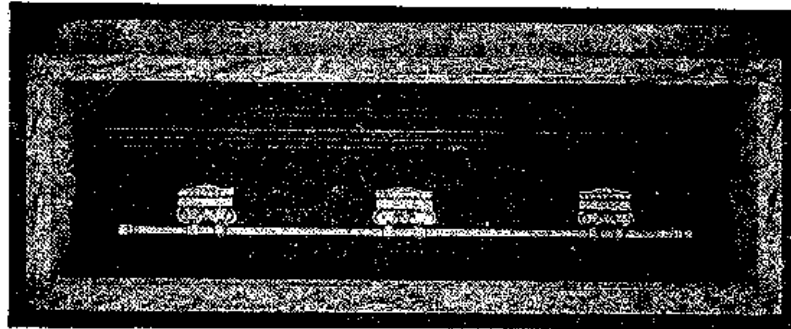


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The

# REGISTER

Omaha  
High  
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MARCH  
1917

Vol. XXXI  
No. 7

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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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LAWRENCE B. HOGUE  
Business Manager

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OMAHA, MARCH, 1917

Number 7

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## CONTENTS

Editorials .....	Page 5
Reminiscences of Childhood.....	" 9
The Use of Advertising Phrases.....	" 13
A Woodland Scene.....	" 14
Poetry.....	" 16
Exchange.....	" 19
Athletics.....	" 21
Hotchpotch.....	" 23
Miss Nancy's Decisions.....	" 24

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Mr. H. B. Boyles,  
President Boyles College.

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Yours very truly,

D. L. EVANS.



D. L. EVANS

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# THE REGISTER

Vol. XXXI

OMAHA, NEB., MARCH, 1917

Number 7



The REGISTER has requested each of its four elected staff to write a brief editorial setting forth his idea of his position on the REGISTER. This we hope may enlighten the school on that vague, mysterious life in the caged room on the third floor, from which once a month comes our beloved paper, the REGISTER.

### ON BEING EDITOR.

Every year someone enters the Omaha High School, who in future years will become editor of the REGISTER. That one may be you or your chum. But it may be neither one or you because neither one thinks he knows enough about it. That is not necessary. What you don't know you can learn. And the learning will be both pleasant and profitable. Did you know that our principal was once the editor of a school paper? And he says that he both enjoyed it and benefited by it. And so with the present yours truly.

To be editor of the REGISTER, once you're there, does not seem to be so great an accomplishment as it might seem from the outside. We all know that "he who would be greatest among you, should be your servant." Consequently, if the REGISTER is to be any kind of a success, there must be someone behind it with the willingness and the time—yes, and the ability, to work. Perhaps that is why the REGISTER this year is not all that it might be. Again, the editor must be someone who is not out for glory, nor for an "O," nor for grandstand playing before a cheering crowd of enthusiastic students. True, in the election his name gets plastered and yelled all over the school, and finally swept up into the waste basket. He has the exciting experience of being one of two or three who are the subjects of school gossip. But that lasts only a short while. The election returns are received and congratulations flow in. The excitement subsides. The cause of the battle of yesterday is the meek and humble student of today.

As fall comes, work begins to appear and soon is very much in evidence. You learn what copy is, also how to read the proof and paste the dummy (not baste the turkey). You choose your staff and assign the work, set a date for the material to be in, and have countless conferences with Miss Taylor. The first issue is an experiment and you wonder how it ever developed as well as it did. After that you are used to the routine. Your calls in 149 become less frequent and soon you find that you and the staff can put out a paper without filling in with material supplied by the English department. But many are the hours spent in the caged room and long and late are the hours spent at home reading the proof (which duty has now fallen to the assistant editor), editing new material, or pasting the dummy. And then the Annual. This is where we now find ourselves. We're working and planning—looking up old Annuals and Annuals from other schools. And—well, we won't prophesy, but we're doing our best. And what's more, we're very democratic, and especially so when anyone has any ideas, snap-

shots, drawings, ads or other contributions to offer. But there, we're off the track, telling of that Annual again. It won't get off our minds.

Coming back to our original topic, we ask you to think it over seriously. We're always glad to see those who are hoping to run the REGISTER next year. And why not you? You've got just as much chance of becoming editor of this paper as we ever had, and probably more. And take it from one who knows, you'll not regret in the end that you chose the position of editor-in-chief.

#### ON BEING ASSISTANT EDITOR.

The time has come when future candidates for next year's REGISTER staff should be thinking the matter over. Experience is the best teacher; so it is only natural that probable candidates should come to this year's assistant editor and ask her, "Would you advise me to run?" To which question she readily answers, "Yes, by all means, yes! For out of being assistant editor she has received experience, pleasure and a certain amount of responsibility.

First of all, there's the campaign—the campaign with its exciting days and excited candidates. Then the day of the election—the day of days. It may rightly be called life's darkest moment, the moment before you hear the results, and you just know that the other candidate has won; but—after the votes are counted, and you learn, though it is hard to realize, that it is you who has been elected—then there's the thrill that comes but once in a lifetime.

During the summer the newly elected one will probably read up on her subject. She will read on such subjects as: "College Journalism," "The Editing of a Paper," "High School Publications," and the like. It is also a good plan to make use of "Wooley's Handbook" for reviewing the important rules which come in handy when one is correcting copy and reading proof.

School starts in the fall, and first of all the editor and assistant call together their staff. They try to compose a capable, all-representative staff, the members of which are then passed upon by the executive committee of the paper.

The editor tells each one what he or she is expected to do, and the assistant editor does only what he tells her to do. He plans each number of the REGISTER (except the special Girls' number) and calls upon her occasionally to write an editorial. For nearly every issue, the assistant corrects copy and reads proof. Then there are always poorly written stories and articles which she must copy in a legible hand. The Girls' number, of course, is lots of work, but by the time that comes out, one is thoroughly acquainted with the work, and it should cause no unusual worry.

There is the Annual, too, which is a big problem for the editor and business manager, but the work should be evenly distributed among the other staff members. The assistant editor must, of course, be expected to do more work than is required for the monthly publications, but the present assistant editor is not as yet in a position to say how much work is demanded for that all-important issue—the Annual—to which we all are looking forward.

Those who intend to run for this position must necessarily have, on file, a good record for previous work, for this record is looked up by the executive committee. But previous experience in work of a similar kind is not requisite. Work along this line teaches one to think. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that practically everyone had the same amount of brains—that the best mind was only a fraction of an idea ahead of the worst—the trouble is that most of us don't use our brains.

Here's to next year's staff! May it succeed in keeping up the excellent record that the Omaha High School REGISTER has held in past years!

#### THE LIFE OF A BUSINESS MANAGER.

A few days ago our most awe-inspiring editor caused me to doubt the constancy of his mental ability by requesting me to write an editorial! Now, dear reader, I have, so far in my course of companionship with the editor, never before found him at all mentally incapacitated. I—I write an editorial! However, knowing that the best way to deal with a person laboring under a delusion, is to humor him, I promised to write something to serve as an editorial, although such a performance was made the more preposterous by the subject assigned, viz: My love for the REGISTER or why I liked to be business manager.

The question is, do I?

This is a tremendously serious question. I have pondered for hours on the subject. Days, weeks, months, yea, and even years, have I spent in attempting to solve this futile problem. Do not smile, my friends. This is a most interesting subject—one upon which science has thrown but little light; upon which archaeologists have been working for ages.

And I am now at a conclusion. Before me are piled statistics. At last, after years of zoological exploration near the North Pole, Germany and Council Bluffs, I am able and am also very happy to pass on to you the greatest secret of the age, and I will immediately render the verdict.

My earnest and profound belief is that I have not wasted my time as business manager of our meagre sheet. You are surprised! So was I! I pictured myself a slave to advertising, walking all day and night with a REGISTER under my arm.

And I have come, by a slow process of psychology in which you are not interested, to obtain a most admirable pleasure in being shown the door by those of Omaha's merchants who deem our columns of little value. To enjoy the leisure and comfortable chairs of the REGISTER office has become a necessity of my life. To be without an opportunity to inflict work upon poor Smith and to see him quail under the effect, would make me think "There is yet the river."

Dear reader, I would not feel justified in taking any more space in this magazine of world-wide fame to tell you of my varied travels. Ah! they are many and interesting. Suffice it to say that after almost a year of the REGISTER, I am still alive and able to trickle about, to and fro, through the unending and interminable halls of the "School on the Hill," usually bound for the REGISTER office.

#### ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER.

When called upon to write a thrilling scenerio, depicting in one reel the numerous advantages of being assistant business manager, I was, for the moment, tempted to say, "There ain't no such animule." But as I am the only junior on the staff, I had to obey my superiors, and get busy and write. I decided the matter would need some deep thinking, and so I retired to my study—a fable in one corner of the sanctuary known as the REGISTER office. I had just completed my opening paragraph when my nemesis, the business manager, entered and said, "Here, boy, move, I need that table. I have to write a long list of firms that I want you to call on and to sell them an ad." I started to protest, but I was silenced with a glance that is only known to the business manager. As I ended my protest by saying nothing, the business manager began to speak. "My boy," said he, "you do not appreciate the advantages of your position; I will enumerate them for you. First, you get fine exercise by taking a walk three times a week to the wholesale district. Next, there is the acquaintance that you get with the streets of Omaha. Soon you will be able to find your way about all alone.

Thirdly, you will get used to the hard knocks and disappointments of life by being turned down, when asking for an ad, by the firms whose membership in the Associated Retailers does not permit them to advertise in our worthy paper (for explanation see B. M.) Lastly, you will soon know where to buy the best things that can be had from the firms that do advertise in the REGISTER."

As he ended, he picked up his books, departed from the studio of poor jokes, and left me, duly humbled, pondering over my numerous advantages.

#### THE END OF THE WORLD.

*(Laugh and the World Laughs With You.)*

Ladies and gentlemen, I have appeared before you on many auspicious occasions, but I can easily say that this is the most auspicious of them all. We are gathered here this evening for a very solemn purpose: to be brief, to prepare for the end of the world. Don't start, my dear friends; eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die. What was that? Did I hear some one ask what proof I had for this preponderous statement? As Pluto said, "Lend me thine ears, and I will satisfy thine insatiate curiosity."

The other day many strange things took place in the midst of our beloved faculty. Miss Towne lost her temper and showed it; Miss Paxson didn't call on Campbell, Booth or Ege in Latin VIII; Miss Landis didn't give her weekly test; Miss O'Sullivan passed us and didn't smile, as is her custom; Miss Phelps laughed out loud in class; Mrs. Atkinson wasn't able to answer a question that was asked her in class; Miss Taylor let a "crude" joke in the REGISTER; Miss Bridge was fooled by our fake excuse; Mr. Mulligan found something that he could do; Mr. Mills, an ex-facultas, lost his interest in Central High School; Miss Weeks ceased to be pleasant and obliging; Miss Adams didn't send any one to his first hour room; and to cap the climax, Miss Snyder let us out of the building between bells after school.

My friends, with this long set of miracles in front of you, I hope you are convinced that the day of doom is near. What? One gentleman is incredulous? Two? Three? Well, well, this is greater opposition than I expected. But calm yourselves, gentlemen, and I will soon convince you beyond all shadow of a doubt.

Besides these indications in our faculty, we find others even more serious among the youngsters of our school. Dan Longwell, of the Adonis-like form, was caught flirting with his bewitching eyes, and when called to account, said he had nothing else to do, as Mr. Masters was getting along fine—thanks to dear Daniel; Bob Buckingham, of Jupiter-like wisdom, who has more schemes than brains, mysteriously thought of a sane argument on some subject, we have forgotten what; Leonard McCoun, whose Herculean strength is well known in Bowery circles, came to school the other day with his face and hands clean and his wavy brown hair brushed faultlessly; Sol Rosenblatt, whose scorching sarcasm has worried many of those queer animals called debaters, was discovered with his mouth shut—however, Mr. Solomon probably was talking to himself; Herluf Olson, a first sergeant of Mercury-like speed, really got that lowly G company into a decent formation before recall blew. Also among the sedate and dignified seniors, Bab Robinson asked a sensible question and did it without coining a new word of twenty-seven syllables; Bob McShane let loose some of his surplus energy and didn't get caught; William Alley wasn't elected treasurer of the Lima Bean Travel Club, which club has a membership of three—he voted for himself, but the others didn't; Ruth Parker stumbled on her Latin translation;

*(Continued on Page 15)*

# Literary

## REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

SAMUEL ISRAEL.

When the sun sinks, and his golden rays cease to lure tired humanity to greater efforts and ambitions, a man's thoughts are apt to wander from their well defined practical courses to channels where the past, present and future intermingle and form a beautiful setting for his otherwise commonplace life. The past, with its incoherent indistinctiveness, becomes, in the light of the present, clear and sharp. The actions and words of people, with whom we have come in contact, take on their proper value and we see them bereft of the veneer of formality and civilization and covered either by the mantle of truth or dishonesty, as the case may be. But time is a healer of wounds and a softener of hate and we are apt finally to ascribe to people's misdeeds at least good intentions. And so we go on dreaming, each man turning the pages of the book wherein his life has been written and each one reviewing a story more interesting and more vital by far, than any ever conceived by fiction and her aids.

My thoughts, traveling through time and space, see again the land of mighty mountains and great far-stretching plains. I see Russia, the land where nature, in the hearts of man and in the land, is still supreme. I again see the land where the past leaves no monuments and the future is still to be unravelled. And then, as my thoughts concentrating on the past, become more coherent, I see the village in which the days of my childhood were spent, the village with its quaint houses, people, beliefs and traditions. In thinking of the village I involuntarily summon other thoughts which had long been concealed in the recesses of the brain, but which are now aroused and come to life again. There are the squat, sturdy cabins roughly built, but with strength which generally is associated with rudeness. There are the neighboring fields supplying the village with both sustenance and employment and farther away, seemingly setting off the whole, is the forest through which the road creeps and loses itself as a good friend for whom the eager eye seeks, but in vain. The swine, laboriously passing by the close set humble homes, occasionally break the serene quiet of the village with grunts and squeals which, though not harmonious sounds, are still a necessary factor in the life of the community.

And the people! Quaint, picturesque, good natured, and kind with the kindness which ancestors for generations have conferred on them. Plain, simple, honest folk with never a thought of the morrow or the outside world, a people whose intellects have been warped by oppression and whose bodies have been made strong but ungainly by the constant struggle for existence. They are dreamers who fondly imagine great things, but who have not the zeal to attempt them. Hard to arouse, but terrible in their anger, they dream through life, accomplishing their allotted tasks with the serene far-away look which so characterizes either great men or men who have the inherent genius but not the practical ideas upon which greatness is based. Whether or not environment is the greatest factor in the success or failure of a man's life is always a debatable question, but no one will deny that a person's character is reflected by his surroundings. This law is as true of the Russian peasant as it is of any other people. Their home and home life is simple to the point of crudity. The cabin made of logs and straw thatched,

resists storm, rain, or sunshine alike. Between the cracks left by the imperfectly fitting logs is stuffed the moss of the forest. Around each square cabin there is an embankment of earth which serves both as a foundation and as a protection against the cold. In all Russian homes there is the ever present vestibule containing the household articles which in this country are stored in kitchens. But perhaps the most conspicuous thing about the home is the whitewashed oven which occupies about a third of the house space. It is composed of clay and bricks and reaches from the ground to within a few feet of the ceiling. It is heated by wood, for coal is unknown to the peasants, and it serves a double purpose. It nullifies the cold, it is used as a bed. The peasant likes nothing better in winter than the broad back of the oven to curl up on and sleep off the heavy meal which has been his at supper. The rooms of the peasant's house, generally two, are simple affairs. Anything resembling a floor is unknown and therefore not missed. The man who has never seen anything better derives as much pleasure in stepping across the hard earthen floor of his domain as does his richest brother in treading upon the costliest Turkish rugs in his palatial home.

The ways of housewives are varied, but I believe the ways of the Russian cook are the most supremely impractical. But perhaps the cook is not so much at fault as are the conditions which she is forced to combat. The wife of a Russian peasant may not be very well versed in all the love which artificial living, forever following in the wake of prosperity, brings with it, but she has the common desire to live, and perhaps a greater desire, for hers is the desire which neither reasons nor thinks, but strives with all the concentrated animalism of the ages to retain God's most precious gift—life. And perhaps her dormant thoughts, pierced at some stage of her life by a flash of something nobler and more inspiring than anything which her groping mind had as yet conceived, act as a lash whose bitter sting is offset by the vision of something greater. So she continues an existence whose beginning is dawn and whose conclusion is sweet night with all its inaffable mysteries. She shirks nothing, but does everything with an ambition which her poor mind is unable to define, but which always beckons, but, like the will-o'-the-wisp, always recedes. The web of fate seems to have in its meshes much of sorrow and little of joy for the peasant's wife and, she, intuitively recognizing this, attempts nevertheless to conform her life to some higher destiny which her instinct or imagination dimly pictures. Perhaps, therefore, her grief at overturning the meal in attempting to extract it from the farthest recesses of the oven by means of the iron forked pole, is more affected than real. But the man who arrives home disgruntled and tired in both body and soul is not appeased by a woman's plea for forgiveness and by her excuse of inability to prevent the accident.

There are other pictures which the memory whimsically brings back to the thinker. Some have in them the predominating aspect of happiness, while others, sad and lonely, cover the radiant face of joy with a mantle whose blackness is that of darkest nights and whose impenetrability is that of the best forged mail. Among the latter, in my own experience, can be numbered my father's departure to the land in which I fondly imagined good things could be had for the asking. It was to me the land where noble knights still fought for fair ladies and where the dreams and fairy tales of childhood were bound to come true. The land in which my father chose to attempt to retrieve his fallen fortune was America, and well I remember the time when the last good bye was said and we received the last kiss of an affectionate parent. It was then that my childish heart was full to the bursting and it was then that I crawled like a dog who had lost his master to the furthest corner of the room and gave vent to my childish grief in heartbroken sobs which I manfully attempted to stifle.

It seems that fate has a knack of making great things come in close succession, for no sooner had I become reconciled to my father's absence and my life reassumed its wanted monotony than something occurred again, and to that "something" I attribute my presence today in the home of the free. That "something" was the burning of the village whose picturesque inhabitants and familiar surroundings still haunt my memory. Time, with its intolerant mark, had stamped the simple homes of the peasants and made the logs of their composition dry and withered. Under such conditions a fire gains headway with the rapidity of lightning. This fire was no exception to the rule. Indeed its spread was so rapid that the whole village had gone up in flames before the fire fighters and their primitive methods had an opportunity of even attempting to check the flames. With our household possessions gone and our home in embers we had no choice but to leave the place of our birth and begin life anew in a place considerably removed from the scene of our misfortune. Packing the few of our belongings into the only kind of conveyance obtainable in that part of the country, an open Russian wagon, and perching ourselves on top of the whole, we drove off with many sighs for the place we were leaving and many thoughts of expectancy for the place we were approaching.

The town which was our destination was not radically different from the place we had left. Perhaps here one could find a person who was not wholly steeped in the religious superstitions of the ages, but on the whole the people were not much more rational than those we had left. But if thinking here was a little more advanced and progressive it was also more biased and perverted than that which we had heretofore encountered. The hidden undercurrent of agitation against a people homeless, friendless, and despised was here much more in evidence. These agitations are the last weak and foolish attempts of an old, worn out system to stave off the inevitable, to ward off fate, and to remain in power. It is an attempt by the powers that be to justify their misdeeds by getting a scapegoat upon whom the misfortunes of the people can be blamed. That they have not wholly succeeded is not any fault of theirs, but that these attempts have met with partial success is evidenced by the terrible massacres and outrages which have been perpetrated against the Jews at the instigation of these people. And the Jews, imbued with the idea that God in his wrath is visiting his just anger upon them, allow themselves to be slaughtered like sheep with an appeal in their eyes and a prayer on their lips. Imagining death, in his robes of black, skulking in each shadow and corner, they make no preparations to meet him, but walk with eyes wide open into his eager arms. Their fear of death is the fear whose roots are ground in the religious superstitions of centuries gone by, and therefore theirs is the worst fear. The fear of the physical coward or of the moral degenerate shrinks and becomes dim when compared to this fear which has its roots in religious fanaticism. The coward and moral degenerate will, when pushed to the last ditch, fight with all the cunning and hatred of which such natures are capable. But the fear which is derived from religious superstition never resists, for it believes that higher destinies have predetermined life's experiences and no acts on its own part can change that predetermination. But progress, strong with new vitality, can never be checked by such feeble opposition, and the days of the men opposing her are numbered.

This hostility was, as I have said before, the cause of our departure from Russia. This feeling, seemingly having its source in the poorer sections of the larger cities, but really fostered by the highest of the corrupt Russian officials, was becoming rife. Rather than risk a death, preceded by unmeasurable torture, we decided to flee. We accordingly hired a professional driver who, after expos-

ing us to the elements for two days and nights, deposited us in the first railway station it had been my pleasure to see. It was a hastily put up building, flimsy and uncomfortable, and everywhere was evident the lack of efficiency and good management which so characterizes everything in which the Russian government takes a hand. Only one event do I seem able definitely to pick out from the rest of the journey to the sea. This is the crossing of the Russian-German border. We did this on a day in which nature seemed to take pleasure in presenting her worst aspect. It was a day in which the three elements of rain, snow and sleet were combined. We traveled to within a mile or so of the border in an open wagon where, chilled to the marrow, we were joined by another batch of immigrants in like condition. We were then unceremoniously hustled into a big empty barn and given apples, whose only recommendation was their hardness, due to freezing, and their rottenness, due to age. While we struggled with the apples, the leader of the fifty or more souls, who made his living by first bribing the soldiers stationed on duty there and then charging each traveler a certain sum to be guided across the border without being stopped by the soldiers, went out to reconnoiter. He came back, bringing the cheering news that there were no officers in sight and that everything was ready for the dash across the line. At his signal we all raced and stampeded out of the barn and in the general direction which he told us to take. The stronger, as is nearly always the case, led, without attempting to help their weaker friends who could not maintain the pace, and therefore fell in the rear. The long line thus formed increased the chance of discovery more. But somehow, with the weak cheering and helping the weak, we finally managed to get across the border and into a hot comfortable German inn.

The next thing that I can dimly recollect is the ship with its characteristic smell of the sea and its huge mobility. The passengers all wishing to start life anew in the New World I can recall. Their dress, speech and distinguishing movements have nearly all faded. In my childish joy at the prospect of regaining my father and in my great bewilderment at the things I saw, I had no time to interest myself in passengers.

Here my reverie ends. Perhaps I have not looked back with infallible eyes. But if I have approached the truth—will a country so majestic, so grand, always be sunk in the mire of hate and cruelty. It seems preposterous and I for one believe that Russia's future is radiant. Fate cannot have ordained a country so magnificent to a destiny so low. She will arise in all her glory, throw off the yoke of oppression and become what she was meant to be—a leader in all lines.

#### IMAGINE HIS FEELINGS.

"I'm going to marry your sister, Bobbie," confided the happy young man, "but I know I'm not good enough for her."

"That's what sis says," returned the youthful culprit, "but ma's been tellin' her she can't do any better."

#### COULD SUIT HER.

"Do you guarantee these colors fast?" asked the customer at the hosiery counter.

"Certainly not, madam," replied the new clerk in the fullness of his knowledge. "Black is never considered a fast color, you know. But I can show you something pretty swift in stripes."

### THE USE OF ADVERTISING PHRASES.

REX ELWOOD.

There are forms of advertising which, while very successful in one line, would be worthless in another. Most advertisers now use illustrations, and not a few use what is known as an advertising phrase. This is a phrase, preferably catchy in character, which is either descriptive of the commodity advertised or is a salesmanlike appeal to the reader.

While there is no definite way of checking the effectiveness of such phrases, they are undoubtedly most beneficial to the firm using them. Small and local advertisers do not use them much, as it is almost necessary that the phrase become a national by-word before it is effective. These phrases are used principally by business houses who do a large quantity of national advertising, and who have but one commodity for sale. These large firms all have to meet a heavy competition of firms selling similar articles, many of which are probably just as good as their own product.

To make the buyer ask for a particular brand of a commodity is, then, the first function of the phrase. It evidently does this or firms of such magnitude as Proctor & Gamble of Ivory Soap—"It Floats"—fame would not use this phrase. When the De Long Company started on its campaign to sell its patented hooks and eyes several years ago, every ad fairly screamed, *See That Hump, See That Hump, See That Hump*, until at last women wouldn't buy hooks and eyes unless they did see that hump, and more De Long hooks and eyes are sold today than any other kind.

Another function of these phrases is to help make the reader link advertisements of a certain product together. The advertisements of any firm to be read must be interesting, and must be often changed lest they become monotonous. In changing his advertisements from week to week the advertiser runs the risk of having all his previous advertising brought to nought, unless there is some way in which the reader can connect the advertisements other than by name; for the average reader has a strikingly poor memory for the names of particular brands of products and their makers. This is a place which the advertising phrase fills to perfection. Another use of the phrase is to link it with a product so that the phrase and the name of the goods become almost interchangeable, and so that the product, because of its phrase, stands unique among other articles of its kind. For example, a housewife, dissatisfied with the flour which she is using, sees on the cover of a pictorial an ad for a certain brand of flour. She decides to give it a trial, but when ordering from her grocer she is unable to recall the brand of the flour. However, she remembers a phrase which she saw in the ad, remembers it because she had seen it before in advertisements which she hadn't read through. The phrase was, "Eventually—Why Not Now?" The grocer immediately identifies the flour as Washburn-Crosby's Gold Medal. Why? Because for many years no Washburn-Crosby ad for Gold Medal has appeared without this phrase until now the two terms are almost synonymous.

Phrases which produce these results are not easy to procure and different kinds of phrases are used by different advertisers. As mentioned above, most advertising phrases are either descriptive of the article advertised or a selling argument in its favor. The nature of the product has much to do with the type of phrase used. In the case of a washing powder, where every woman is a possible customer, the phrase is apt to be descriptive of the product, presenting actual evidence, which to test, the housewife will in most cases buy a package of the powder. One of the most noted of this class of phrases is that of the Bon Ami Company, who say of their product, "Hasn't Scratched Yet." In the case of an



expensive article such as an automobile, where not one reader in two thousand is a possible customer, and where the consideration of the article will be long and careful by the exceptional person who is in the market for a car; logical proof and hearsay evidence will in a large measure be used to convince the prospective buyer of the merits of the car. Therefore the phrase will be one that by reason of its logical nature will induce a person to ponder over the desirability of the article advertised. The phrase of the Packard Automobile Company, "Ask the Man Who Owns One," certainly gives the prospective buyer food for thought. Another type of phrase is that in which fiction is combined with fact. Such a phrase is that of the Johns-Manville Roofing Company, which says of their product, "It Covers the Continent." A certain engineering company says, "We Move the Earth." True phrases these, but ones which stir the imagination.

How these phrases influence the reader is an important phase of this proposition. Their main influence is to stamp the name of a product so firmly upon the mind of the reader, that in ordering a commodity he almost automatically designates that particular brand. Another influence is to set the reader thinking about a community. The woman who constantly sees the phrase, "Eventually—Why Not Now?" cannot long resist its appeal to buy the product to which it refers. Many sales are made annually because of these little phrases and more and more advertisers are using them. "There's a Reason."

#### A WOODLAND SCENE.

HELEN WINKELMAN.

Every spring since I can remember, I have heard the call of the woods and have always answered by spending the day there. This call begins with the "Cheery! Cheery! Chirrup!" of the first robin and grows stronger as each little, green leaf unfolds. The patch of velvety green lawn coaxes me to the broad fields beyond the city. The bed of gorgeous tulips that are too few to be picked, tell of the many beautiful blossoms awaiting me in the woods. The pair of faithful thrushes that have been building their nest in the lilac bush, sings to me of the many shy birds who do not venture so far from the woods and whom I love to see.

The sky is dark and heavy; the feel of rain is in the air. I am about to decide not to go, when suddenly my attention is attracted by a scolding and commotion in the tree over my head. Thinking it is a squirrel, I look up and discover saucy Robin Redbreast, scolding as I never knew a robin could scold. I cannot discover the cause of his temper, for there is neither cat nor mischievous squirrel in sight. Can it be that he feels my disloyalty in hesitating to answer the call of spring? From the jasmine comes the clear, sweet rhythmic song that I have learned to love, and there in his favorite place, for he seems to love the blossoms of the jasmine, is my most honored guest, the shy little rose-breasted grosbeak. What beauty he is, with his glassy black coat, white vest and beautiful rose-colored tie. He sits there and pours forth his song to me and I decide to go to the woods whether the day brings showers or sunshine.

A few minutes' ride brings us near the woods. The hillside is covered with the despised dandelion, but out in God's big country it is no longer a pest, and we see the beauty of its golden heart. At the foot of a distant hill we see what appears to be a flock of sheep, peacefully grazing. A closer approach shows us our mistake, for our sheep become cherry trees, snowy-white against the green background. As we reach the top of the hill at the edge of the woods, the sun bursts forth with promises of a glorious day. When we enter the woods, we smell the warm fresh fragrance of the earth. The woods are blue with the

fragrant sweet-williams and the violets, which are so thick that we cannot take a step, careful though we are, without crushing them. Deeper and deeper we go down into the ravine. Not a leaf stirs. The heat is oppressive. Not a living thing do we see save a tiny gray toad. The solitude becomes unbearable. So we retrace our steps, picking the blossoms as we go. Never have I seen such violets; some with rich purple faces; others big blue ones, and still others, every shade of yellow from palest lemon to richest gold. It is too early for the blossoms of the dog-tooth violets, the dutchman's breeches, and the solomon seal, although we see the plants everywhere. As we near the top of the hill, we see and hear the birds on every side. The hillside rings with a loud, clear whistle, the wild, untamed music of the aristocrat of the forest, the cardinal. There he sits in the very top of the highest tree with his crest proudly erect, his brilliant red plumage glistening in the sun. A flash of orange and then another and two beautiful Baltimore orioles have settled in the tree overhead. A handsome pair they make with their black backs and orange breasts. The harsh, shrill cry of the blue jay announces his approach. He is a handsome, lovable chap in spite of his bad reputation. A hawk rises over our heads. Like a daring aviator, he circles and dips, rising higher and higher until he becomes a mere speck in the distance. We come to the crest of the hill and find that lunch is spread beneath the grateful shade of the blossoming red haw tree, and as the fragrance of the boiling wienies mingles with the fragrance of the woods, I am glad that I have come.

#### THE END OF THE WORLD—Continued from Page 8

and to cap another climax, Madeline Cohn got only 95 per cent in one of her tests.

In the face of these arguments, who can stand without hiding his face in shame? What? Two gentlemen want to live longer? Well, ye hope in vain, for Company D is in first place; Richard Brady is lieutenant colonel; Paul Nicholson, Cupid's representative on earth, is playing favorites in the regiment; Frank Campbell, a corpulent gentleman who hails from Pumpkin Center, is soaking demerits by the buckets; "Bernice" Holmquist, the Lord High Rooster of the Society for Homeless Squirrels, wants to drill oftener and longer.

Aha! One more has succumbed to my dazzling darts of truth. I shall bring all my power to bear on this last obstinate geezer. My friend, let me tell you that the REGISTER is making money; the deserving pupils are enjoying open halls and open lunch hours; the medical inspection sticks do not taste bad any more; and, to end my discourse by my strongest argument, a fact that never can come true, unless it is at the end of the world, the junior class is wiser, comelier and in all ways better than the senior class.

P. S.—It is needless to say that this last argument was so effective and the proof so conclusive that every one rushed madly home to prepare for the end.

W. S. E.

Never do today what the teacher will forget to call for tomorrow.

He—"Well, I must be off!"

She—"Yes, I noticed that the first time we met."

Pupil comes into examination room and looks over the question sheet. After much consideration he throws it down with the remark: "These teachers sure do believe in Ty Cobb's axiom—'Hit 'em where they ain't.'"

## TO YOU,

RUTH A. PINNEY.

Up in my window, near the blue sky,  
Watching the sky-larks flying near by,  
There, thinking of you,—  
Just thinking of you.

Oftimes at night, in the cooling breeze,  
Comes then a message over the trees,—  
Soft, murmuring of you,—  
Yes, murmuring of you.

Then, while I'm sleeping in my high  
bed,  
After all thinkings and murmurings  
have fled,—  
Peace, dreaming of you,—  
Still dreaming of you.

Oh,—in my wanderings from near and  
far,  
May you fall to me from some star!  
Then,—speaking to you,—  
Joy!—speaking to you.

Seeing your face as I thought it would  
be,  
Seeing your eyes that I dreamed I  
could see,  
Then,—loving you,—  
Dear,—loving you.

## ATTIC TREASURES.

MERCEDES SHEPAARD.

Falling softly on the roof  
Footsteps of an elfin hoof,  
Splashing 'gainst the window panes.  
Comes the last of Autumn's rains.  
Faint the light that falters there,  
Few and bold the rays that dare  
Enter in this shadowy lair.  
Here the spider, with deft care  
Wove his tarnished silver thread  
To trap the fly's unwary head.  
Here a tiny, soft brown mouse  
Built himself a cozy house.  
Here in ancient chests are stored  
A silky, ruffled, lacy hoard  
Of dresses, bonnets, chains of pearl,  
Grandma wore when but a girl.  
Greater still, within this cave

Lies the treasure Cadmus gave  
Hidden here in dusty nooks  
Are buried precious riches—Books.

Magic books they are, a key  
That opens fairy land to me,  
Straight I am in joyous France,  
Under Richelieu's reign, perchance.  
I see Dumas' brave Musketeers,  
And watch, beset with breathless fears,  
While the tipping wall they fell  
On the host from La Rochelle.  
Lighter tales my thoughts then ran on  
The Griffon, and the Minor Canon.  
Changing swiftly then begin  
The story of the country inn  
Where gentle, martyred Lincoln tells  
His parable of Farmer Bells.  
Then read again that old, sweet tale  
Of the manger in the vale;  
And cry, as I have ever cried,  
When the lowly Saviour died.

The spell is over; day is done.  
Round the western hills is hung  
A softly sheltering, purple mist.  
Emerald fields, but now rain-kissed  
Stretch beneath me to the oak  
Which has all but shed its cloak  
Of gorgeous crimson, green and gold  
Before the winter's snow and cold.  
'Twilight deepens. Light so soft  
As dared to pierce the gloom aloft,  
Now begins its slow retreat  
Fading into darkness sweet.  
Then grim Night his safe guard keeps  
While the treasure hunter sleeps.

## EVENING IN THE SANDHILLS.

MARGARET MCWILLIAMS.

I sat upon a two-row in the dusk,  
High 'throned upon its slightly sway-  
ing seat,  
Which lifted me above the things of  
earth  
And left me free to gaze at space, and  
dream.  
About me stretched illimitable space,—  
Hill after hill to the horizon rolled,  
Treeless, gray-green, and bare, yet  
beautiful:  
Above, infinity of starry sky,

Two lost clouds roaming in its endless  
wastes.

The house and barn seemed in another  
world.

The windmill clicked in ceaseless  
monotone,  
And softly sighed the struggling cot-  
tonwoods.

Far off, a solitary coyote howled,  
In wailing, quavering hysteria;  
Another answered like an echo faint;  
Beneath my feet the bird-dog crouched  
and whined.

Outside the barbedwire fence the cat-  
tle led,

Vast, black shapes, gazing steadfastly  
at me,

Or so my fancy pictured them, and  
slow

They moaned their dreary, hopeless  
funeral song

Over a comrade whom the lightning  
killed.

Altho the coyotes had devoured his  
flesh,

Still o'er his skeleton they made their  
moan.

And as I listened to the eery sounds  
A pile of hay became a crawling thing,  
The fence-posts moved, the cattle  
seemed to be

Within the fence and coming slowly  
near.

But look! The sky glows o'er the  
eastern hill.

And see! On the hill's crest, in  
feathers decked,

Indians in conclave 'round their glow-  
ing fire.

Yet while the heart beats fast, calm  
Reasons says

The Indians are but soapweed, and  
their fire

The orange moon, which, peering o'er  
the hill

Beholds a peaceful world: then with a  
bound

Clearing the hilltop and the soapweed's  
spikes,

Floats in a blue-gray sky: and all is  
well.

(Literary Continued on Page 24)

## THIRD ANNUAL ROAD SHOW.

The Third Annual Road Show is  
now history.

After an overture by the orchestra,  
the curtain rose on the first act. A  
splendid Butts' Manual drill was given  
by a number of picked cadets. This  
drill is something never before put on  
by any of our men. Following this  
act, the Central High School Quartette  
appeared. All of the members sang  
good solos. Floyd Paynter, Eugene  
Maxwell, Raymond Sage and William  
Alley are the members of the quar-  
tette.

Louis Frieberg, Sol Rosenblatt and  
Winifred Favis produced an act en-  
titled "The End of the World."

Dwight Chase then rendered a char-  
acter sketch.

Daniel Klein, as Aldak, the Magi-  
cian, succeeded in mystifying us all.  
We're still wondering where those  
flowers came from.

One of the most laughable numbers  
was "In Sunny Wahoo." Robert Buck-  
ingham, Richard Brady, Phyllis Hun-  
ter, Gladys Putman and William Boyer  
were the members of the cast.

Our old friend, Harold Pearson,  
"got away" with some clever selections  
in the Swedish dialect, for which he is  
noted.

Robert Buckingham, Rudyard Nor-  
ton, Phyllis Hunter, Donald Shepard,  
George Eychaner, Allison Vinsonhaler  
and Walle Shepard gave us ragtime.

Norton had most of the people won-  
dering until he took his wig off.

Arthur Burnam and Sydney Robin-  
son were the real "laugh getters."

Last came a farce, "The Man From  
Brandon." We all sympathized with  
Paul when he became entangled in that  
dough. The members of this "all star"  
cast were Elizabeth Perigo, Frances  
Cleland, Margaret McWilliams, Isabel  
Pearsall, Paul Nicholson, Edwin  
Winterton and Warren Ege.

The success of this show depended  
largely upon Mr. Gulgar, who as man-  
ager worked so faithfully. Credit is to

be given to every man on the staff, to every ticket seller, to every usher, to every scene shifter and to every one who took any part in the show. Miss Towne, as usual, proved an efficient chaperone. We are told that over seven hundred and fifty dollars will be cleared for the cadet fund.

#### SPECIAL.

Just as we were going to press we learned that we had won the debate from Lincoln by a unanimous decision. We can only say that we are proud of our debating team and are anxiously awaiting a chance to shake their hands and congratulate them personally.

We are equipped to serve you promptly. Rembrandt Studio, Twentieth and Farnam.

The Senior Council is finally chosen. There were too many deserving ones in the Senior class. The appointments are as follows:

Warren Ege, Pres.  
William Alley  
Paul Nicholson  
Frank Campbell  
Dwight Higbee  
Birney Holmquist  
Robert Booth  
Charles Morearty  
Cleary Hanighen  
Owen Comp  
Lawrence Hogue  
Dorothy Balbach  
Helen Pfeiffer  
Virginia Greene  
Dorothy Hipple  
Madeline Cohn  
Ruth Parker  
Helen Parish  
Dorothy Cavanaugh  
Nora McDougal  
Marguerite Walker  
Mary McAdams

On Monday, March 19, the monthly inspection of companies was held. The result was very satisfactory. Ties

seemed common. The result was as follows:

Company E.....	96.5 per cent
Company I.....	96.5 per cent
Company F.....	96.3 per cent
Company G.....	95.8 per cent
Company H.....	95.8 per cent
Company A.....	94.5 per cent
Company D.....	94.5 per cent
Company B.....	94.3 per cent
Company C.....	94.3 per cent

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

#### A POOR DIPLOMAT.

"I think the one you refused is much the more attractive of the two."

"I admit that, but when he proposed he went into ecstasies over how happy I could make him; but the one I accepted spoke earnestly of how happy he would try to make me."

#### ADMIRABLY.

"How's the boy getting along with his studios?" asked Farmer Corntassel of old man Turnipseed.

"Pleasantly," was the reply; "pleasantly. He don't bother 'em none."

If the name Rembrandt is on your photo, you have the best. Twentieth and Farnam streets.

#### THE BEST COURSE

"Professor," said the student, "I want to take up international law. What course of study would you recommend?"

"Constant target practice."

#### BIGGER FIELD.

The student meditated thoughtfully ere he spoke.

"I am not sure, father, whether I shall be a specialist for the ears or the teeth."

"Choose the teeth, my boy; everyone has thirty-two of them, but only two ears."

# Exchange

They were two loyal supporters of the *Register*, interested in the publication, and ready to help it in the way of criticism both good and bad. These two also were interested in the exchange papers and eager to hear what others had to say about the results and of the efforts of our staff. I heard their conversation which took place in the *Register* office one afternoon not long ago. Exchanges from far and near were scattered about the desks and floor, and as the one went on reading the Christmas number and stories in the *Daisy Chain* from Waco, Texas, the other girl suddenly burst into real laughter. "What is the matter?" laughed the other.

"You just read some of the jokes in that *Orange and Black* from Falls City, Nebr., and you'll know. That's an interesting paper all through and the jokes in it are funny, they're real funny."

"Leave it there and let me look at it next. Right now I'm interested in the stories of the *Daisy Chain* and they surely are fine. This paper certainly has a clever language department."

This last was said rather loud, so loud, in fact, that *Echoes* were heard from Council Bluffs, *Echoes* with their splendid advertising and beautiful Christmas cover.

"Have you seen the mid-term number of the *Commerce*? It is a well gotten up paper, and the write-ups are fine, but I really think there should be a few more jokes in it. By the way here's what they said about our paper: 'The *Register*, Omaha, Nebr. All stories are fine. Buck-Bored is very interesting. Athletics are complete.' I'm sure glad to hear that, aren't you?"

"Where is the *Schenley Journal* from Pittsburg, for this month? Have you read that yet? I always enjoy reading it, for I think it is one of the most complete papers we receive. Theirs is a beautifully equipped school, too."

"*The Nugget*, Lead, South Dakota, said this about us, '*The Register* is a fine paper all right.' I think we might return the compliment, for theirs is also a good paper. The Exchange Department is cleverly arranged. I would suggest, though, that they have a 'Table of Contents' in the front. The *Nor' Easter* is another one of those nice papers that have commented about us. Did you see what they said? '*The Register*, Omaha, Nebr. You have a large and very good magazine to be issued monthly. Your stories are exceptionally good.' As we have often remarked before when we were reading these papers, the *Nor' Easter* is a splendid paper. Don't you remember the article on 'Speaking the Student Mind,' in the Thanksgiving number that we had so much fun reading?"

"Yes, that was a good paper, and I remember distinctly. There is an interesting article in this paper, *The X-Ray*, too, that you must read when you finish the one you're reading now. It is from Fairbury, Nebr. and entitled, 'Read the Exchanges.' The paper has many good points in its last issue too. It said the *Register* was a well-arranged paper, and that the purple and white color scheme was very attractive."

"Oh, say, if you want to see some good-looking boys, just look over the *Sandburr* from York, Nebr. The pictures of their athletes make a fine impression on me. How about you? I don't see any Exchange department, though."

"Well, its getting rather late, so I think I shall take the rest of these home to read. Those that I have here and shall enjoy reading are:

- "The Aggie Tatler," Lincoln, Nebraska.  
 "Cherry and White," Williamsport, Pa.  
 "Orange and Black," Milton, Pa.  
 "Hyde Park Weekly," Chicago, Illionis.  
 "Oberlin Literary Magazine," Oberlin, Ohio.  
 "The Kyote," Billings, Montana.  
 "The Creighton Courier," Omaha, Nebraska.  
 "Ah-La-Ha-Sa," Alberta Lea, Minnesota.  
 "High School News," Columbus, Nebraska.  
 "The Shuttuck Spectator," Faribault, Minnesota.  
 "The Quill," East High, Des Moines, Iowa.  
 "The Tatler," West High, Des Moines, Iowa.  
 "The Spectrum," Jefferson High School, Portland, Oregon.  
 "Auwgwan," Lincoln, Nebraska.  
 "San Jose School Herald," San Jose, California.  
 "Pebbles," Marshalltown, Iowa.  
 "Red and White," Lake View, Chicago, Ill.  
 "Pep," Red Oak, Iowa.  
 "The Tooter," South High, Omaha, Nebraska.  
 "The Antelope," Kearney, Neb.  
 "The West High Weekly," Minneapolis, Minn.  
 "The Buzzer," Arlington, Neb.  
 "The Westport Crier," Kansas City, Mo., Westport High School.  
 "The Wesleyan," University Place, Lincoln, Neb.  
 "The Oberlin Review," Oberlin, Ohio.  
 "The N. N. A. Trumpeter," Lexington, Mo.  
 "The Cotner Collegian," Bethany, Neb.  
 "Pasco School News," Dade City, Florida.  
 "The Hastings Collegian," Hastings, Neb.  
 "The Wayne Watchword," Wayne, Neb.  
 "The Croaker," Valley High School, Valley, Neb.  
 "Beacon," Cleveland High School, St. Louis, Mo.  
 "The Pulse," Washington High School, Cedar Rapids, Ia.  
 "The Nor'easter," North East High School, Kansas City, Mo.

Nick drove her new automobile;  
 She sat in the seat beside him.  
 Te took a bump at fifty-five  
 And he drove on Ruthlessly.

She—Do you know that I have the  
 soul of an artist?

He—I knew you painted the minute  
 I saw your face.

American Millionaire (to his speed-  
 ing chauffeur)—"Where are we?"  
 Chauffeur—"In Paris."  
 The dust flew.

A. M.—"Oh, never mind the de-  
 tails—I mean what continent?"

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



Basketball season is over, and with it went the finish of another hope that we might wear the state necktie. Our neck seems a little large for this same neckerchief-er-whatever-you-call-it. We went down to the state city with the usual amount of hope and an unusual amount of talent, but we were not quite up to swinging the job. Not that we didn't give them the best we had, for our gang was there and then some; but our best wasn't quite enough. We played our initial game with Nebraska City and had the extreme pleasure of defeating them 21-0. We then walloped our old friend Stanton 12-7. Fremont was the next on the list; and after an awful contest, we skinned out with the right side of a 13-8 victory. Columbus was nicely handled in a 22-9 game. Then (oh, ye immortal gods), then came the most unkindest cut of all. Lincoln, the hostile; Lincoln, our eternal foe; Lincoln, our cause for sleepless nights, defeated us in the final game of the tournament to the tune of 17-12. And so we must turn our saddened faces from another very great disappointment, and we must grit our teeth and set to work with a greater zeal which will bear its fruit in other years. Our team has been one of the best that the school has ever turned out. It is a well balanced piece of machinery, and we have every reason to be proud of it. The team, in battle form, is as follows: Patty,

Smith, Maxwell, Logan, Paynter, Konecky.

The team has not elected its captain for next year. This will be done in the very near future.

At this time of the year, when the mocking birds—er, er, I mean sparrows—begin to twitter from the tree tops, and when the air begins to fill us with joy and glee (tra la), the lot back of the school, and in fact all the neighboring lots, begin to be occupied with groups of playful spirits—ahem. Well, anyhow, you begin to realize that the baseball season are on.

Things always look bright at this season of the year, and the baseball prospects are not exceptions to the rule.

Hugh Carson will lead the team in its triumph this year. Carson has had about three years' experience on the team and will surely fill the bill. There are about four of the old men who will be back on the diamond this spring.

Coach Spinning will coach the bunch with the usual result, namely, that they will learn the game from the ground up.

We hope that a camp game with Lincoln can be made a part of the schedule as it was last year.

As the sun begins to loosen the joints up a bit, the tennis "nuts" hie themselves up to the attic and dig up the old racquet. Soon white trousers

(Continued on Page 23)



Crow—"Don't you find it hard to meet expenses?"

Hogue—"Hard? Man alive! I meet expenses at every turn."

TRUE.

"Do cigarettes hurt a boy's brains?"

"Oh, no! Boys with brains don't smoke them."

LARGE DOSE.

Oswald—"My love for you is like the deep blue sea."

Clarissa—"And I take it with the corresponding amount of salt."

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

"Pa, what are cosmetics?"

"Cosmetics, my son, are peach preservers."

"Many a feller is well groomed," said Deacon Blimber, "an' yet hain't got no hoss sense."

If the plural of child is children,  
Would the plural of wild be wildren?  
If a number of cows are cattle,  
Would a number of bows be battle?

If a man who makes plays is a playwright,  
Would a man who makes hay be a haywright?

If a person who fails is a failure,  
Would a person who quails be a quailure?

If the apple you bite is bitten,

Would the battle you fight be fitten?

And if a young cat is a kitten,

Then would a young rat be a ritten?

If a person who spends is a spend-thrift,

Would a person who lends be a lend-thrift?

If drinking too much makes a drukard,  
Would thinking too much make a thunkard?

But why pile on the confusion?

Still I'd like to ask in conclusion:

If a chap from New York's a New Yorker,

Would a fellow from Cork be a corker?

Freshman—"My feet were so cold this morning that I was unable to hold the pen in my hand."

Special paper used for highest quality cuts. Rembrandt Studio, Twentieth and Farnam streets.

Teacher—"You seem to be very dull. When Alexander the Great was your age he had conquered the world."

Student—"Well, you see, he had Aristotle for a teacher."

Fond Mother—"Jane, has Johnny come home from school yet?"

Jane—"I think so. I haven't seen him, but the cat is hiding behind the stove."

See us first and decide for yourself. Rembrandt Studio, Twentieth and Farnam streets.

### A GOOD IDEA.

Get to work. Tempus fugit. Take pictures for the Annual. This is YOUR ANNUAL, and unless you help it will not be a success. Ask your grocer, your druggist, your coal man, or your dad for an ad. That is the least you can do. If your grocer says it doesn't pay, tell him you'll make it lose by buying some place else if doesn't come across.

### CORRECT.

The Freshman grins,

The Sophomore blows,

The Junior growls,

The Senior knows.

—Ex.

All Seniors must have their pictures for the Annual in by May 1.

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

Henry looked at Bessie,

Oh! what a pretty miss;

He crept a little nearer,

Then gently stole—away.

—Ex.

Johnny, don't do that.

He—"How would you like a pet monkey?"

She—"Oh! This is so sudden."

Gentleman (to waiter)—"Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waiter—"Yes, sir. We serve anybody. Just sit down."

It's up to you. You didn't do your share if you didn't get us an ad for the Annual.

"A geek told me that I looked like you."

"Where is he? I'd like to punch his face."

"I killed him."

He—"Each hour I spend with you is like a pearl to me."

She—"Aw, quit stringing me."

Only the very best in portraits and our rate to you is 5.00 per dozen. The Cady Studio, 2521 Sherman avenue.

"I hear Jim's gone on the stage as a juggler."

"Well, he came by it honestly."

"How's that?"

"His father used to eat peas with a knife."

Different Photography—the kind you cannot get elsewhere, that's our kind. The Cady Studio, 2521 Sherman Ave.

The program committee of the Road Show regrets deeply that the advertisement of the Conservative Savings and Loan Association had to be omitted from the program on account of lack of space. It also acknowledges and wishes to thank the Conservative for this donation.

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

ATHLETICS—Continued from Page 21 will be the style on the courts on the west of the building.

This spring ought to bring forth a good tournament or two. The usual spring tourney will soon be put under way. Clearly Hannighen will probably handle this affair. And right here I wish to ask why we never have competition with other schools in tennis. Almost all of the up-to-date schools in the country have tennis teams that have contests with each other. It seems to me that there ought to be enough tennis enthusiasm in the O. H. S. as there is in any other school in the country. Let's up and at 'em, what? R. B.

Rembrandt Studio quality photographer. Twentieth and Farnam streets.

LITERARY—Continued from Page 17

## MISS NANCY DECISIONS

DELLA MARXEN.

"I say, Unc' Rastus, wake up and tell us a story," shouted Holly.

"Uh? Jes' you all wait a seccun', Dinah an' I'se gwine tu get right up," growled Unc' Rastus, rubbing his eyes.

Merry laughter ensued and the old darky sat up with a start.

"What—what! Ef it ain't li'l Marse Holly an' Miss Lila. Now what does dese li'l folks want wif sech a ole man lak me?"

"Tell us a story, o' course," responded Lila.

"But I can't tell no good stories," replied Unc' Rastus, wrinkling his forehead. Of a sudden his right ear twitched and the left end of his mouth dropped. Holly nudged Lila. "He's got a fine one for sure. Just look at him grin."

"All right, chillens, I'll tell youall 'bout how Miss Nancy decisioned tu marry Marse John."

"While Marse John, dat is yore pappy, wuz courtin' Miss Nancy, dat is yore mammy, dar wuz a man cum to town dat wuz called Mistah Bogeh Cahton, or somepin lak dat. I can't jes' perzac'ly disremember de name. He wuz a no 'count Yankee an' we ale niggehs knew dar wuz gwine to be trouble. Dis yere man wuz a detectib, but he wuzn't detectin' nobody in Leesville—he'd jes' cum fo' creation, he sez.

"It was all right till he fell in lub wif Miss Nancy. Den he had tu reckon wif Marse John, cas Marse John wuz from full-blooded quality-folks an' he want gwine tu stand fo' no foolin'.

"When Marse John knew dis no 'count Yankee wuz callin' on his Miss Nancy, he jes' kep' watchin' him out ob de cohneh ob his eye. So did de ole Yank. Dey hated each othel lak pison, but dey stuck close es bees tu Miss Nancy till she sez tu me, she sez, 'Unc' Rastus, I jes' feel lak runnin' away from bof ob dem. Dey's bof good boys, but dey is so existent,' she sez. But I sez tu huh, I sez tu huh, 'Dat 'ud be bery foolish ob youall, Miss Nancy. Don' youall do it no how.'

"Yore mammy's pappy used tu hab some white chickens dat he wuz bery proud ob. So dud yore pappy's pappy. Dey wuz allays tryin' tu get de mos' white chickens. Jes' afore dis Marse John's pappy had got fo' mo' chickens, but hadn't telled Miss Nancy's pappy yet. He jes' relayed tellin' him cas he wuz gwine tu get some mo'.

"One night a chicken disappeahed from Miss Nancy's pappy's hen-house. Lawdy, but you granpap waz mad. He dudn't say nufin' tho', cas he dudn't want Marse Lee, Marse John's pappy, to know dat he wuz ahead.

"De nex' night anotel one wuz gone an' den yore granpap tole de detectib about it an' de detectib stahts detectin'. He stahts at de road wut leads tu de hen-house, when anyone ought tu aknowled dat de right place tu staht is de scene ob de crime. Well, he done foun' feet-prints wut looks maghty 'spicious an' he jes' follers 'em up. Pehtty soon he cums to de cohneh ob de fence an' dar on de fence wuz a scrap ob clof. It wuz a dahk blue wut youall calls sehge. He done cums tu me an' he sez, 'Hi dar, Unc' Rastus, does youall know anybody 'round dese pahts wut weahs a suit ob dis kin' ob clof?' sez he. I looked at it careful an' I sez to him, I sez, 'Dai's only wun pehson 'roun heah dat weahs a suit lak dat, an' dat's Marse John Lee.'

"The gentleman wuts callin' on Miss Clyde?' smilin' crafty.

"Shore thing, I answers.

"Well, well!" he perclaims. Den he axes me, 'Does Mistah Lee hab chickens? I mean chickens lak Mistah Clyde?'

"Yessah, he cehtainly has. Jes' youall ax Marse Clyde.'

"Oh, I guess its all right ef you sez so.'

"When he goes I jes' hab tu grin cas I knew dat he thinks Marse John done stole dose chickens.

"Dat night two mo' chickens disappeahed. De nex' mahnin' Mistah Cahton goes oveh tu Mistah Lee's plantation an' sez real bold an' spiteful, 'Well, Mistah Lee, let's see how many mo' chickens youall got sense night afore las'.'

"What does youall mean?" axes Marse John. Den he sez, 'My fatheh got fo' mo' chickens, but nobody knows it yet cas he dudn't want Mistah Clyde tu know cas he wuz gwine to get some mo'.'

"When's he gwine tu get some mo'? Is he gwine to send youall oveh tonight? Deah's no moon tonight.'

"No moon? Wat's dat tu do wif chickens?' axes Marse John, puzzled lak.

"Well, youall shore am an actor,' sez Mistah Cahton, wif an orney look. 'So youall don' know wheah Mistah Clyde's chickens is?—fo' ob 'em. How cum youall got fo' mo' chickens? Den how'd dis get on de fence pos?'" He showed Marse John de clof, an' Marse John got red.

"Youall means I took chickens, seh? Me? I'se a southehn gentleman, seh, an' a southehn gentleman is a man ob honoh, an' he don' steal no chickens. Ob couhse yore a Yankee an' don' know no bettah.'

Marse John wuz mad clean thru an' talked jes' lak a jedge. Mistah Cahton looked away, an' den he sez, sez he, 'How cum den dis clof on de pos?'" Marse John got reddah an' reddah an' sez, 'It's none ob yore buzness, seh, an' youall jes' bettah get outta heah afo' I kick you out.' He shore wuz mad—madder'n a hornet. Mistah Cahton went.

"Well, he done went an' tole Marse Clyde, but Marse Clyde wuz 'sprised an' mad cas de detectib thot it wuz Marse John, but when he showed him de clof an' tole Marse Clyde dat Marse Lee had fo' mo' chickens, he wuz almos' disclined tu believe him. Acouhse he don' know dat from dat pos' youall can see Miss Nancy's windows.

"Mistah Cahton stahted tu tell eberybody dat Marse John wuz a thief. Nobody believed him, tho', an' dey wuz all mad at him for thinkin' dat der bes' young un wuz a low down, common thief, an' Marse John wuz maddern two pehsons togetheh.

"Dat night de sky wuz foggy an' a lil' yaller moon blinked its way thru' an' looked down on de town an' woods. I jes' felt lak es if somepin' wuz gwine to happen an' shore 'nuff, 'bout ten o'clock Marse John an' Marse Dick an' Marse Fred an' Marse Tom an' Marse Bob came tu me an' dey sez, sez dey, 'Unc' Rastus, we want youall to do somepin fo' us.' 'Shore,' I sez. So I went long-side ob 'em an' dey went towahds de hotel war Mistah Cahton libbed. I went in an' axes fo' Mistah Cahton. De clerk done sed Mistah Cahton wuz in bed, wheah all good Yankees should a been. I tole de clehk dat Mistah Cahton wuz wanted an' went up stahs to his room, an' pretty soon he an' me cums down. He must ob had a conshuns cas he wuz a pehtty skeered Mistah Cahton. We went out an' dar wuz de young uns, but dey had on maxes so's you couldn't se der faces. Dey grabbed aholt ob de shibberin' detectib an' we stahted out. We walked at a pehtty good pace an' we almos' had tu tote Mistah Cahton—he jes' trem'led lak as ef he would sink tu de groun'. De young Marsees went towahds de woods an' didn' say nuffin' tu de Yank. Pehtty soon de detectib began tu whinin', 'Mones'ly I don' believe Mistah Lee is de guilty pahty—



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May we have the pleasure of taking the portrait of you that will go into the making of this book?

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16th and Lake Sts.

hones'ly I don'. I'll fin' de guilty wun tomorrow mahnin'—hones' I will. I jes' sed it so dat Mistah Lee couldn' marry Miss Clyde. Ef youall let me go, I'll fin' who stole 'em in de mahnin'. Hones' I will!' He groaned an' whined, but de young Marses neber paid no 'tention. Dey jes' sez, 'Youall won' be heah in de mahnin'.

"'Youall ain't gwine tu kill me, is you?' Jiminy, but he wuz skeered.

"Pehtty soon we cum to de woods an' den youall should aheerd Mistah Cahton howl—jes' lak ole Rags when de Methodis' church bells sings. I jes' wuz nechly revulsed wif laffin'. He done thot dat de young uns wuz gwine tu hang him. Phetty soon we cums tu a open space an' dar in de middle wuz a bucket, a barrel, a bag, an' a floppy brush. 'Youall isn't gwine tu drown me, is you? Ef you does I'll hab de law on youall—jes' see if I don', sez Mistah Cahton, whisperin' lak.

"De young uns kep' quiet an' one ob 'em cotched Mistah Cahton by de ahm an' stahted tu strip him: Mistah Cahton howled an' yowled tell do woods jes' rang an' a couple a squirrels cum out to see what de matteh wuz. De moon jes' threw enuff light down so's de boys could see. Well, pehtty soon Marse Tom took aholt ob de brush han'le, stucked it in the bucket, brought it out all black an' floppy, a greasy stream drippin' from it. He fotched it oveh to wheah de detectib wuz standin'. It wuz kind a cold, I reckon, for de pore ole Yank, but he ought tu aknowed better dan monkey wif us southhehnehs. He jes' stood dar an' shibbered an' moaned an' groaned an' whined an' growled an' howled lake es ef we wuz gwine tu kill him: Well, Marse Tom fotched oveh de brush an' splash! on went dat greasy cold stuff, an' splash! splash! on went some mo'. Well, Mistah Cahton jes' tuhned as yaller as dat ere moon an' den he went as green as de wil' persimmons dat wuz growin' aroun' dere. Dey wuz awful good tu him. Dey neber put no tar 'tall on his ahms, han's no' feet. When dey had him painted blacker'n I eber wuz, Marse Dick opened wun ob de sacks an' along came a li'l puff ob wind. A white cloud shot up in de air an' went up towahds de moon, which wuz growin' brighteh an' brighteh. Well, Marse Dick an' Marse Bob hollered, 'Keep yore mouf shet!' an' pored all de feathehs over de detectib. Jes' den de moon got cleah ob de mists an' looked down on us. He laffed an' laffed an' laffed tell I thot his mouf would crack, but he shore had somepin' to laff at cas dar wuz Mistah Cahton all black an' white speckled jes' lak a chicken an' dar wuz de boys all grim wif maxes oveh der eyes an' all dressed in black. Den up spoke Marse Fred an' he sez, sez he, 'Now, Mistah Cahton, youall got tu promise neber to cum back heah no mo,' no' write to Miss Clyde, no' say anything about wut happened tonight. Ef youall do we'll fin' out an' get you shore as you libbin'. Promise dat an' heah's Uuc' Rastus as a witness.'

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"When no young Yankee came tu call on Miss Nancy no mo', she cums to me an' sez, 'Unc' Rastus, hab you all heahed wheah Mistah Cahton went? He hasn't called on me fo' a long time,' she sez, an' I answers, 'Don' youall worry yore pretty head 'bout him. He waz a no 'count Yank, anyhow, an' heahs Marse John, a good southehn gentleman wat lubs youall mos' to detraction,' I sez tu her. She doesn't say nuffin', but I knows she wuz thinkin' dat Mistah Cahton wuz a no 'count Yank who didn't know how to honoh a southehn girl. So when Marse John axes huh tu marry him she sez, 'Yes,' an' dat wuz how yore mammy decisioned to marry you pappy."

The old man finished and grinned as he thought of Mister Cahton.

"But, Unc Rastus," asked Holly, "why didn't the rats kill the chickens before?"

"I reckon I done forgot tu tell youall dat Marse Clyde's niggeh wut took caeh ob de bahn died an' de new man jes' let rats an' mice cum in, but atter dat wha Marse Clyde done got anotheh one an' den it wuz al right."

"And so they tarred and feathered him—poor man! And didn't mumsey ever find out?" questioned Lila, patting the old man's leathery cheek.

"No, honey, I reckon not."

He looked at the sun which was sinking in the golden west behind the tall pines and said, "Well, honeys, youall bettah run right up tu de house or Marse John won' let youall cum tu see me no mo', ef youall don' cum home befo' so late."

"All right, Unc' Rastus, but we're coming tomorrow for another story. We liked this 'un ever so much, didn't we Lila?"

"I should say so, and we won't tell mumsey nor daddy either. Hays one about Brer Rabbit tomorrow, uncle, an' please be awake, 'cause it takes so long to make youall up."

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---

"Cross my heah't an' hope tu die, I'll do es youall say ef you'll let me go,' whimpers de ole Yank. We guv him de barrel an' tole him de nex' town wuz only 'bout five miles away an' dat he could sen' fo' his clothes in de mahnin' atter he'd rested.

"Nobody eber heared about Mistah Cahton again. De nex' mahnin' we foun' it wuz rats as took Mistah Clyde's chickens an' we foun' de dead chickens away off undeh wun cohneh ob de bahn.

Little Lila patted the old darkey's face and then the children ran off up the hill.

Unc' Rastus' right ear twitched and the left end of his mouth dropped as he thought of "Mistah Cahton."

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Far from its happy home did stray.  
With spots of mud it soon was stain'd,  
The little Ford its engine strain'd;  
Up one steep hill it tried to pull,  
While rain came down in buckets full,  
And at the top, its labor o'er,  
The little Ford would run no more.  
A tragedy did end that climb;  
The little Ford sank in the slime.

—Edwin Robertson, '20.

Each morning as I go to school  
To learn to write by English rule,  
We gather in two hundred ten;  
We see our teacher's face, and then  
We hear her voice in accents wild  
Demanding, "Who's the naughty child  
Who scatters papers far and wide  
And tries his guilty self to hide?  
To some one else belongs the blame,  
But I must scold you just the same."

—Mildred Alexander, '20.

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—"How many ribs have you?"Zoe—"I don't know. I'm so awful  
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