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1916

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The Register

1915



1916

OMAHA

March 1916

Volume Thirty

Number Seven

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The Register, Omaha

Published Monthly From September to June by Students of the Omaha High School

JOHN E. SUNDERLAND,
Editor.

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Business Manager

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THE REGISTER

Volume XXX.

OMAHA, NEB., MARCH, 1916.

Number 7

PRINCE INVOOR'S QUEST

Long, long ago, there lived in the midst of a great and beautiful kingdom a most powerful king. The name of the kingdom was Thuleberg, and its ruler was a harsh and serious man who never laughed or smiled except when in the presence of his lovely daughter, the princess. This, however, was no wonder, for one must indeed be harsh to rule such a vast kingdom as Thuleberg, and it was no wonder either that the king should smile when with his daughter, for she was as fair as a lily, and as bright and graceful as a faun, and all the day she would attempt to brighten her father's tasks by her dimpling smiles and rippling laughter.

Now Thuleberg, as has been said before, was a very large kingdom and the king had fought many terrible wars for the possession of it and had at the same time, taken the kingdoms and lessened the powers of many worthy kings. Now it so happened that in one of these kingdoms which had been conquered, there lived a very noble prince, a young man of ability and daring, who, if the kingdom had not been conquered, would have become heir to his father's possessions and rule. But such was the condition of affairs that the young prince and all of his students must work and toil in the fields that they might support the king of Thuleberg. Invoor, for such was the prince's name, was very sorrowful over this condition, for he thought that it was a shame for so fair a land to suffer because of the rule of a despotic king.

Matters at last came to such a state that the prince decided to journey to the capital and gain an audience with the king, telling him of the hardships and wrongs inflicted on the citizens by the king's harsh measures. Accordingly one early morning in the early summer, he shouldered a stout stick and set out, on foot, for the great capital of Thuleberg.

In the meantime great consternation reigned in Thuleberg, for the princess was gone, and, moreover, she had left no trace of her whereabouts. She had simply disappeared before hundreds of people, while in the midst of her rose garden. The king had done everything in his power to find her, proclaiming rewards and sending couriers into every part of the vast kingdom. But, as the days passed on and she did not return, the king became almost frantic in his grief and grew so terrible that even his formerly trusted counselors were afraid of him.

All this while the prince was toiling onward toward the great city, wholly unmindful of anything save his weariness and his message to the king.

On the fourth day after he had set out on his journey, weak from travel and lack of food, he came at last into the midst of a large and dismal forest, and after descending the precipitous sides of a deep ravine, the young man found himself near a poor, weather-beaten hut. He hailed it with joy, for

he was very tired. As he passed around to what might be called the front of the hut, he looked into the interior, through the one small window and found himself face to face with the most beautiful maiden that he had ever set eyes upon.

Then he hastened to the door and knocked softly several times but received no response. Then he knocked louder, and still receiving no reply, he put his stout shoulder to the old door and easily flung it from its rotten leather hinges. He then strode boldly in, but saw no traces of the lovely maiden; he saw only an old hag, who sat before the embers of a smouldering fire. She was, so Invoor thought, as repulsive a creature as he had ever seen, for her dirty gray hair hung matted about a face so seamed with wrinkles that he could discern none of her features save her nose and chin, which on account of their great length, seemed to meet in the center of her face. Her ragged, tattered dress covered a bent and hump-backed figure and while she looked into the fire, she stroked a villainous looking black cat, which had, upon seeing the prince, arched its back and spat angrily at him, at the same time expanding its bushy tail to a great size. But the old hag gave no signs of life except for stroking the cat, and merely sat looking into the dying embers of the fire.

Invoor seemed rather astonished at her continued disregard of his presence and looked about in search of the maiden, but the only things which met his gaze were two old, badly battered chairs, an old table, and, hanging in an inconspicuous place from a beam, a large gilded bird cage. As this was the only object of special interest, the prince looked closely at it, and saw huddled up in one corner an old crow, which from time to time let forth a disconsolate croak. Upon seeing the prince draw closer however, the crow began to hop restlessly about and throw itself against the bars of its cage. At this Invoor became somewhat interested, but of a sudden the old hag in the corner let out such a snake-like hiss that the bird quickly covered down in one corner and Invoor turned about in surprise. But outside of this the old hag made no other sound but still sat in the same position as when the prince had entered.

At last, becoming exasperated, Invoor exclaimed, "Well, my good dame, since you give no word of welcome, I would judge that you wished not to be disturbed. But be that as it may, I have traveled far, and am weary and hungry, and all that I ask is a night's lodging, which you surely will not refuse."

But still the old hag neither looked at him nor ceased to stroke the cat. Now Invoor was hungry and so, looking about more thoroughly, he saw an old cupboard in which he found a small jug of milk and a loaf, which he eagerly ate, and then lay down to rest on a bed of leaves in one corner.

He knew not how long he slept, but when he awoke he found himself lying on the soft, green grass near the roadside, and in no wise under the roof of the hut which he was sure that he had entered. Indeed, there was the ravine, the forest, everything, but the hut was gone. He at last began to think that he had been dreaming, but could not get over the vision of the maiden. Getting up at last, he spied a brook, which he had overlooked the night before, and doused his head vigorously, several times.

In the meantime the king at Thuleberg was becoming more perplexed and annoyed over the disappearance of his daughter, and consequently he ruled his domain with a weak hand. Every one in the kingdom felt the loss of the princess, not only because the king ruled poorly, because she had been a great favorite, and much loved by all.

After many weary days Invoor at last came to the capital where the king dwelt and hurried through the gates. As he entered the city, he noticed the lack of hustle and life which should have been apparent, and he wondered

what was wrong. Many of the shops were closed, and there were many other signs which brought the prince to believe that the city was in mourning over the death of the king, or that the kingdom had been conquered. So, seeing a solitary wayfarer, he asked whether the king was dead, or the kingdom conquered, but the man hastened on, thinking perhaps that nothing but a fool would ask such a question.

As the prince reached the gates of the wall of the castle, he passed in unchallenged, and also at the moat and gate of the castle proper, he met no resistance. He continued his way into the castle without meeting a single person, and at last arrived at the silent door of the great throne room. But now there was not a guard in sight, either in the long hall or by the door itself.

Since no one accosted him, he boldly pushed aside the velvet curtain and entered. Hardly had he taken three steps when up from an obscure corner of the room sprang the figure of a nice, tall and powerful man. Now, however, he was worn by age and worry, but was clothed in kingly robes. In his hand he carried, instead of a sceptre, a long, heavy sword. At this point Invoor recognized him as the king, and so he fell on one knee, and bowed his head.

"What now?" cried the king angrily. "Arise and get thee hence. How comes it that thou enterest my kingly presence unannounced, even though I did order that no one should come nigh?"

"Noble monarch," answered Invoor, "I came not hither to interrupt your solitude, but as to arriving unannounced, I could not help it, since I have not seen a single person all the while I have been within the walls of the castle."

"Is it possible," cried the king in anger, "that my faithful courtiers have left me?"

"I know not as to that," said Invoor, "but I came, your majesty, to ask that you grant me a boon."

"Away, churl, away!" shouted the king; "do you think that I bother my head about such fickle requests as you would ask? Have I not now more sorrow than mortal man can bear? Do you not know that the pride and joy of my heart, my daughter, the princess of Thuleberg, has disappeared?"

"Oh, good king, has she left no trace or clue? Perhaps she may yet be found."

"Perhaps," responded the king sadly, "perhaps she may yet be found. But no, no; it cannot be. Have I not sent couriers through every state and country?"

The king had gradually worked himself into a great rage, and now told Invoor in so many words that his presence was no longer needed.

"Ah me," sighed Invoor, "I have indeed failed in my quest, for I did not even state to the king that which I desired."

Finally he brightened up and tried to think of what he might do, in order to gain the good will of the irate king.

All this time he was proceeding onward, unmindful of the fact that he was approaching the gates of the city. Neither did he notice that it was nearing sundown and that he was leaving the city in the opposite direction from which he had entered. At last he looked up and saw where he was, and not wishing to leave the city until morning, he looked about and discovered that he was not far from a somewhat dilapidated and time worn inn, in front of which hung a sign suspended by a pole. He entered the place and found himself in a long, broad room, one side of which was occupied by a bar, and beyond a great fireplace which seemed dreary in its yawning emptiness. On the other side of the room, flopped over on a long bench, reclined the unkempt figure of the landlord. He had fallen asleep, his mouth gaping widely, and his arms

hanging loosely at his sides. Invoor had to shake him roughly before he could get him awake, and demand a supper and a bed. While eating, he learned the circumstance of the disappearance of the princess, and after a refreshing sleep, he packed away a few bits of food and set out through the gates of the city, just as the sun began to climb the opposite wall. About mid-day he sat down to rest and refresh himself under the shade of an immense oak, and then proceeded onward for about three hours. At the end of that time, he came in sight of the Marolian mountain and quickened his pace, but he was only able to reach the grassy slope at its base before darkness overtook him. He knew that he could not hope to climb the mountain in the dark, and besides this was the boundary of the land of Thuleberg.

The next morning, as he traveled upward, the going became harder and harder, for the grass-covered slopes which he had traversed early in the morning had now disappeared and nothing but boulder strewn rock remained to walk upon. Occasionally, however, he would come upon some grass-covered knoll and stop a while to regain his breath.

At one time, when he had advanced about a mile from his starting point, he became aware of strange sounds which proceeded from one of the knolls mentioned before. He hastened to the spot and came upon two huge men, each of whom might have vied with Hercules in strength, who were pushing, straining and hauling each other about, and evidently wrestling. After watching them for a short time, Invoor advanced toward them, and with no little trouble, made his presence known and inquired the cause of their combat. Then panting heavily, they stopped.

One of them said, "Good sir, we two are brothers from the land of Twars. Both of us set out in life as wrestlers and although many times have we met in combat in the presence of men, neither of us has been able to overcome the other, and so we decided that we would come to this secluded spot and settle the matter. But now we have contested three days, and still are not able to decide which is the more skillful, or who is the stronger."

Then Invoor replied: "Long have I watched you and know that you are both so equally matched that no man could say which one of you was the better; but you are wasting your time here. Come with me and seek adventure."

Then he told them how and why he had come to be searching for the princess, and begged them to join him. Both of the brothers were glad to accept his offer, and the trio soon set off over the mountain.

They had not gone far until they saw quite a way off the figure of a man. As they approached, he did not move, but sat motionless upon a stone, holding his head in his hands, and muttering to himself. The one queer feature about this man was his head. It was immense and not a single hair adorned its highly polished surface, but instead it was covered with small humps and bumps, as if the owner's brain did not have enough room inside his skull. Both of the strong brothers laughed heartily at the man, but the prince gravely accosted him, and asked him who he was, and what he was doing in such a secluded spot. The man replied in slow, solemn tones: "I am, my son, the man of wisdom. In fact, I know everything that is going on in all the world, and have come to this rugged mountain to seek solitude."

"Ah then, learned sir," cried Invoor eagerly, "perhaps you can tell us what has become of the princess of Thuleberg."

"The princess of Thuleberg," said the man, "is at this time under the influence of a powerful witch, who in order to gain revenge upon the king, has stolen her away. They are located in a hut which the witch can transport at

pleasure from one place to another. At present they are in the forest of Warthen boor, which no man has ever penetrated."

Then Invoor was highly delighted, and begged the man of wisdom to accompany them on the journey to the forest of Warthen boor. At first he refused, but at last accepted the invitation, and supporting his great head in his hands, he descended from the rock, and with slow, stately strides, he followed after the other three.

They had almost reached the top of the mountain, when they saw coming over the top of a small hill a very tall and lanky individual who was traveling at a great rate of speed towards them. He greeted them in a high shaky voice, and asked if he might join their company. Invoor assured him that he might, and after sharing with him their mid-day meal, the little party once more set out down the hill.

Now, however, they met no one and under the guidance of the man of wisdom, they soon reached the impenetrable forest of Warthen boor, where the old witch had concealed the princess. Having arrived on the borders of the forest, they sat down in a circle and discussed plans as to how to reach the hut. It was impossible to go on foot, for the underbrush was so thick and heavy that there was not enough room for the passage of a snake. There were no rivers by which they might travel to the interior, and at last the rest gave the puzzle up and consulted the man of wisdom.

"I think," said he, slowly, "that our friend, the tall one, may be able to help us out," and turning about, he grasped the aforesaid by the ear and awoke him from a sonorous slumber, into which he had fallen while his companions were talking. Having been awakened and told the circumstances, he stood up, stretched, and took from out each of his knees a long pin of iron, and at once began to stretch up and up, until his companions could no longer see his face, because it was obscured by the clouds. Then he leaned far over and down, and easily found the hut in the center of the forest. Then he shortened himself again until he had resumed his original size and told his companions that the hut stood exactly in the center of the forest, in a small clearing, and that he could easily transport his companions there, one by one.

The man of wisdom then spoke up and said: "It is as I thought, but it will not be as easy to get the princess as you think, even after you have arrived at the hut. When you arrive there, you will not find the princess herself, but instead an old crow in a wicker cage. This you must take from the beam on which it hangs, and quickly carry it hither, if possible. If the old hag interferes, kill her at once, but do not fail to take from her finger the ring which you will find there and bring it also with you, for without it we can never restore the princess to her original form. Now hasten and do as I have bid."

Then once more the tall man took the iron pins from his knees and lifted up first Invoor and then the two strong brothers, and quickly deposited them in the clearing in front of the hut.

As soon as they found themselves on the solid ground once more, both Invoor and the two brothers rushed into the hut. There sat the old hag as Invoor had seen before, and there also hung the cage which contained the crow. Invoor at once took it down, and started with it toward the door, but the old witch started to intervene and began muttering a spell. Before she could get through, however, the two strong brothers had sprung upon her and killed her, each of them dealing out a single vicious blow. Then they took the ring from her finger and were all carried back by the tall one to the wise man.

Having arrived, they took the crow from the cage, handed the ring to the wise man and awaited developments. First he took the ring and placed it about the neck of the submissive crow. Then he stood on one leg, then the other,

held both his hands upward, and whispered a slow and intricate verse three times. Then he stood upon both feet, and clapped his hands sharply once. Immediately there appeared before the astonished gaze of the other four men the most beautiful damsel in all the world. It was of a surety the princess of Thuleberg, and the same person that Invoor had seen in the hut a long while before, and that he had fallen deeply in love with.

Now, all that remained was the journey back, which was soon accomplished by a more short and easy route than that which Invoor had used to come by.

But when they arrived in Thuleberg the princess was saddened and the rest downcast, for during their absence the king had died of grief and his kingdom was overrun by revolutionists and plotters, all trying to gain the throne. Invoor at once set about regaining the throne for the princess and this purpose he easily accomplished by his faithful followers, with the wise man as counselor, the two strong brothers as leaders in his army and the tall man as scout.

It is true, moreover, that Invoor became king, for he soon married the princess, and lived a long life and a good one.

THE FRIENDLY ROAD

To tread again the friendly road,
To quit the noisy streets,
The selfish stir, the ceaseless goad,
And tread again the friendly road
That smiles with sweet retreats.

Its lazy maple trees that drowse
Through ev'ry sun-bathed day;
The sleepy elm with pendant boughs,
And friendly manner that allows
The pilgrim place to pray.

The happy spring lifts laughing lips
To mine as I partake
And purls the while to thirsty sips,
Then down the brook and off it skips,
Oh, there my thirst to slake.

To hear the droning of the bees
And lark's clear bubbling ode,
Sigh deep the perfume laden breeze
While dreaming there beneath the trees
Beside the friendly road.

To tread again the friendly road,
Where nature smiles so fair,
And hail the teamsters with their load,
And smell the hay-field newly mowed,
Along the roadway there.

How mem'ries stir within me when
I meet a bygone joy—
A butterfly or city wren—
Ah! here's the friendly road again,
And I'm once more a boy.

—Hart Jenks.



Articles by two former O. H. S. boys appear in a recent issue of the *Third Rail*, a Dartmouth publication of student opinion which defines itself as a "magazine of adventures." Among the general articles is a timely discussion of "Peace at the Only Price" by Edmund Booth, who is one of the associate editors of the magazine and who served a journalistic apprenticeship as editor of the *Register* year before last. A leading editorial is by Clifford Daniels, '14, who, it will be remembered, was the only member of his family to survive the tornado of March, 1913. From this editorial, which bears the interesting title, "College Men and Religion," we print the following extract: "And when it comes to a choice between the devout man and the in-pious, the devout one is nearly always the winner; the fellows feel that he is trustworthy. He is honored all the more because the rest of the student body knows what he is up against, knows that it takes as much nerve to make a religious man at college as to make a whole generation of football teams."

The enrollment of the high school has at last reached the two thousand mark. The present number of pupils in the school is 2,063.

The scholarship list in the February issue was incomplete. The following names have been given to us by the office for publication:

5 A's—Nina M. Bell, Viva Craven.
4½ A's—Aloys Berka, Della Marxen, Mary Redgwick, Helen Benson.

4 A's—Ann Axtell, Harold Boggs, Cornelia Cockrell, Alice Douglas, Aaron Greenfield, William Hamilton, Harold Hudspeth, Jean Landale, Lucile Rector, Mabel Reidy, Marjorie Thomas, Bessie M. Townsend, Dorothy Gray.

3½ A's—Elva Krogh, Helen Robinson, Lilly Robinson, Elizabeth Moring, Marguerite Walker, Rose Colan.

3 A's—Mabel Bell, Stella Bessel, Elizabeth Burnett, Margaret Carnaby, Helen Cole, Pauline Crane, Harold Cunningham, John Eldredge, Donald Ellington, Myrne Gilchrist, Michael Goldsmith, Israel Goodman, Eugene Grau, Margaret Hoffman, Leora Hupp, Mabel Huston, Madeline Johnson, Robert Kutak, Jack Landale, Justice Lindberg, Mary Loomis, Grace Mahaffey, Lillian Mayer, Arild Olsen, Helen Peycke, Ralph Shultz, John Sumnerland, Waldemar Thomson, Katherine Thoeleke, Helen Wall, Dorothy Davis, Ivan Bastien.

Andrew Scott, '15, is about on a par with Teddy Roosevelt these days as far as breaking into print goes. The papers are full of his achievements at Beloit College, where he is high man in the Freshman class and head of the Freshman debating team. He also carries about twice as many studies as the average student and does them all better than the average, too. It is a pleasure to read and hear about such an alumnus as this.

It is with deepest sorrow that we announce the death of Miss Marguerite Barnhart. Miss Barnhart was a member of last year's graduating class and was attending the University of Nebraska when she took sick. Death was caused by typhoid fever.

A demonstration Edison talking machine concert was given in the auditorium March 23rd.

Robert Callahan and Clara Drumming, two high school pupils, who were in the California street coasting accident, are still suffering from the injuries which they received. It will probably be two months before they will be able to be out. The school extends their sympathy to both of them and wishes them as speedy a recovery as possible.

We are all glad to learn that Catherine Simmons is slowly recovering from a severe case of scarlet fever.

NATURAL.

Angry Customer: "Why did you drop that steaming towel on my face?"

Barber: "Because it was too hot to hold, sir."

WHO'S UP?

First War Fan: "What are the Russians doing?"

Second War Fan: "Oh, they put the czar in the box and shifted the grand duke to right field."

On March 16, Miss Edith Tobitt, head librarian of the Omaha Public Library, gave a lecture in the school auditorium on library work. This is the first of a series of lectures to be given to assist high school pupils to decide upon their life work.

Have you noticed the fancy—nay, loud—shirts and ties the boys have been displaying of late? Why the youth of yesterday would not have dared to wear such attire, even in a thunderstorm!

A short Senior meeting was held March 14th. Miss Towne talked about the graduation announcements and the "cap and gown" question.

On March 9th the girls of the Choral Union held a candy sale to defray the expenses of the Union to Lincoln, where it will take part in a large assembly of other high school songsters.

Judge Estelle lectured in the school auditorium March 15th on the value of literature to everybody.

Virginia White has fully recovered from scarlet fever and is again back at school with just six weeks work to make up.

Lilith Roberts is convalescing from scarlet fever. The quarantine will not be lifted until the first of April. Just think of the dozens of assignments you're missing, Lilith!

"Say, I bought this suit from you a week ago and it's looking rusty already."

"Well, I guaranteed it to wear like iron."

CLEVER FEAT

Boy: "Father, what is a demagog?"

Father: "A demagog is a man who can rock the boat himself, and make every one believe there's a storm at sea."

BARKER'S CLOTHES SHOP

Take Elevator—Save \$10.

Society Notes

February 26 the Chi Kangs gave a dance at the home of Edith Willebrand in Dundee. Artistic Chinese decorations in yellow and white, the club colors, prevailed. About twelve couples were present.

Helen Wah! entertained the members of the O'Dix at her home on March 12.

Miss Margaret Hoffman went to Lincoln March 3rd to attend the Phi Delta Theta party. While there she remained at the Kappa Kappa Gamma house.

The dances which Birney Miller and Leslie Williams have been superintending will be resumed next Friday.

Catherine Conrad and Helen Psyche went to Lincoln Friday to attend the tournament. They were chaperoned by Mrs. Psyche.

The Dundee Dancing Club gave a dancing party Friday evening, February 11, at Harte hall. The chaperones were Mrs. Clinton Miller and Miss Parker. Fifteen couples were present.

In figuring on that graduation photo count us in. The Cady Studio.

Have you noticed our display in the south hall? The Cady Studio, 2521 Sherman Ave.

Many high school pupils attended the leap year hard times party given by the Amitic Club at the home of Miss Dorothy Singer. The evening was spent in dancing. An enjoyable feature of the evening was the exquisite flute playing by Mr. Earle Ticknor, who is a graduate of the O. H. S.

Jean Wallace entertained at her home Saturday, March 11. Those present were: Ardice Carter, Helen Beisel, Nellie Galliger, Sylvia Hoyer, Jean Wallace, Herald Lovejoy, Ed. Zipsel, George Carter, Hayden Ahmannsen.

Josephine Latenzer will be hostess at a dance for the O'T's to be given the 3rd of April.

Miss Jessie Tennant entertained the Gym Club at this high school Saturday afternoon, February 26. Miss Reva Katz won the prize.

Roberta Coulter entertained at a birthday dinner for Chuck Morearty on March 11.

NEVER ASK FOR THIS

Bismethlyaminotetraminoarsenobenzenhydrochloride contains 26.5 per cent of arsenic.

EDITORIAL



GRADUAUTION: WHAT NEXT?

As the high school life draws to a close, the Senior is beginning to think very seriously about a life plan. The first big question that comes up is, "Shall I continue my school education beyond high school work?" We say "school education," because of course education in its broadest sense never ceases. No advice good for all cases can be laid down concerning going to a college or university. That is a matter that each must decide for himself. While most of us would profit by a period of study away from home, there is no doubt that for a good many, schooling beyond the high school is impractical. In regard to the expense of going away to school, most college and university authorities do not encourage attempts to work one's way through the freshman year. The opportunities for self-help increase however during one's stay at school, and, if the expenses of the first year have been safely met, one can be reasonably sure of securing some means of meeting the expenses for the other years, either at the school itself or in the city in which the school is located.

If one decides to go away from home and continue his studies beyond the high school, another big question immediately arises, "What school will best accomplish my purpose? To what college or university shall I go?" For those who have definitely decided upon some profession or upon some special line of work, the task of choosing a school is easier than for those who have not a definite goal ahead of them. Schools that specialize in some particular branch are so few and so good, each in its own line, that a selection among them is not a particularly difficult task. But the great majority of those who go away to school do not have any special goal for which to train, but are looking simply for an education that will make them clear-thinking, broad-minded, capable men and women. For these the selection of a school is quite a problem.

The state university has one advantage inasmuch as it throws one in contact with so many of the men who will in the future be the business men throughout the state and with whom one will associate later when in business himself. This advantage is a great one and should not be lost sight of, especially by those who are planning to enter some kind of work that will require

them to come into contact with the business men in the smaller towns all through the state. There is a notion abroad now, however, perhaps unjustified, that the social good times and the athletics at the various state universities are too large a factor in drawing students. The best reasons for going away from one's own locality to school seem to be that, by being thrown upon his own resources, one learns to depend upon himself to a much greater extent than would be the case at home, and that the contact with a different type of people broadens the mind and lets one see a good many things from a different angle. Schools may also be classified according to size, varying all the way from a few hundred in the small college to seventeen thousand at Columbia. Here the small school seems to have the better of the argument. In a large school a student cannot receive the personal attention of the professor as he does in the small or medium sized school, and when one is away from home, the friendship and companionship of a professor often means a great deal. Then, too, in a school of five or six thousand, for instance, one student isn't a very big part, but merely a very small cog in a great machine. Many students have to consider the question of entire or partial self-support. The location of the school has an important bearing. If the school is in a large city, many more opportunities are offered for working one's way than there would be in a small town. Again in the small town fewer chances for recklessly spending money are offered and more interest is apt to be taken in school affairs. The school one chooses should have enough income to procure the highest type of apparatus and equipment, as well as teachers. One should avoid, however, the school that caters to the aristocratic or wealthy class of students, for the democratic school is the only one in which to secure a broad education.

So this problem of choosing a school is really an entirely different one for each individual. The character and circumstances of the individual play so great a part in it that advice good for one might not be so at all for another. Just one thing may be said to apply in all cases. That is, select a school that you honestly think will best serve your purpose. Don't let the last year's athletic record or your special group of friends or anything of that sort influence you. Going to college means something vastly more than just having a good time.

NOTICE SENIORS!

All material for the Annual must be in by April 21st. This means that all photographs must be taken very soon. Remember to hand in honor lists together with pictures. You will aid the staff very much if you will hand in write-ups of friends. It is our purpose this year to make the Annual's memory-book section the biggest and best ever. To do this we must have your help. Get busy with your kodaks and bring in the snapshots. Pictures of last year's camp will be especially welcome. Social groups may also be represented to some extent in this department. Remember that the memory book is not only for the Seniors. Remember the date—April 21st.



Spring has come and the outside drill has been started. The regiment should now begin to rapidly improve, for after drilling in the stuffy halls all winter, there should be considerable enthusiasm upon getting out into the air again.

The February freshmen, who have been drilling under the staff officers, have been enrolled with their respective companies and are now drilling with the old men.

In accordance with the new plan for company marking, the first series of company drills and inspections has been completed and the second round has begun. The companies have all shown up very well indeed so far. This new system should do much toward increasing the interest of the men in the regular drill.

Major Elsasser has announced a plan of holding an officers' school with written tests now and then with the purpose of increasing the efficiency of the commissioned officers. While this is no doubt a good thing for the regiment, the officers are not looking forward to it with any great amount of pleasure.

Company spell-downs have become very popular in the last few weeks, for the man in each company who has the greatest number of points on the company medal is to drill in a competitive drill which is to be one act in the coming vaudeville. This vaudeville is to be for the benefit of athletics and the drill is to be only one of the many interesting stunts that will be pulled off.

A Junior drill was held on Monday, the 6th, the purpose of which was to get a line on the ability of the fellows who are to hold the commissioned offices next year.

Speaking of the birds that sing in the spring, "tra-la," have you noticed the bugle corps of late? They have astonished us lately with their beautiful carolling about the grounds. The band, under "General" Green, is also coming along in fine shape.

An immense panoramic picture of the regiment was taken on Thursday, the 10th. It is a splendid picture of both regiment and high school building and makes a very valuable keepsake.

A transfer from the Dodge line north at Fourteenth street will bring you to our entrance. The Cady Studio, 2521 Sherman Ave.

WHY?

"I can't say I like your tooth paste."
"That's shaving cream."

BARKER'S CLOTHES SHOP

No Sales—Always \$15.



BASKET BALL



Omaha, 20; Lincoln, 15.

On the 19th of February we took a second fall out of Lincoln on her own floor. The game was a fast one from start to finish. Lincoln put up a good fight and the score was a tie at the end of the first half. Good work by Maxwell gave us the edge and we came off on top. The team played this game practically without coaching and so deserve credit for beating the Lincoln team. The lineup:

Omaha.	Lincoln.
Patty R. F.	Albrecht
Maxwell J. F.	McBride
Paynter C.	Brian
Grove R. G.	Smith
Logan L. G.	Shroeder

Field goals: Albrecht (3), Brian, Smith, Maxwell (4), Patty (2), Paynter, Grove Logan. Free throws, Brian (5), Patty (4).

Omaha, 10; Sioux City, 32.

The Sioux City team had revenge for its defeat here in Omaha. The team went down full of hope, and Sioux City disappointed them by cleaning up, 32 to 10. Sioux City took the lead after the first few minutes and kept it till the end. Omaha lacked team work throughout the game and was unable to score a field goal until the second half started. Larson, the Sioux City captain, played a star game, making eight field goals. The lineup:

Omaha.	Sioux City.
Patty R. F.	Larson
Maxwell L. F.	Pinkley
Paynter C.	Menefee
Logan L. G.	Rugel
Grove R. G.	Montgomery

Substitutes: Yardley, Omaha. Field goals: Pinkley, Yardley (2), Riczel (4), Larson (8), Patty, Paynter. Foul throws: Larson (2), Patty (2).

Omaha, 21; Council Bluffs, 15.

The defeat by Sioux City seemed to put some pep into the team and the next night they beat Council Bluffs here in Omaha. Council Bluffs beat us earlier in the season, but never a second time. The game was rather a rough one, many fouls being committed by both teams. Maxwell and Logan played fine games and were largely responsible for the score. Patty and Paynter both showed good form, as did Grove down in his corner at guard. The lineup:

Omaha.	Council Bluffs.
Maxwell R. F.	Shepherd
Patty J. F.	Lowrey
Paynter C.	Mahoney
Grove R. G.	Berwick
Logan L. G.	Clark

Field goals: Maxwell (2), Patty, Paynter, Logan (4), Shepherd, Puryear, Mahoney, Clark (2). Foul goals: Patty (5), Shepherd (3).

Omaha, 18; St. Joseph, 28.

On March 4th St. Joseph came to Omaha and after they left the team was somewhat depressed. Omaha was beginning to get into an ancient habit. They could get the ball under the basket at any time, but the baskets lacked about two inches of being large enough. St. Joseph had a fine team and their guards were like a wall in front of the players, often forcing Omaha to throw the ball wild. Their right forward, Light was a whirlwind by himself. He intercepted many passes by running the length of the floor and hung up four field goals. Taking all the facts into account, it may be said that Omaha was doomed to lose.

Grove was the star performer on the O. H. S. team, guarding very effectively and helping out all around the floor. The lineup:

Omaha.
 Patty R. F. Light
 Maxwell L. F. Voss
 Paynter C. Spratt
 Grove R. G. Meyer
 Logan L. G. Sellers
 Field goals: Light (4), Voss (3),
 Maxwell, Paynter, Logan (2), Hill-
 iard., Meyer, Sellers, Patty (2), Grove.
 Free throws: Patty (2), Voss (5).

The Tournament.

Omaha fully expected to cop first honors in the state meet this year. Perhaps that is why they lost. At any rate Beatrice with a stronger team than they had in Omaha, put them out of the semi-finals by a score of 17 to 7. Omaha had a close call when they barely nosed out ahead of University Place, the scoring being 7 to 3, in favor of University Place until three minutes before the final whistle. The lineups for the games:

Omaha (23). **Seward (1).**
 Maxwell R. F. Gillen
 Patty L. F. Petersen
 Paynter C. Tellig
 Grove R. G. Evans
 Logan L. G. Calder

Omaha (8). **Uni. Place (7).**
 Maxwell R. F. Payne
 Patty L. F. Burke
 Paynter C. Amos
 Grove R. G. Rancy
 Logan L. G. March
 Field goals: Maxwell, Patty, Paynter, Payne, Amos. Foul goals: Payne, Patty (2).

Omaha (23). **Columbus (12).**
 Maxwell R. F. R. Neumann
 Patty J. F. C. Neumann
 Paynter C. Lisco
 Grove R. G. Cass
 Logan L. G. Dickey
 Field goals: Maxwell, Patty, Paynter (4), Logan, R. Neumann (2), C. Neumann, Lisco, Cass. Foul goals: Patty (3), C. Neumann.

Omaha (7). **Beatrice (17).**
 Maxwell R. F. Cosford
 Patty L. F. Shellenberg

Paynter C. Ward
 Grove R. G. Burroughs
 Logan L. G. Hubka
 Field goals: Logan, Grove (1), Cosford (3), Shellenberg (2), Ward (3).
 Foul goals: Patty, Paynter (2), Ward.
 Lincoln was also put out in the semi-finals by Crete, the score being 14 to 3.
 In the finals Beatrice beat Crete in a snappy game, the score being 15 to 11.

Track.

The track team this year ought to make as good a record as last year's. The team will be out running around the "track" in the next few days and there ought to be some good material for the coach to work on.

Baseball.

There are only about four regulars of last year's team back this year, so the fellows have to help Mr. Spinning in every way to turn out a good team. Every boy who knows anything about the game should come out and try for the team. *Help put Omaha High School on the Baseball Map.*

The following received O's for the various teams last year:

Basket Ball—Russel Larmon, captain; Paul Flothow, Fredolph Engstrom, Carl Lutes, Floyd Paynter, Jesse Patty.

Baseball—Harold Grove; captain-elect; Paul Withey, captain; Everson, Carpenter, Wingate, Hazen, Carson, Moskovitz, Curtis Kutak.

Track—Neville, captain; Morearty, captain-elect; Fullaway, Newton, Weirich, Gould, Lutes, Roundtree, Raynolds, Engstrom, Paynter, Logan.

Girls' Athletics.

The Tennis Club met the first week of March and elected the new officers for the year. The results of the election were:

President, Evelyn Douglas; vice president, Helen Pfeiffer; secretary-treasurer, Mary Redgwick, and Marie Thompson, reporter. The Tennis Club decided to wait until after the spring vacation to start the tournament, but to post the drawings before vacation.

The Basket Ball Tournament ended successfully for the Juniors, who won over the Seniors by but one point. The following are the scores for the tournament games:

Sophomores, 16; Juniors, 18. Sophomores, 16; Seniors, 18. Juniors, 14; Seniors, 13.

Nadene Thompson, Jennie Selander and Vernetta Price captained the Senior, Junior and Sophomore teams, respectively.

From all reports the girls derived much fun from the various games and there was no small rivalry between the Junior and Senior fives.

Our Collection Box.

(The contributions in this issue are from Freshmen.)

SUNRISE

The morn was dark when I climbed a bluff
 On our side of the river;
 And as yet the air was cool,
 Which made me slightly shiver.

It took some time for the dawn to lift,
 And the pink I had waited for;
 But when Sol came, he came as fast
 As a thunderbolt from Thor.

He lighted up the eastern sky,
 O'er the bluffs across the stream;
 His face was crimson, red and gold,
 With good nature did it beam.

The dusty gray was scared away
 By the king of brilliancy;
 As he made his colors so bright and true,
 It seems for you and me.

His robes of red were outward blown,
 To waken birds and men;
 The beauty of his actions here
 Could ne'er be drawn with pen.

He threw a ray of crimson light
 Across the river's breast;
 And made it shimmer brilliantly,
 In his golden blanket dressed.

I have seen the sun rise from the coasts,
 And Rocky Mountains, too;
 But I think the sunrise in our state
 Has beat them through and through.

—Harold Boisen, '19

OUR ROOM

While in Europe, mother decided to travel in Italy during the winter. Everybody advised her not to take my sister and me with her, but put us in some school. We found a lovely one in the Alps, which had once been a castle. We stayed there for three months. Mother's return was unexpected, but an exceedingly pleasant surprise. Wanting to have our mother alone, we took her up to our room. On the threshold we stopped to look at it. It was a rather dark room, left furnished as it had been in the days when knights and ladies lived there. Against one wall stood two large four-poster beds with dark red velvet curtains. Between these beds was a heavy oak dressing table. A large, grandfather's clock stood near by and ticked on as it had ticked for hundreds of years and probably wondered at the change of things. On one wall hung an oil painting of a beautiful young girl. It was so easy to imagine that she had once lived in that very room. Two immense arm chairs stood by two windows which also had red curtains, and looked out upon the moat and drawbridge. In contrast to all of these ancient things were several uninteresting books of nowadays, such as arithmetic, German, French and English, and on the floor some tops, a jumping-rope and a doll.

Gertrude Peycke, '17...

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Everything Fresh and New

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Style Less the High Cost

A QUAKERESS AND HER CAT.

While on a trip to Philadelphia, I visited the home of a Quaker woman. When I entered the room, I saw a woman sitting by the fire, with her Maltese cat in her lap. At first glance, one noticed her cleanliness and neatness and was impressed by her meek and unassuming manner. She wore a gray dress and gray cap. The only trimming on her dress was a large white collar and white cuffs. When she walked, she moved very quietly and when she spoke her voice was soft and sweet. Her cat, in many ways, seemed like her. It had gray fur with little patches of white, which gave it resemblance to the dress of the woman. The cat was as neat, quiet and unassuming as its mistress.

Charlotte Michaelson, '19.

THE FACE ON THE MIRROR

I stepped within the dim-lighted hall of my apartment and faced the mirror. Yes, Benjamin was right; the strain of the excitement was beginning to show itself on my face. My large blue eyes were faded into a tired gray, and surrounded by a dark, heavy ring. My eyelids dropped in languid drowsiness over my hot exhausted eyes. My nose had remained perfectly natural. It still turned in defiant impudence at the end and still retained its cluster of brown freckles. My cheeks were growing hollow and shadows were hovering around my one sadly neglected dimple. Under the short arch of my nose a small round mouth dropped its corners in a semicircle over a small round chin. Thick clusters of rebellious brown locks curled around my high brow and neck. On the whole it was the expression, not the fact that was distasteful.

Ruth Cooper, '19.

SHORT AND SWEET

Pat: "I hear you boys struck for shorter hours. Did you get 'em?"

Mike: "Sure; we're not working at all now."

JACK FROST

Jack Frost upon a cold, clear night,
Thought he'd make the world look
right

By painting all the windows white
And sealing people's clothes up tight.

He blew his breath upon a hill,
And then went over to the mill,
And painted pictures fit to kill
Upon the miller's window sill.

He came upon a little lake,
And turned it to an icy cake,
And wondered if he couldn't make
A tree look like a big snow flake.

He started at its branches high,
And painted till he reached the sky,
And then remembered with a sigh
That he must paint the trunk nearby

At last he finished for the night,
But not before, with great delight,
He saw that all the world was white,
And saw that everything looked right.

—Basil Bims, '19.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Georgie had a little hatchet;
East or west, no one could match it.
One fine day our little boy
Roughly used his costly toy.

George's pa soon came to see
Every growing cherry tree,
When what to his surprise he found
A little tree upon the ground.

Swiftly turning around about,
He called to George with mighty shout.
In guilty fright George bravely came,
Nor feared to nobly take the blame.

"God bless you, boy," his father cried,
"Truthful honor is your guide;
Onward, upward, you will climb,
Nor fail to reach the heights sublime."


—Elizabeth Austin, '19.

TRUE!

A.: "Every time the baby looks at me, he smiles."

B.: "Well, that shows he has a sense of humor."

Organizations



One of the snappiest joint programs the literary societies have ever offered was given in the auditorium March 10th. A large and appreciative audience enjoyed the following program:

ELAINE SOCIETY

Beatrice Johnson, President.

Recitation: "Prior to Miss Belle's Appearance," by Ruth Miller.

LAUREL DEBATING SOCIETY

Ethel Katz, President

Omaha High School, 1886: Mildred Street, Helen Bertwell.

Omaha High School, 1916: Stella Bessell, Reva Katz.

Omaha High School, 1936: Madeline Cohn, Mary Mena.

LAMRON SOCIETY

Margaret Campbell, President

Story: "The Juggler of Touraine," by Clara Gregerson.

Song: "Little Boy Blue," by Hazel Smith.

LAIREPMI DEBATING SOCIETY

Abram Lack, President

Recitation: "Captain Joe," by Henry Carmody.

Recitation: "Landing of the Pilgrims," by Clarence Rogers.

Harmonica Solo by John Gross.

PRISCILLA ALDEN SOCIETY

Mildred Erickson, President

Scenes from King Henry V.—King Henry V., Alice Stone; Princess Katherine of France, Jean Landale; Alice (Lady in Waiting to the Princess), Elsie Hurt.

FRANCES WILLARD SOCIETY

Minerva Heine, President

Playlette: "American Beauties"

Marie Hazel Smith
Kate Irene Winter
Harriet Ruth Stine

Anne Alma Sloan
Bess Ora Goodsell
Elinor Doris Krell

Mr. Roscoe Pound, who has just been appointed dean of the Harvard Law School, was born and educated in Nebraska and went through the Lincoln public schools, including the University of Nebraska. He was a member of the faculty at this university until six years ago, when he was called to Harvard. His recent appointment at Harvard is not only a splendid honor for this Nebraska genius, but it reflects great glory upon his father state.

It has always been a difficult matter for our graduating classes to select suitable gifts for the school. However, this year's mid-term graduating class has surely made a wise choice in presenting their gifts. This class has given six colored charts showing the various costumes of the ancient men-of-war and their manner of fighting. These representations are of interest to any one. In addition to these charts there are two books of "The Revue of the Ancient Mariner," beautifully illustrated in delicate colors.

THE ELAINE SOCIETY

The Elaine Society and the Margaret Fuller Society held a joint meeting in the auditorium, Friday March 3rd. The program consisted of:

Elaine Song.

Recitation, "De Projical Son"—Winifred Travis.

Piano Solo, "Gondolieri"—Josephine Platner.

Scotch Dance—Helen Sinclair and Elizabeth Ferrigo.

Reading, "Mrs. Casey on the Beauty Doctor"—Beatrice Montgomery.

W. D. S.

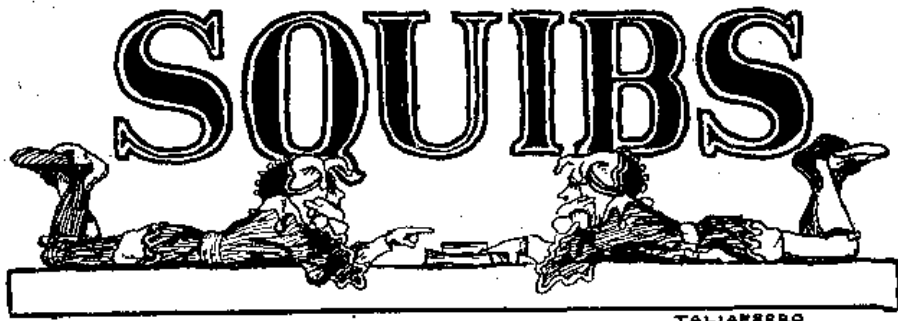
The Webster Debating Society entertained its members with a short, snappy program at the last regular meeting. This program consisted of a talk on Daniel Webster, several laughable anecdotes, and a spirited debate. The debate which was on the question, "Resolved, That the students of the O. H. S. should remain in the building until 3 p. m.," was upheld by Daniel Longwell, who had Robinson and Mathews for opponents.

The society is expecting a large turnout at the next meeting, as all Freshmen have been invited to take in the interesting program which is to be given.

L. D. S.

The L. D. S. held a snappy meeting on February 18th, in room 248. Some of the older members of the society started a campaign to interest the newly-arrived Freshmen in debating, and their undertaking has thus far been very successful. The society has been gaining in spirit and in membership. Several talks were given by different members. C. R. Rogers and B. Mordick gave recitations. John Gross gave a harmonica solo. Parliamentary practice concluded the program.

For "service" try Festner Printing Co.



DANGEROUS

He: "What makes Carol so disliked?"

She: "Because she got the most votes for being popular."

FLUNKED

Teacher: "What was the result of the flood?"

Johnny: "Mud."

PUZZLING

Buzz: "What's he noted for?"

Duzz: "He's either a literary man or a magazine writer; I've forgotten which."

HIIS REWARD

She: "Just think, Henry, we've never had a cross word."

Henry: "No, Mame; ain't I the patient cuss?"

After the Empress try one of our delicious hot chocolates. "Haines."

Cameras and Supplies. "Haines."

IMPARTIAL.

"How did Christmas go off?"

"Oh, as usual. Christmas Eve we wrapped the packages we were going to give away and Christmas morning we rapped the presents we received."

Deutsche Drucksachen aller art. Festner Printing Company.

GOOD TASTE

"Do you like music?"

"Not very much, but I prefer it to the popular songs."

A full line of Penslar Family Remedies. "Haines."

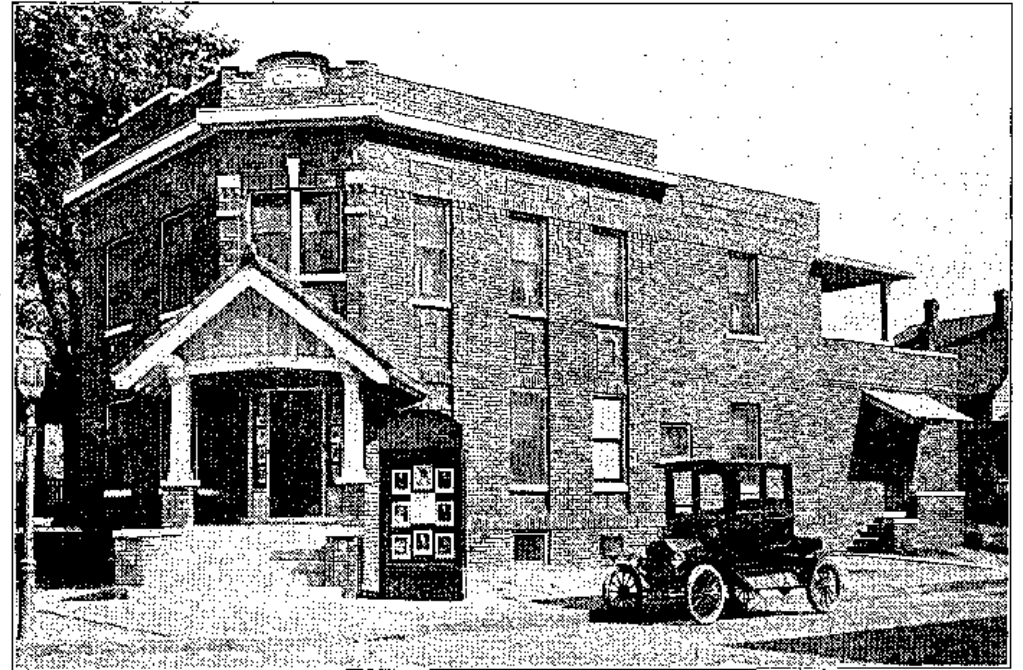
Tom: "Father, what's the future of the word, 'invest'?"

Father (congressman): "Investigation."

Moore's non-leakable — the good fountain pen. We have them. "Haines."

BARKER'S CLOTHES SHOP

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You can all afford to have the best at the rate I have made you of \$5.00 per dozen.

CHAS. H. CADY

PHOTOGRAPHER

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE—

1. "Huff(y)" little Dorothy have a Buick roadster?
2. "Inch" Cunningham get a "Gardner?"
3. Dorothy Balbach when she was not in a hurry?
4. Bernie H. with black hair?
5. "Bones" Howell with somebody else?
6. "Bones" Swiler say "How many" in a more pleasant tone of voice?
7. Dorothy Hipple write an "Essay on Silence?"
8. Frank Campbell Mar(r)y?
9. "Miccie" McLaughlin see us also?
10. Roger Goode live up to his name?
11. "Wy" Robbins drive a Packard?

Answer: We would.

Nyal's Remedies. We are the Omaha agents. "Haines."

Your choice from four different positions instead of two. The Cady Studio, 2521 Sherman Ave.

Lady of the House: "No, I can give you no more than \$5 a week, for you say you are inexperienced in cooking."

Nora: "Yes, lady; but don't you see that if I'm not experienced, it just makes it that much harder for me?"



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PATRIOTISM

to your school demands that you wear its emblem upon all occasions, to foster and encourage school spirit and enthusiasm.

Preparedness

means selecting your O. H. S. pin, ring or fob at once at Omaha's

"Biggest Little Jewelry Store"

Sterling Silver Pins.....50c each
Sterling Silver Seal Rings.....75c each
Eobs, Block O letter.....30c each.



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17th and Farnam Streets, Paxton Block

PROVERB

Success has turned many a man's head—in fact, it's a long head that has no turning.

Bring us your prescriptions and save money. "Haines."

THEIR SO TOUCHY

Soldier (gazing at balloon): "By Jove, it's low. I believe I could hit it with my gun."

His wife: "Oh, please don't do anything to irritate it, dear."

German Printing. Festner Printing Co.

SHOWING OFF!

"I had a seventy-mile drive yesterday," she said, enthusiastically.

"There ain't no such thing," retorted the golf player grimly.

Printing that Pleases at Festner's, 1311 Howard street.

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Suits Pressed, Called for and Delivered in 30 Minutes

Empire Cleaners and Dyers

332 South 14th Street

ONE LIE NAILED

Colonel: "Now, boys, here comes the English general to inspect you. Keep steady, no spittin, and for heaven's sake don't call me Alf!"

RAPPING SOME ONE

Seymour has a number of men who take in every important public meeting. Their wives take in washing.

THE CAUSE

"So this is your studio?"

"As you see."

"But it is very cold here."

"Yes; I am painting a frieze."

MAKING SURE

Actor: "My good lady, the last place I stayed at the landlady wept when I left."

Landlady: "Oh, she did? Well, I ain't going to. I want my money in advance."

Johnson's chocolates, a full line. "Haines."

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'Tis said the poet is not made, but born,
And with this observation I agree.
Of the poetic muse I am forlorn,
As the examiner can plainly see
Without this statement of the fact from me.

However, I present these lines to show
That though no bard, I do this meter know.

H. H., '16.

To you, my teacher, 'cause you are the boss,
Complain I, for you make me work all night,
Composing lines of poetry, I toss
Upon my restless bed seeking for light
Upon the subject you gave us to write.
To you I charge the sleep which I have lost,
The sleep this senseless poetry hast cost.

H. J., '16.

EAT A PLATE OF ICE CREAM EVERY DAY!

But, for your own sake, be sure it's

Harding's The Cream of All Ice Creams

Ah, love, why do you me avoid each day,
 When sad my heart you know, and sorely tried?
 With haunted days and sleepless nights I pay
 The price which you inflicted by your pride.
 I've worked for you, my love, and toiled and sighed—
 And yet you linger on the distant shore,
 And let me long for you still more and more.
 Some time my heart will leap with hope and joy,
 When fortune smiles and brighter grows my day;
 'Tis then I'll run and leap as though a boy,
 And spend my time in working hard for pay.
 I'll build a house to rest you from the way;
 And then for you I'll fight with gun and sword,
 To keep you for my own use, little Ford!

A. E. D., '16.

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Bring us your prescriptions and save money. "Haines."

Two thousand years from now where will I be?
 I've often wondered just what sort of land
 Would shelter me when from this earth I flee.
 Perhaps upon the planet Mars I'll stand,
 A listening to the martial High School Band.
 I hope that 'fore two thousand years are o'er
 I'll finish high school and write poems no more!

A full line of Penslar Family Remedies. "Haines."

When that we younge folke were told to write
 A verse, what elles could I do but gasp?
 I know, with many another sorry wight,
 That this will be indeed a dredful task.
 So now onto my intellect I grasp.
 Compleyn I unto everything in view—
 To Chancer first, but to Miss Taylor, too.

You've heard of Spenser and his famous rhyme,
 "Spenserian verse" 'tis called—he started it;
 It causes grief to seniors of all time,
 Because to imitate it seemeth fit.
 O, Spencer! Spencer! had you never writ
 Those lines which greatest honor give to you,
 Your verse we'd never have to counterfeit,
 And struggle till our faces changed their hue,
 But we could give to you the glory that's your due.

—M. G., '16.

Johnson's chocolates, a full line. "Haines."

The authors ages back are praised much,
 By people classed high up in modern times;
 But seniors find it hard to keep in touch
 With meanings in these many lines sublime,
 And plots which seem to them a perfect crime.
 They wonder what the critics see to praise
 In these nine mystic lines of queerest rhyme,
 And plots that many modern people daze,
 But for which learned critics have a perfect craze.

F. L., '16.

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NO ESCAPE

Mudge: "Your wife certainly has a will of her own."

Meek: "Yes; and I am the sole beneficiary."

A test my English teacher daily gives,
 And though I always study very hard,

I always must forget where some one lives,

Or something else my progress to retard.

I wonder what the grade is on my card—

What each one did I try not to forget;
 I chew my pencil till it's marked and scarred;

I rack my brain and my poor brow doth sweat—

To answer all correctly I'd be in there yet. E. Z., '16.

A little robin sat up in a tree,
 Defying all the world with cheerful song.

His breast was red as ever red could be;

He chirp'd and caroll'd gaily all day long.

Such joys to heaven's elect alone belong.

He did God's work, for, as his song I heard,

My heart leapt up beyond this earthly throng

Of sin and pain; my soul so deeply stirr'd

It sang, ecstatic, carefree, with the little bird.

—D. P. S., '16.

STRANGE

First Soldier: "What kind of a guy is the colonel?"

Second Soldier: "He's queer. Last night I said, 'Who goes there?' He said, 'Friend,' and today he hardly knows me."

?

"Johnny, if four men are working eleven hours a day—"

"Nix on dem non-union problems, please."

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For special ideas on menus and dance programs see Festner Printing Co.

She: "Do you remember when you proposed to me, and I turned you down?"

He: "Yes, that is one of my life's most beautiful memories."

A HERO

"I hear you saved a life in the war."

"Yes, sir."

"How did you do it?"

"By not enlisting."

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From faring to a strange and foreign
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To win, in knightly jousts, a lovely
maid.

A goodly deed, a ransom for her
hand

Her sire required. He once from
dragon band

Did free a mighty king; unhorsed each
knight

He met. He satisfied the sire's de-
mand,

And came back to his lady, his delight,
The loving pair were joined by holy
wedding rite.

—M. G., '16.

Woodwards "Billet Doux" Chocolates
for Sentimental Occasions.

EXTRAVAGANCE

Visitor: "Tom, how do you like
your new little sister?"

Tom: "Oh, she's all right, but we
needed a lot of things more."

A FIGHTING CHANCE

"Do you think your father would
consent to our marriage?"

"You can't tell. He might, because
father's so eccentric."

Virginia G.: "A penny for your
thoughts, Charles."

Chuck M.: "The very thing! I
was just wondering how I could take
you home with only nine cents."

MAIN ATTRACTION

"Your wife seems busy these days."

"Yes, she's going to make an ad-
dress to the woman's club."

"Oh! working on the address?"

"No; on the dress."

THE REMEDY

He: "I told dad I loved you more
than any other girl I knew."

She: "What did he say?"

He: "He said to try and meet some
more girls."

A little boy was coming down the lane
And he was whistling now a merry
tune;

And in his hands he clutched a little
cane.

But when he saw o'erhead a big
balloon,

And heard aloft the whirring engine's
croon,

He turned about and scooted home in
fear,

And cried, "Oh, Ma! the Zeppelin
are here."

—H. C., '16

Woodwards 1916 Special Assortment
Upto Date Chocolates

Customer: "I say, waitah, is this
peach or apple pie?"

Waiter: "Can't you tell by the
taste?"

Customer: "No."

Waiter: "Then what difference does
it make?"

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