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FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1915

VOLUME TWENTY-NINE 9 NUMBER NINE



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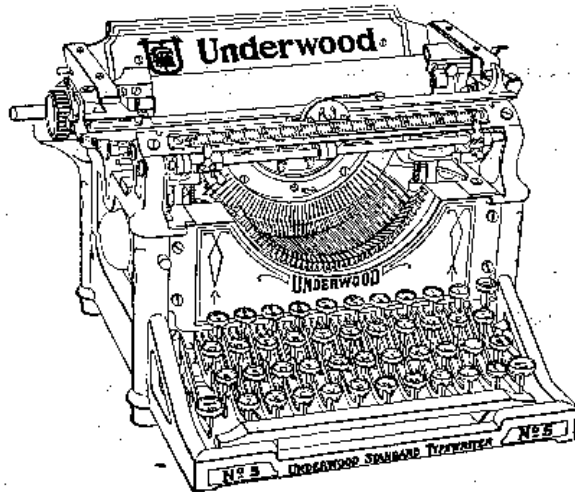
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HARRIET C. SHERMAN
EDITOR

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ROBERT S. ODELL
BUSINESS MANAGER

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NUMBER 9

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EDITORIAL

Then—and Now

From a clipping taken from the Springfield Republican, we get some very interesting facts concerning schools and school papers in 1854.

In the Springfield high school, as in most schools of that time, spelling was considered one of the most important studies. Instead of spending about ten minutes a day on this study, as is now the custom, much time was devoted to it. There were many spell-downs, in which every one in the high school took part. One girl in the school is reported to have spelled 12,000 words with but three errors. Every pupil was required during the year to write 4,000 correctly spelled words. When you consider the fact that every "i" that was not dotted, every "t" which was not crossed, every word which had been changed in any way after it had been written, any letter which was ambiguous in form so that it might be taken for another letter, and any scratches or blots on the paper were counted as mistakes—then you will realize that it was no slight task to accomplish.

It is interesting to note the contrast between the verses which appeared in those days and the jingles or squibs which the modern school journals print. It is said that in those days "every number of the paper was full of tears, sighing and sorrowful philosophy." The following clipping may give some idea of the atmosphere of the papers:

"The world of the beautiful, bright and fair

Is a world of trial, grief and care,
Where tears of repentance too often are shed,

When words have gone forth that cannot be unsaid.

A world full of weariness, sorrow and sin!

Oh, what is the world that is hidden within?

'Tis a world of resolves and of plans incomplete,

Of duties we've struggled but half way to meet;

Of purposes cherished, but purposes still,
Where insolence wrested and triumphed o'er will;

Sad monuments telling of battles, where right,

Forsaken by friends, has been crushed in the fight."

Whew! How changed we are. But which is the worse—the overdrawn, unimaginative, pessimistic view of life, taken by our respected aunts, uncles and grandmothers, or the care-free, less serious-minded tone of our papers in which the highly-developed sense of the ridiculous is revealed? But who is wise enough to judge? H. C. S.

The Annual

Now that the mid-term number is out, we feel that our most urgent duty is to direct our energies at once on the Annual. In former years this has been the pride of the school and the source of special delight to the Seniors. Although somewhat handicapped by the difficulty in securing advertisements, we intend to put out an Annual which will not only equal the previous issues, but surpass them, if such a thing be possible. But in this, as in every great undertaking, there must be co-operation. We need help—help in every form. Do you know of anything large or small which would help to make our Annual a great success? If you do, please send it to the Register office.

The last issue, the midterm number, was a larger edition than usual. Of course this was due to the fact that there were many pictures and special reports to be printed, in order to give the February graduating class as fine a "Year Book" as possible. During the next term the regular weekly will be an eight-page paper as it has been previously.

H. C. S.

Willie: "How old is that lamp, ma?"

Ma: "Two years, dear. Why?"

Willie: "Turn it down, ma; it's too young to smoke."

DEBATING

The debating season is now well on its way and it promises to be one of the most interesting the O. H. S. has seen in many years. We have the good fortune to have Mr. Burke with us again as coach. Mr. Burke was on the Harvard team two years and won his debates both years, one year from Princeton and the other from Yale. He has taken an active interest in the debating work in the high school in the past. His criticisms and help will prove of the utmost value to the high school team.

On account of misunderstandings last year there was no inter-society debates, but this year the societies have had Mr. Burke make out a schedule for the inter-society debates. In the first of these inter-society contests the D. D. S. team

won a very close decision over the W. D. S. team. The A. D. S. team meets the I. D. S. team some time this week and the winner of that debate will debate the D. D. S. for the championship of the high school. The team that wins this championship will become the permanent possessor of a silver cup to be given by Mr. Burke.

The tryouts for the positions on the State League team will be held next week. Every student in the high school who can debate at all should prepare a speech on the question of government ownership of the railroads, and try out. Our first debate in the State League contests will be before March 1 with our old rival, South Omaha. Here's hoping that we win. E. G. P.

BASKET BALL

Lincoln Beats Omaha — Flothow Stars

Omaha was defeated by the Lincoln high team last Saturday night when our warriors met them in a closely contested game, which took place at Lincoln. We think this defeat certainly a "heart breaker," especially when we know that Flothow tied the score in the last few minutes of play; yet to no purpose, as luck seemed to be against us in allowing Lincoln to make three more baskets after that. Owing to the wonderful work of Flothow and others, the score was continually being tied during the first half. Flothow, with his splendid playing, was the star of the evening for Omaha. His field goals were all shot from very difficult positions on the floor. He is certainly to be congratulated on his spectacular and marvelous shots.

The first half ended with the score 16 to 14. However, in the second half, after Omaha had tied the score, Lincoln managed to make nine more points in the very last minutes of play, leaving the final score as 25 to 16. Perhaps, this being the first big game of the season and being played on a strange floor, the team was a little afraid of them, but only

wait until we meet them here on February 6. If everybody turns out and roots for the team we will be able to tuck another victory up our sleeve. Do your duty. Following is the lineup:

Omaha.	Lincoln.
Patty	R. F.
Morris	
Flothow	L. F.
Schmidt	
Paynter	C.
Albrecht	
Larmon	R. G.
Smith	
Lutes	L. G.
Schroeder	

Field goals: Flothow, 4; Lutes, 2; Paynter, 2; Morris, 4; Albrecht, 4; Schmidt, Hager, Schroeder. Substitutes: Hager for Schmidt. Foul goals: Morris, 3. Referee: E. O. Stichm.

Omaha 26; Bellevue 21

This game, which was played some time last week, resulted in Bellevue's defeat. The contest was composed of clever team work and spectacular shots for baskets by both teams. Not only Flothow, who was again one of the stars, played well, but in fact, every Omaha player played a good commendable game. The Omaha team secured their lead in the start and retained it through the rest of the game.

Ohman and Racely were the stars for Bellevue. The lineup:

Omaha.	Bellevue.
Patty R. F.	Allen
Flothow J. F.	Racely
Paynter C.	Ohman
Larmon R. G.,	Lichten, Waller
Lutes L. G.	Evans

Preparations are in order for the Class Basket Ball Tournament which begins next week.

NEWS ITEMS

A new class in Arts and Crafts has been started by Miss Hanting. This can be taken by all who have had one term of art and will count as a drill subject. Miss Phelps has also a new class for Spanish.

Mr. Reed wishes to impress upon the Juniors the value of English History as a precedent to Senior English Literature. The study of this in the Junior year will help students to understand and appreciate the later courses.

Professor Caldwell addressed the teachers in the auditorium on Tuesday, January 5. His lecture was on "Peace and Current History." Mr. Caldwell is the jolly little "prof" from Nebraska University, very popular on account of his "big, jovial heart."

Some of us probably never knew before what excellent athletes we have among our faculty. Mr. Harrington, assistant coach for football last fall, is a graduate of the Michigan University and Agricultural College, where he was on both second teams. He coached the football team at Frankfort, Ind., high school for four years and put in one season with the high school team at Olympia, Wash. Mr. Cairns won letters in football, basket ball and track at Grinnell. He was for several seasons manager of athletics and coach at Marshalltown, Ia., high school. Mr. Spinning played basket ball, football, baseball and was a track man at Stevens Institute, Hoboken, N. J. He coached Newport high school for two seasons, in which his squad only lost one game.

We welcome into the faculty Miss Louise Stegner of the Commercial high school English department. Also we owe

Miss Stegner Welcomed Back

We are glad to welcome to the High School, Miss Stegner, whom many seniors remember as a favorite teacher of English in their first year here. For the past two years Miss Stegner has been teaching at the High School of Commerce, so we are fortunate in being able to have her with us once more.

cordial reception to 110 new boys and 120 new girls who entered high school this month, making our enrollment approximately 1,725.

Virgil Rector, O. H. S. alumnus, is now rated as about the best basket ball center of all eastern colleges. He made the Dartmouth quintet and Atlantic seaboard critics say he will prove the finest pole vaulter ever seen.

Harvard students are collecting books, official dispatches, newspapers from every land, and all kinds of personal experiences of isolated Americans in a library of "War Data" for future historians.

The Y. M. C. A. boys had the pleasure of seeing a big minstrel show staged at the "Y" Thursday evening. This comprised a chorus of thirty voices, the bachelor quartet and musical offerings by Omaha's song writer, Dick Bruun. The proceeds go to buy a new "free-for-all" victrola.

Italian students of art and sculpture have appealed to Secretary of State Bryan to take some action to the end that their monuments be preserved from ruin by the belligerent nations.

This goes to show that hard work does not cease when we graduate by any means. Speaker Clark was recently known to have sat up all night engrossed in a book of his boyhood days which he had not studied in a couple of scores of years.

A Superior, Wis., girl went clear through the University course of "social welfare" work in conjunction with playgrounds and athletics. And now comes her reward. She has sailed for Shanghai, China, where a wealthy park

owner has hired her to teach and supervise the play of oriental children. Her name is Miss Freda Boss.

Splendid Opportunity for Boys

Now is the chance for the boys to get a start in public speaking and debating life. There is a special class formed for the boys aside from Mr. Mills' Expressive Reading class. This class will be taught by Mr. Franklin P. Ramsay,



MR. FRANKLIN P. RAMSAY

whom we are all glad to welcome to our school. Mr. Ramsay has been teaching at the high school in Columbus, Mississippi, where he was a professor in Latin and Greek and the assistant superintendent of the high school. He is a graduate of King College in Bristol, Tennessee, where he received a Bachelor of Arts degree. Also Mr. Ramsay graduated from the Public Speaking department of the Chicago Musical college, from the University of Chicago, and from the Southwestern Presbyterian college at Clarksville. He will have classes in Argumentation and Public Speaking, though at present he is teaching English. We are certainly proud to have so distinguished a new professor among our own much-honored teachers.

SINGULAR THINGS IN PLURALS

Springfield (Mass.), Republican
We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes;
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
Then one fowl is goose, but two are called geese;
Yet the plural of moose should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse, or a whole lot of mice;
But the plural of house is houses, not hicc.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a bow, if repeated, is never called bine,
And the plural of vow is vows, not vine;
And if I speak of a foot, and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth;
If the singular's this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss be nicknamed keese?
Then one may be that and three would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.
We speak of a brother and also of brethren;
But though we say mothers, we never say methren.
The masculine pronouns are he, his and him;
But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim.
So the English, I think you all will agree,
Is the most wonderful language you ever did see.

Mrs. Atkinson: "I notice that the Germans have taken Lodz."
Smith: "I'll bite; loads of what?"

THE HAND OF FATE

If you had seen Harold Morse one evening, you would surely have thought it a case for a doctor. Harold was restless and couldn't sit in one place more than five minutes. Worry was written clearly over his face and one would think that he had lost his best friend. Harold was only ten years old, but he had his share of troubles. At present he was deeply concerned in a most unpleasant train of thought.

That afternoon "Skinny," otherwise Ralph Baker, had used his strength to Harold's sorrow when the unusual weight had broken Harold's wagon and Harold was left in a state of mind hardly to be envied.

Skinny had also provoked William Kent, alias "Bill," into uncontrollable wrath. In this way it came about that Harold and Bill were together planning to untwist the fat boy.

They had racked their brains until, perhaps, their hearing powers had been affected when Harold's mother told them "to skip over to the store for her." Not until she had added that they might get some candy, did they arouse themselves and wend their way toward the store.

All went well until two blocks were covered when a mysterious clanking of a bell led them over a hill after a fire wagon. It was only a small fire, but where is the boy who doesn't like to watch a fire, even a small one.

Fate did her work well and kept the fire going until the sun began to be obscured by the houses. Then the boys went to the drug store, and Fate, in her inconceivable way, held them there until the clock had struck 6:30.

"Let's cut across the lots," Harold suggested, when they were on their way home. "Mother'll want this stuff in a minute."

Bill assented and across they went, climbing fences and jumping flower beds with great agility.

Fate again took hold of the helm and led them to the premises of Ralph Baker.

"There's Skinny's house over there," said Bill. "Should we cut over or go around?"

"Now, let's go across just to let Skinny see what we think of him," advised Harold.

Bill thought this the best course to pursue and they climbed the wall at the back and started on the way across the yard, keeping behind trees and bushes until past the house.

In foreseeing the event which I am about to narrate, Fate had placed two trees in such a position that now a swing was attached to the higher branches of the trees and Skinny was the owner. If the trees had not been there, how would there have been any daring aviator who reached the highest altitude that man had never been before?

Fate led the boys to the trees and stood them there while Skinny's father passed by the walk.

"Tell you what let's do!" exclaimed Bill softly.

"What?"

"Let's tear down the old swing and then when Skinny comes and sees it, I'll bet he won't feel so big."

"We couldn't do that," interposed Harold.

"Why not? We'll get it back on him good and plenty. Let's do," argued Bill.

"But they would know who did it."

"No, they wouldn't. We needn't say a thing about it. Come on, do it!"

"But we can't pull it down without cuttin' it, can we?" said Harold, showing signs of giving way.

"Didn't he break your wagon? I want to get him, too."

"All right. Where's my knife?" asked Harold as he searched his pockets.

Fate at once placed a knife in Bill's pocket.

"I've got one. Why, I must have picked it up when we went to the store and left my own over to your house!"

At that moment Fate sent Skinny around the house to look for the paper.

"What's that?" Harold started at a soft crunching of leaves.

"Nobody," answered Bill, "cut it 'fore anyone comes."

Harold reached up and slashed the rope. Down it slipped through his fingers and coiled itself on the ground. He reached for the other rope with a shaky hand, when a warning came from Bill.

"Jiggers! It's Skinny," he whispered, and then fled.

It seemed then that Fate was satisfied and she led Harold home safely by a circuitous route. She played her part that night and kept the subject of the swing always before him.

"What did I do it for?" he thought. "Had Skinny seen me? If he had, what would he do? Of course he would tell his father and—and what would he do? Maybe I would have to go to jail! What did I do it for? Skinny oughtn't to have broken my wagon in the first place. But I *could* fix it and he would have to get another rope. I can see now that I oughtn't to have done it, but it's too late now! Suppose I should have to go to jail! It would be awful in jail where it's so dark and cold, and wouldn't Skinny be glad to come and laugh at me? Ugh! My! but I'd give a good deal to have it off my mind! What *did* I do it for?"

"What had I better do now? Maybe I could buy a rope and put it up tonight and they would never know who did it at all. But if they *did* know who did it, the laugh would be on me. No, that wouldn't do at all. I might tell Dad. He might fix it so that I wouldn't have to go to jail! But I'd get an awful hard licking! Anyway, that would be better than going to jail. Gee, I'm in an awful fix!"

Mr. Morse was reading, or pretending to read, and while Harold was thinking, he had been carefully scrutinizing the boy. At last Harold looked up and spoke.

"Dad, er, I—just—cut the ropes on—a—Skinny's—huh—swing—I didn't mean to, really I didn't, and—I don't want to go to jail."

"How did you do it?" said Mr. Morse, with a composure that surprised Harold greatly.

Harold told him of the temptation to cut the ropes and how he had worried about his act.

"I'm glad that you confessed," said Mr. Morse, "and I thought that you would. You have suffered a good deal and I think that you will never do the same thing again. You were right when you thought that you were seen—or discovered. Ralph met me before dinner and gave me your knife with your initials on it. He found it under the swing. Now, he told me that he did not intend at all to break the wagon and I'll get you another if this is destroyed. That was very mean of you to cut the swing and you must pay for it. (Harold held his breath). You must go over and make up with him and pay for the rope out of your Fourth of July money!"

So Fate plays her part in the world. How could Harold Morse have become the champion aviator, had he not the quality of honesty to advance him to that position?

LAWRENCE HOGUE, '17.

Our office is unusually cheerful lately. We have a "Byrd" in it!

Mills was heard singing "I Love the Ladies." A suggestive epitaph: "Here lies Tommy!"

Gould: "Why didn't you ask a girl to that dance?"

Grimmell: "I can't hold this bomb any longer."

Flothow: "I didn't have enough 'cents' to!"

Elliott: "Why; is he heavy?"

REPORT OF "A" STUDENTS

GIRLS RECEIVING 5 A's

- Cohn, Madeline—10 A Geometry, 9 A French, 10 A Latin, 10 A Greek, 10 A English.
 Hansen, Esther—10 B Geometry, 10 B English, 10 B Latin, 9 A Physical Geography, 10 A Greek.
 Holz, Mabelle—9 A French, 11 A English, 11 A German, 11 A Algebra, 11 A Physics.
 McWilliams, Margaret—10 A Geometry, Zoology, 10 A English, 10 A History, 9 B Latin.

BOYS RECEIVING 5 A's

- Summitt, Paul—Chemistry, 9 A Latin, 11 B English, 11 B Physics, English History.
 Thomson, Waldemar—10 B Latin, 9 A German, 11 A Algebra, 10 B Civics, 11 A English.

GIRLS RECEIVING 4½ A's

- Alexander, Marjorie—9 A English, 9 A Algebra, 9 A Latin, 9 A Physiology, 9 A Gymnasium.
 Allen, Alice L.—12 A Latin, 11 B Physics, Normal Arithmetic and Geography, Normal Reading and Grammar, 10 A Physical Training.
 Anderson, Dorothy—9 A Music, 9 A Latin, 9 A Physiology, 9 A Algebra, 9 A English.
 Axtell, Ann—9 A Algebra, 9 A Latin, 9 A English, 9 B Greek History, 9 A Gymnasium.
 Bell, Nina—9 A Physiology, 9 A Latin, 9 A English, 9 A Writing, 9 A Algebra.
 Beveridge, Lois—9 A German, 9 A English, Physiology, 9 A Algebra, Art.
 Burnett, Elizabeth—11 A English, 11 A Algebra, Domestic Science, 9 A French.
 Craven, Viva—11 A English, 11 A Latin, 11 A Algebra, 11 A Greek, Domestic Science.
 Gilchrist, Myrne—11 A Latin, 11 A English, 11 A Algebra, 11 A French, 11 A Domestic Science.
 Hostetter, Margaret—9 A English, 9 A Algebra, 9 A German, 9 A Physiology, Art.
 Hurt, Elsie—9 A Algebra, 9 A English, 9 A Latin, 9 A Gymnasium, 9 A Physiology.
 Krcal, Agnes—10 A Geometry, 10 A Gymnasium, Roman History, 10 A English, 10 A Latin.
 Kulakofsky, Hannah—12 A Latin, 12 A History, 12 A English, 11 A Greek, 10 A Domestic Art.
 Landale, Jean—11 A Latin, 11 A Algebra, 11 A English, 11 A Greek, 11 A Domestic Science.
 Lathrop, Lucile—10 A English, 10 A Geometry, 10 A Latin, 10 A Greek, 10 A Gymnasium.
 McLaughlin, Margaret—9 A Algebra, 9 A Latin, 9 A Gymnasium, 9 A English, Physiology.
 Matthews, Margaret—9 A Algebra, 9 A English, 9 A Latin, Physiology, Gymnasium.
 Marxen, Della Agnes—9 A German, 9 A English, 9 A Physiology, 9 A Algebra, Gymnasium.
 North, Katherine—9 A Gymnasium, 9 A Physiology, 9 A Latin, 9 A Algebra, 9 A English.
 Parker, Ruth—10 A English, 10 A Geometry, 10 A Latin, Roman History, 10 A Gymnasium.
 Pfeiffer, Valeska—Greek History, 9 A Gymnasium, 10 A Geometry, 10 A Latin, 10 A English.

- Redgwick, Carolyn—9 A Latin, 9 A Physiology, 9 A English; 9 A Algebra, 9 A Music.
 Simmons, Catherine—11 A Algebra, 11 A English, 11 A Latin, Mediaeval History, Advanced Art.
 Thompson, Marguerite—10 B Geometry, 10 B Latin, 10 B English, 10 B History, Beginning Art.
 Woodbridge, Ethel—9 A Physiology, 9 A English, 9 A Music, 9 A Latin, 9 A Algebra.

GIRLS RECEIVING 4 A's

- Baltzly, Olive—12 A Latin, 12 A English, 11 A Physics, 11 A German.
 Benson, Helen—9 B English, 9 B Algebra, 9 B Latin, Roman History.
 Berka, Aloys—Greek History, 9 B Latin, 9 B English, 9 B Algebra.
 Bessel, Stella—9 B Algebra, 9 B English, 9 B Latin, Roman History.
 Cole, Helen—10 B Geometry, 10 B History, 10 B Latin, 10 B English.
 Gray, Dorothy—9 A Physiology, 9 A Latin, 9 A Algebra, 9 A English.
 Hardy, Bertha—Physiology, 9 A Algebra, 9 A Latin, 9 A English.
 Hart, Elizabeth Jane—12 A German, 12 A History, 12 A English, 11 A Latin.
 Hoel, Lois—12 A English, 12 A Trigonometry, 12 A Gymnasium, Domestic Science, 12 A History.
 Howe, Edith—11 A Latin, 11 A English, 11 A Algebra, 10 A French.
 Kloke, Ada—12 A Latin, 10 A German, 12 B History, 12 A English.
 Kornmayer, J. Eva—9 A Latin, 9 A Algebra, Physiology, 9 A English.
 Kuhns, Barton—9 A Latin, 9 B Greek History, 9 A English, 9 A Algebra.
 Lindborg, Enid—9 A Algebra, 9 A English, Physiology, 9 A Latin.
 McAdams, Clara—Physiology, 9 A Latin, 9 A Algebra, 9 A English.
 McAdams, Mary—10 A Latin, 10 A English, 10 A Geometry, Physiology.
 Mayer, Lillian—Physiology, 9 A Latin, 9 A English, 9 A Algebra.
 Noble, Martha F.—12 A English, 12 History, 11 A German, 10 A French.
 Park, Esther—11 A Algebra, 11 A English, 11 A Greek, 11 A Latin.
 Rector, Lucille—10 A English, 9 A French, 10 A Geometry, 10 A Latin.
 Rushton, Alice—12 A Latin, 9 A Algebra, Physiology, 9 A English.
 Schmidt, Elsie—9 A Latin, 9 A Algebra, Physiology, 9 A English.
 Shaw, Florice—9 A Latin, 9 A Algebra, 9 A English, Physiology.
 Sherman, Harriet—12 A English, 12 A Latin, 12 A Greek, 11 A Algebra.
 Shultz, Clara—9 A Latin, 9 A Algebra, 9 English, Physiology.
 Simmons, Eugene—12 A History, 12 A Chemistry, 10 A German, 12 A English.
 Tennant, Jessie—11 A Algebra, 11 A English, 11 A German, 11 A Domestic Science, 11 A Gymnasium.
 Woolfson, Stella—Physiology, 9 A Algebra, 9 A English, 9 A Latin.

BOYS RECEIVING 4 A's

- Bantin, Clarence—9 A Latin, Physiology, 9 A Algebra, 9 A English.
 Elwood, Rex—9 A English, 9 A Algebra, 9 A Latin, Physiology.
 Goldsmith, Michael—11 A Physics, 11 A Latin, 11 A English, 11 A Algebra.
 Hannighen, Clark—10 A Latin, 10 A Greek, 9 B Algebra, 10 A History.
 Margolin, Morris—9 A Algebra, 9 A English, 10 A German, Physiography.
 Montmorency, Frederick L.—9 B Latin, 9 B English, 9 B Algebra, 9 B History.
 Olsen, Arild—11 B English, 10 B History, 9 B Geometry, 11 A Physics.
 Peters, Russell Holt—10 B Geometry, 10 B German, 11 A English, 11 A Physics.
 Peterson, Paul—9 A German, 9 A English, 9 A Geometry, Physiology.
 Ramer, Franz—10 A Manual Training, 11 A German, 11 A English, 11 A Algebra.
 Rogers, George—10 A Geometry, 10 A Latin, Mediaeval History, 10 A English.
 Rouser, Arthur—9 A Latin, Economics, 12 A History, 12 B English.
 Scott, Andrew—12 A Chemistry, 11 B English, 11 A Physics, Civics.
 Simmons, Eugene—12 A History, 12 A Chemistry, 10 A German, 12 A English.

Sunderland, John—11 A English, 11 A Algebra, 11 A Greek, 11 A Latin.
 Wakeley, Thompson—11 A Algebra, 9 A German, 11 A French, 11 A English.
 Zipfel, Edward A.—11 A English, 11 A Physics, 11 A Algebra, 9 A French.

GIRLS RECEIVING $3\frac{1}{2}$ A's

Marlow, Addy—Physiology, 9 A English, 9 A German, 9 A Gymnasium.
 Baker, Leah—9 English, Physiology, 9 A Algebra, Art.
 Bloom, Elsie—Advanced Art., 11 A History, 11 B English, Physiology.
 Bloom, Thyra—9 A Algebra, 10 A German, Physiology, Art.
 Colinetta, Lear—9 A Algebra, 9 A English, Physiology, Music.
 Davis, Pauline—11 A Algebra, 12 A History, 12 A English, Art.
 Douglass, Evelyn—10 A Geometry, 10 A English, 12 A History, Glee Club.
 Grecne, Virginia—10 A Geometry, 10 A German, 10 A History, Domestic Science.
 Hamilton, Penelope—11 A English, 11 A Algebra, 10 A French, Domestic Science.
 Hult, Miriam—Physiology, 9 B English, 9 B German, Gymnasium.
 Katz, Ethel—9 B English, 9 B Algebra, 9 B Greek, History, Gymnasium.
 Ketcham, Agnes—11 A Algebra, 11 A History, 11 A German, Domestic Science.
 Leslie, Mary—Physiology, 9 A English, 9 A Algebra, Gymnasium.
 McFarland, Mildred—11 A Latin, 11 A English, 11 A Algebra, Domestic Science.
 Magill, Maude—Gymnasium, 11 A German, 11 A Algebra, 9 A Latin.
 Miller, Lila—12 A Chemistry, 12 A Latin, 9 A French, Art.
 Nieman, Helen—Gymnasium, 9 A Latin, 10 A Geometry, 10 A English.
 Peycke, Helen—Domestic Science, 11 A Latin, 11 A English, 11 A Algebra.
 Pfeiffer, Lorelei—Normal Arithmetic, 11 B English, 11 B Physics, Gymnasium.
 Redgwick, Mary—10 A Geometry, 10 A English, 10 A Greek, Gymnasium.
 Townsend, Bess—11 A English, 11 A Algebra, 11 A Physics, Gymnasium.
 Tucker, Izma—10 A English, 10 A Geometry, 10 A Roman History, Gymnasium.

BOYS RECEIVING $3\frac{1}{2}$ A's

Booth, Robert—10 A English, 10 A Geometry, 10 A Latin, Mechanical Drawing.

GIRLS RECEIVING 3 A's

Axtell, Frances—Art, Gymnasium, 9 A English, 9 A Algebra.
 Bailey, Louise—12 A English, 12 A Chemistry, 12 A History.
 Barr, Imogene—10 B English, Physiology, 10 B Latin.
 Bertwell, Helen—10 A Latin, 10 A Geometry, 10 A English.
 Campbell, Margaret—11 A Algebra, 11 A Physics, 11 A English.
 Douglas, Alice—9 A English, 9 A Latin, Physiology.
 Elmborg, Ruth—10 A Latin, Zoology, 12 A English.
 Fairfield, Elizabeth—9 A Latin, 9 A French, Physiology.
 Goss, Katherine—9 A English, 9 A Latin, 9 A Algebra.
 Head, Lillian—9 A Latin, 9 A Algebra, Physiology.
 Hoden, Gertrude—11 B English, 11 A Latin, 11 B Physics.
 Johnson, Margaret—12 B English, 12 B History, Zoology.
 Kier, Florence—10 A Geometry, 10 A Latin, 10 B History.
 Kimmel, Margaret—10 A English, 10 A Geometry, 9 B Physiology.
 Kulakofsky, Fannie—9 A Physiology, 9 A Algebra, 9 A English.
 Langdon, Ilda—9 A Latin, 9 A Physiology, 9 A Algebra.
 Lindborg, Eunice—9 B Algebra, Greek History, 9 B English.
 Laive, Virginia—12 A English, 10 B Geometry, 10 A Zoology.
 McMullen, Hazel—12 A English, 12 A Latin, 10 B French.
 Marks, Marguerite—11 B Latin, 11 B English, 11 A Physics.
 Newton, Hilda—10 A Sewing, 10 A Geometry, 10 A Latin, 10 A Gymnasium.
 Premestky, Nora—10 A German, 10 A History, 9 A French.
 Robbins, Lois—9 A French, 12 A Latin, 12 A English.
 Robinson, Lilly—9 A German, 9 A Physiology, 9 A English.

Rouse, Mary—12 A History, 12 A English, 12 A Latin.
 Seagren, Florence—10 B Geometry, 10 B English, 9 A Latin.
 Shurtleff, Mary—11 A Gymnasium, 11 A Domestic Science, 10 B Geometry, 10 B English.

Wiese, Dora—Algebra, English, Physiology.
 Woodruff, Margaret—12 A Latin, 12 A Chemistry, 12 B English.

BOYS RECEIVING 3 A's

Adams, Clarence—9 A Algebra, 9 B Physiology, 9 A English.
 Campbell, Horace—11 A Physics, 11 A Algebra, 11 A English.
 Brown, Julius—9 A Latin, 9 B Physiology, 9 A Algebra.
 Ege, Warren—10 A Geometry, 10 A History, 10 A English.
 Fleishman, Max—9 A Latin, 9 A Algebra, 9 A Physiology.
 Goldstone, Joe—10 B English, 10 B Geometry, 9 A Latin.
 Hirsch, Daniel—9 A Latin, 9 A Algebra, 9 A Physiology.
 Houdspeth, Harold—11 B English, 11 B Latin, 11 A Physics.
 Hogue, Lawrence—10 A Latin, 10 A Geometry, 10 English.
 Landale, Jack—Roman History, 10 A Geometry, 10 A Latin.
 Lund, Leonard—10 A Latin, 10 A Geometry, 10 A Roman History.
 Miller, Vergil—10 A English, 10 A Geometry, 10 A History.
 Rhoades, Adlai—10 A Latin, 10 A Geometry, 10 A History.
 Schmidt, Roy—12 A Latin, 12 A Greek, 12 A Chemistry.
 Schultz, Ralph—10 B Geometry, 11 A English, 9 A Latin.
 Steinberg, Abraham—10 B Geometry, 10 A History, 9 A Latin.
 Stern, Ben—10 A Greek, 10 A Latin, 10 A Geometry.
 Street, Allan—12 A History, 12 A Latin, 10 A German.
 Sunderland, Dean P.—11 A English, 11 A Algebra, 11 A Physics.

THE LESSON

Setting—A handsomely furnished dining room. Table set for an elaborate dinner. Mistress and maid are standing near the table.

Characters—Mrs. Ashley and Mary, the maid.

Time—The present.

Mrs. A.: "Tonight we will have a number of guests to dinner and I am particularly anxious that everything shall go off well. You do pretty well in everything but serving dessert."

Mary: "But I—"

Mrs. A.: "Yes, I know that in second rate hotels everything is done any way, but your former training is no excuse for the failure of my dinner. I must teach you. Now, tonight we will have sherbet and—"

Mary: "What's sherbet?"

Mrs. A.: "Never mind. But please don't forget to put the spoons on the plates. Last time you poked the spoons at the guests after you served the sherbet."

Mary: "Oh, I see. Sherbet's that pink stuff, all slushy. Last time the preacher spilled it all over his clean napkin."

Mrs. A.: "Yes, and you should have gotten him a clean one."

Mary: "I didn't want to give him a chance to dirty two."

Mrs. A.: "Also you should be careful and not spill what you carry."

Mary: "The man with all the hair jiggled my elbows." (Aside) "Anyhow he got his shirt front dirty."

Mrs. A.: "That was no excuse for such an unladylike remark."

Mary: "'Gosh' isn't swearing."

Mrs. A.: "I did not say that you swore, but certainly your remark was improper. Also, you should always serve from the left."

Mary: "But the fat lady with the awful red cheeks was leaning to the left to talk to the man who played with his silver all through dinner, and I couldn't wait for her to finish."

Mrs. A.: "You must not make remarks

about my guests. Haven't I told you always to remove everything of the previous course before you serve another?"

Mary: "But the skinny lady who sang so screechingly after dinner was fiddling with her butter and I couldn't take it away from her."

Mrs. A.: "Mary, please——"

Voice: "Dorothy, may I speak to you for a moment? My suit hasn't come from the tailor's."

Mrs. A.: "Yes, dear." (Leaving.) "Mary, try and remember what I have told you and do the best you can. All I ask is that you do not disgrace me." (Outside.) "Albert, what made you get me such an awful maid? She knows absolutely nothing about what is proper. Here I've been working with her for an hour, I know, and I daresay she knows nothing more than she did when I started. She didn't half listen. Now, what was it about your suit?"

Mary (shrugging her shoulders): "Oh, well, what's the use?"

MARION BOOTH, '17.

Dr. Irving S. Cutter Talks to High School Club—One Hundred Boys Attend

Last Friday evening the High School club held its regular weekly meeting at the Y. M. C. A., at which Dr. Irving S. Cutter of the University of Nebraska delivered a short talk. The topic of Dr. Cutter's talk was "The Medical Profession as a Life Work." All of the boys were well pleased with both the supper and the talk. This club meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock and a splendid supper is served and afterward the members attend Bible class until 7:30 or listen to the talk of some professional man. The purpose of this club is to promote the morals of the high school boys and to make it easier for its members to select suitable occupations of life after school work is over. Every boy is invited that attends high school, and any boy desirous of obtaining any information concerning the club is urged to communicate in some manner with Edwin Gould, president of the High School club.

ROBERT S. ODELL.

SQUIBS

Tell us your troubles, girls.

Miss Bridge (in Algebra Class): "If b is 4, what would 3b be?"

Bea—"It couldn't be."

A Chink by the name of Ching Ling
Fell off a car—bing! bing!

The "con" turned his head,
To the passengers said,
The car's lost a washer—Ding, ding.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why so many girls take Expressive Reading.

Why Kip goes to Freda's.

Why Wendy doesn't get a letter.

Which one Dorothy likes better.

Whether Bob Wiley sold his knife.

What marks we're going to get next half.

The man who borrows trouble is continually in debt.

Geraldine (looking at a picture of Cupid): "Isn't this picture dear? It is of——— Oh, what is the name of that little God of matrimony?"

Frank: "Well, now, you've got me."

Geraldine: "Oh, this is so sudden."

Kip's new refrain:
As deep as the canyons,
As deep as the sea,
So deep am I running
In debt over thee.

"Pat, do you understand French?"

"Yes, if it's spoken in Irish."

CONTRADICTIONARY:

"You assure me that this is the very latest fashion?"

"Yes, madam."

"And it won't fade?"

"No, madam, I am sure it won't. We have had it in the window for two years."

Johnny Mac: "Good-bye, father; I'll write before the end of the week."

Father: "Good gracious, Johnny, you must make that check last longer than that!"

Little Boy: "Look here, mother, haven't I been telling you that it was no use learning all that European geography?"

Why does Jack Spencer work?

(He is trying to get ahead—no doubt he needs one!!!)

2:25—16th and Farnam

Nine cold, cold couples standing in the snow,

(Some wished to go one place; others said, "No.")

Eight chilly couples arguing in distress,
'Cause Limp and Alice went to the Empress.

Seven shivering couples, mad they did get,

For Walt took home Helen (her feet were wet).

Six couples, "Oh, how they did pout and fume"

When John and "Carol" ditched to the Orpheum.

Five frigid couples, disgusted with the "facts,"

For Bob and Marion chased into Mac's.

Four frozen couples, "whom you could not please,"

Even when Ralph took "Toody" to the movies.

Three unhappy couples still remained there,

When Phil and Dorothy walked off in despair.

Two sad couples still stood on that corner;

Each boy was broke and couldn't inform'er.

"How's your Shakespeare club getting on?"

"Splendidly; we learned two new steps last week."

The teacher was instructing the class in the rudiments of the English language.

"John," she said, "make a sentence using the word, 'indisposition.'"

John, who was evidently of a pugilistic turn of mind, assumed an aggressive pose and announced:

"When youse want to fight, you stand in dis position."

Visitor: "What's wrong with the man in that cell?"

Attendant: "He's a doughnut."

Visitor: "You mean that is his hallucination?"

Attendant: "No, he really is; he went crazy on the subject of money."

Stew: "Are you a good judge of horse flesh?"

Babe: "I don't know. I never ate any."

The bell boy jumped as he heard the bell,

And he scented another dime;
As he ran for the stairs, he said in glee,
"I am called for another climb."

FOR SALE

Daily News Route—155 customers. Boundaries:
22nd to 26th Farnam to Leavenworth Sts. Yields
\$5.50 weekly.

Call Douglas 3231 after 7 p. m.

Gerry (at very late hour, speaking of school): "At what hour are you going to have lunch, Chuck?"

Chuck: "Why, I don't care; let's have breakfast first."

CUPID'S BANK

Overdrafts permitted,
To credit, one heart.
Interest due, kisses.
Deposit your heart with us and avoid loss.

DAN CUPID (Ed. Fuller),
Trustee.

Gertrude D. (writing a theme): "Is 'let us flee' good English?"

Frank R.: "No; 'let us duck' is better; the weather is altogether too cold for flees."

Geraldine: "Do you think it would be conceited of me to say that I made this dress myself?"

Ruth (sweetly): "Not conceited, my dear; only superfluous."

THE LUCKLESS HUNTER

The hunter had but little luck,
For he was out to shoot a buck;
He shot a farmer's cow instead,
Worth fifty bucks, the farmer said.

One: "Is your wife a democrat?"

Another: "Yes; she always wants an extra session."

ONE ON SOLOMON

Perry: "Solomon, himself, admitted that he was puzzled by 'the way of a man with a maid.'"

Mrs. Perry: "Well, he'd have been been more excited over the way of a maid with a new set of dishes."

THE MODERN MEDIUM

Modern Girl: "If you really loved me all the time, why didn't you let me know?"

Modern Youth: "I couldn't find a post card with the right words on it."

Miss Stringer: "Now, class, name some of the lower animals, beginning with Bob Odell."

CHRRUP!

Cold!
Why, sure it's cold!
And windy, too.
Glad spring seems far
From me and you.
But clamp a grin
Upon your face—
This isn't quite
The coldest place.
Just let a smile
Twist up your mouth—
Alaska folks
Call this "down South!"

A SOCIAL CONDITION

"Is she married?"
"Temporarily."

How much a man is like his shoes!
For instance:

Both a soul may lose;
Both have been tanned,
Both made tight by cobblers.
Both get left and right.
Both need a mate to be complete, and both are made to go on feet.
Both need healing, oft are sold, and both in time will turn to mold.

With shoes the last is always first; with men the first shall be the last, and when the shoes wear out they're mended new; when men wear out they're men dead, too.

Both have their ties, and both incline when polished in the world to shine; and both peg out. Now would you choose to be a man, or be his shoes?

"SOME BOOB"

Either way you spell Odell's name, backward or forward, it will give you "Boob."

Perrigo: "I dropped my watch."

Peters: "Did it stop when it hit the floor?"

Perrigo: "Sure; yuh didn't think it would go through, did you?"

Artist: "Here's my latest picture, 'The Battle.' I tell you, war's a terrible thing."

Critic: "I don't think it's so bad as it's painted."

SHOTT AND NOTT.

A duel was lately fought in Texas between Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. There was a rumor that Shott was shot and Nott avows that he was not which proves that either the shot that Shott shot at Nott was not Shott, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot that Shott shot shot Nott, or as accidents with fire arms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot shot Shott himself and when the whole affair would be resolved into its original element, Shott would be shot and Nott would not. We think however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott but Nott. Any way it is hard to tell who was shot.

"OUT! DAMNED SPOT! OUT!"

With apologies to Shakespeare.

My Lord Macbeth strode down ye way
To meet his dame
Who glad and gay in fight array
Forth bouncing came.

Now Lady Mac, alas alack
Loved not her mate,
Her lusty smack full oft' did crack
Ye noble pate!

Forthwith she bought a beauty spot
And stuck it tight,
And like a doll he fixed her all
That fatal night.

Mac kissed "Ye Spot," oh who would not
And swallowed it straight way,
His dying shout, "Out damned spot,
out!"

Is found unto this day.

A brooklet is a little brook
Coursing down the shady dell;
A booklet is a little book—
With tales of love to tell;
A streamlet is a little stream
Which reflects the summer sky;
A pumpkin's not a little pump—
Can anyone tell why?

There was once a Senior named Jim,
Who studied, and thus got so thin,

That when quaking with fright,
He was asked to recite,
He opened his book and crawled in.

GIRLS MUST NOT READ THIS

If she had to stand on her head,
How, how, how,
We knew she would get at it some-
This poem she has already read,
thing
Now we'll wager ten cents to a far-
If she gets the least kind of a show,
how,
But you bet she will find out some-
It's something she ought not to know;
If there's anything worries a woman.

Zoology Teacher: "How do we know
that oysters are lazy?"

Wise Guy: "Don't we generally find
them in beds?"

"Pat, why did you enlist in the Thirty-
fourth regiment?"

"Och, sure to be near me brother,
who's in the Thirty-third."

A man was angry because the car-
riages got mixed at his wife's funeral.

"I knew," he said, "that the day
wouldn't pass without some unpleasant
incident."

WANTED.

A smack for the mouth of a river.
A collar for a neck of land.
A broach for the breast of a hill.
A knapsack for the shoulder of a moun-
tain.
A passion for the heart of a flower.
Boots for the feet of destiny.
A coin for the palm of victory.
A taste for the tongue of flame.
A jewel for the ear of the people,
Clothing for the legs of the furniture.
A drink for the throat of the chimney.
A little padding for the bones of conten-
tion.
A wig for the baldness of a statement.
A tonic for the blood of the nation.
A wrinkle remover for the frown on the
face of destiny.
Perfume for the breath of the night wind.

OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL



MONDAY, JANUARY 11, 1915

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OMAHA

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13th and Douglas
Phone D. 1230

IF IT HAS MERIT MERRITT HAS IT

Store No. 2
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OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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EARLE V. TICKNOR
EDITOR

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ROBERT S. ODELL
BUSINESS MANAGER

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THE REGISTER STAFF—1914-15.

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Geraldine Johnson....	Assistant Editor	Russell Peters....	Assistant Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

BE RESOLUTE

The law of worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife. It is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Editor-in-Chief Resigns

The time sometimes comes when the thing we most dislike to do is the thing to be done.

This is true in my present circumstances. The increase in work caused by the change in the policy of the Register from a monthly magazine to a weekly paper has been the prime cause of a drop in the standard of my studies. The time has come when I must do one of two things: keep the Register editorship and fail in my studies or give my entire attention to my school work and resign my position on the staff.

I have chosen the latter course and a new editor will be appointed by the Register board. I need not say I am exceedingly sorry to take this step but I believe I owe it to myself.

I have never favored the weekly policy, nor do I yet, and feel that I cannot do my best on the paper in its present form when I am not satisfied with it. I have many definite reasons for believing a monthly magazine is better suited for a school in a city like this than a weekly paper. However, I am not infallible, so I ask the hearty support and cooperation of the students whatever the policy of the Register is, and it will be a weekly at least all this year. Everybody, and that means you, boost, and we will have the best possible of whatever we do have.

I thank my electors for the honor they conferred upon me and I have tried to stand for the policies I believe they desired. I also take this opportunity to thank my staff and all others who have helped me in my work.

I wish the Register and its new editor all the success in the world and extend my New Year's Greetings to the subscribers.

EARLE V. TICKNOR, *Editor in Chief.*

Success and its Cost

"Wait not 'till you are backed by numbers. Wait not until you are sure of an echo from a crowd. The fewer the voices on the side of truth, the more distinct and true must be your own."

These few words of Channing suggest at once that there must be mighty unshrinking effort put forth by us if we expect the truth to win. But is there such a thing as truth? Many great thinkers have said there is no absolute truth except the Christ who said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life;" others have said there is and it is probably safe to say that what we ourselves think after a careful unprejudiced study of the question in hand which study should be guided by the Divine Power is truth at least to us.

Since we now can see in a measure what truth is, it ought to be easy for us to say at once that success means the realization to the world what we have considered truth. I will take it for granted that every student in our school wishes to see truth realized. The question then remains what part of truth are we going to help to realization and how are we going to play our part. My conception of man's mission is clearly expressed in the words of Goethe, "Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe but to find out what he has to do and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension." If we consider a high standard in our studies as the true good we can do the school, yes, the whole world, the keeping of this standard ought to be uppermost in our minds. But what of the school activities? you will ask. Are you going to ignore them? By no means, no! Choose your lines of activity and go into them with all the "pep" there is in you. The common fault, however, is to choose too many lines of activities and the school work is sacrificed. One cannot hope to be an "A" student, a football and basketball player, and a debater all at one time. Even if you choose but one line it means extra exertion on your part and, when you stop to consider, is it really worth while. You respond, "Yes," without a moment's hesitation and you are right. We forget the knocks received when we think of what has been accomplished.

But why do we do this? Why do we cause ourselves all this trouble? I think it is safe to say it amounts to honor when it is summarized. But honor to whom? First of all, the participant is gaining honor for himself, and he is right in doing so, but he is not the only receiver. All those whom he represents share in the honor and thus the honor is multiplied as the receivers are multiplied. Then I would say the finest fellow of all would be the one who could be glad because there was a work for him and he had sacrificed his own desires to fill his place and thereby helping others who needed his help.

Be careful in choosing your work and play, don't be afraid but enter into the decided activities and with all your might help others by doing your duty faithfully and honorably. In brief, as Thoreau has said, "Be resolutely and faithfully what you are—be humbly what you aspire to be. Man's noblest gift to man is his sincerity; for it embraces his integrity also."

EDITOR.

DEPARTMENTS

O. H. S. Concert

The mid-year graduates demonstrated their talent by a musical program in the auditorium Thursday, December 17. Following are the participants:

Kenneth Widenor.....Piano Solo
Boys' Glee Club

Howard Granden.....One-String Solo
Art Rouner.....Vocal Solo
Girls' Glee Club

Donald Smith.....Violin Solo
Miss von Mansfelde.....Cello Solo

The money made by the entertainment is to be used in purchasing the class gift.

Seniors

The reception to mid-year and June seniors will be held on the evening of January 15. A committee of class teachers and presidents will arrange a clever program, which will be enjoyed by all. Save this date and bring your parents to the reception, in order that they may become acquainted with the building and our faculty.

Sewing

The girls in these classes are being taught how to make waists and slips, in preparation for the final accomplishment, their graduating dresses. They learn how to cut and match materials, trace seams and lay patterns. They study the commercial patterns after having drafted outlines of their own. So many pupils have entered this department that Miss Williams ought to feel heartily satisfied that her instructions are being appreciated and their value realized.

New Head of Household Arts

Miss Verda Williams, head of the Household Art Department, is a graduate in supervisor's course in art from the Ohio University.

Miss Williams is a teacher of several years' experience in the schools of her native state, Ohio; later of Indiana. She resigned her position as assistant principal at Kokomo, Indiana, and was given a leave of absence in order that she might finish her special preparation for supervisorship in Household Art. In the meantime the high school building at Kokomo having burned, Miss Williams accepted her present position in Omaha at the O. H. S.

She came to Omaha directly from the University of Chicago, where she has taken all the advanced work in the Household Art department.

Miss Williams says she had some regrets in leaving her former loved subjects of art, history and literature, but had certain strong convictions in choosing her new line of work. She believes that the home is "the unit of society," and feels that the American home of today is being sadly neglected. She thinks

our hope for the betterment of this "sacred institution," the home, is in educating the American girl to be a homemaker, teaching her to see her duties pertaining to the home.

Latin Play

"The School Girls' Dream," was presented by the Senior girls of the Latin society on Wednesday, December 16. The best feature of the play was the number of hints given as to how students can pass Latin examinations. The Glee club sang some unique Latin selections under the direction of Mr. Wotawa.

Manual Training

The boys of this department are winding up their exercises of turning work, which has filled up the regular periods since the first of the year. Soon after examinations each pupil will chose a special article of furniture on which he will spend his time and efforts till June. The best showing ever was made in the Manual Training rooms at the last reception and a still better one will be in evidence on January 15.

Girls' Literary Societies Meet

Our business manager put forth a little "pep" of late and advertisements, the results of his work, have crowded the departments out. And so also every girls' society has handed in a report which is very unusual. The following societies were entertained with these programs:

Plciades.

Thanksgiving Joys—Esther Hansen.
A Thanksgiving Football Game—
Marguerite Thompson.

Origin of Thanksgiving—Clara Bohaty.

Merry Thought—Paula Kaufman.
C. B.

Browning.

Miss Margaret Hofmann presented the following:

The Oracle—Elizabeth Bertsch.

A Reading—Bertley Hardy.

A Reading—Helen Hutton.

A Story—Ethel Woodbridge.

Francis Willard

White Marble Steps—Gertrude Reynolds.

Heard 'Em Counted—Livia Marsh and Ruth Alcorn.

Lowell Society.

The Lowell society held the last meeting of 1914 in room 228. There were many girls present and the time, after the program, was spent in a social good time.

Elaine Society.

Piano Solo—Grace Slabaugh.

Reading—"Christmas Story from the French"—Margaret Holden.

Song—Hazel Updike.

Recitation—"Jes 'Fore Xmas"—Beatrice Johnson.

Grab Bag.

Latin Society.

The Latin society gave a special Christmas program in the auditorium, Decem-

ber 16. The program was as follows:

I. Latin Songs—The Glee Club.

II. Recitation—Viva Craven.

III. Latin Play—"A School Girl's Dream."

Dramatic Personal.

Polly, the Shirk.....Hazel McMullen
Della.....Alice A. Allen

Good Latin Students.

Ruth.....Viva Craven
Betty, a Jolly Girl.....Olive Baltzley
Lucy, the Grind.....Florence Vienna Russell
Lesbia, a Maid, who speaks Latin.....

.....Hannah Kulakofsky
Cassandra, a Latin Prophetess.....

.....Harriet Sherman

The report of the Margaret Fuller Society has been misplaced and so it is enough for us to say this is probably the most active society in the school.

ATHLETICS

Basketball

The first real game of the season took place Saturday at the Y. M. C. A., when our representatives clashed with the team from Fremont. Not only the first team but also the second team have, however, been practicing during the holidays, as they have played with teams in the Tri-City and Commercial leagues.

The Tri-City league consists of the following teams: Townsend Gun Co., Omaha High School, Bellevue College, Walter G. Clarks.

Pirates: Council Bluffs Y. M. C. A., Nebraska School for the Deaf, Swift & Co.

The Commercial league is as follows: Y. M. C. A. Secretary, Omaha High School Seconds, Nebraska Telephone Co., Omaha National bank, First National bank, Council Bluffs Cubs.

The first team has as its forwards: Flothow and Patty, as its guards, Lutes and Larmon, with Paynter as center. The second team consists of Willard and McFarland as forwards, Logan and Moskovitz as guards, and Engstrom as center.

The first team has played two games in the Tri-City league. In one they defeated the Deaf Institute by a score of 40 to 0, while in the other they were defeated by the Walter G. Clarks by the score of 18 to 7.

The Second team is making a fine record in the Commercial league as they have been defeated only once, by a very close score. Following is the result of their games:

Omaha 52, First National Bank 2.
Omaha 7, Omaha National Bank 13.
Omaha 29, Council Bluffs Cubs 25.
Omaha 54, Y. M. C. A. Secretary 6.

The Basketball schedule has been revised and is now as follows:

Jan. 9, Fremont, at Omaha.
Jan. 16, University Place, at Omaha.
Jan. 23, Lincoln, at Lincoln.
Jan. 30, Sioux City, at Sioux City.
Feb. 6, Lincoln, at Omaha.
Feb. 13, Sioux City, at Omaha.
Feb. 20, University Place, at University Place.
Feb. 27, York, at Omaha.
Mar. 6, Open.
Mar. 13, St. Joseph, at St. Joseph.

Wyman Robbins has been elected assistant manager under Edwin Gould.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS**Hiking Club**

Nadene Thompson entertained the Hiker's at her home on December 29, when Miss Herbert was the honor guest. A very enjoyable afternoon was spent

and Miss Herbert certainly hated to go back to Minneapolis, after such a warm reception here.

"Gym" Club

The "Gym" club was entertained at the home of Ruth and Ruby Swenson on December 28. After a short business meeting the girls spent the afternoon pulling taffy and playing games.

MILITARY

The year 1914 was marked by a steady increase in the efficiency of the Military department. Lack of progress means retrogression,—each cadet should realize this fact and resolve that he will do his part to make the regiment in 1915 an improvement over the past year.

At the first meeting of the cadet officers in September, they were required to take an oath before assuming the responsibilities of their respective offices. The object of the oath was to secure more thorough cooperation among the cadet officers and to insure a perfectly just and impartial treatment of the cadets subject to their authority. Following is the oath:

Oath for Cadet Commissioned Officers.

"I hereby solemnly affirm and swear that I will diligently and faithfully perform, without partiality or favor, all the duties required of me as a cadet officer; that I will do my utmost to advance the honor, efficiency, and reputation of the regiment; that I will at all times, whether on or off duty, in or out of school or home, conduct myself as becomes a gentleman, having due regard for the rights and privileges of others; that I will implicitly obey and loyally support all those in authority over me; that I will exercise the authority of my cadet office with courtesy, firmness, kindness, and justice without injury through tyrannical or capricious conduct or through abusive language.

To all of which I affirm and swear without evasion or reservation in me whatever."

Probably the most important clause in

the oath is the one in which the officer promises "to do his utmost to advance the honor, efficiency and reputation of the regiment." The honor of the regiment depends upon the personal conduct of every cadet, and the efficiency depends upon the amount of energy devoted to military study and upon the proper observance of discipline. If we do all we possibly can to advance the honor and efficiency of the regiment, its reputation will take care of itself.

The instruction in signalling has been marked by slow but sure progress during the last few weeks. It was expected that the cadets would welcome the instruction in signalling as a relief from the "cut and dried" routine of drill. The officers should make an extra effort to become competent instructors, for upon them depends the efficiency of the regiment in signalling. The study of the general code is to be continued and we have now begun learning the semaphore system. In order to qualify as a signalman, a cadet must be proficient in both systems. Now here is an opportunity to learn something really practical,—let's "dig" and make the most of it!

We noticed this beautiful Christmas greeting on the board in Room 129.

To MY PUPILS:

This season of kindly recollections will bring many greetings to your door; but none will carry wishes more sincere than this of mine,—that the Christmas spirit may bear you gracious gifts of health and joy and peace!

Yours sincerely,

KATHERINE MORSE.

FICTION

A High School Girl's Mind Photographed by the New Color Photo Penetrator

Soon after two o'clock one bright afternoon last week, while I sat busily engaged in writing a paper entitled "The Effect on the Nerves of Following Fads," to be read next Thursday before the "Woman's League for the Abolition of Styles Dangerous to Health," my attendant rushed breathlessly into the office and told me that there was a most astonishingly persistent young person in the waiting room who wished to see me. Since the facts that it was after office hours and that I was extremely busy had made no impression, I thought the case must be a serious one and so consented to see her. Immediately there rushed (or should I say gushed?) into my presence a most remarkable young person.

Although the weather was only slightly above the freezing point, this young person seemed under the impression that she was enjoying a mid-summer temperature. This happy prepossession gave her an airiness of manner quite equal to her airiness of dress. This airy effect was most strikingly carried out in her jaunty, little hat tilted to one side of her head, her hair drawn tightly back, exposing her ears to the cold north wind. She had, however, attempted to protect her neck by yards of narrow, black, flowing streamers.

Immediately upon entering she proceeded to tell me her trouble. She had been bothered with a most excruciating pain in her head for weeks, in fact it had become so severe that last week when she was trying to get a new party dress, she had been unable to think whether she wanted one of new midnight blue or one of just plain apple green. And she confided in me that exams were next week and if she didn't get through some way she just couldn't go to the "formal." Dick's frat. was giving during Christmas vacation. Of course since so much depended on her being able to think clearly and since that was impossible

with a pain in her head, she consulted me.

Here truly was a pathetic case! How glad I was that I had said I would see her! Yet upon first thought how strange it was that a person with such a blooming (?) color should be so afflicted!

I was really distressed to know that she was feeling perfectly grand otherwise and that it wasn't really a pain in her head, but a sort of excited noise which made her head feel quite jumbled. This symptom was one I had never come across; so I decided to attempt to locate the trouble with my new "Color-Photo-Penetrator," and after overcoming the young lady's objection to stepping up two feet to get into the chair, which she declared an impossible feat, I at last got her fixed and proceeded to photograph the interior of her head. Here are my results which I obtained after a most startling microscopic study. In one small cavity of the medulla oblongata, I discovered a small model of a suit of most unusual shade and cut. There was so much cut away from the front of the coat and such an abundant flare around the bottom of the skirt, that *tout ensemble* very much resembled the quaint old styles worn by our great grandmothers. In another of these divisions there appeared an array of footwear, the uppers of which portrayed an assortment of colors of unlimited variety. I was most surprised to find in a prominent place in the cerebellum images of boys which could be distinguished one from another by the different cuts of collars they wore. In a place of nearly equal prominence was a display of what I decided must be hats, although they were twisted and turned in most hideous ways and had in most unexpected places long spear-like projections which took the form of plumage of unusual variety. These objects were about all I could make out of the jumble besides something in a secluded corner in the extreme back which might have been school books, but on account of the dimness, could not be distinguished. I forgot to mention the numerous small booklets which seemed to be programs of all sorts.

My shock at what I saw left me wholly without a name to apply to this phenomenon, but at last I decided that this young lady was being tormented with thinking too strongly on confusing things, which had caused a confusion of ideas; thus, when the mind was expected to act upon other ideas, those already present were so jumbled that they caused the noise or painful feeling which had been described to me.

When the young lady called the following day to find out what remedy I would suggest for her trouble, I told her since examinations were so close it would be beneficial for her to look up her school books and centralize her thoughts upon them, since the remedy for her trouble was complete change of thought, with an idea to something new and at least *some-what* sensible.

ANONYMOUS.

A Comedy of Errors

It was the afternoon before Christmas. The brief December day was drawing to a close. At noon the cheerless sun gave a sadder light than the waning moon and the air grew damp and heavy. Since three o'clock all out-of-doors had been full of flying snow and now in the gray twilight the passers-by walked with muffled footsteps and the ground was covered and all familiar objects took on spectre shapes. The back yard looked like a cemetery in the early hours of the night and every post and shrub stood like a hooded ghost clothed in a white mantle.

Fred came in from school and without stopping to take off his rubbers or even stamp the snow from his shoes tramped through the reception room to the furnace kicking up a few rugs as he went and arousing the wrath of Mary, the maid, with the tracks of snow on the waxed floors.

Papa phoned up from the office that he would be late for supper as he had some purchases to make and it looked like the cars would be blocked by the drifts of snow in spite of the heroic efforts of the big brush on the car that went over the hinc.

But Grandma took off her spectacles

and wiped them on the corner of her apron and stopped her stitching for a minute on the doilie that she was putting the finishing touches to and said in her optimistic way with her peculiar New England accent: "Well, I for one am glad to see this snow for 'a green Christmas makes a fat graveyard,' and I remember one year when we did not have any snow that—" but I did not hear the rest for the express wagon came up the drive crunching the snow under the frosty wheels and the driver was now tugging at a huge box and trying to get it up the steps of the veranda. I ran to open the door. This was the third time the same expressman had been to our house that day and he smiled good-naturedly as he said: "You'se folks is mighty lucky to have so many friends." I signed the book noticing that the charges were prepaid but I remembered that papa says those fellows are not paid decent wages and few luxuries do they get for their families, so I slipped a half dollar in his hand that I had been saving for chocolates and with a "Merry Christmas to you," I shut the door in his face before he could say thank you.

"A box from Uncle Bob," I shouted, and mamma and Fred came hurrying into the hall and even Grandma dropped her eternal sewing for a moment and stood in the door way.

Bob is my big bachelor uncle who lives in New York, and has an office way up in top of that 2,000-foot high Singer building which he reached in an electric elevator that defies the laws of gravitation like a bird and hustles you up to the top of this modern Tower of Babel before you know it. I really like Uncle Bob but I pretend that I don't for he always teases me when he comes.

I heard mamma say once that her brother, Bob, had been "disappointed," but that does not make him any less the man. It did not seem to go very hard with him for his face is just as round and his eyes just as bright as any mischievous school boy. When he comes he turns things upside down and waltzes with Grandma and picks up mamma as if she were a school girl and holds her over his head, kissing her before he lets her

down. He usually pinched my ears and calls me a "Tomboy."

After the stockings were hung that night to please Grandma, we keep up that old custom—I lay awake thinking of Uncle Bob's visit. He could not get in until the afternoon train and we would have our big turkey at five o'clock.

I laughed out loud under the bed clothes for what seemed to me to be a bright idea came into my usually empty "think tank." To get back at Bob for teasing me, I get my revenge by mixing up his presents. Slipping a bath robe over my night dress I tiptoed out of the room—the door creaked terribly, and I could hear my heart thump as I went past papa's room. When I got down into the parlor I turned on the electric light and went straight to the fire-place. I felt a great curiosity to look into my things but I conquered myself. Uncle Bob had sent a fine slide trombone to Fred, who is studying orchestral music. I put Grandma's name on that and took granny's specs which Uncle Bob had so much trouble in getting from her oculist and put them in Baby Virgil's stocking. A big box of all kinds of articles for the house with plenty of scented toilet soap that had been got for mamma I put with Fred's things—Fred hates soap. A beautiful set of Longfellow's poems in full morocco which had the school teacher's name on it—you know Miss Brown makes her home with us and she always blushed when you speak of Bob—I put papa's name on. Papa's silver shaving outfit went into Miss Brown's things instead of the aforesaid mentioned volume of poems. Now that was mean, for Miss Brown has the faintest suspicion of a mustache which her imagination magnifies and she is terribly sensitive about it. Baby's sled I gave to mamma and then pinching the package that had my name on I felt guilty, for I believed that dear old Uncle Bob had got me the furs that I had wished for all fall.

Next morning you should have seen their faces when they got their presents. Grandma's horn mystified her but she said "It's one of Bob jokes," and was satisfied. Miss Brown turned a fiery color when she opened the package that

had the shaving set, especially when she read the note he had attached which was an apology for sending a sharp edge as a present and ended with the couplet: "If you love me as I love you no knife can cut our love in two." My, but her eyes snapped and as soon as she could get away she ran up to her room. I was sorry then for my prank which had made her feel bad. Fred looked ruefully at the soap and asked if Uncle Bob had gone crazy. Papa said in an undertone that he had as much use for poetry as a setting hen had for crane's legs. Only baby seemed satisfied and he gravely put on the spectacles and climbed on a chair to look in the mirror. But when they saw my furs they knew at once that I had something to do with it and I had to 'fess up amid shouts of laughter. We decided to keep the joke for Uncle Bob and in the afternoon when the cab drove up we met him at the door in procession with grandma leading and trying to make a noise with the horn and baby bringing up the rear with his glasses on awry. "Thank you, Robert, for the horn," said grandma sweetly and then each of us thanked him for the presents that he never intended for us. He was bewildered for awhile but when he saw my eyes he jumped across a chair and caught me before I could leave the room and twisted my nose till the tears started and called me his Pandora.

After awhile he slipped out of the room and went up to the drawing room where Miss Brown was. Miss Brown was mortally hurt and I knew he would have a time trying to explain it all to her and I guess it did cost him a lot for when she came down to dinner she had on a darling of a diamond ring and she and Bob both looked happy.

As for me, Uncle Bob just ignored me after dinner, and turned the sheets of music for Miss Brown at the piano and acted as if there wasn't a soul on earth besides her that had a claim on him.

MORRIS OGLE, '16.

Geraldine: "Say Alice, why are you so fond of silk petticoats?"

Alice (blushing painfully): "Because they 'Russell'."

NEWS ITEMS

Glee Club Trip a Success

The Glee club made a very successful concert tour during the Christmas vacation, both from a financial, and from an artistic standpoint. The trip lasted three days, and included a concert at Neola, Iowa, on December 28th; Avoca, Iowa, on December 29th; and Oakland, Iowa, on December 30th, the boys returning in time for New Year's, although a longer tour could easily have been arranged. The bookings were made by Miss Edith Martin of the International Bureau of Music and Dramatic Art. Beside the eighteen members of the club and Mr. Watowa, the director, Edwin Clark was taken as 'cello soloist, and Mr. Rees joined the boys at Avoca, to assume charge of the financial end of the trip. It was largely due to the efforts of Mr. Reese, that the tour was a financial success. A very good program was given at the opera houses of the three towns and the boys were received with enthusiastic applause at all places. The boys were royally entertained in private homes, by the townspeople, and people everywhere said that they had never seen a more gentlemanly and better behaved crowd of young men. There was not a single unpleasant incident to mar the trip and it is certain that a longer trip, including much larger towns will be taken during the spring vacation. The following program was given in all of the three towns:

PART I.

1. Waltz Song—"Sympathy" (from the Opera Firefly).....*Friml*
Glee Club
2. Piano Solo—Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 8.....*Liszt*
Mr. Kenneth Widenor
3. "Kentucky Babe".....*Geibal*
Glee Club
4. Violin Solo—Hungarian Dance, No. 5.....*Brahms*
Mr. Donald Smith
5. "Twilight is Lovelight" (adapted from Melody in F).....*Rubinstein*
Glee Club

PART II.

6. 'Cello Solo—
 - (a) Cantilena (from Concerto in A minor).....*Galtermann*
 - (b) "Gavotte".....*Popper*
Mr. Edwin Clark
7. (a) "Russian Boat Song".....*Anonymous*
(b) "The Red Sarafan".....*Anonymous*
Glee Club
8. Senor Solo—
 - (a) "Macushla".....*McMurrough*
 - (b) "Mother Machree".....*Olcott*
Mr. Howard Steberg
9. Piano Solo—Impromptu (C sharp minor).....*Rheinhold*
Mr. Frank Hunter
10. Solder's Chorus—Faust....*Gounod*
Glee Club

Report of Athletic Funds

We are submitting below, the annual report of the receipts and expenditures of the Athletic fund. This report is in two sections, the first covering the period from January 1st to the close of school in June, the other section covering the period from the beginning of school in September to the end of the year, December 31. The most striking feature of this report is the balance on hand January 1, 1915, which is only \$129.39 as compared with a balance of \$379.98 January 1, 1914. This means that we are \$250.00 behind the same time last year. This deficit is accounted for by the fact that we had very poor gate receipts at several of our home games for football, and particularly at the Thanksgiving game which showed a deficit of about \$65.00, whereas, this game has usually shown a credit balance of from \$100.00 to \$200.00.

In order that we may properly take care of all the work in basketball, track, baseball and debating, it will be necessary to make up this deficit in some way, probably by one or more entertainments during the next two or three months.

C. E. R.

The World-Herald reporter took pictures of our Glee club last Tuesday. We

like to see others take an interest in our progressive organizations.

The debating squads are getting in trim for the six inter-society debates to decide the championship of the school.

Mr. Reed is considering the question of taking up a five cent collection at both lunch periods to buy victrola records. We need a variety in our present stock, especially among our classic pieces.

O. H. S. boys and girls made another donation to charity before the holidays. This was the fund obtained from our sales of Red Cross Seals, printed by the Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis.

The mid-term graduates will be proud of an opportunity to hear an address on their commencement program by Mr. Dabney of Ohio university, Cincinnati. The date will probably be Friday, January 22.

ALUMNI

Christmas vacation brought home many of O. H. S. graduates, who found time to visit us this week.

Miss Irene Rosewater, who is attending Smith College and Miss Eleanor McGilton of the same college, were honored callers in our building Monday.

A committee of alumni, of which Wayne Selby was chairman, conducted the sale of Cornell concert tickets in our south hall Friday, December 18.

Miss Louise Hupp, '14, who went to Chicago last spring, was a holiday guest of Elizabeth Berryman, '13, who is at the University of Omaha at present.

Miss Mona Cowell and Miss Pearl Laverty were home from Vassar.

Miss Dorothy Weller, president of her class at Saint Mary's school, also spent her vacation in Omaha.

The ushers at the Cornell concert included many O. H. S. alumni, especially of the class of '14. These were Morton Wakeley, Kenneth Norton, John Hannighen, Herbert Davis, and Wallace Shephard.

Another visitor to the school was Wilbur Douglas of Mommonth college.

Edmund Booth, editor of the Register, class '14, was seen around the halls Monday, January 4.

SOCIAL

Betty Fairfield was hostess at a watch party on the evening of December 31. The time was spent in dancing and other pleasures.

Stella Robinson gave a delightful luncheon at the Loyal hotel, Monday, December 28. The guests were entertained later by Geraldine Johnson, at an Orpheum party.

The same day, Alice Rushton and Carolyn Holmquist gave a luncheon and theater party for some college friends.

Florence Russell received about twenty couples at a dancing party on the evening of January 2.

Beatrice Johnson and Ruth Leeder were hostesses at an afternoon tea for their guests from Lincoln, December 19.

Dorothy Darlow entertained about twelve guests at an Orpheum party, Wednesday, December 28.

Mary McAdams and Virginia Greene gave a dancing party New Year's eve, when the honor guest was Miss Louise Hupp of Chicago.

Julia Getten also entertained for this holiday guest at a luncheon Monday, December 2.

A number of the younger set were invited to a clever masquerade on the afternoon of Thursday, December 31. Those present were received by Gertrude Koenig, Katherine Goss, Ilda Langdon and others.

Warning to Teachers

Ye august members of the faculty are hereby warned that in future His Nibs, "The Elevator," should be treated with due consideration and respect. Miss O'Sullivan after many successful encounters with ye elevator at last went down to defeat Monday morning at 8:30 o'clock, when the elevator flatly refused to elevate more than four feet. Miss O'Sullivan immediately assumed the role of a repair man, aided and abetted by sundry assistants, and at last the elevator descended from its high horse to the first floor where upon Miss O'Sullivan stepped from the elevator and renounced it from now to eternity.



COACH MILLS

Coach Tommy to Leave the O. H. S.

During the last week we have been informed that we are to lose Mr. Mills, our athletic coach, who has accepted an offer from Creighton. It is not necessary to say that every boy or girl in this school personally regrets to see Mr. Mills leave but of course it is some consolation to know that Mr. Mills will better himself and be given a greater opportunity to demonstrate his ability to develop athletes.

Anyone can easily see why we are so strong for "Tommy," as we all like to call him. He has been our coach for

three years and has turned out state championship teams in football twice, basketball twice and close contestants for first place in the other branches of sports. And the spirit with which Mr. Mills goes into his work has made a decided hit with everyone at O. H. S.

We hope Mr. Mills will cherish the fond memories of the past as we do. For example, we cannot forget the unique cheering Mr. Mills demonstrated to us in the auditorium at the last mass meeting.

So we take the liberty of speaking for the school when we extend our regrets and best wishes to Mr. Mills.

WANT AD. DEPARTMENT

LOST—Pair of nose glasses. Finder return to Miss Kiewit.

WANTED—Boys to do light work after school hours. File names in office, Room 112.

There was an old Scotchman named Duncan;

He was born with a head like a pumpkin;
A crook called Macbeth,
Was the cause of his death,
And now in the ground he is sunken.

IN MEMORIAM

FANNIE ROBERTSON, of the February class. We extend our heartfelt sympathies.

SQUIBS

I'm aware that for beauty
I am not a star;
I know there are others
More handsome by far;
My face—I don't mind it,
You see, I'm behind it
'Tis the people in front that I jar.
—Woodrow Wilson.

DO YOU KNOW?

"That the fountains were not installed
for seeing who could squirt water the
farthest!"

"That the bannisters are not be used as
a substitute for elevators—we have elevators!"

"That the lights in the study-halls are
not the targets Captain Stritzinger intended
to be a joke—although it contains jokes!"

"That if people keep rubberin' at our
band we will have a rubber band!"

"That the section of the court given to
the Freshmen is remaining 'green'—naturally
it will!"

"That more pedestrians trespass the
school grounds at noon hour since we
have our new lunch room—good reasons."

"That you are not 'cops'—therefore
you should not 'run in' the halls!"

IN CHEM. CLASS.

Student: "Why is chlorine water kept
in dark bottles?"

Dr. Senter: "For the same reason
some people advertise their product in
brown bottles."

Eyler and Granden down at the Mill,
Each had a dime and a thirty-cent bill.
When it came time to pay out the tin,
They couldn't come across so they had
them run in.

Alice R.: "Who is your favorite poet?"
Geraldine J.: (bashfully): "Er-cr—a
—Kipling-(er)."

(Lucius): "Julius, a lion has eaten
your mother-in-law."

(Caesar): "Well, I'm (gladiator)."

REASSURED.

One: "I say, old chap, I'm in shocking
luck. I want money badly, and haven't
the least idea where I can get it."

Another: "Well, I'm glad to hear that.
I thought perhaps you had an idea you
could borrow from me?"

"I wonder if Jack knows I have
money?"

"Has he proposed?"

"Yes."

"He knows?"—*Ex.*

Berry: "A fellow I know is going to
get married. Shall I send him a wedding
present?"

Withey: "Surely. Would you let brav-
ery go unrewarded?"

The preacher waved his arm and
shouted: "It is my duty to save men."

A rather bashful young lady from the
back of the church called out in rather a
weak voice: "Please save me a nice one."

A scientist has proved that if two
noises of exactly the same volume occur
simultaneously the result is silence but
did he ever hear Gretchen and Geraldine
talk?

MODERN HIAWATHA.

"He killed the noble Mudjekiwis
Of the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside.
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside,
That's why he put the fur side inside.
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside."

Positive, wait; comparative, waiter;
superlative, get it yourself.

The editor desires all dense people who
hand in "Squibs" to write them on thin
paper, so he can see through them.

To the Tune of "I'm on My Way to
Mandalay."

I'm on my way, to lose an "A"
Above the flunking "D's" I try to stay,
Oh, let me live and try to pray
To see just one more "A."
I stay out nights and I smoke a pipe,
so if I'm right
That's why I'm on my way to lose an "A"
How I hate to say, "Good-bye."—L. H.

Bea: "My, but my hands are cold,
Stewart."

Stewart: "Never mind, just hold them
over my head and they will be warm be-
fore long."

Miss Bridge (after a long-winded
proof): "And now, we get X equals O."

Bob McShane (sleepily, from rear of
room): "Ge—, all that work for noth-
ing."

Gretchen: "Is the second letter in 'love'
'O' or 'U'?"

Tom: "Gee, you don't know very
much about love, do you?"

An almanac is the graveyard in which
ancient jokes are buried.

(Question): Why is the "Register"
like an almanac?

Ed. F.: "Where did the phrase, 'The
Biting Wind' originate?"

Bud C.: "Why, in the teeth of the
gale."

"Last night I held a little hand,
So dainty and so neat,
Methought my heart would burst with
joy,
So wildly did it b-cat,

No other hand into my heart
Could greater solace bring,
Than the hand I held last night, which
was
Four aces and a king."—*Ex.*

Raymond Bradley: "Here is a book of
short stories called, 'She Who Loves
Me, and Others.'"

Bud Berry: "Gee, but she must be a
flirt."

"A flatterer never lacks an audience."

"The average woman couldn't keep a
secret by putting it on ice."

"Money and time can both fly faster
than a sea-gull."

"When a girl seems embarrassed under
the mistletoe, she has real dramatic
talent."

"How to get ahead—steal it in a cab-
bage patch."

"Many a girl thinks she has broken
her heart when she has only sprained her
imagination."

"When a girl casts her eyes down she
has a man in view."

"When Love sees very clearly it is
nearly at an end."

"Many a girl who seems distant is only
a stone's throw away—if it be a precious
stone."

"When a girl marries, she exchanges
an admirer for a regular boarder."

SENSE AND NONSENSE.

Mr. J.: "Why is it, when Stewart al-
ways comes out here, you always talk
such nonsense?"

Bea: "Well, father, chances are if I
didn't, he would not be able to under-
stand me."

When exams have come upon you,
And you don't know where to turn;
When the more you would remember,
The less that you can learn;
When your head spins fast and faster
And your sorrow knows no end,
Then, you can take my word, is
When a fellow needs a friend.

"When rain falls does it ever rise
again?" asked the chemistry professor.

"Yes, sir!"

"When?"

"Why, in dew time."

"That will do."