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**FEBRUARY  
1918**

**VOLUME XXXII  
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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

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## L I T E R A R Y

### GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!

The cause of it all was the Caesar examination, and the person upon whose head lay the burden of guilt was the janitor.

It was this way. Owing to a decided slump in the activities of the school which particularly related to a certain "Bellum Gallicum" and other associated and equally disagreeable matters, Miss Quizzem had announced an examination for the following day. Susie and Maggie stayed in to prepare for the coming test and had not been noticed by the hurried janitor, who locked them in when they weren't looking.

Susie and Maggie, having discovered their predicament, determined to make the best of their bad bargain and continue their perusal of the fascinating commentary.

Now that's the way I get the story from Susie. It sounds fishy to me, very fishy. I don't see why they didn't pound on the door or the window, or stamp on the floor, or do any of those little things which you or I would have done in a like situation. But Susie, who is a truthful girl, assures me that they rather enjoyed the uniqueness of their position, and rather looked forward to their discovery the next morning and the excitement it would create. They rather feared than hoped that their fathers would come looking for them before it grew very late. When you are thirteen, no supper and worried parents cut very little ice.

Anyway, our heroines went on studying. It grew darker and darker. Their eyes began to blink and grow weary and sore.

"Let's stop," said Maggie, "it's getting too dark."

"I don't see why they don't have electric lights in this place," remarked Susie.

"Cause they don't need them in the day-time, silly," answered Maggie.

"Say, what does 'His responsis ad Caesarem relatis' mean?"

"Caesar's relatives respond to his invitation, I guess. Come on, let's quit. They ought to be coming for us pretty soon."

"So they ought. What shall we do?"

"Let's play we're Caesar and Ariovistus. You be Caesar. You talk first."

"All right. Hey, Ariovistus, quid est tuus business?"

Maggie laughed. "Meus business est omnis rectus. Quis est tu?"

"Celeritissime, skidoo!"

"It wasn't anything like that," remarked a voice from the other end of the room. "While my patience is long, there are things which overtax the endurance of even an imperial sense of humor."

The girls stood transfixed, their mouths wide open in astonishment, cold perspiration on their brows, and steadied themselves against the desk with only supreme effort. Over in the darkest corner of the room, surrounded by an aura of light, stood a small, elderly man, with bald head and large, penetrating eyes glistening with a queer, sarcastic gleam, wearing what the children recognized from many descriptions to be a toga, and smiling pleasantly.

"Of course, my dear children," he continued, advancing a step to meet them, "you could hardly be expected to know—but don't be afraid. Ha! Ha! You tremble like Nubians in the slave market. Don't do it, I pray. My nerves are not what they used to be, and I can't stand it. Every time I

have to do this apparition stunt, the worst part of the job is to calm down the subject. Sit down, please. I've an engagement to worry the shade of Brutus and so I'll have to hurry. Do you know who I am?"

"Caesar!" grasped the astonished pair.

Their visitor looked disappointed. "Gaius, just Gaius," he replied; "that other name always reminds me of something." He shuddered. "Well, it wasn't my fault; success turned their heads. Caesar! Bah! I'd rather I had never borne the name than see it trampled in the dust. Tiberius, Caligula, Nero—Caesar. Ugh!"

The little man blew his nose vehemently and smiled. "Enough of this," he cried. "I want to set you right about my little tiff with Ariovistus."

"B-b-butt you talk English!" exclaimed Susie, wonderingly.

Caesar blushed. "You see," he explained, "I'm only a ghost."

"Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Isn't that what Willy Shakespeare wrote about me? Well, it's true. I'm only spirit, and my real 'I' is at present doing service in a pottery. As a spirit I can talk any language, see?

"Ariovistus was as fine a fellow as ever drew breath. Only he didn't know when to stop. He got me into trouble, and then, of course, his life wasn't worth a hill of beans. Don't believe all that stuff over there!" (The imperial finger pointed to "De Bello Gallico" on the desk.) "I'll tell how that thing was written. You see, I invited Ariovistus to a banquet of the German chiefs, and after the other guests had all gone, he took me aside and asked me to drink with him. We sat down at a table and he ordered two of his slaves to bring forth some new kind of wine that he wanted me to taste. It was a brown wine with white suds on top and served in stone goblets. It was essentially a German variety of drink. I liked it. I called for another. I called for three more. Then I suddenly remembered that I had neglected to write my report of the campaign. I sent for a scribe and dictated the contents of that volume on the desk there while Ariovistus alternately held up my head and forcibly restrained me from trying to dance on the ceiling. The room began to turn somersaults, but I was resolved to finish my report—the 'iron will of the Caesar,' you know! Ha! Ha! Just before dropping off, I ordered the document sent to the Senate, and when I awoke, several days later, they brought me the following message from home:

Rome, B. C., 58.

Dear Gaius:

What in thunder does all this mean? No one in Rome can make head or tail out of your manuscript. Can't you talk plain Latin?

Your old pal,

Antonius.

"What a mess I was in! If I couldn't crawl out of this hole in some way, my reputation and place among the Roman four hundred was as good as lost, and I might as well have retired to Spain and spent the rest of my days being the 'first in a little Iberian village.' Which wouldn't have suited yours truly a little bit.

"First I wiped the earth with Ariovistus and then I sat down and planned out my course of action. I sent for the scribe and ordered a copy of my report brought to me. I read it over. Then I read it again. Then I tried to read it through backwards. No luck. Such a conglomeration of language had never before existed. It was appalling! Surely the home folks would think that I was completely off my bean. Unless—and then I conceived the great idea! I telegraphed the Senate immediately and all the newspapers in Rome:

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C. J. Caesar, Prop.

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"This caught the crowd. I sent Labienus to Rome to lecture on the new tongue. Laby made a great hit. The elite of Rome fell for the new fad. I wrote a grammar of my newly-invented language, complicating every feature as much as possible. The sale was tremendous. Societies were organized for the study of it. The press boosted it to the uttermost. And then, alas! the public schools took it up. I didn't mean harm to the children; honestly, I didn't. If I'd only realized what I had done! But it was too late, anyway. I had persuaded Cicero to orate in the new tongue, and he, clever fellow, added several new and delightfully complicated features.

"So, you see the result of Ariovistus' carelessness! And no more strange, new drinks for me! I've sworn off! Why, I'm now a regular subscriber to the W. C. T. U. of Hades."

Caesar paused.

"But," asked Maggie, with just a suspicion of a grin, "did you ever succeed in translating your 'Commentaries' yourself?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, "with the aid of a friendly little creature I picked up on the plains of Germany—"

A footstep was heard in the corridor. Loud voices called the names of the two girls.

"Here we are!" they called loudly. "Goodbye, Caesar! But what was this creature?"

Caesar winked. Then, slowly, he vanished into the darkness. But from the black depths of the corner they heard—the mere essence of sound—his whispered answer.

"My pony!"

Howard Green, '18

### ALL FOR A LOCKER KEY

The story is circulated that a certain slim, blonde, young lady, a junior, recently lost her locker key down the cold air chute in her home. Panic stricken at the thought of such a separation—so near and yet so far—she induced her father to assist her in a noble and daring rescue.

After several unsuccessful attempts at persuading her young brother to undertake the task, said blonde young lady, arrayed in typical diver's costume, arrived with a candle, and suspended by a rope attached to a perfectly good leather belt securely buckled about her middle, descended pendulous into the shaft.

Arriving, at last, at the bottom, she was met by a gust of cold air from the great outdoors, and her flickering taper was extinguished.

Oh, cruel wintry blasts, to so discourage the noble attempts of a fair maid at saving twenty-five cents to buy a thrift stamp!

But our heroine was not disheartened. Deplorable though her situation was—alone at the bottom of a cold air chute, with neither light, nor warmth, nor food—she stood on tip-toe and raised her voice in shrill appeal for a match.

The request being granted, she resumed her search, and at length ferreted out the object of pursuit from a foot or more of dirt interspersed with various other articles which had been submitted to the same plight as the locker key ever since that particular cold air chute began its existence.

Through the manful efforts of her father, the young lady finally completed the toilsome ascent, but with the last tug over the top the afore mentioned belt snapped under the strain.

But though her father raved about the sacrifice of his brand new dollar belt for a twenty-five cent locker key, never was deliver among the ruins of a buried and long forgotten city more victorious over the discovery of a treasured antiquity than was our slim blonde young lady over the rescue of her locker key from the icy en-tombment of a cold air chute.

And if you don't believe this is true, ask her yourself!

*Camilla Edholm, '19.*

### DAN AND THE REBELS

The boys living in and near the little town of Barton, Iowa, took great pleasure in teasing old Dan McGee about his crooked back. His back was a funny looking affair. It was so bent over that Dan could not straighten up. He was a Civil War veteran, a Northern man. Dan admitted that he got his back hurt in the war, but never told how. Of course this led to much false jesting by the old, grey, village patriarchs as to how he got his back so bent.

Robert Patches said that Dan got shot while running from the Southerners. Ezra Perkins said that Dan's back was bent by his continually bending over in the Union trenches to escape confederate bullets. This joking did not please Dan, yet he still declined to tell in what manner he really got hurt.

I may add that at the time of my story I was only ten or eleven years old, and that Dan had a great attraction for me. Perhaps that is why one day, when I was down near Dan's office, he called me and said, "My boy, do you want to know the story of my life, the story of how I really got my back bent into such an awful shape?"

"Yes, Dan," I said, "I would like to know, but you never will tell anyone."

"Well, sonny, I don't like to brag—that's why; but when you hear ol' Dan's story I know you won't mock him or laugh at him."

Now I never had mocked him but had felt sorry for him. And so he began his story.

"Sonny, ol' Dan wasn't always bent over. No sir, once I was six foot tall, tall an' straighter 'n an arrow. That was back in the sixties. My father, and my mother, my two brothers, and I lived in Indiana. Well, in '49 th' gold fever caught hold of father and we started west. We went through Illinois, then into Iowa where father found a good farm. It was near Burville; you've prob'ly heard o' it—in Chester county. Well, dad give up goin' to California fer gold, and we settled down to farm. In '58, mother died. In '60 we got wind 'o war abrewin' atween the North and South. We never thought the call fer men would get this far. Yet it did, and in '61 Chester county was called to raise a company o' men for service in the Union Army. I decided to join the company and leave my two younger brothers to run the farm and take care o' father. Carl Bromme was 'lected captain o' the company. I went in as corporal o' the second squad. We was drilled, an' given arms, and finally started to the front. We was Company G., o' the Fourth Iowa Light Infantry. We went back east through Iowa, and on to Cairo, Illinois. There we was put under Brigadier-General Spillet. He was killed in less 'n two months at the takin' o' Fort Donaldson. After his death we was put under a young fella' who had been raised from Colonel to Brigadier-General—Sheridan, Phil

Sheridan. Ah son! he was the man. Always lookin' out fer his men, always promotin' them as deserved it.

"Well, sonny, when we joined the company us fellers thought it would be only a little jaunt east an' some extree money. We found it gol-dinged different 'n we thought. After bein' at Donaldson and Shiloh, we begin to think that fightin' wasn't much fun. Well, after Shiloh, Sheridan's brigade was moved east and become part o' the Army o' the Patomac. After Seven Oaks an' Cedar Creek, Sheridan was commissioned Major-General and given command of all the Union Cavalry.

(Concluded next month.)

### MY JOURNEY

I stood waiting at the gate—eager, yet afraid to go; then I heard a sweet voice calling—thrilling, gay, and low. I listened; it was enticing—sweet. It called,

"Come on! On! 'Tis growing late!"

I stepped into the roadway; the gate swung shut behind. I heard the click. At last, 'twas done! But nothing did I mind. A maiden fair was waiting there; she took me by the hand.

Ah, what a dainty airy fairy, with her bright eyes and laugh so merry! She was Youth.

'Twas not a pleasant way we trod, Youth and I, but when 'twas muddy 'neath our feet, we looked up at the sky. When the thorns pricked my flesh, Youth laughed the hurt away. And the countless years danced on before alluring, joyous, gay.

On and on, we danced and sang, merry over nothing at all. And then—

One night I found myself alone! I heard Youth's parting call. And I was sore weary and fatigued,—I looked, and deep with thorns my hands and feet were digged.

My soul, e'en as my garments, was travel-stained, and torn. Sure I was a helpless, hopeless thing—suffering—forn, and despairing, I cried, "Youth! Youth!"

Like a knife-stab in my heart, a clear, cold voice replied,

"Youth's gone! I'm here—Truth."

I dared not raise my eyes, I listened with bowed head.

"You've danced and played, Unworthy One, but never a bit of good you've done. The trouble and care you've overlooked, because you have not wished to see. You were young then, perhaps, but forget not that now you have met me; that Youth has gone, and Age has come instead.

I shuddered, and lower bowed my head.

Falteringly, I retraced the way which Youth and I had trod. Only now, grim Age accompanied me. Grim Age? Ah, yes, and God.

Sadly, slowly I wandered on, doing what I could, comforted by the thought that I, perhaps, had done some little bit of good. Then one day I looked, and lo, my wounds were healed, my soul was purged clean. I stared, and marveled accordingly.

Then Truth's clear voice from somewhere near called out in accents crystal clear,

"'Tis Time, and Love, and Faith in Him. 'Tis these have made you whole."

And when I looked at Age again, she was no longer stern and grim, but gentle, sweet and benevolent, for Wisdom had entered in. And my heart within me grew content with the knowledge of the years well-spent.

And still the years go on before, fewer now than they were of yore, but filled with a quiet gladness more.

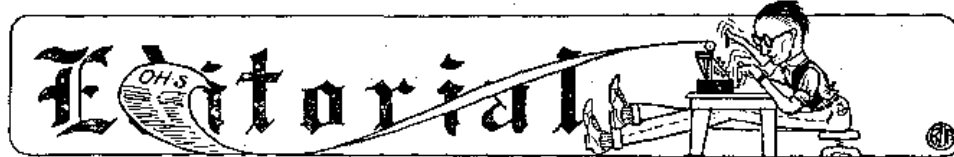
*Juanita Pressley, '19.*

# THE REGISTER

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OMAHA, NEBR., FEBRUARY, 1918

NUMBER 6



## COMMENT

We see that Mr. Cairns, formerly of our faculty, is now at Fort Omaha, trying for a commission. Well, Mr. Cairns won his "commission" here at Central High and became the athletic director of the school. We feel safe in predicting that Mr. Cairns will not be called mere "Mr." very long.

Many of our exchanges say that the *Register* is a good paper. We admit it and if there should be any doubt, ask us!

If some of our brave cadets had to listen to what they tell the girls of their exploits, there would soon be a great demand for gas masks. How do you do it, girls?

Someone told us that oxygen could be made in the chemistry laboratory. That isn't the only place! Have you heard our debating team in action?

Those brilliant members of the B. C. could trace some of their jokes to the stone age if they tried hard enough.

Talking about "smileage," have you ever seen Miss Weeks without hers?

## CARRY ON

About a month or two or three ago the school was bubbling over with War activities. Are they still going on? Is the spirit as high? Are only the heads of these activities still busy or are the factors, too? The boys are in the trenches—yes—our boys. Now this fact alone without innumerable others should make everyone get busy if he isn't already busy and carry on this work which has been so nobly begun. The conservation movement is a lasting thing of, course; but be sure you are conserving without signs here and there reminding you.

Every line of this great reserve work, from the boys pressing their trousers to the girls giving up party dresses, every line is of great importance, although the effort on the part of the individual is so small. The beginning of the new term, the entering freshmen, the new programs, have all caused a slackness in spirit which must be gotten rid of before our high school will come up to others in its organized lines. The organization of the school in all respects has been splendid; let it remain so. Let the spirit keep up! Let the students carry on—yes—carry on this splendid beginning.

I. L.

THE REGISTER

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## CHAMPIONSHIP

Once more Central High is on the high road to championship. With a "par excellence" basket-ball team and a veteran debating team, the state championship can be secured in both these activities.

Our basket-ball team, coached by the efficient "Mully," has been doing fine work. Every man on the team has been an essential part of the five-man machine and with such team-work we are bound to win.

Our debating team, coached by the efficient Miss Rough, has also been doing fine work in the preliminary season. Besides having last year's veterans, we have developed excellent material which should aid us in securing the state championship. The question is on compulsory military training in the high schools and should be especially interesting to students at Central High, since we have such training here.

However, our coaches can accomplish nothing and our excellent material is totally wasted if the school does not support its representatives. Central High has too much to lose in the way of reputation, in risking her chances for championship without school spirit and support. School spirit and support with regard to representative teams are as essential in aiding the teams to win as are the teams' efforts themselves. Our activities depend on our support. They are worthy, for they represent us. Therefore, let us support our teams to the best of our ability and thus assure Omaha another championship season.

"Over the Top" with Central High!

## THE SEVEN-HOUR DAY

The first term of the seven-hour day schedule has just passed and the welcome news comes from headquarters that it has been a success. "Of course, it is really a matter of opinion," Mr. Masters said upon being interviewed, "and we really are not far enough along yet to tell, but, on the whole, it seems to have been a success. From a number of reports from students they appear to be in favor of it, a fact which greatly surprised us."

Let's surprise the faculty some more and come out in June with flying colors of A's and B's. It would not hurt us and I think the faculty would be able to stand the shock. Mr. Masters added that the seven-hour day has greatly helped in organizing the school and has made the enrollment much easier. "These, however, are trivial matters in comparison to the help gained from the pupils' point of view, but they are, nevertheless, noteworthy facts," Mr. Masters concluded.

L. H.

## B. C.

Even tho this editorial work is something new to me, I feel extremely confident of my first attempt. The reason for the foregoing statement is not egotism. I am confident because of the wonderful subject chosen for my initial effort on an editorial. I am confident because I am to write about that glorious, upright, enlightening, uplifting, and honorable institution known as the B. C.

To begin with, I wish to say that, I have learned from a very reliable source that B. C. means Boosters Club (how innocent)! The plot thickens, for I have been unable to find out what on earth they are going to boost. However, after seeing their beginning, I rest assured that they are boosting a worthy cause.

The club is comparatively new. It was founded, several weeks ago, by a prominent senior who, for a long time, has shown up well as a schemer. I am sorry to relate that after allowing this mysterious person to form their club,

the small lads turned against him and held him up to ridicule. He did pride himself on his artistic abilities too!

As to membership, I learn, although the boys are quite secretive, that all the little Juniors and Sophomores who drill are eligible to join the aforesaid organization. Much to my surprise I was told that there is a positive order which bars all freshmen from the club. I was unable to see the reason for the foregoing discrimination, for I know that these freshmen boys are the equals of the members of the B. C., morally, physically, and mentally.

As to achievements I am sorry to say that the club has accomplished nothing so far. I will admit that they started a series of lectures in Room 215, but for some reason or other, they did not get along well. (Now don't get a false impression from that last statement.)

One of the celebrities, of whom the club boasts, is "Nails" Funkhouser. You have all heard of Russel. He is the quietest and the gentlest boy in school.

Two more of the many prominent men of which the club is proud, are "State" Summers and "Batling" Jefferson. Through the fierce determination and the wonderful courage of these lads the club has been started on its way to success.

Among the younger set belonging to the club, "Funny Ray" Stryker and "Farce" Bertrand are the ones most noted for their wit and humor.

Well, here's to their club. I hope the good work that the little lads have started will rival that of every other organization in school.

Will F. Nicholson.

P. S. I might add that their motto (organized by Peters) is "Intrigues, nails, and cue-balls forever."

### STORYETTES

There is a very well known young man who is the able business manager of this paper, but who has never aired his latent wit until recently in his English class. On asking questions concerning the Anglo-Saxons, Miss Towne received the statement that they were a very rugged people.

"Ah yes," agreed the young man in question, "they always had a jag on!"

Miss Paxson, the head of our Latin department would make a splendid D. O. B. (Dean of the Boys.) She takes such good care of them.

Just recently in the midst of a recitation she cried out, "Dorothy Arter, stop your flirting."

Barton Kuhns, the nearest male object to be flirted with, blushed quite violently.

Last term there was much disturbance in a certain senior Latin class because of the violent friction

of two members. The boy is our best known comedian and has been prominent in all our Road Shows. The girl is also very noted for her vivacity, good looks, popularity and "dates." Some people hold the opinion that friction is one method of showing affection. Well, we shall see.

Have you noticed all the knitting going around Towne?

In spite of his endeavors to appear fierce, the young bow-legged second lieutenant has such an arch look.

Ye Gods, Yes!

Poetic license covers a multitude of sins.

Harmon W.: "Are you troubled much with borrowing?"

Reginald F.: "Yes, a good deal. My friends never seem to have anything I want."

## ORGANIZATIONS

There is scarcely anyone in the school who has not come in contact, either by purpose or by chance, with some part of the organization of which Central High School itself is the finished product. But many have done little more than come in contact with it, and they have thereby missed the advantages and pleasures of working or playing with others on a common basis.

We all know that to get on and to progress, one must be *into* things, and not out of them; one must be a participant, not an onlooker. And there is certainly a feeling of pride and satisfaction in being a part of a worth-while whole. A member of a team has the same feeling in knowing that he is necessary to the accomplishing of a certain thing, no matter how small or how large his share. And all organization is alike, after all, whether of a foot-ball team, or a literary society, and surely a member of one of our school societies should feel the same pride and enjoyment, as well as responsibility, that a member of a team has; for a society is a team, and when its work is worth while, as the work of our school societies certainly is, then who wants to stay on the outside and admire, when he might get inside and help? Opportunity for finding your place in the War Work are constantly in evidence, and if you are in doubt as to where you belong, it should not be difficult to find out. School spirit and patriotism are closely allied and they are, for us, almost equal in importance, although the second has rightly far eclipsed the first. If you are an onlooker, be a participant; and, if you are already a participant, be a better one and help your country, your school, and yourself.

B. F.

Besides knitting, the Margaret Fuller Society is now collecting books and magazines for the soldiers under the supervision of Miss Frankish. Several letters have been received already from former High School students, acknowledging them. A George Washington party is planned for Thursday, February 21, in the South Gym. All members are urged to come.

The Gym Club enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon at the home of Anna Jensen, where it met recently. Miss Jensen is one of the alumni members of the club.

One of the most interesting meetings of the student club was held on February 1, at the Y. W. C. A. The meeting was for discussion of different means of helping in patriotic work. Four groups of girls took part in the discussions, and Miss Jenkins gave a short summary afterwards.

A valentine party came as a pleasant surprise to the members.

The Lininger Travel Club, an auxiliary of the Red Cross, has been making surgical dressings for several months. Hundreds of compresses have been made, as well as many oakum pads, sponges, and slings. At the last meeting, the girls completed 225 compresses. All girls in the High School who wish to help in this work will be welcome any Friday afternoon at Jacob's Hall.

The Pleiades Society completed last term, thirty-one sweaters, five pairs of wristlets, and two helmets. There are also several sweaters which are nearly completed. The work of the society has been much appreciated by the National League for Women's Service, which has furnished the yarn. The members will be ready next week to start again with new yarn which will also be furnished by the Service League.



# WAR WORK

As the days slip into weeks, and the weeks into months, and still the war continues, growing steadily nearer and more ominous, do you ever suddenly realize what a pitifully small share in the great struggle has been allotted to you? Do you ever feel that if you only could fight, or nurse wounded soldiers, or do something *big* for your country, you would be much happier? I think we all do. But the big things are not for us as yet; they will come later. Our task, at present, is doing, day after day and day after day, the little things, the things that, when massed together, mean so much. A war is not won by the glorious deeds of a few men; it is won by the steadfast determination and support of millions; and we, fellow students, are of those millions.

The mite boxes are still on the desks, mutely appealing. The necessity for food and clothing conservation is greater than ever. The demand for books and magazines steadily increases. If we are ready to help, we do not have to look far for the means of doing so, for the war work activities recently started in our high school were not merely temporary—they were to be continued indefinitely. So let's all help, always remembering that no price is too great to pay to win this war.

## Service Flag Presentation

At the close of school on Tuesday, February twelfth, was held a patriotic Mass meeting, the purpose of which was three-fold; to commemorate the birth of our greatest President, to present formally to the school the service flag, each star of which represents a Central High School Alumnus who is now in the service of our country, and to rededicate our school as a loyal and active supporter of our nation in this, its time of greatest need.

The program, which was arranged by Miss Randall and Miss Dudley, was presented entirely by students and consisted of patriotic songs by the school, the formal presentation of the flag by Ivan Bastian, and a patriotic address by Herluf Olsen, president of the Senior Class. Letters received from former High School boys who are now "over there" were also read by Winifred Travis.

Our service flag has on it five hundred and ten stars, and there are still a few persons who are not yet represented on the flag. Thru the

efforts of Miss Towne it has been made possible for us to have the flag, and we are greatly indebted to her and to Miss Shields who had charge of securing the names of the boys in service.

## French War Orphan Fund

If present plans materialize, Professor Fling of the University of Nebraska will deliver an address in the auditorium of the High School in behalf of the War Orphans of France, on the twenty-first of February, the day before Washington's birthday. Doctor Fling is a man of high caliber, recognized as one of the leading authorities in the world of history, and a talker of unusual power and versatility. There are in France thousands of children whose fathers have been killed in the great war, many of whom will starve to death unless they receive help from the people of the United States. Only ten cents a day is needed for each child in addition to the money furnished to the mothers by the French government. This enables the mother to feed and

clothe her children who would certainly otherwise perish. Last year at about this time, Professor Fling delivered an address in our school and at that time enough money was raised to care for four French Orphans for a year. This year is now drawing to a close and we are anxious that money to support them for another year shall be raised. Come to the meeting prepared to subscribe to the fund as liberally as you can; for of all the worthy causes supported by the students of the High School, there is surely none more worthy than this.

## Surgical Dressings

There is at the present time a demand for surgical dressings which is almost beyond the power of the workers along this line to cope with. When it is stated that the dressings which can be made by one person in a whole day are many times used on a single wounded soldier the reason for the overwhelming demand for compresses and the like is apparent. Some little work has been done by the girls of the High School along this line under the supervision of Miss Browne. Miss Browne is in hopes that a room may be fitted out in the building where such work may be done by the girls of the school whenever they have some leisure time and where former graduates of the school would also be able to drop in and do their bit. Every girl who is not already doing some kind of war work should see Miss Browne and get started at once for the need is great.

## The Girls' Knitting Regiment

The girls' Regiment is coming along fine with over five hundred girls enrolled. The amount of work done cannot be accurately estimated. However, from only that Red Cross yarn which was given out from the headquarters, at 32A, over fifty pair of wristlets and ten sweaters have been completed. The officers had a social "get together" meeting in order to learn to knit the new trench cap. These were started, after tea was

served, and in two weeks, more than ten caps were turned in. The freshmen girls are asked to come to 32A and enlist.

## Junior Patriotic League

In the girls' department of the Y. W. C. A. there are about 300 members of the Junior Patriotic League. Many of the girls are working and have been working for new members so, that the total membership in Omaha is not known. Different organizations have joined the league in bodies. Rainbow club girls from seven of the grade schools have joined. South High, Commercial High, and Central High, Student Clubs, Brandeis Club, Clover Club and the Camp Fire Girls have also joined in large numbers.

## War Work Committee

The committee on general war work in the school, composed of about twenty members of the faculty held a meeting on February eleventh, at which time Miss Paxson, treasurer, gave the following detailed report of war funds:

### RECEIPTS

German Play	\$ 17.48
Mite boxes (3)	22.70
Waste paper	6.78
Waste paper	24.67
Mite boxes (1)	50.08
Sale of Sammies	93.13
Mite boxes (2)	108.48
Christmas cards	8.00
Miss Stebbins	1.99
*War Orphan Fund	158.00
*Lining Club	50.00
*German Department	50.00
Concert by Miss Arnold and Mr. Garwood	65.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$656.31</b>

\*Turned directly into the Red Cross or some other form of War Work.

### EXPENDITURES

Christmas books	\$ 17.48
Postage	25.00
Food conservation	4.75
Supplies	2.39
Service flag	45.75
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$ 95.37</b>
Balance on hand	\$227.94



### JUNIOR RED CROSS

On the twelfth of February, Omaha High School was organized as an auxiliary unit of the Junior Red Cross of Nebraska. For any organization to become one of these units, it is necessary that it shall have raised an amount of money for war work totalling not less than twenty-five cents per capita. As we have raised in the neighborhood of six hundred dollars and there are about eighteen hundred pupils in school, it can be seen that we have gone over the required sum by several cents per person.

Several O. H. S. girls work on Saturdays in the Red Cross Canteen at Fort Omaha where the Sammies often give strange orders. One day a young soldier mumbled his order from behind a newspaper in which he was much engrossed. By request he repeated it several times, until in despair the enthusiastic young worker went off in search of the matron in charge and asked what a "camouflage phiz" was. After much discussion, the soldier was required to lay aside his paper and it was then discovered that he had ordered a simple, old-fashioned dish,—fried potatoes.

Miss O'Sullivan has been selected as one of the expert technicians to accompany the Nebraska Unit of the Red Cross which goes to France in the near future to establish a base hospital.

### IN DEJECTION

Sodden gray are the heavens  
With the dreary falling rain,  
The far-off, fitful thunder sounds  
Like a giant groaning in pain.

The wind with its slow complaining  
Mourns 'round the dripping eaves  
And dolefully on the window panes  
With its fingers of slapping leaves.

The trees far away by the hillside  
Seem wrapped in gray mist-shrouds

Through the windows blurred and  
splattered  
With the falling tears of the clouds.

The light is low in the fireplace  
And all is dusk within;  
There is no sound inside or out  
But the rain's monotonous din.

The faint red embers are dying—  
The sobbing, swishing rain  
Touches with poignant sadness  
My heart with its burden of pain.

Tomorrow the radiant sunshine  
Will brighten the world once more,  
And hearts will be glad and happy  
That the cheerless rain is o'er.

But no glad to-morrow's sunlight  
Will scatter my clouds apart;  
The gloom will hover forever  
'Round my lonely, aching heart.

### THE CALL OF THE WILD

Have you ever felt that yearning  
To be back again in the woods;  
A thot that on you comes stealing  
But never by you understood?  
Did you ever long for the wildland,  
The land of the rocks and the trees,  
Where the merry squirrel goes skip-  
ping

And the leafy tops wave in the breeze;  
When the crow, the hawk, and the  
bluejay

All ply their unlawful trade;  
Where the rabbit springs from the  
pathway,  
And the red deer bounds thru the  
glade;

Where the woodchuck sits and whist-  
les

From his cozy hole by the hill;  
Where the violet grows and nestles  
On the bank of the splashing rill;  
Where the flickering shadows and  
sunshine

On the ground, dance like spirits be-  
guiled?

There's where you'll go in the spring-  
time,

If you answer the Call of the Wild.  
R. H. G., '18



### CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South will be held in Omaha on April 4, 5, and 6. Three hundred delegates from thirty different states are expected. The program will be of wide interest and will include lectures by some of the most famous Latin scholars in the United States. Miss Susan Paxson of our own high school, has taken part in programs in past years, and this year has the very important position of chairman of local arrangements. Miss Paxson promises that the Omaha convention will be the "best ever." An auto ride in machines furnished by Central High classical students is slated for the attraction on Friday afternoon, April 5th.

Clyde Case, one of last year's Juniors who last spring enlisted in the Navy, after spending several months at the Great Lakes Training Camp, was transferred to the Government Radio School at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he is now studying wireless telegraphy. Clyde writes that he likes both the Navy and the Radio Department of it.

In the December examinations at West Point, Carlisle Allan, '13, made an excellent showing. In a class of 358, he ranked second in English, fourteenth in history, and sixteenth in drill regulations. Carlisle was editor of the *Register* 1912-13, and 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant of the First Battalion.

### THE HIGH SCHOOL CLUB

Though we are sorry to lose Mr. Spinning from our staff of teachers and workers in the club, we are proud of having had him as one of the teachers, and admire him for the great step and sacrifice he now is making in order to play his part in helping the Tommies and Frenchies clean the top. Last Friday, being Mr. Spinning's last meeting with the club, Daniel Longwell presented him with a wrist-watch from the club as a reminder of the hours he has spent with us in helping us to get a better understanding of life.

A visit by Mr. Cotton, known to most of the High School boys by his previous visits, is being looked forward to with great pleasure.

### 24 C

I suppose that there has been a good deal of curiosity expressed, as to what the room opposite the auditorium balcony is for. The truth of the matter is, that it is the new domicile of our nurse. Her office was to be in 23C, but now that room is to be used wholly for a teacher's rest room.

All pupils who are not feeling well, or who would like advice on some question of health, are asked to have no hesitancy in consulting the nurse in this room.

A new plan of medical examination is being adopted this year, namely, the examination of the entire incoming Freshman class. Ears and eyes will be tested as well as throats and a record of each pupil will be kept for future reference.

## HONOR ROLL

The honor roll of the pupils who have made a grade of "A" in three or more subjects during the last semester is about one-half as long as that of last year. The adoption of the seven-hour day was expected to cause an increase of those winning A grades and a decrease of those failing. Only 78 names, however, appear on this honor roll, which is the first compiled since the installation of the new system. The girls named, number 56 and the boys 22. Five of the six 5-A pupils are boys.

A system of supervised study under which pupils will study for another 45 minutes after reciting is being discussed by the teachers. Principal Masters, however, is opposed to any further extension of the school day.

The honor roll follows:

## FIVE AND HALF A

Eleanor Osborne.

## FIVE A

Katherine Thoelecke, Frank Drdlik,  
Harold Boggs, Ralph Kharas,  
Ralph Cohn, Oliver Maxwell.

## FOUR AND HALF A

Helen Bernstein, Ruth Quinlin,  
Beatrice Cosmey, Elizabeth Sowell,  
Eva Kornmayer, Margaret L. Thompson,  
Gladys Lowrey, Daniel Hirsch,  
Lillian Margolin.

## FOUR A

Marjorie Alexander, Helen Riley,  
Vesta Beavers, Florence Romano,  
Mildred Dunham, Jeanette Stout,  
Marjorie Everson, Loretta Sullivan,  
Ethel Grant, Mary Ure,  
Helen Gwin, Hale Baldwin,  
Adner Hamilton, Clarence Bantin,  
Edith Hodges, Sam Beber,  
Dorothy Johnson, Horace Bruechert,  
Hedwig Melander, Stuart Edgerly,  
Rose Murray, Karl Kharas,  
Vera Murray, Barton Kuhns,  
Ruth Paddock, Edmund Wood,  
Eleanor Potter.

## THREE AND HALF A

Louise Folk, Margaret E. Peters,  
Fern Goodwin, Gladys Reeves,  
Helen Gregg, William Hamilton,  
Lucile Musgrave.

## THREE A

Laura Bancroft, Florence Price,  
Thelma Black, Adrian Westberg,  
Helen Bolshaw, Gertrude Weintraub,  
Violet Brothie, Inez Williams,  
Bertha Finkenstein, Willard Emrick,  
Bertha Hardy, Herbert Fischer,  
Lucile Horak, Winifred Koch,  
Helen Howes, George Mittauer.

Addy Marlow,  
Virginia Moore,  
Effie Nelson,  
Marjorie Ord,  
Anna Porter,  
Lillian Popichal,

Donald Othmer,  
Alexander Rohrbaugh,  
Sol Rosenblatt,  
Verne Vance,  
Arthur Woodman.

## CAMP FIRE

In the recent campaign for sheet music and books, the Camp Fire girls collected 10,000 sheets of music and 5,000 books. Most of the music will be sent to France to be distributed among the recreation centers there; while the books will be sent to the forts and near by cantonments. Margaret Eastman, '21, collected the most sheet music, 1,600 in all.

Miss Nelle Ryan, '11, Guardian at Large of the Camp Fire has just returned from a visit to her brother, Herbert Ryan, '09, who is a first lieutenant in the balloon corps at Fort Sill.

At the last meeting of the French Club it was decided that the meetings in the future would be conducted on the order of a literary society. Some very interesting programs are expected from the members.

## Success

Our school days now are nearly past,  
Our childhood days are gone at last,  
We must climb higher on the mast,  
Of the good ship Success.

As we climb on, the top we near,  
We'll soon begin a new career,  
We'll leave our friends and homes so dear,

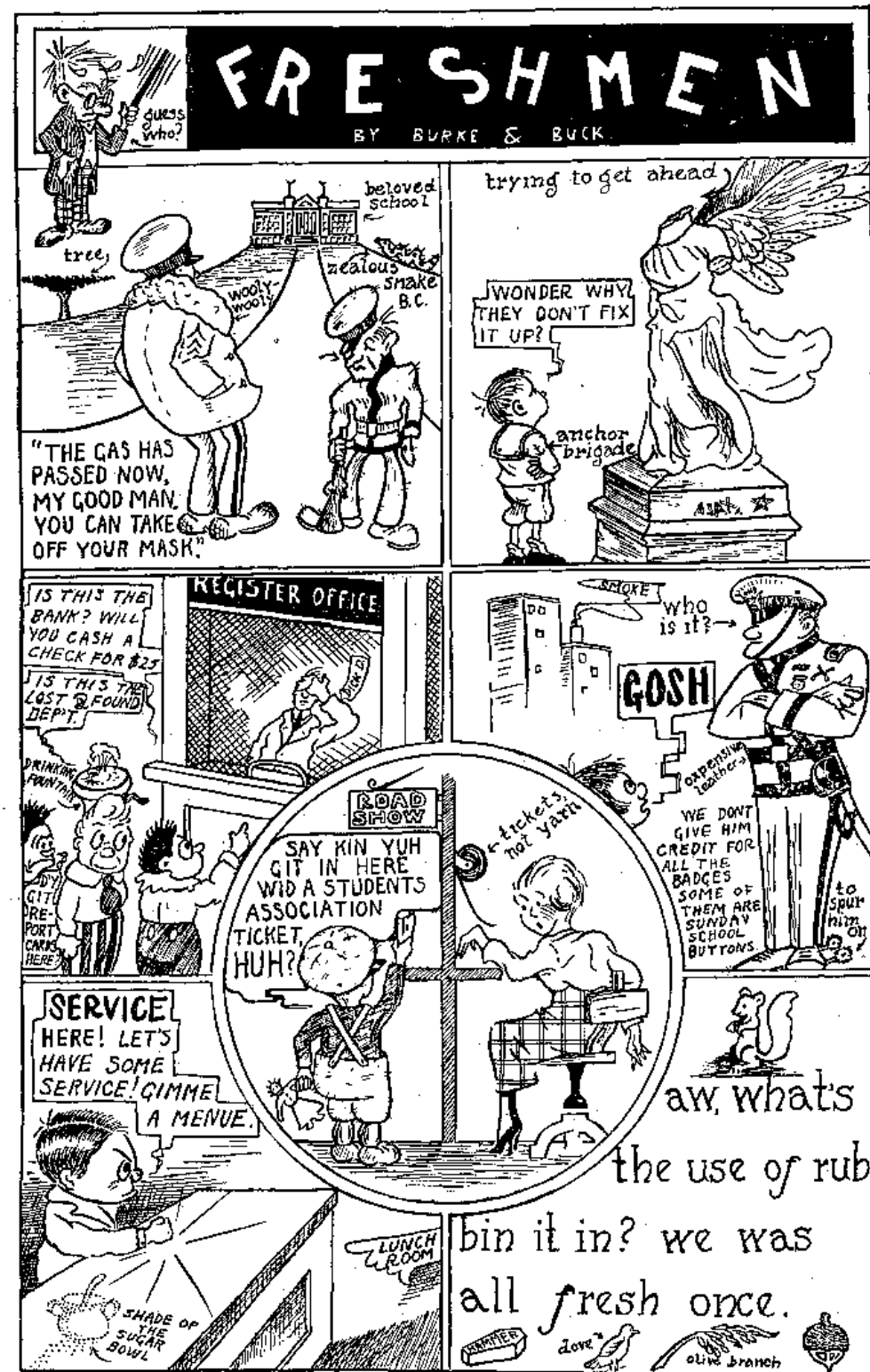
To the good ship Success.

Then day by day we hard will fight,  
We'll strive upward with all our might,  
The top we'll reach by doing right,  
On the good ship Success.

A day, a week, a month, flies past,  
A year, ten years, and then at last,  
We're on the top of the highest mast,  
Of the good ship Success.

We're at the top and now we say,  
With life there's hope and not dismay,  
You, too, may reach the top some day,  
Of the good ship Success.

Louis A. Babior.



## DEBATING

### Sioux City Debate

Our annual dual debate with Sioux City was held February 1, and our teams won four out of six decisions. The question, which was on the compulsory arbitration of labor disputes, was warmly contested. The Omaha negative team composed of Harold Boggs, Harold DeLano and Barton Kuhns won at home 3 to 0. The affirmative team, Ralph Kharas, Tom Mathews, and Ralph Cohn, lost at Sioux City, by the close decision of 2 to 1.

The Sioux City debate was attended by a small but enthusiastic audience which should have been much larger, especially since we have a good team this year. Since our present coach, Miss Rough, has taken charge of debating, it is a noticeable fact that we have lost but two debates and not one by a unanimous decision. Our team deserves support and Central High can reasonably be expected to give it. Don't be a debate "slacker."

### St. Joseph Debate

The dual debate on the labor dispute question was held with St. Joseph on Friday, February 15, and resulted in a draw. Omaha at home, represented by Alex McKie, Harold Boggs and Ralph Kharas won by a 2 to 1 decision. Harold DeLano, Ralph Cohn and Barton Kuhns lost at St. Joseph by a unanimous decision. This concludes the debates on the Compulsory Arbitration of Labor Disputes and will be followed by the state debates on military training.

The debating classes, comprising about thirty students, attended the patriotic meeting at the auditorium, February 12th, to hear the oration of Dr. Gunsaulus. The students are required to attend ten good lectures or debates during the semester. Vis-

its to local courts and "four-minute" work is being planned.

### The State Team

The state team, which will try for the state championship, was chosen from a field of fifteen contestants on February 6. Those selected were Ralph Kharas, Louis Frieberg, Herluf Olsen, Barton Kuhns, and Sol Rosenblatt. Evidently frightened by this array, our old-time debating rival, South High, has withdrawn from the race. The first district debate will be held within the next month. The state question for this year is "Resolved: That Compulsory Military Training Should be Adopted in the Public High Schools of the United States."

A girls' debating team composed of Celia Ross, Frances Morrow, Elizabeth Pixley and Stella Cosefield, may be formed to debate current high school topics.

## EXCHANGES

We received some excellent exchanges this month. It might be generally expected that the papers from the larger towns would be superior to those from the smaller ones. However, this does not always hold true. We received some splendid papers this month from the schools in the smaller places.

In reading over the exchanges, it is pleasing to note how many of the schools have service flags by this time. The Williamsport High School, Pennsylvania, was presented with a beautiful service flag by the faculty of the school. When presented, the flag had one hundred and fifty stars, and the number has gradually increased since then. The St. Paul Central High School has a flag of two hundred and fifty stars, and the Manual Training High School, of Brooklyn, New York, has a flag of

(Continued on Page 20)



IN SUPPORT OF MISS WILLIAMS' VERY EXCELLENT IDEA OF TEACHING THE YOUNG MEN OF OUR SCHOOL TO PRESS THEIR OWN TROUSERS, WE HUMBLY OFFER THE FOLLOWING:

It so happened the other day that a certain young cadet officer of the Regimental staff established himself on the stone wall down by Central High School in the attempt to show as gallant and striking a figure as he could present to the passerby on Dodge street in general and the young ladies at the south entrance in particular. It also happened that this same officer had escaped the notice of Captain Whiting for the past few months, and as a consequence had not pressed his drill suit for several moons. The result was that the trouser legs had a draped like affect of a loosely flung sail and, from the starboard, had this general contour ((and from the port looked thus)).

It came to pass that a youngster from Central School was waiting the even tenor of his way along Dodge street when suddenly he beheld the spectacle of the posing young officer. He came to dead halt, gazed upon seeming crunched posture of the aforesaid gallant sojer, and remained transfixed with the troubled air of

anticipation and expectancy upon his face. After careful inspection of the prepossessing figure to his immediate front, the youth pulled in his jib boom, tacked sail, wafted to the windward and observed the effect from that flank. Remaining but a minute he tracked back to the other side and again observed the effect. After repeating the performance several times he warily approached the figure on the wall.

"SSSSSSsssssay" spake the lad.

No answer.

"SSSSSSssssaaaaayy" asserted the child.

"Ah, yes my lad. What is it." graciously responded the youth on the wall.

"Say, I've bbb been watching yyou fffor about fffive minutes."

"Well that's interesting. What's the big trouble?"

"Well, sssay."

"Yes?, (impatiently.)"

"All I-I-I want to know is. W-w-w-when are you goin' to jump."

If you don't understand this joke bring it down to Room 121 during third lunch period and we will draw a diagram of it and explain it for you.

Any how, the moral is "Go to room 10B thou sluggard," etc. Selah.

## WHO'S WHO AND WHY IN THE REGIMENT

"And a little child shall lead them," is the case of Co. E. Captain Richard Dearmont of Co. E. is a great little man amongst the little men. Like Napoleon and Coxey, and other great small men, Dearmont is a wonderful worker. He works all the time on anything but his studies. In cases of finance he is the most talented. It is estimated that if all the three dollar bills that Dearmont has earned for this school were placed end on end they would extend the whole length of seventh hour. Dearmont has had every office that E Company can offer, having been corporal, first sergeant, and now captain.

The other day, one of our new freshmen saw a fellow he thought he could pick on. He forthwith walloped him a good one and said,

"You're a little guy. How long you been in our school?"

"Oh, about five or six years," he answered—it was Dearmont!

## COMPANY C TRENCH

The cadets of "Old Reliable Company C," supervised by Captain Wilmoth, have shown their renowned spirit by venturing out into the wilds north of East Omaha on a trenching expedition. Carrying their lunches and shouldering their own shovels, parts of Company C hiked out northeast for two Saturdays this last fall, before the ground froze, and spent the days in digging a model trench.

The trench is a complete system of twenty feet of a modern battle front. The general plan from front to rear is as follows: First, the real barbed-wire entanglements, ten feet wide by the length of the trench (twenty feet); second, a nine foot parapet, one foot high; third, the front trench, six feet deep with a firing banquet; fourth, a zigzag communication trench, six feet deep by three feet wide; and fifth, the rear or cover trench with a shrapnel-proof cover. Each detail is carefully worked out in regulation dimensions.

The realistic vividness of the sham battle which ensued upon the completion of the trench was immense. All together, the trench expeditions were considered very successful, and the trench will be open for inspection this spring.

## EXCHANGES (Continued from Page 18)

the same number of stars. The Marshalton High School also has a service flag.

"The Record," of Sioux City, was one of the most clever exchanges received this month. The January number of this periodical was called the "Conservation Number." The theme of the editorial, of the exchange, and even some of the jokes, was conservation. The following conservation suggestion was found in the paper:

Les Irvin says he finds it pays

And fills you soul with joy and hope  
To read on Hoover's Meatless days,

The tales of Lamb and Bacon's dope.

One of the new exchanges which we received this month was "The World," from St. Paul Central High School. This is a very fine paper and we certainly will be glad to exchange with it.

"The Cherry and White," from Williamsport, Pennsylvania, is indeed a fine paper. It contains the best jokes of any exchanges that we have received, and all the other departments are good.

"The Kernel," Louisville, Kentucky: There seems to be quite a display of dramatic talent at this boys' school. The two following productions are to be given soon: "The Senior Vaudeville," and "the College Widow."

"The Bumble 'B'," Boone, Iowa, has a very good literary department. A few good cuts or cartoons would add greatly to the paper.

"The Black Hawk," Davenport, Iowa, is an excellent bi-weekly paper. The page entitled "Wit and Humor" is very good. Some good suggestions are given in this paper as to ways of raising money for the Red Cross.



From a squad of about twenty-five men, containing about four veterans, old man "Coach Mulligan" has developed a well balanced basket-ball team. Although things did not go well at first, the team is now playing in a form that is apt to result in another Valley Championship Team.

Around his four old men, Paynter, Maxwell, Logan and Logan, coach Mulligan has built his hopes, and all we can say is, that he sure has grounds for some well developed hopes.

## Council Bluffs

As we said before, things did not go well at first. With only three nights practice behind them, our team went over to Council Bluffs and took a game licking. They handed us the peeling of a 28 to 22 lemon. There were many reasons for this defeat. First, we were overconfident. Second, we were on a floor that was never meant for basket-ball. It was really a miniature bath-tub, and we can only say so with the knowledge that we are complimenting the size of that floor. But with all of this after-the-game excuse business there remains the sad fact that we were defeated. After this game, the athletic department got busy so that it was arranged that the team might get more practice.

## Commerce

A week later, we passed the lemon that the Bluffers gave to us, on to the haughty Commercialites. We managed to add a little to the original size of said lemon. The final score was somewhere in the neighborhood of 41 to 15. It might be added that Granpa Paynter and Daddy Maxwell romped all over the floor in a way that would cause comets to blush.

## South High

The next night we journeyed to the far parts of our metropolis, called South High. In one of the hardest fought games that their floor has ever seen, we took a 41 to 14 game home with us (no car fare was charged.)

## Lincoln

It was during the next week that the school took on a different air. There was none of that nonchalant air floating. There was pep in every room during every period. To one who is at all acquainted with our customs, it goes without saying that Lincoln must have been somewhere in the neighborhood. Lincoln came. Lincoln went. Lincoln did not win. We won. The score was 21 to 17.

## University Place

University Place was the next unlucky chicken in the Central High farm yard. Yea, bo. Farmer Mulligan looked at her and said, "Wae, I keckelait that its bout nigh time we was taken on some 'o these here birds afore they gets too tough." He looked aroun' and says to himself, "I'll jist take M'ax (well) — in hand and lick 'em." He did. 18 to 16. Close, but only in score.

## South High (again)

South High came into town for another defeat during the next week, and we might add that she got just exactly what she was looking for. The boys played a mighty smooth game and won it about 31 to 13.

## Sioux City

Our latest feather is Sioux City. Old Man Stewart brought a green team down and we sent 'em back a sadder but wiser one. Our own team

was not playing in the usual style. We didn't seem to have the teamwork that we usually seem to get. We lay this to the fact that they didn't have to exert themselves. A hard fought game usually brings forth more good playing than a slow polky game. And this was not a fast game at all. Part of it might be laid to the changing in decisions of the referee.

### The Team

Now as to the team itself. First, Maxwell. Max is captain, and he surely has been a shining example to his men. He has made more points than any of his team mates. Indeed, it is to Max that we must lay the blame for the fight that is most always present in our teams. Next, we have Granpa Paynter. Old Man Paynter plays at center. He plays "CENTER" in many keys and variations. He has out jumped every man that has played opposite him so far this year. Young Smitty (Yes, Clyde's little Brother) and Russell have been fighting for the other forward position. They both have been playing good ball, although Smith has had the best of it lately. We must not overlook the fine work of Russell at South High, however. The famous Logan twins are holding down their old positions at the two guards. They are two players that have caused much grief to the forwards of opposing teams. Konecky, too, has added a lot of good work to the teams bag of accomplishments. He is a fine little guard.

Well, we are now in the middle of the hardest schedule that has ever been had by any High School in this neck of the woods. We have finished all of the home games except one. Next week we start on the road in search of new scalps and more "hep wampum." The first trip is to St. Joseph and Kansas City. In these two teams we will have our hands full. Kansas City is said to have a fine team, composed of five stars. Oh,

well, we aint got such punks on the job ourselves. Kansas city hasn't been defeated in three years. She can't learn how defeat feels any quicker.

After these two games, we journey up to encounter the Sioux Indians again. We also play Fort Dodge while we are in that part of the country. Fort Dodge is said to have a mighty strong team also. It sure looks as though we would have about all we are looking for for the next two or three weeks.

Three weeks from now, you may find our budding champions in the gay metropolis of Lincoln, the home of all missing Links. We hope to add another scalp to the championship belt while we are down there. A night later we will play at Beatrice. Maxwell will feel right at home down there, and probably won't make more than fifty points.

After all of these games, we will spend three decidedly interesting days in Lincoln to see if all of the rest of the teams in the state think the same way that we do about the championship. If they don't we will try to change their minds. If they do, we will kiss them each and every one on their noble brows and bid them adieu, hurry back home and beat St. Joe here again. Big business. Well, our gang is built big and can take lots of punishment. All we say is—"Set 'em up again, mister; we are ready for more and rarin' to go!"

By the way, we have 203 points so far.

### GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Eleanor Hamilton, Eva Cunningham, Frances Kameron and Beatrice Jackson are the captains of the freshmen volley-ball teams. The teams are practicing for the volley-ball tournament which is to take place some time this month.

The Junior basket ball team still continues to be the stronger. Every Tuesday the girls play an open game, but on Thursdays their regular closed game is played.



### The Song of the Greasy Spoon Patron

I eat prophylactic pretzels  
On an antiseptic dish.  
Served with pure selective shad roe  
From a choice eugenic fish;  
I've deodorized my onions  
And I've aired out all the cheese,  
But a sanitary Hot Dog?  
Don't insist upon it, please.

All my prunes are disinfected,  
I have munified my clams,  
Ventilated all my liver  
And decrassified my hams.

All my bacon is abstergent,  
Carbolated to the bone,  
But I ask you like a brother  
Leave my dogs of peace alone!

Oh, I'm death on protozoa;  
As for germses, sir, I hate 'em;  
I am clubby with bacilli,  
And I love to castigate 'em.  
I'm the Katabolic Kiddo  
At this pathogenic game:  
But I love my dogs al fresco  
And to eat 'em is no shame.  
—Brauman.

Gertrude: "I thought you were knitting wristlets for Douglas."

Betty P.: "Well, I thought socks would be more appropriate for cold feet."

Commandant (*explaining target practice*): "Do you understand what I am saying?"

Kerr: "Yes, sir!"

Captain Whiting: "Well, the reason I ask is because some of you fellows look as if you haven't the least intelligence!"

### "BUCK-BORED"

Dearest Listener:

I have noticed that during the last month the school has taken on a new spirit. Yea, even so (as the blind man says.) Many strange and unusual happenings have taken place. Of course, I am not able in any way to account for this strange spirit that has our favored school in its terrible grasp.

Altho it is true that there are more cases of measles in the school at this time than at any other during the school year, it does not seem that this fact alone could be responsible for aforesaid and also aforementioned terribul (second time I have used this word) a-a-a-a-a-you know what I mean. (I cannot think of another word to use for it.) It is vascillating. (Poet license applied for.) It drop-peth as the gentle rain from heaven. (Shakespeare.) It is twice blessed; namely, coming and going. When chased to its original source, it absconds through the neighboring forests like the very deer themselves. It is quite discursive (Miss Towne says that this word is quite chic.) It runneth here and there with equal uncertainty, (spelling license is not issued as yet).

A careful perusal and investigation of the attendance records beareth not the fruit of success (Juicy Fruit if in stock.) It seems that there is not an unusual attendance of the noted criminal class. All of the celebres are here with their usual punpunc-punctuali—(Oh let it go at punk.)

It is true that soon the Annual Road Show will blossom forth with



its usual number of scintillating (I hope that this is not used incorrectly) stars and comets. (And just while I am speaking about this matter, I want to say a word about this show. It is to be the finest and greatest show that we have ever had—advertisement.)

What if the C. O. C. dance is going to be given by Longwell and Buckingham at Keep's on April fifth, price \$1.50? That should not affect the school in this unheard of way. True it is enough to cause great retrospection on the part of the observer, but it could not have such influential effects on the school life of the O. H. S.

Even Mr. Masters, the renowned and learned gentleman who with most careful and gentle mien deals out justice to the wayward youth, said that he, like Macbeth, had lived long enough. "Buck," says he, "when the school becomes injected with such a terrible plague as it is now infected with, it's time to quit. Now

I want you to take a careful observation of this spiritual invasion and I want you to do what you can to eradicate it from our curriculum." I looked up into his eyes and I said, modestly, "Mr. Masters, whatever there is that I can do for our school is yours merely for the asking. I will trace this affair to its very lair."

So I went forth into the world and I did what little I could. First I went to Delos. There on a hill, as I was pulling a weed from the ground, I was startled by a moaning voice that cried, "Stay not here, little youth. What you seek is not here, but if you would learn of its origination, go a LONG way and get along WELL." I came back to school. Once more I looked at the clues on the boards of 215. There they were.

And now fellers, what I wanna know is WHO IS THE GINK THAT STARTED THIS HERE B. C. BUSINESS? I DON'T CARE A HOOP WHO HE IS? I HOPE THAT HE

## High School Students Please Notice

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Keep knitting  
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Entrance next Empress Theatre

We pleased the mid-term graduates and we can please you.  
Cap and gown furnished if desired.

Special rates to students at all times.

## CHOKES AND GETS ROOMATISM.

THE YOUTHFUL SLEUTH.  
Buck.

Curious:

No. Arthur Burnham will not run for class president as before announced. It seems that the office is taking a great amount of interest in Mr. Burnham's career while in High School, which has forbidden him to run. Mr. Burnham wishes to thank all of his erstwhile young supporters for their undying interest and influence in Mr. Burnham's budding campaign.  
M. Beernum.

Why should St. Patrick's Day come at the beginning of the new term?  
Say now DON'T GET FRESH.

That was what we call an aphorism.

How long does it take to color a new meerscham pipe, Dale?

## COME ON, BOYS!

Get a Good Hair Cut at the  
**Bee Barber Shop**

Entrance on Farnam Street  
In the Court of Bee Building

Children's Hair-Cutting a Specialty

Mr. Garwood, having had such an unusual success with the band, is now entering into a new field. The faculty has appointed him as the new head for the community singing which is now under way. Originally, Mr. Gulgard was to have had this department, but owing to his absence, Mr. Garwood has been appointed. We hope that the singing, as the band, will be a total success. If in doubt about the quality of the band, see the commandant.

Who is the fickle, fickle, leading lady's man of Central High School?

If anyone picks up a Latin Pony somewhere between Miss Paxson's room and the office, please save it until you see me. (Keep This Quiet.)

Announcing the FAMOUS THIRD TRIUMVIRATE:—Miss Towne.

Hon. William Nicholson.  
The Modest Youth.

## Filling in a Cipher

Fond Mother (reading): "Our captain is one of the best, and we're ready to follow him to H—I." I suppose he means the Hindenburg line."


Mr. Rhodes: "Charles, I'm not at all pleased with this report from your teacher."

Chuck: "I told her you wouldn't be, Pop. But she would send it. Just like a woman, isn't it?"

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Porter: "I haven't paid a penny for repairs on my machine in all the months I've had it."

Wright: "So the man who repaired it told me!"

#### A Question of Capacity

Ben L.: "If I stand on my head, blood rushes to my head. But when I stand on my feet, why doesn't the blood rush to my feet?"

Tom L.: "Well, because your feet are not empty."

Don M.:  
Gwen is an alchemist I know, |  
And so I'll have to drop her,  
For every time I'm out with her  
My silver turns to copper.

Council Bluffs High School boy:  
"I'm quite a near neighbor of yours  
now, I'm living just across the river."

Ruth M.: "Indeed; I hope you'll drop in some day."

#### Our Vocabulary

Grand!  
Some class!  
Terribly good-looking!  
How cute!  
Perfectly adorable!  
I love it!  
Best looking thing!  
Too dear for anything!  
So good-looking!  
(What is it, any way?)

#### The Noble Weaker Sex

The weaker sex  
Is that portion  
Of the human race  
Who goes down-town  
In zero weather  
In a half-masted lace waist  
And pumps  
To buy a muffler  
And wollen socks  
For her husband  
So he can go to work.

—Ex.

A club pin owned and a club pin loaned,

Is a common sight to see.  
But to get one back, alas, alack!  
Is blamed a hard thing for me.

Umpire: "Foul."  
Freshie: "Where are the feathers?"  
Unpire: "This is a picked team,  
you idiot."

Rex E.: "I would give lots to make you happy."

Bea M.: "Vacant or improved?"

#### Touching Verse

At first she touches up her hair,  
To see if it's in place,  
And then with manners debonair,  
She touches up her face.  
A touch to curls behind her ear  
A touch to silken collar  
And then she's off to daddy dear  
To touch him for a dollar.

"Pot".

All good boys love their sisters  
And so good I have grown  
That I love other boys' sisters  
As well as both my own!

—Ex.

Someone asked Johnston if he was acquainted with Gwen McCoy. "No," he said, "I have not that honor."

"But she says she knows you."  
"Oh well," responded Wallace,  
"you know some people are always bragging."

Bantin: "What would you say if I were to throw a kiss at you?"

Winnie: "I would say you were the laziest boy I ever saw!"

Bruce C. (having run over a lady's pet puppy): "Madam, I will replace the dog."

Indignant lady: "Don't flatter yourself so!"

Almarine: "That scar on your head must be very annoying."

Peter K.: "Oh, don't mind, it's next to nothing."

## CADET OFFICE CLUB PROM

KEEP'S APRIL 5, 1918

\$1.50

Have you seen Barton's Food Conservation pin? We haven't noticed any visible results, though.

Miss Hilliard: "Stanley, name two or three of Shakespeare's comedies."

Stanley G.: "Well, ah-um-the only ones that I'm familiar with are 'Nothing Much Doing' and 'Just as You Say.'"

Miss Davies, teaching Civics: "What was the Sherman Act?"

Bright pupil: "Marching through Georgia."

Miss Miller: "Mary-Katharine, who was it that prompted you then? I heard some one whisper that date to you?"

M. K. F. (uneasily): "I expect it was history repeatin' itself again."

Burton: "Say, what is meant by beastly weather?"

Peggy: "When it is raining cats and dogs."

### 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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*Don't Forget: After School*

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FOR "U" IN THE

**SUN**

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FOR ALL "CLASSES"

*O'Brien's*  
CHOCOLATES  
*"The Utmost in Candies"*

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### Sugar Famine Won't Hit It

You may have to cut out your box of chocolates for her, but you can keep right on giving her taffy.

Harold P.: "I stubbed my toe on the piano as I came in last night in the dark."

Pauline C.: "Did you hurt yourself?"

Harold P.: "No, I struck the soft pedal."

Virginia M.: "It must be hard to graduate."

Josselyn S.: "Oh, I don't know. We do it by degrees."

Mr. Rush: "How are you getting on with your French?"

Angeline: "Oh, beautifully. I've learned the true meaning of the word beaux."

### WHY TEACHERS GO INSANE

1. "Shall we write on both sides of the paper?"
2. "I didn't hear the question."
3. "What is the lesson for tomorrow, I forgot."
4. "Are the test papers marked yet?"
5. "Must we write this in ink?"
6. "Is this to be handed in?"
7. "I had my theme all written but I left it home."
8. "What is our theme for next week?"
9. "Did you say our notebooks were due today?"
10. "May I take my test tomorrow?"
11. "May I be excused from giving my speech today?"
12. "Dr. Senter, may I please borrow your key?"

'Tis wrong for any maid to be  
Abroad at night alone:  
A chaperone she needs till she'  
Can call some chap'er own.

Dr. Senter: "What color is copper?"  
Jensen: "Copper color."

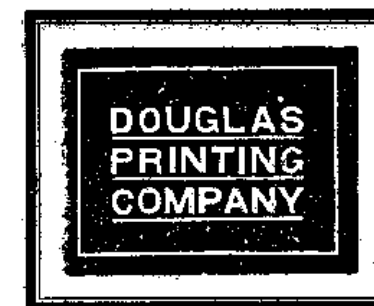
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