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MISS JESSIE M. TOWNE

Dedication

To our dean, who through her high ideals, charming personality, and unfailing interest in our school-girl problems has made for herself a place all her own, in the heart of every girl at the Central High School.



THE REGISTER

Editorial Staff, Girls' Number, 1921

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The Girls Register Staff



Literary

The Runaway

By BARBARA CHRISTY

Billy had made up his mind to run away from home. He had just been chastised by his father in the proverbial wood-shed, and this had only added fuel to his already smoldering wrath. The day before, he had been sent to bed in the middle of the afternoon, because he had deceived his mother. This afternoon he had been left to meditate upon his sins while his family attended a matinee.

He was seated on the front steps. At the side of the white frame house in the beautiful old fashioned garden, the confiding forget-me-nots seemed to whisper, "Don't do it. Don't do it." Billy turned a deaf ear to their pleadings and went into the comfortable, cozy living-room. Billy's troubled spirits overflowed afresh, "Ten years old, and I have to stay in a house where everybody picks on me and mauls me around because I'm the youngest!"

Billy's sister Mary, eleven years old, had gone with her parents. When Billy had objected, his mother had told him that she could trust Mary to behave. Whereupon Mary had turned a patronizing face upon Billy, and had bade him goodbye, condescendingly. And nobody knows how condescending a good little girl of eleven can be to a bad little boy of ten. This added insult of Billy's family still rankled and prickled worse, even, than the razor strap had.

Billy took his abused self upstairs where he packed a few clothes. On the threshold of the room, he stood a moment uncertainly; then he ran downstairs. He banged the door behind him. He heard it lock itself, and thought triumphantly that he could not get back now if he wanted to. As he looked back at the yard, a queer little feeling in his stomach caused him to swallow hard and hasten on. He continued walking rapidly till he came to a car line. Reaching into his pocket, he found one car check. Suddenly Billy stopped, dismayed. He had no money! He had forgotten that his father was not with him. But he knew that he could not go back now; so he boarded the next car.

The car conveyed him to the other end of the city, a land unknown to Billy. Queer people, dressed in all kinds of outlandish clothes, were talking queer jargon. Billy saw an old woman in a bright-colored dress gazing hard at him. He stirred uneasily and hurried on. He halted in front of a butcher shop; then he stared in frenzied fear, his eyes almost popping out of his head. A man with a long, curved knife in his hand was moving toward Billy. Wild thoughts of those terrible things called bogies, who took children away from their homes when they were bad, flashed through Billy's brain. Not stopping to think that the man might be going to cut the meat outside of the shop, Billy blindly rushed across the street and ran pantingly on till he came to a side street. He turned in here to catch his breath, which came in short, panting gasps.

How Billy wished he were home! He longed to feel his mother's comforting arms about him, and to hear her soothing voice. But Billy reminded himself that he was running away from home because he had been unjustly



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treated. He tried to remind himself also of the scene in the wood-shed. All he could think of, though, was his father's brusque, kind, voice, asking him if he wanted to go to the zoo. Too late Billy remembered how kind and loving his parents were, when he was good.

Billy decided that he would go home if he could find the way. He could not ride for he had no money, and he could not ask a stranger for money because his mother had often told him that he should never accept any money under any circumstances. Billy wished to obey his mother in every possible way, now, when it was too late. He was hopelessly lost, however. In the gathering dusk nobody noticed him and he wandered on, a badly frightened, chastened, weary little soul of ten.

Finally, Billy's legs refused to hold him any longer. He was now on a brightly lighted thoroughfare in the poorer section of the town. Nobody noticed Billy for little boys hanging around the streets were very common there. Billy decided that he would ask somebody to show him the way home. Screwing up his courage he moved towards a man near by.

"Could you tell me — ?" he piped in a timid little voice.

But he got no further, for the man only glared at him and moved on. Discouraged, Billy dragged his feet towards a fat woman near by. Again he started, "Could you tell — ?"

But the woman snapped, "Get out of my way brat!"

And poor Billy thus rebuffed, timidly moved towards the curbstone, where he sat down and tried to imagine what on earth had made him run away from home.

"Good evening, sonny," said a white haired gentleman, passing near Billy.

As Billy did not reply he asked solicitously, "Is there anything wrong? Can I help you?"

Billy, wrapped in gloom, said wearily, "I don't know. I've run away from home and I can't find my way back." His chin quivered ominously.

"What is your name, little boy? Perhaps I can find your home for you."

Billy jumped up joyfully. "Oh, do you think you could? My name is Billy Burton, and I live on Twenty-seventh and Howard. Come, hurry, please." He grasped the old gentleman's hand as they boarded a street car. Billy chatted gaily on the way home. He told his companion how happy his family would be to see him. He did not stop to think of the trouble he might have caused by running away. Billy's drooping spirits had held sway so long, that now his bright spirits soared accordingly.

Finally, they arrived at their destination. Billy danced along the short block to their home, in joyful anticipation of his parents' surprise upon seeing him.

He did not stop to think that he had done wrong and might be punished accordingly. After they had rung the bell, the door opened almost immediately, and Mrs. Burton appeared.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she inquired politely.

Billy, thinking she had not seen him jumped forward and exclaimed excitedly, "It's me, mother; it's me!"

"Oh, and who are you?" asked Mrs. Burton.

"Why, why, I'm your little boy," stammered Billy.



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"Oh, you are? I did have a little boy that I told to stay home this afternoon, but he disobeyed me; so now I have no son."

"Mother, don't you know me? I started to run away, but I came back. Please, please forgive me, mother. I'll always be good and do everything you tell me to," Billy cried hysterically.

Reaching for the now sobbing Billy, his mother took him into the house. The kind, old gentleman received many fervent thanks from Billy's parents. Billy received no further punishment, for even Mary thought he had received his lesson. He tried to be very good, and succeeded to a certain extent. Perhaps the fact that Christmas was quite near helped him not a little.

Fidgets

By DOROTHY STEINBAUGH

Whenever I see an insect caught in some trap, jumping and flying, trying its best to escape, I always think of a small boy bravely trying to absorb the contents of an hour's soliloquy on "Noah in the ark" or "Jonah and the whale."

Perhaps you have seen a poor little fly, stickily caught on a piece of gummy fly-paper, vainly trying to loose itself. I can appreciate the situation. I have several times stepped into that soft, rubbery substance called gum. Try as I might, it was almost impossible to extricate myself wholly from it. From my own feelings about this situation, I can gather something of the thoughts of the fly.

Such must be the feelings of the small boy who is compelled to remain for the Sunday morning service.

At the beginning of the service, he is wide awake and ready for any move made by the congregation or by the minister. When the congregation reads responsively, the child eagerly tries to read, and, losing his place, he suddenly hears himself in a weak and piping voice, reading a duet with the preacher. Silenced for a while, he takes a song book and is ready for the next song, which the leader presently announces. When the congregation rises to sing, he confidently climbs into a seat and sings with many words and little music. Abashed at the smiles of his neighbors, he hides his face in his mother's lap and is much relieved when it is time to sit.

Towards the middle of the sermon, he notices a worthy layman just beginning to nod. The child watches him in fascinated silence until the man's chin suddenly bumps his ample chest. When the man awakes with a start, his bewildered look brings a delighted giggle from the boy, who turns sidewise to get a better view. When reproached by a stern parental whisper, he turns round, dragging his feet heavily across the seat. He places his foot on the lower edge of the seat in front, and when his foot slips and he takes an excited tumble, he is much amused to find his foot in the hat of the occupant of the forward seat.

At last, worn out with well doing, he is just settling down to catch up on his morning's sleep when the minister announces the last song. Joyfully he rises and noisily drops a book, three pennies, and a pencil, which his mother had given him for amusement. When the benediction is pronounced and he at last reaches the door, he gives one animated whoop and hurries his mother off home to appease those too evident pangs of hunger.

How like a trapped fly. The more he moves and fidgets, the more trouble he gets into. Imagine the relief when he escapes.



The Puppet Show

By MARGARET CALDWELL SHOTWELL

Come, let us go
To the Puppet Show,
For you and I
Are but "puppets" you know.
We play our part
'Most every day;
We think sad thoughts,
Yet we are gay.
We bluff, we fool,
We laugh, we cry
At other "puppets"
Passing by.

The little strings
That rule our hearts,
Are worked by many
Foolish arts,
And angry cords
Around us bind,
'Till happiness
Is left behind.
And we forget,
When 'tis said and done,
That playing "puppets"
Is great fun!

Conducting a Sunday School Class

Seated on small red chairs arranged in semi-circular fashion in one corner of the large room, were half a dozen little boys and girls. Their ages, apparently, were between two and five years. A pretty young lady in rustling silk and with an anxiously concerned look was endeavoring to instill into their little heads a few truths of the Bible.

"Now, children," she began, tapping the lesson book on the palm of her hand, "We're going to talk about David today. He was a very poor little shepherd boy. He lived in— No, no, Georgie, put your top into your pocket and listen to me. David was a little shepherd boy and he lived in the country, but all during the day he tended his — Marie, Marie, come back here and sit down! Where were you going? Oh, no, you don't want to go home yet; 'T isn't time. Stay and hear about David, dear. He was a dear, good, little shepherd boy. He never cried or was afraid of anything even if his mamma wasn't with him; so you mustn't be either. All day long David was alone except for his sheep and — Freddy, don't slap Jane. Well, it doesn't make any difference what she did. Little boys should never slap little girls. David, the little shepherd boy, was never naughty like that. One time he went to sing for — No, no, Georgie, I didn't say 'Sing'; I said David sang. David sang to King Saul. He was a singer and a shepherd boy, too. It isn't time for the papers yet, Freddy, dear. You don't get your papers until it's time to go home, and we must learn all about David first. Jane, what is the trouble? Oh, you've got on new shoes. Well, isn't that fine? When David was a little boy, people never wore pretty white shoes like yours. He went bare-footed and tended his sheep. He carried a staff in his — Did you ask a question, Willie? Oh, so you know a little boy named David. That's nice, I'm sure. Oh, no, no, no! That's not the little David we're talking about. No, your little friend hasn't any sheep; the other David did have, and he could sing and kill lions. When he grew up, he became a great king. Gracious, Sally Ann, what is the matter? You lost your money? Poor child! And you were going to drop it in the collection box, too. That's too bad. Well, dear, we'll find it after awhile. Now we're going to learn about David. One time when he was a little boy, he was out with his sheep. Stop crying, Sally

(Continued on Page 54)



Comfort

(By ELIZABETH PATTON)

It was April. But the sky was leaden and the ground was cold and hard. Below, in the harbor, the sturdy Mayflower rode at anchor upon rough-tossed waves.

Comfort Winslow pulled the rude log door quickly shut behind her, and stepped out into a blustering wind as she folded her long, gray cape over her shoulders. At the branching of two paths she stood and hesitated for a moment. On her right a narrow, beaten track wound upward to a gentle slope, mound-covered,—the burying place of the Pilgrims. She turned from this toward the opposite hill.

"How lovely this land must be in summer time," she mused. "But is it ever summer here? When do the leaves peep forth, the sun shine, and the flowers blossom? In England now — — — but, no, I will not think of England. This is my home, and I love it even though it is so large and wild." The path began to ascend now, and Comfort walked more slowly, absorbed in meditation.

"How quiet all is," she thought, "only the wind and the waves — Tomorrow the Mayflower sails back."

A boisterous gust whipped her cape away from her body in great billows, and she commenced to shiver.

"Peace—, peace—, peace, spring will soon be here!" came faint, flute-like notes borne upon the wind.

With hands clasped she listened, marveling. Soft — sweet — low —, a gurgling bubbling trill it came again, unmistakably. A bird song, close at hand. She hurried toward it.

From beyond her, and now on the other side, it sounded. "Peace — Peace — Peace — spring will soon be here!" and she glimpsed the swift wing-beats of a tiny, feathered body. On and up the hill it flew, short distances at a time, stopping, now and again, to cling upon a weed or bit of withered brush and throw back its merry cadences. And Comfort followed eagerly, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks glowing with delight.

On the hill top stood a solitary pine, its huge, gnarled trunk and low-spreading branches rising from rough, moss-covered boulders. It was here that the songster alighted and from its spiny boughs caroled an invitation for Comfort to follow quickly. As she approached very near and oh, so very quietly, the wee, brown bird darted into the branches. Her quick eye traced its flight.

"Oh, how beautiful, — how beautiful!" she cried.

The bird flew in and out with short, quick jerks, uttering low, soft lisps, while for a long, long time Comfort remained motionless, gazing in wonder and delight.

Then once again the song of rapture came, "Peace — Peace — Peace —, spring will soon be here!" bursting the little throat with volume and with melody.

The eyes of the maiden in the sheltered corner of the granite rock grew big and dark with thought.

"Peace — Peace — Peace —, spring will soon be here!" the refrain rang on.

Up the hill from the harbor toiled two mighty, stalwart men, the governor, John Carver and Elder Brewster, deep in conversation. Near the giant pine

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THE REGISTER

The *Register* regrets that its last issue may have given the impression that the school is sponsoring the Military Ball, which it advertised in this number. Such is by no means the case.

We wish that the military department who so generously sympathized with us at the beginning of the month would glance over the few ads we found they must have missed.

Girls! Patronize our advertisers!

We think Central High has cause to be proud of its history department: don't you?

We hope the boys like our *Register* number as well as they seem to like some of our telephone numbers.

Wasn't it a glorious revenge to defeat Commerce twice the same day by unanimous decisions?

ARE WE LOYAL TO CENTRAL HIGH?

What is loyalty? A very wise man once answered: "Loyalty is the willing and practical and thoroughgoing devotion of a parson to a cause.—Loyalty is never mere emotion,—it does something!"

Measured by that standard, are we, teachers and students, truly loyal to our school? What do we owe to, what are we doing for, Central High?

A loyal teacher tries to make sure that each student leaving this building, may be equipped for his next work, in college or business or home,—prepared to work neatly and accurately, able to think and speak in clear-cut and definite fashion, furnished with a wide range of useful information, and trained to appreciate the emotional and cultural and spiritual values voiced in these lessons, these books, these subjects.

What do loyal, true students owe to Central High School? Surely they owe a heavy debt. To them has been loaned this building, its equipment, its body of instructors; but more, into their hands have been given those precious things, the name of our school, its standards, its success. For fifty years, a long line of students, class after class, has been carefully, lovingly, building the reputation and standard of this school. Colleges have been glad to enroll her students, have sent back splendid reports of their records; alumni have returned with words of gratitude for what they received here; it has been something to be proud of to have graduated from "Omaha High School." This has been given to us. What are we doing with it? Are we, in one year, or four years, to hand on to other classes the name of Central High School made greater or less? Are we to pass on her standards higher or lower? Are we holding aloft the banner of Purple and White, or dragging it in the dust?

To some of us loyalty is a mere word; to some it signifies a momentary emotion; to some it suggests yelling at foot-ball and basket-ball games, boasting of our school, and wearing her colors. But always loyalty costs something, it hurts, it demands self-sacrifice, it calls for courage and pluck. Are *you* loyal, in this way? What does loyalty demand of us?



It asks that we consider the rules of the school as Law, that we obey them, not grudgingly or slavishly, but that we uphold them. This means that we think carefully of these rules, their aims, their success. We can make this a place where penalties are almost forgotten, because students maintain order and law.

It asks that we form a public opinion which frowns on misdemeanors, and applauds honorable, responsible conduct. We can form the habit here and now of being good citizens.

It asks that we learn to give up our selfish interest or pleasure when it conflicts with the good of our fellow students, with the good of the school.

It asks that we work to make of this a true democracy, a kindly, friendly, interested, sympathetic group of fellow workers.

It asks, since this is a *school*, that we make it a place of *education*, that we show we have enough ability, enough willpower and persistence and courage, to lift the standard of lessons high,—as high as, or higher than ever before.

Come! Are *you* loyal? Will you today see that you uphold a rule, rather than break it? Will you today consider the advantage and the comfort and the right of your neighbor? Will you today speak to some stranger, or help one in need of kindness? Today, just today, will you see what you can do, to maintain the standard of scholarship in Central High School? Z. S.

STUDENT HOUSE

INSIDE DRILL

Dear Editor:

I think inside drill is a nuisance which I sincerely wish would be stopped. Any girl who went through the experience I went through the other afternoon would, I think, agree with me.

As I close the door leading from the room where I have spent my time since two forty-five, a very unpleasant noise greets me. No, I wasn't a bad girl. I have been in the library to find whether Columbus or King George the third was responsible for the state of affairs in this country after the adoption of the constitution. As I approach the corner of the corridor, these sharp series of noises continue, and it sounds as though I may expect to see an officer imitating a dog barking at the moon; when I turn the corner, Oh, when I do! There are two rows of cadets extending down past my locker.

The cadets are, I believe, at rest; at least they have placed their guns on the floor and are leaning on them. There is not enough room to pass in front of them, I shall have to go in back of them. The officer in charge, as if reading my thoughts, barks twice and the cadets immediately shoulder arms. No room in back even for a five-foot person, because some of the cadets are shorter than I am.

I am compelled to go in front, and although not one head turns and eyes are straight ahead, some of them gleam, and some mouths spread in to wide, ill-concealed grins. Evidently this is not the first time they have drilled in front of girls' lockers.

My locker, at last. Those few steps never seemed so long. Where is my key? Oh, why have I two pockets, a pocketbook with three compartments, a coin purse? I firmly resolve to wear my key on a nice, black ribbon, hereafter, or dangling from a chain at-



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tached to my belt. The elusive key is found, my locker is opened, and after picking up the books and papers which fall out to greet me, I reach for my coat. By this time I am so fussed that I forget to put my new, seven-inch pencil, handkerchief, and coin purse in the locker, but try to put my coat on with them all in my hand. They all fall out except the pencil, which seems firmly lodged in my coat sleeve. I succeed in poking it onto the floor. Titters! Two or three crisp barks! They turn around. Thank goodness. I put my hat on over one ear, take the book I can get with out bringing all the others with it, and prepare to leave. I search for

my gloves and find my powder puff. Shall I powder my nose? Is it shiny? I decide to do so while their backs are turned. The officer again reads my thoughts, four barks and they are facing me again. My puff slips out of the silk handkerchief it was carefully wrapped in and out onto the floor. As I pick it up, I encounter the eye of an acquaintance in the ranks, who grins in delight. His fellow cadets take this to mean that they are privileged to do the same thing. I lock the locker. A number of barks and I have the honor of walking to the nearest stairway with the entire company.

Beatrice Milnamcw.

SQUADS

The boys have a fine military, I grant
But we girls simply won't be out-
done;

So I've here jctted down those that
I'm sure you can't
Fail to recognize. You may be one!

I
First comes the squad with the new
marcel,

Who go bare-headed for fear
They muss the dollar's worth of class
With some superfluous head-gear.

II
There's the squad that saunters four
along

The hall-way most congested.
We wish we had a traffic cop,
To have them all arrested.

III
Then there's the squad which always
stands

Just by the library door,
They swear because their hour's closed
IT'S nothing to what we swore.

IV
I love the squad that posts itself
All around some body's locker,
And as for her who draws them there,
I really couldn't knock her!

V
I must not fail to note that squad
"Who only stands and waits,"
For hours in the early dawn
For the opening of the gates.

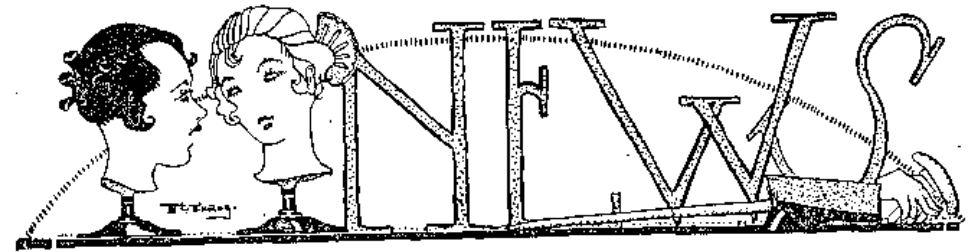
VI
The squad that always stalls around
To tell about THE date,
"Oh, but we had the "swellest" time,
But did we get home late?"

VII
The squad that just will fly about
To ask some needless question.
The victim breathes with weary sigh—
"Oh, how these insects pest one!"

VIII
I must try not to miss that squad
That dabs for 'ere war paint,
If they would ever go without,
The entire school would faint!

IX
I wish before I end, to name
The squad that carries hammers,
Who "knock about" and generally
roast

The boasters and the crammers.
Now as I stop, I wish to say,
If "pet peeves" I have trampled,
We'll call it "Futuristic verse;"
The moral can go unsampled.



SENIOR MEETING

The Senior meetings, which were instituted last year to be held in the home room period, have been carried on this year with even greater interest and enthusiasm than before. The meetings which are held every Wednesday morning at eight-thirty, are for the purpose of getting the Seniors together in order to discuss matters of common interest and to hear some excellent programs. The first meeting of the year was held February 9 when Mr. Beveridge gave a very interesting talk. On February 15, the Seniors were dismissed at two-thirty so that they might see Mr. Briggs, the renowned cartoonist. The Seniors should feel highly honored because Mr. Briggs cancelled a previous engagement so that he might come up here to draw for us. On Friday 16, Annette Fanger gave a very clever recitation and the Senior Orchestra rendered some excellent selections. Dr. Frank Smith gave the Seniors one of the most interesting talks we shall have the pleasure of hearing. On March 2, an important business meeting was held when only seniors were allowed to attend. On March 9, we had the pleasure of hearing both the Boy's and Girl's Glee Clubs. They gave several selections which showed the remarkable results of Mrs. Pitt's training. Although these programs are hard to beat, we feel that our future programs will equal those of the past.

THE PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

A parent-teacher meeting was held March 8 in our auditorium in which three hundred mothers and fathers met with the faculty to discuss High School problems. The discussion proved so prolific of ideas and differences of opinion that a "questionnaire

committee" was appointed and the discussion was continued till the next meeting. Mrs. Guy R. Spencer and Miss Zora Shields were the speakers of the evening.

DEBATING NOTES

The first big clash of the season in debating came with South High. The Central team consisting of Karl Kharas, Morris Block, and William Cejnar defended the negative. The judges declared Central High the winner by a decision of 2 to 1. This first debate gave the teams the encouragement they needed and showed them their mistakes.

On March 4, Beatrice, our old rival, invaded our territory only to find that our negative team, composed of Eloise Margaret, William Cejnar, and Richard Elster was too strong for them. Again the judges gave us a decision of 2 to 1. (This helped to make up for that 15 to 14 score.)

Next came the biggest debate of the season, the one against Commerce. Our boys, Karl Kharas, William Cejnar, and Morris Block, banged the defenders into complete submission. They did not stop hammering the opposing case until the judges took pity on the visitors and announced a score of 3 to 0.

Eloise Margaret, Ruth Godfrey, and Eleanor Hamilton composing the negative team visited the subdued forces of Commerce that same evening. Following the path of victory laid out by the boys, the girls played circles around their opponents, jabbing them here and there. Again the score was 3 to 0.

This overwhelming victory helped to quench our thirst for revenge against Commerce.

The following Thursday a negative team, consisting of Karl Kharas, Morris Block, and Eleanor Hamilton, fell



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upon the camp of our already beaten but revengeful enemy, Beatrice. This clash was a real debate from all angles and it was with difficulty that the Centralites snatched a victory of 2 to 1.

So far this season, Central has come off with a clean slate, winning against every team scheduled. The debaters are working hard in order to keep that slate clean and we need your support.
—Eleanor Hamilton.

FACULTY NEWS

Miss Paxson has been ill with a cold. Her place has been filled by Miss Annie Fry, who returned some weeks ago with her sister Miss Bessie Fry, from an extended trip through the West.

Central High's Faculty has been quite enthusiastic over an indoor baseball team among the male members of the faculty. They tried to get the fair sex interested in basket-ball, but the attempt was unsuccessful. The first ball game was with Commerce and we lost. The members of the team are as follows: Messrs. Schmidt, Hill, Nelson, McMillan, Bexton, Mulligan, Kerrigan, Myers, and Masters.

The members of the faculty who are new to us this semester were given a tea in the library after school Wednesday, March 23, at which each was appropriately and poetically introduced by some one of the former faculty members. The occasion was a most enjoyable one.

THE NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

A national honor organization, to be known as the American Torch Society, was decided upon at a recent convention of the National High School Principals' Association in Atlantic City. This is largely the result of the unceasing efforts of Mr. J. G. Masters, the originator of the idea, and chairman of the committee which so suc-

cessfully put the plan into action. Two years ago the formation of such an organization was suggested at a convention in Chicago. The next year when Mr. Masters again presented the plan in Cleveland, it was decided to carry over the discussion to the following year because of lack of time to give such an important project due consideration.

In all probability graduating seniors who, because of high scholastic standing, fine character, and special activities promoting the good of the school, have proven themselves eligible, will be elected to membership this spring. A committee of the faculty will aid Mr. Masters in determining candidates. All pupils standing in the fourth of the class having the highest grades will be considered. Preference will be given to scholarship, second to character, and third to effective leadership or special service rendered to the school. The number chosen will never exceed fifteen per cent of the class.

This organization aims to serve the same purpose in the high school of the country as Phi Beta Kappa does in the colleges and universities. It is purely an honor society, not an organization, not a fraternity. The pin, the form of which has not yet been adopted, will be uniform in design all over the country, but will bear the initials of the school where it was won. This pin will be a mark of honor recognized all over the United States. Each local branch must receive permission for membership from the National Council.

AMERICANIZATION WEEK

Americanization week was from Monday, February 28, to Friday, March 4. A splendid program was given in our auditorium with Mr. Masters presiding. Fine speeches were made, and the service flag was hung in the back of the stage.



The Girls' Number



- O. H. S. Auditorium
March 4, three o'clock.
1. Music—Orchestra
 - a. American Patrol
 - b. The Star Spangled Banner (School led by Mrs. Pitts)
 2. Oration—Edmund Wood
Meaning of Americanism
 3. America as she seems to other lands
 - a. Sam Minkin
 - b. Marietta Catania
 - c. William Stallmaster
 - d. Irene Lilly
 4. Speech—John Townsend
What we owe to those from other lands
 5. Salute to the Flag.
School led by Non-Commissioned Officers
 6. Music—America
School led by Mrs. Pitts

MASS MEETING

The liveliest mass meeting of the season was held Thursday, March 10. The basket ball team was there, and many short talks were given. Mary Farley and Mr. Schmidt both gave interesting talks. The band played and the whole meeting was marked by the right sort of spirit.

THE STUDENT CLUB

One of the most active and loyal bodies connected with Central High School is the Student Club. This organization is composed of over one hundred girls who enjoy a good time, and who are not afraid to work for their club, and, through it, for their school. Any girl above the Freshman year may join the club until the limited membership is filled. There is always room for girls who are strangers in the school or whom Miss Towne considers in need of the friendship of other girls. Each semester the club holds a recognition service for the new members. This service, which takes the place of an initiation, is a candle lighting ceremony usually followed by a talk from some outside

speaker who tells the girls of their responsibility in living up to the purposes of the club, "To create and strengthen in every possible way high ideals of health, democracy, service, friendship, and scholarship."

THE BEWILDERING MISS FELECIA

In *The Bewildering Miss Felicia*, a comedy given by the Student Club at the Central High School auditorium Friday and Saturday evenings, February 25 and 26.

The scenes of the play were laid in "Lilac Village" where the characteristic narrowness of small town folks is cleverly brought out by the members of the cast. Felicia Freeman, portrayed by Miss Frances McChesney, through her broad outlook upon life and human views succeeded in effecting a complete change in the lives of the habitants of the village.

The play, which was directed by Miss Mary A. Parker, was managed entirely by girls of the Student Club.

In the cast were Misses Frances McChesney, Arvilla Johnson, Almedia Hamilton, Zelda Westberg, Helen Turpin, Thelma Burke, Arlene Rosenberry, Margaret McCandless, Lucille Morris, Katy Goldstein, Ann Rosenblatt, Thelma Gerard, Murriel Andrews, Dorothy Gordon, Viola Butt, Gladys Kemp, and Eleanor Calvert.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of Miss Vinda Hudson on March 22, at her home at Lincoln, Nebraska, to Mr. James Wright Mims of Luray, Virginia. After an extended trip to Colorado and through the south Mr. and Mrs. Mims will make their home at Luray, Virginia.

In the monarchical algebra, "ex" equals nothing.



The Girls' Number

THE HISTORY PAGEANT

The History Pageant celebrating the Pilgrim Tercentenary which was given on the afternoon and evening of March 18, was most successful and a great credit to the school as a whole, as well as a triumph for all connected with its production.

The pageant was written by literary talent of the Central High School and was really a remarkable production.

The general theme and the court scenes were composed by Maurine Richardson. Melvin Watt was the author of the stirring lines given by Isabel Evans, who was a charming spirit of the Pilgrims. Carmelita Gorman and Elizabeth Patton also composed verse used in the pageant. Episodes were interpolated which were written by Carroll Gietzen, Gladys Reeves, Evans Allen, Ruth Armstrong, Helen Howes, Winifred Kerr, Rose Murray, James Bradley and Miriam Wesner. The dramatic director was Miss Lena May Williams.

For a few hours our dauntless and heroic Pilgrim forbears lived before us and we were carried back as in a dream to the five first struggles of our nation's life, as beautiful fleeting pictures of Pilgrim life passed before our eyes.

Besides being an artistic success, the history pageant was also a financial success. As a result of our efforts our six war orphans are provided for another year.

Mary Drake was a charming Columbia.

CADETS' CONSULTATION COLUMN

Conducted by Kitty Catt

Dear Miss Catt:

I have had difficulty in obtaining a date for a future ball, and so I have come to you for help. I am very anxious to persuade some girl to go with me. Do you think I am too eager in pursuit of the girls, or is my

military obscurity the source of my trouble? I should very much dislike having to lead the grand march alone.

George Smith.

Answer: I believe, as you say, that you may be too insistent in your attentions to the girls, too loquacious perhaps. Try using a little dignified indifference, in place of your lady-killer manner.

Dear Miss Catt:

I am very shy and retiring, and am given to blushing and stammering, especially when trying to converse with girls. I am utterly incapable of "handing a line" as the vulgar say, and have a great dislike for slang. Is this the reason for my unpopularity among the boys? I have a melodious and well modulated voice if I could only overcome my reticence.

Crawford Follmer.

Answer: Try flattery on the girls, and do not assume such humbleness in your dealings with the boys. You might practice conversing before the mirror at home to develop confidence. Also try to stimulate your social ambition.

K. C.

Dear Miss Catt:

I am considered painfully polite, and am supposed to be one of the most thoughtful boys in the school. Now Miss Catt, while I do enjoy having the reputation of a perfect little gentleman and cannot bear to show anyone discourtesy, I do not want to be considered a prude. What can I do to prevent this?

Duff Sadler.

Answer: Do not show such profound reverence and respect for people in general. Try chewing gum.

K. C.

ALUMNAE

GIRLS OF CENTRAL WHO HAVE MADE GOOD

How many of you have thought of our alumnae who are every where making a name for themselves?

Anna Porter, now attending Randolph Macon, has shown marked literary ability in her poem *Indian Summer* which was chosen to be published in the *The Poets of the Future*. Miss Porter has written several other poems that have been published at various times.

Helen Winkleman has secured advanced credit in English at Madison.

Dorothy Johnson at Madison, Loretta Sullivan at Northwestern, and Mary Smith at Monmouth, Illinois, have all received advanced credits in French.

Margaret McWilliams received Junior Honors, and Viva Craven received all Scholarship Honors at Grinnell.

Ann Axtell and Ilda Langdon both passed their Freshman English at Smith with high honors.

Camilla Edholm, at Simmons, entered her Sophomore English in February ahead of time.

Madeline Cohn finished Chicago University with honors in three years.

Esther Hansen is a Phi Beta Kappa at Vassar.

Miss Clara Weidensall of New York, a graduate of Central High, is a noted woman criminologist. She is a psychologist in the Bedford Hills, New York laboratory.

There are those right among us who have more than made a name for themselves. Miss Jessie Towne, is a graduate of Central. Her name speaks for itself.

Miss Phelps is the President of the Modern Language section of the State Teachers' Association of the state of Nebraska.

Other Central High alumnae on the faculty are as follows:

Miss Swenson, Miss Neale, Miss Browne, Miss Copeland, Miss Gross, Miss E. Kiewit, Miss Dumont, Miss Phelps, Miss Randall, Miss Somers, Miss Stebbins, Miss Towne, Miss West, Miss Griffin, Miss Shields, Miss Pierce, Miss Hultman, Miss Rockfellow, Mrs. Pitts, Miss Tompsett, Miss Timms, Miss Adelia Kiwit.

Following is the result of an election held by the girls of the senior class:

Prettiest girl in the senior class.....	Ruth Armstrong
Best all around girl.....	Eleanor Hamilton
Most popular.....	Sara Smeaton
Cleverest artistically.....	Regina McAnany
Cleverest musically.....	Ann Leaf
Quietest.....	Dorothy Wallace
Peppiest.....	Eloise Searle
Best dresser.....	Annette Fanger
Wittiest.....	Carmelita Gorman
Best looking.....	Alice Mary Turney
Best dancer.....	Janet Willmarth
Most obliging.....	Kathryn Smith
Best athlete.....	Irene Powell
Most executive ability.....	Bernice Kulakofsky

EXCHANGE

OVER THE WIRE

Time: The Present.

Plot: Caesar whose home is now in the underworld, where he had to go after the book he wrote, calls up George Washington, who has, by this time, learned to play the harp.

Caesar: "Hello, George. My, but I had a hard time getting you. Who on earth were you talking to?"

George W.: "O, I'm forever being annoyed by these young Americans who want to know all about me and the cherry tree. I'd hate to disillusion them by telling them there never was such a tree. How are you, anyway?"

Caesar: "Well, I'll tell you, George, we're having terribly hot weather down here now, and it's rather boring. You see I'm not in a position where I can see what's going on up on earth. Tell me some of the news. How about some of the high schools? I've met lots of professors down here. Nice chaps!"

George: "Say, Julius, you'd be surprised if you could see all that's happening. The girls absolutely revolutionized every school in the country. The boys haven't a show. My, I'm glad it wasn't that way in our day, Julius. Believe me, if you'd had the women of Gaul to go after as well as the men—Central, quit that buzzing in my ears! Hello! Hello! Julius? As I was saying, the girls are setting the pace. School papers edited by boys are speedily becoming a thing of the past. The three largest schools in Los Angeles have papers edited by girls."

Caesar: "You don't say."

George: "School papers, however, are not the only means by which the girls are making a name for themselves. In athletics and other school activities they have shown their ability."

Caesar: "George, maybe you never told a lie when you were a mortal, but—times have changed. Yea, verily! Times have changed!"

George: "Take my word for it, Julius. The fair maidens of Manual Arts High School, Los Angeles, have turned mermaids and organized a swimming team. Methinks Manual will win the cup."

Caesar: "I always did say, 'Leave it to the ladies.'"

George: "The girls' basketball team of Central High School, Tulsa, Oklahoma, opened their season by gaining a victory over the faculty team."

Caesar: "Hercules! Even getting ahead of the faculty."

George: "The Girls' Club of West Des Moines High School has formed a federation. Its purpose is to help girls just entering the school and to increase social activities among the girls. And, say, if West Des Moines High is as alive as its paper, *The Tattler*, the idea will doubtless prove successful. Well, Julius, there's a lot more to tell, but Central says our time is up."

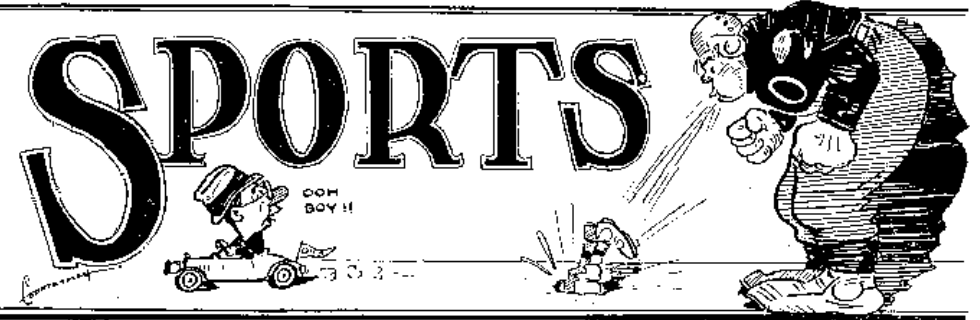
Caesar: "O, bother! back to boredom! I wish I had a date."

George: "Ask the elevator girl, she'll take you up. Good-bye."

George: "Say, just a minute—what do you think of the girls at Omaha Central High this month? You know I always liked that school even if I do harbor a feeling that the students aren't very strong for history. Anyway, they're putting out some book themselves this month. Believe me they deserve credit for getting so many ads after the boys scoured the town for their *Road Show* programs. Evidently the boys don't believe in "Ladies first"—but I guess the girls will forgive them this month because they are all for the *Road Show*."

Caesar: "Yes, the girls of O. H. S. are all right, and I don't lie."

George: "Well, there's that buzz in my ears again. Such service! Call me again soon will you, Caesar? Thank you! Good-bye!"



THE TOURNAMENT

Hard luck overtook the Central High basketball quintet at the tournament this year. While they were eliminated in the second round, they showed superior team work, and more head work than the team who beat them.

The Central team weathered the first round successfully. They were pitted against Hastings, a fast team from out state with a terrific reputation. Mulligan's crew disposed of them in grand style, winning 17 to 9.

In the second round they bucked up against the big farmers for Kimball County, and met their Waterloo, getting beat by one point to 00. The Kimball outfit were out-classed until the last minutes of play. The Central team led 14 to 7 until the middle of the second half, when the Westerners started a rally and overcame the lead.

While Central did not win the tournament, yet they put a well-drilled team in the field, which well represented the great Omaha school.

F. W. B.

CENTRAL 18, LINCOLN 17

The Central High basketball team accomplished one thing this season for which the whole school should be proud. For the first time in three years the Purple and White triumphed over the Red and Black, carried by Lincoln High.

The basketball team went to Lincoln March 1 determined to even the score for this year, and to avenge the defeats of previous years. And they did. The Centralites defeated Lincoln in an extra period game 18 to 17. The game was thrilling from start to finish, each team leading several times during the contest.

The first half ended 5 to 4 for Lincoln. At the end of the game the score was tied 12 to 12. In the extra period, Captain Olds of Lincoln started the scoring with a long basket. Clement not to be outdone by the Lincoln captain, duplicated. Corenman and Clement each made baskets in quick succession, placing the Omaha team 4 points in the lead. Lewis then made an easy basket, and Olds made a free throw as the whistle sounded.

Captain Clement was responsible for this victory, as he saved the day several times. Beerkle and Good also starred. Mallory played his first game as a regular, and performed nicely. Captain Olds starred for Lincoln.

CENTRAL 24, BEATRICE 25

Coach Mulligan's basketball men journeyed to Beatrice, February 25, and lost one of the hardest games of the season to the Beatrice quintet by one point, the final score being 25 to 24.

The first half ended 17 to 9 for Beatrice, but the Omaha team came back strong in the second stanza and tied the score before Beatrice counted. From then to the end of the game both teams counted several times, and the outcome was in doubt until the final whistle.

Beerkle, although sick during the game played a fine game, scoring half of his team's 24 points. Clement and Corenman also showed up well.

Purdy and Bloodgood starred for Beatrice, Bloodgood making 10 points, and Purdy 6.



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- Corduroy pants
- Imitative dialect
- Bobbed hair
- "Pat said to Mike" jokes
- People who call me "say"---
- People who call all dogs *Rover* and all cats *Pussy*
- Temperance selections
- Fifteen cents shines
- Prep tests
- Lectures, domestic and otherwise
- Rubber bands on dancing pumps
- Girls who say "My deah"

Who is guilty of these answers on test papers?

1. One reason for the great westward movement in the 80's was the great plague and the Ohio fever, because of which many people moved westward.
2. The Olympic games were held on top of Mount Olympus.
3. A paper blockade is a condition caused by an oversupply of paper money in the country.
4. The wife of Bath was robust and the wife of Lord Bath.

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THE DISTRIBUTION of grain grown on the farms of this country, is a subject which is receiving more thought just now, than any other one problem of Economics. The farmers are very much interested, and rightfully so, in the distribution of their products. It is a subject which is very near to us, since it involves the successful conduct of our business.

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OMAHA

First Medical Student—"Are you going to that appendicitis lecture this afternoon?"

Dorothy B.—"It's twenty minutes to one, and I've been waiting here since a quarter to twelve!"

Second Student—"No; I'm tired of those organ recitals."

Pauline J.—"What time did Adnee say she would meet you?"

Dorothy B.—"Ten minutes to eleven, sharp."

Good.—"I say, Elster, you told me you had hunted tigers in Africa—Well, Doctor Senter tells me there are no tigers there."

Howard—"I understand that in the new play, Margaret Mc. has quite a difficult part."

Peggy—"Difficult? Why, she doesn't say a word."

Elster, blandly—"Quite right, quite right. I killed them all!"

H.—"Well, isn't that difficult for Margaret?"

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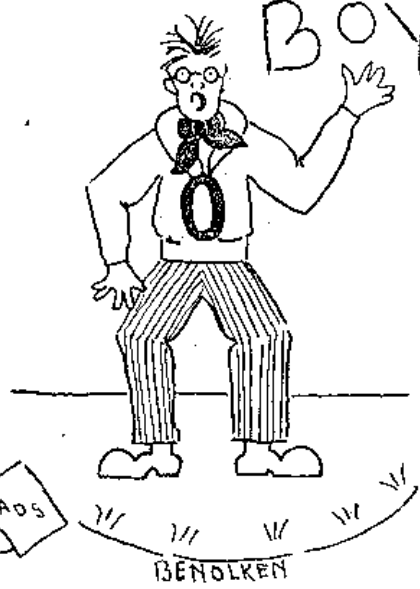
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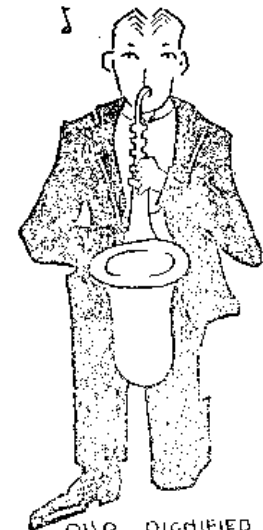
SMITTY



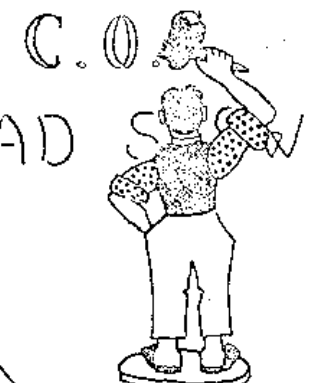
BRAUMAN



HERE COMES FRANK

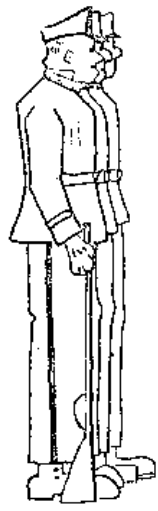


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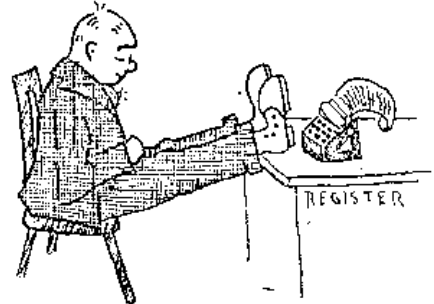
GUNTRYMAN



HAVNES



YOU BIG
STIFFS

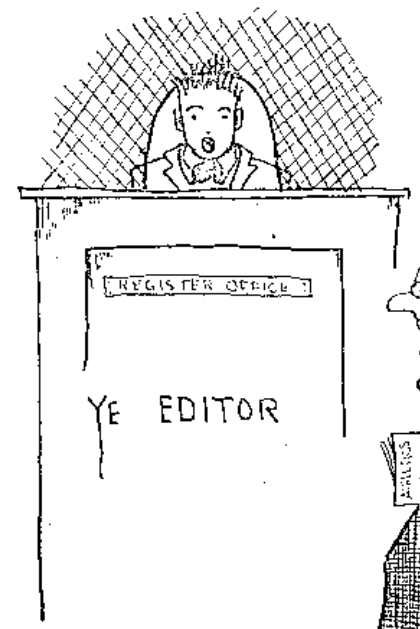


JACOBS

REGISTER

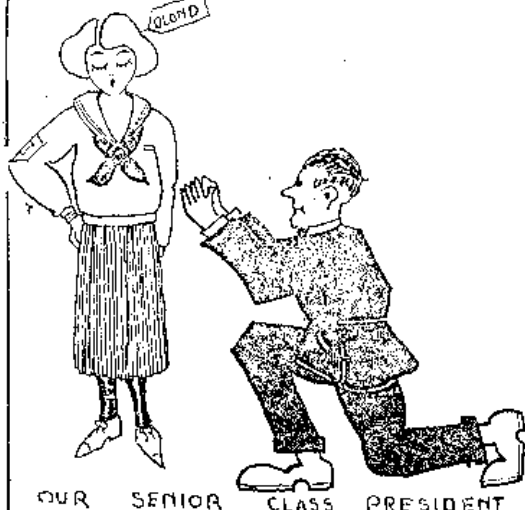


CRAWF'S
LINE

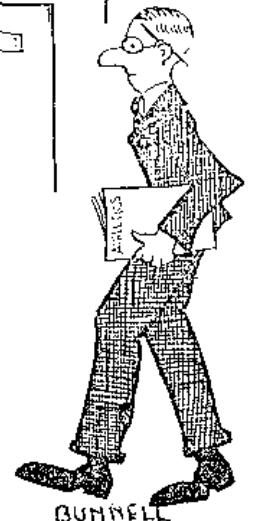


YE EDITOR

Jensen



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The Parson—"Mrs. Smith seems angry with me."

Friend—"I'm not surprised."

P.—"But why?"

F.—"Don't you remember that when you were preaching her husband's funeral sermon, you said he had gone to a far better home?"

J. G. M.—"Why were you late?"

Evans A.—"Class began before I got there."

A Freshman was wrecked on the African coast,
Where a cannibal king held sway;
And they served up that Freshman on slices of toast,
The eve of the very same day.

But vengeance of heaven came swift on the act,

For ere the next moon was seen,
By cholera morbus the tribe was attacked

For that Freshman was terribly green. —Ex.

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Company! Attention!

Perhaps I should have said *Army* instead of *Company*, as this is something of great interest to the whole army of

Central High Students

Between April 1st and 10th I am going to open a Photo Studio for the special benefit of High School and College Students of Omaha; and for the purpose of getting as widely advertised as possible in the shortest time, I am making the following liberal offer which applies to Every Central High School Student from first year to graduates:

I desire each student to call at my studio at the earliest convenience and I will make four negatives of each student and deliver proofs of each good negative. If the student is pleased, I will finish two Sepia Photos from the best and deliver same free of charge.

These photos are guaranteed to be first class in every respect and are intended to bring before the students the VERY BEST QUALITY of work.

There will be no obligation on the part of the student, no solicitations for orders and nothing to pay. However, if any student wishes to order after seeing the finished photos, of course, such orders will be appreciated and shall receive prompt attention.

Hoping the students will appreciate this offer and avail themselves of the opportunity, thereby co-operating with me in the same, I remain

Yours to please,

F. ERNEST HERBERT

Studio will be in a convenient locality and notice of its location will be posted on bulletin board.

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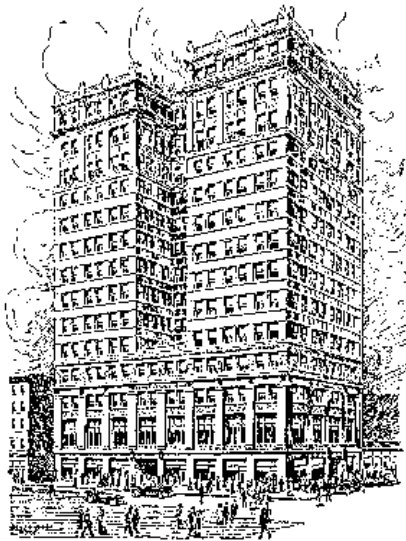
Instructor at Chautauqua, New York, during the Summer

ANOTHER TRAGEDY

The meeting was so sudden,
The meeting was so sad.
She yielded up her own sweet life,
The only life she had!
They laid her 'neath the willows
And there she's lying now!
There's always something happening
When a freight train strikes a cow!

She was a dainty little Miss
And he a gallant Mr.
He pledged to her undying love
And then—Oh!—he Kr.

But now that they are married
And she is called his Mrs.
He never, never speaks of love
And never, never Krs.



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Walter B. Graham

WEAD BLOCK

Voices Trained from Foundation to Artistic Finish

Love is like an onion
You taste it with delight!
But afterwards you wonder
What ever made you bite!

—
Tweedledee-Tweedledum
She—"Now tell the truth. You men
like the talkative women as well as
you like the others."
He—"What others?"

Who knows?
1. When sometime is?
2. Where somewhere is?
3. How many a few is?
4. The cause of the revolution in
lunch line tactics?
5. The most satisfactory procedure
to get excused from eighth hours?

I wish I could make a rule
That every moth must go to school
And learn from some experienced mole
To make a less conspicuous hole.
—Harper's Magazine.

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Oh! The calamities and tragedies
That occur at Central High!
They really are deplorable!
They make us weep and sigh!

Did you ever stop in the South Side
Hall

To wet your lips so dry,
And when you turned the current on
Receive it in the eye?

At noon you must have crawled in line
With some dear friend or mate,

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Starvation was your fate!

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Three errors --- Then a "D"!

Oh! The calamities and tragedies
That occur at Central High!
They really are so comical
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Seen on an advertisement—"Today
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gloves."

George Benolken—"Paw, what is an
advertisement?"

Mr. Benolken—"Son, an advertise-
ment is the picture of a pretty girl
eating, wearing, holding, or drinking
something that somebody wants to
sell."

Edward Dewar Challinor**PIANO**

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Phones: Studio, Tyler 1167. Res. South 4563

Teacher—"Why were you tardy?"
Katy G.—"The class began without
me."

Doc Senter—"What is an explo-
sion?"

Karl Kharas—"A chance to start
at the bottom and work up."

Sleepless Corine A.—"Oh! Frances,
look at the beautiful stars."

Weary Frances F.—"Aw! Show 'em
to me in the morning!"

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Buy Your Shoes, Pumps and Oxfords at the

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to the rest of the country as it is around
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"The Coffee
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Clean, Fresh Clothes help You do this. And when we clean them you know that they are Clean.

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1515 Jones

**A BOY'S COMPOSITION
C'LUMBUS**

C'lumbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The King of Spain said to C'lumbus, "Can you discover America?" "Sure," said he, "if you will give me a ship." So he had a ship and sailed over the sea in the direction in which he thought America ought to be found. The sailors had a fight and said there was no such place; but after awhile the pilot came and said, "C'lumbus, I see land." "Then that must be America," said C'lumbus. When they drew near the land they saw it was full of black men and C'lumbus said, "You must be niggers." Then the chief said, "You must be C'lumbus." "You are right," said he; "I am." Then the chief turned to his men and said: "There is no help for it. We are discovered at last."

Anonymous.

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Say it With Flowers

from

LEWIS HENDERSON
FLORIST

1519 Farnam St. Douglas 1258

A bookseller sent a bill to a certain customer for a book. The customer replied:

"I did not order the book.
If I did, you didn't send it.
If you sent it I did not receive it.
If I did, I paid for it.
If I didn't, I won't. —Ex.

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

Don't use jawbreakers. You may
have to eat your words.—Ex.

Speaking of Dimensions

"Why don't you read *"Antigone"* for extra credit? Feel how thin it is."
"I don't care how *thin* it is. What worries me is how *deep* it is."

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Room 3 Wead Building 18th and Farnam Streets

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24th and Farnam

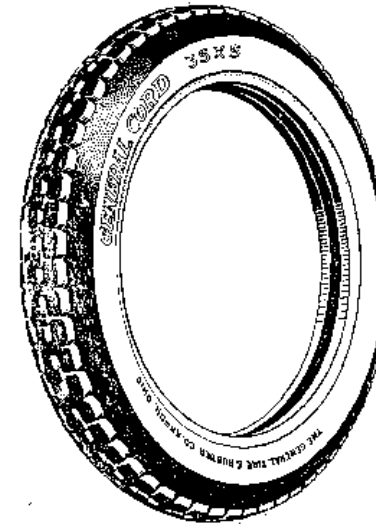
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Good salaries can be made by working after school hours. Those making the best showing will be given a permanent position when school closes.

Call after 3 p. m.



The General Tire has made a National Reputation for itself by going a long way to make Friends.

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We Manufacture
Anything Made of Wood
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We Occupy Over 52,000 Square Feet

Phone Douglas 2724 S. W. Cor. 11th & Douglas Sts.

Heard in Lunch Line

Dorothy—"Are you coming to get some pie?"

Janet—"Is it compulsory?"

Dorothy—"No, it's raspberry."

Mr. McMillan—"What do you work at, George?"

George—"At intervals, sir."

The Man of Law—"But, my dear madam, there is no insurance money for you to draw. Your late husband had a policy against fire."

The Widow—"Precisely. That is the very reason I had him cremated."

The pink of perfection is usually rouge.—Ex.

"What are you laughing at? I don't see anything funny."

"Well, you aren't standing where I am."

Conceit is the cradle of the swell-headed.

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A Delicious Combination of Mixed Fruits, Black Walnuts, Vanilla Chocolate and Strawberry Ice Cream Served at our

SANITARY SODA FOUNTAIN

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BRAIDING, SCALLOPING, BUTTONHOLES

THE IDEAL BUTTON AND PLEATING CO.

300-308 Brown Bldg., Opposite Brandeis Stores

Telephone Douglas 1936

(Continued from Page 9)

they paused, and the little, gray-caped figure hidden by the huge boulders was startled from her reverie by their sonorous voices carried to her on the wind.

It was the governor talking, "I shall advise in the meeting tonight that we all go back with the Mayflower."

"Oh, Master Carver ————," came the Elder's voice.

"All winter my faith has never faltered. We knew when we started out we should meet hardships. But this,——— this continued cold and privation, those graves whose number ever grows ————" And his voice grew husky

Iten's Graham Crackers

A delicious addition to the school lunch. Good alone or with milk, or half-and-half, or made into sandwiches with butter, peanut butter, cheese, fruit or jam filling

Always Ready to Eat

just as supplied to you in triple-sealed cartons or in cans, by your grocer.

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Director of Instructions

During the war it was easy for girls to find employment; as a matter of fact, employment found them. Many girls, without any previous experience whatever got positions paying \$20, \$25, and even \$30 a week.

But that was only a temporary condition. Times have changed.

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Newest in Shell Goods. Beautiful
pins and the new Bob Barettes for the
hair. Switches, Bobs, Curls, etc.

Experts in Marcelling and Tinting
Hair

as he motioned toward the other hill, this noble man, whom Comfort had never seen in aught but a commanding attitude. "Always I've waited for spring-cheering my own heart and those of my companions with thoughts of warmth and crops and fruit. But this country is not like the Old World, it seems. The seed that we plant in this barren ground is but wasted. There appears to be no life here at all. Even of savages there are no more traces."

And the Elder replied, "Ah, brother, I know not what to say. Even that light which bade us so unquestioningly to go has grown dim. In its place is only doubt. I, too, am no longer sure we were wise to come. For truly,

"Say it with Flowers"

HESS & SWOBODA,

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as applied to*

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Demonstration Free by Appointment
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Phone Douglas 0701

this land doth seem now to be even forsaken of God, whom we came hither to worship.

It seems there was no life before we came, and of all who landed only half are now alive. Even if the ship sails back without us, we who are left cannot hope to live for long in this lonely, desolate land of rocks and sea, nothing but rocks and sea. Perhaps if the clouds would disperse —”

“Sirs, a good day to you, and peace of soul and conscience. I pray you, wouldst come with me and see a most fair sight?” spoke Comfort shyly, courtesying low.

Surprised, half-jestingly, half-condescending, glad of some diversion from their thoughts, the two leaders followed the little gray-caped maiden.

“Go gently, and very softly,” she admonished them. And they obeyed.

Her finger on her lips, she parted the branches of the mighty pine, and over her shoulders the rough-bearded, stern-eyed patriarchs glimpsed a fragile,

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1814 DOUGLAS STREET TELEPHONE DOUG. 8244

lichened nest, three small, brown-flecked eggs within, and on their troubled spirits fell the song sparrow's "Peace — Peace — Peace —, spring will soon be here."

Their harassed, drawn expression vanished. They straightened and smiled to one another. From the west a single, mellow ray of sunlight pierced through the clouds, and was reflected in the laughing eyes Comfort lifted to theirs.

She glanced down quickly again, and from a mass of dry, dead leaves she saw raising its dainty head a frail, blushing arbutus.

"Ah, I knew this land was lovely and full of life," sighed Comfort, "if only it were found!"

And that is why on the morrow the Mayflower sailed back to England with only its crew on board, and from the beach every one of the Pilgrims watched it go, not one of the band turning back.

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Manufacturers of

Cement Blocks

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Be Somebody*

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*New Suits, Coats, Dresses, of Exclusive Design
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The hostess had trouble getting Mr. K. Seeley to sing. After the song had been given, she came up with a smiling face to her guest and said, "Now, Mr. Seeley, you must never tell me again that you cannot sing—I know now!"

Wagner (at fire drill)—"I wish they would install fire chutes here like they have at grade school; it would save a lot of energy, don't you know?"

Who said the Indians are stoical and never laugh? Didn't Longfellow make Minneha—ha?"

Mrs. Clark—"In what course do you expect your son to graduate?"

Mrs. Fry—"In the course of five years, I suppose."

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KODAKS

THE TOWNSEND GUN COMPANY

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GOLF

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FLORISTS
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After 6 p. m., Webster 1031

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

SUN

Classy Pictures for All
Classes

(Continued from Page 8)

Ann; we'll find your penny in just a minute. Along came a great big, awful lion out of a cave and grabbed one of David's poor little sheep. What's the trouble, Willie? Oh, you found Sally Ann's penny. That's fine. Here, Sally Ann, take your money. Oh, there's the bell. That means we won't have any more lesson today. Next Sunday we're going to learn about -- Yes, Billy, you may pass the papers now. Go and put your penny in the box, Sally Ann. No, no, Georgie, it isn't time to go home yet. We're going to sing a song first. Did you all understand the lesson real well, children, and did you learn all about David? Well, now, that's fine. We had a nice lesson today.

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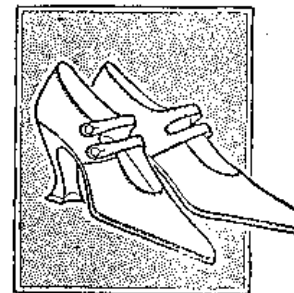
Phone Douglas 3614

"SPRING SHOWING"

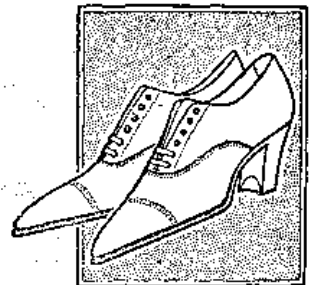


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**A Life Insurance Policy
The Equitable Life**

F. N. CROXSON, Agency Manager.
240 Omaha National Bank Bldg., Omaha, Nebr.

Little Boy—"O, look at the funny man sitting on the sidewalk talking to a banana peel."

Louie—"I sleep with my dog every night."

Ward—"That's unhealthy!"

Louie—"Yes, but he's used to it."

It was near the end of the scene. The girl was starving. "Bread," she cried, as she sank to the floor, "Give me bread!"

Crawford—"Hungary?"

And just then the curtain came down with a roll.

Sara—"Yes, Siam."

Crawford—"All right, I'll Fiji."

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