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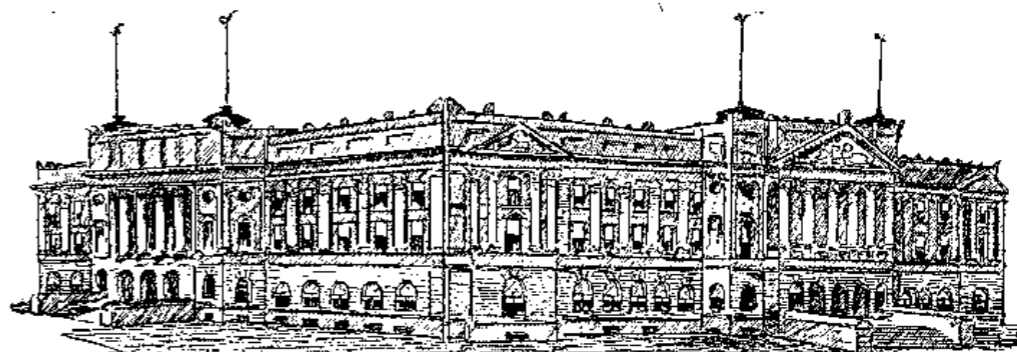
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EDITOR

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ARNO TRUELSEN
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The Register

Vol. XXVIII

Omaha, February, 1914

No. 6

Grains of Rice

The following incident happened to me when I was yet quite young in the profession of criminology, and as I still have all the data intact, even the old idol which worked such havoc in the Chamberlain family, I will do my best to write the whole thing down from beginning to end in the order in which it happened, and let the casual reader judge if it is not a bit unique, to say the least. Which only goes to prove the old "saw" that truth is stranger than fiction.

Late in the fall of 189—the whole of New York was electrified by the sudden death of Mr. Charles Chamberlain, a wealthy old broker in eastern New York. I reproduce here the newspaper clipping:

MYSTERIOUS DEATH AT "MAPLEWOOD."

BANKER CHAMBERLAIN FOUND DEAD IN STUDY WITH KNIFE IN CHEST; POLICE BAFPLED; LOOKS LIKE SUICIDE.

Mr. Charles Chamberlain, of the Merchants' New York Bank, was found last night in his study, pierced to the heart by a curiously carved dagger. He was lying on his back near the door of his room. Experts say that death could not have been self-inflicted, but as absolutely no clew would indicate a second person, and since Mr. Chamberlain was on the verge of bankruptcy, everything points to the suicide theory. The knife probably was one of the East Indian relics with which the room was decorated. The inquest will be held today.

This was the first I had heard of the affair, and not being called on the case, I dismissed it from my mind.

A few weeks later, however, I was shocked to read of a second death in the Chamberlain family. This time Mrs. Chamberlain. She was found in much the same position as her husband, a hideous knife of Indian manufacture protruding from her lifeless breast. She held a revolver in her hand, but it had not been discharged. The windows of the study were locked, and the door fastened from the inside. The police were completely at sea.

I went to the house, presented my card and was introduced to a young man, pale but strong looking, who introduced himself as Charles Chamberlain, Jr.

I briefly stated my business, and soon got permission to start the case. I asked him if I could sleep in the study a few nights, but he

would not allow this. I thought he acted a little nervous about this, but I attributed it to his upset condition.

He showed me thru the study, however. It was a wonderful place, all lined with curios and what-nots collected from various lands. There were bolo knives from the Philippines, blow-guns from South America, skins, carved chairs, and in short everything that would make a room interesting. In a sort of an alcove was an East Indian idol which at once repelled and fascinated. I have never seen such an evil face on anything, either human or inanimate, and although I now have it in my own room, I cannot look on it for any length of time without feeling absolutely degenerate. It stood, or rather sat, about five feet high, on a sort of box-like chair, its mouth open in a ghastly smile. Its eyes were flaming bloodstones.

Young Chamberlain was especially nervous while I looked at this, and I resolved to keep a close eye on that part of the house.

From there I went back to my rooms, studying on some course of action. The more I thought of the young man's behavior the more anxious I became to watch the household at night, when most dark deeds are perpetrated. I finally resolved on the foolhardy plan of breaking into the study windows and watching from there.

That night, arrayed like a common bum, but taking my detective star along and an improved burglar's kit, the two being a striking antithesis, I mounted the Chamberlain lawn and was soon at work on the glass in the study window. In a short time I was safely inside. The house was deathly still. Even the clock was stopped in the study, which was a chilling reminder of the two people who had met such terrible deaths within those four walls.

I did not allow my mind to run on such dismal topics, knowing that a nervous hand and a palpitating heart are the criminal's best friends.

I was whistling some jolly tune very softly to myself when I was startled by a few light steps and a key turning in a lock. I had chosen my position so as not to be seen from the door, and as it now opened slowly I had my electric flash ready for instant use.

The intruder closed the door softly, and without showing a light of any kind walked directly to the idol in the alcove.

My nerves were tingling, and I was so afraid that my breathing would give me away I nearly suffocated myself.

He flashed a light full on the hideous face of the monster and then held a paper in the light, and stood for a long time studying it intently. Then, setting the flash down upon the floor, pointing upwards, it still burning, he placed a hand on each side of the idol and with a grunt gave it a quick push. There was a sharp metallic click. With a hideous scream of pain he staggered back and I saw to my horror a carven ivory hilt sticking out of his breast.

I was petrified for a moment. He fell to the floor, writhed once or twice and then all was still. The noise had not penetrated to the rest of the house.

I thought quickly. Should I arouse the household and probably stand for murder tomorrow? I decided on perhaps the more cowardly

course, and tiptoeing softly to the window, was soon out in the quiet night, a clean get-away, leaving my horrible secret for someone else to noise abroad.

PART II.

I was awakened next morning, after putting thru a miserable night, by the newsboys crying "Extra paper!"

I knew only too well what it was about, but lost no time in getting a copy. Here is a clipping:

ANOTHER MURDER AT "MAPLEWOOD."

MR. CHARLES CHAMBERLAIN, JR., FOUND DEAD THIS MORNING;
POLICE ON TRAIL OF CRIMINAL.

The third murder in the Chamberlain family occurred last night. Charles Chamberlain, Jr., was found dead this morning in the same room in which his father and mother both met their deaths. The assassin entered thru the study window and used a dagger much the same as the one with which Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain were murdered. The police believe that the dead are victims of the Black Hand, there being found three grains of rice on or near each body. The police have clues which will enable them to make rapid strides toward catching the criminal, and promise that arrests will be made before nightfall.

This information was more or less discomfiting to me, but I resolved to make the most of my time in solving the mystery of the idol, which would at the same time clear me, should the paper's threat be made good.

I thought it advisable to get all the information possible on East Indian idols before proceeding further, and finally found the following at the Public Library:

It is customary in East India, Hindustan and the vicinity for very wealthy or prominent citizens to present idols to different temples in honor of some great event in their lives or in the lives of some of their family. Very frequently valuable stones, trinkets or chests of gold and silver are placed inside them as sacrifices or thank offerings. It is a common scandal that many unprincipled priests rob the offerings and pocket the loot, although this is strictly against the law and punishable by death.

This was ample. I understood why old man Chamberlain, in a financial crisis, had tried to get the treasure which he believed was in the idol, and why his wife and son had followed in his wake.

Instead a treacherous murderer in the guise of a peaceful benefactor was resting in the bosom of the house.

I hurried to Maplewood praying I would get there before more damage was done. Miss Chamberlain, the only survivor of the house,

was in a critical condition due to nervous breakdown. I could not see her, but her maid handed me a small package which she had left to be given to me. It contained a brief note saying that the three grains of rice enclosed were found near the body, and that the second article, a small piece of parchment paper, she took from her dead brother's hand. This latter I examined closely. It was the same that I had seen the young man study so earnestly the preceding night, a moment before his death. Something was written on it in Hindustan, but on the back was a very faded English translation. Here it is:

"By placing the right thumb on the third button on the left side, and the left thumb on the same button on the opposite side, and pushing the both at once, it is possible to gain, in the wink of the eye, what many men desire. Be not hasty, nor light-hearted, for Allah watches." Trans. by McDuffy.

I was staggered for the moment at having the horrible picture of the previous night brought so vividly to mind. Surely McDuffy, being a white man by the sound of his name, could have known nothing but of the paper itself.

I asked the maid if her nerves were good. She replied in the affirmative and I brought her to the study. She was puzzled and a little nervous at being in such a death chamber, but I tried to reassure her, and bidding her stand as far to one side as possible and at the same time touch the indicated button, I gave the word and we both pushed at the same time.

A strikingly familiar sound struck my ear. A small door in the front of the idol flew open and shut again in the twinkling of an eye. A dull ring sounded from the opposite wall, and our eyes found a quivering dagger deep in the wainscoting. At the same moment three grains of rice rolled out of its mouth and bounced on the carpet.

With a hammer and saw I dissected the idol that afternoon, working from the rear. I found three more similar daggers, making a total of seven, arranged so as to fall in place one after another, just behind the little trap door which opened and shut as quick as an adder's tongue. Below this fatal mechanism I found another scroll, like the first, in Hindustan. I have since had it translated, and here is the gist of it:

"Seven daggers for seven thievish Imans, and three grains of rice for their graves. May the honest men who give to Allah rejoice at the deaths of these knaves."

C. H. C.

SQUIB BOX.

Entirely (?) through the efforts of our illustrious squib editor THE REGISTER is now the proud possessor of a squib box. This will soon be put up in some prominent place and the people who have been "crabbing" on the quality of our jokes will have a chance to hand in what they consider "real" ones, without disclosing their own identity. We look forward with curiosity to what the contents of that box will reveal.



THE DEMOTION OF FLUNKERS.

The publishing of the mid-year reports is always the occasion for discussing the question of the justice of the present policy of the faculty toward those cadet officers who fall below passing grade in their studies. The fact that there is a question in the minds even of those least affected by the present rule would tend to show that there is grave doubt as to its fairness, and among the officers themselves many are of the pronounced opinion that it should be radically modified if not completely changed.

An analysis of the rule itself discloses the grounds upon which its adversaries base their objections. Briefly stated, it is that any officer upon failing in one or more subjects is demoted to the ranks and may not hold any office until a school term (five months) has passed and he has successfully carried his work during that term.

Thus a man failing in February has no opportunity for promotion until the following September, nor can a June "flunker" hold office before the next February—even though he make up his work during the summer. Also, a commissioned officer failing in June cannot receive upon graduation his military diploma—thereby losing the only material thing which he has to show for his four years of drill.

The object, of course, of the rule is to uphold the standard of scholarship among the cadets. This is a commendable purpose, but we consider the harm that it does outweighs the good it accomplishes. For it actually lowers the efficiency of the regiment. In numerous cases it has been proven that the most military cadets, and those therefore most eligible for promotion and most proficient in office, have been sadly lacking in that brilliance which wins high grades in the classroom. As a result the best soldiers are often found in the ranks, commanded by officers who know less about drill than themselves, and whose chevrons they therefore deserve far more.

But the effect which the men themselves feel more heavily is the

unmerited public disgrace of reduction to the ranks and the discouragement and what-do-I-care attitude which this prompts. For it is a well known fact that ex-officers in the ranks are always the ones most ready to "cut up." There again the efficiency of the regiment is lowered.

But the gravest injustice is felt by commissioned officers who fail in their last term in school. They are deprived, as has been stated, of their military diploma, the object of four years' work and a possession prized even above their scholarship diploma. Even the loss of their chevrons, or shoulder straps, and saber is considered secondary to being deprived of the honor of receiving in public (and white ducks) this certificate of their four long years of drill. It is indeed unjust and we advocate that the rule be changed at least so as to permit failure in *one* subject without demotion.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

It smacks of "locking the door after the horse has been stolen" for us to speak at this late date concerning the matter of a holiday on Lincoln's birthday. Also we realize that anything we may say will have little or no effect toward bettering (?) existing conditions, since the establishment of a legal holiday is a task at which even statesmen tremble. Nevertheless, we have our opinion on the matter and from certain indications believe that it is shared by the school at large. Briefly stated, it is that we *should* have a holiday on February 12. There are multitudinous reasons *why* we should, and no good ones apparent *why* we *shouldn't*. Therefore, *why don't* we?

It is generally conceded that Lincoln did as much for the country as Washington himself and is considered by some as even greater than the "Father of His Country." Why, then, should we not revere his memory with equal honor? If it is the object of educators to teach school children to respect their country's heroes, we can think of no better way of impressing this lesson than to make holidays of their birthdays.

Space is lacking for further discussion, but next year let that petition get started *soon* enough.

THE GIRLS' NUMBER.

In accordance with the annual custom, the next (March) number will be devoted to and edited entirely by the girls. The assistant editor will have charge, and her staff will be appointed soon after this number is out. But while the bulk of the responsibility for the success of their number rests upon the girls' staff, nevertheless each and every girl in school should make an effort to help. Hand in stories, articles, poems, squibs—or orders for extra copies. The suffragists, who insist that they can do as well in any job as "mere men," here have an opportunity of proving their contention. Get busy! All copy must be in by Friday, March 13.



(This is last month's write-up, which the editor refused because of lack of space. It is a little stale, but I'm too lazy to re-write.—P. F.)

Football is now a thing of the past, so let us turn to basketball. In basketball, as in football, Omaha High School has always been a leader. The team of 1912 won the state tournament. Now as to last year's team. Last year our team, composed of Hughes, Burkenroad, Nelson, Platz and Gardiner, started out by winning the Tri-City league, composed of four university teams and several other good teams. Then the team won every game on the schedule, including Sioux City, a team which we had not beaten since 1911. Then the team went to Lincoln and proceeded to trim up everybody in the state tournament until it came to Geneva. This game was originally scheduled on the large floor, but Geneva refused to play on this floor. Our team agreed to play one half on each floor, the other floor being a very small one, the last half to be on the large floor. But this also was refused by Geneva. So at last, after being told by the manager of the tournament that we would either have to play the way Geneva wanted to or be defaulted, we agreed. The first half was played on the large floor, our team running Geneva off their feet, the score at the end of the half being 15 to 5 in our favor. In the second half on the small floor the Geneva team smothered our team and nosed out the game by one point, 26 to 25.

Now for this year's team. The squad this year is composed of Hughes, captain; Gardiner, acting captain; Berry, Platz, Larmon, Flothow, Bauman, Buzard and Engstrom. Captain Hughes is out of the game indefinitely because of water on the knee, acquired in football. The team now consists of Gardiner and Flothow, forwards; Berry, center; Platz and Larmon, guards, with Bauman, Buzard and Engstrom in reserve. Three of these men, Gardiner, Platz and Berry, were on last year's team; the new men are Larmon and Flothow. The loss of Hughes greatly weakens the team, but nevertheless it is winning its games. Coach Mills looks forward to a championship team.

The team has played three games in the Commercial league, winning them all. The first game was with the Omaha National Bank

team, our team winning 33 to 11. In this game Hughes was the main factor, making 10 points. The team showed good form for so early in the season. The lineup in this game the first half was: Hughes and Flothow, forwards; Berry, center; Gardiner and Platz, guards. In the second half Gardiner was shifted to forward and Larmon went in at guard. Summary: Field goals, Hughes 5, Gardiner 3, Flothow 3, Platz 2, Berry 1; foul goals, Gardiner 5.

The second game, with the Bee Press, was won 39 to 4. Gardiner was the star for Omaha. With Hughes out of the game the team was expecting a hard fight, but the game was very easy. The Bee team was composed of men and outweighed our team. This game could not be called basketball—it was primarily a football game. Tackling by Dutch Platz was one of the features. The first half was a runaway and ended with the score 20 to 0. During the intermission Coach Mills promised the team a banquet if they held their opponents to 2 points, but unhappily they got 4 points, and Tommy was saved. This game showed that our team was in almost perfect physical condition and the team work and basket shooting was splendid. The lineup in this game was: Gardiner and Flothow, forwards; Berry, center; Platz and Larmon, guards. Substitutes were Bauman and Buzard. Summary: Field goals, Gardner 9, Flothow 5, Berry 1, Platz 1, Bauman 1, Buzard 1; foul goals, Gardiner 3.

Omaha 30, Bellevue 23.

As the papers said, this was a classy game. Our team started with a rush and soon piled up a lead of 10 points. In the second half we continued the good work and won 30 to 23. Dutch Platz was ejected from the game for playing ring around the rosie with a poor Bellevue player. Dutch says the floor was the rightful place for the Bellevue man and couldn't see why he was put out. Neither can we, except that the game was getting too rough and had to beld in a little. Jimmy Gardiner was all over the floor for Omaha, and Platz and Larmon did lots of very pretty guarding. Larmon is developing into a very efficient guard. Since Bellevue defeated the Nebraska Telephone Company team, we have a good hold on the lead in this league. The lineup: Bellevue—P. Quackinbush, right forward; Brandt, left forward; Ohman, center; R. Quackinbush, right guard; Halderman, left guard. Omaha High School—Gardiner, right forward; Flothow, left forward; Berry, center; Larmon, right guard; Platz, left guard. Summary: Field goals, P. Quackinbush 5, Ohman 3, R. Quackinbush 1, Gardiner 4, Flothow 5, Platz 2, Bauman 1; foul goals, P. Quackinbush 4, Stookey 1, Gardiner 6.

The revised schedule follows: January 24, Sioux City at Omaha; January 31, Lincoln at Lincoln; February 7, University Place at University Place; February 14, South Omaha at Omaha; February 21, Sioux City at Sioux City; February 28, University Place at Omaha; March 7, Lincoln at Omaha; March 12-13-14, state tournament at Lincoln; March 21, St. Joseph at Omaha.

This is an extremely hard schedule, but the team is capable of winning every game.

(This is fresh dope. I wrote it because the editor, Mr. Booth, apologized.—P. F.)

THE SIOUX CITY GAME.

The first of our interscholastic games was won by Sioux City. Score, 25 to 18. Sioux City plainly outplayed us in the first half, but in the second half we outplayed them. Seeing that it's a defeat, enough has been said. Lineup:

Omaha—Bauman, right forward; Flothow, left forward; Berry, center; Gardiner, right guard; Platz, left guard.

Sioux City—Smedy, right forward; Proctor, left forward; Wirth, center; Aldrich, right guard; Murphy, left guard.

LINCOLN 23, OMAHA 16.

This was a fair and square victory for Lincoln, although the referee, Waugh, helped a lot by his poor judgment on ball outside. Omaha was suffering a very bad slump. The only man on the team who played well was Jimmy Gardiner, and he played a great game, making 14 of our 16 points. Jim mixed it in every play and caged the ball six times. Omaha's team work was weak, while Lincoln's was good. Lineup:

UNIVERSITY PLACE 16, OMAHA 15.

University Place cannot be given credit for winning this game. The referee, Sam Waugh, won it for them. With Mark Hughes in the game Omaha started out with a rush and played their opponents off their feet. Mark Hughes got three baskets in this half and played a very fast game. A man who plays the floor like Hughes is all that is needed to round out a championship team. The score at the end of the first half was 14 to 7 in our favor. It would have been more but for the strange floor. The floor had no outsides, the ball being in play continually. It was perfectly legitimate to get a man up against a wall and try to mash him. Back to the game.

In the second half the ball would not go in the basket for Omaha and University Place, by clever team work, began to crawl up on us. They were not outplaying us, because our team was playing just as good as it did last year, but they crept up and a half a minute before time was up tied the score by a free throw. A few minutes before this Flothow took Hughes' place at forward. It was decided to play five minutes more to determine the winner. Then the fireworks began. Both teams played desperately to win, and the result was a wonderful exhibition of basketball. Omaha scored first, Gardiner throwing a foul goal. Then University Place got a basket, which put them one point in the lead. Then Berry, Platz and Flothow hatched up a little play. It worked to perfection and Flothow shot the winning goal, but it was disallowed.

THE SOUTH OMAHA AFFAIR.

Sufficient to say for this game is that South Omaha was absolutely outclassed and overwhelmed. The score at the time of the disturbance was 30 to 12. Omaha was awarded the game 2 to 0 because South Omaha refused to finish.



On Tuesday evening, January 29, Charlotte Bedwell gave a house dance. About twenty couples were present.

Esther and Ruth Ellinghuisen entertained the La Icos Club at their home Friday evening.

A unique subscription dance called the Rhinoceros Romp was given by the Trio at Harte Hall January 24.

Helen Shepard entertained informally for the Dei Ques Saturday afternoon, January 24.

The Triangle Club gave an informal dance at Harte Hall January 29. About twenty couples were present.

Helen Carrier entertained the Ko Kunthians at a house dance January 23. Ten couples were present.

The largest dance since the Christmas holidays was given February 6 at Turpin's Academy by Perry Singles and Paul Flothow. The dance was a great success. About a hundred couples were present.

Wilber Fulloway entertained the T. K.'s at dinner February 13.

Penelope Hamilton, Margaret McCartney and Onieta Moran entertained for the Triangle Club during the month of January.

Catherine Conrad entertained twenty girls at the Orpheum February 5 in honor of Miss Dorothy Arter.

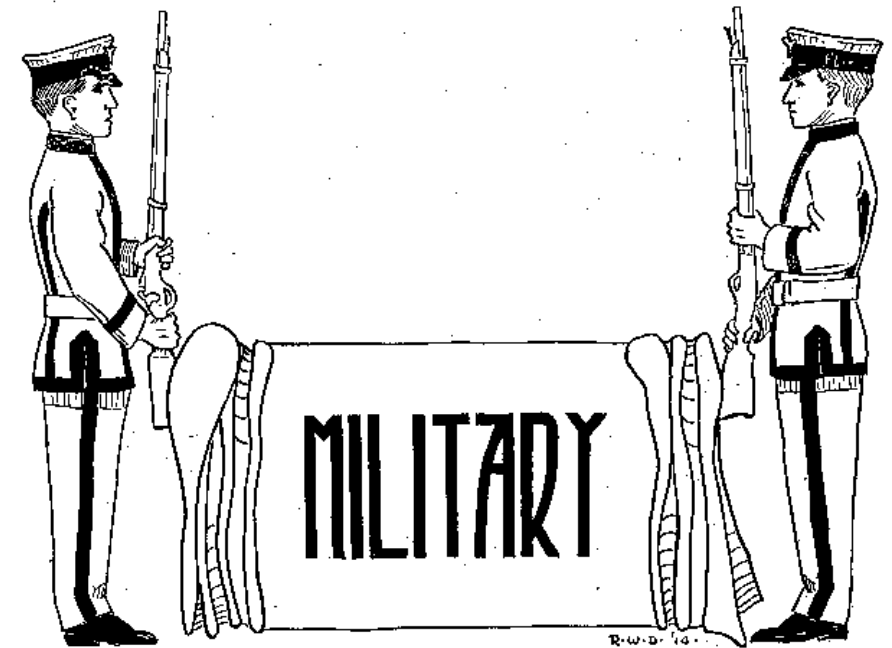
Charles Bellman gave an informal house dance Saturday evening, February 14. Ten couples were present.

On the evening of February 19 Paul Flothow gave an informal dance at Harte Hall for the members of Les Hiboux. Twenty couples were present.

Geraldine Johnson and Grace Harte gave a subscription dance at Harte Hall Saturday evening, February 21.

The El Sietes gave their second annual dance Friday evening, February 13, at Harte Hall. The hall was attractively decorated suggestive of St. Valentine. About thirty couples were present.

Ralph Benedict and Porter Allen gave a very enjoyable subscription at Chambers' on February 7. The music was the best heard this season and the decorations also deserve favorable mention.



Because of the mild weather it has only been necessary to hold inside drill a few times this year. This has, of course, been a great advantage to the development of drill, and everything seems to indicate that this year will be the most successful one in the history of the regiment.

The Captains are now bending their efforts to the improvement of the Manual of Arms, and to the correction of other details which, during our outside drill, perhaps escaped the attention of company officers, but certainly they do not escape the notice of a critic. Several battalion and regimental formations have been held lately, and in spite of a few, yet not very serious blunders of the officers, as well as of privates, they have been good as a whole.

The officers have been receiving much valuable instruction and advice at the officers' meetings, over which Captain Stritzinger presides.

This year only two commissioned officers have "fallen by the wayside" in the recent siege of examinations. Three cheers! Some discussion has taken place as to whether or not an officer who fails in the preceding term should be compelled to give up his office. However, the majority of officers believe that it is best to continue under the present ruling. "Flunkers" beware!

No, I will not discuss the downfall of the "C. O. C." Neither will I comment about the bright prospects from our new Freshmen.



Friday, the 13th, did not prove successful in frightening away the society members, for each society had a goodly number present, and all enjoyed splendid programs.

D. D. S.

The D. D. S. met Friday, the 13th, when W. M. Campen presided. A program committee was appointed with Arthur Loomis as chairman, Arthur Herring and John Sunderland. Current events were read by Reed Zimmerman. Debate question: *Resolved*, That the Panama Canal should be fortified. Affirmative, Arthur Loomis and John Brotherton. Negative, Jule Jackson and Bennie Stein.

German Club

The German Society held a meeting in Room 325 February 11, 1914. The following officers were elected: President, David Hayken; Vice President, Elizabeth Harte; Secretary, Haitie Predmestky; Treasurer, Dean Mallory; Sergeants-at-Arms, Reed Zimmerman and Lena Lipsey; Critic, Nora Predmestky.

W. D. S.

The Webster D. S. met February 13, 1914. Debate: *Resolved*, That the United States should own and operate the railroads. Affirmative, Charles Weeth and Glen Musgrove. Negative, Charles Petersen and Mark Lowe. Current Events, Byron Snyder. The debate was won by the affirmative and was conceded by all the society to be the best this year. It was the first meeting under the new officers, namely: Harold Landeryou, President; Porter Allen, Vice President; Bryan Sackett, Secretary and Treasurer; Waldeman Thompson and Bernie Holmquist, Sergeants-at-Arms.

Lininger Travel Club

The L. C. T. met in the Auditorium Friday, February 13, when stereopticon views of France were given. Miss Wallace lectured on the views.

Latin Society--February Program

1. Latin Language, Harry Seagren.
2. A Short Story of the English Language, Eunice Fike.
3. What English Owes to Latin, Lola Harris.
4. A Fable Illustrating the Humor of the Italians, Clara Lindley.
5. Violin solo, Rohita Cauller.
6. What Some Men of Fame Say About Latin, Myrne Gilchrist.
7. Value of Latin as Preparation for the Study of Medicine, Mayde Ellison.
8. Pleasurable Side of Latin, Alice Allen.
9. Why Some People Fail in Latin, Clarence Dunham.
10. Eugene Fjeld's Plea for the Classics, Hanna Kulakofsky.
11. A Short Talk on the Value of Latin, Mr. Woolery.

Margaret Fuller

A Valentine program was given at the Margaret Fuller Society in room 219. A letter and a paper, "The Origin of Valentine's Day," sent to the society by Miss Valentine, the originator of the M. F., were read by Carolyn Holmquist. A Roman Wedding was presented by Helen Bicknell, Carolyn Holmquist, Mary Dowd, Ruth Knapp and Bell Cook, and a poem on St. Valentine was read by Bell Cook. A special treat in the form of delicious candy was enjoyed by the members before the meeting adjourned.

Pleiades

The Pleiades Society met in room 120, when the following program was given: Indian Legends, Mary Quinby. Piano solo, Laura Sirpless. History of the Indians, Jessie Tenant. Recitation, Beatrice Swanson. Vocal solo, Ruth Comp.

Lowell

The Lowell Society met in room 230, when election of officers took place. The following now hold offices: Gladys Shamp, President; Marie Rowely, Vice President; Gertrude Reade, Secretary; Alice Allen, Reporter.

Hawthorne

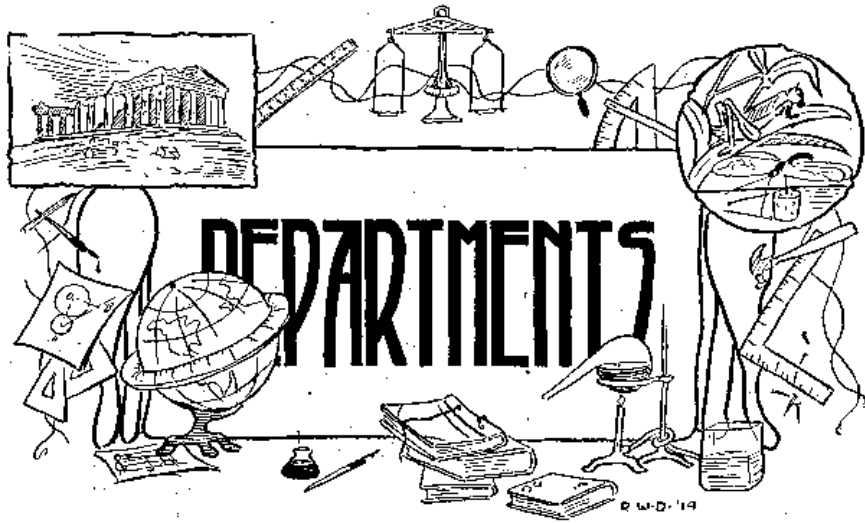
A Lincoln program was enjoyed by the Hawthorne Society in room 221. Speech of Gettysburg, Densil Deems. Short stories, Ruth Hutton. His Life, Lila Hoke. His Favorite Poem, Marie Muxen.

Browning

Browning Society met in room 149. The program was as follows: Recitation, Lucile Lathrop. Reading from Poe, Dorothy Black. Debate on Rest Days, Hannah Kulakofsky and Irene Rosewater.

Priscilla Alden

Business meeting in room 119.



PRINCIPAL'S LETTER

A Saving Sense of Humor

During the past week, while teaching an English class, I found that its members had no clear idea of the difference between wit and humor. I was reminded of a remark made by a former principal who said, "A high school student has no sense of humor; that is a later development." I did not entirely agree with him. Do you? He thought that pupils of high school age appreciated wit—the lightning flash of the mind—that they got the joy of being made to see a resemblance between two things when they had not seen this resemblance before, but he thought they were not able to see life from any angle but that of the ordinary observer. To see life from a new angle, to lose its matter-of-fact appearance; to see it for a minute not as the serious business, which it really is, but as an amusing experience; this is to have a saving sense of humor.

To see the classrooms filled one term with demure Madonna faces, with waves smoothly combed on the ears, and to meet the following term the same faces under elaborate pompadours; to have the strange sensation of a miraculous growth of hair in a month as evinced by coronet braids and puffs, and then to be met by a group with hair tightly coiled and again confronting the teacher with the problem of getting information into heads which seem to be earless—surely this tickles our sense of humor.

We have one year the difficulty of getting hats into lockers, and the next term both hair and faces have almost entirely disappeared under the coverings pulled closely over the ears.

The last fashion so tickled the humor of the cartoonist that he drew a row of ladies looking into a shop window, while a small boy implored a policeman, "Please, sir, will you tell me which is my mother?"

Has it roused in you no mirth as you have seen the "two mincing steps" of Portia change to the manly stride of the athlete, only to be followed by the ungainly gait demanded by some of our modern dresses?

If your sense of humor has been aroused by all this, you will never be found among those who, not seeing how amusing they are to on-lookers, follow the extreme of each new fashion. Humor is the *saving sense*.

But "we girls" do not furnish all the amusement. Surely your sense of humor has been tickled by the intense gravity and majesty of the military officer as he comes up with his report, clicking his heels together and touching his hat in military salue. Surely nothing less important than the fate of the nation can be behind the message he carries.

Has your smile never come when, for a minute, you pictured the consternation arising if girls should demand that the school give the same amount of money to, and show the same interest in, games for girls as they now give to those of boys? Have you ever smiled to yourself as you watched a cheer-leader, and wondered if he would see how funny he was if he could for a minute "step out and look at himself"? As you join in the cheering of the bleachers, and yell with enthusiasm because the cheer-leader calls for it, do you get the added joy of seeing how amusing you would be to an English onlooker? This is the height of the sense of humor—that we should be able to smile at *ourselves*. It is a very *saving sense* when this point is reached.

If we have any spark of this sense we should develop it by using it. It will help us out of many a difficult situation, though we may never be able to reach the height reached by the small boy who, when questioned by the irate teacher as to why he laughed when he was being soundly trounced, giggled, "Why, you're thrashing the wrong boy."

We should not let our mirth be the mirth of Puck, seeing life *always* from the humorous side, but we need to see it so *occasionally* in order to make life worth while. It should be the *kindly smile* seeing all the good under the humorous appearance. If an old English writer is correct, and one of the joys of Heaven is to be that every one is to be given an exquisite sense of humor, then our laughter will surely be the gentle laugh of Addison, leaving no sting behind.

Humor is an effective weapon in the world's warfare, for men may be laughed out of their follies when argument fails. It is not keen enough to be used in the battle with the great vices; this struggle calls for the sharper sword of wit or sarcasm, or invective. We love humor because its wounds leave no scars, and we love the humorist and laugh with him at our own weaknesses and then strive to amend them. This world would be a dull place without this *saving sense*. Cultivate it.

KATE A. McHUGH.



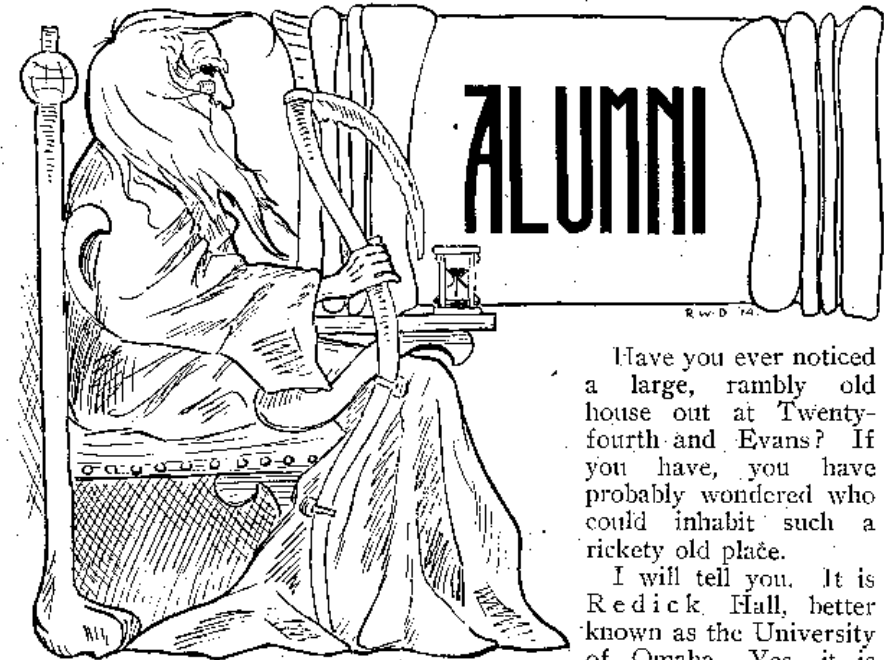
THE REGISTER takes this opportunity to extend, in the name of the school, a hearty welcome to a new member of its faculty, Mr. Ferd Stedinger, who on February 1 took the position of head of the German department. He comes to us from the high school at Rockford, Ill., where he had been head of the German department for many years—in fact, he held that position at the time Mr. Graff was principal of that school.

Mr. Stedinger is a native-born German and his system of instruction is unique in that it is almost entirely conversational. In addition to his work in the Central High, Mr. Stedinger has a class in commercial German at the High School of Commerce and will be Superintendent of German in the grades next year, when a grammar school course is to be established.

Again we offer Mr. Stedinger a hearty welcome and a wish that his stay in the Omaha High School may be long and successful.

It is with a deep sense of sorrow and a keen realization of a genuine loss that we announce the death of Miss Jane Smith. She was a member of the faculty who by her faithful and efficient service made for herself a lasting name as a teacher, and by her amiable personality the reputation of *friend* to every pupil in her classes. In the name of the school THE REGISTER extends deep sympathy to her bereaved family, and especially to her sister and co-worker, Miss Penelope Smith.

We are also saddened by the sudden death of one our schoolmates, Arthur Grossman, '17, who passed away on Saturday, February 21, after a brief illness with typhoid fever, suddenly complicated by spinal meningitis. He was a popular member of the freshman class and one whose success in High School and life seemed assured. We extend heartfelt sympathy and sincere regret to his family and sister Pauline, O. H. S. class of '16.



Have you ever noticed a large, rambly old house out at Twenty-fourth and Evans? If you have, you have probably wondered who could inhabit such a rickety old place.

I will tell you. It is Redick Hall, better known as the University of Omaha. Yes, it is rickety, it is old, but it harbors such a spirit as is not often found elsewhere. There the students are all like on large family, sharing alike their troubles and joys.

Naturally the student body is not very large, as the school is just in its infancy. But it has grown mightily since it began in 1909, and of course the number of pupils will steadily increase until some day it will be a school to be proud of.

One of the two buildings is something to speak of. It is the gymnasium. Built of brick and of substantial architecture, it lends an imposing air to the tiny campus.

And now just a word about our President and our teachers. We have the finest man of men at our head, and the best of instructors. Almost every course of study is offered.

This is all of my short discussion of the merits and virtues of our university; but if you do not believe it all, come out next year, you Seniors, and try it yourselves.

MARION PEARSALL, '13.

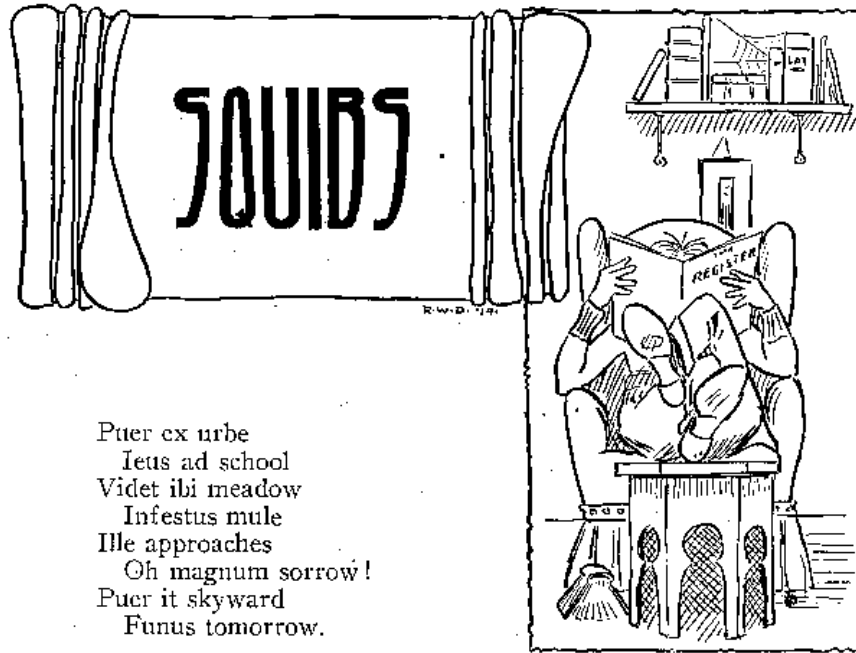
Virgil Rector, '12, has made the basket ball team at Dartmouth.

Eloise Stevenson, '12, has entered Kansas University.

Bertha F. Elkins, '12 in training class, has just left the hospital after a serious operation.

Mary Johnston, '12, passed away in Denver after a lingering illness. The pallbearers were from her class of '12.

Miss Hazel Marie Day, '11, is married to Mr. L. W. Hoffman, '10.



Puer ex urbe
 Teus ad school
 Videt ibi meadow
 Infestus mule
 Ille approaches
 Oh magnum sorrow!
 Puer it skyward
 Funus tomorrow.

Captain S. Flint (to his company): "All those who haven't got guns come to right shoulder arms."

AS USUAL.

Mr. Norton: "Why aren't you going to the dance tonight, son? Haven't you got a flame?"

Ken: "Oh, I've got the flame, all right, but no fuel!"

Kennedy: "What's the height of your ambition?"

Moser: "I don't know exactly; but she comes about to my shoulders."

"Why do you talk to yourself so much, Torell?"

"Well, I have two reasons for that. First, I like to talk to a sensible man, and second, I like to hear a sensible man talk."

He didn't pass
 And gave some sass.
 Will he recover?
 Well, perhaps.

Miss S.: "Edna, you may conjugate *schicken* (to send)."

Edna: "Schicken, hen, gerooster."

Miss M.: "William, give me a sentence containing the word notwithstanding."

Bill H.: "The man's trousers were worn out, but not with standing."

D. Kiplinger: "Hey, Clare, what book that you know of has the least in it?"

C. Moore: "My pocketbook. Lend me two-bits, will you?"

Hans: "I've lost mein liddle dorg."

Carl: "Vy don't you advertise?"

Hans: "Vot's the use? He can't read."

Oily to bed and oily to rise
 Is the fate of a man when an auto he buys.

Mr. Reed (at Victrola concert): "The first number is entitled 'The Chimes of Normandie.'"

Odell (far in the rear): "What did he say?"

Neighbor: "'The Chinaman's Laundry,' boob!"

Teacher: "What is the highest political office in the United States?"

Star pupil: "The postoffice on Pike's Peak."

Mr. Harte: "In what course will Herman graduate?"

Mr. Reed: "In the course of time."

Whatsoever a man seweth, that shall he easily rip.

"Is there anything you can do better than anyone else, Harry?"

"Yes, I can read my own handwriting."

"Well, George, how are you getting on with your French?"

"Oh, very well, Uncle; we translate quite nicely now, such sentences as 'My uncle never allows my birthday to pass without giving me a present,' or 'It is quite certain that my uncle will give me something splendid at this time.'"

Definition of a tango sandwich:

Chicken and "Too Much Mustard."

He who skips and runs away
 May live to skip another day;
 But if Miss Kewitt catches him
 We bet he'll never skip again.

There was a young man from the city
 Who saw what he thought was a kitty;
 He gave it a pat
 And soon after that
 He buried his clothes—what a pity!

Perfumes—Mary Garden, Djer Kiss, Ideal, and all other good ones. "Haines."

Miss R.: "The standard unit of liquid measure in the United States is a quart. What is it in Germany?"

G. K.: "A keg."

The following query has been received at this office:

"Dear Editor: Why does a girl always close her eyes when she is kissed?"

GREENHORN.
If you will send us a photograph of yourself, Greenhorn, we may be able to answer your question.—The Editor.

Penslar Family Remedies. We are Omaha Agents. "Haines."

Chuck: "I tell you, in a battle of tongues a girl can hold her own."
Wy R.: "Yes, but she never does."

Father: "How dare you swear before me?"
Son: "How did I know you wanted to swear first?"

Prof.: "Are you here to learn anything?"
Stud.: "No, I'm here to listen to you."

Guard (at camp, midnight): "Halt! Who goes there?"
Voice: "Friend with a bottle."
Guard: "Pass, friend. Halt, bottle."

5c cake Ivory Soap, 3 cakes, 11c. "Haines."

Bill H.: "Have you a second to spare?"
Lec K.: "Sure—waddyawant?"
Bill H.: "Tell me all you know."

Bulletin: The author of the above is improving slowly. He will probably be out of the hospital in a couple of weeks.

He met her in the darkened hall;
He said, "I brought you roses."
Her answer was irrelevant;
She said, "How cold your nose is." —Ex.

She frowned on him and called him Mr.,
Because, in fun he merely kr.
But, then, in spite, the following night,
The naughty Mr. kr. sr.

"I certainly admire the inventor of the steam engine."
"A man of iron constitution, eh?"
"No; a man of great engin-uity. See?"
"Watt's his name?"

Free telephone booth for Omaha and South Omaha. "Haines."

O. H. S. COMIC OPERA COMPANY.

A few of the hits sung by famous stars.

"Million Dollar Doll"..... Dave Hervey
"I Want Everyone to Love Me"..... Dot Soloman
"My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"..... Harry Claiborne
"I'm the Guy"..... Wy Robbins
"Somebody's Coming to Town"..... Ken Norton
"Pinkerton Detective"..... "Fat" Northwall
"When Dreams Come True" (?)..... Arno Truelsen
"I Love a Lassie"..... Dick Lukey
"You're a Great Big Blue-Eyed Baby"..... Dutch Myer
"Where Did You Get That Girl?"..... Mort Wakeley
"Get Out and Get Under"..... The Guy With an Auto
"Pullman Porter's Parade"..... Bill Harte
"There's No Place Like Home"..... Freshman Chorus

Prescriptions our specialty. "Haines."

Now that those clocks have COME, we wonder when they are going to GO.

"Ever read 'Looking Backward'?"
"Yes, once in an exam., and I got canned for it."

"My head's as clear as a bell."
"Yep—nothing in it but the tongue."

Tattered Tom: "Strange how few of your youthful dreams come true, ain't it?"

Weary Willie: "Oh, I don't know. I remember how I once yearned to wear long pants. Now I bet I wear them longer than any man in the country."

Nyal's Remedies. We are agents. "Haines," 15th and Douglas.

Miss B. (in geometry): "Can you porve the proposition?"
H. H.: "I don't have to prove it; I admit it."

Con.: "Your fare, Miss."
H. C. (blushing): "Really, do you think so?"

Johnston's Candies. A full line. "Haines."

First Flea: "Been on a vacation?"
Second Flea: "Nope. Been on a tramp."

Teacher: "Why do you look at your watch so often?"
Student: "Oh!—er, I'm studying physics and I'm interested in it."

Bostonian: "Conflagration! Conflagration! Hasten hither with that mechanical apparatus designed for the suppression of such a terrible conflagration!"

Westerner: "Fire! Fire! Fire!"

Booth (drilling Freshmen): "Now, my men, listen to me. When I say 'squad halt,' put the foot that's on the ground beside the one that's in the air, and remain motionless."

She: "Did you ever see 'The Castle Walk'?"

He: "Oh, dear, no. I've been on the wagon through college."

"Johnnie, I don't believe you've studied your geography?"

"No, mum. I heard pa say the map of the world was changing every day, an' I thought I'd wait a few years till things got settled."

A school paper is a great invention;
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.

"Why do the maids always rush for the front seats in church?"
"So as to be near when the hymns are given out."

"More than 5,000 elephants a year go to make our piano keys," remarked the student boarder, who had been reading the scientific notes in a patent medicine almanac.

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed the landlady. "Ain't it wonderful what some animals can be trained to do!"

"What became of Pat?"

"He was drowned."

"And couldn't he swim?"

"He did for eight hours, but he was a union man."

Professor's Wife: "Dear, you haven't kissed me for a long time."

Professor: "Are you sure? Who is it I've been kissing, then?"

Mr. W. (in algebra): "These values of x and y go in pairs just like some people. They don't go otherwise, they won't allow each other. They must go together."

Nate dea: Meaning goddess—born.

Translation: "Swim, goddess, swim."

She: "Are you going to take dinner anywhere tomorrow evening?"

He (eagerly): "Why, no; not that I know of."

She (placidly): "My, won't you be hungry next morning?"

CLASS STONES.

Freshman: Emerald.

Sophomore: Diamond.

Junior: Grindstone.

Senior: Tombstone.

S. F.: "But ignorance is bliss."

Miss Sullivan: "Yes, I know that."

Dear Editor: Who writes all those funny jokes for THE REGISTER?

Answer: What funny jokes?

Griggs: "The doctor says that I must throw up everything and take a sea voyage."

Biggs: "Got the cart before the horse, didn't he?"

Mrs. A.: "Has anyone anything else to add concerning Jefferson's characteristics?"

Voice from rear: "He was a fine dancer."

Miss L. (correcting a French exercise): "Your pastor is a singular man, I suppose."

Pat: "Why is the ocean always on the move?"

Mike: "Well, if you had half as many rocks in your bed, you'd be on the move, too."

Teacher in Latin: "Give the translation of the vocative singular of girl."

Fresh.: "Oh, you girl."

Would you throw a straw to a drowning lemon, just to give a lemon-aid?

Small Boy (in school discussing zones): "There are two kinds of zones, masculine and feminine. The masculine is both temperate and intemperate, and the feminine is both horrid and frigid."

Willie Green,
Sad regrets,
Age nine,
Cigarettes.

Mary had a little lamb,
It fell into the brook.
Mary cried, "What shall I do?"
The lamb said, "Get the hook."

Teacher: "Please oil the castors on my desk."

Janitor: "I have no castor oil."

TRAGEDY.

The year was gloomily begun
For Willie Wecks, a poor man's
—Sun.

He was beset with bill and dun,
And he had very little
—Mon.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues,
I've nothing but ones and
—Tues.

A bright thought struck him and he said.
"The rich Miss Goldrocks I will
—Wed."

But when he mentioned it to her,
She lisped, but firmly said: "No,
—Thur."

"Alas," said he, "Then I must die."
His soul went where they say souls
—Fri.

They found his gloves and coat and hat
The coroner upon them
—Sat.

10 mills make 1 cent.
10 cents make 1 dime.
1 dime makes 2 pies.
2 pies make 1 sick.

Miss Wallace: "Charles, how are votes cast?"
Perrigo: "Election day is on Tuesday—you walk into a booth—
somebody gives you a couple of dollars—"
Miss Wallace: "Enough, Charles."

Miss McDonald: "Give a logical definition of a telephone."
Clare: "A telephone is something you can talk and hear thro."
Voice from rear: "You can talk and hear through a gas-pipe."

We knew all the time that those new clocks wouldn't run. How
are they going to wind them?

Three ways to spread news: Telegraph, telephone, tellagirl.

How many of us, all students of one of the finest high schools in
the country, can correctly pronounce the Mexican president's name?

We are informed that confection and affections often go together.

Mr. McMillan: "What is a vacuum?"
J. G.: "I have it in my head, but I can't explain it."

O. H. S. 1915 Pins and Rings

We are now in position to supply any of these
on very short notice, and we have also a small sup-
ply of extra 14K pins on hand. Leave your order
for these or the 1913-14 PINS with

T. L. COMBS & CO.

THE BUSY JEWELERS

1520 Douglas Street, Omaha

SUPERFLUOUS SES SOUND SLIGHTLY STRANGE.

Sir Samuel Sims, Samson swimmer, saw sweet Sarah Smith swim-
ming seaward swiftly.

Suddenly she seemed stunned; she seemed sinking.

Striding seaward, spurning shingle, Sir Samuel skillfully swam
Sarahwards.

Sir Samuel skillfully supported swooning Sarah.

Swimming shorewards, Sir Samuel successfully saved sweet Sarah
Smith.

Seeming somewhat shaky, Sir Samuel sampled some spirits—spe-
cial Scotch. Sarah saw Sir Samuel's self-sacrificing spirit.

Sir Samuel saw Sarah's sweetness.

Striding slowly, Sarah sighed softly.

Sir Samuel seemed speechless.

"Say something, Sir Samuel," said sweet Sarah Smith, smiling
sheepishly.

"Say, Sam, Sarah," said Sir Samuel.

Sarah, smiling shyly, softly said, "Samuel."

"Sarah—Sally," stammered Sir Samuel.

"Sweet Sarah—sweetheart."

Sarah solemnly surrendered.

(Please stop this. We are chort of ecce.—Printer.)

—The Comet (Milwaukee H. S.)

In Civics.

Teacher: "John, who enforces the compulsory education law?"

John: "The prohibition officer."

THE PLAIN OF THE FRESHMAN.

"Failed in Latin; flunked in Math,"

They heard him softly hiss,

"I'd like to find the guy who said

"That 'ignorance is bliss'!"

FRANCIS POTTER TEACHER OF
Mandolin - Banjo - Guitar

Gibson Mandolins and Guitars, Farland Banjos sold on small payments
Studio, Baldrige Block

20th and Farnam Sts.

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

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Students Prepared for Public Appearance Studio, Rooms 7-8 Davidge Block

Don't eat meat that's tough and bony, MADE IN OMAHA

Just try **SKINNER'S** MACARONI

SKINNER MFG. CO.

Diamond Setting Watch Making Clock Repairing

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MANUFACTURING JEWELERS AND ENGRAVERS

436 Paxton Block Omaha, Neb.

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PLEASE sit now for Register Annual photographs.

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\$2.50 - \$3.50 - \$5.00

Per Dozen

The HEYN Studio
16th and Howard Sts.

*Register
Ads.
Pay!*

The father, mother, sister and brother, all read this paper.

The paper is saved and does not see the waste-paper basket.

Advertise!

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

The Pantorium

is always prepared to give you satisfaction in the way of Cleaning, Pressing or Dyeing your clothes.

Call once and you will call again

The Pantorium : 1515 Jones St.

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The N.C. Leary Company

716 South 15th Street

MRS. E. R. ZABRISKIE

Studio: Room 20 Baldrige-Wead Bldg. Tel. Harney 6061

Violin - Piano - Organ

Assistant: Louis Schnauber

BLACK

...The...

\$2.50 Hatter

HATS FURNISHINGS

109 South 16th St.

If you like to be in style—and what High School boy does not?—you should get yourself into one of our handsome

Shawl-Collar Jackets

the swellest garment going, except perhaps, our **MACKINAC COATS**. Prices \$5.00 to \$12.00.

Townsend Gun Co.

REMBRANDT STUDIO

We are Making \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$4.50 Specials besides a 15 per cent discount on any large work

20th and Farnam Sts. Phone Douglas 3548


The White Marble Barber Shop

The Only Strictly Sanitary Barber Shop in Omaha

Children's Hair Cutting a Specialty

Adam Morrell, Prop.
Basement W. O. W. Bldg. Phone D 8249

Engraved Stationery



Ryan Jewelry Co.

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

Get Wise Kid!

*Even if you did flunk, cheer up. You'll live just as long.
Let's go down to the Owl. It's on me. Are you on?*

Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.

Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., Cor. 16th and Dodge
Owl Drug Co., Corner 16th and Harney

Loyal Pharmacy, Hotel Loyal Block
Harvard Pharmacy, Cor. 24th and Farnam

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Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

Sole Agent for the "Monarch" Brand of Canned Goods

Corner 17th and Capitol Avenue

Telephone Douglas 3614

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& EITNER

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