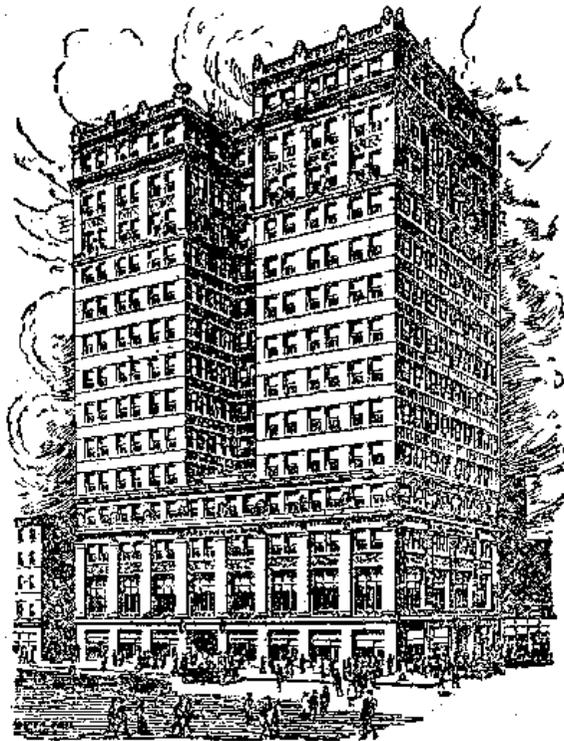


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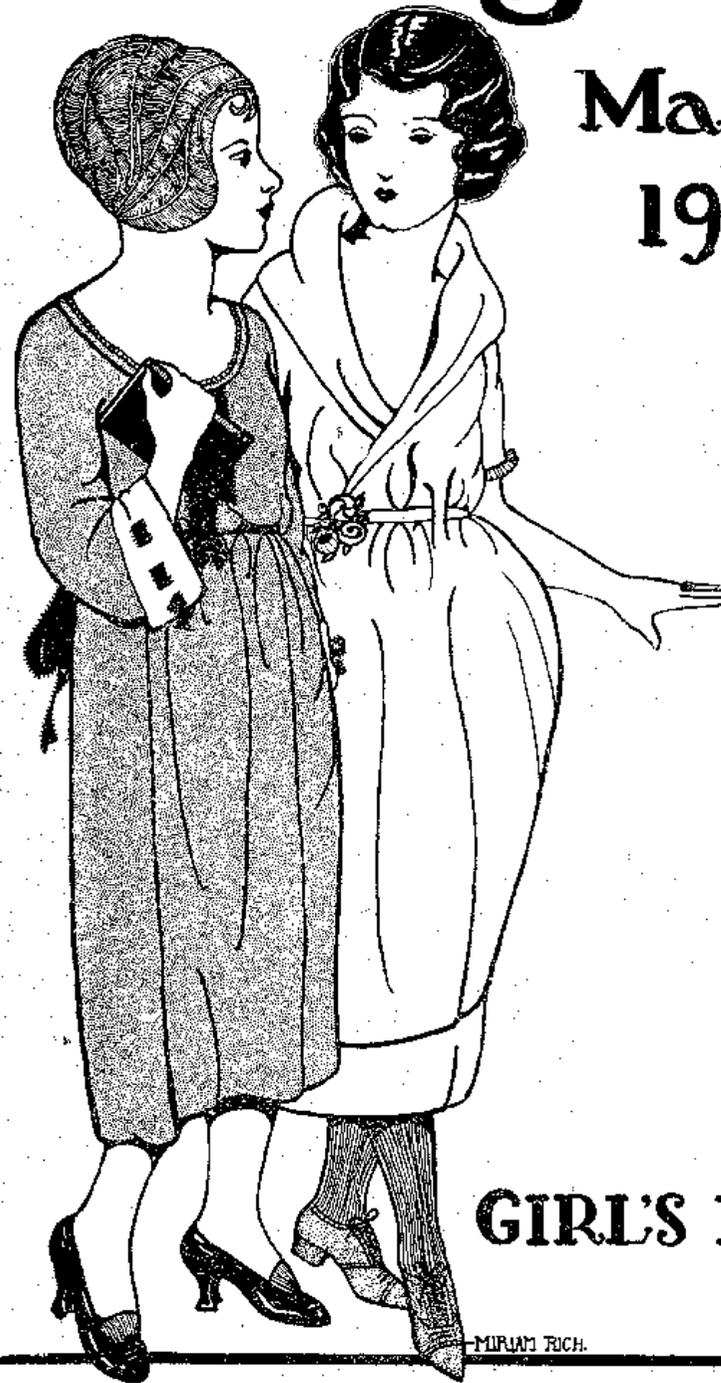
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the Register

March
1920



GIRL'S NUMBER

MIRIAM FICH

VOLUME XXXIV

NUMBER FIVE

SENIORS, JUNIORS
SOPHOMORES, FRESHMEN

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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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THE GIRLS' STAFF

WE dedicate
this number
to the girls, as they
exemplify the
spirit of girlhood
in our much-loved
school.

The Register.

THE REGISTER

VOL. XXXIV

OMAHA, NEBR., MARCH, 1920

NUMBER 5

EDITORIALS

OUR DEAN SPEAKS

It is two thousand years since a wise man is reputed to have said, "Man, if thou knowest what thou doest, happy art thou; but if thou knowest not, thou art condemned." I suspect that if he were here to-day, he would say with greater emphasis, "Know what thou art doing." The successful business man is the man who first has an idea and then tries to carry it out. The greatest artist sees in his imagination a lovelier picture than he ever paints. The musician's heart is listening to sweeter melody than his instrument can produce. No worker, no thinker ever arrives without determining beforehand the goal which he wishes to reach. So of life. Everyone who is to live successfully, happily, must determine in some small measure what the aim of his living is, what he is trying to do.

Just now is this especially true for girls. New possibilities are open to you, new occupations, new fields of effort, new standards of action, wider realms of thought. The voices will be so many and so various that they will seem to produce only confusion. The only safety will be for you to think out for yourselves, honestly, fearlessly, carefully, with the best aid you can summon, what the real purposes of living are. No one can answer fully. Every one who lives successfully has the little candlelight of his own belief. But no one can decide for you. Each of you must work out something of an answer for yourself. The real value of your life will depend on the success with which you attain some real conviction. Make the school help you now, make every thing that happens to you help you. Know what you are doing.

MISS JESSIE M. TOWNE.

OUR TEACHERS

I wonder how well the majority of my readers are acquainted with their faculty. You, who are seniors, will probably answer complacently—even smugly—"Very well," as you think of perhaps four out of the seven teachers with whom you come regularly into contact during the periods of the day, and add for good measure the remembrance of six or eight other teachers whose friendship and guidance you have valued markedly in the preceding years. "Very well"—indeed! when there are twelve persons at best, for I fear the undergraduates would be compelled to admit to an even lesser assemblage of names, from that group which totals nearly over a hundred concerning whom you have taken the time and the intelligence to be interested. Stop and consider how much you must be missing. You value moments caught with those few instructors with whom you are chummy. You complain that those times are all too rare. Why do you never entertain the ambition of increasing those

friendships? Perhaps it is not all your fault. Your pedagogues are only human, and find themselves too utterly exhausted through efforts to introduce facts and fancies into your brains to spend much time searching those same brains for facts and fancies already imbedded therein, which might well be kindred to their own pet hobbies. Now and then they catch a glimpse, but the moment passes and the companionship remains unattained. It is a regrettable situation, for our high school days form the period of life in which we make our friends. Not only are we missing present understanding, which would surely lighten the drudgery of study and the monotony of daily endeavor, but we are also overlooking a series of friendships which grounded in the years of our growth, would flourish into the years of our achievement. The mistake can be easily rectified. Interest in one another is the only necessary step. Its price is small; the results will happily requite.

STATUES

We have been greatly blessed in Central High by the artistic gifts left by former classes, but chiefest of these are the statues. These statues have at one time been truly beautiful and a few still retain marks of former glory, but most of them are in a sad state of crumbling old age.

Let us take for instance, the Winged Victory in the east hall. Now really, it's meant to be that way—it wasn't broken as one student supposed—but it is most terribly mutilated. Clio, in the north-east corner on first floor, is admired more as an ideal place of support for one's self or to put all one's belongings, rather than for its sculptured beauty. One hand is sadly missing and the other for several days held a powder puff, lost by some hurrying damsel. Caliope, in front of the Military office is a general meeting place for all, especially in second lunch hour, but objects less than the others perhaps, because she is the muse of comedy and doubtless has a sense of humor. Minerva, also in east hall, stands guard over the office as is befitting to the goddess of wisdom, strength and power, but sad to say her dignity is often forgotten, and she too, is carved and written on by the thoughtless youth.

Just listen, can't you hear them calling, "Students of Central High, Have a Heart."
LOIS THOMPSON, '20

ROUGE

Rouge, rouge, everywhere,
But not a natural pink.
Rouge, rouge, everywhere,
So all the people think.

It seems that we have in our midst an artificial garden containing a large variety of brightly-hued and variegated blossoms. Some of the girls are trying to resemble bright rose peonies; others, red poinsettias; and still others, crimson phloxes. These flowers have a very peculiar characteristic of changing color over-night and blossoming forth during almost every hour of the day. A careful observer, walking down the hall, may see a great number of these so-called flowers change color in a moment's time. Oh! girls! girls! why do we try to spoil nature? Let us make our garden a natural one of somewhat subdued colors.

SARA SMEATON, '21.



REMINISCENCES

As I sit alone a dreaming of my four dear years at High, I dream of a girl with hair a-streaming, a Freshie green she passes by. Her arms are loaded down with books. Ne'er once she glances left or right. Excited, wild, and thrilled she looks—she's really nothing but a mite who just from grade school has arrived with thoughts of nought but work in mind, for always for best marks she's strived, and now continues here to grind.

Her Freshman year goes speeding by with nought to show but all four A's. But golden curls have ceased to fly, instead a romping pig-tail plays. A Sophomore bold, she likes the place wherein she's going to learn a lot to make her work to keep her pace, and troubles snarled with care unknot. She's making friends of truest blue, of pupils and of faculty; but troubles she herself has too and must confess she has a B.

Another year has passed away. She stands a girl of seventeen. With tired eyes she seems to say, "I've learned what High School really means! I work all day and work all night. I hate this place, its walls and all. These teachers always want to fight, and all my studies seem to fall. *The Register* is getting punk—no one now wants to get an ad. Our foot ball games all went ka-plunk, and all is going to the bad!"

But who is this with eyes so red? A Senior now with face cast down, she's sorry for those things she said, for now she's in her cap and gown. Her hair's done high—she looks her part. She sadly heaves a heavy sigh and sings this praise with all her heart:

"Oh Central High, oh school so dear,
The pride and joy of all our hearts,
We all complain while staying here,
But each one sighs as he departs."

F. L. P. '20.

THE SOUL IMMORTAL

"From the great deep to the great deep he goes,
And will forever go; and come again."
Ah, he who tells the tale, how well he knows,
How well he reads the hearts and souls of men!
In exquisitely beautifying thought,
He tells us of the coming of the Soul;
The gentle braveness with which Arthur fought
To seal together in one great, pure whole
The evil factions of the race of man.
And how the King, with trust in God above,
Fought on, beset by falseness and base plan,
Until he sadly passed—Faith, Hope, and Love
His only friends—scorned by the world of men.
But live in hope, for He will come again!

J. M. WATT.

A DISCONCERTING CAPTIVE

A Condensed Episode from "Bimbashi Joyce" by A. Conan Doyle

It was in the days before the British advance on Khartoum; in the days before Kitchener the Civilizer had spread British civilization throughout northeast Africa, combining the land with Egypt under the name of the Anglo-Egyptian Soudan.

Captain Hilary Joyce had been assigned to the command of a company of the Ninth Soudanese, now stationed at the frontier port of Kurhur, on the Egyptian-Abyssinian frontier. Joyce was sitting now at his camp table—thinking. He couldn't recall ever having seen General Kitchener—the Great White Chief—the idol and awe-inspiring commander of Britain's African forces. The well-known fact of the General's sternness to young officers rather frightened Joyce, and he was just as glad—Joyce looked up and beheld a tall, erect stranger, dressed in the flowing robes of an Arab, coming towards him over the sand. Now Joyce could not afford to receive casual visitors. The frontier post of Kurhur split two of the most savage and rebellious of African tribes, and communication between the two must be prevented at all costs. Well, to be brief, Joyce ordered the fellow captured and brought before him. The prisoner was a handsome fellow, with bold grey eyes and a long black beard. To all the questions that Joyce put to him, the prisoner never once opened his mouth, but a curious twitch passed occasionally over his face. Joyce was puzzled—also he was becoming irritated. Then a good idea entered his mind. He could perhaps frighten the fellow into talking. He ordered a red-hot horseshoe to be brought forth, and held close to the man's heart.

"Now will you speak?" asked Joyce savagely.

The fellow smiled coolly, and gently stroked his beard.

"Oh, chuck the infernal thing away!" cried Joyce, "We can't bluff the fellow. He knows we won't do it. But I can and I will flog him. Keep him under guard until tomorrow."

"Do you hear that?" he added, looking at the prisoner. The man nodded gravely.

"Well, you can sleep upon it, you beauty, and a good night's rest may it give you!"

Joyce slept badly that night. He was a kind-hearted man, and the thought of having to flog—

However, he was saved the trouble. At daybreak, his orderly rushed into the tent.

"Sir," he cried, "the prisoner is gone!"—and all Joyce's efforts to recapture him came to nothing. Joyce was heartbroken. He feared the worst from the stern chief, at whose headquarters he had been commanded to account for his failure, and his worst forebodings were realized. The general's cold eyes pierced through him.

"I understand, Captain Joyce, that you have allowed a very important prisoner to slip through your fingers."

"I am sorry, sir."

"No doubt, but that does not mend matters. Did you ascertain anything about him before you lost him?"

"No, sir, I could get nothing out of him."

"What did you do?"

"Well, sir, I threatened to use physical force."

"What did he say?"

"He said nothing."

"What was he like?"

"A tall man, sir. Rather a desperate character, I should think."

"Any way by which we could identify him?"

"A long black beard, sir; grey eyes; and a nervous way of twitching his face."

"Well, Captain Joyce"—the voice was stern and inflexible "I cannot congratulate you on your first exploit in the Egyptian army. You are aware that every English officer in this force is a picked man. I have the whole British army from which to draw. It is necessary, therefore, that I should insist upon the very highest efficiency. You are seconded from the Royal Mallows, I understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have no doubt that your colonel will be glad to see you fulfilling your regimental duties again."

Joyce's heart was too heavy for words. He was silent. "I will let you know my final decision tomorrow morning." Joyce saluted and turned upon his heel.

"You can sleep upon that, you beauty, and a good night's rest may it give you!"

Joyce turned in bewilderment, where had those words been used before? Who had used them? The general was standing erect. Both he and his aide were laughing. Joyce stared at the tall figure, the erect bearing, the inscrutable grey eyes.

"Good Lord!" he gasped.

"Well, well, Captain Joyce, we are quits!" said the general, holding out his hand, "You gave me a bad ten minutes with that infernal red-hot horseshoe of yours. I've done as much for you. I don't think we can spare you for the Royal Mallows yet awhile."

"But, sir; but—!"

"The fewer questions the better, perhaps. But of course it must seem rather amazing. I had a little private business with the Kabbabish. It had to be done in person. I did it, and came to your post on my return. I kept on winking at you as a sign that I wanted a word with you alone."

"Yes, yes. I begin to understand."

"I couldn't give it away before all those blacks, or where would I have been the next time I used my false beard and Arab dress? You put me in an awkward place. But at last I had a word with your Egyptian officer, who managed my escape all right."

"He! Mahomet Ali!"

"I ordered him to say nothing. I had a score to settle with you.—But we dine at eight, Captain Joyce. We live plainly here, but I think I can do you a little better than you did me at Kurkur."

I. M. W., '20.

FACES IN THE FIRE

Have you ever been terribly lonely—just so lonely that you couldn't find a single thing to do, and everyone you wanted to talk with or go see was either busy or out? If you have never been in that sad condition you are lucky, but there may come a time when you will be. If you are, try this for a cure.

Draw a nice, big, cozy chair up before the grate fire, half shut your eyes and watch the fire. Soon the flames seem to become real persons, the people that you see in school or on the athletic field. Let's see who they are.

There's a row of little flames in front of the log. That must be the line-up for football. Yes, indeed. There's a little flame on the end that's Pete Campbell. There's a big one in the center that must be Moser. There are others which seem to be in about the same proportion as the players. There's a

broad flame which must be Lynt Ayres, another which is Logan, and another business-like looking one which is Louie Rockwell. Creeping up over the back of the log and forging steadily ahead, even as in a football game, are Swoboda and Robertson. Soon these all mingle together and the scene seems to change.

Now it's at school. There is one flame which burns steady and bright. Why, you say, that's Frances Patton. Sure enough it is. There's another which darts in and out and seems to be full of joy. Who can that be? Polly Richey of course. There's another which seems to be a guide for the others, helping them through the smoke and over the hard places. That must be Miss Towne. And so on in a long procession, your schoolmates and your teachers pass, until before you know it an hour or two has gone, and there's the telephone ringing for you.

FLORA MARSH.

THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT

(Apologies to Briggs)

Ann belongs to a nationality of which it has been said, "Petticoats or pantaloons, they're always looking for trouble." Can you guess that her "ancistors" (or at least part of them) hailed from the Emerald Isle?

Ann is a real person and these adventures are true and happened many years ago. In those days every home had a barn, a cow, and usually a horse and other domestic animals.

The special delight of the youngsters was the hayloft in which we gave our shows and trapeze performances. (There were no movies then).

The trapeze "stunts" were thrillers; arms, legs, and ribs were constantly endangered, and noses, knees, and elbows woefully lacerated. During a wild romp one day, we began sliding down the hay. Ann got headed in the wrong direction and disappeared through the hole in the floor, landing in the manger below, frightening the cow into fits and making the rafters ring with her shrieks. Fortunately, nothing worse than a pair of badly scraped legs and a sadly bumped nose resulted.

The happiest hour of the school day was the hour of song. How we loved it, and how our young voices rang out in the good old roundelays.

In one of the songs, Ann was to sing a solo, but on this particular morning, she had stopped at the candy shop. When the singing began, she slipped down in her seat and was rejoicing in the delight of an all day sucker, when suddenly a great silence fell on the room, and the teachers voice reached Ann. "Why don't you sing?" Poor Ann! 'Nuff said.

In front of Ann sat a boy inelegantly called Hod Parsons. He was her pet-aversion and as annoying as a sore thumb. He tormented her in all the ways known to a mischievous boy. He was very clever in escaping the teacher's notice; not so Ann. One day he had tormented her beyond endurance and she expressed her opinion of him in a loud whisper. The teacher employed the method of tying up with a handkerchief the mouths of those who whispered, and on this occasion could not find the one usually used; so she borrowed a red bandanna from the real culprit and proceeded to add insult to injury by tying Ann's face up with her enemy's handkerchief.

Ann's adventures were many, and as I sit and listen to the tales my elders tell, I am convinced that the present generation has nothing on the past one when it comes to pep and mischief. In fact I think the opportunities for getting into trouble were greater then than now.

IRENE R. POWELL, '21.



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

With Miss Duke as instructor the girls of the basket ball teams have been put through the most excellent training in preparation for the spring tournaments. Keen class spirit is shown and lively contests are expected.

The results of the election of captains of the girls' basket ball teams are: Freshman, Geraldine Wycoff; Sophomore, Lavieta Lowe; Junior, Eleanor Hamilton; Senior, Marguerite Walmer. Miss Duke was chosen sponsor for the Senior team.

Miss O'Sullivan is sponsor for the sophomore volley ball team and Miss Dumont is sponsoring the freshman team. As a result of their careful training exciting contests are expected in the future.

Girls' tennis classes have been abandoned for the present, but are to be taken up again in preparation for the annual spring tournament.

CENTRAL VS. LINCOLN

Omaha lost her chance to play in the finals by her defeat by Lincoln. The Lincoln team played fast and hard and guarded well. Robertson, for Omaha, played a good game. Both he and Swoboda guarded well and helped make our score. For the first half, the score was 16-4. In the second half our whole team worked hard but could not down Lincoln. The boys in red and black seemed to be every place guarding and blocking our plays. They won with a score of 39-10.

It is not always easy

To apologize;
To begin over;
To admit error;
To be unselfish;
To take advice;
To be charitable;
To be considerate;
To keep on trying;
To think and then act;
To profit by mistakes;
To forgive and forget;
To shoulder deserved blame;
But it always pays.

"If an S and an I and an O and a U
With an X on the end spell sioux,
And an E and a Y and an E spell I
(Which you all know is true)
And if an A and an I and a G
And an H E D spell sighed
What on earth is the speller to do
But go and commit siouxeyesighed.

Salesman.—"Now, that watch will last you a life time."

Scout.—"How can it be when its hours are numbered?"

CENTRAL VS. COMMERCE

Central High's school spirit was certainly strong on the night when Central played Commerce and lost the city championship. The big Creighton gym was packed with rooters from both schools. Each school band was there, and there was music all the time. The cheer leaders from both schools were on the job, and, for the greater part of the evening, the din was terrible—especially when a good basket was thrown.

Robertson was ineligible and Mangold, put in his place, worked hard and did some very good playing. Commerce scored first and then Omaha followed with a long basket by Logan. In spite of the hard work on Central's side, especially Konecky's guarding, the score grew in favor of Commerce. At the end of the first half the score stood 8-3.

During the second half the playing was very fast. Swoboda and Clements did good work for Central. Mahoney, the Commerce star, threw many baskets and just before the gun went off made the last point and the score stood 17-4 for Commerce.

WHAT?—MILITARY BALL

Hear TOM BROWN'S Seven Piece Orchestra at the Military.

OMAHA VS. ST. JOE

Omaha played with St. Joe on Saturday night, February 22. The St. Joe quintet fought a hard, fast game and Omaha was not able to penetrate their defense. St. Joe scored after the first four minutes of the game, with a field goal. A few seconds later Burnham made first score for Omaha. Omaha men shot from a distance and time after time sent the ball over the backstops. The first half ended with St. Joe in the lead 16 to 8. St. Joe's defense in the second half was equally good and they allowed our team only six more points. St. Joe won with a score of 25 to 14.

CENTRAL VS. SIOUX CITY

Omaha won the return game with Sioux City on February 29. There was not much cheering for either team, but both played very well. Konecky, the littlest man on the team, played a remarkably good game, both through his guarding and his throwing baskets. There was good team work on both sides, but several fouls were made. The whole team played well and at the end of the first half Omaha was in the lead 9-4.

In the second half Omaha continued making baskets, and her score went up fast. In the third quarter of the game, there was a great deal of pep shown by both teams and especially by Omaha. Omaha won with a score of 24-15.

Miss Burns.—"Don't you know that punctuation means that you must pause?"

Bramman.—"Was Rome founded by Romeo?"

Ann H.—"Course I do. An auto driver punctuated his tire in front of our house and paused half an hour."

Perkins.—"No, it was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."

CENTRAL VS. MINDEN

Central won her first game in the tournament from Minden with a score of 20-4. Contrary to all expectations, Minden showed little opposition. Our team worked well and had little trouble in breaking through their opponent's defense. Minden did not score in the first half at all. Logan, Clemens, and Swoboda did most of the work for Central. Robertson guarded well and helped pile up the score. Minden's long distance shots went wild and they were unable to score. Consequently Central had the advantage and won.

CENTRAL VS. FREMONT

Central won her second game in the tournament from Fremont with a score of 18-13. Central played well in the first half of the game and almost smothered Fremont. At the end of the first half Omaha was far in the lead with a score of 12-3. In the second half, however, Omaha lay down on the job and gave her foe a chance to catch up. Fremont worked hard and brought the score up, but Omaha managed to keep ahead, and by winning this game got into the semi-finals.

If you can't get a date come **The Military, the Biggest and Best Dance of the Season.** anyway. April 23.

CENTRAL VS. ST. JOE

Central got revenge on St. Joe and closed the basket ball season with a victory. The Central team played remarkably well. Ray Clements played a very good game, making 13 points in all. After the first two minutes of playing, he opened the scoring with a beautiful basket from the center of the floor. St. Joe was completely outplayed during the first half and the score was 12-4.

It was the last game for Captain Logan and Robertson, and they played especially well.

In the second half St. Joe came back strong and nearly tied the score, but Central got to work again and defeated them. The game ended with a good score of 23-18.

WONDERS OF SCIENCE

If nothing happens to an elephant he lives a great many years.

The snake is the longest waisted animal in natural history.

To remove the cover of a fruit jar (glass) bang it vigorously on the edge of the kitchen table or use a hammer, if necessary.

An Eastern genius is at work on a new telephone. It is guaranteed that on this instrument a person may get the right number inside of forty-five minutes.

We expect you at the Military.



FRENCH CLUB

The French Club had a very entertaining meeting on March 2, when the members of the Club gave a program of character. A great deal of enthusiasm and much excitement were shown. There was a tie for the best charade, and Maria Hilliard came out with the prize. Refreshments were served at the close of the afternoon's performance.

PLEIADES SOCIETY

This Society is doing its full share in upholding the record of O. H. S. Every year these girls do their bit by raising a fund for the starving children in Armenia. They do this by making some personal sacrifice or by earning the money themselves. Also, they are interested in the Associated charities and sew for them at all their meetings.

The Pleiades girls do this work with a great school spirit.

LININGER TRAVEL CLUB

The last meeting of the Lininger Travel Club was given over to discussing school spirit and class spirit. The members planned also for a St. Patrick's Day party to be given Friday, March 5.

The program to be given at the House of Hope was postponed until March 19. Every year the girls present a similar program and serve refreshments.

STUDENT CLUB

The Student Club and the Hi-Y Club were the promoters of the Purple and White week. Both of these clubs have devoted their time and energy to making this week a success.

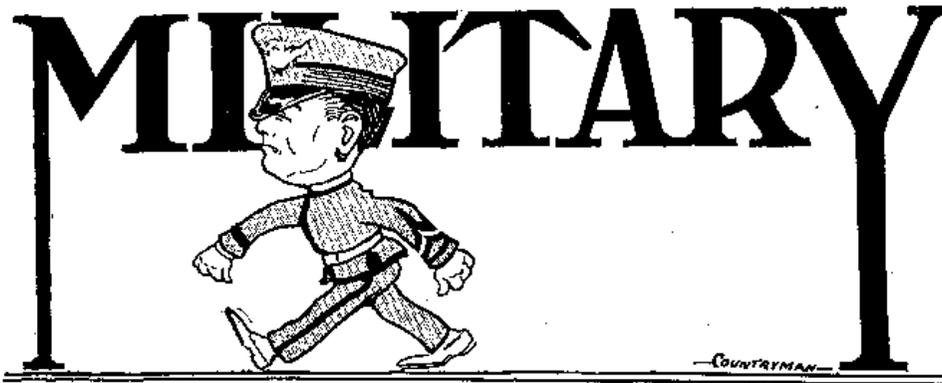
The Student Club held their last meeting March 4. Rabbi Cohn gave a very interesting talk. His subject was "The A. B. C.'s of Success." This Club is planning for the Vocational Day which is April 24.

Certainly, I'll be at the Military

MR. COTTON BOOSTS HI-Y CLUB

Mr. Cotton, national high school worker, addressed the C. O. C., the non-commissioned officers, and other students at the Y. M. C. A., March 3. Mr. Cotton discussed high school morality, and praised the work of the Hi-Y clubs of Omaha and other cities.

Members of Miss Stringer's Advanced Botany class have denounced the wholesale up-rooting of wildflowers in Omaha parks and near by forest reserves, and have pledged themselves to the conservation of Omaha's natural beauty. The reckless felling of trees was also condemned.



INTERESTING PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN—THE LIEUTENANT COLONEL

It was with mingled awe and curiosity that I approached the War Office of the Central High School Cadet Regiment. I had been told by girls of the school that it was an exclusive place where cadets alone dared to tread. So it was, that, puffing up the terrible east steps, I wondered what my reception would be. I was not disappointed. Rather, I was delighted. The Colonel himself met me at the door and conducted me in a gracious manner to a seat near an official-looking typewriter.

In less than a minute, I discovered what a vivid personality was the Colonel's. I went to be informed; I remained to be interested; and I came away with a genuine admiration for the entire Military organization.

Immediately I became an interrogator as one finds in a court room. "Tell me," I said, "what you consider the essential points in the making of a successful regiment?"

"First of all," he replied soberly, "you must have splendid officers and non-commissioned officers. Each officer must have ability, perfect obedience, personality, a fine character, a deep interest in his work, and a willingness to forego outside pleasures at times. You must have the school Faculty behind you, the support of the business men of the city, and last and perhaps of greatest importance, you must have the approving attitude of the whole school."

"What part does the company play in the Regiment?" I demanded next.

"The company is the largest unit which can accomplish its purpose successfully. In a company, a captain learns to know every man in person—it is a united whole. A battalion is too large a unit, and a unit smaller than a company is too small to be efficient. The captain is perhaps the most highly honored and respected officer in the whole regiment. It is he who instills company spirit into his men by his personality. An outgrowth of company spirit is company competition which eventually unites the Regiment."

I was amazed at the directness with which my questions were answered. I tried timidly again, for I knew that mine was a stupid question.

"Why do you have Regimental." The Colonel wasn't amused. At least, he appeared calm.

"In the first place, Regimental is to determine the standings of the different companies. Then it is a military ceremony and precedent. It also gives the whole Battalion a chance to get together. The companies pass in review, and the excelling companies are credited with first place, five; second place, three; and third place, one, points. At the present time, Company C, with nine points, and Company B, with four points are in the lead. We hold Regimental every day during High School Encampment week. Every Cadet is already very anxious for Camp Week."

"Let's hope it won't rain," I added. "Will you tell me something of the steps a Cadet must take to become a commissioned officer?"

"Surely. In the first year, he slaves in the ranks with no identification other than as a private. To be a princely private, he must just keep going. He must be dependable and absolutely obedient. If he pushes himself forward and his officer notices it, it hurts his progress.

"The only office he can hold in his second year is that of corporal. He has a squad of seven men under his command. He is then a non-commissioned officer and attends drill every Wednesday afternoon. His voice, his bearing, his general attitude toward the school, and his skill in handling men are noted.

"As a Junior, he can hold any office from that of sergeant to regimental sergeant-major. The sergeant-major is kept busy in the War office. The heaviest duties really fall upon the first sergeant. He must have great, all around ability and perseverance. He is to be the future commissioned officer, and what his rank is to be is determined by the ability shown in his Junior year. He is very often given hard tests to see how he will respond. The subjects he carries are considered. He is placed under unusual conditions to see how he will adjust himself. All these observations secure for the Junior the degree of his commission. How he will come out is unknown until Competitive Drill Day. There is usually a feeling prevalent among the cadets who receive commissions that they are unworthy of them.

"He is a commissioned officer in his Senior year, and his former labors are rewarded. The work of the captain is exceedingly heavy, but he is fully rewarded by the honor and respect paid him by his company. Perhaps the hardest work of the Regiment falls upon the Captain-Adjutant, Cecil Simmons, and upon the First Lieutenant and Personnel Adjutant, Louis Thoelecke. All officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, are subject to promotion or demotion at any time. Each officer is closely watched all of the time. Upon graduation he receives a Military Diploma."

As the Lieutenant Colonel talked, I had seen again the long file of companies as they had been lined up for Regimental a few days before. But I thought this time of the wonderful opportunities within the grasp of each one of the uniformed figures who cares to grasp them.

The interview came to a close, and I departed with new enthusiasm, to boost the Central High School Regiment.

The Executive Board for the Sixth Annual Road Show is announced as follows:

- Director.....Frank H. Gulgard
- Student Manager.....Jack Bittinger
- Advertising Manager.....Kenneth Baker
- Tickets.....Linae Anderson
- Programs.....Robert Jenkins
- Stage Manager.....Leslie Van Nostrand
- Electrician.....L. N. Bexton
- Properties.....James Holmquist

Advisory Board

- Miss J. M. Towne
- Miss M. Burns
- Mr. E. E. McMillan

COMPETITIVE DRILL

On Monday, March 1, a Regimental Competitive Drill was held. The three winners were, Harry Haines, Sgt. Co. E; D. L. Dimond, Corp., Co. C., and Fritz Hansen, Pvt., Co. C.

Those who placed in the companies were as follows:

Company A, Sgt. Herman Swoboda, Pvt. Harry Leavitt, and Corp. William Hilliker; Company B, Corp. George Johnston, Corp. Russell Countryman, and Sgt. Isaac Stenhill; Company C, Pvt. Victor Eisler, Corp. D. L. Dimond, and Pvt. Fritz Hansen; Company D, Corp. James Ingwersen,

Continued on page 18.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL ROAD SHOW

Six years ago this spring the Athletic Board was short of funds and decided to raise money by giving a Road Show. About three hundred dollars was made that year, and a trifle more the next. Then the military department found that a Cadet Camp would be impossible unless the department could raise four hundred dollars. The Athletic Board immediately volunteered to turn the Road Show over to the Cadet Officers' Club. Since then this organization has presented annually this affair, which has come to be the greatest event in the school year.

In spite of the fact that all of the proceeds have gone to the military department, everyone has cooperated to make this event a success. To the girls particularly, to whom a Cadet Camp means merely an unusually dull week in school, we are indebted.

However, this year we are going to try to repay, in part, the Athletic Board to whom belongs the credit of originating the Road Show; and the girls to whom to a great degree belongs the credit of putting the show across in past years. Our goal is twelve hundred dollars, to be divided in the ratio five, two, and one and one-half. This means that in round numbers the Cadet Corps will get seven hundred dollars, the Athletic board three hundred dollars, and the girls' Gym Club two hundred dollars. This does not nearly pay our debt to these two organizations, but we hope that this may be the start of an O. H. S. rather than a C. O. C. Road Show, and that the proceeds may be divided more evenly as they increase from year to year.

We must make over three hundred dollars more than was made last year in order to reach this mark. To do this there must be greater cooperation, more boosting and no knocking, and, above all, the realization that everyone of the school's two thousand students must do his share well and willingly.

JACK BITTINGER, '20.



MASS MEETINGS

A mass meeting was held in the auditorium to boost for the Lincoln and Sioux City games. Mr. Schmidt gave a short talk and Nathan Jacobs urged the school to back the team to the limit with their spirit. Stew Edgerly advised us on his saxophone to go slow and easy, with accompaniment of Bill Drake. Yells and cheering were enthusiastic.

Yes, Donald, I will be at the Military.

A fine mass meeting was held on Thursday, March 4, to send off the team to the tournament. A quartet, including Linae Anderson, Merrill Northwall, Oliver Maxwell, and Ed. Hall sang, accompanied by Miss Maxwell. Ken Baker and Emmett Bryant, a well known freshman, endeavored to show to us what they expect to do in the future, in a short promenade, called "Forty Years in Sing Sing."

FACULTY NEWS

Miss Viola Pearce has come to Central from the Grade schools to teach English and Mathematics.

Mrs. Morehouse has filled the vacancy in the French department, which has been open for so long, and she now has classes of French I, III, IV, and V.

Miss Hanson is teaching debating in O. H. S. at present, and Mrs. Hecht will have Mathematics and English classes, for some time, at least.

Miss Katherine Morse, who is remembered as a former teacher in Central High, has recently attained great honor in the Central Teacher's Training College in New York City. She has written an article entitled "Milton's Science in Paradise Lost," which was published in The Scientific Monthly for February, 1920. It was found to be so unusually good that it was reprinted in pamphlet form and is now in circulation.

HIGH SCHOOL PUPIL COMPOSES BALLAD

Virginia Davis has been bringing great honor to Central High. Although only two years a student here, as she came from Macpherson, Kansas, when a sophomore, she has already won distinction in school activities. Last fall, she wrote a song "Going West," which was sent to Legter's in Chicago, and published by them at their own expense. She now receives a royalty of three cents on each copy sold.

MISS TOWNE TALKS TO GIRLS

Miss Towne held mass meetings of each class of girls in the auditorium, Wednesday, February 25th, to discuss the recent lack of order in the halls and in mass meetings, as well as the lack of propriety on the part of some of the girls. Some definite decisions were reached as to what should and should not be done in the halls at

school. Miss Towne asked the support of the girls in bettering the conditions.

WHAT?—MILITARY BALL?

WHEN?—APRIL 23, 1920

WHERE?—KELPINES

CLASS MEETINGS

Each class held a meeting after school Friday, February 27th, to discuss plans for Purple and White week and to appoint chairmen of the various committees. Each class was given a day for its activities. Wednesday, March 10th, was given to the freshmen and sophomores, Thursday, March 11th, to the juniors and seniors, and Friday, March 12th, to the entire school. On these days the certain classes held contests in dramatics, song and yell writing, short story writing, modern languages, and along various other lines.

Tom Brown's SEVEN Piece Orchestra will play at the Military

JUNIOR MEETING

A mass meeting of the Junior class was held February 27th, in 235, to formulate plans for Purple and White week. President Arthur Bramman stated the purpose of the "pep week" and then introduced Linae Anderson, who gave a splendid talk. He discussed the attitude of the students in all high school activities. "All this confusion at mass meetings is not showing your school spirit. Such conduct does not show proper respect to either pupils or teachers." A talk was made by Clarence Hunter who said: "We intend to have a Purple and White week every year, and it is up to the students to help. The Juniors and Seniors should set an example for the Freshmen and Sophomores in school activities." After discussion of plans, the meeting adjourned.

PURPLE AND WHITE WEEK

In carrying through so successfully the new event in our school year, Purple and White Week, Central High School put across the biggest thing it has ever done. The wonderful cooperation, and the unselfish effort on the part of both students and faculty in the enormous organization required to manage the event showed the kind of stuff Central High students have in them.

Practically every student in the school was a member of some committee at least, and only the cooperation of every student could have obtained the result that it did.

We scarcely knew old Central with all its beautiful purple and white camouflage. The entrances were elaborately decorated by the classes. The west was decorated by the Freshmen, the East by the Sophomores, the South by the Juniors, and the Auditorium by the Seniors. School and class colors worn during the week also added to the festive appearance.

Wednesday of Purple and White Week was Freshman-Sophomore Day, and Thursday, Junior-Senior Day. But the crowning glory of the week was Purple and White Day when we all forgot our class distinctions and were just students of Omaha Central High School, all trying to bring back the old school spirit and good comradeship of Central. Before school a really fine entertainment was given in the auditorium. The jazz band played and Floyd Brown performed a sleight of hand act, which was followed by the "C. O. C. Mystery Stunt," in which Coach Mulligan and his crew showed up our faults to all. In the home room period half-classes were shifted and games were played to "know your neighbor."

Two exhibitions of the Purple and White Pageant were given in the Auditorium sixth and seventh hours. The various organizations of the school were represented in the pageant by their various stunts. The Faculty also gave an act which was greatly appreciated by the entire school.

Classes and organizations contested during the week in contributions of

composition in languages, art, dramatics, class songs, and yells, orchestra, athletics, conduct, military drill, choruses, decoration and Register work. Two banners were awarded, between halves of the St. Joe game, one for the winning classes and one for the winning organization.

A great deal of time and effort was spent in planning and executing the plans for Purple and White Week, but we all feel that we have been amply repaid by its success. We sincerely hope that the school spirit and good fellowship and fair play can be kept high and that Purple and White Week will be made an annual event.

JUNIOR-SENIOR DAY

The activities of Junior-Senior Day, Thursday, March 11, began promptly at 8:15 in the auditorium with a short parody on "Macbeth," presented by several members of the Senior class. The Juniors then put on a clever parody on "The Merchant of Venice," after which followed a short debate, "Resolved that an auditorium should be constructed in the court, and that class rooms be made in the present auditorium." The affirmative was well taken by two members of the Senior class and the negative defended by two Juniors. Lively mass meetings were held at each lunch period. Jazz orchestras played during the first lunch hour and class choruses competed during the second. Basket ball games between the two classes completed the activities of the day.

If you don't have a good time at the Military you never will.

COMPETITIVE DRILL

Continued from page 15.

Sgt. Thomas McCague, and Pvt. Mark Fair; Company E, Corp. Edward Reynolds, Sgt. Nelson Mekeel, and Sgt. Harry Haines; and Company F, Sgt. Judson Hughes, Sgt. George Vlack, and Pvt. Lyal Quinby. Twelve sophomores, two from each company, and twelve freshmen were then selected to compete with each other during Purple and White week.

FRESHMEN-SOPHOMORE DAY

The Freshman-Sophomore Day, the beginning of Purple and White Week, started with all the spirit a school could want. At 8:15 sharp, the curtain in the auditorium rose. Long before this time, the auditorium was filled. Dramatics were first on the program. The Sophomores presented a little sketch, *Mother's Day at the District School*. Then it was learned what took place in a Freshman's mind; for personifications of book cards, program cards, locker key cards, Latin endings, algebraic symbols, all sang their little couplets of what they did to a Freshman's mind. But it was pointed out that a Freshman in Omaha Central High conquers all these disturbers of the peace and in the end wins all honors. Then came the debate. The question was: Resolved that an eighth hour be added to the school day. The Sophomores upheld the affirmative side of the question; the Freshmen, the negative.

At first lunch period, the jazz bands played. During the second lunch period, there was vocal music. After school came athletics. There was a competitive drill immediately after school, in the South hall. Eight cadets from each class took part. Those who placed were the following:

First, Corp. George Johnson, Co. B; second, Pvt. Harry Leavitt, Co. A; and third, Pvt. Victor Eisler, Co. C.

Baseball was played on the west campus and basket ball in the north gym. In the east gym the girls played volley ball.

Freshmen and Sophomores only, took part in the activities and Freshmen and Sophomores only were allowed to witness the stunts. But the Juniors and Seniors could and did enjoy the Sophomore decorations in the East hall, with the huge purple and white Sophomore banners, and the Freshman decorations in the West hall with the white oak leaves intertwined with purple. The day from start to finish was a great success.

Every one who was in any way connected with it should be congratulated for the spirit shown, a spirit enthusiastic but self-controlled. The day accomplished what it was meant to accomplish.

SEE ALL OF YOUR FRIENDS AT THE MILITARY**MR. ARROL SPEAKS**

The students who were fortunate enough to hear Mr. James Arrol, who spoke in the auditorium sixth hour, Monday, March 8, forgot for once their exuberance at missing a class period, in their absorption in this charming speaker. In his talk he touched upon Russia and Bolshevism, but his main topic was Armenia, for which he is making a compelling plea in America. Mr. Arrol is an officer in the American army, and is a four star general in the Armenian army. He won thoroughly the hearts of his audience with his direct, simple address, his sympathy, and his delightful humor, of the kind which made us feel that he belonged to us. Central welcomed him enthusiastically as a true American, in every way, and as one of the finest speakers whom we have had the privilege of hearing.

EXCHANGES

"The Student," Oklahoma City, Okla.—Your literary department is excellent. You might develop your editorial department, however, and keep it free from the news element. We would like to know how you finance such a large paper.

"The Record," Louisville Girl's High School, Louisville, Ky.—Your editorial department is fine. Your jokes are also very good. You might improve your school news.

"The Oracle," Mt. Vernon, New York.—You might develop your squib department, otherwise the paper is very good.

"The Voice," South High, Youngstown, Ohio.—Your dark backgrounds for your senior pictures in the mid-term annual are very attractive. Your whole mid-term is well put together.

"The World," St. Paul Central High School, St. Paul, Minnesota.—Literary department excellent in your Christmas number. How do you finance such a large paper?

"Hi News," Epworth, Iowa.—Art work is expensive, but a little would help your paper a great deal.

ALUMNI

Martha Smalley '19, who has moved to Des Moines, recently paid a visit to Omaha, where she was the house-guest of Helen Parish '18.

Jean Kennedy, '19, has been greatly honored at the Mount Holyoke School, where she was elected president of her class.

Ellison Vinsonhaler, '20, is spending the winter in California. He will perhaps not return to Omaha, for his family have moved to St. Louis.

Frances Howell, '19, who spent several months visiting in Florida, has returned to Omaha.

Walter Preston, who has been on a ranch in California for some time, will return to Omaha in the spring.

Dorothy Hipple, '17, is attending school at the State University, where she is a Junior. She is a member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority.

Warren Best, '17, is spending this year at the State University.

Stanley and Kathryn Gardner, who moved to New York in the fall, plan to visit Omaha in the near future.

Evelyn Cole is attending the Lady Jane Gray school at Binghamton, N. Y.

Among those alumni who expect to spend their spring vacations in Omaha, are Margaret Parish, who attends Monticello Seminary; Richard Reynolds and Alan Clarke who attend Mercersburg Academy and Allan Higgins who attends the Cascadillo school at Syracuse, N. Y.

Herbert Negel is at the University of Pennsylvania this year.



"Did you see Trojan's column when you were in Rome?"
"Read it every morning."

Ken. B.—"I went hunting down South and I accidentally rushed into a den of snakes; and strange to say, not one of them bit me."

Mary D.—"How is that?"

Ken. B.—"They were all rattled."

The man who insists upon seeing with perfect clearness before he decides, never decides.

Flattery is a sort of moral peroxide—it turns many a woman's head.

Miss Hilliard in English:—"Well, those people who have their hands up remember who they are till next time?"

He:—"How many different kinds of time are there?"

She:—"Day time, rag time, and bed time."

A splendid resolution adopted by a small-town corporation: "That a new school should be built; that this be done out of the materials of the old one, and the old school to be used until the new one is completed."

TRUE LOVE

Oh! it isn't your bonny blue eyes, Boy,
Nor it isn't your flaxen hair,
Nor it isn't your manly size, Boy,
Nor the cut of the clothes you wear.
Nor it isn't the way you walk, Boy
That 'll make 'em hang on your neck,
Nor it isn't the way you talk, Boy,
It's the size of your monthly check.

Otto N.—"What did you check for the work that you were interested in."

Mildred P.—"Oh, I said 'Military drill.'"

Miss Clarke.—"Morlyn, who introduced Christianity into Ireland?"
Combs.—"Patrick Henry."

Clay.—"If that's bouillon I'm an idiot."

Norton.—"That's right, it is bouillon."

Ed.—"How some of those old songs do haunt me."

Flora.—"Well, you've often murdered them."

"There is a lot of wishy-washy talk about the Bolsheviki," says a Labor paper. Wishy, perhaps, but from what we see of their pictures in the papers, not washy.

"Is life worth living?"

"I think that question has been answered for good and all. The cost has been more than doubled and we all hang on."

"We have an old family knocker on our front door."

"We have one inside."

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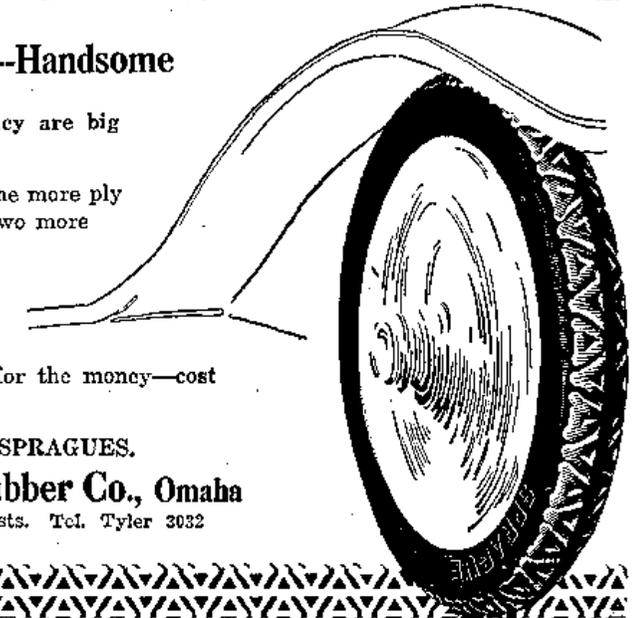
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What Am I Made Of?

Consciously or unconsciously every individual is constantly asking the question of himself, **HOW CAN I LIVE BEST, HOW CAN I GET THE LARGEST MEASURE OF GOOD OUT OF LIFE, ACQUIRE THE LARGEST MEASURE OF POTENTIAL ENERGY WITH WHICH TO GIVE EXPRESSION TO MY IDEALS.**

The answer is, by breathing the purest air and by eating the proper food; in short, by building the strongest body and keeping myself physically fit.

The human body is a complete chemical laboratory organized in the service of life.

An analysis of the various tissues of the human body shows, that there are sixteen chemical and mineral elements entering into its composition, all of which must be obtained from the foods we eat, if we attain and maintain health of function, normal growth and normal development.

A well known authority on foods states: There is no animal creature alive today on the face of this planet whose body does not contain the sixteen substances. The body obtains them for its needs through the medium of food alone.

The office of all food is to supply entire bodily nourishment. That food may do this, it must contain the necessary 16 chemical and mineral elements, and contain them in adequate quantities and available form, as otherwise the various tissues of the body cannot be normally maintained and reconstructed.

As a rule **man dies from one of two causes** either physical violence, or from poisoning and in the majority of cases he dies from Poisons engendered and elaborated within his own body. A subnormal condition of the digestive organs is beyond question, the initial cause of most human ills, and ill advised choice of food is the potent factor in producing it, it is therefore quite clear why we should choose our food with intelligent care.

WE MAKE A STUDY OF THE FOODS THAT WILL SUPPLY THESE ELEMENTS TO YOU AND WE TAKE PARTICULAR CARE IN THEIR PREPARATION. WHOLE WHEAT WITH NOTHING TAKEN FROM IT HELPS TO SUPPLY WHAT IS NEEDED FOR YOUR BODY. THIS BREAD WE BAKE DAILY.

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"Among the memorable dates in history," wrote a boy, "was Antony's date with Cleopatra."

"Who can tell me where Noah lived?" asked the Sunday School teacher.

"I don't think he had a regular home?" replied the youngster. "I guess he an' his family belonged to the floating population."

Following the line of the least resistance is what makes rivers and men crooked.

Two reasons why I don't trust a man. One is because I don't know him and the other is because I do know him.

"No, I will not become engaged until I'm twenty."

"But you may not have a chance when you are twenty."

"Well, then, I will remain twenty until I do."

Regina.—"I paint what I see."
John W.—"Well, the real shock will come when you really see what you've painted."



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There is a boy in our school
And he is wondrous wise.
He looks at many a pretty girl
But turns away his eyes.

He sees each damsel not at all
Though she have many a curl,
For he has won the best of all,
Miss Towne is Ralph's best girl!

"I never give a kiss says Prue
To naughty man, for I abhor it."
She will not give a kiss, 'tis true
She'll take one though, and thank you
for it.

SELECTED.

"THE KISS"

Closer and closer they drew.
It was a breathless moment,
Then the 15-ball struck the cue ball,
knocking it into the side pocket.

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Will F. Noble, Supt. Nebraska
Agencies.

AGENTS

Dave Noble Chas. Hopper
Dan R. Smith N. M. Graham
Anna Christensen

Catiline entered the Senate,
Took a seat in the princes row,
Was just removing his pileum,
When hailed by Cicero;
Who gave a long oration,
That makes us weep and wail,
Since that is the complication
Which causes us to fail.
They say that—

A crazy speed fiend took two Chinese laundrymen in his high-powered car. Racing along, they skidded on the wet asphalt crashed into an upright of the elevated railroad and were smashed to bits. All the ambulance could find to pick up was two washers and a nut.

"Je t' adore," Payney murmured.
"Well, maybe I'd better," Janet said, "you can't ever tell who's listening."

Visitor.—"I understand you have a fine track team here, who holds most of the medals?"

Mr. Mulligan.—"The pawn broker

He.—"I shall throw you a kiss."
She.—"You lazy thing."
Sunday School Teacher.—"Eugene, what kind of boys go to Heaven?"
E. E.—"Dead ones."

"You ought to have seen Mr. Smith when he called on Dolly the other night," remarked Johnny to his sister's young man who was talking to the family. "I'll tell you he looked fine sitting there with his arm—"

"Johnny!" gasped his sister, her face the color of a boiled lobster.

"Well, so he did," persisted Johnny. "He had his arm—"

"John!" screamed his mother frantically.

"Why," whined the boy, "I was—"

"John, said his father sternly, "leave the room."

And Johnny left, crying as he left: "I was just going to say that he had his army clothes on."

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ADVO TOWN

No, Impudence: you shan't have one.
How many times must I refuse?

Away,
I say.

Or else you'll sure my friendship lose.
I cannot bear such forward fun.
So quick, be gone. If not, I'll run.

Why, now I'll have to be severe.
No, not a kiss to you I'll give.

Take care.
Take care.

I'll tell papa, as sure's I live,
I never saw a man so queer.
But—are you sure there's no one near?

Delmar E.—Doesn't it give you
sort of a funny feeling to meet a girl
you used to go with long ago?

Ralph C.—Yep. Always makes me
wonder whether her taste used to be
as bad as mine was.

Miss Parker.—What happens when
the President dies?

R. Noreen.—The Vice-President
takes his place.

Miss Parker.—What do they do
when the Vice-President dies?

R. Noreen.—They—they bury him.

Commands used for troops in action
may still be used:

Traffic cop to motorists—In place,
halt.

To a waiter.—Double time, march.

A girl to her fiance.—Present arms.

Swimming instructor to his pupil.—

Fall in.

Mother to daughter who has ap-
plied rouge.—As you were.

Father to young men staying late.—
Company, dismissed.

Crawford F.—I hear they are send-
ing messages without wires. These
are wonderful times we are living in.

Sarah S.—Yes, the way things are
going we will be able to travel without
leaving home pretty soon.

Miss Copeland.—"Can't you find
something to do?"

Harold P.—"Gee, am I expected to
do the work and find it too?"

E. M. JONES

PIANO

Room 3 Wead Building

18th and Farnam Streets

Josephine D. (at glove counter at
Thompsons-Belden's)—"I want a pair
of white kid gloves."

Clerk.—"How long?"

Josephine.—"The idea! I don't
want to rent them, I want to buy
them."

She (to her returned soldier)—
"You've been making love to those
French girls."

He.—"What makes you think so?"

She.—"Because you have improved
so."

Lois T.—"Here is that quarter
back."

Mildred B.—"Oh, dear, what does
he look like?"

Dorothy W.—"I don't think it is
right to say a girl can't keep a secret."

Morse.—"What makes you say
that?"

Dorothy.—"No girl ever tried."

What is the best way to keep a
man's love? Not return it.

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A delicious addition to the school lunch. Good alone
or with milk, or half-and-half, or made into sandwiches
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There was a time some years ago,
When beaux each maid did flatter,
Because her charming fluffy hair
Did make his heart to flutter.

There came a style—a sleek slim style
For which each maid did suffer.
Poor Dad needs then must seek a raise
To help finance enough her.

For Vamps require a lot of coin;
Two hair nets cost a quarter,
And marcel waves a dollar per
Produce the charm for daughter.

“My boy’s letters from college al-
ways send me to the dictionary.”

“Well, my boy’s letters always send
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Holmquist.—"I've traced my ancestry back to an old Swedish king."

Smith.—"Yes, that's easy. What chance has a dead man to defend himself?"

Patient.—"Doctor I owe you my life."

Doctor.—"And that isn't all."

Mr. Gulgard (in Physics)—"When you are freezing any part of your body, the first sensation is that you feel sleepy."

Nelson M.—"I must be freezing then."

See you at the Military.

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Evans.—“Why did you turn out
for that truck? According to traffic
rules you had the right of way.”

Del.—“Yes, but the truck had the
right of weight.”

Charles W.—“What's your dog's
name?”

Mary F.—“Ginger.”

Charles W.—“Does Ginger bite?”

Mary F.—“No, Ginger snaps.”

Gordon S.—“Who was Nero?
Wasn't he the chap who was always
cold?”

Dick W.—“No, that was Zero—
another guy altogether.”

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Fancy Sundaes**

Ed. M.—“I asked Flora to lean out and see if the tire was flat. Not enough to hurt,” she reported. “It’s just flat on the lower side.”

Miss Frankish.—“What is a polygon?”

Helen Brown.—“An escaped parrot.”

Remember the Military.

One hundred years ago,
When Wilderness was near,
With powder in his gun, the man
Went out and got a deer.
But now the thing has changed,
And on another plan,
With powder on her cheeks, the dear
Goes out and gets a man.

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"No, ma'am, mine are brown."

Duff.—"You girls are always talking about your dresses. Can't you find a higher plane of conversation?"
Helen.—"Surely, now we are going to talk about hats."

Grimes: "I wish you wanted to borrow a dollar from me."

Russell: "Why?"

Grimes: "So I could remind you of the dollar you borrowed from me last November."

Barber: "Well, do you want a hair cut?"

Holmquist: "No, I guess I'll have 'em all cut."

Barber: "Very good. That'll be seventy-five cents."

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Dorthy J.: "Why are all the girls so crazy about those battered up football players?"

There must be love-making in the next world. We often hear of ardent spirits.

John C.: "I suppose it is because of the innate feminine love of remnants."

Marian Perkins: "Were you annoyed because I sharpened my pencil on your razor?"

Have you a date for the Military?

Earl: "Twice; when I had given up trying to shave with the razor, I tried to write with the pencil."

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Bill B.: "What key is hardest to turn?"

Evans: "A donkey."

Can a lover be called a suitor when he doesn't suit her?

Cecil S.: "You should make out your report so that even the most stupid could understand."

Benolken: "What is it you don't understand, Captain?"

Jeannette Keenan, who was a Junior in Central High School last year, is now attending the Santa Fe High School, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

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Walter M.—“How long can a person live without brains?”

“Stew” E.—“I don't know, how long have you lived?”

“Hobb”: “What is ‘No Man's Land’?”

“Do you think a dollar goes as far as it used to go?”

“Lewie”: “Any old maid's parlor.”

Farther; nowadays it never gets back.”

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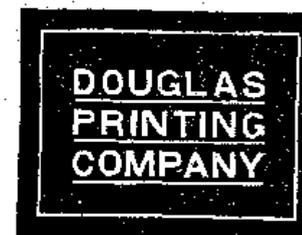
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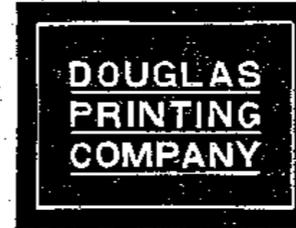
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