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"Gene" came down to breakfast one morning looking troubled.

"What's the matter, Gene?" asked his mother.

"I found a feather in my bed last night and I'm afraid I'm going to have the chicken pox!"

"I tell you," said Allan, "that you are altogether wrong in your conclusions."

"Pardon me, but I am not," replied Benedict.

"Don't I go to school, stupid?" almost roared Allan.

"Yes," calmly replied Benedict, "and you come back stupid."

Charles A.: "Say, Jean, what do you think Fay just said about you?"

Jean L.: "I haven't an idea in the world, Charlie!"

Charles: "Exactly! That's just what she did say."

Burton: "I'm greatly troubled with a rush of blood to the head. How do you account for it?"

Paul F.: "Well, Nature abhors a vacuum, you know."

"If you and I and ewe and eye
 And yew and aye (dear me!)
 Were all spelled just plain u and i,
 How mixed up we would be!"

Gertrude D.: "What's a soft snap, anyhow?"

Beatrice J.: "An under-done ginger snap, I s'pose."

"Other papers all remind us
 We can make our own sublime,
 If our fellow students send us
 Contributions all the time.

Here a little, there a little,
 Story, school note, hit or jest;
 If you want a good school paper
 Each of you must do your best."

Stella: "I just put my hand on a hot iron. What shall I do?"

Bob: "Read Carlyle's Essay on Burns."

Omaha High School Register

VOLUME XXIX

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Back Again!

And now we must come back to school again. 'Tis sad, but true.

The Easter vacation was a busy one for everybody. The sun was shining and the weather mild and spring-like. Dances, dinners, joy rides, theatre parties and numerous other functions filled up the time, and made the days fly. And now we return once more to our castle upon the hill, where we will get to work again. Of course, it will not be all work. We can manage to have a great deal of fun at noon and after school. No, it isn't all work—but I fear that many of us were not over-joyed to receive our report cards on Wednesday. But let us pass over such matters. Let it suffice that we intend to work harder next term.

ATHLETICS

Track

Our track team had hard luck in the annual Y. M. C. A. meet held at the Auditorium on March 20th. The Nebraska University walked off with the silver trophy which was awarded to the team winning the most points. Nebraska made 14 points, while Omaha High made 9. The High School would have tied the University had the two-mile team, composed of Logan and Paynter, been awarded the race. Every one says that Logan and Poynter won, but the judges, after arguing for nearly two weeks, gave the race to the Y. M. C. A. team.

Following is a report of the meet:

Our sprinters, Werick, Neville, Roulette and Morearty, showed up well. Neville won the junior—under 17 years—40-yard dash; Werick, Roulette and Morearty got in the semi-finals, and out of these Morearty was the only one to survive. There were three Nebraska Uni men in the finals with Morearty. All three of the Nebraska men placed. They

proved to have too much experience for a high school fellow, but Chuck gave them a fine race for all that.

The high jump was next on the program. Fullaway got third place in the senior high jump and Morearty was sure of a place, but was taken out to run the 440. George Rogers, a new surprise in the jumping department, got third place in the junior.

One would have thought that war had been started in Omaha to see the 440-yard run. Nineteen runners started on a track about ten feet wide—imagine that! Right here is where our hard luck began. Morearty fell the first lap. Kelly, who was leading, fell exhausted a few yards from the finish and was unable to rise. The result was: Zumwinkle, Nebraska Uni, first; Newton, Omaha, second; Morearty, Omaha, third.

The most important event to the school was the relay between Lincoln and our school. Lincoln had beaten both our basket ball and football teams, and the track team was out for our scalp—which they forgot to get. The starters on both teams fell the first lap, but Weirich was the first to gain his feet, and gave Omaha a good lead that they gradually increased. All of the team did fine running. The team was composed of Weirich, Bryans, Roulette, and Neville. Roulette ran for Morearty, who was enjoying himself counting stars and planets as a result of the 440-yard run. Nevertheless Chuck more than received his reward from a (little) girl who was an enthusiastic spectator.

The two-mile relay race, in which there were some five runners, but in which our team received the shorter end of the argument, was made in fine time. Logan and Paynter, two Freshmen, ran under our colors and certainly did credit to both themselves and the school. The High School backers claimed that our team gained a lap on the Y. M. C. A. team, and the Y. M. C. A. backers claim their

team beat ours by a lap. The judges could not decide until two weeks later, when the race was given to the Y. M. C. A. team. The Y. M. C. A. team refused to run off the race in a special meet.

The Racquet Club

The Racquet Club will hold a meeting to plan the spring tournament on Thursday, April 15, in room 325. All girls who wish to enter this tournament should hand in their names and dues before this meeting. Dues may be paid to Miss Dummont, Miss Duke, or any officer of the club.

NEWS ITEMS

Omaha High School may once more be proud to claim five of her recent graduates who have just received the honor of Phi Beta Kappa: Blanche Brotherton and Alice West at Smith College; Louise Bedwell and Irene Kirshstein at the University of Nebraska at Lincoln, and Robert McCague, who is attending Amherst. Robert is also a member of the Mandolin Club and manager of the track team.

On Tuesday morning of this week we found ourselves provided with a new, fully equipped civic laboratory located at the south entrance.

Margaret Williams, '15, who was very low with pneumonia a few weeks ago, is now past all danger and is on the road to recovery. She will not be able to return to school this term, however. Though all her friends will miss her, they must content themselves with the fact that she is recovering. Margaret has always been a good student and has made many friends among the faculty as well as the students.

Miss Snyder and Josephine Snyder spent spring vacation with Miss Snyder's sister at Barnston, Neb.

Alice L. Allen entertained the Gym Club on Monday during vacation. The girls are busy making the costumes for the exhibition. An important meeting was held Monday, April 5th.

Walter Johnson doesn't believe in Ted Eyer's being lazy. When Ted sat during a history recitation instead of standing to recite, Walter said, "Stand up!"

so loudly that Ted jumped out of his seat and was saved the trouble of standing.

The "Girl Gardeners" were busy planting gardens during vacation. Some of the girls are not over the stiffness yet from digging.

The next Latin Society meeting will be in charge of Miss Snyder and will be good.

Miss McIntosh spent her vacation at her home in Kearney.

Maude Miller was in Lincoln for spring vacation and Cecille Fields spent her vacation time at her home in South Peoria, Ill.

Visitors were much in evidence Monday. From the University were Elizabeth Crawford, Searle Lanyon, Charles Weeth, David Haykin, Fred Cotter, Carlisle Allan from the University of Illinois also looked in upon us.

The Pleiades met March 19th in room 325. After a short business meeting, a program consisting of three musical numbers was given. A large number of girls was present.

Why the Hours Follow Apollo

Mary Doud.

I.

The Hours one day,
Who danced with glee
Under the laurels' shade,
Forgot the sun
In his perilous run
Among many monsters laid.

II.

Now the day grew warm
And summer appeared,
Clad in raiment of gold;
The laurel did droop,
The Hours did tire—
All became warm that was cold.

III.

The Pleiades wept;
Old Neptune crept
Up thrice above the sea;
But 'twas for nought
All creatures sought
In a cool place to be.

IV.

The sun's rays beat
Upon land and sea,

Scorching whatever they met;
Apollo moaned,
And Phaeton groaned—
The latter was losing his bet.

V.

The chariot dipped;
The Olympian Mount,
Where the Hours quaked with fear,
Caught the red flame,
And in the Styx' name
To crumbling came very near.

VI.

But twelve trembling Hours
Therewith rolled down
In terror from that peak;
And rolling far,
They splashed soon
Into the briny deep.

VII.

A thunderbolt came
Which shook the earth,
And all who were upon it;
The Sun came low,
Jove dealt his blow—
And Phaeton received it.

VIII.

Apollo's son
Had had his fun,
And now he'd gone and done it;
But as he fell,
The Hours splashed up—
Following the Sun from 'neath it.

IX.

For when Phaeton fell
The chariot rose,
Resuming its natural course;
And the Hours in rising,
It's not surprising,
Went after with little remorse.

X.

And thus it is
That as the Sun
Goes through his course each day;
The servant Hours,
As they did once,
Will follow him away.

Nichols (who has just seen a bucket of water fall from the third floor): "My! that was some drop!"

Sward (who was under the bucket): "Drop?!?! It felt like a lake!"

A Ballad: The Proud Freshman

I know not what his name may be,
But he is of Ninth A;
He fain would have them all know that,
He has a lordly way.

He struts and talks and walks and gawks,
Like one who knew it all;
He thinks he is of stature great,
But finds he's very small.

He came upon a Senior great,
To whom he spoke with pride;
The Senior quoth, wi' scornful ee,
"Freshman, gae from my side."

He came upon a Junior lad,
And likewise spoke to him;
The Junior turned and went his way—
His face looked very grim.

And next he met a Sophomore,
Whom he did hail with pride;
But lo! the Sophomore did turn
'Way from the Freshman's side.

The Freshman now was filled with joy
To see a Freshman brother;
He ran to meet his classmate friend,
Thereby they hugged each other.
—Arthur Davis.

Smith: "I've got a beastly cold!"
Kiplinger: "Hard luck, by Jove. Been going out in the cold weather without your monocle?"

Smith: "No; called on Peters at his mansion, and that wretched Newfoundland dog of his persisted in wagging his tail and creating a draft."

"A little bit of writing
Scribbled on the cuff,
Helps one to remember
Lots of 'portant stuff."

Reynolds: "How was the party last night?"

Cullingham: "Oh, it lacked punch!"

Dr. Senter: "Now, can any of you boys give me a good definition of water?"

Reisenberg: "Water is a colorless liquid which turns black as soon as we put it on our hands."

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The Junior-Sophomore Reception

On the evening of March 26, the Juniors and Sophomores were hosts at a reception held for their parents. Following an enjoyable program, the parents were given an opportunity to meet and talk with the teachers, who greeted them with kindest of smiles and most merciful comments on their hopefuls.

The program was opened by songs sung by a double quartet selected from our Glee club: Philip Chase, Frank Hunter, George Inkster, Herbert Klein, Harold Nelson, Frank Parsons, Floyd Paynter, and Raymond Sage.

Viva Craven extended a most hearty welcome to the parents, after which they were favored by a tenor solo from Howard Steberg, a post-graduate.

A string quartet, by name, "The Kneisel Quartet, Juneville," consisting of Edwin Clark, Edwin Pakes, Earle Stirling and Howard Widenor, rendered several pleasing selections.

In the discussion which followed, Waldemar Thompson endeavored to prove that the "A" student should be rewarded by an "O" as well as the athlete, while Michael Goldsmith main-

tained that he should not. As there were no judges, each person was left to decide for himself, which side of the question was the better upheld.

The program proper was concluded by a piano solo by Dorothy Arter, after which Mr. Reed explained the benefit derived from the acquaintance of parent and teacher, which was not understood, (or perhaps, alas! only too well understood) by the student whose toast he quoted, "Here's to our parents and teachers. May they never meet."

Glee Club

On Thursday evening, March 25, the Glee club gave a very interesting program at the South Omaha High School auditorium, under the auspices of the Colvin Piano School and Lyceum Bureau. Despite the inclemency of the weather, and the lack of attendance on the part of the O. H. S. student body, the concert was a decided success, a large audience composed mostly of South Omaha people, and South Omaha high school students being present. Our boys, under the skilful direction of Mr. Wotowa, made a splendid appearance and were enthusiastically applauded and encored. So

successful was the performance that numerous requests have been made for a return engagement. Daniel Klein entertained during the intermission with some slight-of-hand tricks. He was ably assisted by Robert Buckingham, whose proficiency as a magician is now unquestioned. The Glee club will probably close its most successful season by giving a concert in one of the Omaha theaters, to the support of which, it is to be hoped that the student body will give its effective assistance. The following is the program which was given at South Omaha:

Program.

Part I

1. Soldier's Chorus from "Faust".....*Gounod*
Glee Club
2. Tenor Solo
(a) Before the Dawn.....*Chadwick*
(b) An Evening Love Song.....*Chapman*
Mr. Howard Steberg
3. Kentucky Babe.....*Geibal*
Glee Club
4. Piano Solo
(a) Fantasie — Dream Delusions.....*Schumann*
(b) Der Contrabandiste (Spanish Romance).....*Schumann*
Mr. Kenneth Widenor
5. Twilight is Lovelight (adapted from Melody in F).....*Rubenstein*
Glee Club

Part II

6. The City Choir.....*Parks*
Glee Club
7. Cello Solo
(a) Dedication.....*Popper*
(b) Gavotte.....*Popper*
Mr. Edwin Clark
8. (a) Russian Boat Song.....*Anon.*
(b) I Love You Truly.....*Jacobs-Bond*
Glee Club
9. Violin Solo
Schoen Rosmarin.....*Kreisler*
Mr. Donald Smith
10. Good Bye.....*Tosti*
Glee Club

Miss Davies: "Mr. Campbell, can you tell me the name of the strongest institution in America?"

F. Campbell (promptly): "The packing house."

Stellar Performance

Among the many stars and celebrities that are going to participate in the Big Vaudeville show are Robert Buckingham, Daniel Klein, Margaret Hoffman, Gretchen Langdon, Annabel and Helen Sinclair, Elmer Campbell, and Howard Steberg. Their parts have been specially selected for them to the end that a full house may be pleased.

The show will be a rare occasion and one that will reflect credit upon the school. Be sure to come for there will be plenty of fun and mirth.

"SOCIETY."

Tom: "A young lady is anxious to meet you. She's one of the 400."
Paul F.: "What's 'er name?"
Tom: "Heinz!"
Paul F.: "She ain't one of the 400!"
Tom: "What is she, then?"
Paul F.: "One of the 57!"

Miss Towne: "Are you asleep? Why don't you answer me?"
P. Withey: "I don't talk in my sleep."

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SQUIBS

A PLEA.

*Will the wits of this school and the sages
Who write for the Register's pages,
Please spare their poor teachers,
Whose names form the features
Of jokes (!) in their very last stages.*

Miss O'Sullivan: "Kindly name the bones of the skull."

Dorothy B.: "Well, I've got them all in my head, but I can't think of their names just now."

Miss Rooney: "Give me an example of democracy."

Margretta: "The earth is democratic because it goes around with everybody."

Mr. Woolery: "Mr. Chase, do you know the meaning of the words, 'precipice' or 'bluff?'"

Phil: "Yes, sir."

Mr. Woolery: "You may give me an example."

Phil: "I can lick you with one hand."
Mr. Woolery: "Sir! What's that?"
Phil: "That's a bluff!"

Miss Taylor: "There are only three boys in this class that study at home!"
Bryans: "Who are the other two?"

Miss Hilliard: "Margretta, what do we mean by going to the Holy Lands?"

Margretta: "It means going to Heaven!"

Miss Shields (in English): "What is the correct form for the slang expression, 'Cutting Gym?'"

Gretchen L. (confidently): "'Cutting Gym' means 'stabbing James!'"

Dr. Senter: "How did they discover iron?"

Flothow: "I heard father say they smelt it."

Next week's issue ought to be a "corker." Somebody put a joke in the Squib Box.

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And next time I'll probably see the same things as before.
 Some of the teachers should have the chance to see all this,
 'Cause they really don't know the terrible things they miss.

—"Nidwy."

Lois: "Well, I see the rabbits are helping out the movement of the south!"

Esther Cotter: "How's that?"

Lois: "They're wearing cotton tails!"

Miss Randall: (In Rom. his.), "What birds did the Romans consider sacred?"
 "Toodie" R.: "Birds of prey!"

Miss Adams: "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man what?"

Mary Rouse: "A farmer."

She: "Who taught you the two-step?"
 He: "My two step-sisters!"

"Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well," said the chef, as he turned over the porkchop.

LOGIC!

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
 So they always say;
 That's why we love the teachers better
 The days they stay away."

"LEARNING THE GAME'S FINE POINTS."

Ruth L.: "Why does the pitcher do that, Evy?"

"Evy" H.: "He's winding himself up!"

Ruth L.: "Oh! I remember now. He was run down between the bases."

Perley: "Here's a nickel I found in the hash."

Miss Fullaway: "Yes, I put it there. You've been complaining, I understand, about lack of change in your lunches."

Ralph B.: "What's an idle jest?"

Carpenter: "There's no such thing. They're all working overtime!"

Sward: "Well, I'm hanged!"

Fuller: "Why?"

Sward: "I'm suspended!"

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A True Story

With a big blue sleeve-apron on at noon hour, I hurried about the kitchen putting back the cocoa, butter, and milk. On the table stood my creamy fudge, all ready to take to Jane's party. Suddenly I heard the clock in the hall strike one and thought of those extremely long eight blocks to cover. Seizing my hat in one hand and coat in the other, I tore madly out of the front door and banged it behind me. Faster and faster my feet flew until finally when I was at the corner of the school, they refused to go farther. But with forced determination, I rushed up the walk and into the cloak hall. Placing my coat and hat on the hook, I sank in my seat, as the tardy bell rang. Then a queer tittering began, until finally the whole room was laughing except myself. So smiling, I turned to my chum across the aisle and asked: "What's the joke?" Instead of telling, she laughed all the harder, much to my disgust. In walked Miss Stevens and in a stern voice demanded: "Who is the cause of all this disorder?" A suppressed silence came over the room and all eyes turned towards me. Instantly she looked at me and said, "Explain yourself, Ruth." Surprised and puzzled, I stupidly stammered: "I do—n't know." At this the pupils broke the silence and renewed the laughter. Then as a last resort, I poked the girl in front of me and implored: "Please, Mercedes, tell me." She pointed to my apron and, greatly embarrassed, I instantly understood their mirth. I bolted for the cloak hall, where I removed the article which had caused such ridicule.

Garden Club

The Garden club met Thursday, April 15, to adopt a constitution and hear further talks on gardening from Miss Stringer.

Roberta Cochran is compelled to leave school because of the illness of her mother. Roberta is a member of the Girls' Glee club and is greatly missed by her friends.

The Little King

The king sits in his high-chair
 And high carnival holds he.
 His sceptre is his granite spoon,
 And he laughs and laughs with glee.

His nectar is the pure white milk,
 His queen, his mother fair;
 His subjects range from his fond father
 To the little brown teddy bear.

His crown is a mop of yellow curls,
 The sun makes them purest gold.
 His father's knee is a brave white steed
 And, Oh! this king is bold.

He comes off his high-chair throne,
 His sceptre still in his hand;
 His queen waits patiently nearby
 To obey his every command.

He mounts his steed to go far away
 To rescue a princess fair,
 And he enters a dark, dark place—
 Behold! it is a fierce lion's lair.

The horse grows frightened and rears
 in the air,
 An awful horse is he.
 The little king falls and bumps his head;
 O, where can his "mummy" be?

His "mummy" is always close at hand,
 And she kisses his little bumped head;
 And now it is time for the little king's
 nap,
 So the little king goes to bed.

—Esther P. Newman.

R. Peters: "Going to the dance?"

R. Buckingham: "Yep!"

R. Peters: "Gonna take a taxi?"

R. Buckingham: "No, a girl!"

A Bridge Without Nails

I had just been reading about how to build a bridge of logs without having to use any nails. What a saving this would be, for the kind of nails I used cost me fifteen cents a pound and I always got at least two pounds when I wanted to build anything. The only things necessary for such a bridge were an axe and some wire. With these under my arm, I went to the creek.

There were large trees on the banks of the creek, which extended back for two hundred feet on the east bank and for almost half a mile on the west bank. The water at this place was about ten feet across, but only three feet deep. I chose this as the place for my bridge.

When I had cut a good many poles, none of them more than six inches in diameter and twelve feet long, I started to build the bridge. Laying the longest pole across the water, I walked out with other poles and stood them up, leaning against each other, with the help of wire. If I only had had a hammer and some nails, it would have been such a simple thing, but I had said I would build

it like the one in the book.

When I had four logs leaning against each other, with five cross pieces to support them, all wired securely together, I took the log I had been standing on and put it on the side. This made quite a bridge; so I gathered up all the small poles and went out on the log bridge to finish up.

I was just thinking about getting down and cutting more small sticks when crack went a wire and then c-r-a-c-k went the whole bridge. Splash! Ker-plunk! I went head first in the creek.

For a minute I thought I would drown, for I could not get up. When I was up, I thought sure I would freeze, the water was so cold. I stood in the water and shivered for about five minutes, then I crawled on the bank and shivered. Soon I began to realize that I was not drowned, but only cold and had a lump on my head. I built a fire because I did not want to go to the house in wet clothes.

What I didn't say about the inventor of a nailless bridge is not worth saying.

Friendship

It's the little things in life
That make it worth the while—
Sometimes it's a cheery "good morning,"
And sometimes a sunny smile.
If we only could know how much
The clasp of a hand might mean—
Sometimes it makes dull skies look blue
And faded grasses green.
And somehow a slap on the back
Will make the whole world bright;
It's the wonderful feeling of friendship
That sets the whole world right.
—Esther P. Neman.

Browning Report

The roll having been called, the minutes were read and approved. The following program was given:
"The Oracle".....Elizabeth Bertch
"The Effect of Trifles"....Alma Krebs
"The Romance of the Brownings"....
.....Ethel Woodbridge
"The Taming of the Shrew".....
.....Kathryn Ohman

Athenian Debating Society

The Athenian Debating society met on the 9th of April. Several important business items were raised and disposed of. Some very interesting current events were read by Gordon McCauley. Mr. Montmorency acted as the joy merchant and caused much mirth.

Spring Thoughts

Spring has whirled over the world
After a slumber long;
Flung blades of grass on the woodland
pass
And brought a lilt o' song.
On all the trees she has scattered leaves,
With a stretch of sky between.
—Marianne Logan, '17.
When daffodils in yellow gowns
Nod gaily in their play,
When fragrant purple violets breathe
sweets upon your way,
May all the joys of happy spring
Be yours this glad spring day.
—Josephine Seroy, '18.

A Daisy

Earl A. L. Stirling.

Down along a well trod road,
A little bud of a daisy grows;
Mid burrs and grass and stunted oak,
A murmuring little streamlet flows.
Close beside its little bed,
The towering red rocks stand;
And people, as they're passing by,
Wonder and say, "How grand!"

Spring—

The murmur'ing stream, as it ripples past,
Bobs and shoots in a whirling mass;
The deep red rocks, towering so high,
O'ershadow the daisy growing nigh;
The bright red pebbles are easily seen,
The moss covered banks are a splendid
green;

Fox-tail and clover growing together,
Look like a field of Scottish Heather.

Summer—

The sun is high and shining brightly;
The breeze is blowing, blowing lightly;
The winding road is steep and rough,
And the weary traveler climbs many a
bluff.

The pure white flow'r with its upturn'd
face,
Grows in a crack at the red rock's base.
The bluff's rough sides are cover'd with
green,
Can you imagine what a beautiful
scene?

Autumn—

The stream is low—some places drying,
The soft green moss 'round it is lying;
The green cloak'd trees which stood alone
Again show signs, the winds have
blown.

The waving grass that's grown so high,
Is carpet'd with leaves all brown and
dry;
The daisy that made things seem so
bright,
Is wither'd and dried, a pitiful sight.

Winter—

I climb the rocks and peer around,
To view the scene, but hear no sound;
The sun throws forth in the snow's thick
crust,
A dazzling light like the fine gold dust.
On yonder slope are tracks or deer,

But hark! For off, a moo I hear;
A speck, o'er there, a tree is loose;
It grows, it grows, a big bull moose.

The scene I saw I'll ne'er forget,
The grass, the oak and the stream;
Those towering bluffs majestic stood,
Under the sun's bright gleam.
The rocks were smooth and queerly
form'd,
Their colours so blent were of varied
hue;
It is my wish that all might see,
The "Garden of the Gods" near
Manitou.*

*Manitou is about four miles south-
west of Colorado Springs, Colo.

Miss Paxson a Poet

Miss Paxson has proved herself a poet
as well as an author. The following
four lines won her a couple of seats to
see "Omar, the Tentmaker:"
"Though heaven's blue should blend with
earth in hue,
Though stars unpinned should rob the
world of view,
Yet would I slow thy way, O, precious
one,
To know why thou did'st deem life's end
my due."

On Shipboard

Withey: "Hullo, old chap, how are
you?"
Gould: "First class. How are you?"
Withey: "Steerage!"

One On "Kip"

"Don," accustomed to being annoyed
on Sunday nights by the seven younger
brothers and sisters of a young lady
friend, determined to get rid of them.
Accordingly he suggested that they play
"seven-up" and immediately there was
a wild scramble for the upper regions.

Miss Snyder: "The great man about
whom we are talking is called an un-
conscious humorist. Mr. Reisenberg,
what is an unconscious humorist?"
Frank: "A joker that has fainted
away."

Omaha High School Register

Published Weekly from September to June by Students of Omaha High School

HARRIETT C. SHERMAN <small>EDITOR</small>	Entered at the Omaha postoffice as second-class matter	ROBERT S. ODELL <small>BUSINESS MANAGER</small>
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VOL. XXIX OMAHA, APRIL 16 NUMBER 19

The Register Staff, 1914-15

Harriett C. Sherman, Editor-in-Chief Geraldine Johnson, Assistant Editor	Robert Odell, Business Manager Russell Peters, Asst. Business Mgr.
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Philip Gilmore, Circulation Mgr.	John Jenkins, Asst. Circulation Mgr.
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Hampton Institute Work Told at Y. W. C. A.

The good work accomplished by Hampton Institute, a colored educational institution, was presented at the Young Women's Christian association Tuesday evening by representatives from that school, headed by Major Robert R. Moton. Motion pictures depicting the life of the negro of the south before and after the application of Hampton principles, a talk by Major Moton and musical selection by a colored quartet made up the evening's program. A goodly sum was contributed toward the support of the school.

"Hampton has sown the seed of developing of possibilities for the negro. It encourages race pride, race confidence and race integrity. We do not ask for sympathy because we are black. We ask only a fair chance to make ourselves worthy a place in the world," said Major Moton.—(From "The Omaha Evening Bee").

Perhaps many of us are not aware of the splendid work which is being carried on at Hampton, Virginia, for the colored people. There are over a thousand pupils in the school, while there is almost as

large a number on the waiting list. In the school agriculture and useful trades are taught, and as a result there is always a good demand for the graduates. All through the agricultural sections, particularly in the South, the boys are found giving instructions and teaching the farmers the modern methods of carrying on the farms.

In the girls' department the regular grade work is taught, supplementing this with a knowledge of domestic economy and teaching. Everywhere through the South the girl graduate are sought as school teachers. This school which was originally for Indians, now has about forty Indians, some of whom come from reservations in the West.

They employ about two hundred teachers and feel that a good work is being accomplished.

Among those chosen to deliver the class speeches for commencement at Pomona college, Edwin Landale, a former graduate of this school, has been selected by the faculty. Edwin's name is also found on the list of those students

who attained "AA" grade in at least one course, and who did not fall below "B" in any other course. Pomona college is in Claremont, Cal.

The Green Skirt

The air felt cool on my cheeks as I glided around the rink. At the sides of the rink, which were screened, many faces peered in at the skaters. The floor was of a grey color, which came from the oil on the skates. In the center was a small garden in which the skaters could rest. From the plain wood ceiling hung many signs in the bright shades of red, black, blue, white, and yellow. The music was fast and lively, and almost all the skaters kept in time.

I was almost ready to round a corner when one of the floor managers called, "Not so fast," and we all smiled. Just as I reached the corner, a man whose feet had not very often worn roller skates, passed me. He tripped himself and his skate struck mine. I went forward on both hands and knees. Immediately I scrambled to my feet and started for a drinking fountain, for my hands were as grey as the floor.

"Did you hurt yourself?" asked the man who had tripped me.

"No," I answered with scorn, as I glanced ruefully at my soiled skirt, and to my surprise it was torn at the place my right knee had fallen on. At each step I took, a green flash issued forth from the tear. Then Mabel, a friend of mine, smiled and said, "I told you not to wear the green one."

SQUIBS

A SOCIAL CONVERSATION.

Paul: "You seem pensive."
 Gretchen: "Do I?"
 Paul: "Yes, you do."
 Gretchen: "I don't think that I am."
 Paul: "Don't you?"
 Gretchen: "No, really I don't."
 Paul: "I think you are."
 Gretchen: "Well, I don't."
 Paul: "Don't you?"
 Gretchen: "No, I don't!"

SOMEHTING IN IT.

Miss Davies: "What is a stable government?"

Ruth Leeder: "When the party in power displays horse sense."

WHAT WOULD WE BE IF WE

Lent someone our cars and they forgot to return them?

Riveted our eyes on a girl and could not undo the rivets?

Gave our arm to a girl at a dinner, and she took it?

Lost our heart, or some girl broke it?

Had our head taken off at the office?

Why, a remnant of a man, of course—Bargain sale!

Miss McDonald: "Now, who can tell me what political economy is?"

Gilmore: "Gettin' the most votes for the least money."

Mary: "I want an ice cream sundae."
 Maurice: "All right; remind me of it again; this is only Friday!"

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HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

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PROGRAM

(A)	(a) MARCH—Blaze of Glory - - (b) OVERTURE—Hungarische Lustfiei	Holzman Keter Bela
(B)	ALKALI IKE Nevada's Champion Rope Swinger EUGENE CHESTNUT	
(C)	ROLLO and TUMBLO Eccentric European Equilibrists BRUCE ELDRIGE OWEN COMP	
(D)	SIG. DRAMATIS CARUFFO Lately of Grand Savage Opera Company HOWARD STEDBERG	
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IN A STUDY HALL.

You cannot see me, but nevertheless I'm there,
Right in that study hall, yes, 'round everywhere,
I can see and hear what every person does,
Just to prove, I'll tell you about once what I was.
Oh! A few things that I saw were terrible, I know,
But some were awfully nice, I'm glad they were so.
The bell had quite long been rung, when lo, and behold,
Walked Phil Crase, mid laughter, to his seat very bold.
Then I glanced over to Edwards, in the center,
Who was reading an answer to a note, sent her.
Whee! Look at Alice and Carol—isn't it dandy?
They're having a feast—yes! indulging in candy;
And look at that naughty Robbins and Perrigo,

Having a boxing match, (yet the teacher don't know).
My, isn't that a terrible, terrible sin, Smith has a huge rubber and is bending a pin.
Gee! Perley's trying to study, but's disgusted,
Cause Geraldine persists in whispering to "Ted."
Margrettia's dress.
Why, I thot that Helen Shepard was studyin'
But, no she ain't! it's the Register she's readin'.
Look at "Stew" at that Warren Ege, way back there,
Arguing about which one has the redder hair.
What's rollin' along so wonderfully loud? It's only a piece of chalk thrown by "Kip" so proud.
There's "Bea" gazing out the window as if in thot,
But her mind's on him 'stead of something she's been taught.
Yes! I saw all of this and, oh! loads and loads more,

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Burton—"Is that dollar watch your father gave you five years ago still giving good service?"

Wy—"Yes, I pawned it again today for the tenth time!"

Harriet—"How did you become such a wonderful orator?"

Edward—"I began by addressing envelopes!"

G. Donavon—"What do you think of most girls as a rule?"

C. Perrigo—"A poor one to follow!"

Teacher—"What is a dry dock?"

Russell Peters—"I should say a thirsty physician!"

Photographer—"To have the picture more natural, you better have your son put his hand on your shoulder."

Mr. Fuller—"It would be more life-like if he put his hand in my pocket."

The gym club exhibition will be given Thursday, May 6.

Cotty—"Talk about cheap postal rates, I saw 200 pounds go for a two-cent stamp."

Walt—"When, Cotty?"

Cotty—"This morning when you went to the drug store for a two-cent stamp!"

Teacher—"What sphere is Germany in?"

D. Shepard—"The atmosphere!"

Reynolds—"She talks like a book."

Hanighen—"Yes, her voice has a wonderful volume."

Mr. Mills—"How is your breathing?"

Fullaway—"Boyish!"

Mr. Mills—"What do you mean?"

Fullaway—"It comes in short pants!"

A PROTRACTED SERVICE.

They must have long church services in a certain Western town, where a paper announced of a certain church: "The regular services will commence next Sunday at 3 p. m. and continue until further notice."

Omaha High School Register

VOLUME XXIX

OMAHA, NEB., APRIL 23, 1915

NUMBER 20

Dr. Fling Speaks

Dr. Fling of the University of Nebraska spoke to the history classes last week on "Why We Should Study History." He said that education is fitting one's self to live. In order to live and live well one must learn to use his own language effectively, for language is used every day for both written and oral communication. History, he said, has stood the test made by those who pick out only the big things to study. We should learn to read history to see what those before have done. We will profit by studying their lives, for the more we see of life the more we put into our own. "Get interested in the war," he advised. "It will help you to realize that you are a part of the great 'World's Society'." The belligerents do not know there is such a society and do not realize they are members

or there would be no war, he asserted. By reading history we see the development of life in society, the sacrifices of people who have been working and giving up their lives to better the society for you and for me. If we look at the world we will see how it has been drawing together and gradually coming to recognize the existence of the World's Society. We get the world's experience and see how to shape our lives. By knowing the past we can plan for the future.

At the close of school, April 3, the teachers in the History Department held a reception for Dr. Fling in the teachers' reading room. Tea was served at this time and all members of the faculty were cordially invited to be present to meet Dr. Fling. After the tea he made a brief address to the teachers.

Big Road Show a Success

The O. H. S. vaudeville entertainers who contracted for two engagements Friday, April 16th, covered themselves with honors, and may return again soon.

They brought several distinguished acrobats and comedians this year, as well as dancers and card experts.

The music, under the direction of Mr. Wotawa, was to be especially commended, as the audience had an opportunity to hear both classic and popular selections.

The cowboys, who demonstrated their skill and dexterity at rope swinging, are the most famous in their line on the circuit. These were Eugene Chesnut and company from Madrid.

Professors Buckingham and Smith, greatest English magicians, received rounds of applause for their miraculous mysteries and many of the latter had to be repeated over and over again.

The Italian tumblers, Senors Comp and Eldridge, held the audience in suspense for thrilling moments in rapid succession.

The melodramatic play which brought tears to all its hearers was "Music Hath Charms." The heavy parts were acted by John Jenkins, Lyman Philips, Porter Allan, Frank Hunter and Philip Chase.

The Castiles introduced several of America's latest society dances and the notable "Big Four" artists of stringed instruments displayed extraordinary ability on this occasion.

The Canzonetta Sisters, alias Margaret Hofmann and Gretchen Langdon, were in truth "America's Daintiest Comediennes." Margaret as the maiden so shy, who could not keep from flirting, and Gretchen, as the irresistible Dutch boy, who would not "practice on a nice little girl like you," soon had the audience ready to fall at their feet.

The Mendelssohn Choir Festival

For the past four years the Mendelssohn Choir of Omaha has been fulfilling a five-year contract with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. This year the contract expires, and further association with the orchestra depends upon the success of this year's concerts, which are to be given at the Auditorium on the 26th and 27th of April.

Everyone knows of the standing of the Choir and its most excellent director, Thomas J. Kelly. The work of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra needs no comment, and the soloists that have been procured are among the finest in the country. They are as follows: Miss Olive Kline, soprano; Miss Margaret Keyes, contralto; Mr. Lambert Murphy, tenor, Bruno Steindel, cellist, and Mr. Hebert Witherspoon, bass.

Ethel Solomon to Sing

Miss Ethel Solomon is to sing at the Boyd this week. Ethel has delighted us several times with her solos at school and was one of the popular numbers in the last joint program.

Bob Edwards Back

Robert Edwards returned to school today after several days' absence because of illness.

Two Exhibitions

During last week there were two different exhibitions open to the pupils of the Omaha High School, free of charge. At the Burgess-Nash store was shown a model of the Panama Canal, complete in all details; at the Brandeis store was exhibited a model of the battleship Massachusetts. All pupils of the High School were invited to see these exhibitions.

Omaha High and Sioux Fix Football Battle

(From the Omaha Bee.)

The Omaha High School has carded at least one football game for the 1915 season. A game with Sioux City High School has been scheduled for October 20.

Robert Haven Schaufler remembers with pure unalloyed joy, the golden afternoon on which he played hookey because the Theodore Thomas Orchestra had come to town. The music-loving students of the High School, though not obliged to play hookey, will find the programs equally delightful. The work of the Choir and of the Orchestra will furnish inspiration not only to the students connected with the various musical organizations of the school, but to the many music lovers who have not connected themselves in this way.

We are the future citizens upon whom will depend the development of the resources of Omaha. Do we not already realize that in music lie resources of inestimable value?

I. M. P.

Foy Porter Given Honors at Union

Foy Porter, graduate of the Omaha High School in 1913, was recently elected assistant football manager for 1915 at Union College in New York. Porter automatically becomes football manager in his senior year, as the assistant always graduates to the chief position.

The honor is one of the biggest elective honors at the college. Senior president is considered the highest and Porter has an excellent chance to be elected to that position. The manager of the football team is always given a letter.

Two other Omaha boys are very likely to be on the Union football team which Porter will help manage. Phil Downs made his letter on the team last year and Guy Beckett earned a place on the freshman team. It is thought both boys will make the 'varsity next fall. Downs also made the swimming team at Union last year.—Omaha Bee.

Great Philosophy

A man may have a false eye and still be able to see the truth unerringly, and many a chap with false teeth is a good eater, but you want to look out for the fellow with the false tongue and imitation smile.

The Origin of the Automobile

DWIGHT HICBEE.

A horse, by name Auto, one day took a notion
He excelled Neptune's prancers, the pride
of the Ocean;
For Auto did think of himself a great deal
And vowed to old Neptune he never
would kneel.
When Neptune did hear of this horse's
false pride
He a meeting did call upon the sea-side;
So came all the horses, all rushing and
dashing,
And lay on the warm sands, their bare
backs a-flashing.
Said Neptune eftsoons to his gallant
array,
"Have you heard what proud Auto has
ventured to say?
He considers himself, but falsely of
course,
When compared to you, the much better
horse."
Said they all to old Neptune, "A contest
we'll hold,
And we'll show him 'gainst us he's no
show in the world."
And so 'twas arranged and a good day
was set;
All the world looked on breathless, and

many did bet.

The contest was started, but lasted not
long;
Proud Auto soon beaten, did straight
change his song;
And Neptune, delighted, his steeds did
reward,
But vowed that on Auto, he'd be very
hard.
So Auto that night found to his surprise,
His whole shape was changing, and even
his eyes;
His feet became wheels, and his back
changed to seats,
His eyes, shining headlights, did lighten
the streets.
A tail-light was made by his bright silky
tail,
His cold heart, a motor, chugged on with-
out fail.
His stomach a gas tank he suddenly feels
inside altogether he's made up of wheels.
And all his descendents e'en down to this
day,
Have the rule of the streets and the
roads every day;
They're steered 'round the streets by a
man at the wheel—
Perhaps you now picture the automobile.

The Man in the Moon

A fearful awe and silence pervaded all parts of the little town in Scotland. Everyone was silent and gloomy. Friend met friend with tragic looks that seemed to say, "I know something terrible is going to happen."

But why all this silence?

This was the reason: Sandy McDougal had been seen gathering sticks on Sunday. Though Sandy was a great friend and a great favorite with every one in the village, many were the punishments predicted for his benefit.

The day passed and nothing out of the ordinary happened. People began to think that Sandy was not to be punished at all, for no visible changes had as yet taken place.

But the next morning word spread that Sandy could not be found. His bed

had been slept in; he had gone during the night, but how, when and in what garments? His clothes were all on the stool by his bed. There were no blankets gone. What did he wear?

Such was the question that puzzled all of the villagers of the town during the whole day. At night the mystery was still unsolved, for no word had been heard of Sandy as yet.

At the corners groups of men and women stood gossiping about the strange disappearance. The night was dark, until the moon rose about eight o'clock. "Strange," thought the villagers, "the moon is extra bright this evening." But why did everyone gaze horrified at the moon? Why was every one dumb? Why could no one move? Because there in the moon was the broad, ashamed face of Sandy McDougal. PRUDENCE HELM.

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TACT

As Fannie Ferne in her "Caper Sauce" says, "I cannot give a successful definition of tact, but I can more easily tell what tact is NOT." It is *not* tact to display your "A's" to a person who has never been within a "C." Nor is it tact to discuss the pleasures of motoring in the presence of people who have never stepped foot in an automobile, and have no immediate hope of doing so; nor when a person is springing a *very* old joke, to say that your "grandfather almost fell

out of his cradle when he first heard that joke;" nor to tell your partner (a good sized girl) that it is much easier to dance with a small, graceful person. (Doubtless she is already painfully aware of the fact). It would not be exactly tactful to enumerate one's "bids" for a dance to a girl who is not at all popular, nor to speak of a lazy, peaceful life to one whose days are one big rush of work. In fact, about one half of the things we do and say every day are what we would call *not tactful*.

The Try-Outs

The long looked for try-outs for the Senior play have at last arrived. Saturday morning all candidates for the play met Mr. Mills in the auditorium, where he told them a little of the plot and the character of the play, "Richard Carvel," which is set in Colonial surroundings. All pupils whose names began with any letter from "A" to "M" proceeded to try out Saturday morning. The remainder took their turn Monday after school. One by one the budding young actors and actresses were ushered, trembling, and with shaking knees, from Miss Hilliard's room into the huge auditorium, which

was vacant except for the judges and the lone contestant. In silence the aforesaid judges sat while the frightened "try-outer" made his way to the stage, found the manuscript, and haltingly read the designated lines. And deeper yet was the silence as the forlorn creature made his way out through the corridor and into the safe haven of Miss Hilliard's room, where a host of other harmless beings were awaiting the hour of judgment. And so on—from A to Y—we have no "Z's."

At this moment we do not know the outcome of the try-out, but here's to the success of them all.

SQUIBS

Housekeeper—"Who are you?"
 Tramp—"Oh, I'm an after dinner speaker."

Jim Reynolds—"In union there is strength."
 Don—"Give me non-union butter every time."

"You can take a horse to water,
 But you can't make him drink;
 You can send me to the study hall,
 But you cannot make me think."

Fuller—"Have you heard the story of the rabbit?"
 Riesenbergs—"No."
 Fuller—"It's a cotton-tail!"

Wilbur—"What would you do if you were a man?"
 Dorothy—"Well, what would you do?"

Waiter (In German restaurant):
 "Wasser?"
 American girl (flustered): "No, Wellesley!"

Burnie: "He fell in love with her photograph and asked for the original."
 Fuller: "What developed?"
 Burnie: "She gave him the negative."

Stella: "I wish someone would give me an idea how to put on a hair net."
 Bea: "I wish someone would give you an idea to put under your hair net."

Miss Thomas: "Carl, will you please run up the curtain shade?"
 Lutes: "I may be an athlete, but I don't believe I can do that!"

Fullaway: "Do you use two pillows as a rule?"
 Neville: "No, I use them as a head-rest!"

Corinne: "I read in the paper the other day that a scientist saw a mosquito weeping."
 Marion: "Pooh! That's nothing; who hasn't seen a moth ball?"

Bruce C.: "When I let you have that five dollars, you said you couldn't pay me for a couple of weeks."

Bob W.: "Let me see—how long ago was that?"
 Bruce: "Three months!"
 Bob: "Well, I may be a little slow, but anyway, no one can say that I don't keep my word."

A WELL LEARNED LESSON.

Mr. Crawford: "Willie, son, what did you learn in school today?"
 "Bud": "I learned to say 'yes, sir, and no, sir!"
 Mr. Crawford: "Did you?"
 "Bud": "Yep!"

SPENCER'S CAREER.

Monday—hired.
 Tuesday—tired.
 Wednesday—fired.

Mr. Mills: "Now, what is it that every good toast requires?"
 Carolyn: "Butter!"

ICE CREAM

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- E. H.—Everlastingly Happy.
- P. C.—Perfectly Charming.
- E. N.—Exceedingly Nice.
- S. M.—Somewhat Manly.
- P. G.—Pretty Gay.
- D. B.—Delightfully Brilliant.
- E. P.—Ever Polite.
- C. E.—Continually Eating.
- G. J.—"Gracious Jewel."
- R. E.—Remarkably Energetic.

Mary R.—"Is asked Toodie to join us at bridge, but she was too exhausted."
Lois—"Yes, she was rubber-tired."

Miss Rockfellow—"Sidney, did you whisper today?"
Sid—"Yes, wunst!"
Miss R.—"Stella, should Sidney have said 'wunst?'"
Stella—"No, he should have said, 'twicet!'"

Motorist—"Say, this old car won't climb a hill. You said it was a fine machine."
Junior—"I only said, 'On the level its a good car.'"

"Dear Sir," wrote the anxious mother, "I'm afraid Jack is not trying enough."
"Dear Madam," replied the teacher, "I assure you that Johnny is quite trying enough. He is the most trying boy in school."

VERY FUNNY

Bud—"Isn't it funny a disease attacks the weakest point?"
Jack—"Yes, I notice you have a cold in your head!"

BECOMING?

Gould—"I see you are growing a mustache."
Withey—"Yes, do you think it becoming?"
Gould—"It may be coming, but it isn't here yet."

"A DEEP ONE"

R. McCoy—"Is that clock fast?"
H. Shepard—"Sure it is! How do you suppose it would stay on the wall if it wasn't?"

YES, WHY?

R. Carter—"Why don't you laugh at the jokes in the Register?"
M. Rhodes—"Because I was brought up to respect old age."

A MATTER OF TEMPERATURE.

Mr. Reed (severely): "What will your father say to your low average?"
Perrigo (reluctantly): "When Dad sees I'm down to zero, he will warm me up, I suppose!"

IN PHYSICS.

Mr. Wotowa: "Can anything turn without moving?"
R. Best: "Yes, sir—milk!"

IN A CROWD.

Ruth McCoy: "We're in a pickle."
Dorothy: "A regular jam."
Helen Shepard: "Heaven preserve us!"

"If you see a joke or phrase That really makes you grin, Don't waste it on yourself, But cut it out and hand it in."

Teacher—"Now, Bob, never try to deceive anyone. You wouldn't like to be two-faced, would you?"
Buckingham—"Gracious no! One face is enough to wash in the morning."

Bud—"You say there is nearly always something broken about your auto?"
Stew—"Yes."
Bud—"What is it, as a rule?"
Stew—"Me!"

SENIORS!

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Two Seniors in the rear are planning
 for that fated hop;
 How stupid, at the crucial point, to let
 a program drop,
 And rouse me from regarding one who
 contemplates her looks
 Before her mirror cleverly concealed be-
 hind her looks.

Young H— investigates with care his
 sprouting upper lip,
 And M— bends innocently down a pass-
 ing note to slip.

John never lifts his eyes from off that
 interesting page,
 But, Johnny, not a leaf you've turned for
 something like an age!
 A finger alphabet engages two demure
 A's;
 A Junior slumbers happily, his head
 screened from my gaze.

But young and old, one joy doth every
 other one eclipse,
 And that's to be the messenger who takes
 the absence slips.

Now many another secret of a rare and
 wondrous kind,
 I could, to your astonishment, reveal, if
 I'd a mind.

—A Study Room Teacher.

Pleiades.

The Pleiades met April 23d in room
 325. After a short business meeting the
 following program was given:

An Original Story—Florence Sea-
 gren.
 Piano Solo—Katherine Jensen.
 Recitation—Beatrice Swanson.
 Story—Lora Surpress.

"So your son, Charles, is in high
 school. Burning the midnight oil, I
 s'pose!"

Dr. Allison: "Well—er—yes; but I've
 an idea—er—that its gasoline!"

Lutes: "Why don't you come out for
 football?"

Wilbur: "I'm afraid they will make an
 end of me!"

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Omaha High School Register

VOLUME XXIX

OMAHA, NEB., APRIL 30, 1915

NUMBER 21

The Omaha-Lincoln Debate

On Thursday, April 23rd, occurred
 the annual debate between the O. H. S.
 and the Lincoln High School teams in
 the auditorium of the high school build-
 ing at the capital city.

The question of government owner-
 ship and operation of railroads was vig-
 orously fought out pro and con by Miles
 Hildreth, Aaron Speir and Leonard
 Trester in behalf of Lincoln, and Allan
 Street, Arild Olsen and Edward Perley
 for Omaha. Fully a thousand people
 cheered the strong and telling points
 made by the speakers of both sides.

The center of interest was about the
 Amherst cup given five years ago by
 alumni of Amherst College to be the
 permanent possession of the school first
 winning three debates. Both cities had
 previously won two debates. The judges
 decided this fifth contest by 2 to 1 in
 favor of Lincoln, which gives the cup to
 her permanent possession. However,
 Lincoln's generous treatment did won-
 ders toward removing the sting of defeat.

The judges were Superintendent W.
 H. Morton of Ashland, Principal A. P.
 Hillyer of Beatrice and Professor J. E.
 Le Rossignol of the University of Ne-
 braska. Professor J. F. Woolery of
 Omaha presided. Dr. H. H. Waite,
 alumnus of Amherst, presented the cup
 to the winning team. Mr. E. R. Burke,
 coach, accompanied the Omaha team to
 look after the forensic welfare of our
 debaters. Not a little enjoyment was
 contributed to the trip by the presence of
 our efficient and vivacious debating man-
 ager, Mr. Solomon Rosenblatt.

A. D. S. Meeting

At the A. D. S. meeting of April 23d,
 the following program was given:

Jokes—Robert Cohn.
 Current Events—Fred Henderson.
 The Mexican Situation—Grayson Gar-
 ner.

O. H. S. Vaudeville

The extra performance of the vaude-
 ville given Saturday night was very suc-
 cessful. There were two new members
 of the company. Lee Chesnut was added
 to the cowboy number, while Paul Flo-
 thow took the place of Phil Chase as
 musical director in "Music Hath
 Charms."

After the performance flashlights were
 taken of the different acts. These pic-
 tures will be on sale at the Register
 office for fifty cents.

All three performances may be said
 to have been successful from both artistic
 and financial standpoints. From the fa-
 vorable reports given in the daily papers
 and the praise of those who attended, it
 may be judged that it was entirely suc-
 cessful from the artistic standpoint. One
 glance at the financial report given be-
 low shows the success from the financial
 standpoint.

Receipts	\$336.65
Expenses—	
Orchestra	\$35.00
Costumes and makeup.....	12.00
Lights	5.70
Printing	6.00
Sundry	5.05
	\$63.75

Net receipts

\$272.90
 The net receipts will be turned over
 to the athletic fund, which will be used
 to further the interests of the baseball,
 track and debating teams this spring.

Great credit is due to Mr. Mills and
 Mr. Wotawa who planned and prepared
 the program, at a great personal sacri-
 fice of time and energy, and also to the
 members of the caste, who so generously
 donated their services. A ticket-selling
 contest was made a part of the affair.
 The leaders in this contest were Wilbur
 Fullaway, Margaret Hofmann, Floyd
 Paynter and Raymond Burgess.

Mr. Harrington, Mr. Rees, Fred Wal-
 rath and Ralph Benedict had charge of

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the ticket selling and the stage management. Every detail was carried out according to the latest rules and fashion of the Orpheum circuit.

Girls' Athletics GYM CLUB

The Gym Club will hold its annual exhibition in the east Gym Thursday, May 6th, at 2:30. Tickets may be obtained from Gym Club girls, and as only a limited number will be sold, get your ticket early. It promises to be a success, as the girls are staying till 1 o'clock to practice for it. The admission will be 10 cents. Girls only will be admitted.

The girls of the Gym Club met in the sewing room Tuesday afterschool to work on the costumes for the exhibition. The girls worked hard, but had lots of fun out of it. The best part of it all was the ice cream and cake and candy after the hard work.

TENNIS

The girls have shown more interest in tennis this year than ever before. Although the number of girls that have entered is not any greater, it seems that they are more eager to get their matches played off. Sixty-one girls have entered and during the first round, which was played off last week, several have proved themselves good players. If the weather is favorable it is hoped that the whole tournament may be played off within six weeks, as the doubles will be started within a week. As soon as every one has played one match the consolations will start.

Essie Brandes now holds the championship, having won the cup in both the spring and fall tournaments of last year. If she still retains her title at the end of this tournament, the cup will remain in her possession permanently.

Browning Report

The following musical program was given in the auditorium April 23 by the Browning Society:

Schubert Impromptu—Lucile Lathrop.

The Writing of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata"—Anna Porter.

Recitation—Dorothy Edwards.

The Summer Smiles for Aye—Louise Bailey.

Twenty-five Cents

Dinner was just over and I felt somewhat tired from my morning labors; not so tired, though, that I wished to lie around the house all afternoon. In fact, that when you are broke? It takes money I had a roving feeling, but what is to do anything. With it you have hosts about you; without it you are alone. Too many of us worship the golden calf at times. I am not entirely exempt from this rule; that day I wasn't. I would have liked to have some money. A quarter would have been enough. Yes, a dime would have done me. With this idea in my mind, I rummaged all the old coats that I had ever worn or ever expected to wear. Feeling in the corner of a coat that I had long laid away as too worn out for use, I found a quarter. Thinking back I remembered distinctly that about three years ago I had mislaid or lost a quarter. And just think! I had found it just when I needed it. I washed and dressed quickly; I am sure it didn't take more than ten minutes, and started down town.

I thought of riding, but it was a nice day. In my mind I had the money already spent, viz: show, 10 cents; candy, 5 cents; agate, 10 cents.

I was a great lover of marbles and prized agates greatly. In half an hour I was at Sixteenth and Douglas streets, contemplating where I should go next. I stood there idly gazing into space. Suddenly I felt a tap on my shoulder and a familiar voice said, "Why, hello, y—"

I awoke suddenly from my reverie and, wheeling around, looked into the face of Charles Magill, a good friend of mine.

"Hello, Charles," I said; "how are you?"

"Pretty fair," he said. "Cracky! I'm glad I met you; I'm in hard luck at present."

"How's that?" I inquired eagerly.

"Aw," he exploded, "Dad sent me down to Hayden's to get him some gloves and I, like a fool, can't find all of the money. I don't know what I did with twenty-five cents of it. I put it all in this pocket," indicating his right-hand trousers pocket, "and twenty-five cents of

it is gone. I must get the gloves, for dad wants them by tonight, and you know what's up if they're not there. Can't you lend me a quarter? I'll sure pay you back by tomorrow."

I thought a moment—not that Charles would not keep his word—but show, candy, marble, all like air castles arose and vanished before me. Well, but what were such as these compared to keeping a friend out of trouble.

"Sure, Charles," I said; "here's the money. I don't mind lending it, as I have lots of coin."

I handed him the quarter.

"I must go," he said, "or dad will have my scalp—I'll sure pay you back tomorrow. Meet me here."

I thought for a moment. It wasn't so bad after I had really given it up, and for only a day. Then I remembered a library book in which I had become very much interested. I hustled off to the library and in a minute was seated in a big cozy chair eagerly devouring with my eyes stories from a book which bore the title of "Sherlock Holmes." Ah, but it was fine, and besides I gave up my quarter for only a day. Charles always kept his word, and I felt sure that he would this time. What if he didn't? Wasn't Doyle's "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" better than any old show anyhow?

Ambrose Gregg, '17.

Sermons in Flowers

Most of us, particularly those who are country bred, either own, or have owned at some time in our lives, a garden. My mind goes back to a wonderful strip of earth, between two great trees, where pansies of every size and hue smiled at me, a mass of purple, blue and white, with varying shades of yellow, brown and red. Great velvety faces they had, those pansies in my garden. How I loved them! How I tended them, spading, watering, weeding! How they flourished! How tall and straight and hardy did they grow! My pansies! Every year they were a little taller, larger and more thrifty. In your garden, perhaps, roses grow, and lilies, violets and daffodils. You tend them and cultivate and weed

them, even as I did. And every year you smile at your reward. Flower gardens! It is the thought that has been with me all day.

The little gifts and graces, the talents in our lives are Life's flowers; our hearts and souls, the ground in which they were meant to grow. And like the flowers in our small plots of earth, by constant weeding and cultivating we may make them yield a reward as great—yes, far greater than roses, lilies or pansies in our strips of earth. God has given to every soul on this old earth its own sweet flowers. Your life garden may not be like mine; even as lilies bloom for you, where pansies smile at me. Love here, humor there, wit, the gift of music, gentle tact, intellectuality, quick insight; are, creation—be it of voice or pen; and to all alike, who are normal girls and boys, men and women, the gifts of hearing, feeling, seeing. Paul, in the Book of Books, has, I think, put this idea most beautifully and explicitly where he says, "Having, then, gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness." We spend our time and strength looking at our neighbor's plot, wishing we had been given the same, instead of cultivating our own. We let weeds creep in, until the flowers that might have become sturdy and beautiful, blooming with exquisite fragrance, are choked out and blossom not at all. How can they hold beauty, sweetness, when they are all untended, wild?

You, who read these words today, transplant your sickly flowers. Every day is new. Every sun that breaks over God's fair earth brings healing, strength, for your life and for mine, no matter how long they have been left to wind and rain and weeds. Let God's divine intent take root; turn the soil that is musty and dead; cast the weeds out with purpose to have flowers, and flowers will grow.

A. S.

Omaha High School Register

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The Register Staff, 1914-15

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Senior Play

Mr. Mills has had a very hard time trying to pick out the cast for the Senior play, "Richard Carvel." There are only five or six speaking parts for the girls, while there are least three times that number of girls who would do well if there were enough parts. However, there are twenty-two parts for the boys; so they will get a better chance. There are two party scenes in the play, for which will be required a large number of both girls and boys.

The cast for the first act, unless a change is made later, will be as follows:

Richard Carvel.....Paul Flothow
 Sir Lionel Carvel.....Philip Chase
 Jack Comyn.....J. Porter Allan
 Marmaduke Manners....Kenyon Smith
 Dorothy Manners....Harriett Sherman
 Patty Swain.....Margaret Hofmann
 Betty.....Geraldine Johnson
 Mrs. Manners.....Lena Lipsey

There are many parts which have not yet been assigned, so—don't give up hope yet.

From Examination Papers

President Wilson said, in speaking of his teaching experience and what it had taught him, "The resources of the youthful mind to resist the introduction of knowledge are limitless."

The teachers in our High School have furnished us with sufficient material from the last examination papers to back up that statement.

From a "Ten A" Theme: "He was a tall, gaunt person, with heavy eyebrows and a thick mustache, threw which shown bright blue eyes."

A logical definition of a wren: "A wren is a female species of the sparrow."

"His complexion was still light except for a few freckles, which were well distributed, although he had lived in Montana for five summers."

Squibs

FOREWORD.
 Say what strange motive, Goddess!
 could compel
 Such jokes as these the Squibs column
 to swell?

Oh, say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
 Could animate these word-thrusts sharply scored?
 'Tis Eighteenth century satire imitation

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That makes for joke-fiends this bizarre collation.
 We beg you not to think it's you that's meant,
 We here disclaim all personal intent.
 Blame Pope and Dryden, if you want to fuss;
 Blame whom you please, just so you don't blame us.

—The Editors.

The City Beautiful

Ah, city beautiful and fair,
 A tin can here, a paper there;
 The verdant lawns of spring give signs
 In shape of golden dandelions.
 And on the street most everywhere
 The advertisements pleasant glare;
 And handy, too, for those who drink,
 Saloons most every block, I think.
 Now, you'll agree, without a doubt,
 That all the points I've just brought out
 In this, my humble little ditty,
 Add to the beauty of our city.

M. E. N.

That Narrow Skirt

But worried frowns the maiden's brow possess,
 And this perplexity disturbs her rest;
 Not Latin prose nor dreaded chem exam,
 Not agriculture notes could make her cram;
 Not prophecies of winter winds and snows
 Could make her heed her mother's fear of colds.
 For did not April blossoms fast approach
 And new spring styles and fashion plates encroach?
 That last year's narrow skirt would never do!
 How, then, could she that narrowness undo?

The Idolator

You all have seen him as he passes by,
 His head is high above the flaming tie;
 We read upon his bored and strained aspect,
 "In what a world to waste my intellect."
 And since he moves with grace and easy stride,
 We wonder why the cane swings at his side.

One eye, it seems, he could not use before
 He fixed in it the monocle he wore.
 Poor man, he needs our sympathy and more,
 Since he can nought but his own self adore.

To The Pessimist

How often do we hear some people say,
 That our republic does not suit the day.
 They argue that our governmental form
 Does well by few, but to all others harm.
 Perhaps they would be somewhat better pleased
 If by some haughty prince a throne were seized.
 If so, then they would have a pleasant time
 Saluting mighty kings of every clime,
 Who'd fill each place with Barons, Czars and Counts,
 With Princes, Dukes and Sirs, and No-Accounts.
 And might they rule with arrogant pretense,

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We shrieking, "Hock der Kaiser,"
 "Vive la France."
 And all our land would very sweetly ring
 With such applause as "Bully for the King."
 These lines are meant for those who still complain,
 And leave it all to others, whom they blame.
 Let them desist their hard time crying notes,
 And enter polls and wisely cast their votes.

—Frank L. Krampert.

In A Study Hall
 (What the Teacher Sees.)

You think we miss the dreadful things that "Nidwy" tells about,
 But if you only knew how many times we'd really like to shout!
 I'll not retaliate in kind, and use your names so free,
 But maybe you will recognize your own society.

There is the girl who dreams of HIM
 with melting, distant gaze,
 But when I glare she jumps and moves
 her lips in studious ways.
 B—barely misses being late, and always lounges in
 At the front door; oh, what a weary, weary mood he's in!
 He deigns a fleeting smile at HER, as down the aisle he drifts;
 When I suggest he get to work—oh, how his eyebrow lifts!

C—with the "conquering hero" air, and killing socks and ties,
 Enters, and every girl goes down at one glance of his eyes.
 This youth who bends assiduously above the printed page—
 And when I concentrate, I see!—but I will spare his rage.

Another knits his brow above a theme which he indites;
 'Tis only for my benefit; a callow note he writes.

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