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The Gateway (April-May 1921)

University of Omaha

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Once again our attention is called to the encouraging fact that we are progressing. The fancied dreams that were dreamed only two or three years ago by some Columbusonian minds have gathered about themselves as a nucleus an ever-increasing body of material, which has appeared in its rapid evolution in varied aspects in classes of Expression, Elocution, Public Speaking and Argumentation, and which in its youthful maturity has blossomed into a debating team. It is a working force; a new element in our midst, which must prove to be of un estimable value to the life of the University.

Debating teams of other colleges and universities are a recognized source of attraction, in that they are able to push the name and character of the institution outside the limits of its immediate surroundings and into fields more susceptible to the appeal of good judgment that can be made through a debating team.

And not only does a debating team carry the name of the university out before many who do not know of the opportunities afforded by a metropolitan university, but it also affords a valuable training in the development of an intelligent, broad-minded and unprejudiced
FRESHMEN PARTY

"Gee, but it was great!"

"Those Freshmen sure had a fine party."

These were the sentiments which prevailed after the Freshmen had pulled off their big party. From all indications it appears that the party was a wonderful success, and this fact goes to prove the ability and talent of the Freshmen Class. The program, under the direction of David Robel, was instructive as well as entertaining, for it included everything within the range of classical music, real jazz, fancy dancing, acts of magic, and an exhibition of warbling. The main feature of the program was vaudeville performance, presented by two of Omaha's prominent entertainers, George W. Campbell and Hugh E. Wallace, of the Y. M. C. A. Quartet. Mr. Campbell played three leading roles in a one-act comedy, which is his own original production, and went so far as to shift his own scenery. Mr. Wallace, impersonating "Ole Oleson" of Wahoo, brought continual uproars of applause by his spontaneous outbursts of wit and humor. The violin solo by our own artist, Miss Gertrude Thiem, was greatly appreciated, as well as the numbers presented by Miss Van Orden, whistler; Mr. Mac Ohman, song and jig artist, and Floyd E. Brown, the magician. All these numbers went to make the program a whirl of a success.

The artistic decorations in green and white were one of the main attractions of the party. The colors of green and white even displayed themselves in the ice cream and candy, which, with the addition of delicious cake, nuts and coffee, provided refreshments which were enjoyed by every one, served by the Freshmen girls.

JUNIORS

As the time drew near when material for the Gateway was due, the Junior editorress assumed a haunted air. She clutched Clyde Bennett by the arm one day, as he sped by on important business, and inquired in agonized tones, "What am I to write about the Juniors? They haven't done a thing!" Scornfully brushing the trembling girl aside, Clyde roared, "Write them up anyway."

The poor girl gathered her scattered wits together and produced the following:

Ten Juniors there are at the U. of O. Who never are lacking in "pep and go."

They study and play, especially the last.

"What do they do?" somebody has asked.

If you'll listen I'll tell you in very short time,

And make them all famous in very bad rhyme,

Helen McDonald wails loud in despair,

"When will the government pay me my share?"

While Alice Frazier, from Council Bluffs town

Never is seen with a scowl or a frown.

You'll find Vera Goodwin looking quite sad;

Thirty pages of Ethics was really too bad.

Helen Walton aspires to interview

A celebrity great: Harding will do.

Also Harmon Wilmoth and Gerald Pratt,

Who cut up dead fish or search for a cat.

Dot Edwards is expert at jumping rope.

Fran, on the little ones uses the soap.

Both sisters are active in life at the "U";
There's nothing that either won't try to do.
Helen Gwin you'll know when you hear her cry,
"Has any one here seen Katy go by?"
While Katherine Fisher you'll also know

When she wails loudly, "Where did Helen go?"
So, all day long we are busy, you see,
Working and playing as hard as can be.
—With apologies to Shakespeare.

**ORGANIZATIONS**

**Y. W. C. A.**

Election of officers of the Y. W. C. A. was held Wednesday, April 3, in accordance with the new constitution which was adopted at the meeting held the previous Wednesday. The new officers are: Elton Hensman, president; Helen McDonald, vice-president; Marlowe Addy, secretary, and Helen Van Cura, treasurer.

The new constitution differs from the old in three instances; it provides for election of officers in March instead of June, payment of one dollar dues instead of fifty cents, and the adoption of the new basis for membership. This constitution resembles that of other large college Y. W. organizations and brings our organization into closer correlation with the others.

**BACUCY CLUB**

The monthly meeting of the Bacucy Club was held in the Chapel on March 19. After the business meeting a delicious luncheon was served by the hostesses, the Misses Troxell, Leona Johnston, Hazel Zerbe, Florence Kennedy, and Hanna Somers.

As the Methods Class has been studying the Revival of Handwork, Miss Fox gave a very interesting exhibition of old and beautiful handwork, which she holds as a very valuable treasure among her fine collection, which includes among many other articles, a hand embroidered French Mulle Ball gown, an article of apparel worn at a ball given in honor of the famous Lafayette.

R. A.

**Y. M. C. A.**

One of the biggest and largest meetings ever held in the history of the University Y. M. C. A. was held on April 13. The object of the meeting was the election of the officers for the following year. The honors were bestowed on the following men: President, Robert Jenkins; Vice-President, Kenneth Baker; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas Edee. These men were elected from a long list of nominees after several nominating speeches of especial dignity and precision. In these speeches the requirements necessary for the proper execution of these offices were outlined and the evident seriousness shown in the casting of the ballot would vouch for a wise choice in the selection of the officers. Let us look forward to a Y. M. C. A. in 1922 that will eclipse all previous records in the quantity and quality of service performed for the University and the student body.
TELEGRAPH

Spring is here, and along with the winged revelry of song and tune is heard the unmistakable purr of the cat-gut as the airy ball rebounds to the opposite court on a "love" score. Tennis is the game—the Roman catapult domesticated into a peaceful power of strength and health.

On April 1 a well attended meeting of those interested in tennis was held and the officers of the 1921 Tennis Club were elected as follows: Dave Broadwell, president; Platt Taylor, vice president; Kenneth Baker, treasurer; Jo Connell, secretary.

A very fine court, which offers ideal opportunity for first class practice and tournament play, has been procured at Twenty-first and Pinkney streets. This court may be used by any member of the Tennis Club. If you are not a member and enjoy playing tennis at all you should register your name with Kenneth Baker and pay him your fifty cents. This amount covers the membership fee and tournament fee. Plans have been postponed on account of rainy and cold weather, but with these wonderful spring days upon us a great deal of enthusiasm is being shown, and we feel confident of a very satisfactory tennis season.

BASEBALL

At a special meeting called on Tuesday, April 19, it was decided that the University of Omaha should be represented in the baseball field by a team from the Student Y. M. C. A.

This is the first attempt of the University to put a baseball team on the field, but with all the optimism that is being shown there seems to be no reason why this team cannot win a number 1-A classification and acquire an impetus that will carry it through this season and on to the next with flying colors and with the official recognition and public approval that other lines of athletics have already gained in the University.

The officers for this year are as follows: Wallace Banner, captains, and Robert Jenkins, manager. Both men are very capable of their positions and it is certain that if the team is not a success it will not be the fault of the captain and manager.

Coach Ernie Adams will train the team. Ernie is an all around man and a professional baseball player, so that we know that he is right there, "on to the ropes" and will turn out a wonderful team. Several practices have been held and an advance of the very best of material is available for the team. Let's keep in touch with them during the season.

ATHLETIC BANQUET

The annual Athletic Banquet of the University of Omaha was held Saturday evening, April 2, at Joslyn Hall. Thirty-two members of this season's foot ball and basket ball teams were present. The guests of honor were Dr. and Mrs. Vance and Mr. and Mrs. C. Vincent.

The banquet was given by the girls of the University, under the supervision of Dorothy Griffis, Flora Jones, and Frances Edwards.

The toastmaster of the evening was Wade Reeves, and the following toasts were given:

Players........Coach Adams
Foot Ball.......Howard Vore
Basket Ball....Lorin Thompson
Sportsmanship.....Glen Reeves
The Future.......Dr. Jenkins

Election of captains for next season's foot ball and basket ball teams was held. Wallace Banner, halfback on this year's team and a former popular South High star, was chosen captain of the foot ball team. Leonard Stromberg, successful left guard of this season's basket ball team, is to captain the team for next season.
Peaceful seclusion and scholastic quiet are no longer characteristic of our institutions of learning. American colleges and boarding schools of today have become such a whirlwind center of "outside activities"—social, athletic, musical, religious, journalistic, dramatic—that the casual observer, looking on from the outside, cannot see "where the studying comes," and many young men who left home to obtain a college education are led by campus pressure to substitute for it a varied assortment of courses in college life.

To serious minded students beset by such conflicting claims and earnestly desiring to utilize their all-round development both college life and college studies, the following suggestions are offered. They are born of long and sympathetic experience, and are presented with full confidence that in them will be found a solution of the problem, unless the requisite wisdom and will-power to follow them are lacking.

FIRST:—Systematize your daily program of work and play.

Time is your most valuable possession. By utilizing for intensive study the odd half and quarter hours now wasted, you can probably save an hour each day for outside activities or recreation. Have a daily program and the backbone to stick to it. Never drift through a day. Drive your ship of life under its own steam along a self-chosen course toward a definite goal, regardless of wind or tide.

Cultivate promptness and quick decision, even to the smallest matters. Despise dawdling over anything, and shun the habit of postponing as you would a loathsome disease. Take a savage pleasure in doing promptly the things you hate, but you know you ought to do.

In short, organize, systematize and speed up your daily routine and you will double your legitimate leisure, without in the least diminishing your daily output of regular work.

SECOND:—Limit your outside activities, and be wise enough and strong enough to cut out purposeless loafing and useless recreations.

Such indoor sedentary recreations as chess, cards, pool, picture shows, drug-store and hotel loafing, novel reading and theater-going may be suitable for other people, but for students in college or boarding school are a foolish waste of precious time. Invest most of your leisure time in manly, competitive strenuous sports and games, preferably in the open air, and gain on the one investment half a dozen dividends. Such recreations test the mind, invigorate the body, strengthen the will, quicken the judgment, make the bodily senses alert, and train the participant in habits of fairness, loyalty and co-operation.

Do not make the common and harmful mistake of joining too many organizations. Investigate the merits of each. Some minister to childish vanity, but are devoid of real campus value; some are merely time wasters, some are positively harmful, while many are of great benefit if wisely utilized.

In general, choose both your recreations and organizations with reference to their real and permanent value in your own all-round development and future welfare, rather than their present pleasantness or temporary benefit.

To master a distasteful study by sheer power of will is the most valuable exercise in your whole college curriculum.

—Exchange.

FACULTY NOTES

On March 19 the members of the Faculty Guild were entertained by Mrs. Krueger and Mrs. James at the home of the latter.

On April 9 Miss Zozaya and Miss Buck were hostesses for the Guild.
THE RUSTY HINGE  
(By Jinx)  

A divorce suit would not appeal so much to the jury if it was sponged before it was pressed.

Why is it that people who are troubled with insomnia are generally proud of it.

"Beauty is all a woman has to fight with."

"Well, they will never be arrested nowadays for carrying concealed weapons."

The flag is now made up of thirteen stripes, forty-eight stars and one eclipse—the eighteenth amendment.

"The man I marry must have common sense," she said haughtily.

"He won't," he replied bitterly.

The man who is not injured by flattery is as hard to find as the man who is improved by criticism.

If a man comes out with his colors and shows he is unaffected, The world will respect and admire, Though diverting points have been made.

If a man can admit he is beaten, If he can see that the battle is done, The world will excuse and commend him, Then the fight is not lost, but won.

If you have cheated and life points your finger, Accusing you in her scorn, Don't be a pup or a coward, But act the man you were born.

When a girl can tell the difference between flattery and truth, she is too practical to be in love.

"When did knights in armor change their clothes, pa?"

"Whenever they could get the tin, my son."

A little girl asked the minister: "Did Mr. Genesis write the whole Bible?"

The man who talks about himself, usually has a subject of interest.

This monument is for Jackson Duck, His Lizzie was lighter than the truck.

The world stands aside for the man who knows whither he is bound.

HOW COME, BOYS AND GIRLS,  
HOW COME?

Ho! All ye damsels who write Beatrice Fairfax, Mary Lane and other public advisers in search of answers to perplexing questions! Ho! Ye maids who are anti-rouge, anti-eyebrow arch, anti-anything else that makes you beautiful (presumably). List to the word of the flapper—"They ain't no lack of NICE young men." Not in Omaha, anyway.

How come we know?, Well fr instance, we went to the Brandeis last week (really). Between acts, we became engrossed in gazing from the "shutes" over the audience below us. Several sections were taken up by groups of young men—seemingly without a best girl. "Is it possible," thinks we, and after the show was over we waited in the lobby to see. Shure 'nuff! In flocks of two, three and four, the young men sauntered out.

At this point we have arrived at the second part, which we shall make short and snappy. T'other clay, an acquaintance of ours told us that she was in a beauty parlor waiting for a marcel (whatever that is, says the male contingent), and within fifteen minutes as many girls aged from 16 to 60 had come in and asked for shampoos, marcel, eyebrow arches, ear-bobs (WHAT?) and so on.

Finally and not in, but close, to conclusion, there is a moral to this. Do the young men really prefer going alone to taking a girl with a sham complexion, false hair, and a sash for a skirt? According to the Rev. Titus Lowe this is so.

"The boys really prefer girls of the type that married dear old dad," said Dr. Lowe in a recent sermon. "Do you girls think for a minute that boys can idealize shams? Be your own sweet selves, without the rouge, lip sticks, and other fake beautifiers, and you will be far more popular than if painted up like a sign-board."

WELL  
Far be it from us to insinuate that we, or any one we know, would ever use the beautifying materials,

BUT  
The next week we smoothed our hair back, left our cheeks as nature made 'em (sort of a tannish shade) and as for powder—good gracious, no!

AND  
We didn't have a date for two weeks.

MORAL  
NEVER AGAIN!
“MEN”

Once upon a time I thought that I knew men—that I could marry any one of them with one hand and my eyes shut.

BUT ALAS!

I have discovered—

That if you flatter a man, it frightens him to death.

That if you don't flatter him, he is bored to death.

If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired in the end.

If you don't permit him, he gets tired in the beginning.

If you believe all that he tells you, he thinks that you are a fool.

If you don't believe him, he thinks you are a cynic.

If you agree with him in everything, you soon cease to charm him.

If you wear gay colors and rouge and startling hats, he hesitates to take you out.

If you wear a little brown toque and plain tailor mades, he takes you out and gazes all evening at some other women who wear colors and rouge and startling hats.

If you are jealous of him, he cannot endure you.

If you are not jealous of him, he cannot understand you.

If you join in his gaieties and approve of his smoking, he vows you are driving him to the devil.

If you disprove of his smoking and urge him to give up his gaieties, he vows you are driving him to the devil also.

If you are affectionate, he soon wearies of your kisses.

If you are cold, he seeks consolation in some other woman's kisses.

If you are a sweet, old-fashioned, clinging vine, he doubts that you have a brain.

If you are a modern, advanced and independent, he doubts that you have a heart or scruples.

If you are cute and babyish, he longs for a mental mate.

If you are brilliant and intelligent, he longs for a playmate.

If you are simple and domestic, he longs for a soul-mate.

If you are temperamental and poetic, he longs for a help-mate.

And all the time that he is falling in love with you, and just what you are, he is spending his days trying to remodel you, and make you over into something that you are not, never were and never can be.

—B.

“PEACE”

There's a toll in the church tower, there's an echo quite clear,

There's a murmur of voices with a tincture of fear,

There's a khaki-brown casket, there's a slow moving bier,

There's a proud, loving mother, though with pride comes a tear;

There's a solemn procession, there's a time for the test,

A commitment to God and a lad laid to rest;

There's an evergreen guarding, there's a bird in its nest,

It's another great victory as the sun hues the west.

But hold! There's a sound! There's a voice! There's a cry!

There's a spark takes the place of the tear in the eye;

There's a message that means that no others shall die,

For it says to the world that the war has gone by.

There's a leap, and a bound, there's a new life within,

There's a cease to the roaring and the blood-curdling din,

There's a new world that's born which is now to begin,

It's the end of the Hun, with his damnable sin.

To many a mother, it's a message of joy,

For her boy will return with no trace of alloy,

But to others of mothers, there's a son and a boy

Whom peace cannot bring, for he lies on French soil.

But be bold, mother dear, he died not in vain,

Though your heart is near broken and your eyes smart with pain,

Each sacrifice made is a wealthier gain

That the profits of life, though he came back again.

But the goal of democracy was the goal of the world,

And we fought for it valiently with our banners unfurled;

Great lives and fortunes at the Huns have been hurled,

But now like a cur at our feet they lay curled.

And now as we see crowns and thrones to decrease,

Let us not rest content till the Hun has deceased;

For he's cunning and witty and must not feel release

Till he meets the full terms of eternal world peace.

—B.
THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

The most delightful spot of all,
From springtime until early fall,
With power to soothe the jaded soul
And make the broken spirit whole
Was that doggone old swimming hole.

The brook formed here a crystal pool,
Delightful clear, enticing cool,
Where hidden by the fragrant pine,
Along with schoolboy chums of mine,
I used to sport and then recline.

The water gurgled slowly by,
Reflecting clouds and azure sky,
Concealing bass and speckled trout
That sometimes showed a hungry snout,
Inviting one to tease them out.

To hearken to the bluejay's call,
Inhale the fragrance of it all,
To catch the unsuspecting fish,
And then prepare a monarch's dish,
What more could any mortal wish?

N. C. H.

WIRELESS TELEPHONY AT WATERLOO

A gray-haired gentleman recently entered the local office at Waterloo, Ia., and inquired the toll rate to another town. He was told to enter the telephone booth across the lobby, and this information would be given to him. He went to the booth, yanked open the door, and, without lifting the receiver from the hook, very emphatically inquired what it cost to call New Hampton. After waiting a few seconds he turned to the clerk and said: "They ain't very prompt in answerin'!"

Wilson: "What's the difference between a glass of water and a glass of whiskey?"
Simon: (thirstily) "Seventy-five cents."

Kate: "What do you suppose keeps the moon from falling?"
Lila: "I suppose it's the beams."

HEARD IN THE CARPENTER SHOP

"That auger is a sharp fellow," said the hammer to the saw, "But he runs around a good deal."
"Yes," replied the saw slowly between his teeth, "and what an awful bore he is!"

"The man who does not learn by his mistakes turns the best school-master out of his life."—Edmond Hilgenreiner.

Baker: "Ray, what's that red streak on your forehead?"
Pratt: "Oh, my hat fits rather tight."
Bake: "Well, you couldn't expect round hats to fit perfectly on square heads."

"Those who believe that woman's place is not in the home might change their mind when they get a slant at the feminine bathing costumes this summer at Charlotte."
Teacher: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"
Bright Pupil: "At the bottom, Ma'am."—Ex.

The gold bug has his wings of gold,
The fire bug his wings of flame,
The bed bug has no wings at all,
But he gets there just the same.—Ex.

MEN AND DOGS

A friend may smile and bid you hail,
Yet wish you with the devil;
But when a good dog wags his tail
You know he's on the level.
—Three Partners.

Traveler: "Waiter, I just found a hair in the ice water, a hair in the honey, and a hair in the apple sauce."
Colored Waiter: "Well, boss, I reckon that the hair got in the ice water when I shaved the ice, and de hair in the honey came from de comb, but how come that hair in the apple sauce ah don't know 'cause de apples were bald-wons."

Newsboy (excitedly): "Paper, extra! All about the terrible fire. Two thousand kids burned up."
H. E.: "Here's a nickel, boy. Where was the fire?"
Newsboy: "In a glove factory."

I'M THE GUY

I am General Nuisance. Of course, you have met me before, so I need no introduction. But even though you have seen me, you may not have recognized me, so I am going to tell you some of the things I do so that the next time you see me anywhere you will know that it is me.

I'm the guy that walks up unexpectedly to the person who is drinking at the water fountain and slams the back of his head with a book so that I almost knock his teeth out. Of course, I pick my prey so that I never have to fear of getting "beat up." When I get through with him, I spit my wad of chewing gum into the fountain and take a drink quite peacefully. Then I glance up and see on the bulletin board that there are a couple of bulletins marked "very important." I don't know who wrote them, but there were two misspelled words in them and so I took them off the board and tore them to pieces. Just then I spied an innocent little mouse, frightened so that he couldn't move; so I picked him up and carried him up to the girls' cloak room and let him loose there. Those screams are music to my ear. And then I am continually talking in the classroom. My teachers are all so dry that I can't be satisfied unless I can whisper, and, of course, I whisper loud enough so that every body can hear me. Do you think I want to be selfish? I should say not. Why, I even let my friend have my other friend's chemistry experiments that I copied so as to be sure that if we get caught at it I would not be the only one to have the pleasure of getting "kicked out." I can carve my initials (or somebody's else) on the arms of my classroom chairs, and I erase all the work on the black boards where it says "Do not erase", and I raise the windows all the way up when it is cold. I know that it is cold for the girls sitting next to the window, but I sit clear over on the other side of the room, and I don't feel it at all, and I just have to have fresh air. I could go on telling you things that I do ad finitum, but I have taken up all my space; so you will just have to watch me from day to day, and you will find that I am busy all the time.
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THE WAY TO DO THINGS

"If there is that in your nature which demands the best and will take nothing less, and you do not demoralize this standard by the habit of deterioration in everything you do, you will achieve distinction in some line if you have the persistence and the determination to follow your ideal. But if you are satisfied with the cheap and shoddy, the botched and slovenly, if you are not particular about quality in your work, or in your environment, or in your personal habits, then you must expect to take second place, to fall back in the rear of the procession. People who have accomplished work worth while have had a very high sense of the right way to do things. They have not been content with mediocrity. They have not confined themselves to the beaten tracks; they have never been satisfied to do things just as others do them, but always a little better. They always pushed things that came into their hands a little higher up, a little further on. It is this little higher up, this little further on, that counts in the quality of life's work. It is the constant effort to be first class in everything one attempts that conquers the height of excellence."

—Charles L. Wagner.

As a rule, a man's a fool,
When it's hot, he wants it cool.
When it's cool, he wants it hot,
Always wanting what is not.
Ask Dot Griffis if you don't believe it.

"Say, did you ever kiss a girl in a quiet spot?"
"Yes, but the spot was quiet only while I was kissing it."—Lord Jeff.

She: "Oh, John, you are so tender tonight."
He: "I ought to be. I've been in hot water all week at school."

"Drink to me only with thine eyes," sang the sweet young thing.
"I'm sorry," answered Clarence, "but I left my glasses at home."—Toronto Goblin.

"Why do you feel so fussed?"
"Oh, I always feel self-conscious in an evening gown."
"Sort of all dressed up and no place to go?"
"No—nothing on for the evening."—Frivol.
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Did you ever stop to think about initials and their significance? For instance, one of our fair co-eds starts the alphabet with her three. Another of our young ladies has somewhat egotistical initials—I. T.; and one of our boys is so afraid that some one will mistake his gender that he even has for his initials H. E. Another of our boys is very religious, particularly fond of young people's meetings—C. E. We know two girls whose initials spell a familiar contraction for "Mother"—M. A. And, of course, there are lots of others which form interesting combinations, but which we will not mention at this time.

English Literature class is becoming quite interesting—especially when we begin analyzing points of masculine beauty.

One of the boys complains that he cannot "Buck" the French class.

"Did you pass the make-up?"
"No. She must have passed down a side street."

Like the lava from the crater
Came the gravy on his pate,
For he didn't tip the waiter,
So the waiter tipped the plate.

She: "Don't call me Miss Jones."
Dave, (just introduced): "What shall I call you, dear?"
She: "My name is Miss Smith."

Visitor: "And who is that poor inmate?"
Asylum Attendant: "That's a sad case. She was a bookkeeper for a college publication and she lost her balance."—Widow.

Don't Forget May 1st
We Move to
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TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 1258

Lewis Henderson, Florist
She: “What would you call a man who hid behind a woman’s skirt?”
He: “A magician.”
Simon: “I dreamt I died last night.”
Smith: “What woke you up?”
Simon: “The heat.”

Dr. Krueger tells us that his boy woke up one night laughing.
“Well, son, what’s the matter?”
“Oh, dad, I was dreaming about the joke you told me a couple of days ago, and I just got the joke.”
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Yell Leader: “All right, let’s have a siren!”
Witless Rooter: “You bet! Say, pick out a blonde, will you?”

No college man is as good as he tries to make his professor believe, nor as bad as he tells his girl.

At 12:28 there was a rattling of coffers, a shuffling of feet, and a murmur of “let’s go.”

Hartford: “What’s your home state?”
Anderson: “State of intoxication.”
Hart: “When are you going back home? I want to go with you.”

Pillsbury: “No, this child performed the experiment without any hesitation.”
Miss Walters: “That is certainly an exception. You must have a very brilliant child.”

Mr. Reeves informs us that it is very disagreeable to have some one playfully turn the lights off and on—when one is otherwise engaged.

The French II. class is a regular salad—“Lettuce sing the Mayonaise.”

For the classified ad section—Wanted: Experienced chemist to aid in performing Experiment X. Original assistant preferred. Apply K. F.

Cousin Nell: “Suppose your chick should lay an egg, would you give it to me, Johnny?”
Johny: “No, I’d sell it to a museum; that chick is a rooster.”

He: “They have a trained nurse.”
She: “Don’t they like wild ones?”
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