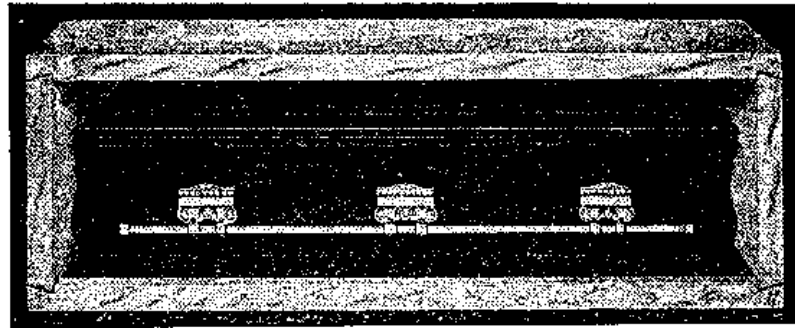
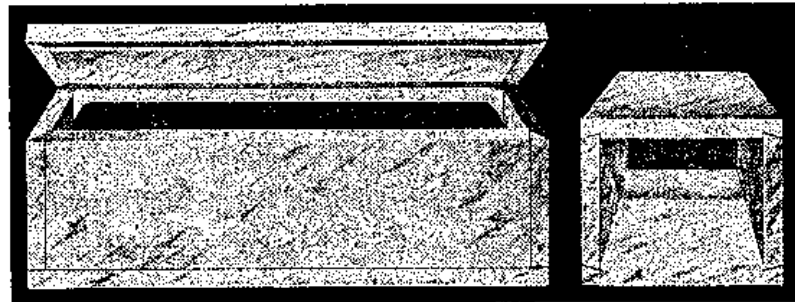


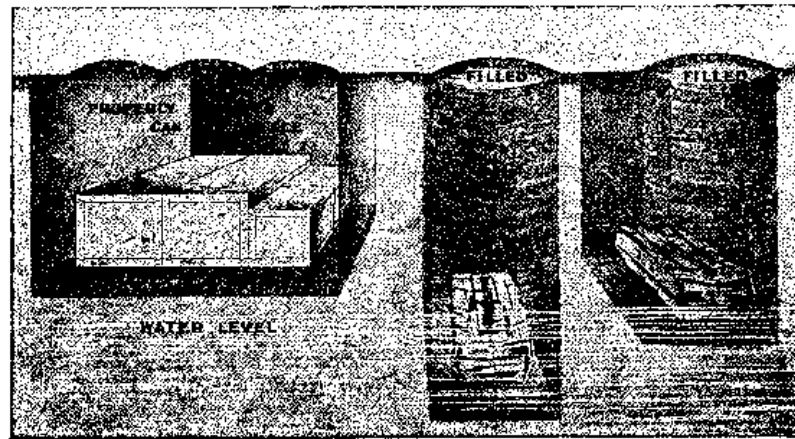
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Basket Ball
 Number

The

REGISTER

Omaha
 High
 School.

FEBRUARY
 1917

Vol. XXXI
 No. 6



SENIORS!

Have you a 1917 class pin or ring? Every member of the class should wear the distinctive emblem of their graduating year to hold the happy memories of the days on the hill.

J. Porter Allan, '15

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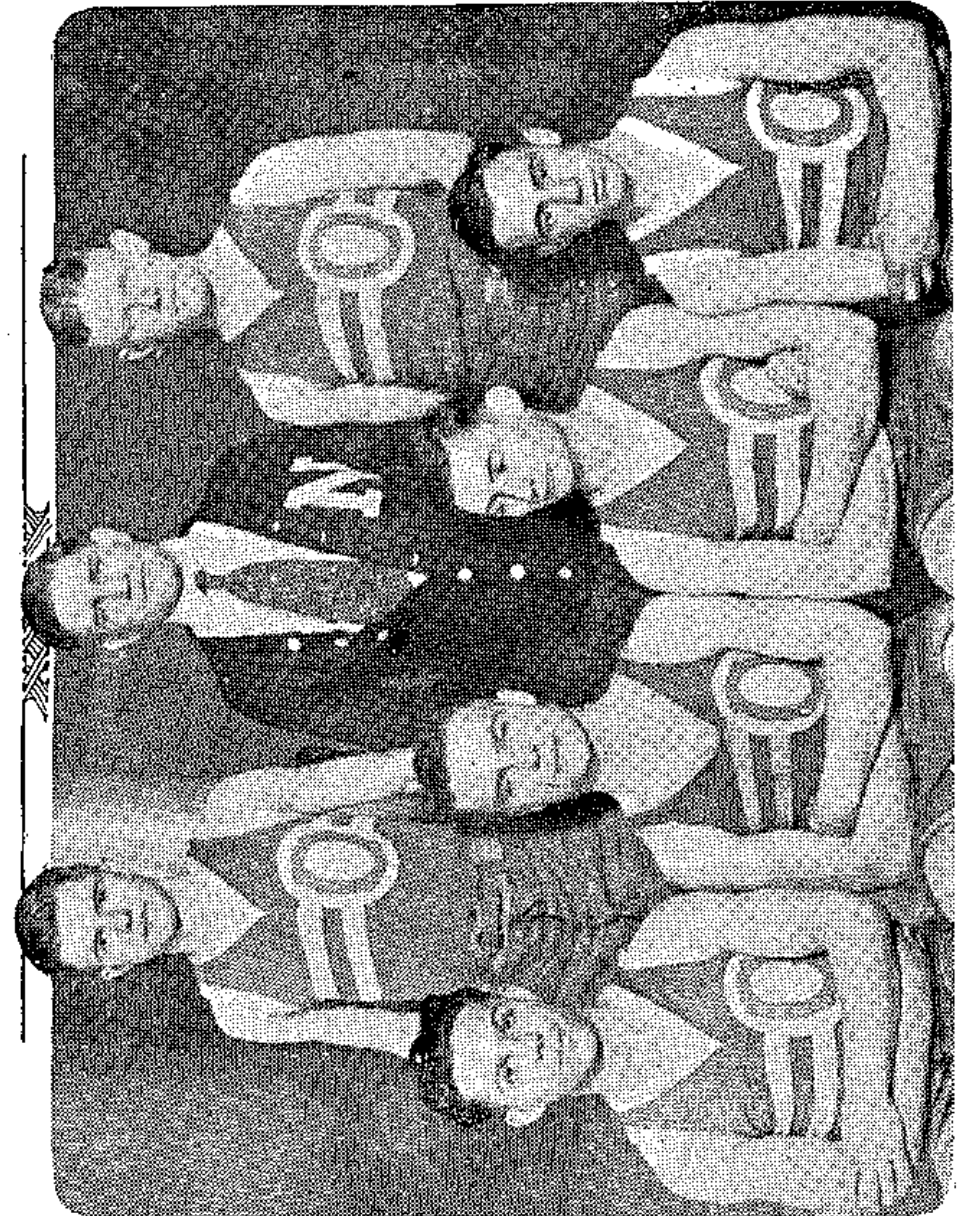
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Nicelle Olive Oil, Couteaux Sardines and Mushrooms*

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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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

DWIGHT HIGBEE Editor-in-Chief { Entered at the Omaha Post- }
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A Letter from Vice-President Cully
Omaha, Neb., Sept. 7, 1916.



Mr. H. R. Boyles,
President Boyles College.
Dear Mr. Boyles:
In my position here, where I see many applicants for positions, I realize more and more the necessity of the foundation of a business training.
I recall my own experience and my period of instruction with you. I heard of an opening in this big wholesale house. I knew I was not ready for it, but I was ambitious and knew that some help in stenography, which I had been studying, would be a great benefit.
What I learned from you gave me real confidence, so that in applying for the place I had determined to make good if I had the chance—and they gave me the chance.
Whether a man gets into business with a big company, with a corporation, or for himself, he needs a business foundation. He needs to be shown what to do and what to leave undone.
We want young men and women in our office who have a knowledge of business.
It gratifies me to extend my best wishes for your success and to urge through you the most thorough training for business on the part of those ambitious to get a footing in the commercial world.

Yours truly,
W. J. CULLY,
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The Busy Jewelers

THE REGISTER

Vol. XXXI

OMAHA, NEB., FEBRUARY, 1917

Number 6



THE REGISTER AND WHAT IT COSTS.

In this day and age we try to make our money buy as much as possible. The time has come when we must think twice before we spend even a half dollar and we must think of just what returns we will receive. So let's see if we are receiving our full half dollar's worth in *The Register*.

Lots of people don't know how much money—let alone time and energy—our little school paper costs. Listen to a few interesting figures.

In September, 1916, we printed 1,050 copies of *The Register* at a cost of \$93.

In October we printed 1,150 copies (somebody must have subscribed), at a cost of \$98.00.

In November the girls spent \$108.00 for 1,150 copies. But this issue was worth it.

In December \$100 was paid for 1,150 copies.

In January (our last attempt), we handed out \$150.05 for 1,200 copies. Better paper, cuts, etc., were the causes of this vast expenditure.

By addition (done by our expert accountant), we find that five issues of *The Register* totaling 5,700 copies have cost exactly \$549.05. That looks like lots and lots of money. We haven't figured out how many Fords it would buy. This gives us an average cost of 9.63 cents per copy. And we sell you a copy for 10 cents. Profit .07 of a bright and shining penny. So you see we are making money.

But wait. For 50 cents, the half part of a dollar (sometimes called four-bits) you receive eight copies and the annual. Your eight copies at 9.6 cents the copy cost us 76.8 cents. Your annual—well we haven't come to that yet. Last year the annual cost *The Register* approximately \$1.10 per copy. This makes a grand total of \$1.86 and also .8 cents as the cost of your *Register* for one year, 1916-17. So you did not make a very bad mistake when you laid down your fifty cents for your copies of the *Register*.

As a result of all this figuring the *Register* Staff of 1916-17 would like to recommend that the subscription price of next year's *Register* be raised to one dollar. Unless the *Register* Staff of next year has a wonder for a business manager (such as we are lucky to have), it will have a hard time to make ends meet. So far we have succeeded in paying all bills, and that with paper twice as expensive as last year. But the annual is yet to come and—well it's your annual and by helping you can make it a success.

MORAL: Support your school paper. It holds your name before other schools of the country and puts you where you may become known. Patronize our advertisers. They are supporting the paper. Moreover, the business manager is always ready to talk to any who can get us an ad. So get busy and do.

Ever yours,

THE REGISTER.

CONCEIT.

Conceit is just like mince meat pie; too much is exceedingly harmful.

I knew of a man who was really very talented. He had a good education to train that talent. At the beginning of his career he worked very hard and did some good work. Then people began to praise him and the newspapers began to write flowery articles about his pictures. His head became so puffed with all of these compliments that he considered himself the eighth wonder of the world and thought that he was doing humanity a favor by painting such marvelous, never-to-be-forgotten, pictures. He was satisfied with his works and did not even try to go on and improve. Presently there was no demand for his pictures; but he, in his conceit and self pity, thought that the world had quit appreciating art.

There are innumerable examples of this hateful disease in history, the conceit of Napoleon being an especially good one.

I think that if conceit was substituted for the word "pride" in that old proverb, "Pride goeth before a fall," it would be truer to life. How many times in this world of woe has conceit preceded a very deep and humiliating fall?

The egotist and the drunkard are in the same class. The more whiskey the latter gets, the more he wants. Likewise the more flattery the conceited person gets, the more he craves. Sorrow, and eventually ruin, comes to both.

Therefore, gay fellow pursuers of that elusive thing called education, take heed before it is too late. We are young and our characters are just forming. It lies within each of us to mold our character any way we see fit. Let's don't see fit to be egotists.

ALICE STONE.

LIFE ON THE BORDER.

If you have read the daily papers and carefully searched through the inside pages you have doubtless read a great many stories about how the Omaha boys spent their time on the border. The war correspondent told what he heard and saw. I will try to tell what the man in the ranks, the enlisted man, said and did.

When the Fourth Nebraska Infantry stepped off the train at Llano Grande, Texas, on July 10, we were of the opinion that this place had never seen humans before. It was a wilderness to us. Though the mesquite and chapparal there could be seen several white wooden buildings. They were deserted ranch houses, one of which bore a sign Casa Blanca, Spanish for White House. We stacked arms in what appeared to us to be a miniature swamp. It is now the main and only street of Llano Grande.

A gang of Mexican laborers were busy laying a side track to the railroad, but the greasers were peaceful.

We finally marched a half mile through the trees, halted, and pitched camp. It sounds easy enough but you must consider that before pitching the tents we had to cut down trees and underbrush. The kitchen stove had also to be put up since an army must eat.

On our second night in camp, my company, Company B, went on guard. It was a wild night. Everybody was determined to let no Mexicans surprise the camp. One man shot at something he saw in the wilderness adjoining the camp. (That wilderness is now the divisional parade grounds as level as a plate and free from all kinds of growth.) A patrol was quickly deployed and sent out to investigate. They found a dead coyote.

For the next two or three weeks we were too busy getting the ground cleared and camp settled to notice that we were getting neighbors all around us. Soon after us came a brigade from Indiana followed by one from Minnesota.

During that peaceful time we formed the opinion that all we were there for was to work twenty-four hours a day. We were soon undeceived. After we got camp pitched, all the trees in southern Texas chopped down, and the roads materially improved, we started to drill. We did not miss out on any of the other work but took drill in our spare time. In the meanwhile, we were having rain storms—the first rain in eighteen months, so the rangers and other natives told us.

Finally the work was all done and we got down to actual drill. Our morning programs were stiff propositions, keeping us busy all the forenoon. Most of the afternoon was free from drill. The time was employed in detail work.

After the first two months, things got to running smoothly. Everybody knew his duties and privileges.

Broadway became lined with stores where we could get nearly everything we needed. There were three moving picture shows to attend if we did not mind seeing old pictures. Casa Blanca was turned into a field hospital and the other buildings were used as post office, Commanding General's headquarters, and Quarter Master's office.

We made hikes almost everyday covering from eight to fourteen or more miles and carrying heavy packs along with our belts and rifles.

We had to learn an important but disagreeable part of warfare; that is, how to dig ourselves in. Trench digging is hard but interesting work—hard for the enlisted men, interesting for the officers.

There were numerous things that added to our pleasure and made life more endurable, however. One of these is the animals that were captured and made pets of. When we left Lincoln, every company had from one to six dogs of all sizes. Company D was very proud of its pet coyote, General Villa; Company C would have fought rather than lose its goats. All the boys were at some time or other quite close and intimate with lizards, snakes, tarantulas, scorpions, and centipedes. Armadillos were common pets. Deer, raccoons, wild cats, and wild boar were not as common, but there were companies that had such animals in their possession. An animal that is strictly domestic, but worth speaking of, is the Mexican burro or Texas canary, as the soldiers call it. A good burro can be purchased for two dollars. A man can stand astraddle of one and have his feet on the ground.

Another source of pleasure was the Army Y. M. C. A. It furnished facilities for reading, writing, and studying. The checker club was interesting to some, while the literary club, with its mock trials and debates, was of interest to many more. The phonograph was kept constantly working.

The volley ball and basketball courts, and the football and baseball fields were favorite places on a holiday.

On November 18, we started on a twelve day maneuver. During this time we marched many miles, lived in the field, and put up with actual war conditions. The maneuver ended with the capture of Brownsville, but that is a story all by itself.

We got back to camp the day before Thanksgiving. From that time on we had it easy. We drilled only one hour a day and loafed the rest of the time. About this time rumors again started that our regiment was about to go home. The officers set the date at December 18. When we found we were not to leave on that date, we decided we would have to stay all winter.

On the 19th of December, the Brownsville papers said that sixteen thousand more troops were to go home and that the Fourth Nebraska was amongst the

(Continued on Page 11)

COLLECTION BOX



BY MISS TAYLOR'S CLASSES

MY FIRST DANCE.

My first dance! What throngs of gay, delightful memories those magic words recall! I have enjoyed many dances since, and I am looking forward to many more with a great deal of pleasure. But I am convinced that no dance will ever again cause quite the same thrill of perfect enjoyment that I experienced on that memorable evening which opened to my unaccustomed eyes a wonderful new world of light and beauty and gaiety.

The fortnight intervening between the receiving of the invitation and the glorious event itself was a time of joyous preparation and eager anticipation. With my mind so intent on filmy party-frocks, flowers, "new steps," and dainty blue satin slippers, it was a wonder that I managed to go to school during those ten days, with my lessons even half prepared; though perhaps the parental warning that a fall in scholarship might mean an end of further indulgences, had something to do with the effort to concentrate my attention on less congenial subjects.

When at last the longed-for evening arrived, I dressed in feverish excitement and was entirely ready at least fifteen minutes before my escort arrived, a rather unusual occurrence for me.

Wise people tell us that the realization of a hope never equals the anticipation; but certainly in the moments of greatest expectation I had never dreamed of the possibility of such ecstacy as came to me during that first waltz. For my partner could really waltz, and I had not yet become corrupted by the mere variations of a walk which we now call dances.

Excitement lent wings to our feet, and as we skimmed lightly over the smooth floor to the strains of the "Blue Danube," we were lifted clear out of the world about us and seemed to be flying far above the clouds in the deep, clear heavens to the accompaniment of the far-away yet sweetly audible music of the spheres.

The rest of the evening was a constant whirl of gaiety. With so many good partners and such inviting music, I found it impossible to resist the temptation to dance at least half of every number, regardless of mother's sensible advice and warnings.

Though the music of the popular modern composers would not permit the continuance of that same feeling of joyous abandon aroused by the first waltz, it nevertheless had the "catchy" quality which kept hearts and feet dancing in spite of themselves. The novelty and brilliance of the scene cast a glamour over everything. These merry, carefree people could not be the same ordinary girls and boys with whom I went to school every day, but happy beings from some other world.

All too soon the evening ended, and tired but happy, I went home to live it over again in my dreams.

A RIVAL OF THE FILM.

As we entered the new moving picture show-house, not a sound was to be heard, even though a very comic picture was being shown on the screen. Once or twice I was inclined to laugh, but suddenly it occurred to me, how strongly my voice would sound resounding through that still house alone. However, when something which seemed to me to be a particularly funny incident occurred in the picture, I forgot about my lone laugh and expressed my feelings. But, to my astonishment, I did not laugh alone. Across the aisle from me an extremely heavy-set person had recently scated himself. Now as I glanced wonderingly to see who this live creature was, I saw that he was really enjoying himself. He was such a very interesting person that I watched him instead of the picture. I always knew when something funny was going to happen. He would start wriggling around in his seat, bob and shake his head excitedly and drum impatiently with his short, dirty finger nails on the back of the seat in front of him. Then when the anticipated action happened, he would let forth the most hearty whoops that I ever heard. His bushy eye-brows would creep up on his forehead. One hand would ruffle the mass of grayish hair while he recrossed his legs and sat back in his seat to wait for the next funny happening. I was not the only one who was benefited by his absolute lack of self-consciousness, for by the time the picture was over, the house was ringing with laughs. No one was then afraid to laugh for fear he would laugh alone.

P. C.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

MERCEDES SHEPARD.

(SCENE—A room in the dormitory of a girls' college, well filled with pennants, programs, pictures, pillows and so forth,—and five not very demure girls.)

Maymie Do tell us all about her, Beth, my dear,
Please tell us what she looks like, what's her name.
How long she'll stay here, and how old she is,
Most anything you know of her.

Yes, do.

All
Beth Good gracious! What a stack of questions, May.
You'd make a fine interrogation point.
But I will do my best to answer them.
She's coming here to stay, for school I mean,
Her name is Flower Hart, but for the rest
You must be judges. But I want to ask
That you don't stay long after she has come
For I am very sure she will be tired.

Barbara But just one peek at your most fragile Flower
And we'll obey your courteous request to skip.

Beth Now, Babbie, please don't be a goose.

Helena I hope she's not as pretty as her name.

Barbara Just listen! Here's our pretty 'Lena now,
Already jealous of an unknown rival.

Margaret Can't you be still a minute, Babs, for once?
I want to know whose going to meet the girl and bring here here.

Beth Why Dora is. You see
I had a class last hour I couldn't skip
And I thought Dora the best substitute.
She's such a timid little mouse herself
She isn't likely to scare anyone.

Barbara Now hush your chatter, children, here they come.
(Enter Flower, tall, slender and very fair, and Dora, a tiny bit of a girl with soft brown eyes.)

Beth A hearty welcome to you, Flower dear,
With one accord the college has turned out,
You see, to meet you; or at least the part
Considered by us as the most important.
I hope you girls were not too much perplexed
In hunting for each other in the crowd?

Dora Indeed, no, Beth. When I first saw Miss Hart
I knew 'twas she, so well she fits her name.
She is indeed the "Flower" of the "Hart."

Beth How well you've introduced her to the girls.
I know I could not do it half so well.
And Flower surely knows you by this time.
There but remains to introduce the rest.
This is Helena,
Society Belle,
Smiles, flirts and dances,
Does all of them well.
This is our Maymie,
A famed athlete.
At tennis and football
She cannot be beat.
This one, our Barb'ra,
Can talk a blue streak.
Don't mind what she says, dear,
She's not at all meek!
This one, dear Margaret,
Although she is gay,
Gets cards when the term ends
With each one marked "A."

All Bravo!

Barbara I must admit, Beth, that although you said
Some very mean, untruthful things of me
Which give a wrong impression to your friend,
You'd make a good toast-mistress at a feast.
So I propose we have a feast tonight
In order to give welcome to Miss Hart.

Margaret Well thought of Barbara, and since this feast
Is settled on, it's best we leave you now
That you may rest for the festivities.

Maymie All hail to our new member, and farewell.
I'm hoping that you have observed, Miss Hart,
The thrilling grandeur of my brief farewell.
"All hail" is such a nice word, don't you think?

Helena Aren't kisses, then, the order of the day?
I must confess I long to hug you once,
You're such a pretty, dainty person, Flower.
(Embraces her.)

Beth And here is Dora with her shy "good-bye."
Flower Farewell to all, and soon, to say the least,
We'll be together, laugh and dance and feast.

SONNET ON A PIG.

Oh little baby pig, with squirm and squeal
You clamber o'er your brothers in your sty,
And always, always you are wondering why
You must forever cold and hunger feel,
When on your feet you try to stand you reel,
But ever, ever try again to stand.
If I could give you just a helping hand
You never then would have to over reel.

Oh small red pig, your head is much too big
For you just now, but you don't care a fig.
Why should you when you know that that's your charm?
You might try living in a city yard,
But soon you would be made into nice lard.

For you the best of all homes is the farm.
M. C.

THE CYCLE OF LIFE.

The coming to this world, from heaven sent,
The learning of Earth's wonders day by day,
The searching for the truth in everything,
The reaching out for strength along the way—
Is Spring time.

The taking up of duties realized,
The longing for a bigger, broader view,
The hoping for some task of greater worth,
The finding of true love, so old, so new—
Is Summer.

The helping of a friend in time of need,
The teaching many, ridiculing none,
The loving of mankind as of one's own,
The seeking for some good in every one—
Is Autumn.

The resting after years of toil and care,
The looking back upon the years gone by,
The seeing youth with only happiness,
The waiting for the flame of life to die—
Is Winter.

LUCILE LATHROP.

LIFE ON THE BORDER—Continued from Page 7

lucky ones. We had our Christmas dinner the 24th and spent Christmas day packing up. The next day the tents were torn down and we began waiting for our trains. We slept in the open that night, for our trains did not come until the evening of the next day. When at last the trains came, we boarded them with loud shouts and songs, for everybody was overjoyed at the prospects of home, with its anxious relatives and old friends.
CLARENCE FISHER.

TRY THIS!

"Do you know, old man, I really believe I'm losing my nerve. I'm getting so I hate to ask anyone for a loan. Why, as soon as I saw you I began to tremble."

Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
When he stubbed his toe against the bed—
!—! **—!—!—!—! (Censored)—Ex.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

Sir Jim, a knight in armor bright
Took tea with Lady Bowsers
With manner free she spilt some tea
And rusted Jim's best trousers.

Perpeptuate those happy "School Days" with a Rembrandt Photo. They never fade. 20th and Farnam St.

She—Why does the ocean rage?
He—Wreck—creation.



SCHOLARSHIP RECORD FOR THE FIRST SEMESTER.

Six A's: Madeleine Cohn.
 Five A's: Meyer Beber, Harold Boggs, Ralph Cohn, Leora Hupp, Barton Kuhns, Morris Margolin, Ruth Paddock, Beatrice Peterson, Winnifred Shackell, Helen Vancura.
 Four and One-Half A's: Frances Armstrong, Violet Brotchie, Beatrice Cosmey, J. Eva Kornmayer, Virginia Leussler, Lillian Margolin, Charlotte Michaelson, Glayds Mickel, Inez Moore, Geraldine Olson, Eleanor Osborne, Lilly Robinson, Celia Ross, Irene Simpson, Verne Vance.
 Four A's: Marjorie Alexander, Dorothy M. Anderson, Walter Armstrong, Elizabeth Austin, Clarence Bantlin, Vesta Beavers, Nina Bell, Helen Bernstein, Jack Bittinger, Thelma Black, Esther Blumenthal, Margaret Bridges, Marion Brown, Marie Eichhorst, Mildred Emrick, Philip Feldman, Marian Fisher, Catherine Goss, Ethel Grant, Mildred Greeling, Helen Gwin, William Hamilton, Cleary Hanighan, Esther Hansen, Ruby Haskett, Daniel Hirsch, Edith Hodges, Ralph Kharas, Lucile Lathrop, Mary McAdams, Margaret McWilliams, Hedwig Melander, Vera Murray, Katherine North, Margaret Parish, Ruth Parker, Frances Patton, Harold Payne, Valeska Pfeiffer, Myron Price, Robert Reynolds, Mary Redgwick, Mary Redgwick, Adlai Rhodes, Gladys Rice, Edwin Robertson, Helen Robinson,

George Rogers, Emily Ross, Charles Simmons, Mary Smith, Abe Swet, Kathrine Thoeke, Marjorie Thomas, Lois Thompson, Margaret Thompson, Mary Ure, Helen Wahl, Ethel Weidner, Inez Williams, Sol Wintroub, William Young.
 Three and One-Half A's: Ruth Anderson, Vilma Bartos, Camilla Edholm, Margaret Funk, Margaret Gentleman, Frances Hilleker, Helen Hutton, Dorothy Johnson, Eleanor Kurtz, Helen Lund, Leona Robinson, Rosanna Swenson, Orpha Travis, Stanley Walter, Adrian Westberg, Gertrude Weintraub.
 Three A's: Burke Adams, Linae Anderson, Mabel Bell, Helen Benson, Mildred Benson, Aloys Berka, Helen Bertwell, Stella Bessel, Marion Booth, Lansing Brisbin, Violet Cox, Gertrude Cuscaden, Mildred Dunham, Anita Edmiston, Warren Ege, Donald Ellington, William Finney, Max Fleishman, Fern Goodwin, Aaron Greenfield, Lillian Hansen, Lillian Head, Arthur Higbee, Francis Hopper, Elizabeth Howell, Herman Kully, Jack Landale, Earl Lowe, Eugene Lowe, Enid Lindborg, Ann McConnell, Louise McEwan, Carolyn Miller, Frank Minik, Edwin Myers, Helen Nieman, Herluf Olsen, Harold Pearson, Mildred Peterson, Donald Pillsbury, Ethel Reuben, Miriam Rich, Mabel Shultz, Alice Stone, Josephine Stuben, Roxcenia Timberlake, Ruth Turnquist, Myrtle Witt.

MILITARY DEPARTMENT

PAUL NICHOLSON, Editor.

Mr. Gulgard, having placed the regiment on the highest level of efficiency in regard to organization in all departments, now retires as acting commandant in favor of Major Elsasser. Mr. Gulgard's absence from regimental work will be keenly felt by every man in the cadet organization. It is not necessary to speak of Major Elsasser's ability. His previous work, both in our regiment and in the Nebraska National Guard, has been of the highest character.

Of late the regiment has been favored by two military addresses. Mr. Wharton Clay, captain of engineers U. S. A. Reserves, gave an illustrated talk on "Boys' Military Camps." Mr. Streeter, representing the naval reserves, also gave a talk regarding the summer naval cruise for boys. The regiment also attended the ceremony at the municipal auditorium on February 12. The men are to be congratulated on the splendid order which has characterized these occasions.

The following promotions, transfers, and changes were announced to go into effect Monday, February 19, 1917:

- From private Co. B to sergeant Co. A—Peter Kiewitt.
- From private Co. A, to corporal Co. A—Charles Vorhees.
- From corporal Co. A, to private Co. A—Roland Spangler.
- From private Co. B, to corporal Co. B—Clifford Whitney.
- From private Co. B, to corporal Co. B—William Hamilton.
- From private Co. B, to corporal Co. B—Verne Vance.
- From private Co. B, to corporal Co. B—Ruel Bruchert.
- From corporal Co. C, to sergeant Co. C—John Fike.
- From private Co. C, to corporal Co. C—Robert Wiley.
- From sergeant Co. D, to quarter-master sergeant Co. D—Dwight Beard.

- From corporal Co. D, to sergeant Co. D—Harry Stern.
- From private Co. E, to corporal Co. E—Jack Sutcliffe.
- From private Co. F, to corporal Co. F—Jack Jordon.
- From corporal Co. F, to private Co. F—Vincent Lake.
- From corporal Co. H, to sergeant Co. B—Walter White.
- From private Co. H, to corporal Co. H—Robert Downs.
- From private Co. I, to sergeant Co. I—Fred Weller.
- From private Co. I, to corporal Co. I—Kenneth Baker.
- From private band, to first lieutenant band—Thomas Cogan.
- From private band, to second lieutenant band—Charles Clement.
- From private band, to first sergeant band—Holgar Kjelgard.
- From private band, to sergeant band—Richard Wood.
- From private band, to sergeant band—Charles Davis.
- From first lieutenant and adjutant first battalion—Eugene Russum.
- From sergeant major second battalion, to private Co. D—Nathan Miller.
- From corporal Co. B, to sergeant major second battalion—Ralph Kerr.
- From corporal Co. D, to sergeant Co. H—Chase Parker.

STANDING OF COMPANIES FEBRUARY 19, 1917.

	Pct.
1. Co. F	97.59
2. Co. I	97.58
3. Co. C	97.30
4. Co. B	97.10
5. Co. H	96.99
6. Co. E	96.99
7. Co. D	96.93
8. Co. A	96.62
9. Co. G	96.16

STANDING OF BATTALIONS.

First Battalion	98.05
Second Battalion	97.45
Third Battalion	98.01

ROAD SHOW.

Officers of Road Show.

Executive Committee: Owen Comp, chairman, Bernie Holmquist, Warren Ege, Paul Nicholson, William Alley.

Junior Executive Committee: Robert Buckingham, chairman, Clarence Bantlin, Daniel Longwell.

Censor: Miss Towne.

Manager: Mr. F. H. Gulgard.

Stage Manager: Robert Buckingham.

Advertising Manager: Lawrence Hogue.

Chairman Hustling Committee: Paul Nicholson.

Chief of Student Police: Vacant.

Head Usher: Eugene Russum.

Electrician: Mr. Bexten.

Musical Director: Mr. Cox.

Senior Hustling Committees: 1. Sydney Robison, Dwight Higbee, captains, Jack Landale, William Boyer, Clarence Moore, Fred Bowser. This committee will sell tickets in the Register office. 2. Frank Campbell, Charles Morearty, captains, Philip Philbin, Earl Lowe, Harold Pearson, Harry Holzman, Jay Burns.

Advertising Committee: Lawrence Hogue, chairman, Clarence Moore, Richard Wood, Howard Turner, James Williamson.

Senior Girls' Hustling Committee: Virginia Greene, chairman, Marion Booth, Lucile Lathrop, Nora McDougal, Mary McAdams. Marion Brown, Ruth Parker, Isabel Pearsall, Marguerite Walker, Helen Wahl, Ruth Swensen, Dorothy Arter.

Junior Hustling Committee: Daniel Longwell, chairman, Clarence Bantlin, Paul Peterson, Thurston Logan, Raymond Sage, Richard Dearmont, Leonard McCoun, Herluf Olson, Leland Potter, Sol Rosenblatt, Richard Smith, Floyd Paynter.

Junior Girls' Hustling Committee: Gwendolyn McCoy, chairman, Iida Langdon, Frances Wahl, Margaret McLaughlin, Irene Dyball, Dorothy Canan, Dorothy Gray, Anne Jenkins,

Mildred Rockwell, Clara McAdams, Frances Clelend.

The third annual O. H. S. Road Show is now enroute to Omaha in a special train of four sections. There are positively fourteen seventy-foot baggage cars loaded with scenery, costumes and other theatrical paraphernalia for this great performance. The President of the Union Terrific states that this train will arrive in Omaha on the sixteenth of March. It is expected quite early on the morning of that day, since a performance is to be given that night, and it will require all of the day to set up the picturesque scenery. The wild rumors that have been pervading the halls in regard to this show are true to a certain degree. There are to be three performances: one in the afternoon and evening of the sixteenth of March, and another on the evening of the seventeenth. I have mentioned the President of the Union Terrific above; now let me tell you what another prominent railroad man has to say in regard to this show. Mr. A. Mutt, general manager of the More Pacific R. R. Co., says: "I saw this company perform at Ohio, Columbus, and it was absolutely great. The acting, dancing, music, scenery, and general talent were unsurpassed in some respects. If I am ever forced to see it again, I shall commit suicide." However, Mr. Mutt was only peeved because his railroad did not get the contract of carrying this company with its—(how many sections did I say before?)

Now, putting all foolishness aside read on. The Road Show is to be given this year under the auspices of the Cadet Officers' Club. All of the money made (if any is made), will go into the treasury of the cadet regiment. This money will be used to defray the individual expenses of every cadet at the annual camp. The funds, as far as the regiment is concerned, are very low. If we are able to have a camp at all, we must make a success.

and a big success of this show. We must push this show across. We want your support.

As to the show itself, there will be seven or eight big acts. Those who are at the head of this part are trying to keep the acts secret. Nevertheless, I have a faint suspicion that there will be a thrilling drama, magic, music, comedy, and other features. At any rate it will be worth the admission price.

In regard to the tickets. By the time you read this you will probably already have purchased your tickets. There are to be six teams selling tickets, so you will have little difficulty in buying tickets. Take my advice and get them early though as there is going to be one grand rush for seats. Admission will be thirty-five and fifty cents respectively. Seats are good or better in respect to the price paid for them.

Press Agent—W. M. A., '17.

Harmon Wilmoth, '18, has constructed an ingenious specimen of an English inn yard theater and presented it to the school. This model, which represents one of the early steps in the development of stage architecture, has been placed in the library.

The first meeting of the recently organized German club was held on Wednesday, December 20, in room 415. After games and several recitations, all present were given Christmas gifts, which had been placed around a Christmas tree.

On Friday, December 22, a drill examination for all Junior Cadets was held in room 325.

Very interesting "movies" of Cornell University were shown in the auditorium on January 9.

The second inspection of the year was conducted Monday, January 8.

The school was reported to be in an unusually healthy condition.

Mr. Meyer, formerly teacher of writing and bookkeeping in O. H. S., has accepted a position with a Chicago teacher's employment agency. His successor here is to be Mr. Roberts.

Stop! Look! Listen! O. H. S. is to have a "Get-Acquainted Week." Charles Morearty is at the head of this movement, the details of which will be published in a later number of the *Register*.

The German play presented in our auditorium by the Nebraska Dramatic club was a great success and reflects a great deal of credit on the club and on our own German club, under whose auspices the play was given. The play was also a great success financially according to Mr. Wedeking, who had charge of the play.

A big candy sale was held Friday, February 16, both lunch periods, by the Browning (O. H. S. Red Cross) Society.

Class meetings of the classes of 1918, 1919, and 1920, were held Tuesday, February 20, for the purpose of choosing a standard pin for graduating classes of Central High School.

OMAHA-SOUTH OMAHA DEBATE.

For the first time in nine years our debating team defeated our old time enemy. With a unanimous decision of 3 to 0, the South High debaters crumbled before terrific attacks of Max Konecky, Louis Freiberg and Sol Rosenblatt, Friday, the second of February. After Louis Freiberg threw his bombs of wits, Max Konecky followed closely with a hail of cutting arguments, and Sol Rosenblatt ended the fate of the doomed South Siders with an unexpected flank attack which

so utterly crippled them that their counter attacks fell uselessly by the roadside. Much credit must indeed be given to Miss Rough, who has so successfully coached the team to victories of unanimous decisions over Sioux City and South High, never before accomplished in the history of the O. H. S. That is not all, our next debate in the state league is with Springfield, Neb., at Springfield, where we have high hopes of taking another step towards the top. Also our debate with Lincoln for the Amhurst cup must be remembered, especially since it is to be held here.

"A BREEZE FROM DIXIE,"

"A Breeze From Dixie," given by the Boys' Glee Club, was presented to a packed house on the night of Friday, February 16. This presentation was a most successful performance. The first part of the program consisted of a minstrel show in which Leonard Woollen, Dwight Chase, and Floyd Paynter covered themselves with glory. Arthur Paynter sang a solo. A song by the Colonial Quartette, direct from 1875, was also well received, as were a Hawaiian sketch and "The First Meeting of the Hen Roast Club." The second part of the program was "A Trial by Jury," in which Ed Solomon, Louis Freiburg, Clarence Walker, and Leighton McCaslin played the chief roles. Many compliments were received on the acting of the youthful performers. A great deal of credit is due Miss Minnick, the director, who showed great skill in superintending the performance.

The Board of Education is making plans for a new Commercial High school to be built at Twenty-second and Chicago streets. This high school is to be heated from the heating system of our Central High School.

On January 26, a reception was planned by the history department of our high school for Dr. Guernsey

Jones of the European history department of the University of Nebraska. The reception was held, but without its guest of honor, Doctor Jones not making connections. However, the history department is planning another function in honor of Dr. Jones, who will be here inside of the next two weeks.

A joint program was given in our auditorium on Friday, February 16, by the Pleiades, Margaret Fuller, D. D. S., and Hawthorne societies. The program was a particularly enjoyable one, and consisted of the following numbers:

Pleiades Society.

Ida Fleisher, President.

Piano Solo.....Ingrid Sandwall
Recitation.....Cecelia Fox

Margaret Fuller Society.

Helen Wahl, President.

Recitation.....Winifred Travis
Ukelele Selections.....
.....M. F. S. Harmony Club

Demosthenian Debating Society.

Sol Rosenblatt, President.

Debate: Resolved; That the Spring Vacation in the O. H. S. should be abandoned.

William Boyer, Aff.

Richard Brady, Neg.

Comedy.....Louis Freiberg

Hawthorne Society.

Stella Bessel, President.

Play: "Not a Man in the House".

.....Howells

In Two Acts

Cast

Mrs. Bings.....Mildred Street
Aunt Belinda.....Ruth Paddock
Aunt Lucy.....Ivy Miller
Kate (the maid)...Esther Blumenthal
Jessie.....Helen Kundy

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The Lininger Travel Club gave an interesting program on Lincoln at its last meeting. Madeline Cohn was elected secretary, to take the place of Ethel McCullough, who has left school.

A lively debate on "Compulsory Military Service," was held at the last meeting of the Laurel Debating Girls.

An appropriate program on Longfellow was given by the Pleiades Society, February 9th.

A *Deutscher Verein*, the purposes of which are to create an interest in the German language, people, and customs, to promote the acquaintance of the students in the German department, and to provide good times for them in genuine German style, has been formed under the direction of Mr. Wedeking. All students who have had two terms of German are eligible.

The Margaret Fuller Society gave an entertaining program, consisting of readings and recitations appropriate to St. Valentine's Day, February 9.

The Priscilla Alden Society met last week at the home of Maude Assmussen. After completing plans for the open program, the girls enjoyed a pleasant social hour.

A meeting of the L. D. S. was held Friday, February 3, in Room 248. Officers for this semester were elected as follows: President, Richard Wood; vice-president, Gilbert Olson; secretary, Harlan Haker; treasurer, Leslie Van Nostrand; sergeants-at-arms, Abe Lack and Kennet H. Baker.

The Elaine Society met in Room 129, Friday, February 9. An interesting program was given.

The Shakespeare Club met in Room 119, on February 13. Reading of "Twelfth Night" was continued. Plans are under way for the presentation of another short scene from Shakespeare. Miss Towne is being assisted by Miss Hilliard in this work. All Juniors and Seniors are welcome to the meetings.

The monthly meeting of the Lam Ron Society was held Friday, February 9, in Room 241 for the election of officers. The following are the newly elected officers: President, Kathryn Hodges; vice-president, Roxcena Timberlake; secretary, Helen Johnson; treasurer, Margaret Fyfe.

The German Club organized on January 16. The officers for the ensuing term are as follows: President, Elfrieda Schaefer; vice-president, Virginia Greene; secretary and treasurer, Barton Kuhns; reporter, Guy Goodrich.

The Browning Red Cross Society met Friday, February 9, in Room 149. Over forty members were present. Mrs. Davis of the Franco-Belgian Relief Corps, instructed the girls in making hospital supplies. Everyone was full of enthusiasm and over five dozen articles were made. The girls in this society are all working as hard as they can to promote their already flourishing and useful society.

No reports were received from the following societies: Hawthorne, W. D. S.; Lowell, A. D. S., D. D. S., and Frances Willard.

I was kicked by a horse when I was little and knocked senseless.

How soon do you expect to recover?

Only the highest class of materials used in the production of Rembrandt Photos. 20th and Farnam Sts.

RARE.

"Her talk stood out above many others that have been given here within the year, primarily because she said that which would be of value to the students, and then the thing that marked her talk far beyond many others was the fact that she said what she wanted to say and stopt."



Patient Reader:

If by any means, be they fair or foul, you have been able to follow this column of ancients, I greet you again, even as "BEN" did; and I wish to present to you my heartiest wish for a Happy New Year and any other fair vegetable that happens to be had in our western market at the present time. I have felt it my solemn duty to write this little collection of criticisms-er-(you know what I mean) from month to month. Yea, it has really become a big factor in my daily life (in fact it takes up all of my time). But as we approach this new year, we must pause and consider. With this new year we must realize the chance for us to regain any part of faith that has been lost in us by the faculty.

Ah, a vision passes before my eyes. It takes form and my eyes look into the future, even as a telescope peers into the distant landscape.

What? Is that the *Register* office? Aye, and there is a freshman that is waiting for someone to come so that he may hand in a new joke that he has found. And there is McShane and "Butts" Howard and each has an armful of books. Really going to be studious? Fine. And there is a notice that says that we will get a longer lunch period. GREAT. And here is another that says that there has not been either a tardy or absent pupil this month. MY. And my, there is the new smoke extinguisher. And, there is Miss Adams and Miss Landis and they both smiled and didn't send us to our first hour rooms. O, yes, I see. The faculty has taken off that cruel

ruling. ——— UH? OH YES, BECAUSE THIS IS ONLY A VISION.

Well, anyhow, let's all do our best to make this the very best year yet. It won't hurt us a bit and even a book turns over a new leaf.

Yours, Buck.

O Cicero, I've loved thee well,
I've loved thee long.

I wish to extend my hearty congratulations to the fellow that so successfully got up a collection for the mending of the "Winged Victory." It at least ought to show the faculty that someone in this school is thinking.

Well, our friend, Turk Logan, got back in good health. Turk is in the mule division of the artillery. (Please, this is nothing against either Turk or the mule. O, well-er-cr-you know.)

Morearty got the basketball managery-er something of that sort. Gee, I love to travel.

Dick Peters is leaving us to make a visit to California for the winter. He says that it is for his health, but then, California ain't such a bad place. I guess it is a case of more love to travel.

O, why and O where does the Student Council meet? I might also say —"AND WHEN."

Coach says that we will have some team this year in basketball. I see where another railroad fare to lin-

(Continued on Page 20)



Basketball season is on and then some. If you will kindly remember back a few numbers, you will recall that we were predicting one of the best teams that this part of the forest has ever seen. We are still predicting.

The team has met the best in this fair state as well as in the state of good roads on the east of us. At the time that this is being written, we have not suffered our banner to be wallowed in the terra firma. If the "gang" continues to play anywhere near the same kind of ball that it has been playing, there won't be no sech animal as defeat.

Commercial High was the first one to get the ax. Then University Place got the keen edge of our little Gem. Lincoln, yea verily the same mighty Lincoln, was spanked with the flat side of our trusty blade. South High was the one that made the hair fly. It were some contest, it were; but it ended with the mad dog on the right side of the fence so we should worry (as my friend Bryan says).

Last week, February 7-9, the team made a trip into the western part of Iowa and had the extreme pleasure of defeating the Boone, Jefferson, and Fort Dodge High schools. These teams are the best in Iowa. This explains the chip that I wear on my shoulder.

Next month the "gang," backed by most of the school, will journey to our

fair capitol city and will annex the state flag. Save the date and go with us.

The members of this world beating aggregation are: Patty, Maxwell, Smith, Logan, Konecky, and Klepser.

INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL, SERIES.

Standing of teams:

	W.	L.	Pct.
Juniors	3	0	.1000
Seniors	2	1	.666
Fresh	1	2	.333
Soph.	0	3	.000

"Blewie," went the time gun. "Rah, Rah," chanted the Juniors victoriously. "Curses," muttered the Seniors. And thus ended the inter-class basketball championship for this year, the best series ever held in our school. The Athletic Board presented the winners a big pennant for being the best team this side of antipodes. The games were all played at the "Y" as preliminary to the big games which created a good student interest.

The Freshman team, led by Dave Noble, was a scrappy organization at all times and was largely a little brother proposition since their stars, A. Paynter and A. Logan, come from clans well known in first team fame. The whole Freshie team gives promise of being a bunch of stars some day and it would not surprise us a bit to

hear of their beating Lincoln about 100 to 2 or 3. The Sophs, led by Richard Giller, kept up their consistent record of their past. The Sophs have not won a game since they entered school. The Juniors, led by their stalwart captain, Austin Smith, had the bad habit of shooting baskets when they were least supposed to, much to the discomfort of their opponents. The Seniors were a bunch of all stars, chief among whom were Willard Usher and Eugene Russum. No body seems to understand just how the Seniors lost the championship but if anybody wants to hear innumerable theories on the subject, merely ask a Senior.

SOUTH HIGH VS. BEATRICE.

On Friday, the sixteenth, the team journeyed forth to the South Side to take on Coach Patton's proteges on their home floor. We lost the game by about one-fifth of a second; that is, after playing the game to a dead tie in the regular allotted time, the teams had to go at it for another five minutes to produce a decision. In the extra five minutes of play Patty shot a basket, much after the habit of Patty, and South High scored a foul goal. After four minutes and fifty-nine and nine-tenths seconds had gone by someone threw the ball at the South Side's basket, but it did not go through the basket until after the whistle had blown time. The argument ended the next night when the rules committee informed us by telegraph that the score had counted, which gave South High the long end of the argument by a score of 33 to 32.

On Saturday night, the seventeenth, the team took on our old enemy, Beatrice, in a farcical affair which ended 51 to 6 in our favor. Coach Mulligan used the second team the latter part of the second half to give the visitors a chance but to no avail; even the second team beat them. Coach would have been more sports-

manlike to them and given them a better chance, but he ran out of second string men. About five men and two subs starred for us and Mulligan for Beatrice.

THE BUCK-BORED—Cont'd from Page 18
coln goes. (Please notice that I spelled the word "lincoln" with a small letter. I mean no offense to ABE.

Miss Paxson lost her Latin book. If anyone finds it, PLEASE KEEP IT.

"BUCK'S" QUESTION BOX.

Ques.—What is sympathy?

Ans.—It is the feeling for others. It is very noticeable in Blind Man's Buff.

Ques.—What does snore mean?

Ans.—A snore is an unfavorable report from headquarters.

A sailor is a man who makes his living on the water, but who never touches it while on shore.

Miss Towne—Sidney, what is a paraphrase?

Sidney R.—A paraphrase is a circumlocutory cycle of the oratorical sonorosity circumscribing an infinitesimal ideality interred in a verbal profundity.

(Note: Miss Towne is expected to be out again in a week, if her nerves continue improving.)

Those beautiful and artistic photos made at the Rembrandt Studio, cost no more than the ordinary kind.

Miss Hilliard—George Carter, will you turn around and stop that continual turning around?

Sophomore — Did you ever take chloroform?

Freshman—No, who teaches it?



Now those who think our jokes are poor

Would straightway change their views,

Could they compare the ones we print
With those that we refuse.

Found—One long, light, curly hair
on the coat of a Senior boy. Loser
please call at the Register office.

"I smell gas."

"That's all right. Landale is still talking."

Imagist Love Lines

I love my lady with a deep, purple
love;

She fascinates me like a fly

Struggling in a pot of glue.

Her eyes are grey, like twin ash cans,
Just emptied, about which still
hovers

A dusty mist.

Her disposition is as bright as a
ten-cent shine.

Yet her kisses are tender and goulashy.

I love my lady with a deep, purple
love.

Dillydolly (a chronic procrastinator)—"I dreamed last night that I-er-ah-proposed to you. I wonder what that is a sign of?"

Miss Lingerlong (desperately)—"It is a sign that you have got more sense when you are asleep than when you are awake."

She—"Did you hear the chimney swallow?"

He (embarrassed)—"That wasn't the chimney, Ethel. That was I."

"I just saw a funeral leave Old Knocker's house. Did he die?"

"Sure, what did you think they were doing, practicing?"

As pronounced by some.

If you eat everything

That you see on the menu,

It is likely, by jing!

That your stomach will penu.

At "The Breeze from Dixie."

"What's that guy doing here?"

"He's supe.

"Well, can him."

Mart—"What do you suppose Fred meant by sending me those flowers?"

Bones—"He probably meant to imply that you were a dead one."

FOR BOYS ONLY.

(Read backward)—Didn't you if girl a be wouldn't you, this read would you knew we.—Ex.

Make this year's "Annual" best ever by using Rembrandt Photos.

THE SENOR'S WATERLOO.

The Seniors, with heads as high as could be,

Went into the basketball game in glee,

Off went the whistle, the centers

jumped high,

You should have heard those Seniors cry!

Again and again the Junior baskets were flipped

Just as though the ball large seems had tipped,

But on and on this game progressed, While the Junior basket had selden a rest.

But all too fast the clock moved on, And joy! the Seniors' chance was gone.

For, see, they crawled away, one by one, Quite differently than they had begun.

And if by chance you should wonder why, I'll tell you the game was not a tie, For instead of that the Seniors beheld The score of seventeen to twelve.

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED."

"I can't understand why Jenkins and his wife fell out. She used to call him the light of her life."

"Yes, so she did, but he went out too often."

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Hats and Furnishings
... For Men ...

New World-Herald Building

O'Brien's

CHOCOLATES

"The Utmost in Candies"

THE O'BRIEN CO.
Candy Makers : OMAHA

Crawford—How do you feel today, old man?"

Fike—"I don't feel like myself."

C.—"Well then, perhaps you'll lend me a five-spot."

Buck (answering the door bell)—
"If you please, sir," the beggar said.
"I've lost my right leg."

"Well, it ain't here," said Buck, and slammed the door.

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1905 Farnam

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from the High School: who hesitates to pledge four years to a College Course: who, nevertheless, desires to study, to enjoy college advantages, to cultivate special talents, to enrich her life and her friendships—should know of

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Secretary, National Park Seminary,
Forest Glen, Maryland.
(Suburb of Washington, D. C.)

Miss Atkinson—"In what condition was George Washington at the end of his life?"

Campbell—"Dead."

A.—"I tell you, old man, Alice is a bright girl. She's brains enough for two."

B.—"Then she's the very girl for you, my boy."

ONE SOLUTION.

For two weary hours the small boy had howled, and the other occupants of the crowded railway carriage were getting tired of it.

"Oh, dear," moaned the mother distractedly, "I really don't know what to do with the child."

A sudden gleam of joy shone in the eyes of the old bachelor opposite.

"Shall I open the window for you, madam?" he inquired, politely.

Rembrandt Photos are for people who want the best.

He raised the shining knife; his face was dark. The woman before him shrank back a step. The knife fell, plunged into the flesh, again and once again.

Then the woman spoke thickly. "Three's plenty; they're such big chops."

X.—"Did the doctor treat you?"

Z.—"No, he charged me \$5.00."

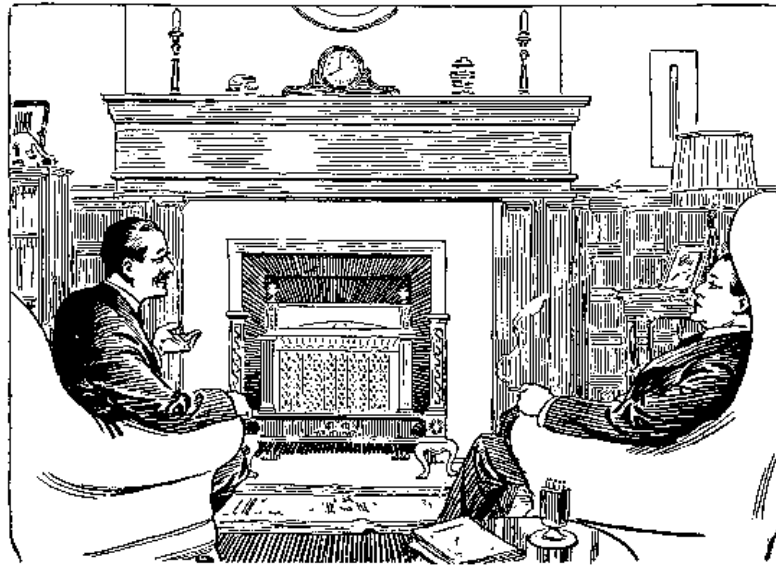
"THRIFT"

Two High School graduates never had heard of that word and were unable to land two good positions down town.

Start a small Savings Account now and make a start towards your position—one dollar opens the account.

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Radiant heat is derived from energy waves projected through the atmosphere from an incandescent mass.

You can see the various styles of **Radiant Fires** either at Sunderland Brothers Company or the Gas Office.

OMAHA GAS COMPANY

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Douglas 605

COMPENSATION.

Beyond the valley where yon river
meets the sky
And purple haze caresses the gray
hills,
Man shall find peace in solitude.
For after those long, languid shadows
fall,
At the sunset of life, comes the twi-
light,
And it brings healing on its wings,
Uniting the finite with the infinite.
This to those who hold God's law su-

preme.
But those who gaily dance the
meadows through
In search of winding stream and lovely
flowers,
And who forsake to climb the tedious
way
Through the hard stubble to the far
off heights,
Swift night shall o'ertake them in the
valley,
And they shall wearily drop their
heads in shame. —E. N.

Tennis, Baseball and Golf Goods New stock just in **TOWNSEND GUN CO.** SPORTING GOODS

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Telephone Douglas 870

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT FLIVER FOUR.

(Lesson I in the classical series of good literature.)

It is a modern traffic cop,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long, black billy and glitter-
ing star,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

He holds him with his skinny hand;
"It is a Ford," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard
cop!"
Eftsoons his club dropt he.

"The station's doors are open wide,
'You'll have to pay a fine.
The thieves are met, the court is set,
May'st hear the dismal whine."

He holds him with his glittering star—
'The motorist stood still,
And listens like a fliver four
The bluecoat hath his will.

KICKING ABOUT HIGH COST OF LIVING?

Why should you, when you are paying more than is necessary? Buy Metzger's wrapped Bread, save the coupons and make 5 per cent on your money.

IF YOU WON'T SAVE, DON'T KICK

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We are introducing a new plan in
CLASS PHOTOGRAPHS
 COME IN AND SEE IT
RINEHART-STEFFENS
 18th Street and Farnam

The motorist sat on a court room
 bench;

He cannot choose but stop;
 And thus spake on that modern man,
 The bright-starred traffic cop.

The judge's eye straight through me
 pierced;

I did not like his ways.
 "Speeding? Ahem!" and then he
 said,
 "Fifty dollars or thirty days."

"Thirty days have now elapsed;
 My Ford shall never impede;
 Perchance your 'caterpillar' rattled too
 much;

'They'll get you again for speed.'
 —A. Nut.

Hotel Waiter—"Come in, you really
 must go off to bed, sir. (Yawns).
 Why the dawn's breaking, sir."

Reveler—"Let it break and put it
 down on the bill, waiter!"

DREAMS.

Far, far away across the deep blue sea
 Lie the sunny lands of a small country
 Where the birds of song in pure Au-
 rora's skies

Awake the newborn day with warbling
 cries,

Where Vesper lays the days of toil
 to rest

With twilight's orchestras playing at
 their best.

There kingly reign the deep and shel-
 tering woods

That fill the air with fragrant nature's
 floods

Of sighing pine and spruce trees' es-
 sence clear,

Luring the busy bees from far and
 near.

There wind the silvery rapid brooks
 and streams

Mid many a nook and slimy mill-
 wheel's beams.

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THE HEYN STUDIO

Sixteenth and Howard Sts.

The white homes of the peasants with
 low thatched roofs

Resound with happy laughter of stal-
 wart youths,

Who seek the rosy maidens of the
 house,

And under the low browned beams of
 oak they rouse,

With honest word or with frequent
 timid glance,

Love's true warm blaze of simple,
 pure, romance.

In the year of Forty-eight, 'tis no sur-
 prise,

That all men went to guard their para-
 dise,

But fates had destined loss of liberty,
 And even now forbid them to be free.

Cold gloom reigns in those hearts so
 basely sold

By a traitor's greed and love of yellow
 gold.

O Tyrant, thou shalt lose those lands
 and skies,

Those woods, those streams, that
 balmy paradise,

For Liberty's fire in blazing hearts
 does rise,

'Tis fed by teachings of Minerva wise.
 Thy cruel, oppressive days shall end

to thee,
 And soon those rising spirits shall be
 free.

—F. M.

Mistress—"Look here, Susan, I can
 write my name in the dust upon this
 table."

Susan—"Oh, mum, there's nothing
 like eddication, is there, mum?"

"A hedge-hog on the ground is a
 sign of a late winter."

"Yes, and a banana peel on the side-
 walk, is the sign of an early fall."

LEE L. LARMON
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 the O. H. S. we still wish to be con-
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SPECIAL FROM MARS.

Owing to the following being turned in too late to be put in with the other Road Show news, we were forced to stop the press to give this important news.

Another Senior committee has been appointed, consisting of Warren Ege, Bernie Holmquist, and Lawrence Ortman.

William Alley is Financial Manager (lucky guy?)

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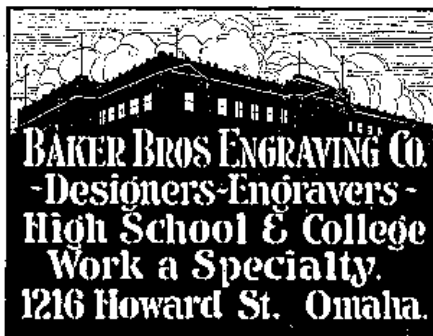
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