The next in line approaches.

"Name?"

"Julia Brown."

"What?"

"Julia; yes, Julia Brown."

"Brown? All right."

"Name?"

"Sam Carmpter." This is a tone one could scarcely hear above all the noise.

"Carmpter?" He goes all over the C's and then turns to the K's. "Well, I can't find it. How do you spell it? Oh! Carmpter. Don't see it, though. Did you subscribe? Are you twelfth?" Looks again through all the C's. "Are you sure you have your subscription?"

"Yes; I gave it to the junior editor."

"Well, why didn't you say so; (?) then of course your name isn't in my book."

"Oh! that's right; I remember I do get my 'Register' in the other line."

Then the editor, feeling—well, not exactly beneficent, looks up only to encounter the confident smile of a girl he recognizes as one who had been in his Freshman Latin class. Not a word from the girl and the editor racks his brain to remember the name—but in vain. He nods, however, trusting to luck to be able to settle up such accounts after the rush is over.

There is a clamor of voices behind him and he turns to see a dozen friends. These are the explanations offered: "In too much of a hurry to stand in line; put me down, will you?" "Got my name—thanks awfully." Or—

"I have my 'Register.' Jot me down; that's a good fellow."

Then at last the editor can turn again to the waiting line. Finally he finishes up and it is with a heartfelt sigh of relief that he closes "shop" for the month.

### "A Week Before Examination."

The following verses, dated 1859, were recently found in an old Virgil Interlinear, and show that "cramming" is not a new science:

One has a headache, one a cold,  
One has his neck in flannel rolled,  
Ask the complaint and you are told,  
"Next week's examination."

One frets and scolds and laughs and cries,  
Another hopes, despairs and sighs,  
Inquire the cause and each replies,  
"Next week's examination."

One fans his books, then grasps them tight,  
And studies morning, noon and night,  
As though he took some strange delight  
"In these examinations."

The books are marked, defaced and thumb'd,  
The brains with midnight tasks benumbed,  
Still all in that account is summed—  
"Next week's examination!"

### The Advent of Wisdom.

Once upon a time an old man lost his way and came to a large palace. He entered this without seeing anyone, and, as he went all through it and still saw no one, he decided to make himself at home. In a large room was a table magnificently spread and set for one. He sat down and began to eat, for he was so hungry he could not restrain.

As he did this he heard a loud noise and turning around, he saw coming towards him a horrible monster.

"What are you doing in my palace, Nebraska?" growled the beast.

"Pardon, kind sir, I did not intend any harm, but being lost in the course of my journey, I made bold to enter, as I thought perhaps this palace belonged to a kind fairy."

"That's true," replied the monster, "it belongs to the fairy, United States, but she's not always so kind. And my name is not 'Kind Sir,' but Omaha; and what are you called?"

"I am called Time, Father Time, by my children."

"Well, I will seize time by the forelock this time and devour you at once."

At this the old man showed signs of such distress that the beast, taking pity on his white hairs, said, "Very well, I will give you a month, and if you can persuade one of your children, a daughter, to die willingly for you, I will spare you."

The sorrowing man took his departure. In the appointed time he again appeared and with him a beautiful maiden. When she saw the uncouth and ignorant manners of Omaha she shuddered, but still said she wished to remain. Then old Father Time said to Omaha:

"This is my daughter Wisdom or Learning; this, dear daughter, is the beast Omaha."

Wisdom bowed prettily in acknowledgment of the introduction, but Omaha only stared, for strange to say, the peculiar beauty of Wisdom was so new to him he did not appreciate it.

Wisdom bade her father a sorrowful farewell and then went to bed. In her sleep she seemed to be walking by the side of a handsome man, who looked somehow familiar, but she could not decide whom he resembled. They were walking through scenes familiar also, but these were more easily recognized and she realized that they were a portion of the castle grounds, but ah, how different! There were now many palaces within their parks, but no grounds so large as those of this palace. In the eastern part of the grounds of the old palace was one park larger than the others and set with many beautiful buildings. It was here they were walking and her companion led her up to one of the largest and most beautiful of the buildings and said:

"This, dear Wisdom, is a palace dedicated to you. It is called the High School, and here, dear, you will reign supreme, trying to make the youths and maidens like unto yourself."

From this pleasant dream Wisdom was awakened by the striking of a clock, and she then realized that it was long past her usual time of arising. Hastily dressing herself, she went into the room where she had eaten the night before. There she found breakfast, and having

eaten, she sat down to await the coming of Omaha, and to prepare for death. She did not have long to wait, for soon he appeared. He told her that he did not intend to eat her, at least not immediately.

She was very grateful to him, and having spent a few days in idleness, she decided to try her hand on Omaha to see what her refining influence could do for him. She worked steadily and faithfully, gaining though but slowly.

Many years passed in this way and great changes took place in the castle and grounds, as well as in Omaha himself, whom you would scarcely recognize as the horrible beast who had so frightened Wisdom.

One day, as she and Omaha were walking, it happened as in her dream. He took her through Omaha, so named for him, to the beautiful High School, and entrusted it to her care, where it has ever since remained.

Omaha is growing old now, but still has many years of prosperity left him. But Wisdom, though she has somewhat matured is still as lovely as ever. But, alas! too many of the youths and maidens are ignorant like the beast and fail to worship her as much as they do the light goddess, Pleasure.

II. W. '08.

During the past month the dark shadow of death has fallen on the homes of two of our schoolmates. Thomas McKell, a Junior, and Eleanor Jaquith, our beloved Senior president, have both suffered the loss of a father.

In behalf of the Junior and Senior classes we wish to extend our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy to both in their great sorrow and bereavement.

### "The King of Beasts at Bay" (Renard).

The first thing that strikes the eye in Renard's great masterpiece is the terrible storm which seems to be raging. Then one sees the old "King," his mane flowing in the wind, his tail lashing furiously from side to side, and his massive head thrown back, roaring undaunted defiance at the tempest. Close to him, crouching low to the ground, trembling and snarling with terror of the great unknown, is his mate. Behind these two are a large number of the smaller animals of the jungle, all so awed and silent that little rivulets of rain run unnoticed among them. In the background the sky, riven by lightning, the river, swollen and murky from the rain, and the black, mysterious forest, with here and there the white gleam of a smitten tree, all go to make the picture so realistic that one can almost hear the noisy tumult and feel the rain.

KENT HUNTER '10.

### A June Night.

Sad night hath drawn her jeweled mantle close,  
And from the crescent in her dusky hair  
A tender radiance, gentle and serene,  
Broodeth o'er meadows, starred with dreaming flowers,  
The quivering aspens by the river's bank,  
Stirred by the breezes as they come and go,  
Sigh tremulous, as long departed souls,  
Sad with the thought of hopeless, vain regret;  
While little wavelets, lapping on the shore,  
Sing a soft lullaby to sleeping birds,  
And all the land lies wrapped in heavenly peace.

MARY McCAGUE '08.



It is spring. The fact is heralded abroad. The birds twitter in the tree tops; the grass grows green; the buds on the trees and shrubs daily increase in size. The windows of the various shops down town are filled with beautiful spring garments and furbelows. The feminine sex are resplendent with their new spring bonnets, while the masculine sex are donning low shoes and oxfords—and gay socks. But a surer sign of spring than all of these is the atmosphere prevalent in the school. Here there is a great restlessness among the pupils; recitations lag, they lack all interest; the absence list grows long and Miss Phillippi is very busy with the register; while Mr. Fitzgerald daily searches the campus for recreant pupils.

The soft sighing of the breezes, the nodding of the trees, the songs of the birds, call the youths and maidens. To continue school at all seems heartlessness on the part of authorities, but to assign lessons and expect them to be prepared is nothing short of criminality. Nevertheless, after our one brief week of vacation we are forced to again take up our duties and to go forward in the daily routine of labor.

\* \* \*

Don't forget the Senior fair. It will be on April 20. Any number of interesting side shows will be in evidence, with a play in 204 as chief attraction. Of course there will be an art booth, a needlework booth and all the other accompaniments of a fair. The fair will be in the afternoon and evening both and the doors are open to all comers. Come and bring all your friends.





## Organizations

### HAWTHORNE.

The coming of the birds is one of the first signs of spring, and this thought was explicitly brought out on March 8 when the Hawthorne society rendered a program on the birds of our country and their habits. Following two weeks later on March 22, a program was given, the subject of which was "Other Girls." Several girls were dressed in costume as they recited their speeches.

### BROWNING.

On Friday, March 8, the Browning girls dropped for a time the gray cloak of sobriety and dignity and reveled once more in the old nursery rhymes of long ago. Throughout the program the audience was held spellbound with exciting tales of "Jack and the Bean Stalk," "The Three Little Piggies," and others equally as thrilling. Especially interesting was a recitation by Edna Levi concerning "The Big Black Bear that was Made to Scare," and by the end of the program everyone felt several years her "junior." The program on March 22 was a more serious one. It was devoted to Easter, its beautiful and sacred origin, and to queer customs in different parts of the world.

### CICERONIAN.

On Tuesday evening, March 15, the C. D. S. had a debate with the Athenian society of the S. O. H. S. The question debated was "Resolved, that the time has come to abolish the protective tariff." The C. D. S. team was composed of Samuel Reynolds, Earl Davenport and Harris Vance. Mr. Vance gave the rebuttal for Omaha. The decision of the judges was unanimous for the negative, S. O., its average grade being 90 per cent, while the C. D. S.'s grade was 89 per cent. The S. O. fellows gave them a very cordial and warm reception.

On March 22 the program included a paper on "Recent Inventions and Discoveries," some miscellaneous jokes, current topics and a debate, "Resolved, that President Roosevelt should accept the presidency a third time."

### LININGER TRAVEL CLUB.

The meeting of the L. T. C. on March 8 was extremely interesting, consisting of a stereopticon lecture by Miss Wallace, on the Paris, Chicago, St. Louis and Omaha expositions; a paper—"The First Exposition," by Anna Bethge; "The Trans-Mississippi Exposition," by Katherine O'Leary, and the Chronicle, by the committee.

The meeting on March 22 was an especially interesting one. Besides the regular program a play, "Six Cups of Chocolate," was given by Pauline Rosenberg, Blanche Deaver, Marcia Aldrich, Esther Devalon, Goldie Starkey and Pearl Janey. All the girls deserve congratulations for their excellent work. Refreshments were served and a social time was enjoyed.

### ELAINE SOCIETY.

On March 22 Adah Klopp's division gave a partly humorous program. Two very enjoyable dialogues, in which all the girls on the division took part, made up the greater part of the program. During the intermission a recitation was given, "The Books I Have Lent," and at the end the girls were greatly entertained by an original story about college days.

### GERMAN SOCIETY.

On March 13 the program of the German society consisted of a series of stereopticon views representing scenes from various places in Germany. The little play coached by Mmc. Chatelaine afforded great delight to the society on March 20.

### PLEIADES SOCIETY.

The Pleiades held a very interesting program Friday, March 14, which was to the credit of Beatrice Cole's division. Friday, March 22, Nellie Hunt's section gave a delightful program, the main number being a toast to the Pleiades queen by Grace Shaffer.

### M. F. S.

On March 22 a very delightful program was given, among the numbers were essays on "The Modern Chaperon," "Coeducation," a debate, "Resolved, that the girl of 100 years ago was more fortunate than the girl of today," a violin solo by Jennie Undeland, and Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven."

On March 8 a very interesting Washington program was given including some very humorous tableaux and a burlesque meeting between Washington, Wellington and Caesar.

## Alumni Notes.

The Alumni editor recently received the following announcement: "Laura Rhodes and Elizabeth Kiewit '04, have been elected members of the Order of the Black Masque at the University." This is quite an honor and we are glad to hear of it.

Our school should be justly proud of the record of one of our Alumni. News has been received from Oberlin that Fred Stearns '04 stood highest this year of a class of 273. He has, moreover, made the highest mathematical record of the school.

More news comes from the Nebraska university. George Wallace '05 and John Latenser '06 have joined the Alpha Theta Chi fraternity. Guy Montgomery '04 was initiated into the Kappa Sigma.

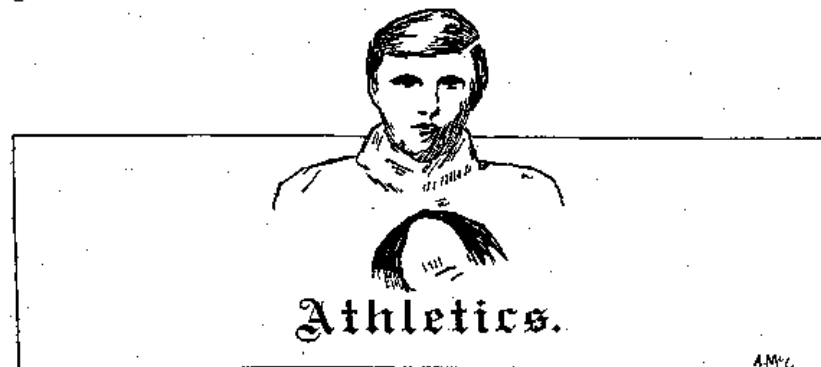
Joseph Swenson '04 is a member of the University debating team and is considered one of the best debaters at Lincoln.



At the Lincoln Glee and Mandolin club's concert here not long ago, Omaha was well represented, having in the clubs the following boys: Addison Mould '05, George Wallace '05, Fred Hofman '06, Rob Switzler '06, Ernest Johnson '04, Murray French '04.

Harold Bowman '06 took part in the Alpha Nu Freshman-Sophomore debate at Coe college. His was the victorious side.

A large number of the Alumni were home for the Easter vacation. Considering the large number who looked in on the High School, we realize what a place O. H. S. has in the memories of its graduates.



With the arrival of spring came the good old baseball time and the time for the trackmen to get to work, and since the old O. H. S. is second to none her teams have begun their spring work-out. The baseball team is progressing rapidly and bids fair to out-do last year's team, which held Creighton University down to the score of 3 to 2 in an eleven-inning game. The management of the team, contrary to the usual method, has been placed in the hands of "Doc" Frank Goering and he seems to be the man we have been waiting for so long, because by his hustling he has already scheduled four games and has several others to hear from yet. Notice that in baseball alone we have a student manager, ought we not to show our appreciation of the fact by supporting the team? Not only by coming to the games, etc., but by exercising our lungs a little just to show the team the school is backing them.

But beside the baseball team we have the track men working hard to get into shape. Not all the men that are coming out have reported as yet and it is difficult to say just what our chances are, but if taking the track meeting as a standard we think it is very safe to say that our prospects are very bright.

On May 3rd the management has arranged for a class meet of the track teams representing the various classes. The proceeds of this meet to go towards sending the O. H. S. track team to Lincoln and to Bellevue. The class leaders have their men out working hard, each one says they are sure their class will make good. The leaders are as follows: Frank Johnson, '07; Merle Howard, '08; Claude Neavles, '09 and Edward Burdick, '10.

Here is a chance to show your class spirit. Be sure and remember the date, May 3, 1907.

## Locals.

The preliminaries for the coming Lincoln-Omaha debate were held on Wednesday, March 27. The question debated was "Resolved, That the interstate railways should be owned and operated by the federal government." Those on the affirmative were Will Kavan, Sigurd Larmon, Stanton Salisbury, Alfred Mattson, Harry Kenner, Fred Carson and Coe Buchanan. On the negative were Garland Davidson, Mike Levy, Theron Wolverton, Harry Drucker, George Brown and Earl Davenport. Those chosen to represent us at Lincoln were Earl Davenport, Alfred Mattson and Harry Drucker; Sigurd Larmon and Fred Carson as alternates. With this team we look for our accustomed success in the Lincoln-Omaha debate. They have never beaten us. The debate will be here and it is hoped a large and enthusiastic crowd will attend and more surely insure our success.

Our recent debate with West Des Moines resulted in Des Moines' success, although the work of our team was by no means a thing to be ashamed of. The debate held between the Ciceronian society of our school and the South Omaha's Athenian society was also a success on the part of our opponents. We will retrieve ourselves in the Lincoln debate we feel sure.

There is a great treat in store for the pupils, their parents and the friends of the High school, for on Saturday, April 20, the Senior class will give a fair. The plans are all made, and the work is progressing finely, the committees and their helpers are doing their best and we know that those who are to take part in the play will make a great success. We hope that all the pupils and friends of the High school will do their share to make this fair a better success than last year, which we all know was splendid. All contributions in the way of saleable articles will be most thankfully received. The more the better. Don't forget the date, April 20. Come and have a good time and help make the outcome a good one. We need your help and good will.

On Thursday, March 28, the mid-term examinations were held and throughout the buildings groans were heard everywhere. We hated to see them come, but now we are glad they are over and we can have a good opportunity to study hard and come out better next time, and there will be but one more "next time" this year.

On Friday, March 29, school closed for the spring vacation and both pupils and teachers were thankful for the favor of one week (a small favor, to be sure, but nevertheless a welcome one). A number of the alumni were home from college and university and the week passed quickly (yes, too quickly) and very pleasantly. Now we look forward to the close of school, when we can have a longer respite from our labors.



The Westminster Monthly has greatly improved. We think perhaps a few jokes would add life to the paper.

We received a "Coe College Cosmos" this month. It is a very well gotten up paper.

Teacher—"Could you draw a Roman aqueduct?"

Pupil—"Sure; it's a pipe."

Pupil—"And when she got to the dock I discovered she was a male (mail) boat."

Pa—"Johnny, what are you making all that racket for?"

Johnny—"So I can go and play tennis with it."

Pa—"Then you need a bawl too. Bring me the trunk strap, young man."

Silent bliss,  
One kiss,  
Door clicks,  
Pa kicks!  
Opens door,  
Calls no more.

Last month we were pleased to receive a copy of "The Light," published at Chicago in the interest of all the high schools. The scheme appears to be a good one, for the publication is very interesting.

The High School Journal has a very appropriate exchange heading.

"My sister had a fright yesterday. She had a black spider run up her arm."

"That's nothing. I had a sewing machine run up the seam of my pants."

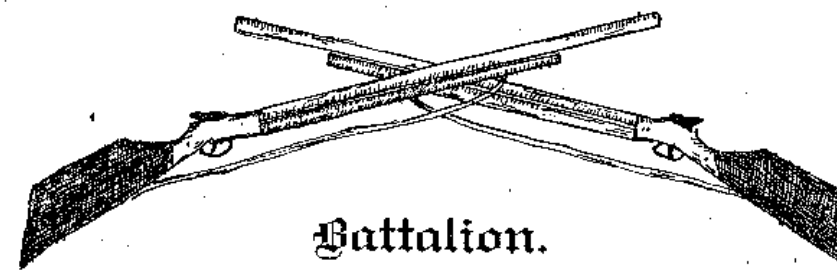
The guide was guiding a guy. As the guide guided the guy, the guide guyed the guy, until the guy would no longer be guided by a guide whom he had hired not to guy but to guide. So the guyed guy guyed the guide. No wonder everybody guyed the guyed guide guiding a guyed guy.

Teacher (To student translating Latin)—"Don't you think it's pretty near time you turned the page? You've read the first five lines on the next page already."

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed impatiently. "We've been wating a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," he replied rather tartly.

"Ours?" she cried joyfully, "Oh, George, this is so sudden!"



## Battalion.

Once more can we justly praise the efficiency of our battalion of cadets. Since the arrival of Captain Welsh as commandant the cadets have taken a new interest in their work. The commandant has so arranged the drill hour that the once tedious almost monotonous period has become a pleasure. The first part of the hour is taken up with teaching the men new movements and practising old movements to become more adapt in them. The latter and most pleasing part is spent in battalion dress parade, at which time all orders are given and delinquencies reported. The colors are lowered while retreat is sounded and dress parade follows.

The date for camp has been changed from June 12 to 17, to June 3-8. The officers expect to make this camp the most successful camp in high school history. The place has not yet been decided upon, but will be a town in the vicinity of Omaha.

"Tis ten p. m. the maid exclaimed,  
But useless did it prove,  
He didn't seem to understand  
That p. m. meant please move."

E. S.—"I thought 16 from 32 left 8."

Miss F. McHugh—"You just come out and look at the constellations with me some night."

Chorus of boys—"Oh, let me."

Little flunks in Latin,  
Little flunks in French  
Make the baseball heroes  
Sit upon the bench.

—Ex.

First Chimney Sweep—I'll go down the chimney first, do you mind?

Second Chimney Sweep—Certainly not, soot yourself.

—Ex.



### Squibs.

Bess C (translating)—"They stand full length on their toes."

Father—"Every time you are bad, I get another gray hair."

Son—"Gee! You must have been a corker. Look at grandpa."

There is nothing breaks so many friendships as a difference of opinion as to what constitutes wit.

Lewis S (translating)—"She broke off in the middle and the servants bore her limbs to her rooms."

"The best piece of advertising ever invented by our Honored President was the Teddy Bear."

"Silently, one by one, in the grade books of the teacher, Blossom the neat little zeroes, the forget-me-nots of the seniors."

M. N. (translating)—"They duck their heads towering high."

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## PSALM TWENTY-THREE.

The Pony is my helper, I shall not flunk. He maketh me to have good translations and leadeth me to much glory.

He raiseth my standing and leadeth me in the paths of knowledge for credit's sake.

Yea, though I plod through my books of German, I will have no fear.

For thou art with me, thy art and thy words comfort me.

Thou preparest my lessons for me, in spite of my teachers.

Thou crownest my head with fame, my morals run high.

Surely applause and recognition shall follow me all the days of my life,

And the Pony shall dwell in my house forever.

—Ex.

He failed in Latin, flunked in Chem;

They heard him softly hiss:

"I'd like to find the man who said

That ignorance is bliss."

According to mythology, Iod died for love, but chemists say Iodide of potassium.

Between the optimist and pessimist

The difference is droll.

The optimist the doughnut sees,

The pessimist, the hole. —Ex.

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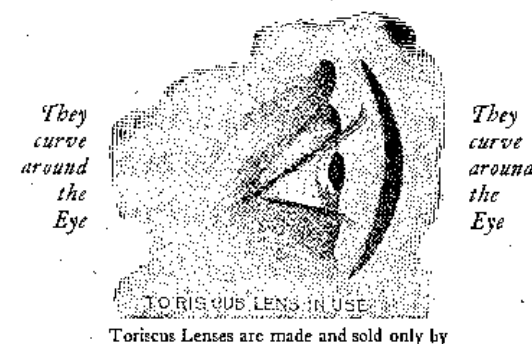
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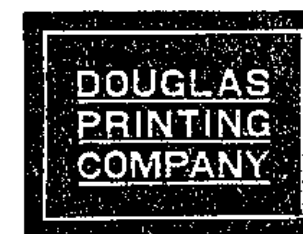
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