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Volume XXXV

FEBRUARY

1921

Number Five

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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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

"Acceptance for mailing special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, Authorized November 15, 1918."

Subscription Rates, One Dollar Per Year Single Copy, Fifteen Cents

Advertising Rates on Application to Business Manager

Address All Communications and Make All Checks Payable to High School Register, Omaha, Nebraska.

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Announcing
The
Military
Ball

Kelpine's
Academy

April 2nd 1921

FOLLMER & METCALFE

Everybody Welcome.

The Best Dance of the Year
Tom Brown's Orchestra



Literary

THE RED DOMINO

By J. M. WATT

"The Red Domino Active Again!" That was what the newspapers blared forth. There is not the least doubt that the news startled and bewildered all New York. But, to a certain few who *knew* what that meant, it must have sent nasty, icy chills up and down the spine, and filled them with that sense of foreboding which, in the minds of the guilty, always accompanies the mysterious, the uncanny, and the intangible.

During the war, the action of that individual—man, woman, saint, or devil, God knew which!—known as the "Red Domino" had suddenly ceased. For three years nothing had been heard of him. A certain few sighed, from pure relief; these were the sinners, and they called him a devil. But the vast majority were inclined to be sorry, and not a few of them even blessed the "Red Domino," for his victims were these vultures who prey upon the weaknesses of their fellowmen for gain of gold. So you see, he was very human after all; and, although his methods were a trifle irregular, he was a sort of guardian angel hovering over his fellowmen, watching that justice be done. So perhaps he was a saint.

You will notice that I have used the masculine pronoun so far, but it should perhaps be feminine. No one seems to know.

And, of course—yes! The red domino? There was merely his "visiting card,"—and those who were favored with a little red oblong with one white spot near the center were in very bad shape indeed—very bad.

So thought one, Halsey Mifflin, who slumped dejectedly in his office chair one late afternoon. Early that very morning, upon reaching his office, his glance had been drawn, one might say magnetically, to a bright red domino reposing on top of his desk. Well, the papers had got word of it, of course! Wherefore the headlines announcing the return of the celebrated "Red Domino?"

Mr. Mifflin knew well the motive for the warning. It was to recall a certain incident: A little over a month ago, a certain fairly well-to-do gentleman (who shall be nameless) was shown into the private office of Mr. Mifflin. The conversation that ensued was as follows:

"Mifflin, I received your communication! What does it mean, sir?"

"Pray be seated," said Mifflin blandly, "and I shall endeavor—"

"—Endeavor nothing!" interposed the other angrily, "What documents—!"

"My dear sir," sneered Mifflin, "you don't seem to appreciate the fact that I am master. Now, see here, you know very well that I have these papers. Furthermore, you know well that their contents, if known to certain persons, or to the newspapers, would expose and ruin you. Further, I have read, dear sir, of your charming daughter's engagement to young Travors. Now, I do not want to spoil a match with a millionaire's son—"

Mifflin's cynical, cunning words had hit the mark.

"That will do!" roared the other, "You—you hound! You are not fit to speak of them."—The voice softened and the tone became tender now—"The relationship between those two young souls is the most beautiful I have ever seen. They—" Here he seemed to become aware of Mifflin again. "Why—"

scornfully, "how can *you* understand the nobility of a thing like that?" Then abruptly, "Well, what's your proposal?"

"That you pay me, as a beginner," said Mifflin coolly, "fifty thousand dollars."

"A — a beginner! Why — why — you —!"

"Exactly. In return for which you receive one of the papers. By the way, there are five; — and the others, — well, I haven't decided the price yet."

"Why — you — you — I — I will not be bullied into giv——!"

"— In which case," Mifflin went on imperturbably, "there may be others who are equally anxious to get them. Take it or leave it."

In short, the check was made out; and the certain well-to-do gentleman was shown out by Mifflin's chief secretary.

Five minutes later Mifflin rang, and the secretary entered. "Bradley, take this check and list it," instructed Mifflin. This the secretary did, and returned a few minutes later with the check to Mifflin's private office.

Mifflin's thoughts were all on this fine stroke of "business" he had accomplished, as he reached into the drawer of his desk for the written combination of the safe. But before going to the safe he woke from his dream of gold and dismissed his secretary, who was collecting the usual batch of signed letters. It would never do, to open his safe in the presence of an employee. Mifflin trusted no one, least of all a recently employed secretary.

So closed the "incident."

By the present look on Mifflin's face, it would have been rather difficult to fathom his thoughts. He did not attempt, for one thing, to solve the mystery as to how the red domino had come to be on his desk that morning. People afflicted by such visitation, did not try, for the reason that no earthly retreat or sanctuary was proof against the "Red Domino."

Finally, Mifflin jumped from his chair in a fit of uncontrollable anger. His long-practiced insolence and blustering self-assurance had not yet deserted him, and his decision now was to scorn the warning, and to proceed with his plan of blackmail.

He at once wrote out a second threatening letter to his victim, sealed it, addressed it with his own hand, and gave it to his secretary with instructions to send it out in the next mail. The act gave him new confidence, and, for the time being at any rate, he proceeded to forget that such a person as the "Red Domino" existed.

Mifflin remained at his office later than usual that evening, and, after locking up, decided to dine before returning home.

When he entered his apartments, a little after nine o'clock, he was in the best of spirits (that is, if the self-satisfied complacency and smugness such as that of a sleek, purring cat can be called "spirit" at all.)

Removing his wraps, he approached the library table in the center of the room with the intention of picking up a book and settling down for an hour or two of reading. Instead, the presence of an object in the middle of the table caused his eyes to pop nearly out of his head, and his breath to come in short, spasmodic gasps.

On the table lay — a red domino!

It is perhaps unnecessary to call attention to the fact that Mifflin did not sleep very well that night.

Next morning, however, when he arrived at his office, his confidence had in some degree returned. He was filled with apprehension, but he stubbornly held to the decision to receive his victim, and go through with the "business" he intended. He looked through his mail, and rang for his secretary. A subordinate answered instead, and explained that Mr. Bradley had not yet arrived. This fact increased Mifflin's irritability; but he had to make the best of it, and so told his under-secretary to attend to the work himself.

Early in the afternoon his victim arrived, looking extremely worried, and without any formality he exclaimed, a trifle wearily, "Mifflin, won't you, can't you — Oh, hang it all, man, I can't talk business with you today. The market's slumped, — and I've lost heavily. I can't —."

"My dear sir," broke in Mifflin, in a bored tone, "I fail to see where that interests me. Your reverses are your own affair. Now, — as to the second document. I think perhaps — seventy thousand —."

"My God, man! Seventy thousand! Why, it'll ruin me. It will reduce me to a pauper! I'll be forced to sell my very home! My daughter —! Mifflin, have a little pity! Don't —!"

"Tut, tut, I have no use for such sentimentality. Here, sir, your check. I will get the paper."

The man looked imploringly at Mifflin, but saw it was useless, and picked up a pen.

Mifflin, with the written combination in his hand, went to the safe and opened it. He pulled out the drawer in which he kept the documents, and — all but fainted from fright. One solitary envelope was all that the drawer contained! Mifflin was thunderstruck. It was incredible, impossible! Why, he had the only combination, and —! His visitor was staring at him, so he finally regained the presence of mind to take up the envelope. It was sealed, and he broke the seal and took out a double sheet of notepaper, and read. With every sentence his amazement increased, and near the end he sank weakly onto a chair, too helpless to register anger, cunning, self-assurance, or anything but a sort of dumb terror.

The letter read:

"My dear Employer: Thank you kindly for showing me where you kept the combination. It made things so much easier! I detest to see a man swindled out of that to which he has a rightful claim, but I detest even more the method of striking at him through an innocent woman. Furthermore, I count among my friends the man to whom the delightful young lady is betrothed.

I flatter myself, dear sir, that I make a fairly good secretary; but I consider myself much more an adept at taking papers from a swindler's safe, — just an hour or two after he has left for the night.

Your instructions (and pray do not overlook them this time) are: (1) to pay back the fifty thousand dollars which you stole from Mr. —! (2) to

(Continued on Page 18)

INSIGNIFICANCE

The vast expanse of bluey ocean
waves,

A tiny dew-drop on the blooming
rose,—

The great extent of prairie free and
wild,

A tiny island 'mid the pulsing ocean,—
Great Phoebus pouring forth his
molten gold,

A star 'mid stars in height's black
company,—

A mound, a mound, the greater and
the small:

The World,—and I.

James Adams, '21.

ADVENTURE

By CARMELITA GORMAN

Adventure is a will-o-the-wisp that lures us far, on divers paths into strange lands, amongst foreign peoples. But only a few of us ever quite experience this, and as we mourn over the prosaicness of existence, may this little story help to make it understood that life is, after all, the really Big Adventure.

Just outside the haughty facade of an elaborate new hotel, in the glare of light which studded it, stood a man in evening dress, drawing on a pair of gloves with the languid indifference of one "born to the purple." To any casual observer he seemed merely one of the many that populates New York, whose sole aspiration is to be released from boredom or to clutter up the Sunday supplement with "At Home" pictures of the Town or Country mansions. However, appearances are deceptive, for the elegant gentleman balancing himself so delicately on the hotel steps was none other than Montgomery Flukes,—six days out of the seven, assistant floorwalker at Tyndale Brothers' Haberdashery Shop on Fifth Avenue.

It is an unfortunate fact that all of us are, in some manner or other, cursed with a Great Idea, which we cannot elude and to which alas! we can never aspire. Montgomery Flukes was no exception, and that which he desired so ardently was Adventure with a capital A and all the fixings. It was to this end that he saved and scrimped so that he might pursue his adored goddess in the haunts of fashion and luxury.

Flukes, gracefully managing a yawn, was about to quit his vantage point when the unexpected happened. From out the shadow cast by the huge pile of stone there issued a surprising figure—even for New York. It was to all appearances an Arab in native garb, the picturesque effect of which was marred somewhat by a generous coating of grime. It neared Flukes and eyed him appraisingly through a slanting pair of black eyes. The hand which Flukes was thrusting investigatively into his pocket, not without some ironic remembrance of the old saw "Robbing Peter to pay Paul," was arrested momentarily by a sudden action on the part of the apparition, which thrust out a grimy claw with a strip of paper upon it, forced it upon the stupefied Flukes and withdrew again into the kindly shadows which swallowed it up. Recovering somewhat from the effect of his surprise, Flukes, not unnaturally, glanced at his message which was brief: "John, come to me immediately! A most unforeseen catastrophe has occurred! Do not fail me! Marie."

Below followed an address.

When our desires, long pursued and often despaired of, are suddenly thrust upon us, the shock rather blunts our enjoyment. So it was at first with Flukes. However, it did not take long for his adventurous spirit to manifest itself, and he very cleverly began to find zest in the thing. "John," he muses, "Well, there are many Johns, and I, at least am not a Johnny! Flukes, old boy, we'll try it." Starting down the steps with a sort of concentrated expression of satisfaction, Flukes motioned an attentive chauffeur, mentally congratulating himself and the world that it was "pay-day" and the remuneration for two weeks—and irksome enough ones—was safe in his breast pocket for possible emergencies.

"Fast!" shouted Flukes gaily into the tube to which the driver responded most nobly.

At first, Flukes' eyes, blurred by this excess of speed, could scarcely discern his surroundings. At length he discovered that the neighborhood into which they were now penetrating had once been the fashionable district of the city, but because of the late up-town migration had deteriorated into quite unvar-

nished and unabashed poverty, and was heralding this fact by numerous *To Let, and Board and Room* signs which decorated the once imposing brown stone fronts.

The taxi surprisingly halted to a sudden standstill, and Flukes found himself deposited in front of one of these old relics of departed glory. A shaky, lopsided lamp-post sent a flickering, hazy light over the blind, staring eyes of the windows with the lowered shades. Over the ornate workmanship of the doors, Flukes, with difficulty located the number of the house and marched without more ado up the steps and pounded heavily upon the portal. Receiving no response, he doubled his efforts. All was silent. Flukes then grasped the knob, which, to his astonishment turned quite easily in his hand. A moment later he was staring into inky darkness. Flukes, after a moment's hesitation, stepped in and took a few paces forward, his hands before him. His progress was then impeded by what he discovered to be a staircase. When he had placed his foot tentatively upon the first step a dull click sounded somewhere behind him. With a start he recognized it as the sound of a closing door—the one he had left open behind him—and there had been no wind! Flukes felt hastily over his person for matches but found none; then, after a momentary debate with himself, continued his plan of exploring the staircase. Eight or nine steps brought him to a level space which he inferred to be a landing. Flukes, pausing, heard a hollow, booming sound startlingly close and, wheeling sharply, he discovered a huge grandfather clock near the wall. In its tarnished old face staring out of the darkness, Flukes saw the hands pointing to a few minutes past one. During his momentary stop, Flukes became aware of a surprising fact. Some one was ascending the staircase which he had just lately quitted. The footsteps sounded stealthy, slow, muffled, drawing nearer, nearer. Moved by an unaccountable impulse of intuition, Flukes stepped hastily behind the clock whose proximity to the wall suggested a safe hiding place. No sooner had he gained this protection than a new occurrence nearly paralysed him. Another unknown was descending another flight of stairs to the landing! A soft swish! swish! was apparent to his alert ear. Then the thing ascending appeared, with a horrible shuffling and scratching; to be a formless mass of vague size with two outstanding phosphorescent eyes glaring through the blackness. It halted for a moment, then, gathering itself together, sped up the second staircase, directly in the path of the oncoming footsteps. Immediately, a shrill cry pierced the tense silence, and Flukes, dashing madly to the foot of the staircase was just in time to receive full on top of him a form in white, which he subconsciously caught and held. After a moment, during which neither Flukes nor his burden appeared to have the power to move, the figure in white began to show some sign of animation. Then for the first time Flukes saw that it was a woman. Out of the misty past a name seemed to float in his mind; then, "Marie!" he murmured,—his groping mind having found the connecting link. No sooner had he uttered this word than the woman clutched him feverishly and cried hysterically—"John! I knew you would come!" Then, turning from him, she hurried toward the wall; a click sounded and the place was flooded with light. Then, nearly blinded by the brightness, Flukes saw before him a beautiful woman in a white negligee staring at him with round, startled eyes; then, without a word, she crumpled to the floor and lay still. Flukes picked her up, and glancing fruitlessly about for something on which to lay her, started up the last flight of steps, the latter part of which remained in darkness. This latter staircase led into a long hallway, on either side of which doors opened. Before one of the doors, above which was a light, Flukes paused a moment with his burden, and then entered. The room was furnished as a sort of a sewing-room, and upon a davenport in one corner, Flukes placed the woman,—who then opened her eyes and essayed speech. "A frightful mistake!" she breathed. "Ahmid got the wrong man."

How sorry—what a stupid mistake —.” But Flukes gently cut her short with the assurance that he had enjoyed the little affair immensely and hoped he might be of any possible help or service to her in view of the catastrophe so mysteriously hinted at. The lady, smiling charmingly by this time, hastened to inform him that it was merely a family affair and “of no consequence, really.” With this explanation Flukes perforce must be satisfied; and the thing upon the stair, turned out to be no other than a pet Angora cat frightened no doubt by the unexpected intrusion of Flukes. In seeking its mistress for safety it had terrified that lady causing her to faint in Fluke’s arms.

About five minutes later, Flukes found himself walking briskly down the street, away from the scene of his late adventure, which even the somewhat lame finale could not subdue to prosaicness. He walked he knew not how far, musing delightedly, before he awoke to the realization of the lateness of the hour and his distance from home. He put his hand in his pocket to ascertain the time. *It came away empty!* Slowly, and with a sinking feeling, Flukes raised his hand once more, this time to his breast pocket where he had placed his two weeks’ salary. *It returned empty!* Suddenly the whole force of the

(Continued on Page 20)

CENTRAL KEEPS TRUST

One evening as I passed along
 ’Mid Farnam’s hurried, jostling throng,
 A man I chanced to meet.
 —With him I’d shared the fears and joys
 Of Central High when we were boys.—
 He stopped me on the street.

He said that he was going, then,
 To see Old Central’s basketmen
 Put up the same old fight
 That *we* showed in those days supreme
 When we were playing on the team.
 And I’d enjoy the sight.

An so we turned toward the gym,
 And all the way I talked with him
 About those days gone by,
 When *we* played straight and clean and true,
 And added pride and glory, too,
 To dear old Central High!

When Central played her game that night,
 She showed the spirit and the fight
 That we had hoped to see.
 She lost—though ’twas not through neglect,
 And won the other team’s respect,
 And cheered my friend and me.

The sportsmanship the team displayed
 Was seen in every move they made.
 The cheers rang to the sky!
 And as we left the place that night,
 Our hearts glowed warm with keen delight
 And Pride in Central High!
 —Evelyn O. Lowe.

THE REGISTER

If you have something to growl about, come to the Senior Assembly and growl to the Seniors.

Feel the *Student Pulse* and put your beat into it! Read this new department and hand in at the *Register* office your feeling about flaws or joys of High School Life.

About the best throw you can make with dice is to throw them away.

With scare heads and scandal type we could please the student body more easily, but this is thoroughly a high school paper, not a yellow journal. We aim to represent the school in fact to be its spokesman.

There are many who only look at the jokes and cartoons. Don’t be that sort of a booster. Read everything, keep posted, contribute some thing yourself; it’s your paper. If something is wrong with the school, try to correct it through the *Register*. The press is a wonderful ally.

WE EXPECT YOU AT THE MILITARY.

Don’t crab a thing; correct it.— Ex.

Who is the RED DOMINO? What happened to Montgomery Flukes? Do you want a few real thrills? Then read the Literary Department this month.

GET A DATE FOR THE MILITARY.

THE STUDENT PULSE

Dear Editor:

Perhaps you can tell me what has become of the dignity of the Seniors, the wisdom of the Juniors, the pride of the Sophomores, and the timidity of the Freshmen. I’ve looked around in vain this semester and can’t see those traits in the characters of our worthy companions.

Why do the students make a wild dash for the lunchroom, knocking every one down in their mad rush? Of course they are hungry, but they only make things worse by trying to win the race to the lunchroom. I have seen a few Seniors trying to be dignified and attempting to walk down the stairs, but it was of no use. When they got half way down, some racers gave them a wild push that launched them at the bottom of the stairs before one could wink an eye. Maybe I’m lazy, but I certainly hate to run down to the lunchroom. It’s too much like work.

Yes, I have another grievance. I overheard several girls remarking that the boys’ line moved much more quickly than the girls’. The reason the girls’ line doesn’t move faster is because they don’t take their proper places at the end of the line, but crowd themselves and all their friends into some other place in the line. Have a heart!

Charlotte Denny, ’21.

Dear Editor:

Let me make an appeal to the students of C. H. S. regarding lost and found articles. The place for locker keys that are found around the building or elsewhere is in the *Book*

Room. Remember that. The place for purses, fountain pens, and so on is in the office. The principal appeal is—when you find anything that is not valuable to you, but which you know is valuable to the one who has lost it, do not neglect to turn it in. Please be considerate of others.

Orietta Burham

Dear Editor:

If there is any place in the United States where there are any better looking girls than those of Central High School, I will buy a through ticket to that place.

Of course it is probably natural to notice faults or shortcomings in the opposite sex more easily than in one's own, but I really believe that there is more room for improvement among the girls than among the boys; so in part answer to Miss B. K.'s kick in the last issue of the *Register* I would like to mention a few things.

The boys who wear jersey sweaters and corduroy pants at least do not waste time and money on powder and rouge. The so called fad of wearing

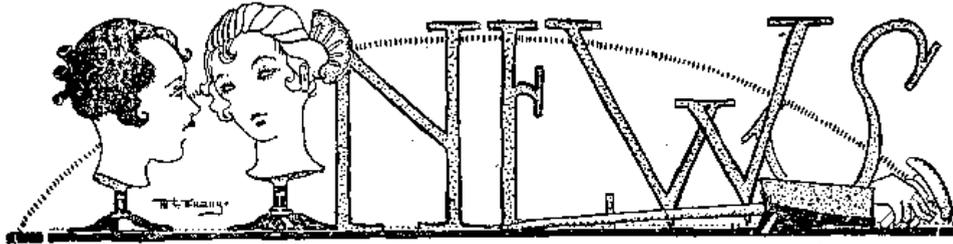
jerseys, corduroy trousers, and jazz-bo ties is not as I see it, half so bad as are some of the dresses that some girls wear, which if worn as swimming suits at a bathing beach would be exceedingly shocking and immodest. A bathing suit, in the original sense of the word, looks better fulfilling its own manifest destiny than it does being worn on the street.

The wearing of corduroy is not so much a fad as it is an economy in clothing; and it is surprising that a lady, one of the best judges of cloth, would not know that corduroy wears like iron. The boys are using good sense.

Well, when girls quit trying to disguise themselves as bright colored walking sign boards, why then, Father Adam, can the boys be glad that you did not die with all the ribs you had when you first saw Eden.

—Gould Brown.

THE ONLY REAL DANCE OF THE YEAR—THE MILITARY.



FACULTY

Miss Nona Bridge left the school at the beginning of this term to teach Latin in a Los Angeles high school. Her sister, Miss Laura Bridge, went from here to California a year ago.

It is impossible to express by words the loss sustained by the Central High School in the departure of Miss Bridge. As a teacher of Latin Miss Bridge has a keen, deep appreciation of the subject and her masterful manner of presenting both the beauties and difficulties of that language is such that her pupils grasp and retain the essential. If it is true, as Emerson says, that an institution is often

measured by the shadow of one man, we could ask for nothing better for our school than that it measure up to the shadow and example of Miss Bridge.

The school is also feeling the loss of Miss Vinda Hudson of the English department who was the faculty censor of the *Register*. Miss Hudson has been with us but one year. We regret not being able to have her for a much longer time as her efficient work has been very much appreciated. She will be in Lincoln for a time.

Miss Carlson and Miss Mueller have been added to the English

department and Miss Phillips to the History department.

Mrs. Nelson has been substituting in mathematics until Miss Trei, the new mathematics teacher, arrived.

Mrs. Eales and Mrs. Graham, former gymnasium teachers, visited the school during the first week of the term.

We are very glad to welcome back Miss Hilliard, who has been out since the Christmas vacation.

Miss Bangess, who taught English only two hours last term, now has full work.

PARENT-TEACHER CLUB

A Parent-Teacher meeting was held last Tuesday, February 8, at Central High School to discuss our "D's" and other matters of interest pertaining to ourselves. A permanent organization was formed with Judge Howard Kennedy as chairman and Mrs. R. E. Winkleman as secretary.

Judge Kennedy, Miss Towne, E. E. McMillan, and Principal Masters were among the chief speakers.

After the meeting an informal reception was held so that mothers and dads might have a chance to chat with the teachers.

A second meeting of the Parent-Teachers Association was held February 22. The main speakers of the evening were Commissioner Ure, Doctor Irving Cutter, and Miss Taylor.

C. G. '21.

YES, CRAWFORD, DEAR, I'LL BE AT THE MILITARY.

TWELVE O'CLOCK LUNCHEON

On February tenth, our school was honored by a visit from the Board of Education. The members were entertained at luncheon, which occasion was celebrated by having music for first lunch hour. The entire orchestra, conducted by Professor Cox, Merle Simpson and Victor Eisler, moved into the cafeteria. We would like to have the orchestra play every day, even if we were crowded.

IN THE LIME LIGHT OF O. H. S.

Frank Bunnell—Athletic Manager and Captain of Company D.

Ray Clements—Captain of basketball team.

Dorothy Gordon—Secretary of Senior Class.

Frank Freeman—President of W. D. S., and Business Manager of *Register*.

THE SENIOR MEETINGS

The Seniors are coming up in the world! Every Wednesday from 8:30 till the beginning of first hour they have a meeting. At the first one, Mr. Beveridge spoke. The meeting was held in 215. The committee had rather a hard time rounding up the gang for the first meeting, but ever after, every Senior was in his place at 8:30.

Sh-h! It's whispered that there's going to be some jazz music.

Hurry up, you people who have been in school four or five years and have about one credit! Join the crowd of people who study and get enough credits so that you can be a Senior next year! It's lots of fun!

C. D. '21.

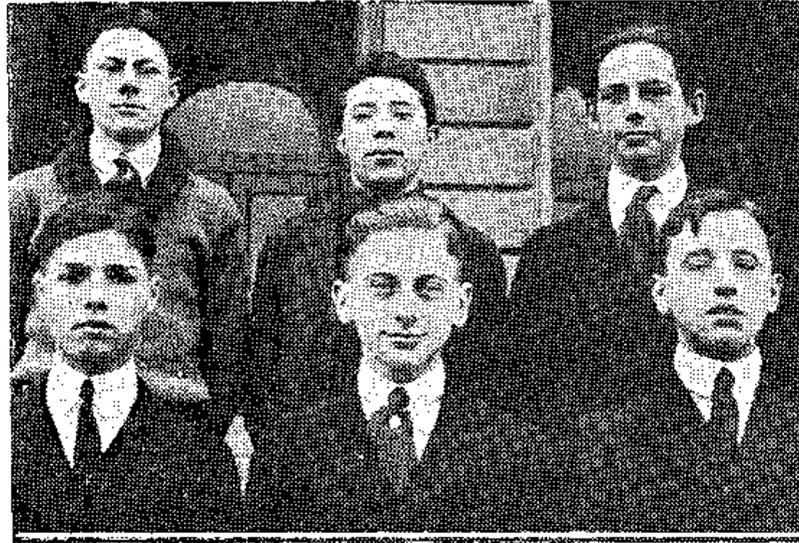
THERE'S A REASON—MILITARY.

MASS MEETINGS

How about the Mass Meetings? Been pretty fine, haven't they? At the last mass meeting, George B. as usual did his little bit by introducing a very interesting speaker, Mr. Ed. Burdick. Mr. Burdick gave his idea as to what a real basketball game should be like. You know, lots of fight and a large student body to back the game.

Crawford Falmer uttered a few words on "response to the call of the basketball players."

WE HONOR THEM



Six of the eight honor pupils at Central High School, all of whom received five A's—
 Front row, left to right: Dominick Manoll, Milton Abrams, Jack Ringwalt.
 Back row, left to right: Hale Baldwin, Sam Samuelson, Elmo Adams.



This is Mildred Cohn, sole girl among the eight Central High students who made five A's in the semester just completed.

- 4 1/2 A'S
- Girls—
 Nelson, Pauline
 Perley, Anne
 Reader, Alice
 Reeves, Gladys
 Reynolds, Gladys
 Segal, Rebecca
 Segal, Rose
 Smith, Joy
- Boys—
 Albert, Edward
 Wood, Edmund
- 4 A'S
- Girls—
 Sholes, Margaret Lew
 Stout, Jeanette
 Palmage, Doris
 Weir, Edith
- Boys—
 Albach, Walter
 Benbow, Spencer
 Egbert, Dan
 Gross, David
 Hanicke, Aldrich
 Hill, Renwick
 Holdrege, Charles
 Rice, Durrant
 Waterman, John
 Weiss, Israel
- 3 1/2 A'S
- Girls—
 Reichenberg, Beatrice
 Reynolds, Beth
 Ritcher, Katherine
 Rosenblatt, Ann
 Wilinsky, Ruth
- Boys—
 Abbott, Kenneth M.
 Selheimer, Charles

- 3 A'S
- Girls—
 Thomas, Mozelle
 Thomsen, Fern
 Westerfield, Elizabeth
 Williams, Olive
 Ure, Frances
- Boys—
 Arey, Hawthorne
 Brinksworth, Leslie
 Bruce, Philip
 Edwards, Paul
 Forgy, William
 Jamison, Byron
 Koch, Winfield
 Lampmann, William
 Likert, Rensis
 Linder, Elmore
 Lloyd, Dale
 Lof, Martin
 Martis, Damon
 Othmer, Donald
 Rosenthal, Edward
 Sietkin, Robert
 McBride, Francis
 Murphy, Francis
 Slutzky, Ben
 Story, Herbert
 Vest, Maurice
 Vette, Fred
 Walker, Dick
 Elster, Richard

Marion Bryant, Katherine's friend,
 Mina Sass
 Patty, Miss Rebecca's maid
 Helen Muir

PANTOMINE

Bluebeard..... Lowell Miller
 Fatima..... Ruth Quinlan
 Mother of Fatima... Beatrice Sandahl
 Ann, sister of Fatima
 Elizabeth Adams
 Her two brothers... Edward Manger
 Harry Ravitz
 Bluebeard's servant... Ludwig Endres
 Tina Altschuler
 Violet Schneider
 Bluebeard's wives { Virginia Morcomb
 Evelyn Vogel

EVENTUALLY, WHY NOT
 APRIL 2?

OUR ORCHESTRA

The musical program given by our Orchestra during the first lunch period the other day when the School Board visited our renowned high school was appreciated by one and all, from the Chairman of the Board to the freshest freshies who were attempting to satisfy the pangs of hunger in the cafeteria.

This was one of the semi-annual performances of this organization as a whole. The other is in June at the graduation exercises. The Orchestra seldom performs before the public or the school in its full membership because of limited seating space.

Howard Werner, the president of the orchestra, tells us that, when he entered the Orchestra four years ago, there were a few over twenty-five members of this organization which has grown to about sixty-three members at the present time.

Under the skillful tutorship of Mr. Cox, the senior members of the orchestra are learning the fundamental and finer points of direction.

The next time we are entertained by an orchestra chosen from this High School orchestra at a play let us remember the hard work that they are doing in order to furnish us with their fine music. Speak a good word to and for them, for it helps.

H. W.

SENIOR FESTIVITIES

The mid-term class held their graduating festivities the latter part of January. The banquet was held Tuesday evening, January 25, at the Blackstone in the Oriental Room. Mr. and Mrs. Masters, Mr. and Mrs. Beveridge, Mr. and Mrs. McMillan, Miss Towne, Miss Burns, and Miss L. Williams were all present and gave short talks. The senior play, *Mr. Bob*, and the pantomine, *Bluebeard*, were given on Thursday night, January 27. They were both very good and showed the results of splendid coaching. The seniors received their sheepskins in the high school auditorium on Friday evening, January 28. The following is the cast for the play and for the pantomine.

- Mr. BOB
- Philip Rayson..... Ronald Gladstone
 Benson and Robert Brown, Clerk
 of Benson..... Frank Fenner
 Jenkins, Miss Rebecca's butler
 Leon Connell
 Rebecca Luke, a maiden lady
 Helen Forslund
 Katherine Rogers, her niece
 Lydia Flesher

The E. D. Patton Music Co.

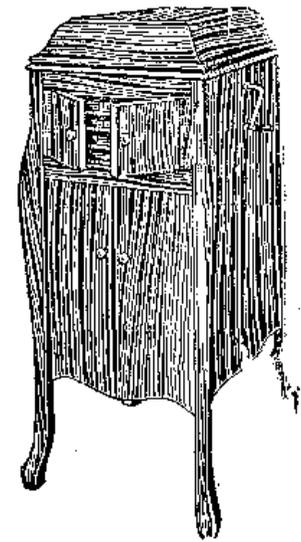
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 Central Hi Students



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 "Rose"
 "Lone Bird"
 "Yokohama Lullaby"
 "Palesteena"
 "Loveless Love"

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An Honored Visitor

The one outstanding feature of the girls' mass meeting held in the auditorium February 4 was the talk given by Marislab Marek of Czecko-Slavackia. This young man is the foster son of President Masaryk of the new Czecko-Slavackion Republic. Marislab was the youngest soldier regularly enlisted in any army during the world war. He was but ten years and six months of age when he entered into the struggle. He was in active service for five years, serving as reservist for a year and a half. This unusual young chap had just passed his eighteenth birthday when he spoke to us. He came to the United States three months ago and has been lecturing ever since. Marislab is a real linguist; he speaks Russian, Polish, Lattish, Esphian, Czecko-Slavachian, Uranian and Japanese, and he is rapidly learning English.

He wears five decorations, one of which was conferred upon him by the Czar of Russia.

Marislab intends to enter the University of Nebraska next fall. It is his intention to return, eventually, to Czecko-Slavackia and engage in reconstruction work.

Eleanor Hamilton led the cheering at the meeting which was conducted in a very creditable fashion by Kathryn Smith.

DRAMATICS

The History Department is sponsoring a student production which the school can look forward to with great expectations. It will be produced in pageant form and will have as its theme *Pilgrim Experiences*. The time has not been definitely set, but it is hoped that it will be staged about March 25th.

The pageant will consist of a prologue, episodes, and an epilogue. The literary plan has already been formed by J. M. Watt. These leaders hope to enlist practically all of the American History students in its production. This is a student production written and produced by students. Such activities should be entered up and be backed by every loyal student of Central High School.

CHESS

Thirty candidates competed for the school chess team on February 22, at the Y. M. C. A. Twelve were chosen to represent Central. The chess team is the answer to a challenge extended by Council Bluffs High School to Omaha. Commerce High also has a chess team.

It may be interesting to note that these will be the first inter-scholastic chess matches ever held in the United States.

Howard Ohman, the chess champion of Nebraska and Iowa, is the coach of the team.

REAL MUSIC! WHERE? MILITARY!

EXCHANGES

The Manual Cubs High School of Los Angeles, California, has organized a scholarship society known as Mimerian. Its members are those hard working pupils who have made "A" in each of their four subjects. Although it is difficult to attain membership, there are enough members in the society to give a party each term. The purpose of this organization is to promote an interest in scholarship and to provide sociability for its members.

The question of uniform dress for girls insists on keeping its head above the waters of the sea of Complacency and Personal Liberty that threatens the feminine elements of the Polytechnic High School, Long Beach, California. There are many arguments about this subject both pro and con. "It seems," says the *High Life*, "that the color and style of one's dress is not the whole of individuality anyway. Abe Lincoln's individuality was most certainly not best expressed by the cut of his vest."

SEE HER AT THE MILITARY BALL.

Hats for sale. No, guess again. They are only paper. The girls fashioned these hats out of heavy wrapping paper, by cutting, pinning, bending, and taking a count of the trips to the mirror. The hats made during the semester have not all been paper hats, for the young milliners have produced very nifty and inexpensive hats and have made Mr. H. C. L. look rather small. "All work and no play" is a good motto for Miss Verda Williams' sewing classes.

B. Z.



DEBATE

The first championship debate of the season was held in the auditorium February 15th. Sound logic and marked eloquence were not lacking on either side. The question at issue was the state question, "Resolved: That the Literacy Test for Restricting Immigration Should Be Repealed."

The affirmative was upheld by Central and the negative by South High. Those representing Central were Karl Kharas, Eleanor Hamilton, and Morris Block. South High was represented by Fred Backman, Cecilia Prazan and Leo Fried.

Our team displayed to good advantage their training at the hands of our coach, Mr. Chatelain. Eleanor Hamilton's force won the commendation of all. Music was furnished by the Glee Clubs. E. M.

LININGER TRAVEL CLUB

The members of the Lininger Travel Club met at a Valentine party, Friday, February 11. An interesting program was given.

At our meeting on February 25, Miss O'Sullivan told us of her experiences while in service in France.

A. H.

Miss G. Clark has been out of school for several weeks because of the illness of her mother. Mrs. Clark is now rapidly improving.

VIOLINIST IMITATES BIRDS

Roy Young, a well-known violinist, afforded us a rare treat Friday afternoon, February 11. Mr. Young is

known as the world's greatest descriptive violinist.

His audience deeply appreciated his presentation of "Humoresque." Mr. Young states his left thumb nail is worth thousands of dollars to him; it being his only means of producing the bird sounds.

An unusual surprise of the afternoon was the introduction of Roy Young, Jr. Although Master Roy is about seven, he plays with amazing skill.

Mr. Young and his son are on their way to the Pacific Coast.

BRIGGS ENTERTAINS SENIORS

On the afternoon of February 15th, the Seniors went to the auditorium there to find a surprise awaiting them in the person of Mr. Briggs, the famous cartoonist.

When Mr. Briggs was a boy in school he did not like to study. He used to draw pictures, and cartoons for his teacher. He admitted knowing nothing about mathematics and he doubts whether anyone ever did.

He got his start with a newspaper in Lincoln, Nebraska, going from there to St. Louis.

Now Mr. Briggs is one of the greatest cartoonists in the world. He drew for his audience "When a Feller Needs a Friend," and "Oh Skinnay." As the head and arms of the boy in the latter appeared a murmur of "Oh Skinnay," could be heard thru the audience. Mr. Briggs' talk and sketches were greatly appreciated by both the students and the faculty members.

G. W. J.

THE RED DOMINO

(Continued from Page 5)

mention no word of the affair to anyone, for I have certain evidence, which, if used, would make it rather awkward for your 'respectable' person; and, lastly, to destroy this note as soon as you have read it.

I had, sir, the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

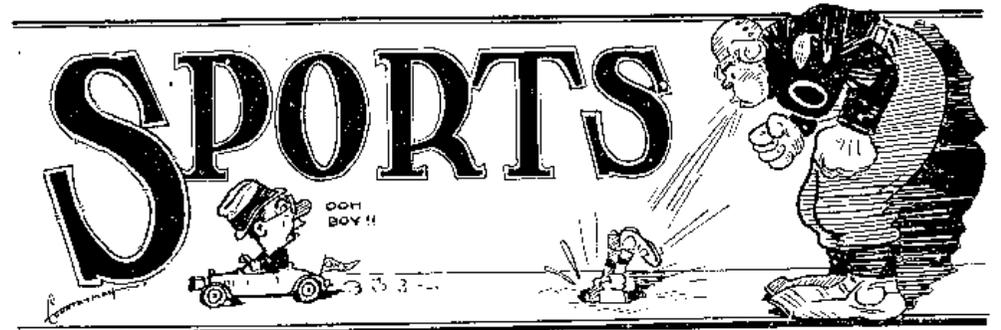
R. D. BRADLEY.

P. S.—And I *have* the honor to be —."

Here the sheet ended, and Miffin, as if obeying an unspoken command, turned over the page.

On the inside was engraved—a red domino!

[The End]



CENTRAL 22, FREMONT 15

Coach Mulligan's indoor floor artists made their first trip January 26, when they journeyed to Fremont and came home with another victory in the form of a 22 to 15 score over Fremont High.

The Fremont quintet was fast, and played a good defensive game, but the Omaha athletes dazzled them with streaks of brilliant passing and shooting. The Centralites started the scoring, and kept the lead throughout the game. The first half ended 11 to 8 in Omaha's favor.

The Central team had become accustomed to the new floor by the second period, and played a much better game. Swenson and Corenman were mostly responsible for Central's victory, each chalking up 8 points. Good played a stellar game at guard, and the floor work of Captain Clement was commendable. Beerkle played his first game for the school, and performed nicely. Wisdom, Dahl, and Johnson played the best games for Fremont.

CENTRAL 33, COUNCIL BLUFFS 18

Revenge is sweet! So say the Central basketball men. They made up for their defeat at the hands of Council Bluffs at the beginning of the season, by stepping across the river January 27, and severely trimming the Iowa warriors 33 to 18.

The Purple and White quintet played rings around the Council Bluffs lads, and tallied 10 points before the home boys registered their first one. The team was going so good that Mulligan sent in his whole second team during the second half to hold the enemy.

The score for the first period was 20 to 8. Captain Clement led in the scoring with 13 counters. Corenman registered 10 and Swenson tallied 8. The whole team played good ball, and worked well on the small floor. Diwocky and Hanthorne were the mainstays for the losers.

CENTRAL 20, ST. JOSEPH 32

The Central High cage quintet played their third successive game when, on January 28, they took the train for St. Joseph to mix with the St. Joe high school basketball team. The Omaha boys came home with a 32 to 20 defeat tacked to their record.

The St. Joseph high school aggregate showed their hospitality by royally entertaining the Omaha visitors. Their hospitality was greatly appreciated by the Omaha team.

CENTRAL 31, SIOUX CITY 18

The Central High School basketball quintet met the Sioux City team on the local "Y" floor, January 22, and defeated the Indians 31 to 18. The game was fast, and Mulligan's basket tossers displayed a good brand of basketball.

The first half ended with the Omaha lads on the long end of a 14 to 6 score. They came back stronger in the second period, and scored 17 counters to their opponent's 12.

"Sid" Corenman, the fast running guard of the Central aggregation, led in the scoring with 12 points. Swenson and Keyt each chalked up 6, and Clement and Bunnell completed the scoring with 5 and 2 points respectively. Taylor and Everett starred for the Sioux tossers.

Literary Number

CENTRAL 26, FORT DOEGE 13

Central's basketball team hit Fort Dodge, February 12, and added another victory to its long list by trouncing Fort Dodge High 26 to 13. A strong rally in the second half was responsible for the victory.

The first half ended 10 to 10. In the second stanza the Omahans scored 16 points to the home team's 3. Good was responsible for the small score made by Fort Dodge in the second half. Clement and Corenman played stellar games for Omaha.

CENTRAL 11, LINCOLN 13

Central's ancient rivals, Lincoln High, invaded the Purple and White camp February 4, and defeated Coach Mulligan's quintet 13 to 11. The game was played in the afternoon, and was very slow. Both teams played poorly.

The first half ended 9 to 9. In the second half, each team was able to get only one field goal, and the game was won by two free tosses by Captain Olds. Beerkle and Corenman played the best games for the home team, while Olds and McPherson starred for the Lincolnites.

CENTRAL 24, SIOUX CITY 14

The Central High basket tossers journeyed to Sioux City February 11, and again defeated the High School of that city 24 to 14. The Omaha team played a good brand of ball.

Mulligan's quintet started the game with a rush when Clement and Corenman each caged a basket in the first minute of play. After that the Indian defense tightened. Clement, Bunnell, and Corenman all played a good floor game for the Omahans. The guarding of Good was of the spectacular variety.

CENTRAL 20, CREIGHTON 12

The Central basketballers displayed a great brand of basketball February 8 when they defeated the Creighton High quintet at their gym 20 to 12. The first half was hard fought, and ended 7 to 6 for the Centralites. In the second half the Purple and White came back strong, and won the game by staging a terrific rally at the beginning of the period. Corenman caged three baskets in quick succession and Berkle added another one, making four in about five minutes. Smith and Shanahan were the mainstays for the Catholics.

CENTRAL 24, SOUTH 19

The Central High basketball quintet met the South High five for the second time this year on their own floor, February 5, and again defeated the Packers, this time 24 to 19. Central kept the lead throughout the game.

The first half ended 14 to 6 for Central. The South quintet came back strong in the second half, and scored 13 points to Central's 10. Clement was the main point-getter for the Purple and White, scoring 10 counters. Beerkle and Corenman each contributed 4, while Keyt, Good, and Bunnell each donated 2. Graham and Bernard starred for South.

CENTRAL 34, BENSON 20

It was at Benson High's expense that Central registered its fifth straight victory, February 19 at the local "Y." Benson wanted a game, and they were accepted, and in a manner that was disastrous to them. They were defeated 34 to 20. Every Central man played a good game.

ADVENTURE

(Continued from Page 8)

thing descended upon him. The clever plot to get him there, the robbery by the woman while he carried her up the darkened stairs!

Flukes may have been a man obsessed by a Great Idea; he may have been a brainless fool for running into the thing willingly; he may have been merely a haberdasher's auxiliary; but underneath it all he was a *Good Sport*, and that perhaps "covers a multitude of sins"—this latent trait was that which sent Montgomery Flukes whistling, along the long blocks that led eventually, to home.

**CADETS GIVEN PROMOTIONS**

Several promotions have been made in the cadet regiment. The advancements were given out by Military Department and are to take effect immediately:

The cadets promoted are:

From private Company C to sergeant Company C—James Bradley.
From private Company D to sergeant Company D—Albert Wolf.
From private Company F to sergeant Company A—Lyle Holden.
From corporal Company F to sergeant Company F—John Townsend.
From corporal Company F to sergeant Company F—Paul Goldstein.
From private Company F to sergeant Company F—Ben Ravitz.
From corporal Company B to sergeant Company B—Clark Beymer.
From corporal Company B to sergeant Company E—Edward Gordon.
From private Company A to corporal Company A—Donald Munroe.
From private Company A to corporal Company A—Jud Crocker.
From private company D to corporal Company A—Donald Rood.
From private Company A to corporal Company A—Henry Fonda.
From private Company F to corporal Company F—William Cejnar.

From private Company F to corporal Company F—Mark Fair.

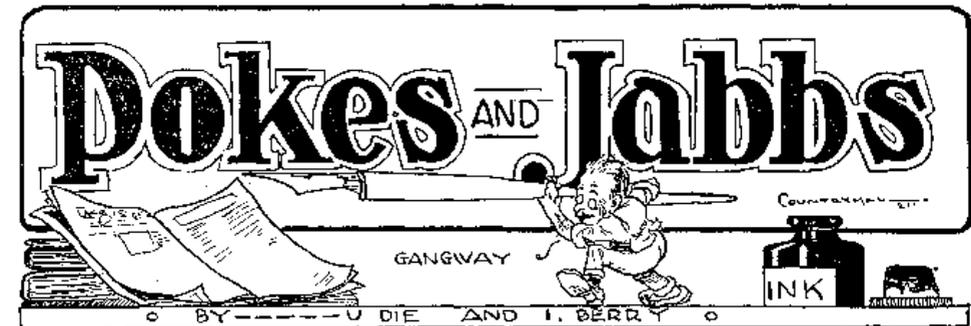
On February 17, 1921, the Military Department announced the following promotions:

1. From 2nd Lieut. Co. C to 1st Lieut. and Adj. 1st Bn. Duff Saddler.
2. From Sergt. Co. D to 1st Lieut. and Adj. 2nd Bn. Eric Olsen.
3. From Sergt. Co. C. to 2nd Lieut. Co. C. Alan Wolcott.
4. From Sergt. Co. A to 1st Sergt. Co. C. Lyle Hoerner.
5. From Junior Color Sergt. to Supply Sergt. Co. C. Edson Smith.
6. From Sergt. Major 1st Bn. to 2nd Lieut. Co. D. Lewis Meyers.
7. From Corpl. Co. D to Sergt. Co. D. Herbert Fischer.
8. From Private Band to Corpl. Band, Edward Ballantine.

The following transfers are here announced:

1. From 1st Sergt. Co. C to Sergt. Major 1st Bn., Frank Maritsis.
2. From Sergt. Co. D to Private Band, Harry Robinson.

THE C. O. C. WILL MARCH AT THE MILITARY.



1st Fresh—"Gee, I wished I worked on the *Register*. I just heard that the Executive Committee gives the staff a feed each month."

2nd Ditto—"Where'd you get that information?"

First—"I overheard one Soph say to another that the board gave the staff a big roast last month."

KELPINE, APRIL 2.



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You've all heard of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," especially, "Cannon to the right of them; cannon to the left of them," etc. Well, one day last week a young fellow was rather late in going to class. He wanted to run but something stopped him before he began. It was three professors, Mr. Schmidt, Mr. Gulgard, and Dr. Senter, near their respective rooms. Our young hero grasped the situation and eloquently cried, "Professors in front of me, professors in back of me, professors

to the side of me, professors all around me, — I cannot run."—H. G. C.

Danny—"Did you hear about the two co-eds who took a tramp through the Catskills last summer?"

Fanny—"No, what about it?"

Danny—"Nothing, only I'd like to have been the tramp."—Ex.

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Fair One—"I see here that a man married a woman for money. You wouldn't marry me for money, would you?"

Square One—"Why, no, I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world."

Eldon Holmquist—"I know a man who called his pig 'Ink.'"

Eloise S.—"Why."

Holmquist—"Because it kept running out of the pen."

Teacher—"When was the Grand Revolution of England?"

Pupil—"I don't remember."

Teacher—"Heavens, haven't you any dates in your head at all?"

Pupil—"Yes, I have one for the Military Ball!"

"Gin" P.—"Where is the lingerie?"

Clerk—"Do you mean the rest room?"

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Literally True

Brown—"That new cook of yours makes everything out of the cook book."

Derby—"Then that must have been one of the covers I tasted in the pie last night."—Ex.

Sympathy

"Ned," said his mother, "I must insist that you stop shooting craps—those poor little things have just as much right to live as you have."—Ex.

Don't forget after school there's
a place for "U" in the

SUN

Classy Pictures for All
Classes

George Washington—"Yo' say yo' calls yo' cow United States. Why fo'?"

Andrew Jackson—" 'Cause she's done gone dry."—Ex.

It's Hard to Keep a Good Woman Down

"What makes you think he is devoted to his young wife?"

"They went to Europe on their honeymoon and on the way over she was the only thing he wouldn't give up."—Ex.

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Frances Wiles—"My mother's making an awful fuss because Georgie swallowed a collar button."

Clark Beemer—"Oh, that's all right. I've an extra one I'll lend him."—Ex.

Tinkle, tinkle little knights,
Tin encrusted parasites.
How I wonder what you'd do
If those things rusted onto you.
—Ex.

Naturally
Boarder—"This coffee has the Quality of Mercy."

Landlady—"Oh, do you think so? Why?"
Boarder—"It is not strained."—Ex.

It's Still Life
Visitor at jail—"So you say you are an artist?"
Hard Luck Harry—"Not exactly, mum, but I've done a bit of pen work."—Ex.

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Examination Papers**

John Bell led the Twelve Tribes of Israel.

Michael Angelo painted the Disfiguration.

The Germans brought a confusion of new blood to the Romans.

Louise fifteenth established style.

The difference between the Greek and Roman Catholic church was that although both believed in infant baptism, the Romans emerged, but the Greeks didn't.

Recent News Head—"Woman Carpenter Drives Nail Like Lightning."

The meaning probably is, she never hits twice in the same place.—Ex.

Something Miss Somers and Miss O'Sullivan rarely hear during first hour:

"No. The street car is not to be blamed, nor the Ford, nor the alarm clock. It was all on account of my carelessness and negligence. Give me an eighth hour so that I'll know better next time."

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"Sit down in front!"
Bookkeeper—"I can't!"

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Selheimer—"Too bad there aren't
eight days in the week!"
Morris—"How come?"
Selheimer "There'd be one more
day to sleep."

"I can't play billiards in the winter
time at all."

"Why not?"

"Every time I get to knocking those
three balls around it reminds me of
my overcoat."—Ex.

Ruth Allen—"Did your watch stop
when you dropped it on the floor last
night?"

DeLyle Youngman—"Sure. Did
you think it would go through?"—Ex.

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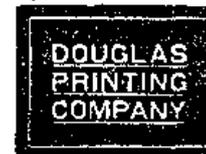
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