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Do you want good wages?

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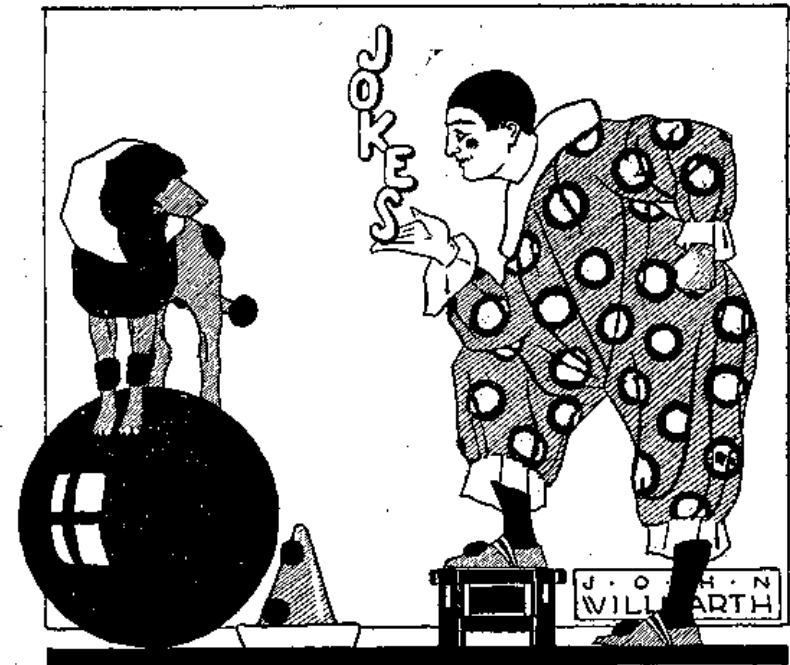
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The Register



Clown Number
MAY 1921

VOL. XXXV

NUMBER 7

"Appearances Oft Proclaim the Man."

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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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

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Editorial Staff, 1920-21

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MISS ADELIA KIEWIT

A Tribute

Miss Adelia Kiewit succumbed to an attack of acute pneumonia, March 30, after an illness of ten days. The circular announcing the fact to the school contained the following tribute:

"Words cannot tell of the profound loss which has come to all of us in the High School. Miss Kiewit has always been loved by the thousands of boys and girls who passed through the High School, and faculty members have always thought of her as the kindest and most intimate of friends. We are saddened today by the loss of one we loved so much. All of us think of Miss Kiewit as a real part of the High School. For so many years her kind face and generous disposition have shed radiance and happiness like a benediction throughout the halls of the school. She was always kind, always thoughtful, always generous and willing to do anything for others. The memory of this wonderful life will always form a very large part in the splendid traditions and spirit of Central High School."

Because of her many years of service to the school and of personal interest in students Miss Kiewit's single memory was a record of facts and of appreciations which were invaluable and which cannot be replaced.



Literary

TO THE SETTING SUN

J. M. Watt.

A perfect sphere of ripened orange hue,
Ye linger in the western azure sky;
And waning, as the life-blood flows from you,
To blood-red do your shining garments dye.
But grandly, as becomes a life well spent,
Ye pit your failing strength 'gainst cruel Time;
Ye flood the sky with colors orient;
—A mad world changes, soft and still, sublime!
A wondrous, tender peace falls o'er the land;
The trees are hushed, their arms outstretched in prayer;
The flowers sleep, touched by a Mystic Hand;
And dying, dying, sink ye to your lair.
A lark, come down to rest, sings sweet and low.
A whole world sighs, and longs for sunrise' glow.

THE CHARMED NIGHT

Mae Ohman

O round eye of the burning sun
Close thy lid, the day is done!
Let the fairies of the night
Come forth hidden from thy sight.
All day from thy circling path
Thy glaring eye with seeming wrath
Hath frightened all the sprites away.
Begone! O Sun, and close the day.
Then softly through the leafy trees
Come! O Spirit of the breeze,
And with thy tender whispered runes
Lull the twilight with their tunes.
Now, sweet Moon, come slowly forth,
And with thy silver's untold worth
Lavish fortunes on the hills,
The woodland glades, and tinkling rills.
In silvan glen, forth from the shade
By the giant oak trees made
Trip the fairies o'er the green
Dancing gayly round their queen.
Music from the distant rill
Their tiny, fairy hearts doth fill,
While in their silent, fairy dance
'Round and 'round their queen they prance.
But when they spy Aurora coming,
And hear the partridge start his drumming,
Without a sound they flee all sight
Not to return again 'til night.
Then comes the Watchman of the day;

The Register

5

With burning eye he wends his way;
With hasty fling, as monarchs do,
He changes scarlet cloak for blue;
With steady step he starts his state
On toward the place where night doth wait.

DO YOU KNOW THE BOLSHEVIKI?

A most distinctly revolutionary individual is the Bolshevik, rebelling against law and order, precept and example. He refuses to brush his hair, to wash his face or hands, to wear anything but the most soiled ragged garments, and the heaviest, muddiest boots,—or else no shoes at all. He is the leader of a gang, the despair of the community, and the terror of all law-abiding, peace-loving citizens. He incites more mobs, plans more battles, and works more woe and havoc than ever any insky-suffixed Russian did. His name is Johnny and he is seven years old.—E. P.

INDIAN SUMMER

The following poem, by Anna Clyde Porter, a Central High Alumna, and now a Junior in Randolph-Macon Woman's College, is to be published in *Stratler's College Anthology* for 1920, a collection of the finest college poetry of the United States:

The heavens bear the tint of bluebird's wing,
And in their azure depths the white clouds float.
The inverted bowl of which the Persian wrote
The sky is. See! A perfect golden ring
Of new cut wheat and cornfields glittering
In sunlight is the rim. A faint, sweet note,
So like a whisper from the bluebird's throat,
Reveals a stream, through grasses filtering.
The road leads past a bridge and up a hill,
Now pausing 'neath a low-boughed walnut tree,
Then on to where the west begins, and still
Beyond the west, forever calling us
To follow where it leads until—until—
At day's end in the sunset I shall be.

AMERICAN MUSIC

Lowell Miller

During my brief visit to America I have seen many things which directly contradict stories I have heard from other Britishers. I have especially noticed that the music, the song, and ballad that one finds in your five and ten penny stores—is not at all as other Englishmen have seemed to consider it. The contradiction is so conspicuous that I feel impelled to correct the errors that others, especially Lord Southwick, have made.

America, as a nation, is a great lover of music, but finer than this, it is

a patron of practical themes expressed in melody. In America, the finest lessons of life, the history of the country, and other practical, useful themes are expressed with eloquence that melody and rhythm alone can bring forth. This is my thesis, and to prove it I have visited every music shop in Boston.

To portray the emotion brought out in American music, I suggest two ballads which were once very popular in the states. These are *Oh!* and *Oh Hel-en!* The first ballad is an ex-

The Clown Number

pression, the girl at the counter said, of sympathy and loving kindness—a theme which is of the type so well suited for music. The second, I presume from its title, is amusical interpretation of the curses and condemnation of a man trying to procure a cab. In all probability this ballad is to teach the children the vile elements of life against which they must protect themselves. Judging from the list of songs sent to me by the Feist Publishing Organization, such morality ballads are common in the states.

I distinctly recall one interesting lyric named *Indian Blues*. To one unfamiliar with American speech, I would say the title, is meaningless. Upon inquiry I ascertained that "blues" is an expression meaning "heartache" or "melancholia." This song is doubtlessly historical in its nature and in all probability tells the sentiments of the American Indian upon being expelled from his home by the white man. Other songs are historical in their nature in that they serve as primary sources. Two which I have in mind are *Ja-Da* and *Da-de-dum*, both of which, the clerk said, are written in a language which has not yet been translated but was probably the native tongue of the prehistoric inhabitants of this country.

The popularity of these songs is probably due to the interest the American people, especially the young folk—for they are the buyers of music, take in the history of their country.

In studying the list of songs which Mr. Feist sent me, I find many American characteristics evidenced in the titles. For instance, the love of travel is suggested by *Take Me to That Land of Jazz*, and *I Want to go to the Land Where the Sweet Daddies Grow*. Being unfamiliar with American phrases I am uncertain of the meaning of "jazz" but presume, from the rest of the sentence, that it is the common name for the Almighty. The latter song also shows the characteristic devotion of the children to the parents.

Whispering, the clerk said, is a

morality ballad written to teach children the impropriety of whispering in the presence of others. This is a fine illustration of the practicality of American popular music. The philosopher has even printed music such as *After You Get What You Want You Don't Want It*, and *What's in a Name?* A song entitled *Freckles* is written to console folks so afflicted. *Reaching for the Moon* is an old fable set to music. *Chili Bean* is an instructive song, the shop-girl said, which is used in the public schools to illustrate certain geography lessons. *When You Look in the Heart of a Rose* was written by a professor (she told me this also) who considered it a memory aid for the botany class.

There are many more American songs, in popular use, which serve similarly practical purposes. Surely Lord Southwick was misinformed when he stated that American music was fickle, light, trashy, and sentimental. It seems that the Americans have lost all thought of sentiment in their music and are confirming themselves to practical themes.

EXAMS

Ethel Gladstone

I.

The dawn of day awoke her fast,
And through her weary mind there
passed

One thought, which served within a
trice

To turn her very blood to ice.

Exams!

II.

Her spirits sank; her face grew white
And pictured anguish dimmed her
sight

While ever in her mind she heard
The accents of that awful word

Exams!

III.

In mem'ry's eye she saw the day
When she had naught to do but play;
Then thought of school with an inward
moan,

While from her lips escaped a groan,

Exams!

The Register

IV.

"Oh get your work"; her teacher said,
"Or D's will flock about your head".
She longed to rest her weary brain
But ever heard that one refrain,

Exams.

V.

She'd studied hard, she'd studied long
But now she felt each thing was wrong
Her eyes grew wild as in a dream
While from her lips come one loud
scream,

Exams!

VI.

They found her lying on the floor
Surrounded by school books galore
Still mutt'ring in delirious tone
That one dread word and that alone,

Exams!

VII.

"She's studied much too hard, I find
And's had some thing upon her mind
That made her worry," the doctor
said.

A hollow voice came from the bed.

Exams!

THE BLACKBIRD OF THE NIGHT

Ben Greenberg

Above in a clear and placid sky,
The moon shone calm and pale,
Casting its charming, silver beams
O'er valley, hill, and dale.

Sprinkled in heaven's vast expanse,
Sparkling stars were here and there,
The gems that do the night enhance:
Orion and the Bear.

Soon a new star shone in the west,
Traveling at a mighty gait;
Nor did it seem to want to rest,
As if it had been late.

It cleft the air ahead as it sped;
Like a blazing firebrand
It flew in wanton fury
Above our noble land.

It seemed the blackbird of the night
Circling o'er its prey,
Watching the only chance to swoop
Before the coming day.

And many noises did it make;
It rumbled and let a roar
That echoed far away in its wake,
As through the air it tore.

It was the mail plane from the west,
Coming with all its might,
Carrying its precious cargo,
Guided by plucky Jack Knight.

He discharged a glowing magnesium
flare,
Which illumined the field below
With its colored lights all in a square
Reflecting a crimson glow.

Down, down, he closer swooped and
dived

Toward this crimson glare;
And gliding low with steady wing,
Landed in safety there.

And so this pilot won his fame
By this history making flight,
Scoring a mighty victory
Over relentless night.

DIPLOMACY

(A Commencement Song as some honest
grads would sing it.)

My high school, 'tis from thee
I am about to flee,
And so I sing.
School of my parents' pride,
School where I almost died,
As soon as I'm outside
Let freedom ring.

Thy themes of English Lit.
Caused me to throw a fit
And bored me much.
Geom. and other Math.
Choked me with rage and wrath;
For less love no man hath
Than I for such.

Almost old Caesar's Gaul,
Hygiene and physiol.
Made me expire.
Almost old Lab. and Chem.
So long I slaved at them,
Won me a diadem
In heaven's choir.

My dear old high school prin.,
Forgive my gladsome grin;
From now I fly.
For now I have my dip.,
And I'm prepared to skip;
Hark to my joyous yip.
Old high. Good by.

—Ex.

THE REGISTER

THE MELTING POT

None of us can hope to escape punishment. About the time our parents stop spanking us experience takes up the job.

Some people are like corks—willing to stop anything.

You never can tell. Even the fast-going man doesn't always keep up with his running expenses.

A deliberate lie is pretty hard to swallow, but the truth isn't always pleasant to the taste, either.

Lots of people would rather find fault than find favor.

Discontent is not so much having nothing as having less than the other fellow.

A pleasant face is music.

Don't throw mud; it might become dust and blow back on you.

My, how we all admire quiet efficiency. *Ex.*

This is the last issue of the Register this year. We hope you have enjoyed each number and will co-operate with us in the production of the Annual.

Miss Parker's name was accidentally omitted from the management page in the Road Show Program. We feel it only proper to give this mention here for her splendid work on the properties committee.

Through an oversight the name of the author of "Conducting a Sunday School Class," Mary Fschier, was omitted in our last issue.

THE STUDENT PULSE

Cadets Consultation Column

Conducted by Kitty Kat

Dear Miss Katt:

I, too, am very shy and retiring and I wonder if you could give me some advice such as you gave one of my colleagues last month. I am always a bore at a party. Somehow my presence seems to put a damper on the rest of the guests. I know I haven't the necessary traits that would become Pollyanna's brother, but I would hate to have people think I was a direct descendant of Old Man Gloom. Tell me, what shall I do?

Harry Haynes.

Ans.—Why not bring along a pan of soap and water and try blowing bubbles for the entertainment of the guests?

Dear Miss Katt: Will you please tell me the most satisfactory way of talking my teachers out of sending me failure notices?

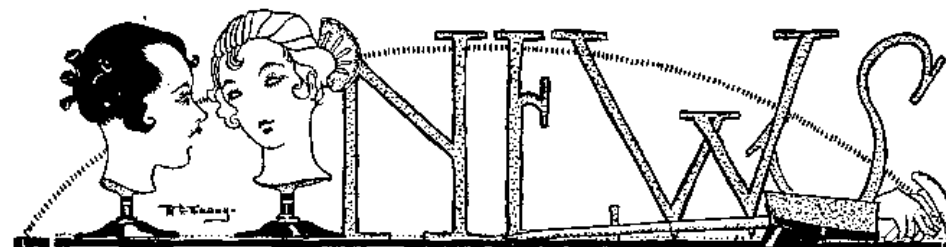
Sam Samuelson.

Ans.—The only thing I can advise would be more conscientious study, thereby eliminating the necessity of dodging failure notices. Try not to be so carefree and frivolous.

Dear Miss Katt: Will you please tell me some way to keep my hair in place? I would like to have it appear black, slick, and shiny but somehow my hair has a decided tendency to curl.

Carlton Evans.

Ans.—Have you ever tried using hair nets? I have found them very satisfactory.



ROAD SHOW

The Cadet Officers' Club Road Show, which was presented in the high school auditorium, April 15 and 16, was probably the most successful ever held. At each of the four performances the auditorium was crowded. The music for the show was supplied by an orchestra conducted by Murrel Simpson with Victor Eisler as concert master.

Stuart Edgerly's saxtette composed of Jack DeLong, William Drake, Charles Holdredge, Harold Jacobs, and Scofield DeLong, was one of the most successful acts on the bill.

The Senior Boys' Glee Club seemed imbued with glee and was considered good by the audience. It makes us proud of our music activities that there can be such good fun with such good harmony.

The Imperial Acrobats, Harold Jacobs, Wallace Marrow, and John Madgett, astonished the audience by their skill in their tumbling act.

A military act by six non-commissioned officers was to be noted for its rhythm and good training.

A most delightful surprise was furnished by Mr. Bexten and his able corps of stage-hands, who all year have done so much, "unhonored and unsung," toward making each of Central's auditorium performances a success. Lowell Miller, Eric Olson, Archie Meston, and Voris Mosher were apparently well started on a little melodrama of their own, "The Master Trick," when Mr. Bexten came upon the stage to remind them that their part of the show was to be played behind the scenes. Loyally did they resume their necessary but unapplauded roles.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the play, "The Confessional," or of the actors who produced it, or of their coach, Miss Williams, who

trained them to interpret so subtly the author's masterful theme. The atmosphere, the suspense, all the subtle touches that mean so much in the production of a well-acted play were present in this to a degree quite unusual in amateurs. George Benolken in the difficult role of Robert Baldwin, the bank cashier who was tempted to a dishonorable act by bribery, by the pleadings of his family, by every form of temptation that could be brought to bear upon a man, lived his part before his audience. Leon Connell as the callow youth, the son, whose point of view was colored by selfishness, was also exceptionally good in his part, as were Mary Drake, the wife, and Almedia Hamilton, the daughter, in theirs.

No less creditable in its different way was "The Red Lamp" directed by Miss Burns. Cortes Kelley as Harold Deering, Mirian Wiley as his aunt, Carlton Evans as the burglar, Marian Alleman as the maid, as well as Thelma Burke and Benjamin Mead as the eloping lovers, called forth ripples of merriment, as the humorous situations of the play developed.

On the whole the Road Show was one of which the school may well be proud.

INTER-CLASS DEBATE

The following is the result of the Inter-Class Debate tryouts:

Senior Class

Sam Samuelson
Herbert Fischer
James Bradley
Walter Wiese

Junior Class

Walter DeWitt
Frederick Schwartz
Carl Smith
Ben Minkin

Indoors Sports

WITH APOLOGIES TO EVERYBODY

by ~~ARRY RYNES~~

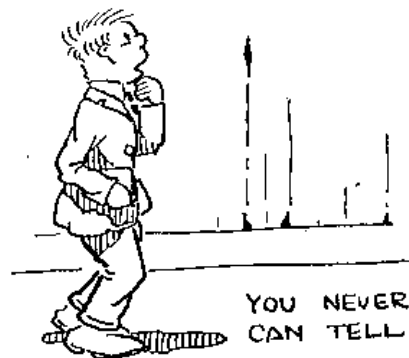
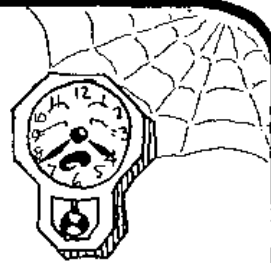
MY-BUT YOU LOOK TIRED JAMES - WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?



OUT TO A D-ER - I MEAN HOME STUDYIN'

KIDS WILL BE KIDS!

STUFF TO LOSE SLEEP OVER -
WONDER WHAT CENTRAL HIGH'S CLOCK'S THINK ABOUT?



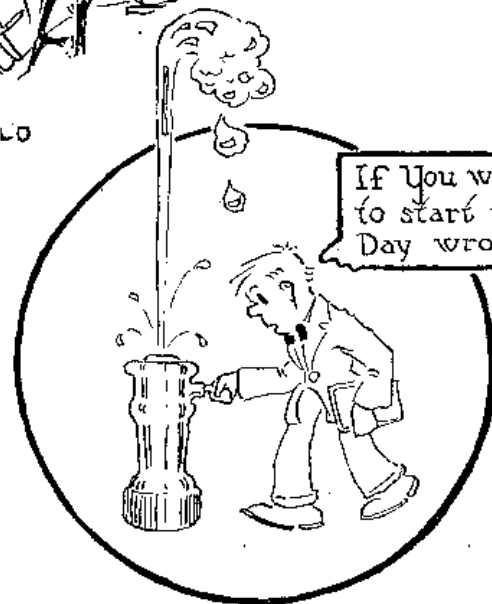
YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

WELL I SHOULD SAY YOU DID!!

O-O! I'VE SPILLED MY POW-(CENSORED)



"DAYS OF REAL SPORT EH-CRAWF?"



If You want to start the Day wrong-



HEADACHE

AWK!

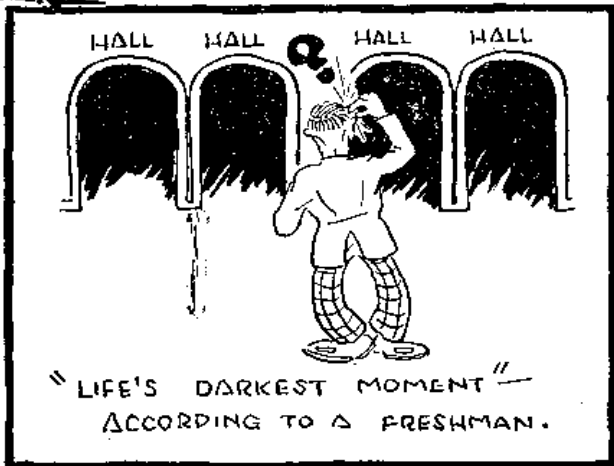
SAY AH!

← THE SUFFERER ON THE LEFT IS OUR OWN LITTLE CLARKE MORRIS, WHOSE LENGTH WE CUT SHORT FOR LACK OF SPACE.

"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"



EXPECTED D - GOT C-



"LIFE'S DARKEST MOMENT" - ACCORDING TO A FRESHMAN.



TRYING TO FIND A JANITOR TO OPEN A LOCKER



IT HAPPENS IN THE BEST REGULATED SCHOOLS

The Clown Number

Sophomore Class

Howard Elliott
Sam Minkin
Phillip Handler
David Doten
Milton Mendelson
Stanley Street

Freshmen

Eloise Musselman
David Sher
Sam Cohn
Paul L. Hoffman
Lillian Holloway
Walter Bowes

DEBATE

W. Cejnar

Central kept its record of five straight victories in debate by defeating University Place April 18 in the sixth debate of the year.

University Place has one of the strongest teams in the state.

The decision was unanimous in favor of Central. This is the third unanimous decision for Central this season. Omaha had the negative of the state question. Eloise Margaret, Lyall Quinby, and William Cejnar were on the team. The team this year is one of the best Central has ever had if one is to judge by their victories.

The attorney for the gas company was making a popular address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done!" he cried, "If I were permitted to pun, in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the Light Brigade.'"

Voice of Consumer (from audience) — "Oh! what a charge they made."

Saint Peter—"Hello! What do you want?"

Female Angel—"Let me out. I'm going away."

Saint Peter—"What's the matter? Don't you like heaven?"

Female Angel—"Oh, it's a fairly good place; but I've been here two weeks and I must have a change. You know I was a cook before I died."

S. C.

S. C., white letters on a purple band, stand for the highest school spirit. They exemplify the willingness of the wearer to serve. There can exist no greater or nobler spirit than that of personal service. Those who wear this badge of honor are vested with authority to enforce all rules of the school and they have the school administration behind them. They have established their right to this high trust by their general attitude toward the school, with special reference to deportment and scholarship, by their leadership in school activities, and by voluntarily signing the platform of the "Student Control Committee," which follows:

"I believe in true democracy, meaning a condition contributing to the greatest good for the greatest number. Realizing that this can only be accomplished through the agency of proper rules, and that supervision is necessary in enforcing general compliance with rules, I am willing to lend my assistance in accomplishing this purpose. I hereby promise to obey the rules myself and, by example and precept to do all I can to see that they are obeyed by the student body in general."

Membership at present is limited to fifty, twenty-five girls and twenty-five boys, mostly seniors. Prospective members can present applications through active members, but their application must meet with approval of the student control committee and the faculty.

The S. C. is a purely student organization for the mutual good of the committee and the student body as a whole. It is an attempt to bridge the gap between student body and faculty and synchronize the efforts of both toward better school government.

Y. V. B.

Cheer up! The first hundred jeers are the hardest!

Egotism is the state of being able to see things through your own I's.

—Nuggets.

The Register

SCHOLARSHIP RECORD FOR THE SECOND SEMESTER 1920-1921.

BOYS
5½ A's
Samuelson, Sam

5 A's
Abrahams, Milton
Greenberg, Ben

GIRLS
Adams, Grace
Cohn, Mildred
Jensen, Florence C.
Gifford, Helena
Searson, Helen

BOYS
4½ A's
Albert, Edward
Goldstein, Paul

GIRLS
Abbott, Claire
Anderson, Corine
Anderson, Thyra
Burke, Melba
Charmock, Gladys
Clarke, Leoline
Elliott, Edith E.
Fowler, Neva
Hall, Jean
Hanchett, Emily
Horton, Jean
Murray, Rose
Nelson, Pauline
Perley, Anne
Reichenberg, Beatrice E.
Segal, Rose

BOYS
4 A's
Albach, Walter
Baldwin, Hale
Benbow, Spencer
Cole, James
Dimond, D. L.
Egbert, Dan
Faier, Samuel
Gross, David
Hanicke, Aldrich
Horn, Harry
Lloyd, Dale
Reader, Julius
Ringwalt, Jack
Van Valen, Frederick

GIRLS
Baldwin, Jessie
Bondesson, Alice
Boyland, Mary
Brown, Dorothy

Carden, Eulah
Carlson, Evelyn
Christensen, Adela
Erickson, Eva
Fischer, Mary
Freitag, Florence
Gibson, Muriel
Gladstone, Ethel
Hilovtchiner, Elice
Kaho, Elizabeth
Larson, Mildred
Linsman, Rose
Minkin, Rose
Pancoast, Helen
Plouzek, Olga
Poff, Maude
Ralls, Devah
Reiff, Doris
Ritchie, Emma
Sherman, Dorothy
Stout, Jeanette
Swanson, Frances
Thomas, Mozelle
Thomsen, Fern
Willinsky, Ruth
Witt, Martha

BOYS
3½ A's
Koch, Winfield
Selheimer, Charles

GIRLS
Carlson, Margaret
Hefferman, Elizabeth
Hesbacher, Dorothy
Krug, Helen
McInay, Florence
Montmorency, Helen
Nielson, Margaret
Ogiebay, Alice
Reeves, Gladys
Sandberg, Dorothy
Segal, Rebecca
Sunderland, Ruth
Dox, Martha

BOYS
3 A's

Adams, Elmo
Arey, Hawthorne
Beal, George
Beymer, Clarke
Brinkworth, Leslie
Bruce, Philip
Carnazzo, Ned
Conner, Willoughby
Dox, Charles
Dueholm, Charles
Edward, Paul
Elliott, Howard
Falk, Morris
Finkel, Albert
Forgy, William
Gannett, Taylor

Gurney, Theodore
Hurwitz, Morris
Jensen, Albert
Jetter, Irvin
Likert, Geo. A., Jr.
Likert, Rensis
Lof, Martin
Nelson, Lemist
Robinson, Ford F.
Stalmaster, Wm.
Story, Herbert
Vette, Fred
Vranck, Charles
Walker, Dick
Waterman, John
Watkins, Walwyn
Woodland, Herbert

GIRLS

Barnhart, Ruth
Basler, Marion
Brunner, Dorothy
Burke, Thelma
Connett, Alice
Davidson, Margaret
Davis, Ralph
Dunkin, Lucille
Edwards, Helen
Erickson, Ellen
Fetterman, Frances
Foster, Janet
Foster, Marcella
Fraderburg, Elizabeth
Gallagher, Grace
Getty, Mary
Gordon, Ruth
Handler, Besse
Hartnett, Pauline
Hicks, Elma
Howes, Helen
Jensen, Florence
Jones, Eudora
Kreile, William
Larson, Agda
Larson, Mabel
Mendelson, Freeda
Miller, Mildred
Moore, Marjorie
Perlis, Leona
Pinkerton, Doris
Powell, Eloise
Root, Flora
Rose, Helen
Rosenblatt, Ann
Rossen, June
Sadler, Edith
Smith, DeEtte
Smith, Joy
Sparks, Thelma
Sundheimer, Isabelle
Weller, Dorothy
Westberg, Zeldu
Williams, Helen
Yates, Annalee
Zibler, Margaret
Zibler, Mildred

The Clown Number

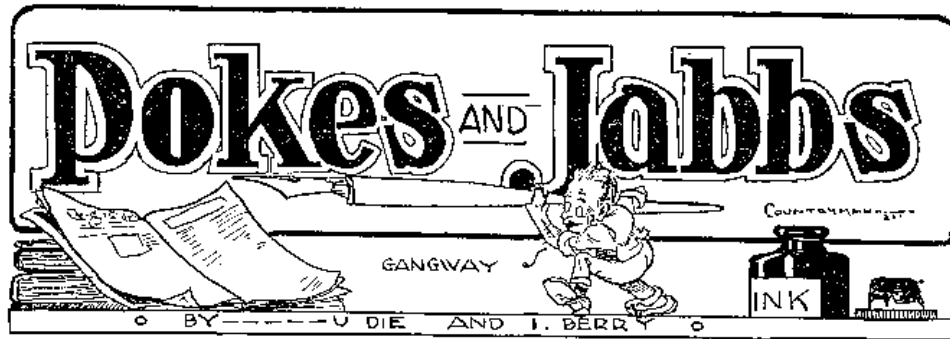
CENTRAL RECEIVES BUTTERFLY COLLECTION

A collection of butterflies and moths from all parts of the world has recently been presented by Walter B. Graham of Omaha to Miss Stringer, head of the Biological Department. The collection, contains eight specimens of local origin and thirty-five other specimens from Africa, India, Persia, South America, Java, and the Celebes Is-

lands. One moth comes from the source of the Nile.

A great many of the specimens are very rare and are found in but few collections. All of them were imported by Mr. Graham. Aside from being exceptional because of its great variety, the collection is noteworthy because of its mounting.

The collection is at present in the case on the north side of the third floor. —McCabe.



GRANDMOTHER'S IDEA OF GYM

I'm not as modern as I might be,
Perhaps I'm out of date.
Granddaughter surely puzzles me,
From early morn 'till late,
Wonder how she gets her lessons;
Think her chances slim;
Late from school, she keeps me
guessin',
But she says, "I stayed for Gym."
"Stayed for Jim," just beats creation.
Queer things nowadays!
Finest boy in all the nation
Couldn't change my ways.
Time was, when her grades would
show
She studied with a vim.
She says, "They're not good now, I
know,
For I'm interested in Gym."
Marching, drills, and folk dances
She tells about with pride.
Education has no chances,
With Jim forever by her side.
Basketball and football too—
She sees all the games with him.
No use to tell her what to do,
She'd only say—"I sure love Gym."
Thelma Wickersham.

GIVE HIM TIME

The kind old gentleman met his friend, little Willie, one very hot day.
"Hello, Willie!" he exclaimed. "And how is your dear old grandpa standing the heat?"
"Ain't heard yet," said William.
"He's only been dead a week."
—*Tar Baby*.

The following fraternities were installed at the Barbers' College recently:

- 1.—I soppa Towelle.
- 2.—I clippa pate.
- 3.—Wanta Massage?
- 4.—U Needa Singe.

—*The Jade*.

On the occasion of the visit of his Majesty's Inspector of Schools, the children were being tested as to mental ability. The inspector wrote upon the blackboard:

"Do not play with matches; remember the fire of London," and asked the pupils to invent similar pearls of wisdom. One boy's effort resulted in: "Do not spit; remember the flood."
—*Ex*.

The Register

HIS POSITION

"Then you don't care for this futurist art?"

"No, let the people of the future enjoy it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

She stood before her mirror

With her eyes closed very tight,
And tried to see just how she looked
When fast asleep at night.

—*Siren*.

"How did Howard get in so good with Peggy?"

"Why, he took her into Commons to eat, and when all the fellows began to yell, as they do, you know when a girl comes in, he told her that they were yelling for him—and she believed him."—*Yale Record*.

He—"May I call you revnge?"

She—"Why?"

He—"Because 'vengeance is sweet.'"

She—"Certainly—if you let me call you Vengeance."

He—"And why should you call me vengeance?"

She—"Because 'vengeance mine.'"

—*The Lehigh Burn*.

Passenger—"Why do they have knots on the ocean instead of miles?"

Sailer—"Well, you see they couldn't have the ocean tide if there were no knots."

PEBBLES

Duke—"I can't take the clock upstairs."

Swede—"Whynot?"

Duke—"It always runs down."

George—"Did you ever hear a rabbit bark?"

Thelma—"Rabbits don't bark."

George—"That's funny! My story-book says that rabbits eat cabbage and bark."—*Wichita Beacon*.

Uncasy rests the head (size 7) that wears the cadet cap (size 4).

Elmo was a Boy Scout. He was asked, "Have you done a kind deed everyday, something to make some one happy?"

"Well," he confessed, "I went to see my aunt yesterday and—and—well, I guess she was happy when I went home!"—*Life*.

STARTLING ANSWERS

A blizzard is the inside of a hen.
A mountain pass is a pass given by the railroad to its employees so that they can spend their vacation in the mountains.

When the British got up in the morning and saw the Americans on the opposite hill, they threw up their breakfasts (breastworks).

Weapons of the Indians: Bow, arrow, tomahawk, and war-hoop.

A hog is an animal which can make a pig of itself without getting balled out.

In the spring a young man's fancy darkly turns to thoughts of exams!

You can fool all of the teachers some of the time, and some of the teachers all of the time, but you can't fool all of the teachers all of the time.
—*Mac*

Voris Moser—"Got a new job."
Eric Olson—"Whatcha doin?"
Voris Moser—"Workin' at the watch factory—makin' faces."

You can't feather your nest running after chickens.

Prof. Gulgard (in Physics)—"Carl, what is electricity?"

Carl Dimond—"I've forgotten."
Prof. Gulgard—"What a catastrophe! The only person who ever knew what electricity is, and he has forgotten!"

The reason mothers don't tell their children bedtime stories any more is because the children don't get in until after mother is in bed.

GIRLS!

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MARGARET LeBROU, Marceller

Eleanor—"What do you mean by the 'skip-stop' system?"

Charles—"That is the system by which the street car skips the corner on which you stand and stops on the next one."

"Now, Tommy Smith, said the school teacher one morning during the usual hour of torture, "what is the half of eight?"

"Which way, teacher?" asked the youngster cautiously.

"Which way?" replied the astonished lady, "What do you mean?"

"Well, on top or sideways, teacher?"

"What difference does it make?"

"Why," Tommy explained, with a pitying air, "half of the top of eight is naught, but half of it sideways is three."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

If you don't like your coffee, don't say anything. You'll be old and weak yourself some day.

"THREE MINUTES OF SILENCE"

All my life I have been praying for just "three minutes of silence." I am shaken, twisted, doubled, and oft times nearly swallowed. Ever since my mistress was a year old I have been moving practically all the time. Even in her sleep I am used, and on her awakening I am certainly in action. I am required to assume numberless shapes, some quite inexplicable—but all I ask is "three minutes of silence."

I am talked about by my mistress' friends. The young people say they have never seen anything like me. Many proverbs have been written about me or my kindred. I can trace my ancestry back to Eve in the Garden of Eden.

Those who are proficient in the ways of my kind are reckoned as wise. Those who cannot master us are objects of pity. I have as many relatives in the world as there are human beings. Without me they would be terribly handicapped.

I am a tongue. —Eu.

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Dorothy L. (to football star)—
"Were you ever penalized for hold-
ing?"

Good—"Er, well—I had my face
slapped once."

HEARD IN A RESTAURANT

Eric O.—"Do you serve lobsters?"
Waiter—"Yes, we serve anybody,
sit down, sir." —Ex.

"Do you want a nut sundae?"
"No, thanks, I already have a date
for then."

Walter M.—"One finds it difficult
in these times to dress as one ought."

Crawford—"Oh! I don't know. I
have a suit for every day in the
week."

Walter—"Really?"

Crawford—"Yes, this is it."

DON'T YOU FEEL GUILTY?

"It raineth both on the just and
unjust, but mostly on the just, be
cause the unjust swipeth the just's
umbrellas." —E.

Unforeseen Circumstances

*have prevented us from opening the
studio as advertised in the March
Number of the Register, however, it
is our intention to fulfill our
promise to the students, and infor-
mation will be given through the
advertising pages of the Register.*

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Evening sessions (Mondays and Thursdays) 6:15 to 9:00; new classes formed first and third Mondays of each month.

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DOUGLAS 5890 ~ OMAHA

How's this?

Said she couldn't dance
Because she had her rubbers on
When she took 'em off
She danced like she had em on.
That's "Till We Eat Again." By
Terrence MacSwiney.

"So this is Salt Lake?" said the
poodle as his mistress wept on the
back of his neck. —*Augwan.*

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a place for "U" in the*

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Classes*

To Beef or Not to Beef

Miss Taylor—"Why, Jim Bradley, where did you get the idea that Hamlet's uncle was a great butcher?"

Jim B.—"Why, I heard you say yesterday that he murdered most foul."—*Ex.*

A STUDY IN COLOR

The black boy was not green, but he felt blue to think his white friend "Red" thought him yellow.

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and

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THE HEYN STUDIO

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A Seattle subscriber gives this as an example of an attempt by a high school pupil at using a newly acquired word in a sentence. Word: *Ennui*—a state of being bored. Example: They tried to ennui a hole in the box.

A Chinese pupil in a history class, according to a correspondent, asked her teacher how Louis XIV could marry the Netherlands. The bewildered teacher inquired what she meant, and the child read from the text-book: "Louis XIV claimed the Netherlands for his wife."

Teacher—"Cortes, will you tell me what a conjunction is, and compose a sentence containing one?"

Cortes (after reflection)—"A conjunction is a word connecting anything, such as 'The horse is hitched to the fence by his halter.'" "Halter" is a conjunction, because it connects the horse and the fence."—*Harper's Bazar.*

FAMILIAR SAYINGS

"I forgot to come in last night."

"I just washed these gloves yesterday."

"Anyway, they can't beat us in brain work, can they?" (Com-Central debate.)

"I lost my pen and had to use a pencil."

"I can't drill—got a headache."

"Lem'me use your pen."

"I couldn't get in. Every hour was full."

"Lend me a lunch check."

"Can't. Got a eight hour."

Etc: *ad infinitum.*

—"Mac"

Deacon (meeting boy coming home with fish pole on the Sabbath)—"Do you know where you go if you fish on Sunday?"

L. B.—"Lay off Kelly's pond, 'cause there's darn poor fishin' there."

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"EVERY SCHOLAR"

Place: O. H. S. Scene: Any Class Room. Time: Every Season

Any Teacher, (to student): "Why is the Gayety?"

Any 100 Per Cent Student, (they're all rated high): "Just for Fun"

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are Shown all the Time*

Miss Somers: "What is a polygon?"
Judd C.: "A polygon is a triangle
with four sides."

McCague: "Your neck reminds me
of a typewriter."

Ben M.: "How's that?"
Tom: "It's Underwood."

"Shay, offisher, wheresh th' cor-
ner?"

"You're standing on it."
"S no wonder I couldn't find it."
—Puppet.

R. P.—"What's the matter
Murrel?"

Murrel (after a strenuous perform-
ance of the *Road Show*)—"I like to be
squeezed but not by a collar."

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up there on that movie screen,
Forty-eight or sweet sixteen.

Small child (looking at the picture
of grandfather)—"Oh, mudder, grand-
fadder's hair is all flew away."

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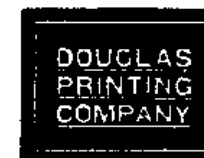
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