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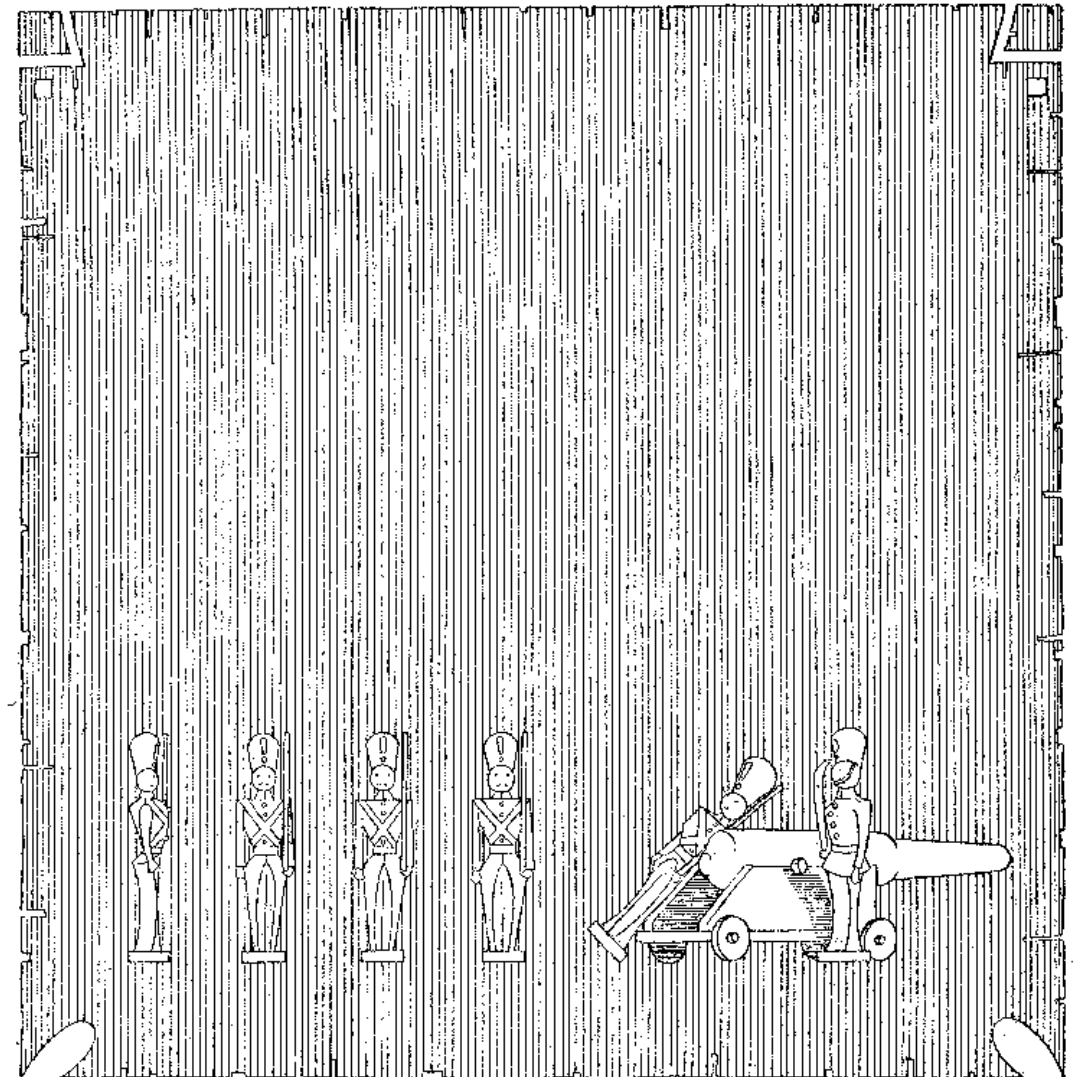
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THE REGISTER

- MILITARY NUMBER -



Adams

OMAHA, NEB.

APRIL-1919



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After Graduation

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1. I would subscribe to the Register!
2. I would learn to concentrate!
3. I would join a literary society!
4. I would not lose my LOCKER KEY!!

Were I a JUNIOR?

1. I would renew my subscription to THE REGISTER!
2. I would attend all Debates! (Even if they don't interest me)
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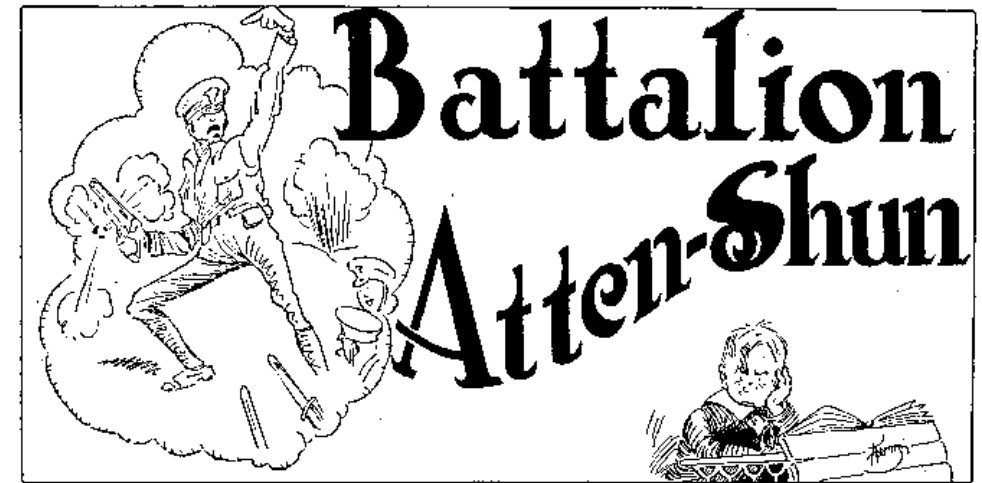
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REGISTER ADVERTISERS ARE RELIABLE



VICTORY PARADE

The O. H. S. Cadet Regiment participated in the parade, celebrating the return of our soldiers and in honor of the Victory Loan, Monday, April 21.

It is rumored that we can possibly have a ten-day camp. Say, fellows, let's show some enthusiasm about this camp stuff. The Commandant's got a lot of new stunts up his sleeve. A real military camp it'll be. Those extra three days will give us time to work in maneuvers. The Non-coms will have a lot to spring on minor tactics. And competition! It'll be the life of the camp.

—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MOORE.

CLEAN CAMP

In years gone by the O. H. S. Cadet Encampment was such that no self-respecting boy could attend and return home any the better for it. But that time has gone. About five or six years ago a movement was organized by the Cadet Officers' Club which tended to improve camp morals. This movement was known as the Clean Camp Campaign and was heartily backed by our Y. M. C. A. They printed the cards on which was printed the pledge that every boy attending camp was urged to sign. As soon as a boy signed this card he was awarded a button with which to remember his pledge. And immediately upon arriving at camp, cards were placed in each tent bearing these words, "No Smoking, Gambling, or Swearing Allowed in This Tent."

This movement was rather slow in getting started but it gradually developed interest among the high-minded fellows of the school until now it is a really big thing. However, one group of fellows cannot make this campaign a success, but must engage the hearty cooperation of all attending camp. The movement is not compulsory, nor is it in the form of Military Police, but is carried out entirely by the honor system, except in connection with gambling. Any boy caught gambling will be sent home, and dismissed without honor from the battalion.

Every cadet in the battalion looks forward to camp and the hearty out-of-doors exercise which he receives. The company competitions are a great source of pleasure, due to the friendly rivalry that exists. And say, fellows! We are going to have company baseball teams and stage a regular World's Series. But listen to this one bit of friendly advice,—sign those pledges when they come around, and *stick by them*. See that your crowd does the same. With these thoughts in mind we cannot help but come away from camp stronger in every way.

—MAJOR ADAMS.

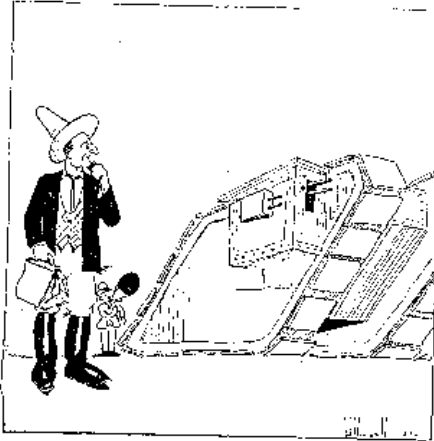
TEN-DAY CAMP

In view of the strenuous efforts of the C. O. C. this year in making the Road Show a success, financially and otherwise, we feel that the Regiment would be justified in holding a ten days camp. Camp is the climax of the cadet year and is the time when real military movements and problems are taken up.

However, when camp is held for a week only, there are only two days open for real military work. Monday is taken up in getting to encampment and in pitching tents, unloading boxes, etc. Tuesday and Wednesday are the only days for real work (providing it doesn't rain).

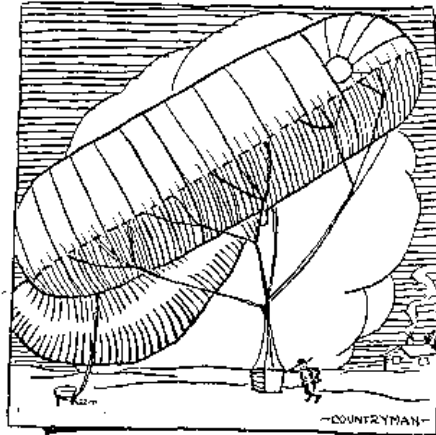
Thursday comes visitors' day. What a grand and glorious feeling to see the train rolling in with mother, father, sister, brother, and a lot of real home-made eats. On Friday everybody is packing and cleaning up for an early start on Saturday. With a ten days camp at least three more days of real work could be gotten in and the purpose for which the Regiment was organized would be more nearly attained. In a week a cadet gets merely a sip of camp life while in ten days a real dose could be administered which would make camp more than ever an event to be looked forward to. MAJOR PILLSBURY.

GEE-UP NAPOLEON



Rural Gent—"Wall, now, yer'll never git me to believe one of them things 'll fly."

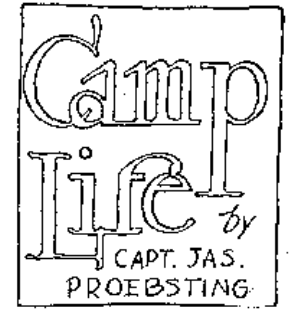
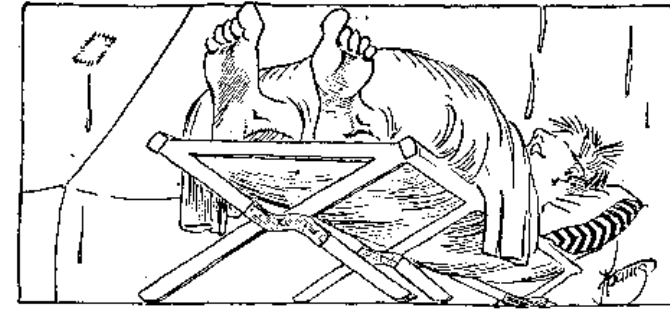
HERE I AM!



Sent in reply to the following request —"Darling, do please send me a foto of yourself standing by the machine you fly in."

ENGINEER POETRY

"Engineers" is their name; beyond bounds is their fame; and as gentle as rain, when falling in hail-stones. The big cheese is "Hientz" Moore; in the "Office of War," "Hiener" wallows in gore, transacting some business. "Upee Louie the Blood," just as pretty as mud, was not lost in the flood, cause nothing could drown him. "Hockey" Price was the boss; he was not a great loss, and he's green like fresh moss, concerning a switch-board. There's "Harley the Hay-seed," on iron nails does he feed; oh the powerful Swede, beef and brawn but no brains. Burke's the luckiest cuss, him the women all fuss; but he won't speak to us, at times he's so bashful. "Sister Stew" loves to knock, his head's a wooden block, but among his large flock are many choice chickens. Jordan Holt makes us tired, and he soon will be fired; but he has what's required, a strong back and weak mind. But Ralph Swanson we'll maim, we will dance on his frame; he'll be blinded and lame when we have ge'finished. "Bextens' the shining light; "Loui's" are man of might; when it comes to a fight the "Chief's" always "Reddy." This is said but in jest, for this gang is the best in old Central H. S. Ye "Royal Engineer Corps." —HAM AN'



IT'S A GREAT LIFE—IF YOU DON'T WEAKEN

What are those shapes? Those white, ghostly, shapes that so vaguely stand out from the dim, misty, nothingness of the level, shadowy field? They are all alike and in long, even rows. All is quiet, except for the occasional weary tread of a sentinel, (you've guessed it, it's Camp), whose tired feet slowly plod back and forth as he counts his lonely minutes before he is to be relieved. As he strides to and fro he repeatedly peers into the east, evidently longing for the first ray of light, which will make his post less lonesome, his feet less weary and his relief and his cot nearer at hand. He wonders, as he stands there at the end of his post, leaning on his rifle, how, in so short a time, a little canvas cot and a few plain blankets could mean so much to a tired, weary, watcher of the night. He remembers that at home his big, luxurious bed with its soft pillows and easy springs meant quite a bit to him when he got in somewhat late, but now this large, soft, snowy thing was far overshadowed by a measly little canvas cot, two blankets and a sweater-coat for a pillow. Now why was this? But that is the secret of camp life; where work is easier, meals (baked spuds, beans, prunes, etc.) taste better, days are shorter, and where the blessings of sleep are enjoyed to a fuller extent.

"Ah, sleep,—sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care."

But again the weary man shakes himself and turning, again gazes into the east. Something he sees causes him to stop a moment, throw back his shoulders and start on again with an easier, snappier step, back and forth at his lonely post. It is a ray of light from the east that induced the inspiration. And now a mumble of voices is heard down the line as four gray, dusky figures appear. They line up at some distance from the sentinel and to his rejoicing ears, (but to the dismay and groans of the rest of the camp), there floats across the cool, damp air, the clear ring of four bugles, played in unison (?) The guard keeps step with the music and he hums to himself—

"I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up,
In the morning"

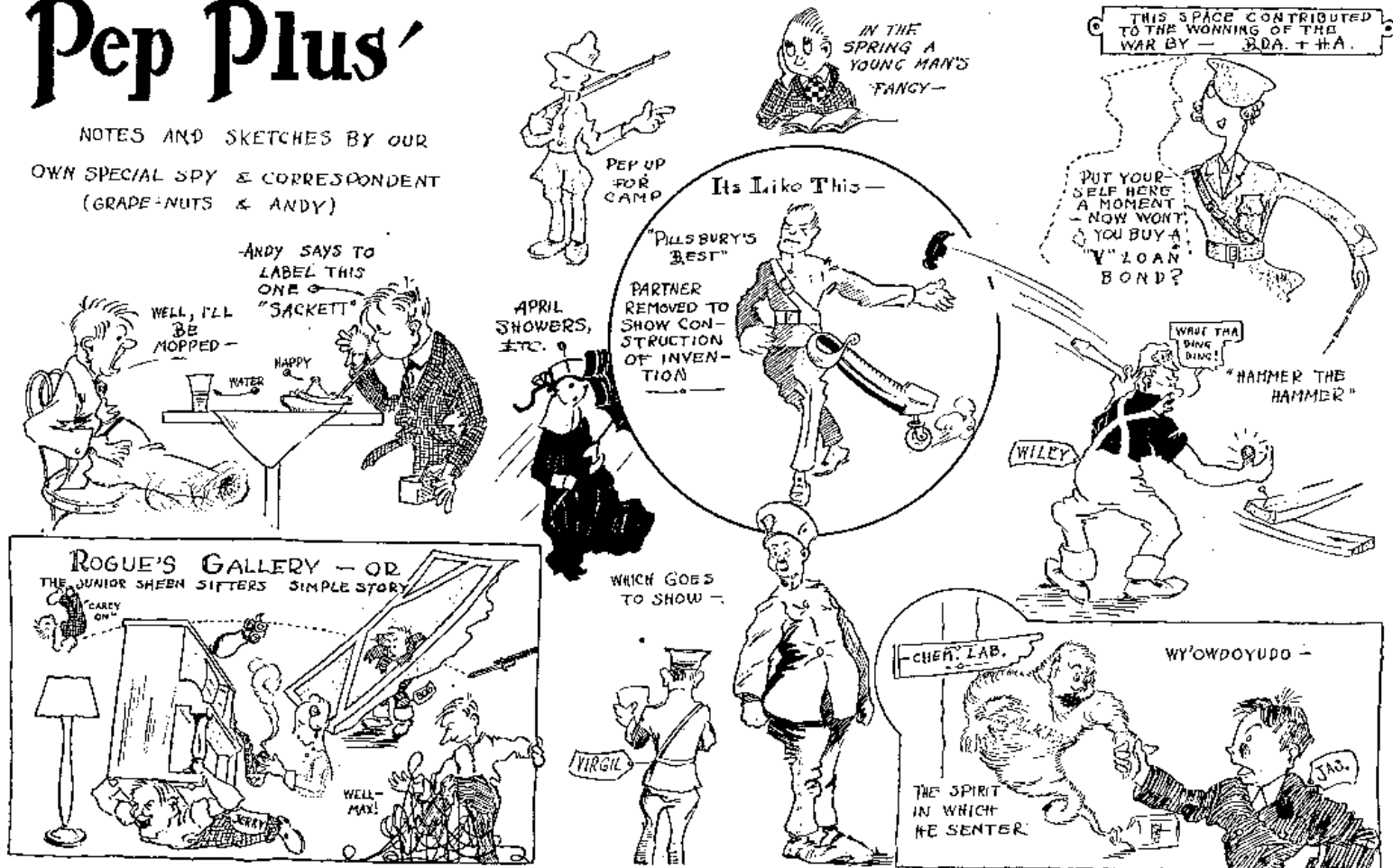
It is his moment of bliss for he thoroughly realizes he is soon to be relieved and free to go to—, ah, yes, his little canvas cot. His few hours of duty are now well rewarded by these moments of bliss as he watches his comrades who are just "falling in" for "assembly," while he, in ten minutes, will be dreaming happily of home or mother, or possibly, somebody else's home and—somebody else.

—CAPTAIN PROEBSTING.

The government which does not protect the health of its citizens is neither intelligent nor moral.—Spencer

Pep Plus

NOTES AND SKETCHES BY OUR OWN SPECIAL SPY & CORRESPONDENT (GRAPE-NUTS & ANDY)



JULIAN ELTINGE OUTDONE

Now children, how many in the class know Robert Sackett? Oh! yes, certainly, put your hands down and we'll proceed with our tale. Now it happened that a certain young man bet Sackett that he, (the former) could make a date with a certain young lady, for a certain nite at the Orfume theater. (All names withheld by special request.) And that if he did not, the former would take Bob instead. Leaving out all details it will suffice to say that this guy took Sackett all right. According to him Bob has got it all over Julian Eltinge. He doesn't even need a make-up, in fact he is *too real*. Sackett made this poor nut come and get him, pay his way to the show, pay for the "eats" after it, and then as a climax have him say, "O! dear, yes, there have been so many robberies lately, and if mother knew it, she wouldn't let me go home alone this late." So the poor guy had to trot his "woman" home. No, its no use asking Bob the fellow's name, for he has promised not to disclose the secret.

CAPTAIN PROEBSTING, DETECTIVE

Captain Proebsting is somewhat of a defective—er, pardon us, detective. Now it so happened in chemistry class the other day that Dr. Senter was passing some compounds around the class for examination as to color, odor etc. Somehow or other James saw fit to laugh and was followed in chorus by others. This brought the Doctor's ire up, and he exclaimed, "If these com-

pounds can't be taken in the SPIRIT in which they are sent, I must discontinue the practice of sending them around the class." Just as he said this a bottle labeled alcohol, (C2 H6O) was passed to the captain. Proebsting says that if that ever happens again, he will bring suit for the violation of the "Bone Dry Law."

AND THEY GAVE HIM TEN DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE

Virg Northwall is a brother officer, and a fellow-cement-heaver of ours, so we hate to pull anything on him, but we wish to relate the hardships of an officer in proving himself the superior of the men under him. Now all who know Virg, know that he is no Goliath in size. The other day he stopped a long, lanky private for not saluting. Said private, from pedestal extremities to the belfry, took up better than six feet of parking space. After having saluted the Lieut, the private addressed him in about this manner, "Although you are an officer Lieut. Northwall, you are nothing for me to look up to." Mr. Adams will please illustrate.

(N. B.—Virg, our imagination got the best of us that time.)

Say how many A's did you get for the first semester. No, we did either. Strange isn't it?

Have you got that strange spring fever yet? So have we? Strange isn't it?

HORRIBLE, HUMILIATING HEARSAYS, HEARD HEREBABOUTS

Now the time dawns upon us when we can go to the C. O. C. all arrayed in white ducks, harness, saber 'n' everything. But behind all this finery and haughtiness there beats a humble heart. Major Pillsbury has informed us that during the Officers' Dance we must wear a saber. Donald says that he has been practising for many a day trying to accomplish this feat without getting his saber tangled up in his legs. He now asks us for advice on the subject. Well, Major, we suggest that you put casters on the bottom of your silver-plated flesh eradicator, and let it leisurely saunter along behind you as you waltz down the floor.

QUICK WATSON, THE EARMUFFS

Now that the Road Show is over we can give our dear readers some inside dope as to its working. The following episode deals with Capt. Robt. Wiley, ass't stage manager. As you probably noticed the show this year was given with new scenery. Wiley, was largely responsible for the making of this. But as a carpenter Robt. makes a first-class violinist. Although we must admit that out of every ten strokes of the hammer, two hit the nail squarely on the head, while the other eight fell on Wiley's left thumb. He is right there when it comes to driving a car, but driving a hammer, well you know how it goes. And each time the gavel struck his meat hook,

he let out a string of words that can't be repeated here, for if they were the friction between them and the paper would immediately start combustion. So the next time he starts work, bids are open for cast-iron earmuffs.

EXTRA!!! SCENE SHIFTERS EXPOSED

Why Actors Go Mad, (in this month's issue). Some more Road Show stuff. This one is on the scene shifters. As the curtain rose on the Jazz Band act, Saturday aft, there was a time of excitement. The stage was not all set and intermingled and entwined among the jazz dispensers were stagehands, setting the scenery. As the curtain rose they tried to make a hurried exit. Jerry Kyle, (member and in good standing of Stage Hands Union, No. 666) in the excitement picked up the piano and started to leave the stage. He was reminded of his mistake by the feminine ivory pounder of the organization, and he placed the mahogany jazz wardrobe back on its haunches, and walked out with a chair instead. Mr. Adams will now scratch his pen over the 3-ply Bristol Board in order to fix this allegory graphically in your minds. He will also show that saxophones have more than one use. Presto!

It has been moved and seconded that we have a two week camp. Any remarks? All in favor signify by saying aye? Those opposed by the same sign. The ayes have it. So ordered. Yea, bo!!!

THE REGISTER

WHAT WE EXPECT TO HAPPEN THE DAY OF THE MILITARY HOP

- 4:00 Maxwell presses his coat.
 4:15 Wagner calls up Nancy.
 4:30 Hulst line still busy.
 4:31 Anderson calls at Dresher's to get his suit.
 4:40 Bittinger pays the first installment on his white ducks at Beddeo's.
 5:00 Stryker sweeps out.
 5:02 Hamilton falls of a ladder and cracks the floor.
 5:30 Stryker finished.
 5:05 Pillsbury invests in a manicure.
 5:30 Nelson gets his diploma from Chambers School of Dancing.
 6:00 Juniors start to dress.
 6:30 Juniors lose their appetites—*anxiety*, probably.
 6:31 Eldridge spills gravy on his white ducks.
 6:35 Hnlmquists' dad wont let him have his car.
 6:40 Holmquist orders a taxi.
 7:00 Maxwell ready to leave.
 7:30 Campbell still asleep.
 8:00 Jenkins arrives before orchestra.
 8:30 Orchestra tunes up.
 8:35 Price short-circuits all lines in the house.
 8:36 Powers and his harem are refused admittance.
 8:40 Adams leisurely starts to dress.
 8:45 No cash; Stryker and Hamilton worried.
 9:00 Peters just remembers that there is a dance.
 9:01 Moore arrives; everybody salutes.
 9:02 Salutes over. Moore banished to bench.
 9:03 Wiley has a puncture. Bones raises a Howell.
 9:15 Swanson puts on his dancing slippers.
 9:30 Bashful Burke and the Mystery Girl arrive.
 9:31 Harley draws up with his hair parted in the middle.
 10:00 Officers dance.
 10:03 Vance trips over his sword.
 10:04 Frances can't find Beindorff's sword.
 10:05 Heinz starts the Grand March.
 10:15 Grand March over.
 10:30 Officer's dance over. Everybody pepped out.
 Intermission (ten minutes).
 10:40 On with the dance.
 11:45 Rush on the check room.
 11:46 Hanna out searching for his coat check.
 11:48 He finds it.
 11:50 Noble leads the race to the Hamburger joint.
 11:51 Noble no longer leads.
 12:00 Everybody eatin' now.
 12:30 They run out of Hamburgers.
 1:00 Everybody pounds the hay.

—Pete and Beef.

To Powers

There was a young man so benighted
 Who never knew when he was slighted,
 He went to a party
 And ate just as hearty
 As if he'd been really invited.

If you kiss this Miss you wish to
 kiss, you do not kiss a Miss amiss, but
 if you miss the Miss you wish to kiss
 and kiss the Miss you wish to miss,
 then you kiss a Miss amiss.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

The non-commissioned officers have ably shown themselves to be the most active, live-wire bunch in school. They have taken active participation in almost all the important activities in the school year. They gave the commissioned officers remarkable support in the Road Show (they showed their gratitude by trying to bar a few love-sick first sergeants from their Hop). The non-coms practically made this Military number of the Register too. The C. O. C. gets all the glory (?) and the non-coms get all the ads to pay for it. If anything goes wrong, the poor inferiors will probably get the blame too. However the C. O. C. is a harmless bunch of animals and we don't care a whole lot what they do. What the non-commissioned officers are thinking about is more important than a bunch of boot-and-spurred, stiff-collared fashion models like the C. O. C. They are trying with might and main to train themselves into real, downright, good commanders. They are going to take the best bunch of non-commissioned officers ever seen and make them into the best bunch of non-commissioned officers the school will ever be privileged to know. To this cause we have dedicated our Wednesdays, our vacant time, and our dollar sixty for the banquet.

—R. J. '20.

The Com says, "The grades on the non-com tests are running exceptionally high. Some of the verbatim work is most excellent; in a great many cases almost perfect." He hasn't marked Maxwell's paper yet.

A class will be started immediately for juniors seeking commissions next year. This class will be a stiff course in all basic military work.

A hike was held on April 3 for the class in military science. A few general principles of applied minor tactics were taken up. There were no casualties.

Seargents Nelson, Bittinger, Baker, and Simmons deserve special mention for securing ads for the Road Show program. Private Leussler who made such a fine record at this work is not a non-com, but is a worker whose efforts are appreciated. A few of his kind in our coming non-coms will guarantee a live wire bunch.

The Non-Commissioned Officers' banquet was held April 19 at the Blackstone hotel. Seargents Anderson, Campbell, Simmons, Hall, and Nelson; Corporals Egerly and Metcalf; Colonel Moore; Lieutenant Himstead, and Mr. McMillan gave short toasts. Two musical "eight-balls" gave special entertainment.

SHORT AND SNAPPY



Barber—"How would you like me to cut it, sir?"
 Ossifer—"Line up the hairs and count them off from right to left. Even numbers stand fast but odd numbers want about 2 inches off. Dress smartly with a little brilliantine and dismiss."

LITERARY

OU, LA LA

It was just about a hap' past eight when the big red Rodeeter roadster purred away from its moorings on Faker Street and bored its two gleaming eyes into the darkness of the County Pike. Free of the city limits Tom kicked open the cut-out. The Rodeeter with a steadily increasing roar from its metal throat, hungrily filled its eight huge lungs with the life-giving gas that was flowing past the butterfly valve in its iron mouth.

Betty slipped further down behind the wind shield. She glanced at the speedometer. The black numeral 50 came swinging into view.

Punkinville soon dropped behind the singing tires and the Rodeeter lengthened its stide for the long straight-away. Tom's paws rested snugly on the wheel. A half smile was twitching at his mouth. Gradually he became conscious of a bright gleaming eye, reflected in the plate glass of the wind shield. Another mile or so and it glared persistently back into his face. He shifted his position to shut out the annoying beam. His ears noted the blending of another with that of his own exhaust.

"If that fellow's scratching for a race he's located trouble," snorted Tom. The Rodeeter leaped forward. Betty craned rearward with a sudden uneasiness. The outlines of a two-wheeled petrol chariot loomed up in the darkness. Her woman's intuition added a warning.

"It's—it's the speed officers!" she shouted, trying to make herself heard above the inferno of noise.

Tom stiffened with a jerk. A sudden panicky fear gripped him. Abruptly that panic was transferred to the thundering motor. The Rodeeter, like a wild frightened monster of the night, lunged for the blackness ahead.

Miles fled rearward beneath the plunging roadster. Yard by yard Tom lengthened the distance between himself and the pursuing *camion de chasse*. The peaceful gardens that bordered the road were a dim motion picture film gone mad.

At that instant the Rodeeter plunged into a turn. It was sharp right angle. For a moment the car seemed to balance on two wheels; then, with a distinct jar, righted. Betty turned to look back. "They've dropped out," she called, "Haven't turned the corner yet!"

Tom slid down in his seat. Well, that was close. He'd have something to tell—A startled exclamation from Betty immediately erased the thought. "No! There he is! He's coming faster! Tom! Tom! Don't stop! They're gaining!"

The black figure on the speedometer was at 80. Tom wasn't stopping. By every trick he knew he was trying to change the 80 to 90. He remembered the glint of a large orange sign that had seemed to detach itself from the roadside and hurtle by. Too late his lagging memory slipped in the warning his ears had missed; too late he remembered the orange hued sign and its ironical message: 'WELCOME.'

A dust covered rider, his body bent over the handle bars of a late model four-cylinder motorcycle, swept past the Rodeeter. He had just made the 90 and about five more. It meant surrender. The 'WELCOME' part of the sign was for thirty-mile-an-hour guests.

The fellow slid from his smoking steed and ran over to where the vanquished Rodeeter had skidded to a halt. "Here's yer receipt for th' two Happy Thoughts," he gasped, "Yu left it at the sody fountin and went off wit out it."

—BURKE ADAMS, '19.

THE NEAR-DEAD MAN

There was a forest in France alone in the dusk, that had crept, as if wounded, from the war-torn East. There, sleeping with its one window-eye opened and through it showing one faint gleam from some object within, like the last glow of life, was a pitiful shanty. Had it been animate, it would have seen a weary, stiff, and war-wasted forest bordering the far side of its broad and muddy yard. And in the edge of the trees it would have seen the four haggard men who saw it.

Jack did not shout, but commanded softly: "Crawl for it here, boys. May be snipers. If nothing turns up, we'll cat over there, and go on after nightfall.

From a distance, they appeared like four dim rodents, hugging the ground and laboring over the mud on weary limbs. Four grey rats, silent, they slipped into the black hole of the hovel's doorway.

Therein they felt a bit at ease, and adopted an air of hilarity which each knew was false. Oddness, which some agree rules life, had left the room endowed with the "makin's" of pancake dough—and they needed a cook. Joe limped

"Say. Joe's got that many-kinds-of rheumatism again. Let him be cook, and he can stick to his place."

"Sure. Joe'll be a good K. P. force. Better watch that his rheumatism doesn't turn him onerie and make him poison the mess."

"Oh, he ain't such a wicked soul as that."

"Well. I should have some say in this. Draw a square in the floor for the dining room and one for the kitchen, you chattering milk-maids, and I'll play cook. No! I won't cook if you try to pull a tea-room design off instead of a dining room."

They became momentarily aristocratic. They marked off a kitchen, several minute pantries, plenty of minute bedrooms, a dining room and a ball-room which occupied the remaining few feet. That finished, Jack, the most haggard and still, became engaged in the perusal of some orders. Harley and Frank began a discourse on humanity of the several grades from the *boche* upwards, and upon Joe and the humor of German shells as a close; yet their words were not born of utter ease.

"He's a fierce looker with them long game legs. I don't stake high on his kind."

"Say, nor I! See that wicked shift in the corner of his eye? Well, it takes only a shell, and a shell only, to cure him."

"Yes, them critters has to meet up with a shell. That'll break the hog-tie of their legs so's they can run fastern' the shell can fly."

"And those Heinie shells are queer things. Once, down the line, a fellow was tellin' me how queer they were. Called them funny. Said they did funny things. Well, one sent him west—but his twistin' and hard smilin' wasn't funny."

Depression returned and left the four together, yet each a lone pilgrim wandering through war-torn valleys of desires and dim hopes, of memories both ghastly and lovely, valleys of their battle-nights where they had learned life anew—and it was no life of convention.

Presently, however, they were torn from pleasant and repulsive imaginings to feed upon the more substantial foods of life. Yet there was tension, like the tension of one awaiting some unavoidable vicious agony that is wont to delay on the way. They needed a relief if they would do their night's work well, some firm relief like several fits of spontaneous laughter.

But they did not laugh. One could not construe laughter from the chaos of a hovel, knowing that the chaos meant a shattered family, a pitiful family. One could scarce build fleeting air castles with the swaying blocks of dimly recalled nights of shell-flashed moaning. No. They did not laugh; they did not try.

Three pancakes, basking on the griddle until they should gain that scious brownness that could tempt hungry ministers to do murder—possibly

—were unable to bring relief, for one shell came, and then another. The first fell close, the second crashed closer. Men did not talk—nor did they laugh.

Joe restively, after toying with the batter, served the three cooked peacereatrics between hungry men and their wayward stomachs. Unhappily, however, before they had finished their cake-a-piece, leaving out the cook, a shell took mind to disturb house—walls, roof, and contents.

Harley saw Joe pursuing the shell, like one running for sheer joy, kicking legs, tossing arms, and applying to the shell the expressive adjectives, usually saved for rheumatism. Joe invented some names also for the ways of war.

Had Harley not seen the chaotic mess of things and wondered why none was dead, he would have laughed. Then he jerked and his face went white, as he felt a wetness about his hip. As his hair crept over his face, so his hand sneaked down his side. Wet! His hand was smeared in murkiness. He dared not look at it. He knew what murkiness could mean. Swooning, he thought of shell rent nights of battle, and peaceful, dreaming meadows; of weeks of whispering rain and day of golden sunshine; of the contorted faces of men and the soft, dear faces at home; of the men who had died in agony and the home that would close its shades and live in weeks of muteness if he went west; and ever his mind returned to the grim night when men were like beasts, and yet were men, for often in the screaming blackness, crimson flashed by shells, they stooped to aid a fallen comrade, writhing in torture.

Then again, like a snake his hand glided to his hip, and like a snake it recoiled, fresh-bathed in wetness. Things faded.

Why? Why must they awaken him to live in twisting pain—with contorted face? Why wouldn't they let him die? Probably both legs off at the hip. And they laughed!

Harley was not allowed to die, but was aroused to view the tragedy in the candle-light held by his two companions—the third was still running. There, on the might-have-been-shattered hip, was spread the creamy yellowness of the wasted pancake dough.

Shells do have humor.

ROBERT RAYNOLDS, '20.

AT SIXTEENTH AND FARNAM

I waited five minutes. The street car did not come. An impatient crowd waited also. Some sought the shelter afforded by the entrance to Candyland. The wind was intensely cold, so hither I made my way and squeezed in between various bored home-goers. Five minutes more. The traffic was thick and heavy. Our stalwart friend, the weighty bluecoat, was earnestly endeavoring to keep greedy autoists within the paths of the righteous. He looked like an animated toy, operated by a mysterious string.

The wind blew strands of hair into my eyes and I aggravatedly pushed them back, conscious that my hat sat at forty-three degrees and there was soot on my nose. Moreover a person of more elephantine grace than agility was finding comfortable standing room upon my new pet shine. I turned my head to glower at her—half an inch of ostrich quill dug into my unoffending eye. Moving back a little to escape the fervent pressure of French heels, I found myself once more among numerous bundles carried by a portly gentleman, whose arms were so full that he could have prevented my being there if he had tried. Apologizing confusedly and righting myself, I thrust one hand out for balance' sake and heard my purse drop with a sickening thud somewhere in the melee at my feet. I prepared for a desperate dive below; the fates were against me. A well-meaning lady with a glint in her eye to be respected, politely invited me to remove my elbow from the lemon pie she was taking home to some long suffering John. Right upon that came the generous request that I take my bundles from the brim of the hat of a short person in front. I stood, one foot upon the pavement, the other upon something that squirmed, yelped, and then leapt away to leave me teetering on one foot. I gingerly found foothold.

The car was terribly delayed. Oh horrible thought! What if the cars had stopped running! I had only my precious nickel with me, and that was in danger of being swallowed at any moment. All that long walk home; I could scarce endure the thought.

My hat rested upon the tip of my left ear, and another speck of soot conversed with its companion upon my nose. I scanned the street wildly and vainly. The crowd swayed. I swayed too, and my bundles were near to inconvenient downfall. One small one slipped from my frantic grasp and followed my long mourned purse to its resting place. A cinder blew into one eye. The tears streamed down, carrying the soot with them, all unchecked. If I only had my handkerchief! Upon reflection I found that that necessary article was in my skirt pocket and my coat was tightly buttoned. My nose was red. People began to look at me pityingly. If there is one thing that arouses my indignation, it is pity undeserved. My misery was complete.

What is that symphony of sounds, like unto those of Desdune's band or the Strand orchestra? It is—blessed of names—the street car bell! Did ever name sound or look so sweet as that single appellation, "Farnam and Dundee"?

With a rush that left me staggering alone, the hundred and one companions of that doorway left me unanimously, and crushed toward the already filling car. I recovered balance once more, jammed my hat on firmly, seized the purse and parcel, trampled beyond recognition, and rushed forward to gain possible standing room or even blessed strap-hanging.

As I reached the curb and tottered into the street, a familiar auto klaxon sounded in my sensitive ear. A beckoning hand drew me to the opened car door, and a friendly voice cried, "Where on earth have you been? We've been sitting here waiting for you for half an hour!" —KATHLEEN STILL.

AENEAS AND ELISSA

To a fair city on a foreign shore,
Ship-wrecked, a vanquished prince, Aeneas came.
The Queen, with royal grace received him, nor
Was she inspired by his renowned name.
Hers was true courtesy—no fitful flame
That wealth or fame could brighten or increase.
She entertained him well, with this one aim,
To help a weary wanderer find peace,
'Till he should care to tempt again the stormy seas.

The days grew weeks and still he stayed, content
To win her sympathy with Troy's sad tale—
(With cruel carelessness, if not th' intent
To watch her soft eyes fill and rose-cheek pale—
For Pity, if she throw aside her veil,
Will oft sweet Cytherea's form reveal.)
Had Troy's proud prince been purposed to assail
Fair Dido's heart, and that closed crypt unseal,
He'd found no better weapon, though he searched with greater zeal.

She made him master where she mistress was,
Nor spared to give him everything that she
Held dear. But with the spring it came to pass
Ambition filled him with strange ecstasy.
He fitted ships and launched them on the sea,
And waited, restless, till fresh winds should blow.
In awful agony she wept and plead, but he
Saw visioned empires rise in misty glow,
And said, "The 'gods' command—I cannot choose but go." —J. P., '19.



Say, as hustlers the girls can't be beat, can they? We believe that a better *Register* has never been published than the Girls' Number last month.

The Road Show was a marked success this year, and was due to hard work on the part of all who helped in putting the show across. Real school spirit was certainly shown in the way students cooperated with the management to make the show a success.

This is our last regular monthly issue. May it not be the worst. The decks are cleared for action, and work on the Annual will begin in earnest. We ask the cooperation of the student body in order to put out one of the best Annuals our school has ever had. If everybody helps it can be done.

GIRLS OF O. H. S.

How many of you have settled that important question of what to do with yourself after you have finished school? You know of course, that the thing all twentieth century women are doing is fitting themselves for some definite work. And high school years are none too early for you to choose your vocation. For this reason, a vocational guidance day has been set aside, April 26, at the Y. W. C. A., where successful business women will give short talks explaining their professions, and will be glad to confer with you specially if you wish. Student Club girls are working hard to give you this opportunity for acquainting yourselves with the many fields of women's work, and helping you determine this most vital step in qualifying yourselves for "active service."

—C. E.

In line with the previous editorial, we wish to suggest that there is an excellent opportunity for investigating your real adaptability to certain vocations in our own school library. Now is a time when we can well be thinking and planning and studying about our choice of vocations. Miss Shields has a great deal of excellent material on vocations catalogued. We would all do well in spending a few hours reading on this subject.

MAKE A GARDEN

The success of the war gardens last year was so pronounced, we think it the duty of every student that can to continue the work and make it even more successful, in this time of increased need. As those who have made gardens know there are many benefits to be gained from this useful work. The exercise is very healthful. The fresh air creates a healthy appetite and rests as well as stimulates, the mind. One can also make pocket money by selling vegetables to less fortunate neighbors, or, better still, invest the profits in War Stamps or Victory Bonds. An hour of work each day will care for an ordinary garden. This time will not be missed from studies, as it is made up by increased power of application.

If the Agricultural Class really makes our court look like it should, it means that the students will have to take a little pride in the appearance of their school, and help the grass to grow by staying off of it.

"Keep Off the Grass" signs are not beautiful. They should not be necessary.

SCHOOL NOTES

Camp Fire Girls Put War Orphan Fund Over the Top

A monster mass meeting, planned and conducted by the Camp Fire Girls was held Friday afternoon, March 28. Interesting talks were made by some of our men who are back from the service, Lieutenant Allan Tukey, Clyde Case, Louis Rockwell and Carl Dimond. The offering taken for the support of the French war orphans at this meeting amounted to \$125.

Since many were not able to attend the mass meeting, another collection was taken in the home room period April 9, and over \$100 was received. Central High will have enough to support its war orphans for some little time.

Vocation Day For Girls

The Student Club girls plan a Vocational Day for the benefit of O. H. S. girls, to be held April 26, at the Y. W. C. A. Twenty minute talks will be given by prominent business and professional women who have attained success in their particular line. Following the talks there will be an opportunity for personal appointments with the speakers to discuss the vocation each girl may find most interesting.

Dentistry, chemistry, commercial advertising, Y. W. C. A., and library work are but a few suggestions as to the subjects that will be dealt with. All high school girls are invited and urged to attend.

Gym Cub Exhibition

The O. H. S. Gym Club girls are now busy working for their annual exhibition, which will be held on the first Friday in May. The exhibition this year promises to be one of the best ever given. Several novelties will be introduced. The girls have been working on the costumes and dances and have a busy month ahead of them.

Abbu San Caste Supper

The caste, directors, ushers, and scene-shifters in the Student Club play, attended a caste supper, April 2nd, at the Y. M. C. A. club rooms.

Between the courses, John Campbell accompanied at the piano by Dave Robel, led the singing.

Following the supper, different members gave songs and stunts, including a dissertation on the characters by Mildred Wohlford and songs by Mr. Campbell.

Community singing concluded the program. About sixty boys and girls attended.

Girls' Athletics

Baseball is the center of attraction in girls' athletics now, and the girls are practicing with lots of pep on Wednesdays and Thursdays.

The tennis court is being put into first class condition, and it is hoped that the girls will take an interest in the game and use the court to advantage. The annual spring tennis tournament will start about April 28. This leaves but a short time for the girls to round into mid-season form. Miss Duke has charge of the tournament and every girl who has ever wielded a racquet should put her name in the list of entries and take part. This is a chance for girls who do not know the game to learn.

Senior Meeting

An enthusiastic Senior Meeting took place Wednesday, April 16. Miss Towne, Burke Adams, and Russ Funkhouser were the principal speakers. Walter White beat Jordan Peters in a close race for the office of senior play manager. In spite of protest, Miss Towne declares that it is inevitable that Commencement be Friday the thirteenth.

Honor Students

A large number of students worked hard enough to get their names on the Honor Roll this term. The following people got three or more A's.

Honor Roll

FIVE A'S

Austin, Elizabeth	Robertson, Edwin
Cohn, Mildred	Samuelson, Sam
Ross, Emily	Weiser, Stanley
Cohn, Ralph	

FOUR AND ONE-HALF A'S

Anderson, Corine	Rich, Florence
Berry, Luella	Learson, Helen
Burke, Thelma	Segal, Rose
Follmer, Marcia	Stout, Jeanette
Gregg, Helen	Thompson, Margaret
Lowrey, Gladys	Ure, Mary
McChesney, Frances	Dimond, Carl
Minkin, Rose	Kharas, Karl
Reeves, Gladys	

FOUR A'S

Bakes, Elizabeth	Stagmire, Ella
Bernstein, Helen	Sunderland, Ruth
Brotchie, Violet	Thompson, Lois
Clark, Dorothy	Turpin, Helen
Cosney, Beatrice	Weidner, Ethel
Cunningham, Ruth	Williams, Helen
Curtis, Blanche	Winkleman, Helen
Denny, Charlotte	Beber, Sam
Dunham, Mildred	Bittinger, Jack
Eichorst, Marie	De Lano, Harold
Erixson, Eva	Edgerly, Stuart
Fowler, Helen	Fahlner, Frank
Fowler, Neva	Finney, William
Gigquest, Alfhild	Fischer, Herbert
Guckert, Dorothy	Hanicke, Aldrich
Henry, Bernice	Hennig, Rheinhold
Hodges, Edith	Horn, Harry
Howes, Helen	Kharas, Ralph
Leussler, Virginia	Kutak, Robert
McEuchern, Jeanette	Leussler, Paul
Margolin, Lillian	Pillsbury, Donald
Michaelson, Charlotte	Simmon, Cecil
Murray, Rose	Smith, Edson
Parish, Margaret	Steinberg, Samuel
Rich, Dorothy	Vance, Verne
Ritchie, Emma	Wilson, Wendell

THREE AND ONE-HALF A'S

Armstrong, Ruth	Morris, Lucile
Carlson, Evelyn	Perlic, Leona
Fetterman, Frances	Rosenblatt, Ann
Forsell, Marguerite	Rugg, Bonnie
Leavitt, Carolyn	Williams, Dorothy
Lindberg, Signe	Drdik, Frank
Johnson, Dorothy	

THREE A'S

Abbott, Lysla	Folk, Louise
Baldwin, Jessie	Gallagher, Helen
Baneroft, Laura	Hall, Grace
Christensen, Adela	Hamilton, Adnee
Cunningham, Janet	Hillquist, Olga
Edholm, Camilla	Hooper, Alice
Evans, Isabel	Hoopes, Gladys
Farber, Bessie	Howell, Elizabeth
Fay, Alice A	Johnson, Madeline

Kalb, Ruby	Witt, Martha
Katleman, Esther	Wyckoff, Geraldine
Kennedy, Jean	Brucechert, Stanley
Leitel, Ruth	Emrick, Willard
Kirkpatrick, Leola	Feller, William
Lake, Hazel	Fellman, Louis
Lattimer, Marguerite	Good, Edward
Margaret, Eloise	Jensen, Arthur
Markwell, Leota	Kantman, Alfred
Melander, Hedwig	Lindberg, Paul
Mickel, Gladys	Linderman, Theodore
Moscrop, Barbara	Parmele, James
Moser, Miriam	Peters, Jordan
Patton, Frances	Procopie, Anthony
Peterson, Ruth	Reiff, Stanley
Reiff, Doris	Selheimer, Charles
Robbins, Polly	Skidmore, Fred
Robinson, Frances	Smith, Orlando
Sullivan, Loretta	Thompson, Howard
Talmage, Doris	Vlach, Edward
Travis, Orpha	White, Fred
Weir, Edith	Williams, Glen
Westberg, Zelda	Woodland, Herbert
Wilinsky, Ruth	

DEBATE

The first debate of the year was held Thursday, April 17. It was a duel debate on the question "Resolved: That the Federal Government Should Own and Operate the Railroads." Omaha's negative team met the Council Bluffs affirmative team in the O. H. S. auditorium. The O. H. S. affirmative journeyed to Council Bluffs to meet their negative.

At home the Omaha negative team, Sam Beber, Otto Nelson, and Ralph Kharas, won by a unanimous decision. The debate was close and Council Bluffs deserves credit for good debating.

In Council Bluffs the O. H. S. affirmative team met the worst kind of hard luck. Charles Grimes, Alex McKie, and Fred White put across one of the best debates an Omaha team has ever made. Coach Himstead says that Omaha clearly outclassed the Bluffs team in every line of debate. The judges, however, gave a raw decision, deciding two to one against Omaha.

That Omaha won four decisions out of six cannot compensate for the fact that O. H. S. was cheated out of a victory on the Council Bluffs floor by the poorest kind of judging.

Omaha meets Lincoln at Lincoln, and Sioux City at Omaha in a triangular debate on the same question May 9.

FIFTH ANNUAL ROAD SHOW

The Cadet Officers' Club presented their fifth annual Road Show on the eleventh and twelfth of April. The show was a success both as a performance, and financially, in assuring a good cadet encampment. The chairman and members of the committees deserve credit for the untiring efforts which made the show a success.

The first act was a bayonet drill by several of the battalion's crack non-commissioned officers who had been coached by Lieutenant Himstead. The drill gave a fair idea of some of the methods employed in bayonet combat. If the dough-boys can yell like Armstrong it's no wonder the Germans threw up the sponge.

"The Passing of Pierrette" by Emily Ross, '20, was adjudged the prize-winning play in the Road Show contest. Donna McDonald, as Pierrette, and Walter White as Pierrot, took the leading roles. Martha Smalley cleverly played the part of the "Yama Yama" girl, Stuart Summers made a natural Harlequin, and Don Pillsbury was there as a hotel clerk. Procbsting was a good hick—"as usual."

For music and pep "We Four" were world-beaters. 'Misses' L'Marie and Eloise Searle, Gladys Mickel and Flora Shukert deserve credit for a very clever act.

John Chaney (with the aid of his expressionless assistant, Floyd Brown) kept everybody guessing by his brilliant series of magical surprises. "Will somebody please examine my wand?" Some Thurston!

"Jazz" was all that the name implies. Stuart Edgerly and Marion Adams with their saxophones, Russ Funkhouser, Ralph Campbell, and Happy Jefferson with their banjos sure made things hum. Ellison Vinsonhaler was no slouch at playing the traps, while Helen Pierce kept up her end at playing the piano. We didn't feel much like sitting still when our jazz experts got started.

Harley Anderson, as the old maid school teacher went strong with the students, but was too realistic to give the faculty much enjoyment. As a quick change artist Andy is likewise there, but the hit of the show was the hick dialogue between Harley as "Ezry" and Hobb Turner as "Si."—"Gee-up Napoleon, it looks like rain."

"Miss Civilization" the headliner was well worth waiting for. Jean Burns, the burgled heroine, proved to be the star of the evening. Wally Craig was in his own element as a "gentleman crook," and Harlan Haaker and Virg Northwall were stronger for eats than swag, but made pretty good burglars at that. Say, boys, isn't Hammy some cop?"

Francis Potter played several selections on the banjo in the Saturday performance. The high school orchestra, directed by Eugene Pakes, furnished excellent music for each performance.

Stryker said not to forget to mention the programs. We'll admit that they were pretty neat little programs, and the ads sure raked in the money.

On the whole, the Road Show reflected a wonderful school spirit. The efforts of the ticket selling committees, the students who got the ads for the program, the stage hands, and even the electrician (how's that Price?) show that the O. H. S. is still ready and willing to work for the good of the school.

In conclusion—we ought to have some camp!

The Priscilla Alden society has decided on the type of entertainment to be given in the joint literary program, and have begun work on it. Mrs. Drake who is filling the place of Miss Hilliard who resigned because of ill health is giving some very valuable help as society teacher.

The Lininger Travel Club was entertained Friday March 14 at the Lininger Art Gallery by the club patroness, Mrs. Haller. The party was a big reunion of the alumni and the present members. After a short program refreshments were served. Dancing followed and everyone had a jolly time.

ALUMNI

Very few of our alumni came home for their spring vacation. Those in eastern schools visited the eastern cities. However, several of the Lincoln University students were home. Almarine Campbell, Peggy Matthews, Dorothy Hipple, Donald Lyle, Fred Weller, Tim Huff and others were here a few days from the university.

Dorothy Cavanaugh spent a week here before returning to National Park Seminary, where she is a senior this year.

Helen Parish, who will graduate from Monticello Seminary this year, spent her vacation in Omaha.

Eugene Snowden sends word that he has been transferred to another division which will sail for home very shortly probably arriving in America sometime in May.

Loring Elliott, '12, has gone into business with his father as claim adjuster for the Physician's Casualty and Health Association.

David Hervey, '13, is expected to land in New York on Friday of this week. He is with the forty-ninth Base Hospital Unit.

Charles Perrigo, '15, is now at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, but is expecting a discharge the latter part of May.

Phil Downs, '12, has gone into business with the Wilcox, Burns Bonding and Insurance Company.

Charles Allison, after receiving his discharge, went to Ames College to resume his studies. He has pledged Phi Gamma Delta there.

Rudyard Norton recently won a contest for the best musical comedy written by a Kemper student. His play, "Flu'Flu" was given at the Opera House in Boonville and was very successful. The leading parts were taken by Dick Giller, hero, and Rudyard Norton, heroine.

Word has been received that Sidney Cullingham is at Brest ready to sail for home with a casualty company. He is probably on the sea now.

Clyde Smith, our well-known football star, is traveling in Ireland, recuperating from quite serious wounds. He expects to be home the first of June.

Organizations

Members of the Hawthorne Society are busy rehearsing the "Follies of Fashion" which they intend to present at the joint program. A meeting was held Thursday, April 10, for rehearsal and discussion of plans for a hike after the joint society program has been given.

The Browning Society is continuing its programs studying the literature and customs of some of the Allied Nations.

The Margaret Fuller Society anticipates an interesting talk by one of the English teachers at its next meeting. An effort is being made to renew the good old-time literary programs under the guidance of various members of the English literature department.

The girls of the Pleiades Society are still busy making dresses for the Associated Charities. As an additional project they gave over ten dollars for the French orphan fund recently.

With the spring tennis tournament near at hand, Racquet Club activities are booming again.

At the Easter meeting Miss Davies gave a most interesting talk on her visit to Obermmergau where she witnessed the Passion Play.

The new boys' debating society is considering a constitution presented under the name of the Lincoln Debating Society.

At the annual election of officers the High School Club elected Ralph Campbell, president; Jack Bittinger, vice president; Otto Nelsen, treasurer, and Linae Anderson, secretary.



Sports

BIA

BASEBALL!! TRACK!!

The track and baseball call has been sent out and this year of all years, we should have a crowd of new men on the campus getting into shape. The men who have been making records for us in the past few years will either be leaving school this spring or next and it will be up to the young blood in school now to fill their shoes. Let's have a big enthusiastic crowd out hitting the cinder path and getting rid of some winter fat and drowsiness. Probably you have never turned an athletic trick in your life or stepped off in a dash, but the physical exercise is well worth the effort so get out and let Coach Mulligan look you over. There is plenty of room for good new men on the team and nothing delights Coach more than to see a youngster in the game turn out and throw a scare into a veteran. There are but a handful of veterans and it is up to the green men to fill the gap. A school of this size has no excuse to offer for not sending a first class team to Lincoln. If you don't like your looks in a tracks outfit, just look at some of the Commissioned Officers in their white ducks and see if you don't get some satisfaction. The track captains elected at the recent meeting are: Diamond, Freshmen, (they'll shine); Perkins, Sophomores; Swoboda, Juniors; Noble, Seniors.

In the past, baseball has been somewhat neglected by the student body, but let's bring it into its own this spring and shoot it out from its stove league session, with a world of pep. Baseball is recognized by the world as being a purely American game, and yet it is not among our foremost interscholastic sports. You fellows who are afraid of injuries in football, and were afraid of showing your knees in basketball or track, get out and show school spirit and American patriotism by trying for a berth on the team. The glare of the spikes and the well-known echo of "play ball"—"shoot 'em over," should send a thrill through every man's heart and make him want to choke a bat and whang the leather pill to all three corners of the lot. Paul Konecky is captain of the first squad so report to him early to save a place.

BASKET BALL MEMORIES

We didn't win the State Basketball Championship, but we did scalp some of the fastest teams in this vicinity and we lost to only the headliners. In the final game of the season, our quintet wandered down to wet Josey town and trimmed the Missourians, including the gentleman who did the society stunt here, to the tune of 25 to 23. The team played a stellar game and displayed the old fight and pep they had in the Commerce and Fort Dodge games early in the season. Konecky, Clements, and Swoboda played a good fast floor game and made life miserable for the Mule State men from the opening whistle until the final gun. Burnham showed a new shot of life and played a speedy game, looping them in as if it were a profession, which he failed to do at Lincoln. (Profession instead of luck). Captain Logan, at center, played his usual fast heady game and displayed the zip and tear that would make any first class aggregation step out raring to win. This victory evened up the bill with St. Joe, as they won the game played here.

Early in the season, we took a hard fought contest from Fort Dodge,

Iowa and since then Fort Dodge has been recognized as the Champions of their barnyard, so there was more than a little significance in our victory. We stayed in the State Contest until we bucked up against the champions to-be, Shelton, and then we were compelled to hoist the white flag. Shelton is surely putting her face on the world's sport map, as she has a first class basketball team and a topnotch wrestler, who is cutting quite a stride in the sports columns just now. Well, the basketball season has taken the count and we have a record that we can be proud of, so lets "carry on" in the next chapter of sport history.

EXCHANGE

The Bumble 'B,' Boone, Iowa.—Some real editorials in your editorial column would be an improvement in your paper, and help boost school spirit. Your exchange column would be more beneficial to your exchanges if it contained some criticisms in addition to friendly comment. Your jokes are good.

The Norcaster, Kansas City, Missouri.—An article in your last number on "Chemistry and the War" is very interesting. The cover and cuts were very attractive, but more good jokes would give your paper life.

The Opinion, Peoria, Illinois.—The story, "Central 880" in your last issue was quite good. The plans of your school for "Le Cercle Francais" sound very interesting, and it would seem that such an organization should be very successful.

Pebbles, Marshalltown, Iowa.—Quite an attractive paper, with good cuts. Somehow it doesn't seem that in the front of the paper the news ought to be worked in with the ads.

"Q", Quincy, Illinois.—A good literary department, clever cuts, and good jokes make this one of our best exchanges.

The Record, Sioux City, Iowa.—Your paper reflects a great deal of school spirit. From the reports it would seem that your clubs are wide-awake organizations. The literary department could be considerably improved, and your exchanges should contain real criticism as well as compliments.

The Tooter, South Side, Omaha, Nebraska.—Your last issue was well illustrated and on the whole good. Couldn't you have more jokes and place them in a separate section instead of having them with the class news?

The World, St. Paul, Minnesota.—A well-balanced, attractive paper. Your cover design for March is especially fine.

The Tatler, West High School, Des Moines, Iowa.—Your paper is certainly neat-looking. There is an exchange editor on your staff, but where is the exchange department?

The Prospect, Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.—The most interesting part of your last number was the articles on "How I Earned My U. W. W. Pledge Money". Your compliment to our editorial department appreciated. We don't get many at home.



Senior-Play Try-Out

The Hero—"Where is the che-i-ld, Oswald?"

The Villian—"I have him in my custody."

The Hero—"And the papers, what have you done with them?"

The Villian—"I have them at the blacksmith shop?"

The Hero—"You are having them forged, then? Curses!"

The Villian—"No, I am having them filed."

Winfred Potee—"I dress to match my complexion."

Stan Gardner—"Handpainted gowns are right expensive, aren't they?"

Mr. Schmidt—"Will you be my—"

Miss Arnold—"Oh, this is so sudden! Won't you give me time—"

Mr. Schmidt—"partner for the next dance?"

Miss Arnold—"to catch my breath from the last fox-trot?"

Pierrot—"I have an awful cold, dear."

Pierrette—"How did you get it?"

Pierrot—"From drinking out of a damp glass."

Help!!!

Mart—"Oh! Winnie!"

Winnie—"Yes."

Mart—"Where's May? I can't find her."

Winnie—"May? O, yes! Mayonnaise. She's dressing."

The road show was in full sway. All was going fine with the exception that we needed a few provisions. At last Ray Stryker, honorable business manager of this paper, and Gladys Mickel, leading lady of "We Four", could stand it no longer and set off, they said, to buy gum drops. They got the gum drops all right, but in the afternoon an accident had happened. So up they drove to Benson and Thorne's. Out hopped Ray and in he went. "One pair of ladies", white, silk, size 8½s, best grade, please! "The package was soon under his arm and he was asked, "your name, please." "Well—er, George Mickel, bought by son! This is the first time that we knew that George Mickel had a son named Ray.

"Wagner loves to dance, doesn't he?"

"Judging by the way he holds that girl, I should say he danced to love."

First Omahan—"I was over to Lincoln yesterday for the first time."

Second Omahan—"It's a beautiful city; don't you think it is well laid out?"

First Omahan—"Laid out? It ought to be embalmed."

Hamilton—"When I sing, the tears come into my eyes. What can I do for this?"

Paynter—"Stuff cotton in your ears."

Jokes Continued on Page 28.



E. A. DWORAK, C. P., A.
Director of Instructions

TO YOU

Who are Considering a Business Training!

Your selection of the proper Course which would fit you in the shortest possible time for high grade position, is the important step.

Our Course in Shorthand, Type-writing and General Office Training will produce for you better results in less time, and in a more up-to-date manner than could be obtained elsewhere west of Chicago. This course embraces not only Shorthand, Type-writing and General Office Training, but it takes in the necessary studies which enable you in every way to become competent.

This Course of Training is a Stepping Stone for the ambitious Young Men and Women to bigger things. Graduates assured Positions at Good Salaries. Your future success depends upon your decision at this time.

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Night School If you are employed during the day, attend Our Night School. Courses are short as possible consistent with efficiency.

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Home Office, Omaha, Neb.

Business in Force, over - \$45,000,000.00
Total Assets, over - - - 8,208,029.30
Legal Reserve (liabilities) - 6,379,281.00

Doing Business in 25 States

The Bankers Reserve Life Company

Robert L. Robison, Pres.

Walter G. Preston, Vice-Pres. James R. Farney, Vice-Pres.

Ray C. Wagner, Sec'y-Treas.

OUR ADVERTISERS FAVOR US—FAVOR THEM

Students, Please Note!

Over one hundred students have already sat for annual photographs. Make your class book uniform by having us give you correct size heads and back grounds.

In spite of continued advances in labor and materials our special prices of

\$3.50 and \$5.00 per dozen

still maintain.

All students and faculty may take advantage of this rate.

Please sit as soon as possible.

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Exclusive Agency for the

Gibson Mandolins, Mandolas, Mando-Cellos
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Prices Moderate Strictly Sanitary
Open Day and Night

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BAKER BROS ENGRAVING CO.
-Designers-Engravers-
High School & College
Work a Specialty.
1216 Howard St. Omaha.

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Say It With Flowers

Flowers will aptly express
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every occasion.

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Art of Expression

FRENCH METHOD

Technique of the Speaking Voice
Physical Culture, Pantomime
Dramatic Art

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Phone Tyler 1413

PHONE TYLER 3299-J

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WE have completed the instal-
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Department, the most up-to-date
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ready to do your work. Bring
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High Grade Shoe Repairing

COMPLIMENTS

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Seniors:

We are making Special Rates to your Class at this time
We have pleased others—let us please you
You can see our work any day, going to and from school

Rembrandt Studio

20th and Farnam Sts.
Baldrige Building

Heard Opposite 325

Student—"I'd like a position as reporter.

Kharas—"Nothing doing. You start as editor and work your way up.

Charlotte—"I must say that these are fine biscuits. Let's all eat some.

Inez (after class)—"How could you say those were fine biscuits Miss Gross baked?

Charlotte—"I didn't say they were fine. I merely said 'I must say so.'

Remarkable Remarks

My name is Fish. Drop me a line sometime.

We will now sing a little song entitled, "I can sing in any flat if I have the key."

Allison Hamilton sent his nightie to the laundry. It came back with this note: "We don't launder circus tents."

Jokes Continued on Page 30.

SOME DAY

Your Home will be in Dundee

*We Invite You to make
our store YOUR store*

ERNEST BUFFETT

For anything in the Drug line,
Phone Walnut 483

50th and Underwood Ave.

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ED PATTON

I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles - - - 35c

Will You Remember - - - - - 35c

City of My Dreams from the opera "O

My Dear" - - - - - 35c

Any Register reader mentioning this Ad may purchase one of the above pieces at 5c discount

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New showing—Light Organdy
Hats, for Mid-Summer Wear.

Come in and see our lines of
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Private Lessons by Appointment

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Dancing Academy

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Ballroom Available for Private Parties

2424 Farnam St. Phone Doug. 7850

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GIRLS---

Do you want to know what you can do for the business men of Omaha?

I recently sent out letters to 1600 business men asking what types of women workers they wanted and what preparation those women should have.

I have on my desk now many detailed replies. They contain "vocational counselling" from the Man Who Knows—the man who will eventually be your employer.

If you want to add this information to that secured from the well-informed speakers on the program of the Second Vocational Guidance Conference, you have only to ask for it.

VAN SANT SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

IONE C. DUFFY, Owner

220 Omaha National Bank Building Doug. 5800

OMAHA

My oldest boy, Walter—"These sidewalks are certainly slippery. I ought to have vacuum cups on my heels."

Herbert, my youngest—"Ever try walking on your head?"

Sunday-school Teacher—"Do you say your prayers every night before going to bed?"

Bob Ingwerson—"Yes, ma'am."

Sunday-school Teacher—"That's right, but why do you say them?"

Bob—" 'Cause I sleep in a folding bed."

Miss Fields (History)—"James, are you taking a nap?"

James—"One can't take a nap in this room."

Miss Fields (flattered)—"Thank you."

James—"The radiator makes too much noise."

Downs—"If it comes heads, we go to bed. If it comes tails, we step out, and (nervously) if it stands on edge, we study."

It used to be
That when
A girl's shoestring
Came untied,
It was proper thing
For her escort
To tie it up again,
But now,
With shoetops where they are—
Oh, well—!

Rinehart - Marsden

WEAD BLOCK

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The Home of High School
Boys and Girls

Strand Theatre

PRESENTING
The Best in Motion
Pictures

L' Marie—"Harriett has a new hobby. She's taken up art."
Eloise—"Yeah? Art who?"

"Ab" Jefferies (at a movie during a love scene)—"Just think, he gets all that and a salary, too."

Burke Adams—"I just put my new hat on the hot radiator. Wonder what foolish place I'll put it next?"

"Beef" Adams—"On your head, I suppose."

Omaha's Popular Tailor

Nicoll THE TAILOR

WILLIAM JERREMS' SONS
202-211 So. 15th St.

Mother—"You better not go to that dance tonight, it's raining hard and your rubbers leak."

Margaret P.—"Oh, that's all right. I'll have my pumps in 'em."

Ha! Ha!

"Butch" Evans—"Weeney, what is a pretzel?"

"Weeney" Adams—"A pretzel is a cracker with a cramp."

Spring Clean-Up Time

is here, buy your
Garden Tools
Now--Great Variety

Goodrich Garden Hose, new Stock just received with very attractive prices.

Every foot warranted

James Morton & Son
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—Hamlet

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SOMMER BROS.

Fancy Meats and Groceries

Tel. Harney 188

28th and Farnam Sts.

Too Bad, 'Twas a False Alarm

While strolling through the front corridor just recently, I came upon a group of boys.

"Oh pshaw," I heard one young man exclaim.

"Here I am, who wants me?" said Flossie Shaw, rushing breathlessly into the hall.

A maiden entered a midnight car " And firmly grasped a strap And every time they hit a curve She sat in a different lap."

The hill grew steeper, the curves grew worse

At last she gasped with a smile, "Will someone kindly tell me, please, How many laps to a mile?"

Master—"What have you read?"
Mary L. (absently)—"Hair."

Nope, we admit that last wasn't original.

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Omaha Tire Repair Company

HENRY NYGAARD, Prop.

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OMAHA, NEBRASKA

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Kodaks and Kodak Finishing

*NOT How Soon?
BUT How Good!*

The Robert Dempster Company

1813 Farnam Street

Branch 308 South 15th Street

At Dress Rehearsal

Andy Vinsonhaler—"Why does it rain?"

Flora Shukert—"It rains to make things beautiful."

Andy—"According to that you must have been hit by a thunderstorm."

Kyle—"Some pieces of music simply carry me away."

Jean—"Name one of your favorites and I will play it."

Funkhouser—"How do you like this cigar I am smoking?"

Higgins—"Smells pretty good."

Russ—"Tis good; went four blocks after this one cigar; yea, thought the man never would throw it away. It is a two-bit cigar too, yea, bit off of each end."

Beber to "Comm"—"How did you become such a great orator?"

"Comm"—"Oh, you see, I got my start addressing envelopes."



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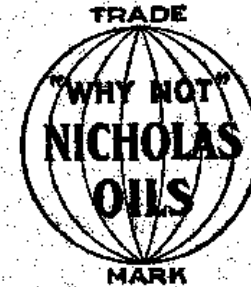
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