

OMAHA'S newest candy shop is a model in its equipment and appointments, so thoroughly modern and attractive that a brief description may prove interesting to confectioners elsewhere.

## CANDY LAND

16TH AND FARNAM STREETS  
TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 621

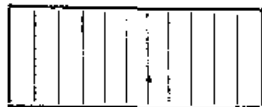
PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

# Omaha High School

## THE REGISTERS

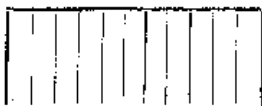
MARCH,  
1918





VOL. XXXIII  
NUMBER VII

G  
I  
R  
L  
S  
  
N  
U  
M  
B  
E  
R



OMAHA'S newest candy shop is a model in its equipment and appointments, so thoroughly modern and attractive that a brief description may prove interesting to confectioners elsewhere.

## CANDY LAND

16TH AND FARNAM STREETS  
TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 621

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

# Omaha High School

T  
H  
E  
  
R  
E  
G  
I  
S  
T  
E  
R

MARCH,  
1918



## To the Women of Tomorrow

While present conditions have created a great variety of openings for women, many of them will cease to exist at the conclusion of the war. Therefore, in choosing what you will do to be of service to your country, choose that which, while necessary now, will provide a field for activity after the war, as well.

There is a nation-wide shortage of office workers. This is not only handicapping business men, but is actually responsible for much congestion in the handling of war operations.

Several thousand stenographers, book-keepers, typists and clerks are wanted in Washington at this writing, and the shortage which has existed in Omaha and through the state for two years will continue to increase.

This year the demands upon the school will be much heavier. Almost weekly I receive communications from the Department of Civil Service, asking me to re-double advertising and efforts to expand the enrollment and train women for Government service.

### *Could there be a better way of doing your part?*

Graduates may enter any Monday after concluding their work. Undergraduates may turn the summer to good account by taking some part of the work offered in my school, and thus equip themselves for part-time and vacation work during the succeeding school year.

SUMMER HOURS ARE 8 A. M. TO 1 P. M.,  
WITH ROOMS OPEN UNTIL 4 P. M.

*Waste none of that valuable commodity—Time.  
Form your plans early.*

## VAN SANT SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

IONE C. DUFFY, Owner

Second Floor, Omaha National Bank Building

Douglas 5890

OMAHA

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

# High School Register

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

SOL ROSENBLATT  
Editor-in-Chief

{Entered at the Omaha Post-  
Office as second-class matter}

WILL NICHOLSON  
Business Manager

Vol. XXXII

Omaha, March, 1918

Number 7

Subscription Rates, One Dollar Per Year

Single Copy, Fifteen Cents

Advertising Rates on Application to Business Manager

Address all Communications and make all Checks payable to High School Register, Omaha, Nebraska

### The Register Staff, 1917-18

#### EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

ILDA LANGDON, Editor-in-Chief

LILLIAN HEAD, Assistant Editor

Associate Editors: Dora Wiese, Josselyn Stone

News { Jean Kennedy, Editor

Margaret Matthews Frances Wahl Ruth Miller Ann Axtell

Athletics: Gladys Mickel, Editor; Herberta Barker

Organizations: Zoe Schalek, Editor; Betty Fairfield

Exchanges: Edith Willebrands, Clara McAdams

War Work: Helen Gwin, Editor; Della Marxsen, Mary Loomis

Squib Department: Martha Smalley, Editor; Catherine Goss, Dorothy Arter,

Florice Shaw, Margaret McLaughlin

Art: Eva Kornmayer, Frances Axtell, Virginia White

#### BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

DOROTHY DAVIS, Business Mgr.

GERTRUDE KOENIG, Ass't Business Mgr.

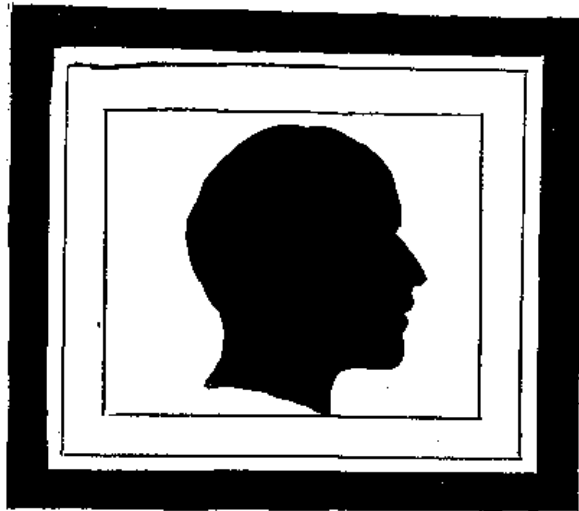
Winifred Brandt, Mary Catherine Findley

ALMARINE CAMPBELL, Circulation Manager

Pauline Coad, Mary Drake

### Contents

	Page
Editorial . . . . .	5
News . . . . .	8
War Work . . . . .	12
Literary . . . . .	15
Military . . . . .	22
Exchange . . . . .	23
Athletics . . . . .	24
Organization . . . . .	25
Nut-Meg . . . . .	29



Dedication  
to  
Our Boys

### To Our Boys

To our Boys we dedicate this  
Number which we girls have issued,  
Issued with the best intentions  
To please each and every boy.  
Here we dedicate this number  
To the laughing, to the serious,  
To the ones who cause the mischief  
That makes teachers frown upon them,  
To the lad who nightly labors  
Over Virgil and Macbeth,  
And the lad who gaily saunters  
Forth at night from lesson books;  
To the handsome, to the comely,  
And the heedless locker-loafer  
'Round the third and second floors  
Which are known as girls' domain;  
To those, too, who keep their distance  
Far away from pretty faces,  
Stay they close discussing questions  
Of interest only to a boy.  
To the talker, to the listener,  
To the ones who skim right through  
Lessons, grades, and outside reading,  
And always say, "I'll bluff it through."  
To the one who always listens  
Absorbing all the others say,  
Pondering deeply over questions,  
Gaining more by keeping quiet;  
To all these and all the others  
Who have gone now from our midst,  
Those who now are fighting for us  
Hard and strong on Kaiser's trail,  
To OUR BOYS we dedicate this.



THE GIRLS' REGISTER STAFF

# THE REGISTER

VOL. XXXII

OMAHA, NEBR., MARCH, 1918

NUMBER 7

## CLINGING-VINE TYPE OF GIRL DIES HARD; WAR ERADICATES LUXURY-LOVING GIRL

"The clinging-vine type of girl is extinct. War has changed entirely. The world has been so aroused to action that the luxury-loving girl, who lived with no particular plan, no definite purpose in life, has disappeared. The idle life is gone."

We have seen many fashions in girls come and go. There was the summer girl who never took life seriously, even in winter. The athletic girl had to buy her clothes in shops for men. Then suffrage caught up girls in search of adventure. Dancing and skating became the sole interest of many fair maidens.

Through all the changing styles in girls, the clinging-vine lived on.

Now comes the WAR, making it fashionable for girls to appear very busy. It is perfectly astonishing how busy some girls can look—and yet never get anything done.

There are homes conducted on this principle, camouflaged—most unhappy and unstable homes.

WAR, the great reality, demands that girls achieve their purpose. It is not enough for a girl to carry a gorgeous knitting bag, not that she count the stitches in a streetcar. How many sweaters, how many socks has she finished?

It is not enough that she talk about Hooverizing. Is she actually observing Meatless and Wheatless days? Is she saving fats and sugars by small and painful economics? WAR forces girls to GET RESULTS, to arrive independently by their own exertions and without man's notice, applause, or approval.

When a girl can work thus, she has really ceased to be a clinging-vine. But how the sprouts struggle for existence! That old root dies hard.

## AN EDITORIAL

(Oh goodness!) I've been sitting here for twenty minutes, a perfect study, (?) racking my brain for something to say. I've been asked (I wanted to put *ordered* but was asked not to) to write an editorial and when a person is asked to do a thing, (especially around the "Register" office,) somebody means business. "Write on any subject about girls," *them's me orders* and not a single idea has popped into my head as yet. What could I say about girls? I always thought that girls spoke for themselves. (How about it, boys?) Of course, every body will readily admit that girls are nicer and know far more than boys so what else is there to say? (Thank goodness, eggs are expensive and tomatoes are not in season.) Just glance through the number and then see if you don't think we're just about all right. (I wonder how long this thing has to be.) I guess I'll have to ramble on a little longer because I was told to Philip Space and I'm a very obedient child *always*. What would the boys do without our rooting at the football games? Our voices do come in handy sometimes. And then, take school-life, don't we help to make things lively and more interesting? (Just a side line—without us who could the boys take out?)

Well, I think everybody will agree that we are fairly important and of a little good use in this wide world so, having won my point, and also because I am very, very (oh, hum! s-l-e-e-p-y,) I think I shall stop before I bore you any more. But one thing more, (a girl must always put in the last word, you know.)

Here's to the girls of the O. H. S.!

L. H., '18.

### AMBITION

Among the pupils of the Omaha High School, there are quite a number of girls who are brave and noble enough to work their way through school. This ambition on their part is indeed praiseworthy. It takes strength of character to gain an education in the face of trials. Most girls think that the work of going through High School, even with no outside duties, is difficult enough. These girls who are being so self-sacrificing surely appreciate the fact that a High School graduate has a much better foundation for going into the world and for meeting the hardships which will probably confront her, than the one who is not a High School graduate. Many families feel that, after supporting a daughter and sending her through the eighth grade, they can no longer afford to send her farther in school. Under this condition, and under similar conditions, the girl who has stamina and character enough to go to work in the way that opens up to her, and to put herself through High School, so that she may be a more efficient help to her family later, is the girl who is going to succeed. History repeats itself on that point, for we all know that it is the persevering, earnest, ambitious, and willing girl for whom an employer is looking. His object is clear—that kind of girl will best serve him, no matter in what capacity.

Responsibility is giving these girls an element in education which other girls, more fortunate in a material sense, cannot purchase.

D. W., '18.

### ILLUSTRATED ENGLISH LESSON

Our English lessons came to life a week or so ago for all those fortunate enough and not barred by measles to see and hear Mr. Robert B. Mantell in his faithful portrayal of Shakespeare's most important character. Did they all turn out as we had pictured them in our mind? Hamlet was just as baffling and mysterious as ever, and the actor held that he was only pretending madness. How many of us can decide for ourselves whether Hamlet was mad or not? Macbeth and Lady Macbeth were just as ambitious as we have pictured them in class. The "Merchant of Venice" is always the most popular, and all the familiar quotations were brought out strongly.

A good many years ago former High School students got up at four o'clock in the morning and went down to the old Boyd Theatre at Fifteenth and Farnam streets to be next to the messenger boys, who had been there all night, to secure tickets for Booth and Barrett's wonderful presentation of "The Merchant of Venice." The lowest priced seat was five dollars and ranged from that up to fifty dollars, and they played to a capacity house. English classes at the time were studying the play, and the characters were made real to them in a way they have never forgotten. So, in a way, history is repeating itself in Central High School, but Mr. Mantell has a good many steps to go before he can reach Mr. Booth, according to those who have seen both actors.

—J. S., '18.

### THE LIBRARY

What is my duty toward the library, our library? That is a question very, very hard to answer, because I have never before even given it a thought. For a long time now, I have registered there, rather regularly, on an average of twice a day; and yet I have never felt any very deep gratitude toward whoever may have been responsible for its being there. Truly, I ought to appreciate how much easier, how much more convenient, it is to use than the Public Library. And if it has given me something, oughtn't I give it something in return? But what? What could I give to the library?

In the first place, I must realize that it was not installed for my benefit, but for the benefit of the school at large. Inasmuch as I am a small part of the "school-at-large," I have the privilege, the right, of receiving some benefit from it. But a "benefit" does not mean a "monopoly."

I do not think I should register in the library when it is not quite necessary, because there may not be more than room enough for those pupils finding it absolutely necessary.

I do not think I should waste time over a book which is in demand, while others are needing it. There are two ways of studying: one, to read quickly and intelligently and thoughtfully, another, to read and re-read and read again, without having grasped the thought at all.

I think it rather unnecessary to add that neglect to return books to the library is probably the worst thoughtlessness of all. It is really rather more selfishness than thoughtlessness, and we all know how awful it is to be selfish and how hard it is not to be. And yet, I am sure that we are proud enough of our school library to always be immensely considerate of it and of its purpose.

The "Rules" certainly ought to be obeyed—all of them. It would be such a lot of useless trouble to make all those rules if no one paid any attention to them. And I think most of them are perfectly good rules anyway.

Now that I know what I ought to do, am I willing to do it? Two of them would be extremely difficult for me: concentration on dry facts, especially seventh hours, by which time school seems positively unendurable; and one of the rules, not to talk. That is hard!

I hate to promise to live up to my own standard of "oughts," for fear that I might break the promise, all too easily broken. But I shall try, try hard, and I have heard, at least, that "practice makes perfect."

L. S., '18.

### STILL DUMB

It was an A class scholar  
Who meeteth his own chum,  
"What knowest thou this morning,  
boy,  
Or beest thou still dumb?"

"I've grown in strength through this  
dark night;  
I've grown in wisdom, too;  
Still one great deed so wearisome  
Is left for me to do.

"I've toiled on Mathematics hard;  
I've solved my *Lesbuch*, too;  
And yet one lesson's left for me,  
'Tis that of English two.

It is a verse, or poem short,  
A song or story new,  
It must be something sparkling bright,  
Like heaven's clouds of blue."

Titles, titles, everywhere,  
And still his head did stick  
Titles, titles, everywhere  
And yet he did not pick.

Like a rock of solid iron  
He leaned against his chum,  
And then said he in sad dismay,  
"I am so very dumb."

M. N.



### CAMP-FIRE DANCE

The Camp-Fire Girls are always doing something new and original. Here is something very original. The *Koda-Wicakas* and the *Oesecas* gave a dance recently. This dance was strictly feminine—in name only, however. Part of the girls were dressed in masculine apparel—from dress suits and high silk hats, to soldier uniforms and puttees.

It was a very formal affair. The "boys" escorted their special girls to and from the dance. They filled out the programs, and everything was carried on in the same manner as at a regular dance.

The girls certainly had a great deal of fun. Some of the costumes were very interesting and comical.

### COMMUNITY SINGING

The students of the High School have another way of exhibiting their war spirit. We have adopted the plan of community singing which is widely urged throughout the country. Gatherings are held on Wednesday afternoons in the school auditorium under the direction of Mr. Garwood, and are intended to promote interest and good fellowship in the school as well as to remind ourselves of our boys "Over There." Many of the favorite home songs are sung, and new school songs are being prepared for immediate use. Let us show our appreciation of Mr. Garwood's splendid undertaking of a national movement, by a large attendance at every meeting.

### LIBRARY BOOKS

Our school was disturbed in a new and alarming way, while pursuing the even and tranquil course of its existence, by a sort of volcanic eruption. This peace destroying phenomenon swooped down out of a clear sky one clear Monday morning in the form of some hundred names posted in the circular, the owners of which were requested to report immediately to 149 or 119. Nuff sed. Breathes there a soul who knows not the following events, or who was not touched by them in some way, if only in writing endless themes on "My Duty to the Library," etc., etc.

This duty, to guarantee rigid observance of rules hereafter, has been sufficiently impressed on our minds, I think.

### ROAD SHOW CONTEST

One of the most interesting features of the Road Show will be a sketch or playlet written by a Junior or Senior.

This contest closed Friday, March 8. The sketch is to be of a patriotic character, or must pertain to some activity, or to the life of the school. All manuscripts were turned in to Mr. Wedeking.

A committee has been appointed to read the manuscripts and choose the best one. The sketch must not contain more than six characters. The name of the successful contestant will be announced the night of the road show. It will mean a great deal of honor to the one who is successful.

!!!!!!

Save the date! April 26th. A play is to be given under the auspices of the Girls' Student Club in behalf of the scholarship fund. This fund is one most worthy, which has been started by the teachers to aid needy students to complete their High School course. Help out! On April 26 in the High School auditorium!

### VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE DAY

Girls! Stop! Look! Listen! Hurrah! Three cheers for the Girls! Vocational Guidance Day planned! Are you coming? Well, I guess. Just listen to this. On March 30, every High School girl in Omaha is to meet at the Young Women's Christian Association for Vocational Guidance. The meeting begins at nine thirty A. M. and closes at four-thirty P. M. with lunch served at twelve in the cafeteria. Talks will be given on nearly every phase of work a girl can take up, or wishes to take up, such as library work, domestic science, dentistry, art, journalism, and stenography. This is the time to choose your life profession. Here is the opportunity to talk with the leaders of this profession.

Surely, you will not miss it. The Student Club girls will be there to make you feel at home. They have seen to it, with the aid of Miss Roberts, Vocational Director, that the best speakers in Omaha will address you. Now, it is up to you to show these speakers that you appreciate their kindness. No admission, but lots of wisdom to take away! Surely, we shall see you there. We want to let Omaha know her High School girls are ready to take up the work which the boys have left. And then, take it up systematically. It's up to you to make this thing a success. Boost for it, then come, bring a friend or two, and show Omaha's leaders what you are made of. Be sure to watch the newspapers for further announcements.

K. A. N., '18.

### PATRON'S MEETING

Patrons and patronesses, pupils and faculty—they were all at the Patron's meeting, in the auditorium, March 4. Of course, it is taken for granted that patronesses outnumbered the patrons. Busy business men can't be expected to attend any affair, social or educational, in the afternoon. They are forgiven—the mothers are admirable representatives of their families.

Mr. Masters first favored the meeting with a short introductory talk, bringing in the relationship between parents and child as to education and also speaking of the disappearance of many books from the library.

Mr. C. A. Goss, one of the patrons, gave a clever speech, and Dr. Ira Porter also discussed the problem.

After the brief discussion, Mr. Masters called for further views or questions from anyone and everyone.

Thus, one or two felt called upon to learn more about the school affairs and proceeded to do so. Mr. Woolery graciously explained a few points which were not quite understood, and the meeting ended with a happy smile on the face of each member.

### SOUTH HALL REGULATION

A very good improvement was recently instituted by our faculty. On account of the congestion and confusion on the second floor by the library, it was thought best to prohibit all friendly discussions and promenades in that particular spot. The restrictions are by no means exacting, simply putting a stop to unnecessary lounging and disturbance in a necessarily busy part of the hall. Although, for some unknown reason, that particular spot has always been popular as a social resort, we shall, no doubt, enjoy our discussions just as much on another side of the building; and certainly the registration can be carried on with much more dispatch.



## FACTS

During the past month or so, the pupils of Mrs. Atkinson's American History classes have been doing very interesting and instructive work—that of establishing or proving facts by authoritative sources. For example, Clarence Adams established the fact that prohibition has lowered the number of arrests in Omaha. The authorities taken to prove this fact were the official reports of the Police Department, and clippings from newspapers. The figures secured from these sources showed that there were 16,343 arrests during 1915, 17,343 during 1916, and 14,959 during 1917, with figures to prove that the decrease was made after May 1. Among other facts that were established were the number of pupils who have left the High School since September, the percentage of pupils out of twenty who say "thank you" to anyone holding a door open for them, the number of pupils arriving at the High School before eight-thirty, temperatures at various times, the daily average attendance, conditions at various camps and in the Navy, and other equally interesting facts. The purpose of the work is to show the pupils the value of source material, and to teach each pupil the importance of knowing what he is talking about before he makes a statement. If anyone is in the habit of making statements without sufficient authority back of them, he should be compelled to establish a fact by reliable authority just once—he would think before he spoke the next time!

## EXTRA!

By any chance, did you happen to wander down the south hall in the direction of Room 128 on the morning of Tuesday, March 5? If you didn't, you missed a thrilling spectacle. One of those young molecules which we are supposed to mention as lightly as

possible, this being strictly a girls' number, who lockered down in the direction of Room 128, had gotten funny with his locker key. To be concise, he had resorted to the childish pleasure of throwing it on top of his locker. Said key, quite without warning, proceeded to fall down behind the locker, and lodge on a ledge about a foot from the top. Our gallant hero was nothing daunted. By means of a friendly doorknob, he easily ascended the heights of his honorable locker, and proceeded to poke down the crack with a yardstick, kindly lent by Miss Landis. As a reporter's life is full of activity, I had to depart before he finished his quest. Whether or not he found it, I really cannot say; but if you were there yourself, perhaps you know.

Now I am aware, dear reader, that some will say that the importance of this news little warrants the space apportioned to it; but list to this: it was a daring Freshman who accomplished the deed. (You have doubtless already surmised it). When he and others like him see how gayly he burst forth in print, will they not be emboldened to commit other spectacular deeds, in the hope of again seeing their achievements in our worthy paper? Of course, and thus the poor news reporter will have more than enough material. (P. S. There is no moral to this tale.)

## MASS MEETING

A mass meeting was held on the morning of March 6, before school, to work up enthusiasm for the basketball tournament to be held in Lincoln that week-end. However, not as large a crowd was present as could be desired. Eugene Maxwell gave a talk concerning our duty to our team, and the support which we ought to be willing to give it down in Lincoln. Charlotte Skidmore sang "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight." Mr. Wedeking spoke about basketball, and included in his talk a number of funny stories.

Miss Davies' Civics classes have been holding a miniature election; but, though small, it is correct in detail. Each member of the classes was both a candidate and voter. Election commissioners were chosen by secret ballot from each class, and those chosen were Frances Armstrong and Wendell Wilson, who chose their own deputies. Each pupil registered before voting and took the oath. Instead of an interval of one month between the primaries and the voting, there was one day. The Australian ballot system was used.

## ALUMNI NOTES

Two Omaha boys recently won class offices at Nebraska. Lester W. Hansen, '16, was chosen business manager of the 1919 Cornhusker, and Jack Sandale, '17, was elected president of the freshmen class. That is the kind of thing we like to hear.

Viva Craven, '16, was awarded first prize at Grinnell College for the best translation of one of Horace's Odes. Viva has continued the splendid record she made at High School, and has added another link to the chain of honors of Omaha High School girls.

Warren Ege and Paul Nicholson have received the offices of captain at Dartmouth for the coming year.

## SCHOOL SONGS

Some time ago, Mr. Garwood, seeing the need of an Alma Mater song, as well as other songs that would have a distinct connection with our own school, held a meeting of some of our school poets to try and remedy the matter. He delivered an interesting lecture to the assembled pupils, about twenty in number, and each departed with the ambition of writing a poem which would really express his loyalty and devotion toward his school.

Since then, results have been coming in, slowly to be sure, but nevertheless, encouraging. If anyone else should have an idea for an Alma Mater Song, a marching song, or a reunion song, both words and music, would they please hand them in to Mr. Garwood.

Emily Ross's song, which is quoted below, was sung on one of the community singing days a short time ago by a quartet. Any others that are turned in will be tried out in a like manner.

## ALMA MATER

(Emily Ross)

Our School, Central High, to you we sing in praise,  
Our School, evermore to you our song we raise—  
To you our thoughts will come in all we do,  
And every voice resounds in cheers to you.  
High thought and High Endeavor you have brought to us,  
High visions, vague but beautiful;  
Courage for the burdens life will surely bring,  
Knowledge, Faith, and Honor—all of these we sing.

For you, our Alma Mater, are our gifts of love,  
For you, fairest and dearest, 'neath the heaven's above,  
Brave hearts and willing hands their richest treasures bring,  
While grateful voices proudly your praises sing.  
Long may your heart beat warm, your children's lives to bless,  
Long teach us love and gentleness,  
Long may your noble life show us the way to live;  
Dearest Mother, to you our lives we gladly give.



# WAR WORK

As we advance farther and farther in this great war, as we see each day the necessity of giving every ounce of work and sacrifice available to win this war, we feel a great desire to do something. Surely no one of us can say now that there is nothing that he can do. Our most important task at present is not to let enthusiasm die with age. Remember that the Government still needs our quarters, that the Allies still need wheat and fats and meat, that knitted goods are still in demand, that farm products are greatly needed, that the hospitals in France are using bandages over and over again because of the great need. A room at the High School will now be open every Friday after school for work in surgical dressings. Come and help! Surely an hour or two a month could easily be spared for this work. Get into the gardening game—both girls and boys! Remember your food pledge; do not be a slacker in knitting; save your quarters—in short, do not forget that your bit is needed as constantly and as urgently as ever!

—H. G., '18.

## A THOUGHT FROM "OVER THERE."

A few days ago, I received a letter from a boy in France in which he described to me a little stream which he saw twice. Its clear, sparkling waters tinkled and twinkled over the crystalline pebbles at its bottom. Gray pussywillows were just beginning to come out and soften the rugged brown stems. He said that for the first time he dreamed of home, of his fishing-rod, and of his garden. He wondered who would plant his garden this spring; and who would plant the gardens of all his comrades. The next time he saw the same stream, it was changed. The water was muddy and seemed no more to sing. The pussywillows were gone from its banks, shot to pieces by the Fritzes shells. He was not dreaming any more—he was fighting!

You may say, "Why, the boys here will make the garden." But can they do it alone? Of course, they are helping; but can't the girls help too? Certainly! A girl can do just as much as any boy! When I say gardening, I do not mean by it that if one sticks a seed in the ground, the seed will grow and bear marvelous fruits. It won't. Gardening is as difficult as—well Latin, for instance. Now please don't feel discouraged—there's going to be someone to help you make that garden a success. We girls are going to be organized just as the boys have been. Group leaders are now being appointed, and every week they will call a meeting of their group. This will give us a chance to discuss our difficulties; and, at the same time, to receive help, for circulars will be given out stating in concise form the things to be done in making a garden. Men who are good authorities on this subject will talk to us; so really under such circumstances, don't you think we should become excellent farmers? Don't you think we can help to take the place of the boy "Over There?"

Let's help to make the pussywillows come back to sunny France. Let's help dear old Uncle Sam and the World, and register as one who is going to make a GARDEN, and make it a SUCCESS!

D. M., '18.

## OUR FARM HANDS

Our boys have responded splendidly to the call for farmers' assistants. At the present time, about three hundred and fifty have signified their intention of going, and every day finds new additions to the list.

Practically fifty boys have undertaken the responsibility of leadership. They will later be assigned groups for whose instruction they will be responsible. They are all boys who have had some experience, to which they are daily adding more. On Saturdays they visit various implement houses of the city, where they receive valuable instructions. Mr. Willard Hosford, of the John Deere Plow Company, has been especially kind and helpful in this preliminary training.

Even more important than a knowledge of farm machinery is a knowledge of horses, and how to treat them. The business manager of the Teamsters' Union has assigned each boy to a reliable teamster from whom he will receive instructions in harnessing and driving.

About one half of the boys plan to leave by the first of May. They will be allowed full credit if they are doing passing work, provided they leave to take their jobs immediately.

We have good reason to be proud of these boys, who, under Miss Stringer's able leadership, have so willingly volunteered their services to their country in its time of need.

## FRENCH BABIES

A very interesting phase of war work (at least interesting to the girls) is that of making clothes for French war babies. At a recent meeting of the Student Club, the members sewed baby clothes for French babies. Two complete baby kits were finished, which include, among other things, tiny dresses, slips, booties, blankets, and several other necessary articles. This is not only very fascinating, but also very necessary work, and work that every girl can help to do.

## DON'T LET THEM WAIT!

Away over in cannon-rocked France, a boy was waiting. Fall passed; and still he waited, thinking, "Surely, it will come next time." The few leaves that escaped the enemies' shells turned brown, fell to the ground, and were covered with snow. But still the boy waited, now shivering and cold. "It will come some day," he chattered, and it did! "What was it?" did you ask. A woolen sweater, socks, and wristlets. Who knows but that they came from our own Central High School, for you know what a lot we've been doing. Of course, we're not turning out sweaters by the dozen, nor wristlets by the gross; but we're helping. The girls' knitting regiment is certainly proving to be a success.

Come on, girls, if you know how to knit—join. If you don't know how, join anyway; there is always someone to teach you. Don't let the other boys wait! Something warm to wear takes away part of the curse of war, just as a good story does. And to knit a sweater takes—oh how small! how pitifully small an amount of time in comparison to that which has been spent and which will be spent in winning OUR WAR!

## JUNIOR RED CROSS

On Tuesday, February 19, a collection was taken up for the Junior Red Cross. Everyone who was able was asked to give twenty-five cents to the fund. The pupils responded wonderfully well, and many are now members of both the Senior and the Junior Red Cross. The amount sent down to the office was \$456.79, considerably over the 100 per cent. mark. The total sum received by Central High School within the past two months for Red Cross and war service amounts to \$2,130.00. This includes a \$100.00 military Liberty bond and a \$50.00 German Club bond. Computed on a basis of twenty-five cents for each student, this amount would make 743 per

cent. instead of the 100 per cent. which was asked of us.

### WORK FOR ALL

One of the important needs of the war is surgical dressings—we are told that in some hospitals in France dressings are used over and over again until they are mere threads because the need is so great. Some of this work has been done—the Lininger Travel Club girls under Miss Browne and the class in surgical dressings, under Miss McCague have been working every Friday at the rooms down town, and have turned out about two hundred and fifty dressings a week. At last, however, a room has been secured at the High School for this work-room—140. The work will be under the supervision of Miss Browne, and the room will be open every Friday after school.

Every girl (or boy, if he wishes) in the school who is interested in this work is cordially invited to come and work there whenever possible. Aprons will be furnished as soon as possible to those coming for work. The importance and necessity of this work cannot be over-emphasized. The work itself is interesting, as the girls who have been doing it can testify. Come and help!

### A PLEA

Bluebird, O, bluebird, fly with me,—do,  
Show me the wonders of the world that you view,  
Up thru the treetops into the blue.

Robin, O, Robin, take pity on me,  
In early morn, let me breakfast with thee,  
Then show me thy mate and thy babies so wee.

Seagull, O, seagull, dive with me,—deep,  
Show me the land where the fishes do leap,  
Then spread out thy wings and rock me to sleep

Curlew, O, Curlew, with me do walk,  
Show me the beauty of the marsh where you stalk  
And help still the thirst at my heart, that does knock.

Birds, O, birds, open wide Nature's door  
And teach me, please teach me, her beautiful lore  
Of the Sky, Earth and Sea—please, teach me more.

—M. L. B., '20.

### WAR ORPHANS

Professor Fling, of the University of Nebraska, was secured, under the management of the C. O. C., to speak to the students of the High School on Thursday, February 21, concerning the French War Orphans. His stirring speech aroused the pupils, and an amount of \$168.00 was subscribed. This sum includes the \$36.50, the amount required for one orphan, which was pledged by Miss Stringer. The High School can now care for five French orphans instead of four, as last year. The names of the five were secured through Madame Borglum. There is little Mireille Gueret, whose picture is on the board in the east hall, and also there are Camille Tereille, Jean Tereille, and Eugenie Thibault. The name of the fifth orphan is unknown. Before the close of the year, the number ought to be increased from five to eight or ten at least. We must not allow ourselves to forget our friendless little brothers and sisters in France.

### PAPER COLLECTING

Do not forget this small but important form of war work. Miss Browne reports a steady, if slow, sale of old magazines and papers. Over thirty dollars have been realized from this work. Keep the ball a-rolling!

## LITERARY

### THE EDUCATION OF A GIRL IN FRANCE

The difference between the French and American method of education has been said to be the difference between the old and the new. The French schools are conducted as the American schools were before the civil war. The French children are doing as our grandmothers and grandfathers did—learning everything by rote. All lessons in France are more or less learned by heart. Children, when asked to answer some question, will quote their book, word for word, and their teachers expect them to do this.

Boys and girls are not educated together after they are nine or ten years old. The girls go to private schools and the boys to 'Lycees.'

The government has a great deal to do with the education of its people. Although it does not provide public schools, it makes out and gives three big examinations to all schools alike, church, charity, or private. These three examinations, when passed, are the outward and visible sign of one's education. The first of these three, the certificate d'Etudes, is taken usually when the pupils are about twelve years old. Thus examination for girls includes sewing and drawing, which are considered most important; geography, history, and elementary science, all learned by heart; arithmetic, spelling, composition, and dictation. The second, the Brevet Elimentaire, is taken at about fifteen years of age and contains all these subjects in a more advanced stage. Most girls do not take any more than these two, for the Brevet Superior, the last one, is considered too difficult except for those who attend to take some advanced course. No one can take the second one until the first one has been passed, nor can anyone start studying for the second until the first is passed.

Little girls are sent to school when they are four or five years old. Instead of having a year of kindergarten work, they start learning how to read and write at once. Writing in French schools is considered of the utmost importance. Little children, that in America we would scarcely believe able to handle a pencil, are made to write with a fine pen in France. They are always given a model and they have to copy it exactly, making all the broad and fine strokes.

One afternoon a week is devoted to sewing in all French schools. When the children are small, they usually work on ugly little pieces of cross-stitch; but by the time they are ten years old, they can knit their own stockings. At first, during these sewing afternoons, one may sew upon any piece of her own choosing and the teacher gives her assistance, but when the study preparatory to the certificate d'Etudes begins, only patching is done. Such lovely samples of patching I have never seen as French girls do. A child, that in America gets an average of 90 per cent. or more in her patching, if her sewing is judged in France, gets about 5 per cent.

There is just as much difference between French and American teaching as there is between the French and American method of education. The teachers do not seem to take a personal interest in their teaching or their pupils; they think of teaching only as a good way to earn their living. If a child does not get her lesson well because she cannot understand it, she is more often scolded than helped. The children are left to shift for themselves and they never feel that there is a helping hand stretched out to help them as we do here in America. Consequently, many children have to take their examinations over, again and again, before they pass them; where as, if they had had more help in the first place they would not have had to. Truly, French education is the survival of the fittest.

J. M.

## TO-DAY

(From a high school girl's diary)

To-day, we had a thrilly time in physics. We went into that room between rooms 318 and 320 where no one ever goes except Mr. Bexten or Mr. McMillan. We were curious to get in there, because ever since we have been having the desk experiments in static electricity, Mr. Bexten, when he ran out of charge, would go into this mysterious room with a Leyden jar and make the queerest noise like the machine guns in war stories. Well, we found out how he made it. It is a static machine. You turn a wheel and it makes the noise. We were told it would be an entertainment with one or two victims, and it was. Then we were given a bird's-eye-view of lightning, all kinds, sheet and the wiggly kind. After this our teacher mounted a box, placed his hands on the two terminals of the machine and ordered a boy to turn the wheel which generated the electricity. The boy reluctantly made enough volts to cause a spark to jump a mile (they are measured in centimeters, you know.) I thought; but it didn't kill him. The reason was (he knew it all the time) the electricity couldn't get out. Then a brave lad stood up and let the machine charge him full of electricity so that his hair rose up like a Fugii Islander and he was so embarrassed, not knowing whether it was becoming or not. I wanted to try that myself, but I had visions of my hair-pins flying out and hitting the walls, though they are Hump ones. I was assured they wouldn't, but I didn't venture. I did take hold of a handle hitched on the machine and received such a charge that I threw the conductor and hit the girl in front of me in the neck. She screeched and jumped into the middle of the room, while everyone below us in room 215 raised their eyes heavenward.

To day, I heard a tale of great pathos. Mrs. Atkinson would ask me my source and whether as a student of history I could state it as a fact. I would mournfully say, "No," and sit down. Anyway, I heard it. It seems an unsophisticated freshman met with an accident. He fled to the haven of room 39 and Miss Williams, where she practised her gentle art and sewed it up—a rip in the knee of his first long pants. From the way in which the girls treated him when he applied for succor, I think he went next to the nurse, but as a student of history, I couldn't assert it.

To-day, I saw Miss Gross buying candy. I was alarmed until I learned in physiology that candy is not a luxury if it is used as a food. She was carrying it on her plate very carefully, no doubt as a food.

To-day, I noticed how the near-side stop forced politeness upon the ignoble youths of our school. At Twenty-fourth and Lake streets, when the far-side stop was in effect, the boys would catch the car, on the run, on the nearside and get all the nice places in the car, to stand up in. The hampered maidens would look wistfully and helplessly on from the far-side. Now the girls hop on happily and comfortably, leaving the boys to follow with gloomy denunciations of the near-side stop. Rah for the near-side stop!

This was Mantell week and the sacred traditions of more than one home were broken to allow the members of tender years to see the Shakespearian drama on school nights. I know my prestige as a well-reared child has been lowered in the eyes of my study room teachers. Drowsy, hollow-eyed students are always looked upon as unloved, neglected objects or as wild, young, health destroyers. Thanks to my dear mother I am round-eyed and as unblinking as a cherub even in seventh hour study—except this week. Today, the clock hesitated every ten minutes. My eye-lids felt like trap-doors; in fact I couldn't go completely to sleep because when they shut the thump woke me up.

—A. D.

## THE POINT OF VIEW

It was Saturday morning. A glorious feeling of spring permeated the very atmosphere. Nature seemed to be calling as it has called since time immemorial.

"What a splendid day for a hike," I thought to myself as I leisurely walked towards my window. This window of mine looks on a vacant lot which serves as a battle ground or a camping ground—whichever the small boys in the neighborhood feel that the occasion demands.

I had almost reached the window when a harrowing attempt at a bugle call rent the air. There followed a command, "Charge men—go in and win, my hearties!"

Hazily I wondered what strange combination of events was occurring.

I soon found out. A cow-boy, a soldier, a policeman, and a boy-Scout were eagerly chasing a tiny figure clad in an Indian suit. Golden hair peeped from beneath the gaudy feathers of his head-dress and he almost fell as he stumbled over the sticks and stones.

Suddenly the little Indian turned and said determinedly, "Say kids, I'm tired bein' the enemy—let Jack be the Germans for a change."

"Aw, Don—you're a baby, that's what," came the taunting reply from the soldier who was evidently the leader of the attacking party.

"I'm not either, I'm nearly seven." Plainly Don would rather remain the "enemy" than be considered a baby.

"I'll tell you, Don, you've been the enemy for a long time—I'll be it for a while," said the policeman magnanimously.

Relief shone plainly in the eyes of the little Indian, but a very different expression appeared at the same moment on the faces of the others.

"Let's beat it, fellers, here comes a girl and it's Lucy Ann, what's worse," came in a stage whisper from the policeman. Consternation was written on every face.

But it was too late, for the aforesaid young lady was tripping gaily toward them; her saucy sailor hat bobbing at every step. Merrily she called,

"Hello, boys."

"Hello," came the muttered response.

"Jack, Philip, Jim, and Russell—I'm going to tell your mothers that you don't know your manners any better than to keep on your hats when a lady speaks to you!" She turned up her nose contemptuously.

"Tell my mother too," urged Don, the smallest member of the party, who was anxious to be considered among the big boys.

"Oh, you're too little—you don't count," said Lucy Ann patronizingly. "What were you doing?" she asked, entirely unconscious of any lack of warmth in the welcome she was receiving.

Silence followed. Finally Don, although somewhat injured by the rebuff he had just received answered, "Oh, just playin' war."

"Oh, well, I don't like to play war—let me see—let's play house. I'll be Mrs. Richards; you know, she lives across the street, in the big brick house. I'll pretend that I'm having guests to dinner. Jack, Phil, and Russell can be the company and you must be very polite," she added severely.

Just then faintly came a call, "J-i-m, l-u-n-c-h."

"I've got to go home to lunch," said the policeman joyfully.

"So've we," chorused the rest, and they strode off together.

"That's mean; 'course she had to come just when we were beginning to to have some fun, muttered Russell angrily.

"Don't you worry, we'll have pecks of fun this aft," reminded Jim. "We'll play in my back yard—guess Miss Lucy won't bother us then."

"Why don't you like Lucy?" questioned Donald.

"She's a girl," the others responded, and Don nodded with an air of deep understanding.

Lucy Ann stood gazing after them for a moment. Then she turned in the direction from whence she had come, confiding to the world at large, "Oh, they're just horrid, rude boys, anyhow." M. C. W., '18.

### DAN AND THE REBELS

(Continued from last month.)

"Now I'll tell you of the terrible battle in which ol' Dan got th' bent-over back. Sonny, Sheridan's command advanced thru slush and mud towards the enemy. It had rained for three days. The enemy was at Cold Harbor. We didn't know his strength, at least our captain didn't, yet we kept on. Guns of Cushe's battery got mired in the mud, an' men had to put their shoulders to the guns to get 'em out o' the mud. Well, our company was placed at the bottom o' a little rise o' ground, behind which we thought the enemy was. Captain Bromme, when we had dismounted, (for we had been changed from infantry to cavalry) led us up the hill. We was upon the supposed enemy, who we couldn't see. But soon bullets began to fly at us from behind boxes, irons, and pits. The danged Rebels was behind everything you could think of. Then we got the order to advance. We ran, jumpin' over barrels, boxes, and every kind of obstacle that ye could think of. They had put 'em in our way. Here we saw our mistake. The enemy had been drawin' us on, and now it was his turn to come. Them Rebels let out a yell and came from behind boxes and trenches like a pack o' hungry wolves. Retreat was sounded—we started back. Yet the Rebs was at us, two to our one. I was fightin' by the side o' Captain Bromme. I heard him let out a yell and saw him fall to the ground—dead. Someone must take command so as we'd retreat in an orderly manner an' not all get into confusion. I was at the captain's side and snatched his sword from his sheath. I gave rapid fire commands; we were almost to safety. I turned around and shouted an order. Then I heard the reports of two rifles an' felt a pain in my side.

"When I awoke I was in bed, in a long room that had rows of white beds on which was layin' the wounded and dyin'. There was a lady, dressed in white, standin' over me, and a man that proved to be the doctor stood beside her.

"When he saw me open my eyes, he said, 'Are ye comin' to, ol' pal?'"

"'Yea,' I says, 'but gosh Doc, I've got a devil of a pain in my ribs.'"

"'Well,' he says, 'I don't think, young fella, that there's much hope fer you—and if you do pull through, it'll leave yea cripple for life. Ye see we have to operate on ye and extract them two bullets. They went in through yer ribs, and lodged in yer back bone.'"

"'Well, Doc,' I says, 'go ahead an' do it. Dan kin stand it.' And so it happened an' ol' Dan was operated on an' the two bullets took out. In takin' 'em out they had to monkey with my spine, and they left it so's I couldn't straighten up. Well, I got well, but never since could I straighten up like I could before. Ye see ol' Dan didn't urn from the Rebels. He got it anyway, but not from bein' a coward, no siree."

A gleam leaped up in old Dan's eyes and he had straightened up to nearly his former height while he had been talking to me.

"Didn't you get promoted for this?" I asked.

"Yea, son, I was First-Lieutenant o' the company when I got well. I guess it was kind o' honorary, fer what could a fellow with a bent-over back do?"

Here old Dan stopped again and turned his face away.

"Dan," I said, "I'm sorry if I ever joked about your back; I don't think I did, but I'm—well—I'll bet nobody will joke about it again when I'm around. I'll tell him about it!"

"Oh no, sonny, they'd think ol' Dan was lying, but he ain't. Lookie here." (He opened a drawer in an old battered dresser and drew out an old crumpled paper.) "There's what Sheridan give me, and here's my commission."

I read the letter, which ran thus:

Corporal Dan McGee,

Co. G., Fourth Iowa Regiment.

General Staff, Sixth Corps,

Dear Comrade:

Your bravery has been called to my attention upon this occasion by your gallantry at Cold Harbor. I feel it my duty to extend to you my thanks. If all men were as brave as you, we should soon have the Confederate capital in our possession. Along with my thanks to you I send an order to your Colonel to promote you to First Lieutenant of Company G. With greetings and hopes that you will soon be able to fill your commission, I am,

Gratefully Yours,

PHILIP SHERIDAN,

Major-General—Cavalry, U. S. A.

I laid this down, then picked up his Lieutenants' commission. It was genuine beyond a doubt. I handed both papers back to him, and he carefully folded them and tenderly laid them away.

Then I got up to go, since it was nearly dark.

"Dan," I said, "whether you like it or not, I'm going to tell anyone who mocks you that he is a coward himself. And now I understand what people mean by a martyr in will and in deed."

AMBROSE GREGG, '17.

### LITTLE BROTHERS

Now I, being the fond and doting possessor of one of that inhuman species commonly known as little brothers, feel myself most amply qualified to discourse upon the subject. Those who have not been so blessed as I may at times fail to appreciate my words. I am certain, however, that all who boast the distinction of being big sisters, or big brothers either, will second all my sentiments.

From the very start "The Infant," as I please to term my particular specimen, has interfered with all my plans. I was seven years old at the time of his arrival, and (pray, do not deem me immodest) the idol of the family. From my lofty seat of supremacy, from which I had ruled with queenly dignity, I was rudely ousted by that rolly-polly, howling, hairless infant. Instead of being waited on hand and foot, I was even occasionally pressed into the service of the new despot. Oh, it was a bitter fate!

As the years have rolled by, I have accustomed myself to my new social status. In fact, I have even become used to the catastrophes that are sure to take place in any household inhabited by one of the species in question. To find the cat smothered in a bureau drawer, to discover one's very best stationery bearing "important army dispatches" scrawled in red crayon, to have one's watch broken by careless fingers,—these and countless other occurrences soon cease to surprise one. One simply wonders what on earth he'll do next.

Of course, "The Infant" is spoiled; (I have yet to see the little brother who isn't). When I pounce upon him in righteous indignation, having been teased within an inch of my life, he has only to howl, and the powers-that-become running to his rescue.

And his manners! Ouch! I wouldn't want a little boy to have perfect manners—that wouldn't be natural—but, I do think there is a happy medium.

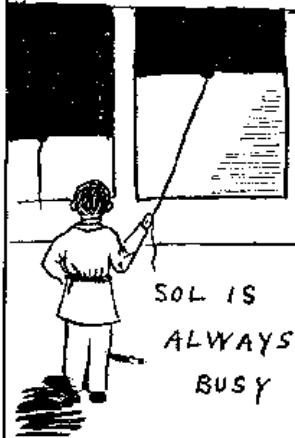
He will probably blossom into a perfectly nice young man—most little brothers do; but until that sweet time, the saints preserve me from insanity or murder!

J. G. K., '19.



# JUST BOYS

WHAT IS PITY?  
THE KIND OF LOVE WE  
BEAR THOSE WE DON'T  
CARE FOR



SOL IS  
ALWAYS  
BUSY



ARE BOYS YAIN?  
OH! NO!!



MORE POPULAR  
THAN THE  
BOYS



WILSON B.  
IN THE  
FRENCH PLAY



GUESS  
WHO

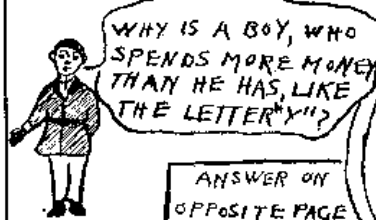


IF JACOB  
SAYS THE  
STUDENT CLUB  
IS NOT A  
FRATERNITY



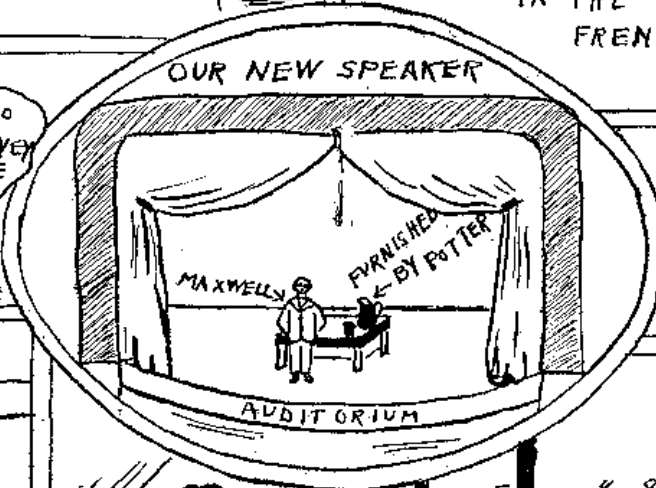
WHO IS IT?

SOUTH WALL



WHY IS A BOY, WHO  
SPENDS MORE MONEY  
THAN HE HAS, LIKE  
THE LETTERY?

ANSWER ON  
OPPOSITE PAGE



OUR NEW SPEAKER

MAXWELL

FURNISHED  
BY POTTER

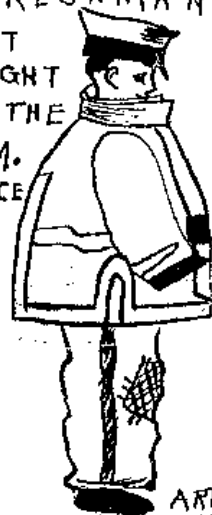
AUDITORIUM



CAUSE HE MAKES  
PA PAY

GOOD NIGHT

FOUND IN A STUDY HALL  
A FRESHMAN IN A  
SUIT  
BOUGHT  
AT THE  
Q.M.  
OFFICE



ARTIST  
UNKNOWN



OH BOY!



BANTY'S  
NEW  
POSE



MORE  
PAPERS

PAPERS  
ABOUT THE  
TOURNAMENT

MR. WEDEKING  
AT WORK



LOCKER KEY  
IS SOMEWHERE  
BACK THERE

HOW DID  
IT GET  
THERE?

BOYS  
ARE  
GRAVE  
QUESTIONS

ONE OF OUR DIGGERS





#### AMONG OUR REGULARS

Miss Lane: "What shall we do about getting more yarn!"

Ilda Langdon: "And please have your reports in Friday."

Dorothy Arter: "I'm awfully sorry, I forgot all about keeping the supply room open."

Helen Bolshaw: "I think possibly I can do it for you."

Florice Shaw: "The whole thing's a blame nuisance." (Of course, she always goes ahead though.)

#### MILITARY (Written by a critic)

For once in the history of our dear school the girls managed to apply the efficient regimental organization to a purpose of their own. At the beginning of the school term, when the knitting fever struck the girls of Central High School full blast, Miss Lane conceived the brilliant idea of uniting the individual efforts of the girls in order that she might test the truth of the old maxim, "In union there is strength." Straightway she set to work to find a girl ready to assume the responsibilities of Lieutenant Colonel.

Ilda Langdon was chosen and together, Miss Lane and our Lieutenant Colonel arranged a mass meeting in the auditorium for all interested in knitting. About three hundred girls and possibly ten boys attended. These signed cards and were enrolled in two battalions with Dorothy Arter and Helen Bolshaw as Majors. But owing to the popularity of the regiment a third battalion was needed. Florice Shaw was placed in charge of this, and commenced a wide recruiting movement. In a very short time the regiment was complete with 40 officers and 500 privates. Supply headquarters were opened on the third floor and work was begun in earnest. Several ladies from Red Cross headquarters, including Mrs. Jeffries, Mrs. Wylie, and Mrs. Talmadge, informed us of the urgent need for knitted articles among our American soldiers. The girls responded quickly to the call; and as a result fifty-five trench caps, seventy-five pairs of wristlets, and fifty sweaters were made from three hundred hanks of yarn from the Red Cross and fifty hanks donated by the Armour Packing Company. Work of the regiment was greatly hindered by the poor quality of yarn obtained at the beginning of the semester, but the girls, not to be daunted by this inconvenience, knit resolutely on, until now it is an organization as fully developed as any in the school. The regiment will continue its knitting with yarn purchased by the donations of the Junior Red Cross. In closing, let us say that we realize full well that no one has reached this part of the article.

—A. and S.

## EXCHANGES

Conversation between exchange editors B-r-r-r, B-r-r-r.

"Yes,—hello, Ruth? Have you heard the news? I have the measles! Of course, I had to get them over Saturday and Sunday so I would not be out of school so long. But listen, I've been reading some most interesting Exchanges. There was a large pile of them on my table, so I read them and really found some very good ones. The Red Cross number of "The Prospect" from the Manual Training High School in Brooklyn, New York, is perfectly wonderful. They have adopted two French orphans to whom they are sending money and clothes. Even in the sewing classes the dresses, hats, and coats made are sent to French and Belgian children. Also the girls have organized two clubs, "The Knitting Club" and "Komfort Kit Klub."

And oh Ruth! there is a new paper with whom we are exchanging. It is "The Bayonet" from the high school in Plattsmouth, Nebraska. They have an interesting club organized there, called the Girls' Club. The purpose of this club is to promote a spirit of sociability, unity, and service among the girls. Almost all of the girls in it are knitting socks for Uncle Sam; and forty of them work at the Red Cross rooms preparing surgical dressings. Also, this club is going to present the school with a service flag. They've started out in such a way that I don't see how they can help succeeding, do you? We'll wish them all possible success in both the club and the new periodical; and listen,

the editor of the "Spud" from the high school of Alliance, Nebraska, is a girl. So, of course, that is a fine paper.

In the "X-ray" from the Sacramento High School, Sacramento, California, there is given an account of the most interesting work which the girls are doing! The girls in the household accounting classes of this school are "hooverizing for imaginary husbands." Don't you imagine that would be fun, as well as helpful in winning the war? Each girl with her imaginary husband lives on a hundred dollars a month at war prices. It is plainly shown that these girls are not extravagant.

In "The Oracle" from Des Moines, Iowa, it is mentioned that the girls have made 3,650 surgical dressings in one month. They certainly deserve a great deal of credit. Also the North Des Moines Auxiliary of the Red Cross meets every day for an hour and a half, and I understand many of the girls attend that frequently. That is certainly what is going to win the war. It keeps up the morale of the army, which counts really three-fourths in winning the war, and it is three-fourths of the making of the army.

In the "Daisy Chain" from the Waco High School, Waco, Texas, there is an article entitled, "How the High School Girl May Help Win the War." It emphasizes the fact that it is the duty of every girl in High School to stay in school as long as she possibly can. The true patriotic spirit in a girl arouses a desire to get as much out of her lesson as possible.

Some of these papers have some fine jokes, too. You have had the measles, so don't you want to come over and read some of them?



### BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball tournament was played the first and second weeks of March. No sophomore team was formed this year, some say because of lack of spirit. The championship thus lay between the Juniors and the Seniors, and will go to the team which wins two out of three games. The teams are very evenly matched, so the tournament is expected to be very interesting. Katherine Tennant is captain of the Senior team, Ruth Hatteroth of the Junior.

The first game, played March 5, resulted in a 6-9 score in favor of the Juniors. Five of the Juniors' nine points were made by Dorothy Uehling in the first half, the rest by Ruth Hatteroth in the second half. Katherine Tennant starred for the Seniors, making four of their six points; Irene Finley made the other two on fouls. The close guarding of the Juniors, Ruth Hatteroth especially, was mostly responsible for the Senior defeat.

The second game was very hard-fought and exciting, ending in a 12-12 tie. This was played off, however, and the Seniors won 14-12. Irene Finley and Katherine Tennant again starred for the Seniors, making between them all the Senior points. Dorothy Uehling and Ruth Hatteroth also shared the Junior honors again.

### BASEBALL

Indoor baseball will be started and teams organized as soon as the volleyball tournament is finished.

### TENNIS

It is planned to begin tennis the second or third week in March.

### VOLLEYBALL

Volleyball has aroused more interest this year than it has for several seasons. Four teams have been formed, the Purple, captain, Beatrice Jackson; the White, captain, Eleanor Hamilton; the Blue, captain, Frances Cameron; and the Red, captain, Eva Cunningham. The volleyball tournament started the first week in March. The first game, Purple vs. White, was won by the Purple, 21-18. This was entirely contrary to expectations, as the White was considered a much stronger team. The second game, Blue vs. Red, was a walk-away for the Red, ending 21-3. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with volleyball, we will explain that 21 points is considered a game. The third game will be losers vs. losers; that is, White vs. Blue. The fourth, winners play winners, Purple vs. Red. In case the White wins (as they probably will) and the Purple loses, the White will challenge the Red for the championship. The Red will have won the championship in the tournament, but the White has beaten them before. If the White wins the challenge game, the championship will be given by comparing scores.

### TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Eleanor Hamilton is the champion of the girls' tennis tournament. She will receive the new cup which is given this year. If this cup is won by the same girl in three successive tournaments, the cup is given to her for her own. Ruby Swenson carried off the cup last year as a trophy of her three years' championship.

(Continued on Page 27)

## ORGANIZATIONS

The French Club has recently been enjoying several dialogues and readings given by the members. At the last meeting some time was devoted to French conversation participated in by the members and led by the president. This last proved very entertaining and the Cercle Francaise expects, by such further practice, to improve the knowledge of the French language among its members.

The Lowell Society held its regular meeting in Room 228. A new plan of entertainment for our wounded "Sammies" was decided upon and will be carried out in the near future.

The Girl's Student Club is working on complete outfits for two French babies. The girls are also making bed-socks for the Red Cross. At the last meeting, after the sewing, a pantomime, "Good Gracious, Anna-belle" was given, in which Mildred Benson, Elva Smith, Dorothy Leper, Marie Huntzinger, Mary Elizabeth Graham, and Isabelle Eddy took part.

The Gym Club met at the home of Elizabeth Moring where a Washington's birthday party was enjoyed. Fancy costumes of colonial times were worn.

The Athenian Debating Society elected the following officers: Daniel Hirsch, president; Ralph Kharas, vice-president; Harmon Wilmoth, secretary; Clarence Adams, treasurer; Julius Frank, advertising manager; Wallace Johnston, reporter. The regular meeting was held on Friday, March 1, and the subject was discussed as to whether or not the High School boys should leave for the farms before May 1.

The Margaret Fuller girls are now busy collecting magazines to be sent to Omaha boys now in the service. It has been learned from one of the camp hospitals where two of our boys are in quarantine that the only reading material available is that sent from the O. H. S. Word has also been received from Miss Dixon telling how the magazines are appreciated. Every one is urged to bring magazines so that this work may be carried on. The George Washington party given in the South Gym, February 21, was enjoyed by all.

The Elaine Society has changed its meeting day to Monday, as they find more girls can attend the meetings on this day. The society met on Monday, March 11, in Room 129, and enjoyed a very interesting program. The girls of this society are working industriously on knitting, bandages, and various other kinds of war supplies.

With the spring flowers and other beautiful things the D. D. S. is also coming to life again. Because the dates for the meeting of literary societies coincided with the dates of the debates, whose participants were mostly D. D. S. leaders, meetings during the winter were irregular. The first spring meeting was held March 15.

### Stick To It

Plan for more than you can do,  
Then do it.  
Bite off more than you can chew,  
Then chew it.  
Hitch your wagon to a star,  
Keep your seat, and there you are.



## THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAIN

I sing of good King Arthur,  
And of his knights so bold,  
Sir Gawain, he whose happy tale  
Hast oft before been told.

On one said day it happened  
King Arthur found himself  
Defeated by a churlish knight,  
Who sought for all his wealth.

"Thy lands shall be thy ransome!"  
Quoth he, to Arthur brave,  
"Unless you answer truly,  
'What most do women crave?"

"A year's time do I give you,  
To find the answer true,  
And, if you do not find it,  
Then woe, O king, to you!"

King Arthur journeyed east and west;  
Full many things heard he;  
Some said 'twas wealth, some said  
'twas love,  
Some said 'twas flatteree.

But once within a forest,  
A loathsome maid he met,  
Who said she knew the answer  
For which the king did fret.

Said she, "And I will tell you,  
If you will pledge your word  
To wed me to a gallant knight,  
Of whom all men have heard."

The king straightway consented;  
Gave oath without delay.  
Then answered she, "Above all things,  
A woman wants her way!"

The king leaped on his gallant steed,  
And hastened to the knight,  
Who wrathfully acknowledged  
That the king had answered right.

Then sadly Arthur journeyed home,  
For he recalled his oath.  
To find a gallant husband  
For the maiden, he was loath.

For sure, she was most ugly;  
So hideous, for sooth,  
He could not bear to look at her  
Altho she'd told the truth.

But when he reached his castle  
His grief he told Gawain,  
Who answered, "Grieve not, noble  
lord,  
For I will wed this dame."

"Nay now, thou art my sister's child;  
The maid's too grim for thee.  
Perchance some other we may find  
More fit her mate to be."

But Gawain still persisted;  
At last the king gave in,  
Altho it pained him sorely  
When he thot of the lady grim.

And thus the brave Sir Gawain  
And the ugly maid were wed;  
Altho that poor unhappy knight  
With shame did hang his head.

And when they were together,  
He looked the other way;  
Until in soft and gentle tones,  
He heard the lady say—

"Sir Gawain! "and he looked, and lo!  
More beautiful was she  
Than any other maiden fair  
In all that wide countree.

And while he gazed in rapture,  
Her tale she swiftly told:  
How she had been enchanted  
By an ogress grim and old;

How as a maiden ugly,  
She had been doomed to dwell,  
Until some gallant hero,  
Wedding her, should lift the spell.

Long years they dwelt together,  
And, in that country wide,  
A happier couple never lived  
Than Gawain and his bride.

J. K.

## Tennis Tournament (Continued from Page 24)

The Juniors, having won the third game of the girls' basketball tournament 9-0, are the class champions.

## BASKETBALL

All the games during the past month have been played out of town. The first trip was to St. Joe and Kansas City. On account of lack of practice for a week previous, the team seemed unable to get together. After a hard game, St. Joe won with the score 34-27. In the Kansas City game, K. C. got the lead and kept it in the first half without much trouble. But in the third quarter our team got together and outplayed them completely. In the last half, Omaha held the score very close. If they had not had such a start in the first half they never could have kept that game.

The next week we went to Lincoln. The team came back and showed splendid team work, but were out-classed on long-distance shooting. Several of Lincoln's baskets were made from past the middle of the floor. The score was Lincoln, 21, Omaha, 18.

The next week we played Fort

Dodge and Sioux City at those places. The game with Ft. Dodge was very close, but we won 24-22. At Sioux City we had an easy time, and came home with the score of 29-6.

Every member of the team did wonderful work, and no one of them deserves special mention.

## ONLY A GIRL

He stood and he gazed with awe  
As he saw her pass, like a pearl  
So pure, and so small, and dear,  
And yet 'twas only a girl.

What was it that held his gaze?  
Not the dress for it could not lure.  
'Twas the love that unheard could  
shine  
From off the face of a girl.

'Twas love that the Lord had made,  
And put upon woman's face.  
'Twas love that can brighten dark  
spots  
In the course of the human race.

And thus the bright light of love  
Has been given to some to unfurl,  
And so thru the joy and sorrow  
'Twill be done by only a girl!

K. N.

## ROMANCE

When bright the moon illumines the sky  
And soft thru my curtain, the night breezes sigh,  
When half asleep, yet awake I lie,  
There comes riding to me on a charger white,  
A gallant, gay, and gracious knight,  
Whose visit gives me rare delight.  
As spring sun on the cold earth smiles—his glance  
Throws over my heart, a warm radiance  
His name? Need you ask? He is Romance!

With strong arm lifting me to his side  
Off into everywhere together we ride  
And fair is the world with him as a guide,  
All life before us is of roseate hue  
A first-water diamond seems each drop of dew  
And the old world laughs with a joy that is new.  
The thrilling sweetness of fairy chants  
Delights my ear as we advance.  
Oh, a rare companion is he—Romance!

J. P., '19.

NAME	NICKNAME	WHERE FOUND	DREAMS	PECULIARITY	WOULD BE	WILL BE
Margaret Harte	Tommy	Roaming	About (which one?)	Dainty voice	Old	Happy
Robert Buckingham	Bob	Most any place	Of the present	Stupidity	Soldier	Knock-kneed
Catherine Goss	Bogey	Eating	Of getting thin	Walk	On Wellesley Crew	Chorus girl.
Rudyard Norton	Rudg	Dep't. stores	Of being great	His personality	"Just darling"	Castle-ing.
Donna MacDonald	Roscy	Studying	Of being tall	Democracy	Sluffer	We give up!
Richard Dearmont	Dick	Nowhere	Of lost <i>Register</i> cards	Height	Hard-hearted	Hit.
Lillian Head	Billie	Waiting at locker	Of wedding cake	Louis	Independent	Married.
Lee Huff	Lee	In that Buick	Of Fair Ladies	Love of school	In love	Left.
Frances Clelland	Finny	In lunch-room	Of singing	Her giggles	Fat	Childish.
William Nicholson	Will	Above the clouds	While studying	Conceit	Short	Still bluffing.
Margaret McLaughlin	Mickie	With B B	At night	Quietness	Peppy	Fussed.
Clarence Bantin	Banty	At mass meetings	Of flunking	Complexion	Good dancer	Musician.
Virginia White	Jinny	Not found	Of being great	That pin	Pert	Self supporting
Sol Rosenblatt	Sol	Reg. office	Of Harvard	Silence	Orator	Chauffeur.
Winifred Travis	Winnie	With Miss Paxson	Of being a Latin shark	Grins	Stern	Clever.
Gordan Peters	Pete	Table in S. Hall	Of growing	Demureness	Handsome	Dignified.
Frances Patton	Patty	At a telephone	Of being brave	That little lisp	Heroine	Society dame.
Leland Potter	Lee	Virginia's locker	Of being circus manager	Tricks	Brilliant	Stung.
Jean Kennedy	Uff	In consultation	Of Lincoln	Big words	Unaffected	Suffragette.
Daniel Longwell	Dan	War office	Of you	His dancing	Popular	Famous.
Alice Huntington	Hunty	At the locker	Of no school	Those eyes	Old	Childish.
Robert Wylie	Bob	At "her" locker	Alone in the "race"	Persistency	Married	Prevented.
Winifred Brandt	Winnie	At the movies	Of letters	Raving	Noble	Popular.
Herluf Olson	Ole	At 121	President of U. S.	Voice	Commandant	Preacher.



## FAMILIAR SAYINGS

Mr. Woolery—And it's true, whether you believe it or not.  
 Miss Paxson—The brain is composed of countless little cells. I want every mother's child to write these constructions.  
 Miss Towne—Sheet of paper, please.  
 Miss Copeland—Come on, sit down, everybody.  
 Miss Landis—Lever-vous, mademoiselle, vite.  
 Miss Weeks—Where were you yesterday?  
 Miss Kiewit—Well, girly, what can I do for you?  
 Miss Pinkney—I think you have the measles.  
 Mrs. Atkinson—Mr. Buckingham will fix the bell.  
 Miss Stegner—I want to see you a minute after class.  
 Miss Fullaway—We must conserve.  
 Miss Miller—Please be more definite.  
 Mr. Orchard (*in study hour*)—Go sit on the front seat.  
 Miss Adams—When I was abroad er—

*The Store of the Town*  
**BROWNING KING & CO.**

*Spring Clothes for the Young Men who are seeking individuality in style.*

Browning King clothes have a distinct appearance. They take you out of the crowd—the variety is so large that choosing the most becoming garment is a simple matter.

**SUITS AND TOP COATS, \$15 TO \$45**

*Our Spring Hats are Beauties*

A representation of the best makes—KNOX, STETSON, BORSALINO, BERG, MALLORY—B. K. SPECIAL.  
 \$3.00 TO \$20.00

*Manhattan Shirts - Vassar Union Suits - Exclusive Neckwear*

*Phoenix Hosiery for Women.  
 Paul Jones Middy Blouses in the most wanted styles.*

SEE OUR  
 WINDOW  
 DISPLAY

**BROWNING-KING  
 AND CO.**  
 GEO. T. WILSON,  
 Manager

PREPARE  
 NOW FOR  
 EASTER

## GENERAL NUISANCES

The Janitors.  
Locker keys.  
Excuses.  
Themes.  
Lessons.  
Teachers.  
Will Nicholson.  
Bob Buckingham.  
Miss Towne—in the lunch room.  
Dr. Senter—when your locker has been left open.  
Miss Shields—when you're in the midst of conversation.  
Bells—just when you are about to slip into your seat.

"Keep your eye on the girlie you love."  
—Dan Longwell.  
"Whose little heart are you breaking now?"  
—Bea Montgomery.  
"Over There."  
—Our O. H. S. Sammies.  
"You never can tell."  
—O. H. S. Clocks.  
"And I am all alone."  
—Dick D.  
"You're in love."  
—Frank Warren.  
"Egypt in your dreaming eyes."  
—Peggy Matthews.  
"He will understand."  
—Mickie.  
"All that worries me is someone else."  
—Dave Noble.  
"My sweetie."  
—Pleasant H.  
"I'm falling in love with someone."  
—Stew Somers.  
"When you're away."  
—Mary Thomas.

Miss Stebbins: "How are you coming with your studies?"

Struggling Soph: "Latin are good and Algebra are good, but my English what I ain't never neglected have made me what I are."

## Women's Capes

Cape of Good Hope.—Sweet sixteen.  
Cape Flattery.—Twenty.  
Cape Lookout.—Thirty.  
Cape Farewell.—Forty.

## HOOVERIZING

He handed her a neatly wrapped box.

"Sweets to the sweet."  
She opened it and gazed thoughtfully into its contents.

"But these are nuts, not sweets," she murmured.

"Ah!" he corrected himself blandly, "should I have said, 'Nuts to the nut?'"

Visit the  
**Washington Market**  
1417 DOUGLAS, and also our  
Branch Store at the  
McCrory 5c & 10c Store,  
in the Basement.

## DRESHER BROTHERS

*Dyers, Cleaners, Hatters, Furriers, Tailors and Shoemakers*

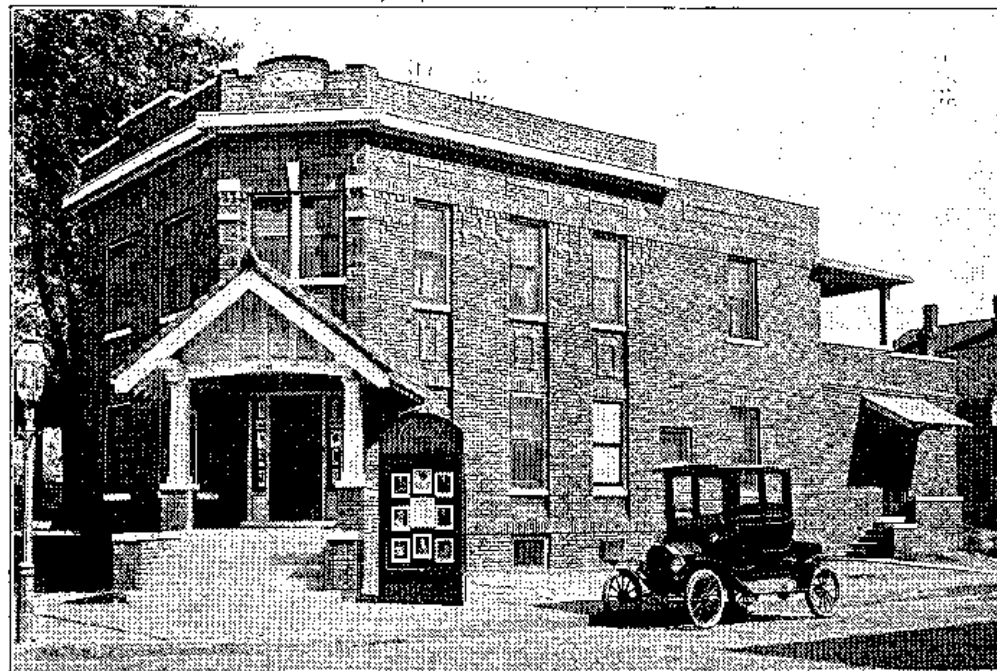
MAIN OFFICE AND PLANT: 2211-13-15-17 FARNAM ST.

Branch Offices: DRESHER THE TAILOR, 1515 Farnam Street  
FOMPEIN ROOM, Brandeis Stores  
BURGESS-NASH CO., West End Main Floor.

Tyler 345

Omaha

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



Cars marked Grand Avenue and 24th and Ames stop at entrance.

## Seniors—

For twelve years we have been making portraits for the Annual.

Our display in the south hall of your building shows the result of some of our past efforts.

Our rates to you for these portraits are but \$5.00 per dozen and we give an extra picture for the Annual free with each order.

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

**THE CADY STUDIO**  
16TH AND LAKE STS.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

## O. H. S. LIBRARY

Les Miserables—The flunkers.  
 The Newcome(r)s—The Freshmen.  
 Firing Line—Lunch-room.  
 The Jungle—Biological Lab.  
 On How to be Graceful—Gym. classes.  
 A Doctor of the Old School—Dr. Senter.  
 Bleak House—O. H. S. after the holidays.  
 Freckles—Leonard McCown.  
 The Younger Set—The Juniors.  
 The Inner Shrine—Mr. Master's office.  
 The Danger Mark—Flunk notice.  
 The Fighting Chance—A "C."  
 Great Expectations—All "A's."  
 Longfellow—Will Nicholson.  
 Vanity Fair—Angeline Rush.  
 Little Women—Gertrude Koenig, Helen Clark.  
 Effective Speaking—Sol Rosenblatt.  
 Dante's Inferno—Fourth Year Latin.  
 Seats of the Mighty—Rooms 112 and 121.  
 L'Allegro—Bob Buckingham.  
 Il Penseroso—Rudyard Norton.  
 Old Curiosity Shop—The Register Office.  
 The Promised Land—Graduation.

Sittings are now being made for the Spring Graduates. Student panels 3x6 for bust or cadet photos at \$3.00 per dozen, one print free for Annual.

## SKOGLUND STUDIO

16th and Douglas Sts. Phone Douglas 1377  
 Entrance on Douglas Street

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

EAT A PLATE OF ICE CREAM EVERY DAY!



Wedgwood Butter

HARDING CREAM COMPANY

Clarence: "Paper going up, lunch going up, assignments going up. Is there anything under the sun in this school that isn't going up?"

Winifred: "Sure; my grades."

## Freshie's Dictionary

Dangerous means full of danger;  
 Lustrous means full of luster;  
 Envious means full of envy;  
 Does pious mean full of pie? —Ex.

Teacher: "Marvin, your conduct is outrageous. I think I'll have to consult your father."

Marvin: "Better not, teacher. It will cost you three dollars. He's a doctor."

Floyd P.: "Which of the Biblical parables do you like best?"

Gwen Mc: "The one where somebody loafs and fishes."



## ors Please Note

have photographed most students for the Annual. You haven't already had an ment, we can still finish aphs in time for use in ister.

When in Dundee, do not fail to visit The Dundee Pharmacy. Good goods, right prices and courteous treatment.

Everything in the Drug line.

Free deliveries to all parts of Dundee.

DUNDEE PHARMACY

50TH AND UNDERWOOD

G. G. GUNTER, Prop.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

## WHEN WILL THE WAR END?

"Absolute knowledge I have none  
 But my aunt's washwoman's siste'r son  
 Heard a policeman on his beat  
 Say to a laborer on the street,  
 That he had a letter just last week.  
 Written in the finest Greek  
 From a Chinese coolie in Timboutoo  
 Who said the negroes in Cuba knew  
 Of a colored man in Texas town  
 Who got it straight from a circus clown,  
 That a man in Klondike heard the news  
 From a gang of South American Jews  
 About somebody in Barneo  
 Who knew a man who claims to know  
 Of a swell society female fake  
 Whose mother-in-law will undertake  
 To prove that her seventh husband's sister's niece  
 Had stated in a printed piece  
 That she had a son who had a friend  
 Who knows when the war is going to end."

Judge: "You were born in Omaha?"

Hugh C.: "Yes."

Judge: "And raised here?"

Hugh: "They tried to raise me  
 once but the neighbors..."

Onnollee: "How did Solomon come  
 to be such a wise man?"

Arnold: "He had hundreds of  
 wives to keep him informed of what  
 the neighbors were doing."

Sittings are now  
 the Spring Grace  
 panels 3x6 for

photos at \$3.00 MAS KILPATRICK CO.

ERNEST BUFFETT

The Grocer of Dundee

GOOD GROCERIES AND  
 WAR FOOD SUBSTITUTES

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Mrs. Huff: "Lee, how is it that  
 you are late home nearly every after-  
 noon. I hope you are not following  
 some girl around again."

Lee: "Why, you see the clocks at  
 High School are so big that it takes  
 the hands a long time to get around  
 them. (And Miss Paxson thinks Lee  
 is intelligent.)"

Where are the fresh eggs of yester-  
 day? Those of yesteryear are plenti-  
 ful enough.

"What are you knitting, my pretty  
 maid?"

She purred, then dropp't a stitch,  
 "I'm knitting a scarf, or a sweater,  
 sir," she said,

"But darned if I know which!" -Ex.

Freshie Cadet (*nervously*): "Shall  
 I mark time with my feet sir?"

Lieutenant (*sarcastically*): "My  
 dear fellow, did you ever hear of  
 marking time with the hands?"

Freshie Cadet: "Yes, sir; clocks  
 do it."

## Which One Do You Use?

"The page is out of my book."

"I studied the wrong lesson."

"I didn't find that in the lesson."

"Why, er - a - - - -"

"I know it, but can't tell it."

"Somebody took my book."

"I didn't hear your question."

"?" (just a nobody-home expression)

"I was sick last night."

"I lost my book."

"I forgot to take my book home last  
 night."

(Now don't deny it, all of you have  
 used one of these expressions at one  
 time or another.)

## CUPID'S BANK

Overdrafts permitted.

To credit: One heart.

Interest due: A kiss.

Deposit your heart with us and  
 avoid losses.

DAN CUPID,  
 (Chuck Allison),  
 Trustee.



## Seniors Please Note

We have photographed most  
 of the students for the Annual  
 and if you haven't already had an  
 appointment, we can still finish  
 photographs in time for use in  
 the Register.

Our special rates of \$3.50 and \$5.00  
 per dozen will surely appeal, and then  
 we are also finishing one extra photo-  
 graph without charge for use in the Annual.

It costs you no more to come to Omaha's finest studio, and  
 you are assured of service commensurate with our thirty-seven  
 years of successful photography. *Why experiment?*

THE HEYN STUDIO, 16th and Howard Sts.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

ALL MODELS

ALL PRICES

# BUICK

***"When better Autos  
are built, Buick will  
build them!"***

If you don't believe it,  
ask Huff.

## NEBRASKA BUICK AUTO COMPANY

1914-1916 FARNAM STREET

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

The Home of High School  
Boys and Girls

### Strand Theatre

PRESENTING

The Best in Motion  
Pictures

Miss Rough: "What figure of  
speech is 'I love my teacher?'"  
Burton H.: "Sarcasm." —*Ex.*

(*Just which one shall we say, Sol,  
Bob, or Will?*)  
How I love to wind my mouth up,  
How I love to hear it go,  
How I love its ceaseless murmur,  
How I love its steady flow,  
Like the welcome sound of waters  
In the smitten land of drouths,  
Is the tintinabulation  
Of my automatic mouth. —*Ex.*

***O'Brien's***  
CHOCOLATES  
"The Utmost in Candies"  
THE O'BRIEN CO.  
Candy Makers :: OMAHA

We can't help but notice about—  
Annie J.—Her smile.  
Johnny P.—His happiness.  
Dorothy C.—That TK pin.  
Pete K.—His red necktie.  
Donna Mc.—That hair!  
Johnny Fike.—His eyes.  
Nancy H.—Her complexion.

Miss Bridge: "Millard, don't laugh  
out loud that way."  
Millard R.: "I was only smiling,  
and it busted."

Monarch, Club House and Advo Brands of Canned Goods

Nicelle Olive Oil, Couteaux Sardines and Mushrooms

## CHAS. H. MALLINSON

FANCY GROCER

17th and Capitol Avenue

Phone Douglas 3614

*Athletic Supplies*

## THE TOWNSEND GUN CO.

1514 FARNAM STREET

*"Townsend's for Sporting Goods"*

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

### Shine and Hat Cleaning Parlor

Private Stand for Ladies

1521 Farnam Street  
Rose Bldg.

### Don't Forget: After School

THERE'S A PLACE  
FOR "U" IN THE

# SUN

CLASSY PHOTOPLAYS  
FOR ALL "CLASSES"

Heard on the Dodge street-car.  
Conductor: "Omaha High School!  
All off!"

Harold: "Oh, this cheese is heavenly!"

Marion A.: "Uh, huh. Made from the milky whey."

### Real Art

In the Art Department a few days ago, one of the students drew a picture of a hen so life like that when she threw it in the wastebasket it laid there.

1879 Our Trade-Mark Means Quality 1917

*Arnold's*  
**FLORISTS**

Phone Douglas 132 1523 Douglas St.  
After 6 p. m., Webster 1031

### High School Students Please Notice

WE HAVE a stock of 500 typewriters of every known make. If you want to rent a typewriter, it will be to your interest to see us first. If you intend to purchase, we can certainly save you a lot of money as we have good machines from \$10 up. We have hundreds of customers among students in all the institutions in the City. If you have never been in our store we will be pleased to have you come and get acquainted.

Central Typewriter Exchange  
Inc.  
1905 Farnam Street

If some of the members of O. H. S. were half as bright as they think they are, the rest of the school would have to wear smoked glasses.

"Why do we need oxygen for the body?"

"To burn the foods."

"Why do we need water?"

"To put out the fire."

Almarine: "I suppose you will commit suicide if I refuse you."

George S.: "Yes, that has been my custom."

CADET OFFICERS CLUB  
PROM

KEEP'S APRIL 5, 1918

\$1.50

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

### 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!

Our Bread, Pies and Cakes Are Always the Best—Demand Them

## A. METZGER BAKING COMPANY

Dick S.: "How is it that I only get eleven oysters when I ordered a dozen."

Waiter: "O, sir, I didn't think you'd want to sit with thirteen at the table."

Munson: Lee's always bragging about his ancestors."

Russel: "I admire his good judgment in stopping right there."

### BETWEEN YOU AND ME

The world is old, yet likes to laugh;  
New jokes are hard to find;  
A whole new editorial staff  
Can't tickle every mind.

So if you meet some ancient joke,  
Decked out in modern guise,  
Don't frown and call the thing a fake;  
Just laugh—don't be too wise.

### HAT CLEANING

ALL KINDS OF HATS CLEANED AND RE-BLOCKED

Ladies Straw and Panama Hats a Specialty

## MASTOS BROS.

1520 HARNEY STREET, Just Around the Corner from 16th  
TELEPHONE RED 4673

"The Truth Will Out"

John H. Bath  
The Careful Florist

1804 Farnam St.

Phones Douglas 3000  
Res. Douglas 7088

OMAHA

ABSOLUTELY SANITARY

W.O.W. Barber Shop

HIGH SCHOOL BOYS'  
HEADQUARTERS

REGULAR PRICES

Basement of W. O. W. Building

Tel. Douglas 8249

ADAM MORRELL

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS





## Young Woman      Young Man UNCLE SAM CALLS YOU!

Men of military age throughout the country are being called to the colors. Women and young men under military age must be prepared to fill their positions in private offices as well as in the Government Service.

The United States Civil Service Commission says: "There is now practically no limit to the number of stenographers and typewriters the Government needs, and there is no present prospect that the demand will be materially less at an early date. THE COMMISSION BELIEVES THAT THE STUDY OF SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING BY A GREAT NUMBER OF PERSONS WITH THE VIEW OF ENTERING THE GOVERNMENT SERVICE WILL BE JUSTIFIED.

"Men exempted from military service and women not otherwise aiding the Government in this hour of its trial will find here an opportunity to help in a practical way and at the same time gain a special training which will always be valuable."

### *Prepare to Help Your Country*

Do your share in this hour of great national need. Qualify for a Civil Service position. Help win the war!

You can get the training that will enable you to step into an \$1,100 or \$1,200 place on Uncle Sam's payroll by entering our school. You can "do your bit" by working in a Government office just as well as by fighting in the trenches in France.

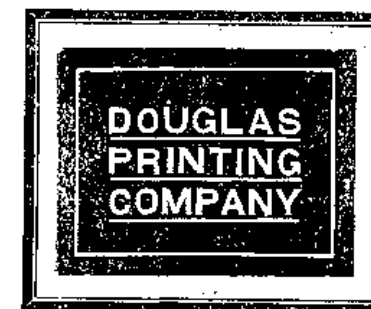
If you desire to do your best for your country, get the BEST training possible. You can get THAT here.

Write or see us about this immediately.

**BOYLES COLLEGE,** BOYLES BUILDING  
18th and Harney  
H. B. BOYLES, President      Telephone DOUGLAS 1565

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

*You All Know*



*109-11 North 18th St.*

*Phone Douglas 644*

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

VOL. XXXIII  
NUMBER VII

G  
I  
R  
L  
S  
  
N  
U  
M  
B  
E  
R



## Young Woman      Young Man UNCLE SAM CALLS YOU!

Men of military age throughout the country are being called to the colors. Women and young men under military age must be prepared to fill their positions in private offices as well as in the Government Service.

The United States Civil Service Commission says: "There is now practically no limit to the number of stenographers and typewriters the Government needs, and there is no present prospect that the demand will be materially less at an early date. THE COMMISSION BELIEVES THAT THE STUDY OF SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING BY A GREAT NUMBER OF PERSONS WITH THE VIEW OF ENTERING THE GOVERNMENT SERVICE WILL BE JUSTIFIED.

"Men exempted from military service and women not otherwise aiding the Government in this hour of its trial will find here an opportunity to help in a practical way and at the same time gain a special training which will always be valuable."

### *Prepare to Help Your Country*

Do your share in this hour of great national need. Qualify for a Civil Service position. Help win the war!

You can get the training that will enable you to step into an \$1,100 or \$1,200 place on Uncle Sam's payroll by entering our school. You can "do your bit" by working in a Government office just as well as by fighting in the trenches in France.

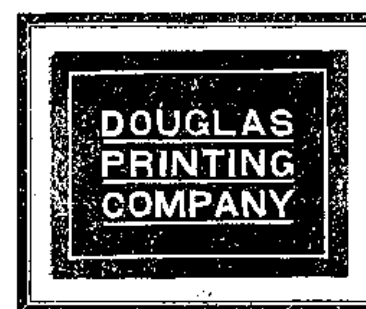
If you desire to do your best for your country, get the BEST training possible. You can get THAT here.

Write or see us about this immediately.

**BOYLES COLLEGE, BOYLES BUILDING**  
18th and Harney  
H. B. BOYLES, President      Telephone DOUGLAS 1565

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

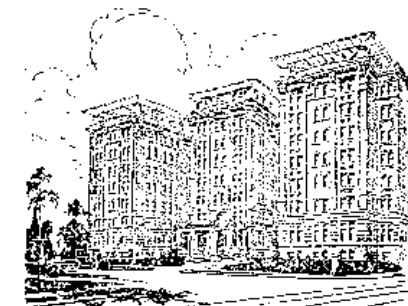
## You All Know



109-11 North 18th St.

Phone Douglas 644

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



## At the Blackstone Hotel

will be found the most completely equipped and beautifully appointed suite of rooms especially adapted for social purposes in Omaha—together with service which conforms in ideal fashion with the surroundings.

The eighth floor ballroom is ideally suited for the dinner dance or dancing party.

The National and Oriental Room roof garden dining rooms too, are suitable for various clan affairs.

Arrangements may be made by Telephoning

Harney 945

