

Special Offer to Graduates

SEE US ABOUT IT

Photographs of the Best Quality

Prices Very Reasonable

MATSUO'S LAKE STUDIO

24th and Lake Sts.

Telephone Webster 6311



HEY! HOW LONG IS IT
GONNA TAKE SOME OF
YOU TO FIND OUT THIS
IS THE BEST PLACE FOR
SHOES

KINNEY'S

205-7-9 North 16th Street
OMAHA : NEBRASKA

Rogers

CONFECTIONER

*The Home of the Pure
Candies and Ice Cream*

24th and Farnam Sts.

Don't Forget: After School

THERE'S A PLACE
FOR "U" IN THE

SUN

CLASSY PHOTOPLAYS
FOR ALL "CLASSES"

PEP NUMBER PEP NUMBER PEP NUMBER PEP NUMBER
NUMBER PEP NUMBER PEP NUMBER PEP NUMBER PEP
PEP NUMBER PEP NUMBER PEP NUMBER PEP NUMBER
NUMBER PEP NUMBER PEP NUMBER PEP NUMBER PEP

P
E ! E
P E P

THE REGISTER
FEBRUARY 1919

The Skoglund Studio

at 16th Street. Entrance on Douglas
PHONE DOUGLAS 1375

SPRING TERM GRADUATES would do well to sit for their Photographs now, to allow plenty of time to get them in the annual.

Rates to students for panels in folders \$3.00 and \$4.00 per dozen. One cut free for annual.

See Our Display in Main Floor, East Entrance

PLEATING—Over 60 New Models. BUTTONS—All the Latest Shapes

HEMSTITCHING and PICOT EDGING, EMBROIDERING, BEADING, BRAIDING, SCALLOPING, BUTTONHOLES

THE IDEAL BUTTON & PLEATING CO.

300-308 Brown Bldg., Opposite Brandeis Stores.
Telephone Douglas 1936

Kodaks and Kodak Finishing

*NOT How Soon?
BUT How Good!*

The Robert Dempster Company
1813 Farnam Street Branch 308 South 15th Street

MENTION THE REGISTER WHEN YOU BUY

Blackstone Garage Company

No. 1—3814 Farnam St.

No. 2—1918 Douglas St.

Harney 800

No. 3—3527 Farnam St.

MRS. M. W. JACOBS MISS N. JACOBS

The New Delicatessen

Home Baking a Specialty

Open from 7:00 a. m. to 7:00 p. m.
Closed Sundays

1806 Farnam Street
Phone Douglas 5772

1879 *Our Trade-Mark* 1919
Means Quality

Arnold's FLORISTS

Phone Douglas 132 1523 Douglas St.
After 6 p. m., Webster 1031

EAT A PLATE OF ICE CREAM EVERY DAY!
But for your own sake be sure
it's—
Harding's
The Cream of all
ICE CREAM



THE REGISTER

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

"Acceptance for mailing special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 13, 1918"

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

Advertising Rates on Application to Business Manager

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

RALPH KHARAS, Editor		EDITORIAL STAFF		JEAN KENNEDY, Assistant Editor	
Associate Editors: Donald Pillsbury, Gladys Mickel					
NEWS		ORGANIZATIONS		SHELL SHOCKS	
Betty Kennedy		Camilla Edholm		Mary Loomis	
Hayward Leavitt		Harold DeLano		William Hamilton	
Josephine Marple		ATHLETICS		Louis Freiberg	
Alex McKie		Walter White		Russell Funkhouser	
Zoe Schalek		Herberta Barker		ALUMNI	
		ART		Margaret Parish	
PHOTOGRAPHY		Burke Adams		PROOF-READERS	
Florice Shaw		Phyllis Waterman		Thelma Black	
		BUSINESS STAFF		Helen Winkelman	
RAY F. STRYKER, Business Manager		ROBERT JENKINS, Assistant Business Manager			
Myron H. Price, Circulation Manager		Ralph Swanson, Assistant Circulation Manager			
AD SOLICITORS		CIRCULATION AIDES			
Ruth Miller Verne Vance		Flora Schukert Frances Patton			
Virginia Davis Crawford Follmer		Ralph Campbell			

Vol. XXXIII

OMAHA, NEBR., FEBRUARY, 1919

Number 6



THE PEP NUMBER

"Well," remarked the Chief Nutte to the Assistant and Associate Nuttes as they gathered for their monthly nut-cracking conference, "What shall we feed the expectant reading public this month?" Chorus of loud silence greets this rhetorical question. Then a marvelous idea bursts upon the brain-pan of one of our number (we won't tell who, because he doesn't want to take the responsibility): "Let's have a nutty number and fill it full of pep and squirrel food." Whereupon all the nuts, including the hazelnuts and the wall-nuts and the doughnuts, agreed.

Consequently, gentle reader (pray heaven thou mayst remain gentle), here is the "Pep Number."

---PEP---

If the students of this high school want a good school paper, if they want a good Annual, they've got to take an interest in the finances of that paper. Business men will not pay out money for advertising that brings no results. Now is the time to begin working for a good Annual, by convincing the business men of Omaha that we mean business when we say, "Central High students patronize Register advertisers exclusively."

Read the ads.

Patronize the advertisers.

The staff photographer will be glad to receive snap shots for publication at the Register office.

PEP UP! NOW!

This old school has been in a rut! We say "has been," because in the last week there's been a noticeable change for the better. There has been more real pep shown during the last week than during the whole year. And it's a good thing, too, because it's about time to wake up and show some life.

We know we've been handicapped this year by the war and by the influenza vacation, but everything is swinging back to normal again and in the next four months we ought to wake up and show the world that Central Hi is still alive.

One thing this school needs is about 2,000 boosters for the basketball team. We've got a mighty good team this year, and it deserves support. If we can just show the spirit at the games that was shown at that mass meeting last Friday, our boys just naturally won't be able to keep from winning the State Tournament. The only home game that has had a capacity crowd yet is the Lincoln game, and even then there ought to have been more rooters for the team. Let's make that ticket man hang out the "Standing Room Only" sign for every game hereafter. Another thing we ought to do is to wear our school colors at the games. Everybody in Lincoln knows that the Lincoln colors are red and black. Before the people of Omaha forget all about it, we ought to show them that Central's colors are *Purple and White*.

The battalion with its new organization is ready to go ahead and accomplish a greater efficiency than ever before. All we need to make the best cadet corps O. H. S. ever had is a little of that old-time pep that has always kept this school on the top.

The Senior class for the first time this year showed some signs of a real, live class spirit, when they met Wednesday, February 19, to elect officers to supply recent vacancies, and to discuss the lack of school spirit up here this year. The meeting was full of pep, there was a big crowd, and more than that, the crowd was enthusiastic. That class meeting ought to be the beginning of a class spirit that will make things hum from now until June.

So let's all pull together for the livest, peppiest school term that O. H. S. ever had!

SPEAKING OF PEP--

The biggest, livest sensation that ever struck O. H. S. is on the way and due to arrive April 11, for a two days' stay. The C. O. C. Road Show, bigger and better than ever, is already planned and well under way.

A special feature is to be the production of a prize playlet written by some student, preferably on a school subject. Manuscripts are due March 7, and a prize of five dollars will be awarded to the best if it can be used. Juniors and Seniors are especially urged to contribute.

Boost the Road Show!

"A new sense of nationalism has dawned upon us. We mean to have a physically sound population in the future, if we can compass it."

—Alvin Johnson, in the *New Republic*.

LITERARY

RANBOW'S END

ELDA HOLMES had reached her Sophomore year. Her Freshman year had been slow, but she had expected something more during her career as a "Know-it-all Soph." Far from being rushed by any society worth the name, she had not even felt a slight push toward such a goal. However, being a girl of some originality and pep, and an admirer of the Joan of Arc Stuff (the original, if you please!) she resolved to take action.

Royalty, as you know, is made up of lords and ladies. Having failed to succeed with the ladies, Elda was prepared to stake her all upon the lords. She card-indexed these lords to find the most eligible.

This most eligible was Pendleton Melham, who was all that his name implied in the matter of pompadour, cravats, and shiny shoes. This young gentleman, commonly called "Pen" by classmates who had not the heart to inflict the rest upon him, was not selected for ornamental purposes as one might imagine. The reasons for his being selected as "The Most Eligible" were, that he was a football star, a Cadet captain, a Frat man, and had many other sterling attributes, not the least of which was his peculiar fascination for the Fairer sex.

Having arranged her cards, to speak in the Robert W. Chambers' tongue, Elda prepared to play them.

The morning of the siege dawned most drearily. The chilling atmosphere would have completely dampened a less enthusiastic spirit than Elda's. She, however, was not at all superstitious, having walked under ladders many a day, and once had even changed lockers on Friday.

At her locker she watched, and not in vain, for along came Pendleton Melham and alone!

The crowd of promenaders pressed him close to Elda. She seized the opportunity, and grasping a French dictionary from the shelf of her locker, she dropped it with deliberate intent upon the helpless toes of Lord Pendleton Melham!

Forgetting his lordly dignity, as one is apt to in times of stress, Pen emitted a pained, "Ouch! Ye gods!" and then looked up to meet the determined countenance of Elda Holmes, who, under cover of the mass, clutched his arm with a decisive movement and hissed dramatically in his ear, "Listen! Meet me in the court immediately after class. I have something very important to say to you. Remember!"

She shook his arm again by way of emphasis and slipped away and was lost in the crowd, leaving Pen with his mouth wide open, an ache in his toes and a confused picture of a girl with soft yet determined eyes, a firm yet wistful mouth, and masses of reddish hair.

The hours passed like centuries for Elda; and when they were finally over, she fled without delay to the court. Quick as she was, Pen had already preceded her, and was waiting with the cast of countenance of one who is expecting something unusual and reasonably sure he is going to get it.

"Well," he demanded, in a bantering tone, feeling Master of the Ceremonies, "what's the idea of this little—er—rendezvous?"

"Pay attention to me," Elda commanded. "I haven't come here on foolishness. I've come on a purely business matter. It's this: For the last year I've been trying to 'get in' things and I haven't succeeded. Why haven't I? I have some brains; I'm not repulsive looking; I'm not slovenly; I can be charm-

ing if I wish. But I haven't succeeded. You have. You, too, have these attributes, but one you have not. And that's brains. You are a flunk; your stag toasts are rank; your Frat speeches are deadly bores. And that's what I'm coming to. I'm going to make you a proposition. It's this: There's going to be a big Frat dance next week; you are going to take me. You will also be my escort to the debates, football games, and Senior Dramatics. Your several Frat pins will adorn my person. In short, you will get me in things thru your popularity. In return, I will do your lessons, write your debates, compose the subjects of your toasts, frame your stag speeches; and if I do, I promise you that your popularity will double itself. And now, what's your answer, for I must go."

Elda did not have to wait long, for Pen stretched out his hand suddenly, and said admiringly, "By Jove! You're a regular sport. I do accept your proposition, and here's my hand on it. And say—never mind about the lessons and things. I guess I can worry thru. I'd be glad to help a girl like you along without any compensation."

But Elda shook her head decisively. "No," she said, "everything holds. As I said, it's to be a strictly business matter." But before turning away, she added in a soft voice,

"Thank you! You're a good sport, too!"

The High School, during the ensuing weeks, could be likened to a small community during a Peace celebration. The whole school was a-buzz concerning Pen's "latest." The excitement reached fever height the day of the big Frat dance. Groups of girls formed around lockers, discussing the case. Into one of these a girl abruptly dashed with a Paul Revere air.

"Girls!" she shrieked. "Bob just told me that Pen had ordered a superb corsage at Greeley's. It's for that Elda!"

(Things had reached the point where Miss Holmes was designated as "that Elda.")

There was an instant's pause. Then someone asked in a sympathetic voice, "How's poor Emily taking it?"

From which it may be inferred that "Emily" had met with a loss.

The dance was a complete triumph for Elda. She was the "belle of the ball." All her dances except those with Pen, were split. When the affair was over, she was the gainer of eleven more Frat pins and four invitations to the best clubs.

In the aftermath, sororities were not the only things that rushed to Elda. These other "things" were a bunch of popular chaps whose one aim in the world seemed to be the wish of making Pen's duties lighter.

One noon, after lunch, Pen, who had not seen Elda for some time, approached her.

"Hello, Elda," he began. "Now you're where you want to be, you don't seem to recognize an old acquaintance." A slight bitterness came into his voice.

"Why, Pen?" exclaimed Elda. "I hardly think you can accuse me of that! How are you getting along with your work? I've been hearing all sorts of nice things about your last Auditorium talk."

"Indeed?" returned Pen, with a short laugh. "It was good. Why shouldn't it be? I didn't write it. The idea of a boy's sponging on a girl for his lessons! I tell you, Elda, it has got to stop!"

"Pen! What are you raving about? Why isn't it fair? You put me where I am. I'm sorry if you're tired of your bargain."

"Oh, I haven't! It isn't that!" He stood silent for a space, staring moodily in front of him. Then in a tone of forced cheerfulness, he said, "Are you going to the debate tonight? Let me take you?"

"I'm sorry, but I promised Jim Willys. You see, I try to make your duties lighter!"

Pen frowned.

"Seems to me you're going around a lot with that Willys. Too much, in fact!"

"Indeed?" inquired Elda frostily.

Pen moved off.

That night at the debate, Elda's thots would turn to Pen. Suddenly and inexplicably she found herself most heartily wishing that it was he at her side instead of Jim Willys.

Her tired eyes traveled indifferently around the room, but they were not at all tired or indifferent when they amazingly encountered those of Pendleton Melham.

At the invitation of her smile, Pen hurried over. He nodded to Willys and bending to Elda, whispered, "Won't you let me get rid of Willys? Then we'll go home together."

"Yes, do!" she whispered back.

Elda never knew how it was done, but she was soon out in the frosty air with Pen.

"I was so glad when I saw you there tonight," she told him, oddly diffident.

"I was so blue until you smiled, and then . . . !" he squeezed her arm.

"But it's a good old world after all, isn't it?"

Their happy laughter floated back like the gladness of Christmas bells to where Jim Willys stood alone in the silent street, staring wistfully into the frosty night.

COMPILED LABORS OF A RARE-BIT FIEND

There seems to be a popular belief that Welsh rare-bits contribute more to the liveliness of a supposedly dormant imagination than almost any other experience. I have often wondered whether Don Quixote were not acquainted with the dish. For a long time, I believed the rabbit which guided Alice through Wonderland to have been Welsh. But I have since changed my mind; for I, myself, have suffered, survived, and recounted many a hair-raising dream in my life, and never once have I tasted a Welsh rare-bit.

Yet they continue to class us as fiends:

My first flight concerning our beloved center of learning was a combination of Roman History and Sophomore English. Nero, famed for having illuminated Rome with human torches, invaded the city of Omaha, crushed the mayor, and straightway set out persecuting members of the Central High School. Students and teachers were handcuffed and thrown into the lockers, and one poor lad was severely reprovved for attempting to hang himself to a dismal black walnut tree near 215. They let him alone, though, when assured that his neck hurt sufficiently to make him repent. As I wandered unrestrained through the corridors lined with so many well-known faces, I chanced to see Miss Morrison bound hand and foot to a swaying locker door. My first instinct was to ask her whether I might change the plot of my long theme; but fearing to bother her, I turned to Miss Towne instead and asked her what "molle" meant. (It was placarded all over town.) She said it was a punishment inflicted biennially on a community. I protested that we had just gone through a tornado, and she agreed sadly, "Yes, that's the injustice of it."

Not long after I was intensely relieved to find Miss Bridge in the peaceful pursuit of purchasing animal crackers with which to illustrate Caesar's conquests of the "Germani" to her classes.

When America declared war, our assistant editor-to-be, in the guise of a Red Cross nurse, was nobly wafted over to France, where she promptly forgot all traces of ye English language, and returned in a month practically tongue-tied. Goodness, how dreadful! you say. Yes, the whole school felt so badly

about it that they voted to send her a Christmas present, the delivery of which was entrusted to some flighty individual who never got there because of an hallucination that one hundred orange milk wagons were fiercely pursuing him down Dodge Street hill.

I am indeed proud to state that at one time city authorities were unanimously possessed of the belief that I had sufficient courage and physical stamina to hold down the position of traffic cop at the end of the Albright carline. Naturally, this experience tended to improve my prowess, and one day I waxed furious enough to throw a glass of cold water at Miss Stebbins' English class. Miss Stebbins graciously thanked me for waking them up, and then requested me to leave the room and amuse myself elsewhere. I obeyed, and just as I stepped out of the door whom should I meet but our old friend Buck, also in need of diversion! So we combined forces, and soon collected quite a crowd by our eccentric interpretation of such familiar folk dances as "Pop Goes the Weasel," etc. Bob was in the act of passing the hat when Miss Towne entered and shooed everybody away, not omitting, however, to subject the undersigned to the mortification of being shaken by the ear.

Things went better for me after that. Miss Stegner filled by soul with joy by inviting me to assist her in sewing Aunt Jemima's pancakes for refreshments at the Junior Prom; and in the near springtime, our usual dandelion bedecked campus grew into a grove of blonde brass hairpins, to the infinite delight of more than one tow-headed girl in our school.

Then there was a furious campaign for editorship of the Art Department. It seemed a strange thing to run after, there being no paper published and no supplies purchased which Miss Rudersdorff could not procure herself. I investigated the case. Perfectly simple! All they wanted was a forewoman to inspect the peanut butter sandwiches of which they produced a thousand a week.

An interesting case was brought before the Student Council. A lady (I think it was Miss Gross, for she was dressed all in white) was suing a railroad for damages done to her white shoes when the engineer ran a train into her and knocked her down. It was a narrow gauge railroad, she said, and exceedingly ill-mannered, since over its entire property was posted the insolent motto: "This looks like a little railroad, but it ain't!"

Now I have been told that such nightly visions are direct logical results of our life as we do not live it. That is, when the brain is not restrained by convention, it flutters around to the things that deep down in our hearts we have always wanted to do. In that case, I am very likely to be accused of desiring to convert our dear old school building into a Chamber of Horrors, where the chief method of torture is to chain down the faculty and fire questions at them. Revenge, clearly. Again, I am bent on drowning my English class and dancing folk dances at its funeral. An outcropping of barbarian customs. My revolutionizing society with pancakes and reforming our educational system by putting the Art Department to making sandwiches, and including animal crackers in the Latin course, would indicate that I am not fed enough at home. You see how I can be misjudged.

Of course I don't believe in all these interpretations and I know perfectly well that neither do you. But in the same confidential tone in which I have made the above revelations, let me whisper a bit of advice into your ears: If you don't want to get in trouble, don't tell your dreams!

— C. E., '19.

A certain young lady said, "How
Can I possibly write a theme now?"
But at last she succeeded,
And wrote what was needed,
Then handed it in with a bow.

HIGH SCHOOL MEMORIES

Way back in the fifties, when Omaha was only a little prairie town, squatting on the banks of the muddy Missouri, little was thought or done in the way of establishing a school system. The struggling little community found graver matters with which to occupy its attention and treasury. But as the town grew and flourished, the need for schools grew in importance, and a few small classes were organized by private individuals. 1859 witnessed the inauguration of the public school system of Omaha, an instructor being brought from the East to begin his classes in the old territorial capitol building on Ninth and Farnam. Altho conducted by the state, this school was not exactly public, since tuition was charged, the amount varying with the subjects taken.

It is hard for us to realize that there has not always been an "Omaha High School;" that there was a time when the High School simply consisted of an advanced class, taught by the principal of the school. Those were the days when the boys skipped school to kill rattlesnakes on the river bottoms, or to climb Capitol Hill to watch the prairie fires in the distance. There was a school paper in those days, too; but each issue never exceeded one copy, as it was the editor's duty to copy it on fool's-cap by hand. Every two weeks, on Friday afternoon, the boy or girl chosen editor for that issue would march up to the front of the room and read "The Free School Advocate" to his interested contemporaries. This name had been given the paper because the main purpose of the publication was to urge the inauguration of free public schools.

There follows now a period of about ten years, during which the schools of the city continued to grow, and with them, of course, the "advanced class," in which we are especially interested. For awhile this department occupied a store room at Fourteenth and Jackson, and later one on Sixteenth and Chicago. Finally, in 1872, the old brick High School building was erected upon our present site, then the old Capitol grounds. The first floor was used for the grades, but the second story was given over exclusively to higher classes, and Omaha High School became an established institution.

In 1876 the first class graduated from the High School. How different that graduation must have been from the one of 1919, forty-three years later. Although the class itself was large, there were only eleven graduates, among whom were Addie Gladstone, mother of our own Miss Gross; Fannie Wilson, mother of Sands Woodbridge, who was graduated recently; Bertha Isaacs, now known to us as Mrs. F. R. McConnell, mother of Fredrick and Tyman McConnell, recent graduates, the first of whom has been in a German prison camp; Stacia Crowley and Ida Goodman, long connected with the schools here in the capacity of teachers, and Nelia Tehmer, now Mrs. Richard Carrier. The class boasted of two men of national renown: Professor Lawrence Bruner, now state entomologist and a great scholar, and Henry Estabrook, general attorney for the Western Union, who was a presidential candidate in 1916. Julia Knight, Dora Harney, Judge Wakeley, Charlie Saunders, Charles and Arthur Huntington, Frank B. Johnson, Judge Redick and Judge Shields, all living in Omaha at the present time, were also in that class.

The school life in the old brick building was very different from that which we know. With fewer than one hundred pupils, only three or four class rooms were needed. As this left the third story free, it was divided into an auditorium and a girls' gymnasium. During lunch periods, what do you suppose went on in the gym? Dancing! And the faculty looked on with a kindly eye and never blinked an eyelid. Ah, me! those were the days of real sport! And other things used to happen, too, I've heard. One morning Mr. Kellom, the principal, found all the blackboards neatly greased, and no one ever found out who did it, either. On another occasion, some boys, being hard up

for amusement, threw an exceedingly life-like dummy out of the tower window, when the yard was full of girls. Great horror and excitement followed during which the young gallants hastened out upon the campus and tragically bore their limp and drooping comrade indoors. The truth soon leaked out, of course, but the event served to break the monotony.

In those good old days there flourished a certain organization known as the "M. K. T.," or in other words, "Mystic Krew." This mysterious society held meetings in a cave in Lowe's Woods, now Bemis Park. We tremble to think of the dark deeds which were there committed, under the supervision of the Grand High Executioner and the Knights of the Inner Circle. Suffice it to say that the reputation of the latter worthies became sufficiently awful to fill the youngsters of the school with great respect.

By this time the "Free School Advocate" was no more. In its place was a "regular paper," which had the distinction of being printed. "Jim" McCartney was the editor for the Class of '76, and "Charlie" Huntington furnished a good share of the illustrations. If that paper was at all representative of the class, it must have been a "humdinger."

The old brick building has been replaced by the one we now occupy; and the scholars of 1876 have been succeeded by a younger generation. We hope that if, in the years to come, our children look back at our school-days, they will find as much to admire and enjoy as we now find when we, in our turn, glance back over the pages of our school's early history.

For me to get hold of my Woolley
Is hopeless, I realize fully
But to teach that young miss
You bet, after this,
I will lend all my books on a pulley.

At Central High School is a mentor
Who frightens the freshies that enter.
Tho the newcomers fear hm,
The Seniors revere him,
And the name of this mentor is Senter.

His mother 'gainst skating was set,
So he said that he'd fool them all yet.
But the ice wouldn't hold,
And the water was cold—
But his mother soon warmed him, you bet.

The freshmen cause great animation,
For them there is no consolation.
Quoth one, "On this floor
I can't find the door
That leads to my next recitation.

In this school is a teacher, Miss Towne,
Who is never seen wearing a frown;
But still, we must say
That on many a day,
She has given us a good calling down.

There once was a lady so fair,
Who wore very lovely blonde hair;
But she passed 'neath a twig
And right off came that wig—
Such events are really quite rare.



Sports

BIX

CAPITAL CITY FIVE TROUNCES CENTRAL HIGH

Lincoln stopped over here just long enough, Washington's Birthday, to dull our "ax" to the blunt edge of 26-12. Playing a fast and heady game on the Creighton Gym, the Red and Black squad played rings around Mully's crew and romped off with an easy victory. Before the end of the last half, our men were facing subs on the Lincoln team. The first half ended 14-6, Lincoln.

Lincoln led off with a basket by Saugey and Omaha tied it up with a counter by Burnham. Omaha opened up and displayed a streak of gilt-edge ball and shoved in two more. This did not weaken Lincoln an iota, but they came back strong and took the lead, which they did not lose throughout the evening.

Swoboda and Clements divided the honors for defensive playing and Central would have been swamped had it not been for their speed and keenness in breaking up Lincoln's plays. Burnham, Konecky, and Logan handled their plays well, but were way off form in locating the basket. Schapers was the big noise for Lincoln, getting five free goals and four foul goals for a total of 13 points.

The Omaha five showed up better earlier in the season when they lost to the big Lincoln boys by a close score of 23-19 on the Lincoln floor. It is hoped that the team will get into the game and find its true speed before the tournament in March.

The team takes the road Saturday and wanders up to Soo City and will attempt to scalp them for the second time this season.

Everyone that possibly can, should turn out for the tournament at Lincoln, early in March, and help Logan's crew climb the flagstaff and bring the championship home. We are not making any rash promises as to how long we will stay in the big swim, but if the team fights like it did in the Lincoln game and is able to locate the basket, watch our smoke. Every loyal rooter should be there. It will be well worth your time and a few simoleans.

CENTRAL TAKES HARD GAME FROM COMMERCE

Playing on the Creighton floor, our five handed the aspiring aggregation of Commerce Hi "Wops" a sound spanking by the score of 17 to 12. Our Purple and White squad played a brand of ball which any High School team in the state would envy.

In the first half, Burnham's accuracy in receiving the ball and shooting it in from close range, was responsible for Central's six points. This half ended in a tie, 6 to 6.

Konecky came into his own in the second half by slipping in a free throw to begin with and by immediately following it with a field goal, giving us a three-point lead. From then on, Konecky was a "spotted" man and the Commerce gymnasts kept right on his trail. Captain Logan and Clements both played a good game, each garnering one goal, and Swoboda kept his guard position hot.

Our "seconds" handed the Commerce yearlings a boxing to the tune of 14 to 7.

FORT DODGE SKINNED BY SINGLE BASKET

Making a tie spell victory, our flippers nosed out on the long end of an 18 to 16 score, against Fort Dodge, after a close and well played game. The Purple and White squad presented a lineup which had undergone a general shake-up, certainly necessary, if we were to show any championship calibre. Coach Mulligan shifted his crew again, at the beginning of the second half, and his combination woke up and displayed a little speed.

Konecky was easily the star of the game. Altho short, he is some high stepper and a demon at locating the basket. Cook, Fort Dodge guard, played a splendid game and camped right on Konecky's trail; but notwithstanding his close guarding, Konecky slipped four neat baskets over on him. Logan played a good game at home but only garnered one counter. Wipe the dust out of your gleamers, Israel! Swoboda, at right guard, played his regular fast game plus a little more ginger, and kept Funk, Fort Dodge R. F., on the move. Clements played a steady game at the other bouncer's position. Paynter, with two baskets and Burnham, with one, played an ordinary game, but did not show the life and speed that was expected of them. However, both possess a world of pep and headwork, which will surely show before the season is very old.

The fans were brought to their feet several times by the shooting of

Konecky and by the general improvement of our Purple and White aggregation. Fort Dodge must be given due credit for the brilliant teamwork which they displayed in the second half and also, for the style and clean cut game they played.

Watch our quintet lunge forward from now on. Freshmen, get a Student Association Ticket and start your young career by taking part in the High School spirit.

SOUTH HIGH WINS BY NARROW MARGIN

It took South High two extra five-minute periods to break the tie and win from Central by a two-goal margin. The whole O. H. S. team deserves credit for a hard-fought game, hampered as they were by a poor floor. If Central shows the packers her real class when the two teams meet again on our home floor, O. H. S. may easily claim the city championship.

FACULTY TEAM—HURRAH!

Wentworth Military Academy has a faculty basket-ball team. This is a fine idea and should be carried out here. We suggest the following lineup: Mr. Nelson, forward (he could drop the ball in); Lt. Himstead, the other forward (he could scare the other team by "sounding off"); Dr. Senter, (you know where); and Mr. Woolery and Mr. Schmidt, guards, (if they stood together the ball couldn't get past.)

WHAT WE LOOK FOR AT THE TOURNAMENT

- 12:00 M.—Lincoln served bread and milk. Omaha Central served pretzels and hot lemonade.
- 3:00 P. M.—Betting 2 to 1 on Central. Guards have great difficulty in keeping crowd back from players' rooms.
- 3:15 P. M.—Rumored that Paynter of Central not in condition. Betting even now.
- 8:00 P. M.—Gates at Auditorium open and warm-up starts.
- 8:15 P. M.—Bob Ingwersen and some of his fashion-plate gang sneak in at a window.
- 8:20 P. M.—Great commotion on east end of floor.
- 8:21 P. M.—Cause of commotion discovered. Wiley distributing a package of gum.
- 8:22 P. M.—Delegation of Lincoln supporters from the insane asylum arrive.

8:25 P. M.—Jacobs of Central arrives with floor-hospital apparatus and ambulance.
 8:28 P. M.—Central wins the toss. Paynter tips it off to Burnham, who forgets to return the compliment.
 8:29 P. M.—Lincoln cheer-leaders from the penitentiary arrive.
 8:30 P. M.—Konecky passes to Logan who gains 30 yards.
 8:31 P. M.—Verne Vance and wife arrive. Playing suspended while Verne searches for checks.
 8:40 P. M.—Clements tries a drop-kick. Stands go wild.
 8:41 P. M.—Paynter cops a basket. Score: Central 2, Lincoln 0.
 8:42 P. M.—Excitement in audience. A young Lincoln girl faints in "Bill" Hamilton's arms.
 8:43 P. M.—Logan loses his gum. A search finds it in Konecky's hair.
 8:44 P. M.—Lwellyn of Lincoln falls and his glasses are broken.
 8:47 P. M.—Time for Burnham to comb his hair.
 8:48 P. M.—Paynter and Logan forced to retire on account of injuries. Animal Husbandry class takes care of the cripples.
 8:50 P. M.—Half up. Score: Central 2, Lincoln 0.
 8:51 P. M.—Play resumed. Burnham throws a basket but throws ball in the wrong one.
 8:52 P. M.—Clements calls Lwellyn a Swedish carp and is banished from the game.
 8:53 P. M.—Central is penalized 15 yards.
 8:54 P. M.—Paynter resumes his task but is again put out of the game for holding (probably from force of habit).
 9:00 P. M.—Lwellyn of Lincoln makes a basket from the opposite end of the floor. Cohn wires Omaha Bee to nominate Lwellyn for the All-American.
 9:02 P. M.—Time called for Lwellyn to receive a floral offering from the Lincolmites.
 9:03 P. M.—Lincoln basket not allowed, Lwellyn being outside.
 9:15 P. M.—Referee calls game on account of rain and darkness. Coach Mulligan goes to Lwellyn's cellar in search of refreshments.

A Comedy Undivine

PARADISE

A shaded room,
 An open fire,
 A cozy nook,
 And your heart's desire.

PURGATORY

The self-same room,
 With lights just few,
 The same little nook,
 With Ma there, too.

INFERNO

The room, the nook,
 The shade, the fire,
 The greatest chance—
 And enter sire!

—Ex.

But Who Was Sitting Upon the Wave's Lap?

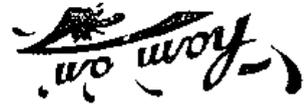
While boating on the bay one night
 I saw the ocean's arm
 Steal gently 'round a neck of land
 To keep its shoulder warm.
 This made me jealous as could be,
 It really made me sore,
 And so I paddled toward the land
 And closely hugged the shore.

—Ex.
 "A school paper is quite an invention.
 The school gets all the fame; (?)
 The printer gets all the money,
 And the staff gets all the blame."

—Ex.
 You may think this is
 Poetry, but it is
 Not. The printer just
 Set it this way to
 Fool you for once.

—ham: Want to buy a mule?
 an': Whut ails de mule?
 —ham: Nothin.
 an': Then whut are yo sellin him
 foah?
 —ham: Nothin.
 an': I'll take him.
 —ham: Whut am yo weepin about?
 an': A hoss done run away wid ma
 bruddah, throwed him outen de wagon
 ed, dat ouah fust, last, an only aim,
 puppose, an ambition am to please, sat-
 isty, an convict ouah mos gentle and
 patientest readahs and readahesses.
 (Applause.) In wukkin towards dis
 goal, we hab, in de fust place, boughten
 a noo typewritah, second, we jointed
 ouah hands togeddah as pahmahs, an
 now we am enlargin ouah floah space
 an hab added oddah featuhs whut we
 hopes yo hab not obahlooked. (Snick-
 ering.) Wishing yo de best ob luck,
 —ham: Is Dr. Sentah a good
 gollah?
 an': No, honest, he doesn't cuss a
 bit.
 "Two hearts dat yearn fo lub's sweet
 prison,
 Where his is her'n and her'n is his'n."
 —Selected.
 —ham: Ah hab had de same un-
 brella in mah possession fo twenty
 yeahs.
 an': Why in Sam hill don't yo take
 it back?
 —ham: Don't you think that
 Burke Adams is rather fast?
 an': Yes, but I don't think that he
 will get away.
 Low bridge! Duck!
 Aw mix, Mutt, fer tha lub ov Mike,
 listen to reason.
 —ham: Does yo sing?
 an': Yathuh.
 —ham: Whut pah?
 an': Shortstop.
 —ham: Where's dat?
 an': Between fust an secon' base.
 an': Coz doah knobs is in doahs so
 much, yo know.
 What tha ding ding?

TO WHOM IT MIGHT CONSARN:
 Fum now on, hencefoth, an fo
 evahmo, We, "—ham an" wants it
 knowed, undahstood, an comprehend-
 ed, dat ouah fust, last, an only aim,
 puppose, an ambition am to please, sat-
 isty, an convict ouah mos gentle and
 patientest readahs and readahesses.
 (Applause.) In wukkin towards dis
 goal, we hab, in de fust place, boughten
 a noo typewritah, second, we jointed
 ouah hands togeddah as pahmahs, an
 now we am enlargin ouah floah space
 an hab added oddah featuhs whut we
 hopes yo hab not obahlooked. (Snick-
 ering.) Wishing yo de best ob luck,
 we thank yo one an all.
 —ham: Dere am dat Stew Powahs
 tawking to a brunette. Ah thawt he
 an': He wur, but it dyed.
 Was he? No, Izzie.
 —ham: Will all de gurls whut lub
 me please smile?
 an': Yo can stop laffin now,
 gurls.
 Lettuce hab peas.
 —ham: Does yo know dat a few
 words mumbled by a pahson consti-
 tutes marriage?
 an': Yes, an does yo know dat a
 few words mumbled by a sleepin hus-
 bin constitutes a divoahce?
 Time out!



SCHOOL NOTES

SENIOR CLASS HAS SNAPPY MEETING

A meeting of the Senior Class was held on February 19th. The following officers were elected: Justine McGregor, vice-president; Elizabeth Austin, class reporter; and Coach Mulligan, class teacher. These elections were held to fill vacancies, caused by the former officers leaving school. At this meeting the question of the disappearance of library books was taken up and good talks were given by Miss Toune and Mr. Mac Millan, class teachers. Plans were discussed whereby the Senior class is to aid in building up school spirit. Other speakers were the class president, Wm. Hamilton, and Wallace Craig, president of the C. O. C.

MASS MEETING BOOSTS LINCOLN GAME

The first good mass meeting Central has had this year was held last Friday, February 21. Real school spirit was shown for the first time this year. The school sextet made their first appearance and were greatly applauded. Mr. A. D. Peters presented the football men with their sweaters, and Coach Mulligan gave the Reserves their R's. Lieut. Moriarty also spoke.

JUNIOR OFFICERS ELECTED

The Junior class held its election on February 7, and after a rather stormy session elected the following officers: Delmar Eldridge, president; Elizabeth Elliot, vice-president; James Holmquist, secretary; Jack Bittinger, treasurer, and Arthur Logan and Frances Patton, sergeant-at-arms. Mr. Woolery and Lieut. Himstead were chosen class teachers.

STUDENT CLUB PLAY

"Abbu San of Old Japan," is the name of the unique and delightful play given Friday night, February 21, by the Student Club girls. According to the Japanese custom of presenting plays, the manager remained in front of the curtain throughout the whole performance, and explained the story, introduced the actors, and announced their approach.

Virginia Davis as leading lady, was the extremely adorable princess Abbu San who "angustly overcame" the envy and hatred of her royal cousin, Yu-Giri (Arvilla Johnson). Dorothy Johnson, as the revengeful mother of Yu-Giri, played her tragic part with great skill, and won much admiration from the audience. Touches of humor were afforded by the good-hearted Okuku, a porter at the village inn, played by Lydia Flesher, and by two "honorable barbarians," an American newspaper correspondent known as Miss Henrietta Dash, and her black mammy, Aunt Paradise (Clara Barantson and Mildred Wohlford).

The scenes in cherry blossom land were beautifully carried out. It was interesting to see the mechanical part as managed by Ono of the plastic face, and other court attendants; and when the boat scene was finally completed with its swinging lights and song and stately helmsmen, one could not help thinking of the Barcarolle scene from "Tales of Hoffman."

Appropriate music was furnished by the School Orchestra, and singing by Lois Goodwin and Hazel Gubsen of the Student Club and a chorus of Freshman Club girls. The flower dance with its chorus from the "Mikado" won hearty applause for the Freshman girls who gave it so prettily.

The play was a brilliant success, and with the exception of scene shifting, was put on entirely by girls.

LIBERTY MOTOR REEL

On Tuesday, February 11th, a talk on the Liberty Motor was given by Captain Goodale of the U.S. Army. The history of the motor from the 300 cu. in. Packard motor to the present 900 cu. in. masterpiece was reviewed by Captain Goodale and many interesting facts not heretofore published were recounted by him. Owing to the fact that the picture machine required more current than the fuses could stand, the reel showing the different steps in the construction of the motor could not be shown, much to the disappointment of the large audience present. During the day a Liberty motor was exhibited in the north hall.

DEBATERS CHOSEN

The debating try-outs have been held and a strong six-man team has been chosen. Coach Himstead hopes for a successful season for Central High this year. Dual debates have been arranged with Council Bluffs and Lincoln, and Lt. Himstead is now negotiating for some good single debates.

GIRLS ATHLETICS

Captains of two of the basket ball teams have been elected. The Junior captain is Othelia Uhler and the Sophomore captain is Grace Gallagher. The Senior captain will be elected next week. Basket ball tournament will take place next week. A basket ball team of entering freshmen will be formed if there are enough girls who wish it.

WAR COURSE LECTURES

The War Course lectures, delivered every Tuesday in our auditorium, are being well received by large audiences. Dr. Guernsey Jones, head of the department of English History at Nebraska University, is well known as a student of war problems, and always has something of interest to say.

GIRLS BEAT BOYS IN SCHOLARSHIP

A large percentage of the students who received three or more A's during the last term were girls. Central High scholarship in spite of the flu handicap is normal, and if a comparison of the list below with last year's proves anything, is slightly above par. The following are on the

HONOR ROLL

FIVE A

Copney, Beatrice	Walker, Beatrice
Paddock, Ruth	Metz, Louis
Rossen, Mac	

FOUR AND ONE-HALF A

Anderson, Grace	Perlis, Leona
Cohn, Mildred	Reeves, Gladys
Gregg, Helen	Ross, Emily
Hooper, Alice	Segal, Rose
Lund, Helen	Turpin, Helen
McChesney, Frances	Ure, Mary
Minkin, Rose	Westberg, Zelta
Moser, Miriam	Kharas, Karl

FOUR A

Austin, Elizabeth	Winkleman, Helen
Anderson, Corinne	Witt, Martha
Baldwin, Jessie	
Bernstein, Helen	Bruechert, Stanley
Brotchie, Violet	Adams, Burke
Denny, Charlotte F.	Cohn, Ralph
Dunham, Mildred	Kharas, Ralph
Eickhorst, Marie	Peters, Jordan
Fowler, Helen	Samuelson, Sam
Fowler, Neva	Sautter, Oliver
Hodges, Edith	Simmons, Cecil
Hoopes, Gladys	Smith, Orlando
Leussler, Virginia	Wilson, Wendell E.
McCollister, Agnes	Woodland, Herbert
Michaelson, Charlotte	

Mickel, Gladys	Stagmire, Ella
Murray, Rose	Stuben, Josephine
Parish, Margaret	Thompson, Lois
Patton, Frances	Weidner, Ethel
Rich, Dorothy	Westberg, Adrian

THREE AND ONE-HALF A

Bancroft, Marion E.	Quinlan, Ruth
Everson, Marjorie	Rich, Miriam
Graham, Mary Eliz.	Rotter, Alice
Hamilton, Adnee	Smith, Marjorie
Handler, Bessie	Swoboda, Irma
Leary, Leona	Thomas, Eloise
Lowrey, Gladys	Williams, Dorothy
Margolin, Lillian	Williams, Helen
Moore, Inez	Farnsworth, Thelma

Morris, Lucile	Edse, Herbert
Pfeiffer, Alice	

THREE A

Armstrong, Ruth	Pressley, Juanita
Berry, Louella	Price, Florence
Bolshaw, Helen	Sandberg, Dorothy
Charmock, Gladys	Sommer, Hannah
Fallon, Marguerite	Sullivan, Loretto
Pollmer, Marcia	Weir, Edith
Gallagher, Helen	Walton, Olive

(Continued on next page)

ALUMNI

Many friends will deeply regret the death of one of our last year's graduates, Vivian Hover. Vivian was a member of the S. A. T. C. at Lincoln when he was taken sick with influenza, followed by pneumonia.

Eugene Snowden, who left Omaha with the Sixth Nebraska, is now stationed at Le Mans, France. He is now in the Quartermaster's Department, fitting out the soldiers who have received their honorable discharges and are leaving for home.

While skiing at Dartmouth, Pete Kiewit met with a very serious accident, his head being cut in several places. The doctor states that it is a miracle that Pete did not lose his eyesight. He is entirely out of danger now.

Phyllis Waterman, vice-president of our Senior class, has left high school to take a clerical position with the Nebraska Telephone Co. She expects to enter an art school next fall.

Ora Goodsell, '17, has taken up a stenographic position with the government.

Wally Shepard will not be able to receive his discharge from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station until spring.

Wyman Robins has gone into the real estate and insurance business with his father.

Wilbur Fullaway has received his discharge from naval aviation. He has been stationed at San Antonio, Texas. After a short stay in Omaha he will return to Dartmouth.

HONOR ROLL (Continued from Page 17)

Goldsmith, Jeanette	Anderson, Lester
Hillquist, Olna	Beber, Sam
Howes, Helen	Buffett, George
Huntley, Charlotte	De Lano, Harold
Johnston, Dorothy	Hovey, Henry
Lattimer, Marguerite	Koch, Winfield
Loomis, Mary	Krage, Richard
Margaret, Eloise	Luessler, Paul
Marsh, Flora	Mockler, Richard
Marquardt, Dorothy	Parker, Ralph
Melander, Hedwig	Pillsbury, Donald
Patton, Elizabeth	Thompson, Dana
Payne, Dorothy	Thomson, Baldwin
Perley, Constance	Vance, Verne
Peterson, Beatrice	Vette, Fred
Pinney, Ruth	

Stuart McDonald has received his discharge in field artillery from Camp Taylor. He has returned to Nebraska University to resume his studies. After school hours, Stuart is employed in the filing department in the Senate chamber.

Ruth McDonald is now in New York taking a language course at Columbia University.

James Williamson did not return to Cornell for the second semester, but is staying in Florida with his parents.

Russel Peters, '16, has been keeping up his splendid record at Cornell. He was recently elected business manager of the Ithaca daily. We're mighty proud of Russel.

Thomas Findley, '19, has passed all his examinations in Princeton Preparatory School so that he will enter Princeton University next fall without a condition. Tom has been elected editor-in-chief of their prep-school paper, the *Tiger*. He is also in the school glee club and plays the banjo-mandolin in the school jazz band.

Leslie Burkenrode, former football star of O. H. S., has received *Croix de Guerre* for distinguished service at St. Mihiel and Verdun fronts. His return is expected in about two weeks. When last heard from, Lieut. Burkenrode was at Malicorn, France.

Homer Lawson of the 1914 class is in France with the Medical Detachment of the 341st Machine Gun Branch.

The Art Society has had some difficulty in getting started this year because of the influenza epidemic; but since the regular work has begun, Miss Rudersdorf has given an interesting talk on "Life in the Chicago Art Institute," and Miss Morrison, an illustrated lecture on "Venetian Art and Venice." One meeting was spent at the Fine Arts exhibit at the Fontenelle, and February 14 the society gave a Valentine party.

ORGANIZATIONS

The Webster Debating Society pep up free-for-all jubilee meeting last Friday was the success of the year. Everybody and his girl were present. Doughnuts and apples disappeared rapidly. The features of the program were the W. D. S. sextet, and the world-famed exclusive Webster clog-dancers.

The Royal Engineers are busy with plans of unprecedented engineering feats to be carried out at camp this year. Mr. Bexten has invited the society to the Boy Scout farm at Child's Point to receive some practical instruction in sanitation and drainage.

The Gym Club Girls are encouraged at the results of their campaign to encourage high school students to practice better posture. The girls plan to wear armbands to remind the entire student body to "straighten up."

The Lowell Society has again taken up literary work in the form of general discussions of famous authors. Each girl comes prepared to do her share. The first special stunt of the year was a Valentine party, Friday, February 14th, at which every one had a lively time.

Now that the call for knitters is not so urgent, the members of the

Priscilla Alden Society have decided to take up work in dramatics and literature. Along with this, some social service work is also being planned.

Margaret Fuller Society is busy with plans for the initiation of its new members. There is also some discussion of presenting short plays at the meetings.

A Valentine party was given by the Freshman Student Club to welcome the incoming freshmen. The girls were thrilled by the dire prophesies of Gisamonda the fortune-teller, and were interested in "editing" an impromptu paper, *The Freshman Foibles*.

The Boys' Glee Club has decided to retain all the officers of last semester. Several invitations have been received by the club to sing at church socials and community center entertainments.

The Pleiades Society is actively engaged in relief work, and at present is devoting its time to the making of garments for the needy children of Omaha. The society gave a Valentine party, and February 21 attended the Student Club play in a body.

Lininger Travel Club held a Washington party Friday, February 21, which included a musical and literary program.

FACULTY

Miss Rooney has been unable to attend her classes since the new semester, because of serious illness. Mrs. Craven is substituting for her.

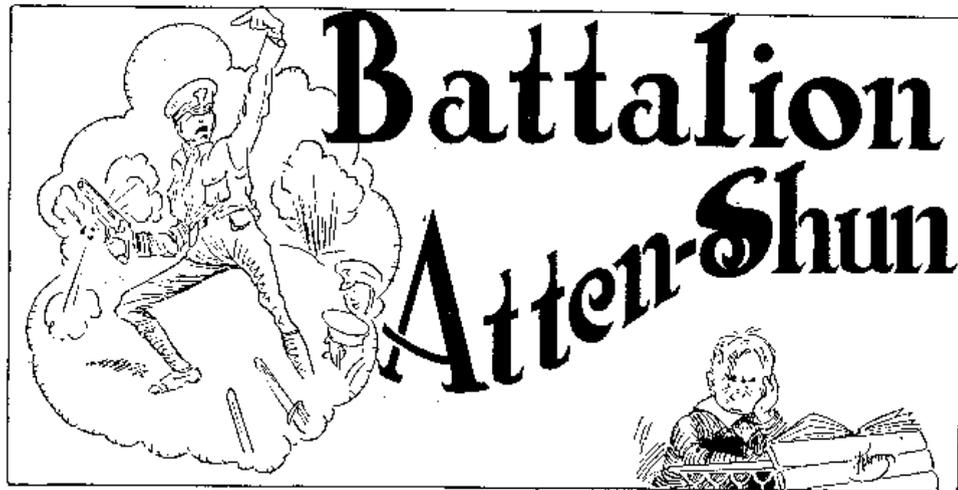
Miss Stringer has received word that Miss O'Sullivan was in Paris on the twelfth of January. Miss O'Sullivan is enjoying her first "leave" after four months of strenuous service.

Mrs. Drake, our new French teacher is a graduate of Smith. She taught German in a Boston High School for a time, before her marriage to Lt. Drake. Lt. Drake went to France in the Ambulance Corps before America went into the war, and there won the *Croix de Guerre*.

Lt. Hill, new mathematics teacher, comes to us from Camp Taylor, where he was in the Replacement Depot, 5th Regiment of Field Artillery. He is a graduate of Northwestern University.

Lt. Chandler, a graduate of the Bradley Polytechnic Institute of Peoria, and recently discharged from the Air Service, has joined our faculty as instructor of mechanical drawing and manual training.

Lt. Nelson is once more back with us after having left us last year to gain a commission in the Heavy Artillery. He was stationed at Fortress Monroe, Va.



THE NEW ORGANIZATION

"We will, no doubt, have more intensive competition, better 'Esprit de corps,' and therefore greater military efficiency under our new form, than ever before."

The Commandant.

Much can be said, much will be said, much will remain to be seen, concerning our new form of organization; but the fact stands before us all, that it is undoubtedly the finest thing in the way of progress, since the first forming of the Cadet system in our High School.

Under the organization of four companies and a Recruit Company, a degree of unity, heretofore impossible, is secured, while by separating each company into three platoons, none of the benefits of instruction in small groups is lost.

We must not get a small, narrow view of this change. It was not a whim, an attempt to beautify the general aspect of the Cadets on parade, or an attempt to match a blonde officer with a brunette company. Appearance, as far as plain appearances go, had nothing to do with it. But let us add here, that the fact should appear to every Cadet that he is a man in a real organization; not in an undersized, half-military battalion. We have reached the time when progress is expedient. For progress, it was necessary first to centralize control, by effecting a change in the plan of organization.

Let us find some comparison for our present position and the attitude towards our future work. Our Cadet organization will be compared to a great, long train, each man corresponding to a unit of that train, a car if you will. Our outlined course is an up-hill pull, with a period of field training in camp at the end. Even as the engine must have the support of every car, so must the school have the hearty support and cooperation of every man. Each Cadet must be willing to be led, willing to learn, grasping new ideas, new instructions, quickly and precisely. What happens to a train when the cars refuse to pick up the speed?

In this work, each of us is possessed of a braking power, just as surely as there is a brake on every railroad car. That brake either can be thrown open wide, or it can be clamped tight. Inattention at drill, slovenliness, failure to submit to discipline, failure to execute movements exactly as prescribed constitutes a foully clamped brake against the progress of the Omaha High

School Cadet organization. Can we do such a thing and shut off all hope of a successful year? The grinding brake is sought out, on the train, hammered back into shape, discarded entirely, or the car dumped on an out-of-the-way siding. Every backslider will be hammered into shape or thrown aside, with a dishonorable discharge.

The policy of this organization will be to help every Cadet become a true, well disciplined, resourceful man as early as possible. We shall go into camp a well-trained unit, and the new form of organization will make this possible.

WHO'S WHO AND WHY NOT

Among our local military celebrities, the greatest, at least in weight, is Major M. Kieth Adams, C. O. D., commander of the first "Half Battalion." The fore-mentioned strategist is more commonly known as "Beef," altho he prefers the more classical moniker of "Kieth." As his first name, Marion, often classes him with human beings of less stern stuff, and his nickname "Beef" gives the impression that he is a knight from South Omaha, really he prefers the name Kieth. Kieth is a very desirable name. It savors of romance. Immediately one thinks of a movie hero, a soldier of fortune, or an ice man, upon hearing it. So, please, we beg of you, call our hero Kieth hereafter, in place of the feminine Marion or the brutal "Beef."

To go on with his history: Kieth is a really very fine, likable lad. He is very popular with the ladies, and is a member of the school set. He can be seen almost any time tripping the light fantastic at the many social events of the season or dashing about town in his high-powered car, filled to the radiator cap with fair damsels.

But to return to the military: Adams is one of the best men in our army. As far as battalion commanders go, he is ranked only by two majors in the entire unit. (Adams here wishes it to be known that Major Peters wrote this eulogy.) He is well versed in military affairs, having read the "International" Drill Regulations thru at least once. He has a pleasing personality altho he is rather severe during drill hours, so severe, in fact, that he "bawled out" a cadet rather vigorously the other day because the cadet was chewing the deadly paraffine. Passing the cadet the next drill day, Adams was rather surprised when the cadet did not salute him. On being questioned by Adams, the private stated that he thought Adams was still mad at him.

This is about all of Adams but his feet, and we haven't enough space left to discuss them.

C. O. C. ROAD SHOW

April 11th and 12th



THE SAD TRUTH OR MARY, QUEEN OF NUTTS

Mary Findley is more than a nut,
For she is surely a squirrel,
She crabs the squib department,
Its dryness to unfurl.

She writes a lot of proverbs,
She thinks she has revised,
But when I read them over,
I found that Mary lies.

For I've read them all in magazines,
Or heard them from the stage.
Don't think Mary is every bit wrong,
For it's nothing but her age.

Remember she's nothing but a child,
And sticks to childish ways,
Of staying home every night,
And knocking down 4A's.

She thinks if she were high squib cheese
She's make things sort of breczy,
But after about one issue's work,
She'd find it wasn't easy.

Now Mary, dear, please don't feel hurt
Or think that I am sore,
You asked for rather personal stuff,
And if you want, I'll give you more.

He failed in Latin, he flunked in
Chem.;

They heard him softly hiss:
"I'd like to find the man who said
That ignorance is bliss."

Our Zoo

Antelope — (Dorothy Collier) — A beautiful but timid creature

Amoeba — (Mildred Klopp) — The smallest living organism.

Cricket — (Margaret Harte) — A small insect known by its characteristic voice.

Giraffe — ("Ab" Jeffries) — Noted for its love and habit of sleeping during the winter.

Frog — (Allan Higgins) — A species of the lizard that is full of "hops."

Rabbit — (Cornelia Baum) — A quiet shy animal, easily frightened.

Buffalo — (Phil Carlson) — Beef, brawn, but no —

Sloth — (Munson Dale) — Champion loafer.

Greyhound — ("Kath" Gardner) — A somewhat intelligent animal, slender and glossy in appearance.

Lamb — (Margaret Parish) — Mild and gentle (til it becomes older).

Monkey — (Polly Richey) — Widely known for its antics and grimaces.

Magpie — ("Liza" Elliott) — Unceasingly chattering.

Marian A.: "Why right in front of you on the corner you'll see a candy store—and—er—when you come out, you walk two blocks east."

Teacher: "And if your father earned \$5.00 and your mother took \$4.00 from it, what would that make?"
Child: "Trouble."

YOUR DOUBTS DIMINISHED

By
Mary Jane

Dear Mary Jane: Can you tell me how I can go out every night and still get high grades in all my subjects?—Marion A.

Marion A.: Ask Miss Paxson to show you how to make a brain-track.

Dear Mary Jane: Who writes all those "funny" jokes for the *Register*?—Mary Findley.

Dear Mary: What funny jokes?

Dear Mary Jane: I am a popular O. H. S. man, considered handsome, and a regular heart-breaker among the fair sex. Now, I wish to retain my popularity with the fellows; but for the reasons stated above, for which I am in no wise responsible, I seem in some danger of losing it. Can you advise me?—Dave Noble.

Dave: Your case is singularly interesting, and I can only refer you to the famous "My Fatal Gift of Beauty" by Mr. Walter White. It is a thrilling tragedy in twenty-three chapters, and I feel sure it will help you out.

Russ: "Well, I must be off."

Mary: "Yes, I noticed that the first time I met you."

Allan: "I have a new siren for my car."

Frank: "What happened to the brunette?"

(Smart) Alec McKie: "I wonder why my eyes are so weak."

Harold DeL.: "'Cause they're in your head, I suppose."

Mr. Woolery (sizing a speedy freshman in his mad rush to the lunch room): "Why, see here, stop. I believe Satan must have a hold on you."

Fresh: "I guess he has, sir."

My boy, beware the "baby stare,"

Because if it's a bluff
She knows too much, and if it's not,
She doesn't know enough!

—Er.

SPECIAL TWICE DAILY

in Room 121

OUR OWN BARREN DE ORGLER

Jordan Holt Peters

Hear from his own passionate lips Love-Sick Barren De Orgler's own story.

Hear about his scream girl from his own dripping heart.

15 minutes of gory, inspiring, perspiring tirade. You've read column after column about him in all the Omaha papers—now

MEET ROYALTY
FACE TO FACE

Lt. Himstead: "What is a snore?"
W. W. W.: "An unfavorable report from headquarters."

Miss Bonnell: "Order! Order! We must have order!"

"Cec" Simmons (half asleep): "Ham and eggs with some French fries!"

Perhaps It's Cider?

Commerce High has a society called the J. U. G. girls.—Well—?

Little Heyward: "Mama, is 'darn it' swearing?"

Mrs. Leavitt: "Yes, dear, for a child of your size."

Some Form

Cohn (in debate try-outs): "What we need is economic reform, what we need is social reform, and what we need is political reform!"

Lt. Himstead: "That will do, Cohn, what you need is chloroform."

Ode to Beendorff

"A bone, a bone, all, all, a bone,

A bone is my head," said he.

"And ne'er a teacher takes pity on My ignorant agonee!"

Teacher: "Who were the three greatest Roman conspirators?"

Fourth-Year Latin Student: "Caesar, Cicero, and Virgil."

LOST!

One kitchen apron from Lee Potter's hat, at the Strand Theatre, Monday afternoon. Finder please return to P. C. Coad, c/o Room 40, Central High School, and receive reward.

ABSOLUTELY SANITARY

W. O. W. Barber Shop

HIGH SCHOOL BOYS'
HEADQUARTERS

REGULAR PRICES

Basement of W. O. W. Building

Tel. Douglas 3249

ADAM MORRELL

Typewriters

and

Adding Machines

All Makes For Rent

We Buy, Sell,
Exchange and Repair

Central Typewriter Exchange

(Established over 15 years)

Douglas 4121

1905 Farnam St.

Mrs. Atkinson: "Ruth, what is the name of the leading bolshevik leader in Russia?"

Ruth M.: (Bewildered, sneezes.)

Mrs. Atkinson: "Correct."

¶*†‡†*¶

Helen K.: "Stewart's views are altogether too radical. I wish you'd sit down on him, Mildred."

Mildred O.: "Really, I think that's your place, my dear."

¶*†‡†*¶

'Tain't Fair, Is It, Bob?

Hammy: "Gee, Ingwerson loves to talk."

Heintz: "Well, he always seems to know what he's talking about."

Hammy: "Yes, he's always talking about himself."

¶*†‡†*¶

Whoops, M' Dear

Burke: "If 'she' told you you could kiss her on either cheek, what would you do?"

Vance: "I'd hesitate a long time between them."

¶*†‡†*¶

Ralph Swanson: "Why don't you take Kathleen German to the show?"

Harley A.: "'Cause I can't call her 'Hon'."

¶*†‡†*¶

Wall-nut: "Did you know there was a street in Florence called Craig Street?"

Coco-nut: "No, zat right? Wonder if they named it after Wally?"

Wall-nut: "I guess so,—about fifteen years after."

¶*†‡†*¶

Kharas: "I write just like I feel."

Pillsbury: "And you make others feel just like you write."

¶*†‡†*¶

Miss Stringer: "Do you subscribe to the theory of evolution?"

Bob Jenkins: "No, but maybe it's on our exchange list."

¶*†‡†*¶

Gerald K.: "Say, Harley, why don't you wear your overcoat on such a cold day?"

The Noble Swede: "Well, I told Miss Arnold I sung bass, and I gotta catch a cold by tomorrow morning."

Bee Engraving Department

Bee Publishing Co. Prop's.

Artists

Electrotypers

Engravers

Photographers

Are You Satisfied With
Your Speaking Voice?

Are You Interested In Ex-
pression and Dramatic Art?

*The Misner School of the
Spoken Word Invites You*

Private and Class Lessons

Patterson Block
17th and Farnam Sts.

Hairdressing—Manicuring

The Drefold Beauty Parlor

Formerly Gilroy & Schopke

*Electric Massage and Scalp
Treatment*

Children's Hair Bobbing

Complete Line of Toilet Articles
Switches from Combing

1001 W. O. W. Building Phone Douglas 3325

HENRY COX

SPECIALIST

Applied Aesthetics

Violin and Cello

LIBERTY BONDS

Bought and Sold

CLYDE'S BOND HOUSE

Tyler 83

422 Bee Bldg.

GRAND

Theatre Beautiful

16th and Binney Streets

The Only Theatre in North
Omaha that shows Para-
mount Pictures exclusively

Say It With Flowers

Flowers will aptly express
your sentiments for any and
every occasion.

LEE L. LARMON

Fontenelle Florist

1814 Douglas

Douglas 8244

COME ON, BOYS!

Get a Good HAIR-CUT at the

Bee Barber Shop

Entrance on Farnam St.

In the Court of Bee Building

Children's Hair-Cutting a Specialty

Private Lessons by Appointment

Class Assembly Monday and Thursday

KEL-PINE

Dancing Academy

A. W. KELPIN, Manager

Ballroom Available for Private Parties

2424 Farnam St. Phone Doug. 7850

Kodak Finishing

FILMS DEVELOPED

One-Day Service

KASE STUDIO

NEVILLE BLOCK

Effie Steen Kittelson

Art of Expression

FRENCH METHOD

*Technique of the Speaking Voice
Physical Culture, Pantomime
Dramatic Art*

309 Baird Bldg., 1702 Douglas Street
Phone Tyler 1413

Flossie: "What makes you look so pale to-day, Mary?"

Mary D.: "Why, the waves in my hair make me sea-sick."

¶*†‡†*¶

Art Paynter (just regaining consciousness after having been knocked out in basket-ball): "Where am I? Tell me, am I in heaven?"

Art Burnham: "No, Art, I'm still with you."

¶*†‡†*¶

Ralph Campbell: "It's funny, but the biggest fools get the prettiest girls."

"Kath" Gardner: "Oh, you flatterer!"

¶*†‡†*¶

After her first ride with Him: "And oh, Stanley is so clever. He can steer and shift with his feet."

¶*†‡†*¶

ENTANGLEMENTS OF ENGLISH

Wanted—A furnished room by an old lady with electric lights.

Wanted—A room by a young gentleman with double doors.

Wanted—A man to take care of horses who can speak Spanish.

Wanted—Lady to sew buttons on the second story of the First National Bank Building.

Wanted—A dog by a little boy with pointed ears.

For Sale—A nice mattress by an old woman full of feathers.

Wanted—Experienced nurse for bottled baby.

¶*†‡†*¶

Eighth Grade Comedy

A certain brilliant freshman stated that it was so dark at ten o'clock one morning, that his alarm clock thought it was six and started to ring

¶*†‡†*¶

Francis Hopper: "Where do all the bugs go in winter?"

Ruth Paddock: "Search me!"

¶*†‡†*¶

It is a cold-blooded teacher that marks below zero.

¶*†‡†*¶

Funkhouser in 1926 (M. D.): "Keep 'em alive, boys; keep 'em alive; dead men pay no bills."

The Best of
Printing

**DOUGLAS
PRINTING
COMPANY**

109-11 No. 18th St.
Phone Douglas 644

Where The Register is printed