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# GIRLS' NUMBER

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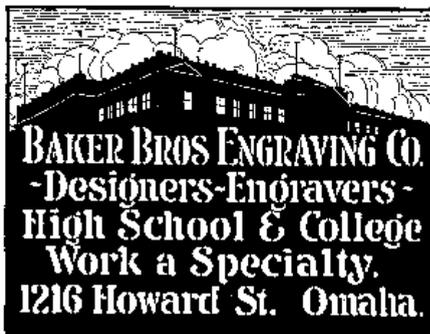
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The Register wishes to thank the following girls who brought in ads for the Girls' issue:

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Helen Bernstein...	2 1/2 "	Onnolee Mann.....	1 "
Florice Shaw.....	1 1/2 "	Ruth Miller.....	5/8 "
Flora Shukert....	1 3/8 "	Pauline Coad.....	1/2 "
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# THE REGISTER

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Number 7



## IN EXPLANATION

You know, last month's issue of the Register was just too much for the Chief Nutte. Deep stuff, you recollect; and the poor chap couldn't stand the strain. He went into a decline. Someone had to publish the March number, and so the girls volunteered. The boys have been jealous ever since we started; they don't think it's fair for us to outshine them so. In order to square ourselves with the boys, we want it understood that the abundance of ads is due, not to any particular superiority in a business way, but merely a trifling and of course unnoteworthy superiority in personality. Is it all explained? We are sure the boys will feel better about it now.

## LEST AMERICA FORGET

Has any one heard from our children in France? Have we forgotten that O. H. S. is the foster parent of five French orphans? Or have they been so well behaved that we forgot we had any children? Isn't it about time we saw to it that they had clothes to wear and food to eat like the rest of us?

We were so enthusiastic when we adopted them a year ago that we didn't care how much it was going to cost to support them, and we contributed generously. It has just occurred to some of us that as parents we have to continue supporting our children until they attain their majority, and that now is the time to again check out for their bills. They aren't very large—only \$191.50 a year for the five children and that's only 10 cents per child per day, because French people are so very economical. Very soon we're going to have another big meeting in the auditorium where we'll be given the opportunity to appropriate their living expenses for the next year. The Camp Fire Girls are going to manage it for us, and they will work up our enthusiasm with a ripping program that will pull the paternal heart-string of every one of us until we get those French kiddies again safely provided for.

We shouldn't need much persuasion; it's merely a matter of duty, the keeping of a pledge, and then one other question which most of us haven't considered. A great many returned soldiers say that the Americans at home seem never to have realized the awfulness of the war and the brutality of the Huns. If we did realize it, we are forgetting it so rapidly that we are in danger of being misjudged. Such indifference is a serious thing for a nation to be accused of. With as much determination as we put into winning the war we must prod ourselves to remember that because of those who give "their last

full measure of devotion," these children are now in our care. So let's purchase through our support of them a clear conscience for O. H. S.

—C. E. '19.

## HOW ABOUT IT?

The night of the St. Joe basketball game two members of the Register staff happened to come out of the gym behind the principal of St. Joe High School and the St. Joe team. The principal was saying, "If I had such boys in my school, I'd put them out. I wouldn't stand for it." When the two tried to say that very few of the boys that had hissed were high school boys—they were outsiders, the principal shook his head and said, "No, you can't fool me; I know high school boys." They realized then that they could say nothing.

But something must be done. O. H. S. can't afford to lose her reputation for fair play and clean sportsmanship. But if there are any more demonstrations like those at the last basket ball games, the reputation the people of former years worked so hard to establish will be destroyed. So buck up now and let's show real sportsmanship. Now, don't say that it's too late this year, that all the games are over. It isn't too late! We must start the right spirit for next year. The Seniors realized this and got busy with their little paper. But don't leave it to the Seniors; they have enough to do. Get right in, all of you, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, and work for the spirit of clean sportsmanship in O. H. S.

—J. M. '19.

## HOW GIRLS SHOULD IMPROVE THEMSELVES

The old-time attitude of humility adopted by the woman of the nineteenth century, has changed with the lifting of the standard of equality. Girlhood, ranged under this new banner, is showing a frank willingness to submit to inspection with a view to improvement, though this improvement involve a somewhat tedious self-discipline.

To be observed thru a foreign eye is sometimes advantageous. Rudyard Kipling, in his American Notes, comments adversely on the voice and speech of the American girl. He deplores the national lack of soothing sweetness in tone quality, and the careless use of the English grammar. A complaint against the American girl is also lodged in H. G. Wells' book, The Future of America, where he speaks of the offensive display of wealth made by many young girls. But later on, in this same book, he warmly praises the "sweet gravity" and "graceful gaiety" of the cultured girls of Wellesley College. And foreign opinion has conceded to American girls the title of the best dressed women in the world. We love the beauty of well-selected clothing. We admire dress that is harmoniously shaded, and attuned to the atmosphere of the school-room. Perhaps this leads to a tendency to measure all our companions by the rule of personal appearance, an unfair standard almost amounting to snobbery. Anzia Yeziersky, a foreign student at one of the large Eastern schools, whose slovenliness was so noticeable as to cause the dean of girls to refuse her a diploma qualifying her to teach, cried out against this standard in her justification of herself, when she said that to purchase her education she worked in a laundry from five to eight in the morning, and from six to eleven in the evening. How the hastily passed judgements of students and instructors must have hurt her!

The Omaha High School girl, proud of her Americanism, and professing the creed of Democracy, doubtless wishes to express in her student life the national ideals of beauty, in character and dress, coupled with the ability to "have a good time."

S. C., '19.

The editor wishes to apologize for the omission of a name in last month's issue. The author of "The Rainbow's End" was Carmelita Gorman, '22.

# LITERARY

## MANY A SLIP

One never knows what one's husband will do next. Even the most sober and dependable of husbands are liable, under certain circumstances, to commit strange deeds. If anyone had told Kitty O'Hara that she would find her Owen in the condition in which she did find him, that very day she might just as well have told her that she was married to the king of Ireland, in disguise, for all the credit the assertion would have received.

At seven that morning, Owen O'Hara and his bright little wife were breakfasting on black coffee and crackers—all their gaping larder afforded. The room was one of two in a cheap lodging house. The stale air smelled of long-departed cabbage stew, moth balls, and leaky gas jets, a combination original, but scarcely agreeable. Save for a skylight in the back room, and two narrow windows in the front, commanding a view of the flat's exact counterpart across the street, a gloom filled the rooms. Notwithstanding, the two at the table were laughing as if they had everything in the world to be desired.

"Kitty, my girl, I'll bring you home two dollars, anyway, if I have to dig ditches for them! Yes, ma'an, I promise solemnly. Watch me! And tomorrow you shall have an egg for your breakfast. Think of that!" He hugged her tight, with an arm around her shoulder.

"You will that, Mister O'Hara, if you value your life," retorted Kitty, shaking a finger under his nose, and laughing out of her black eyes. "And perhaps you can have a clean collar."

Owen O'Hara, who had been in service for the past year, had been unfortunate enough not to have reached the other side. So it happened, that, at the signing of the armistice, he was one of the first to receive honorable discharge. He had only established himself in a good position when influenza had made him its victim. Now, weakened by his illness, he had searched in vain for a desirable and permanent position. It seemed that women and older men were so completely filling all places that there were no vacancies for an energetic and sensible young man. Kitty, also, had given up her job when Owen came back, and as a result, the O'Hara pocketbook at present was very, very flat—a fact apparent to anyone who witnessed their poor pretext for a meal.

Kitty smoothed his bright wavy hair before clapping his hat on his head, and buttoned the collar of his army overcoat which he was wearing for lack of another one.

"Good luck to ye, darlin,'" she said, as she kissed him good-bye.

"Good luck just chases me around. Now you stay at home, and be a good little woman, and I'll bring you something nice to eat this evening." He turned at the top of the stairs to smile and blow her a kiss, as she stood in the door. Then he ran down the three flights to the street.

As soon as Kitty had watched Owen out of sight, swinging briskly along, his head high, she picked up a newspaper, last evening's, and carried it to the window. She tore an item from the page. It was an ad for a janitress in some office building downtown.

"If Owen expects me to remain idle all day, he is mistaken," she declared aloud. "I can help, too." She shook her head determinedly, and stamped both small feet. And setting the action to the word she straightway set about cleaning her cheerless domain.

In the meantime Owen was searching for a job. He met with denial wherever he went. His confidence was dwindling when his eye caught a sign

in the window of a tailor shop: "Man Wanted." Owen squared his shoulders, adjusted his hat and went in.

\* \* \* \*

No one who saw Kitty as she hurried to town would have believed that she was going to apply for a janitress' job. From the top of her smart little toque, fastened with a veil, to the heels of her neatly brushed boots, she was as trim and pretty as one could have wished her. Determination was expressed by the poise of her head, the firm set of her lips, the flash of her eyes, and the quick way in which she put her feet forward.

As she turned the corner of Main street, her attention was attracted by a laughing crowd, following something ahead. As she drew closer, she saw that it was a man in such a state of inebriation that he staggered along, shouting and gesturing wildly. He was well dressed. He wore a silk hat, a modishly cut overcoat, with fur collar, white gloves, spats, and even twirled a cane as he stumbled along.

Kitty was starting to laugh when a thought arrested her. Where had she seen that man before? Surely there was something familiar about his back which was all she could see. Just then the man lurched against a post, and his hat fell off. At sight of that red head, a wave of sickening shame swept over her. It was Owen. He must have learned this in the army! She had been afraid when she let him go that he would be changed when he came back to her. Oh! but how could he treat her so? When he said he had no money! The tears welled up in her eyes. Then, as suddenly, her mood changed to fury. She pushed through the crowd.

"Owen O'Hara!"

The man, as he heard that cry, slipped and fell into a puddle of water, which, as usual, was conveniently near. He felt himself jerked upward by the collar. The next thing he knew, two blazing eyes were burning into his own. For a moment he was flabber-gasted. His mouth fell open.

"You poor—— So this is what the army has done for you!"

Then he bursted out laughing. Unable to speak for his merit, he pointed to the curb. But his indignant young wife did not remove her eyes from his face.

"You—— you——," she began passionately. Then she awoke to the realization that hundreds of eyes were watching them. "Come home, sir!"

"But Kitty! Kitty, darling! Let me explain." He pointed again to the curb. This time Kitty looked. There stood a small boy, bearing a placard:

FOLLOW ME  
TO

W. E. KLEENUM  
Tailoring and Cleaning.

Wonderingly, she looked again at Owen, who was suddenly standing straight, and looking very serious. As the meaning of it all began to dawn on her he pulled a ten-dollar bill from his pocket, and put it into her hands.

"Kitty, now do you understand?" he asked earnestly.

"The joke is on me," she admitted, as a laugh bubbled up.

Right there on the sidewalk Owen gathered her into his arms. And at that moment the crowd started moving along.

"That isn't all," he whispered. "I've got a regular respectable job now."

HELEN HOWES, '22.

Disraeli has said: "Public health is the foundation upon which rests the happiness of the people and the power of the state. The first duty of a statesman is the care of public health."

## LOSING YOURSELF TO SAVE YOU

Did You ever live one of those long, exhausting days when you talked and talked and talked and giggled and gossiped, and were rude and selfish and silly, all in a reckless, hurried sort of way, without thinking or even being exactly conscious of what you were doing? And then, when at last, you lay down all alone with Yourself that night, did all the mean little things, and all the unkind little things that Yourself had done so thoughtlessly, confront You in all their sordid ugliness?

And at first did You shudder and turn your eyes away, and think that just hating Yourself would make the wrong-thought memories go away? But when, after a long time, they didn't go away, and you still saw them quite plainly out of the corner of your eye, did you finally feel obliged to turn around and look at that great, stupid, unlovely creature and recognize Yourself as You?

And, my sakes! Weren't you scared then, though! Didn't you just fairly ache with eagerness to put old Yourself out of business? You'd have used poison or any old thing—all you cared about was getting it done, and done quickly. You lay awake hours and hours thinking of the ways and hows, until by and by, a sweet glad peace—all cool, and gray, and still, like the sky when the thunder stops and the clouds roll away—slipped into your heart, and You fell asleep with true, good thoughts, and right resolves.

But, oh, weren't those the **hardest** resolutions to keep! A word, a look, or not anything at all, and there, You'd gone and let Yourself say something You'd regret, or do something You would be sorry for! But anyway, You always had some satisfaction, because You'd taught Yourself that every single time there'd have to be a squaring up with You.

There were times though, sweet, unforgettable times—Your times, when you could just be happy with You. There were those half-hours on Saturdays, when it was your special privilege to rock the baby to sleep. Then Yourself just simply ceased to be; in all the world there were only You and the baby, with her round, dimpled little arms clasped around your neck, her soft little face against your cheek, and her dear, warm, little body cuddled against your heart. To be sure, she went to sleep and when you had lain her down, Yourself spitefully reminded You that the dinner dishes hadn't been washed yet, nor your bedroom dusted, nor—but then—

There were those calm, glad hours out in the big wood—hours too wonderful even to tell about, lest in the telling the spell should be broken—just the trees, and birds, and God, and You, out there alone. Of course, when it began to grow dark and you started home Yourself recalled that You'd torn your dress when you crawled under the barbed wire fence, and that You'd walked a long, long way, and were very tired—Oh, well!

There were those inexpressibly precious hours—all too few and far between—when you heard true musicians play grand, beautiful things that you could hear and feel, but not ever describe, and those other equally precious and more frequent times when Marcus made his violin sing for you. Then there was no Yourself, no You, no anything—only the thrilling, throbbing sweetness of the music, and the dreams it brought.

Then there were those countless other hours, perhaps the best and happiest of all, when You slipped through the covers of a book into another world, and left Yourself outside. Of course, when you put the book down—there always is a some time when you have to put the book down—after half an hour or so, when the fairy dust that brought You from that other world had fallen from your eyes, you always found Yourself there waiting for you, big as ever.

"Big as ever," well, perhaps, but somehow—

J. P., '19.

## "ALL ABOUT WOMAN"

(Apologies to Edmund Rostand.)

When a man's erudition is such that he can say "I understand all about woman," let him look no further into the mysteries of this world; for what can puzzle him if not woman? There are so many of my fellow-men suffering from lack of knowledge concerning woman that I deem it a noble and honorable work to disseminate whatever superior knowledge I may have on that particular subject.

To begin with, I pertinently call your attention to the question of questions: What is woman? Speaking enigmatically, I might say: Woman is woman! But the issue has long enough been evaded. I shall not speak in riddles.

Employing all possible modes of expression I might define woman thus: Wittily, woman is not what we think her, but what we think she is not; wisely, she is an after-thought of God; manfully, a fixture in the domestic household usually installed to cook the meals, wipe the dishes, wash the floor, and tend to the baby; disdainfully, a frivolity to serve man's more capricious nature; poetically, the celestial mortalization of the immortal paradise to come; sympathetically, a down-trodden misunderstood being; critically, mediocre natural beauty enhanced by the artificialities of paint, powder, and style in dress; brutally, the thief that steals a man's heart in order to get a life sentence; brotherly, the cause of all family complications; businessly, the reason why one man is rich and another poor; scientifically, the necessity that makes for invention; philosophically, the manifestation of that dynamic force which keeps the world moving; sentimentally, the inspiration of joys and sorrows, tears and smiles; descriptively, a little zephyr that blows sand in the eyes of man; mathematically, the fourth dimension, the equalizing factor in the proportion of sexes; satirically, the zero in ten; lovingly, a box wherein a man may put his heart, shut the lid, and die happy, knowing that it is safe forever; financially, the bank wherein a man deposits his love, the real cause of panics; religiously, the temple where a man may find true and false worship; exploratively, the original river of doubt; conventionally, the reason why men study and practice etiquette; psychologically, the sensation which creates chaos in a man's soul; metaphysically, the insurmountable barrier to absolute knowledge of the composition of man—(since woman is man's better-half, and herself unknowable, man will never know his better-half, and thus must remain in semi-ignorance of himself); logically the contradiction in the argument of life, the dilemma, the refutation of man; and finally, summarizing all that woman has taught me about herself, woman is whatever she chooses to make herself.

Perhaps you now think I know very little about woman. I must confess (as all men inevitably do) that I am a Mr. Sims when it comes to knowing the real nature of a woman. I would like to meet the man who does know anything tangible about this incomprehensible mystery.

I even believe that a woman cannot analyze herself and touch upon anything which, in the end, will not prove illusory or evanescent, as far as knowability is concerned.

For if a woman did understand herself she would not do half the things she does. This is very ambiguous, but \* \* \* it depends on how you (be you male or female) take it.

I, for one, never did take woman seriously until \* \* \* well, as Mulvaney says: "That's another story."

—E. K.

The Literary Digest contains the following happy remark:

"What perfectly lovely husbands those returning soldiers who have learned to obey orders are going to make."

### BEING A DISCOURSE ON MEN'S FASHIONS FOR THE ENJOYMENT OF GIRLS

Consider now the garments that are worn by man.

Verily, men sit down and make much talk concerning the garb of woman.

And they shout with a loud voice that she is bent in the brains when it comes to garments.

And that she would attire herself in a carpet sack cut on the bias if it were the fashion to do so.

They point the finger of scorn at her if she is in style. And they pass her up if she is not. Woman has a hard time of it, truly.

She must endure the sarcastic remarks of proud men concerning the dresses she wears. And those she wisheth to wear.

And about as hard a time as she hath is getting the money from her husband to buy what she getteth.

But let us think a few minutes at the mark which is known as man.

Verily, he maketh of himself a sight to drive some folks to strong drink.

He changeth the manner of his garb each season, even as woman.

But he doth not make over last season's raiments to meet this season's plans and specifications. Not any.

Nay, nay, my child; he lieth unto the tailor and sayeth unto him:

"What is the latest wrinkle in trousers?"

And the tailor showeth him that the waist is half an inch looser and the knee one inch tighter, and the cuff just about the same.

And the price two feet longer.

And the coat, as the tailor showeth him, is cut pinch-backed, and hath a bustle effect around the tails thereof, and the buttonholes must be so far apart or the man will be out of style. And necessarily dead to the world.

And man putteth himself in the garments when they are done.

And he putteth upon the top of his head a hat which hath a rim like unto the flange of an opened oyster can and the crown thereof hath the appearance of a discouraged pancake.

For his feet he getteth shoes that are cut tight in the ankle and slim in the toe and flat in the heel.

And he garbeth his feet also with socks that can be heard a mile off on a still morning.

Which also have open-work and drop-stitches and other millinery effects.

Also he weareth a shirt which hath the complexion of a fire alarm and the beauty of a pied rainbow.

Now, when he hath inserted himself into this collection of glad garments, he sayeth unto himself:

"Surely, I am the warmest proposition that ever ambled down the macadamized highway."

Yea, and he carrieth a cane which looketh like an overgrown lead pencil.

"Verily, there are no other starters in the human race except yours truly.

"And I am glad in my heart that I am not foolish about clothing as the women are."

Verily, my child, man is a large and uncalled bluff as to garb.

He is just as much to the gabble when it cometh to a new suit as is the woman who wanteth two new roses and ten cents worth of ribbon on last year's hat. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as man now is, for he was a wise man.

Also, he had to buy clothes for several hundred wives.

Yea, we must consider that also.

Is it not so, however, even as it is set forth in the above?

Yea, it is so. Look out of the window and see for thyself. —Selected.

### WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

(Apologics to Ernest Thompson Seton.)

Long ago, in the dim historic past, William Shakespeare wrote a comedy, and he yeleft it "Much Ado About Nothing." Today we are privileged to see the essence of that comedy, the living comic representation, in human form. Since you may be in doubt, I specify—I refer to the animated semaphore, our ultra-modern traffic cop, at Sixteenth and Farnam.

In the minds of those who have seen him, there remains no doubt that he is "different." It is my purpose here, then, to analyze a bit his characteristics, and to strive to pick out those which differentiate him from other coppers.

His most striking features are his hands, or his fists, if you like. (It is generally agreed that this is true, even of a mere man.) In the case of this copper, we can go even further, and state without conscientious scruples that he has an arresting personality.

We are accustomed to think of the ordinary cop as huge, ponderous, slow moving and stupid, due no doubt, to a life of uneventful activity on our police force; but this man is again different. He is tall, thin, active and mobile. It has been truthfully said of him that he dances about like a weathervane in a fickle wind. He is of the six-cylinder, small-bore, long-stroke variety—"light, efficient, powerful—capable of enormous power at high speed."

Now, did you ever notice those little toy policemen which we used to employ for radiator ornaments? You remember the kind, with the arms arranged on a fan principle so that when the car moved, the arms revolved? That's him all over. But it doesn't take an auto and some wind to make his arms fly. Merely the sight of an auto, and away they go. Some wag, mathematically inclined, last week figured out that the energy he expends through his arms daily is even more than the jaw-horsepower of our gum chewing stenographers. In other words, if his daily output of energy could be concentrated into one push, he could bowl over the W. O. W. building.

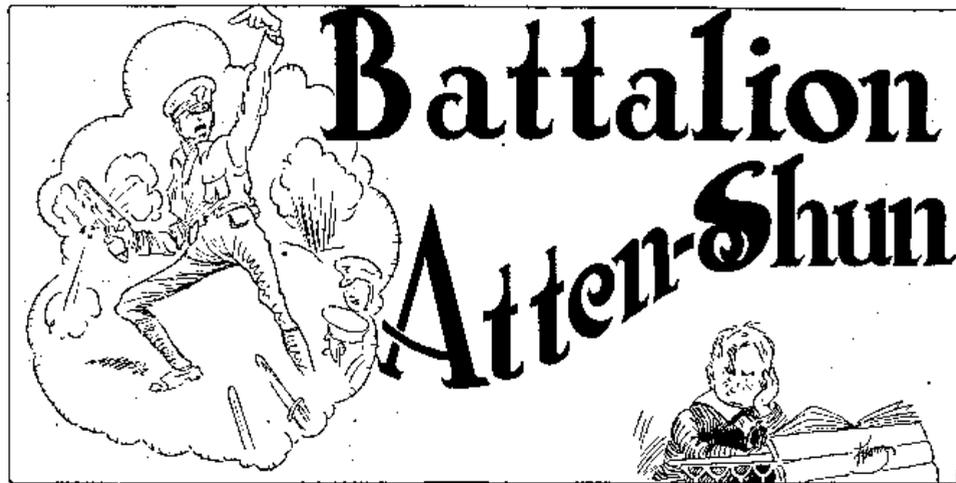
Another thing about him that is different is his face. That is, it is different if we suppose the majority of human beings to be good looking. We have said enough; over the rest of his face, let us draw a sympathetic curtain. So, having covered his face, let us turn to his neck, which is under his face. He covers this, with a white silk muffler. Kin yer beat it?

But, all joking aside, I am convinced that he is a strong-minded man. Garage men tell us it is almost a universal custom to put alcohol in radiators to prevent freezing. Now you can always tell a pickled radiator a block off, by the smell of vaporizing alcohol it emits. Now 2,000 cars pass within reach of this cop's arm every day. 2,000 whiffs of alcohol daily, and nary a jag yet. I'll say he is strong-minded. "Takin' all in all, kin yer beat it?"

### A SONNET ON MY IDEAL GIRL

Of all the many girls folks like the best,  
To me there's only one I think will do;  
And that's the girl, who, when she looks at you,  
You're sure she's right no matter how she's dressed.  
You're sure that if you put her with the rest,  
Or if you put her up against a few,  
That somehow there's a thing in her that's true,  
That, always fair and squire, will stand the test.  
So there's a picture of my true ideal,  
And I'm persuaded that it's not a dream;  
For yet we find them just as staunch and real,  
And true they are, no matter how they seem,  
When looking at a girl, it's really best,  
To see this real girl, and forget the rest.

—R. A. P., 19.



TRAMPLED UNDER FOOT  
OR  
THE CADET MENACE  
OR  
WHY GIRLS LEAVE SCHOOL

The Cadet organization, although undoubtedly a very ornamental feature of our school, is often the cause of many a-a-a—well, rather violent exclamations on the part of the lockerettes.

For instance, on a Monday afternoon, when you have just departed from an awful seventh hour exam and feel muchly in need of a wee bit of powder, it is rather embarrassing to have an army burst around the corner upon you just as you are beginning operations. And then another horde of them comes around the corner and startles you so that you drop that brand new spring hat which you are trying to adjust at a bewitching angle, and it goes rolling deliriously down the hall, of course being accidentally stepped upon several times. It is returned amid the disgusted, disapproving glances of the whole bunch, or group, or squad, or whatever you call 'em; and you sink into your locker, breathless and blushing and uttering one of those violent exclamations. Whichever way you turn, you meet the pests and the loud, rough way in which a boy in front calls out funny names makes you jump every time. Finally you take refuge in the library; and after taking out one of those racy novels one must read for English, you come out into a hall free from cadets, with a great deal of thankfulness.

But you have rejoiced too soon. For now the cadets are in the first floor halls, spread from one end to the other. Well, you **must** get out. So down the line you bravely start, falling over your own feet and dropping ringless notebook, etc. After several centuries of marching, during which you have been hit on the head several times by those horrid old guns which they sling over their soldiers, you reach the end of the line, thinking to have a peaceful walk to the door, behind the bloody warriors. But that miserable wretch in front yells, "Right about face!" and there you are marching down in front again. But worst of all, he then says, "Mark time!" and down the line you go, apparently making as much noise as a boy going to the dictionary in 'most any study hall, 'most any hour. But the worst is yet to come. Some worthless warrior must have stuck his foot out a little farther than absolutely necessary; anyway, somehow or other, you find yourself flat on your face, legs and arms everywhere. With extraordinary haste you pull yourself together and slink

out of the door, a mere shrinking, shriveling shadow of your former self.

But just as you are breathing a sigh of relief at being once more free and unmolested, what horrible sight should meet your eyes but more cadets on the walk outside. With one mad dash you leap forth and start toward Twenty-fourth street. The cadets follow, and, when you start to run, chase you at full speed, double quick time all the way there.

Now, please don't think on account of all this that I am one of those suffering-yettes or one of those boy-cotting persons, for there is nothing I like better than cadets in their places. But laying aside all these petty criticisms, the cadets are like small, mischievous boys, in that you can't live with 'em, but you can't live without 'em.

Kaydets to right of us,  
Kaydets to left of us,  
Kaydets in front of us,  
Marching and drilling.  
Posterred on every side,  
All our complaints defied,  
Filling our hearts with pride,  
As through the halls they stride,  
Noble battalion.



Teacher—What does B. C. mean, Johnny?

Johnny—Before Christ.

Teacher—Now what does A. D. mean?

Johnny—After the Devil.

HOW MUCH? One and a half.—  
Adv.

Louis B.—"Do you find the class presidency an easy berth?"

"I shouldn't exactly call it a berth," said Hammy thoughtfully. "It's more like a hammock: hard to get into comfortably, and still harder to get out of gracefully."

—Washington Star.

Mr. Lampman—"By the way, who was here today that was absent?"

Heard coming out of mathematic class:

"What happens when face H. P. meets face D. N. S.?"

"Don't you think a real friend ought to feel sympathetic when one needs money?"

"I think a good many friends in such cases are touched."

—Baltimore American.

Heimer—"Have you any organic trouble?"

Jordan—"No, I ain't a bit musical."

Ab: "What's the difference between capital and labor?"

Beef: "Well, the money you lend represents capital; but getting it back represents labor."

# SCHOOL NOTES

## NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

The National Association of Principals, which met in Chicago, February 25, voted that a National Honor Society in the High Schools be established. A committee has been appointed, of which Mr. Masters is chairman, to draw up the rules and regulations for this society. This society in the High Schools is comparable to the Phi Beta Kappa in the Universities. The members to this society will be elected on high scholarship and school activity. This association also declared for more social sciences, like our civics, course in modern problems, economics and war course in the High Schools. They also declared for more liberal entrance requirements for the Eastern Colleges and Universities, saying that students should be permitted to have more elective subjects.

## BENEFIT FOR WAR ORPHANS

Last year Central High volunteered to adopt five French war orphans and to support them. The Camp Fire Girls of Central High have assumed the responsibility of raising the money to care for these orphans. They plan to give a benefit program in the school auditorium on the 28th of March. The program will include speeches by men who have been in service, some, snappy stunts, and a jazz band. No admission will be charged but a free-will offering will be taken up. It is hoped that the auditorium will be filled.

## MASS MEETING

Snappy mass meetings were held on March 7 to boost the Council Bluffs and St. Joe games. Music and speeches, one of them by Margaret Harte, made up the program.

Seven plays have been handed in, one of which is to be chosen for the road show.

## ROAD SHOW COMMITTEE

Plans for the big Road Show are rapidly progressing. The Executive committee has appointed the following:

Ray Stryker—Advertising.  
Harold Moore—Stage Manager.  
Robert Wiley—Asst. Stage Manager.  
Myron Price—Electrician.

## SENIOR COUNCIL

The following have recently been appointed members of the Senior Council: Elizabeth Austin, Herberta Barker, Justine McGregor, Onnolee Mann, Hedwig Melander, Josephine Marple, Ruth Miller, Mildred Othmer, Zoe Schalek, Marion Adams, Wallace Craig, William Hamilton, Bradley Moredick, Donald Pillsbury, James Proebsting, Ralph Swanson, Walter White, Robert Wiley. William Hamilton is chairman. Two meetings have already been held to make plans for issuing a pamphlet to increase school spirit.

It has been learned that no boys will be excused from school for farm work this spring. However, upon the close of school, many plan to go on farms for the entire summer.

Robert Omstead, who has been in the service since last fall, has returned to High School to complete his Senior year.

## NEWS FROM OVERSEAS

Interesting reports have been coming from Miss Jenkins, who is doing canteen work in Verdun. Miss Jenkins' special duty is the care of the reading, writing and general recreation room. While there she has met several nurses from Base Hospital 49 but unfortunately missed seeing Miss O'Sullivan. Miss Jenkins is intensely interested in her work.

## ALUMNI NOTES

Leslie Putt, '16, has returned to Treves, Germany, after a fourteen-day furlough in London. Sergeant Putt is stationed at Treves, which is the headquarters for aviation of the third army of occupation. He has no hopes of being transferred home.

Voyle Rector, '11, captain in the field artillery, has returned from France. He was mustered out of the service at Camp Meade and arrived home March 10.

Virgil Rector, '12, first lieutenant in infantry, arrived home about four weeks ago. He was stationed at Camp Dodge until they were sent overseas. Instead of being sent to France he was transferred to Camp Funston.

Milton Rogers, who has been in the Princeton naval unit, has received his discharge and has taken a position with Sample-Hart.

Dorothy Arter, who is attending Wellsley College, recently attended one of the large proms at West Point.

Bruce Cunningham leaves the latter part of March to begin the second semester at Dartmouth. He received his discharge from the navy in December.

Winifred Travis has very nearly completed the course at the Van Sant School of Business and expects to take a position soon.

John Sunderland, '16, has received his discharge from the naval aviation corps and expects to return to Dartmouth the latter part of March to take up his studies there again.

Arthur Loomis, who left Cornell College to join the navy and who has been stationed at Pelham Bay Naval Training Station, has passed his examinations and is now an ensign.

Corporal Earl Winget is in France

in the 331st casual company. He is expected home soon, as he was in Bordeaux, a point of embarkation, when last heard from.

Jack Squires, '16, is quartermaster on submarine chaser No. 8, stationed in the Adriatic for ten months. On leaving Carita, Italy, recently on a homeward journey, the Italian government sent a special train to take the boys of the thirty-six boats to Rome. They were taken on a sightseeing tour through St. Peter's, the Coliseum, the Palatine, and the Vatican. One night as they were going up the west coast of Italy an eruption of Vesuvius and Stromboli was seen. The company is now at Nice, France, and will visit Marseilles, Algiers, Gibraltar and Bermuda, and expects to arrive in the states in April.

Lieutenant Edward Perley, who has been stationed at Camp Sherman, in Ohio, was one of the three first lieutenants to be chosen out of a regiment to be sent to the School of Fire at Camp Benning, Georgia.

Edith Willebrands, '19, is now attending High School in Buffalo.

## DEBATING

The prospect for a good debating season this year is bright. Coach Hinstead says that he has seldom seen such promising debating material as that which turned out for the Central High School tryouts. Coach Hinstead expects to hold double debates with Council Bluffs and Lincoln, and probably with Sioux City.

After a series of tryouts, the following men were chosen on the first team: Ralph Kharas, Fred White, Otto Nelson, Alexander McKie, Charles Grimes and Sam Beber. Ralph Cohn and Arion Lewis were chosen as alternates. The second team is composed of Harold A. De Lano, John Comstock, Wendell Wilson and Lester Palmer.

# ORGANIZATIONS

The members of the Browning Society have decided to renew their regular literary programs at meetings. The programs are appropriate to the time of the meeting. On March 17 Ireland was the general topic. Irish stories and poems were read, and Irish history and customs were told of. The program concluded with singing Irish songs.

Now that new officers have been elected and the meetings become regular, the members of the Hawthorne Society are planning for many future entertainments. They are also busy planning for the joint program.

The W. D. S. held its second open meeting in 235 Friday the 14th. A good program was prepared for the visitors. The program consisted of the following numbers:

1. Comic Monologue, Harley Anderson.
2. Chalk Talk, Mr. Lampman.
3. Debate, "Resolved, That the Faculty Prohibit the Use of Rouge by O. H. S. Girls." Affirmative, Otto Nelson and Cecil Simmons. Negative, Lester Palmer and Ralph Kharas.
4. Talk by Lieutenant Himstead.
5. Popular Songs, W. D. S. Sextette.

Visitors were invited and a large crowd was present. Another open meeting of the same sort will be given again soon.

During the present year no set line of work has been followed by the Art Society. Miss Rudersdorf has given a very interesting talk on "Life in the Chicago Art Institute," using pictures to illustrate. Miss Morrison also has given an interesting talk on "Venice and Venetian Art," also illustrated with pictures. The Art Society attended the Fontenelle Art Exhibit for one of the meetings.

The girls of the Pleiades Society have been devoting their time to the making of dresses for the Associated Charities. Mrs. Doane of that society is furnishing the material and Mrs. Warren has very generously offered to supervise the work.

The Lowell Society gave a very interesting program at the meeting March 14.

The girls of the Gym Club are busily preparing for the oncoming annual exhibition. Many pretty new dances are being prepared. These differ widely in type, from the rigid dance of the Orientals to the delightful aesthetic dance which the girls choose to call "anesthetic," doubtless from the fact that they are going to hold you spellbound from beginning to end.

A most enjoyable and entertaining meeting was held by the Margaret Fuller Society Friday, February 28, in room 325. Several selections were read, and musical numbers rendered by the members of the society. Candy and cookies were served at the end of the meeting.

The Priscilla Alden Society will take part in the joint program to be given in the spring by the societies.

The Lininger Travel Club held a party in the south gym February 27, in honor of Mrs. Hallor, club patroness, who just returned from California. The girls presented Mrs. Hallor with a dainty corsage bouquet of sweet peas and roses. Refreshments of ice cream, cake and candy were served. Dancing followed and every one had a jolly good time. The following program was given:

1. Piano Solo.....Anna Lief
2. Duet, Vocal.....

Kathleen Still and Helen Walpole

3. Violin Solo.....Hazel Huston
5. Reading.....Willisene Karr
6. Vocal Solo.....Anona Snyder

A short business meeting was held March 7, when plans were formulated for the next meeting, which is to be held at Lininger Art Gallery.

## GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls have been showing a great deal of pep and school spirit lately in indoor athletics. Basket ball, volley ball, and base ball have been in full swing for the past two or three weeks.

At the basket ball tournament the Senior girls proved their worth. They are victors of two hard fought games: one with the Juniors, with a score of 11-2, and the other with the Sophomores, with a score of 7-3.

Freshmen girls are taking up volley ball. Their tournament is to be held the week of March 17 to 21.

Base ball teams are to be organized very soon, and the girls are very enthusiastic about "the great American game."

As soon as the ground is dry enough the annual tennis tournament will be held. In other large cities the tennis tournament is looked forward to as a big event. For the last few years Central High girls have not been so enthusiastic over tennis as they should be. But this year they have gone in for sports with so much pep that it

looks as if our tournament would be a big event, too. Come on, girls. Let's make it one!

## SPRING FORECAST

The old school is once more running smoothly and nothing unusual, such as the "flu," has burst upon us.

Our spring vacation starts March 31. Hurrah!! Mr. Masters hopes that every one will recuperate and return from his vacation with renewed zest and a lot of pep.

On April 8, students will be handed an account of their doings, according to Mr. Masters. These accounts are better known as Report Cards. Do you know what they are?

Don't forget the road show. Start saving your dimes.

The first meeting of the new debating society recently organized in our school was held Friday, March 14th, and the work of the new society was put well under way. The following officers were chosen: Paul Sutton, president; Richard Wagner, vice president; Arion Lewis, secretary; Willard Emrick, treasurer, and Alex McKie and Frank Drdlik, sergeants-at-arms. This organization is composed of a large number of real live workers in all school activities, including nearly all of our debating team. This group is only starting as yet, but once it gets a good start, watch it grow.



BEFORE

AFTER



### THE TOURNAMENT AT LINCOLN

Well, we lasted longer than Lincoln anyway!

Things sure looked fine the first day. All Omaha teams had easy going but South High. Central defeated Geneva by the score of 13 to 9, and Commerce put the Lincoln boys out of the running, beating them 12 to 6. This came as a great surprise to everyone, especially to the Lincolnites, who were sure that they would again take home the bacon. South had the bad luck, being defeated by the fast Norfolk five. Students at Central went wild when they heard that Lincoln had been beat and many of them that had not planned on making the trip to Lincoln decided at once that they were going as soon as possible. Everybody turned in a happy man the first night—that is all the Omaha boys did.

Thursday dawned dark and dreary but that did not affect the two Omaha teams that were left in the running. Commerce humbled their opponents in regular Omaha style and our own boys gave Fremont a good trimming, 17-7. Konecky was the big noise in this game, making three hard field goals and three foul goals for a total of nine points. Lincoln boosters were rooting for any team that happened to be playing against an Omaha team. They made no distinction between Commerce and Central, and Omaha boosters replied with good concentrated cheering for the two Omaha teams. Thursday closed with Central paired with Shelton, and Commerce paired with University Place in the semi-finals. Central was running in fine shape at this time and Omahans were confident of a final victory. Commerce was acknowledged, even by Lincoln supporters, to be the best team at the tournament. University Place had a fine team, too, and Lincoln put all their hopes there. Lincoln radicals and poor sportsmen were planning on annexing University Place if they won the tournament. Shelton was the true dark horse of the event and although they were considered to be a Class A team they were not considered seriously as finalists or champions. By this time the Omaha boosters had increased to about a half hundred, besides the Omaha backers from the university.

To tell the truth, all of our supporters would have bet their last cent on our team if there had been anyone willing to bet on Shelton. We all went to the games Friday night confident that the two Omaha teams would come out on top. Omaha Central first tackled Shelton. Burnham tossed a basket soon after the game had started and "Konny" added two more points by throwing two free throws. Shelton was able to make only three points and the half ended 4 to 3 in favor of our team. Omahans were still confident of a win. In the second half Central was on the defensive most of the time. They were only able to get one point and in the meantime Shelton had made but two. This made the score a tie with but a few minutes to play. A beautiful field goal from the middle of the floor won for Shelton. This came only a minute or two before the final whistle and Centralites would not, or rather could not, believe that their team had been beaten. Omaha should have won the game hands down, but they were confronted by a condition that has proved the undoing of some of the best teams in the country. They went stale. In the

second game of the evening Commerce and University Place had a battle royal. Both had fine teams and both were playing good games. The speed of Commerce and their ability to keep the ball brought them out on top. They disposed of their opponent by beating them in one of the hardest fought games of the tournament.

Central boosters rallied to the standard of Commerce as soon as they were beaten Friday night in hopes of having the championship in their home town and also because they wanted to see the best team win the tournament. Shelton was backed by the Lincoln outfit who were bitter against Commerce on account of the beating they received from them the opening night. Commerce took the lead from the start and held it until about ten minutes before the game ended. Mahoney, the best forward at the tournament, was closely guarded by a good man and found it hard to get an open field for a good throw. The Commerce five was running in fine shape all the first half, with Levinson and Mahoney starring. Shelton was fighting an uphill fight. They were fighters to the core though and never gave up for one minute. The first half ended 10 to 7 in favor of Commerce. Between halves Coach Stewart of Nebraska presented Coach Beck of Lincoln with a banner signifying the all-state foot ball championship. Coach Stewart said, "This will perhaps remove some of the sting of defeat in the first round, as you have undoubtedly been beaten by the best team in the tournament." In the second half, Shelton by the fastest floor work that has ever been displayed by any high school team, played rings around the five from our own town. Gerbett and Henninger starred during this half for Shelton, while Mahoney of Commerce besides being guarded closely, had hard luck with many of his shots. Time and again they would rim the cup and fall outside. The final whistle of the tournament proclaimed Shelton the champions of Nebraska by the score of 20 to 15.

Of course we all are sorry to see our teams lose, but it is undoubtedly a good thing for the tournament that a little town won. One consolation is that all of Lincoln's hopes were scattered to the winds, and by an Omaha team. Central surely is grateful to Commerce for trouncing Lincoln and taking them down off of their high perch. It is the opinion of Central that Commerce had the best team at the tournament and Central was with them to the finish. We have no alibis with the exception of Logan's bad leg. Central didn't have a championship team, it might as well be admitted, and what is more they won't have a championship team until they put their heart into what they are doing.

It might be mentioned that Council Bluffs was defeated by Fort Dodge for the championship of Iowa. This makes Shelton champions of Iowa, as Omaha beat Fort Dodge and Shelton beat Omaha.

Three cheers to Commerce and better success next year. Let's every Omahan stick together and pull for Omaha.

Note this. Lincoln turned traitor to Shelton. When Shelton won, the Lincoln papers would not even put their picture in the paper, but had to put in the picture of the Lincoln team with this phrase at the top: "Champions of 1918." Omaha is strong for you, Shelton, although you did trim both our teams good and proper.

### IN CENTRAL'S INFIRMARY

INMATES.		Cause of Mental Collapse
Camilla Edholm .....	.....	Trying to use Register typewriter.
R. Funkhouser .....	.....	Girls! girls! girls!
Thelma Black .....	.....	Waiting for proof.
Mary Winget .....	.....	An A in Latin.
Our Janitor .....	.....	Register office two days before publica- tion.

# EXCHANGE

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

The March number of "Pebbles," Marshalltown, Iowa. The February number of "The Opinion," Peoria, Ill.; "The Quill," Des Moines, Iowa; "The Tooter," Omaha, Nebr.; "The Upstart," Bryn Mawr, Pa.; "Viking," Detroit, Mich. Previous numbers of "The Hi-Times," Lexington, Ky.; "Magazine," Sioux Falls, So. Dak.; "The Oracle," Des Moines, Iowa; "The Palmetto and Pine," St. Petersburg, Florida; "The Record," Sioux City, Iowa; "The Sand-Crab," Seabreeze-Daytona Beach High School; "The Scout," Muskogee, Okla.; "Sun-Hi," Sault Ste Marie, Mich.; "The Tattler," Des Moines, Iowa.

"The Opinion," Peoria Illinois.—Your paper is very good-looking. Your editorials are fine, especially "Hands Off the Desks." It would seem that you are vastly interested in athletics since you give that department seven pages and give only five pages to school news.

"The Quill," Des Moines, Iowa.—A fine paper of exceptionally clean cut appearance. It is very neat looking, and its articles seem well arranged. Some good jokes would make quite an improvement.

"The Tooter," Omaha, Nebr.—For a school with as much "pep" as we know South High to have, your paper seems exceedingly dead. We know you have pep and lots of it. Show it!

"Viking," Detroit, Mich.—We certainly enjoyed the "Viking." Its cuts and cartoons are very clever. The only thing we can find to criticise is the absence of an exchange department.

"The Upstart," Bryn Mawr, Pa.—In this number there was quite a good short story, "Just a Story of France." Some good cuts and more school news and personals would make your paper more interesting.

The following is an extract from an editorial in the "Opinion," from Peoria, Ill. It gives some new viewpoints on the old subject of pupils' marking their desks with carvings. This isn't done much in our school, but all the same it is an article which would be interesting to any one, guilty or innocent of this destructive habit.

Perhaps you think that some day you may become a famous personage and Peoria High will then feel grateful to you for having given her so distinguishing a mark of your genius as your initials carved upon her desks. Well, it might turn out that way. I don't know; it's rather hard to say. I don't want to discourage anyone's lofty ambition of becoming great, but—it's "kinda" doubtful. And then, on the other hand, it might turn out to be rather embarrassing for you, a great and famous person, to have to acknowledge that you had ever been so disobedient to rules as to mar a desk with your initials. Besides, Peoria High is perfectly willing to wait till after you are famous, and then she can invite you back and let you attach your distinguished marks to all or any of the desks. This method would insure preservation of the initials, too, since they would not be mixed up with all sorts of worthless and insignificant drawings.

But not to dash anyone's hopes and yet to be frank, you haven't a chance in a thousand of gaining any such favor, so better give up altogether the hope of attaching a reminder of yourself to a perfectly good desk and scratch off some contributions to the "Opinion" instead.



Kin' fren's an' fellow suffrahs:

We-all begs to interdooce to you ouah humble self as a temporary substitoot foh Ham an'. (You knows substitoots ah still necessary foh some thin's.) Theah ah times when even de mos' silent an' retirin' of people break fo'th into specch—an' tha's jus' whut we-all went an' done. In fact, we broke fo'th so violently an' rambunctiously that, as you-all kin see, we jus' nacher'ly pushed youah ol' fren' off'n this yeah page altogethah, absitively, an' posolutely. Of co'se, by de next issue of dis yeah papah, it'll mos' likely be ouah tuhn to be kin'ly an' gently but fu'mly pushed off. But we-all heahby solemnly resolves to make one gran' an' glorious, beautiferous spluhge while we done got de chance.

First Egg: "What you-all doin'?"

Second Egg: "Nothin'."

First: "Nothin'? Whut you mean nothin'?"

Second: "Aw, you-all jus' shut youah eyes an' you'll see."

1 Egg: "Why is Bob I. like a kerosene lamp?"

2 Egg: "Aw, I dunno. You tell 'em, I st-tutter."

1 Egg: "Wal-l-l. He ain't very bright, an' he often gets tuhned down, an' he gen'rally smokes, an' he frequently—in fact, mos' usually goes out at night."

2 Egg: "Oh, ain't you funny! I could purty neah laff—if I tried real hahd."

"I'm Sorry, Deah; So Sorry, Deah!"

Unus: "Say; Ethel wants to know does Stuart sing?"

Duo: "Helen, she say dat's a mat-tah uv opinion."

Do she? Ah'll say she—Nope, she do not!

You know as how Russell he say he don't wondah Mahg'ret is 'fraid uv lightnin'—she am so awful attractive.

Egg 1: "Whut you-all think's the diff'runce between life an' love, sist-tah?"

Egg 2: "Life am one fool thing aftah anoathah. An' love, dat's two fool things aftah each othah."

First Egg: "Does you-all know why wimmen ah bettah than men?"

Second Ditto: "Ob co'se, I knows dat. Why, don' it say right out in de Good Book as how seven debils wuz east out ob Mary Magdalene? But you cain't fin' no place wheah it says as how dey wuz any debils cast out ob any man. Den dey mus' still hab 'em, mustn't dey?"

Fresh Egg: "Mah husban' is so jealous!"

Stale Egg: "How absu'd!"

Fresh: "Why? Ain't youahs?"

Stale: "Ob co'se not."

Fresh: "How wery humiliating!"

"Can you tame wil' wimmen?"

I dunno. You-all ask Dave.

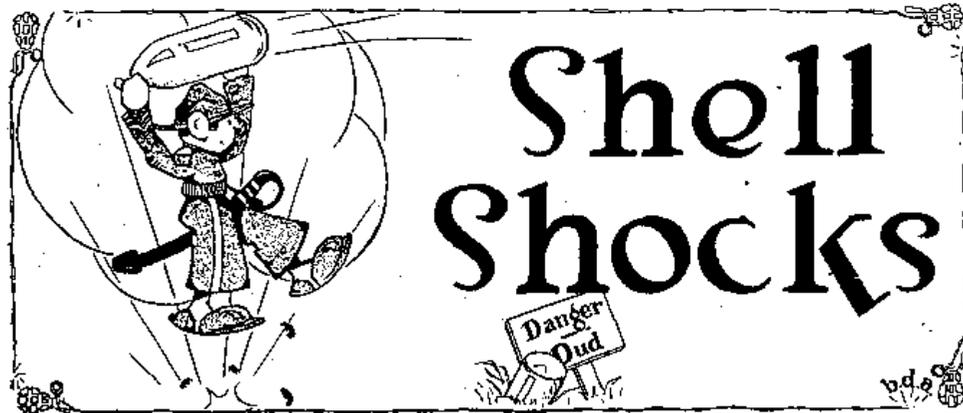
First Egg: "Why does dat tailoh hab an apple as his trade mahk?"

Second: "Well, now, ef it hadn't ben foh an apple, wheah would de clothing business be today?"

"How can you tell?" You cain't, dog-gone it, you jus' cain't. Even Hammy cain't.

Thankin' you-all foh youah kin' attention an' generous (?) applause, we am still an' always—even though silent, Youah fren,

eggs



### BROTHERLY LOVE

Peterson (debating on League of Nations): "My opponents are simply a bunch of donkeys."

(Ten minutes later): "And now, my beloved brethren."

Mrs. Jenkins: "Now, Robert, when you go to camp, I want you to get up promptly so as not to keep the regiment waiting for breakfast."

### TIME, 12:30 A. M.

Happy: "I arise by an alarm clock."

Dorothy C.: "And I retire by one. By the way, didn't it just ring?"

THE MILITARY BALL is on April 25th—Adv.

Cath. D.: "I don't believe in parading my virtues."

Cath. G.: "You don't have to worry. It takes quite a number to make a parade."

Mary D.: "I don't see why the Literary Digest doesn't have continued stories."

Mary L.: "Why?"

Mary D.: "Because serials are easily digested."

Geo. S.: "When I graduate I will step into a position at \$200,000 per."

Heiner: "Per what?"

Geo.: "Perhaps."

# Shell Shocks

Miss Parker: "Donna, I wish you would pay a little attention."

Donna: "I am paying as little as I can, ma'am."

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
His head was in a whirl;  
His eyes and mouth were full of hair,  
His arms were full of girl.

Two hearts that yearn  
For love's sweet prison;  
When his is her'n,  
And her'n is his'n.

MILITARY BALL—KEL-PINE'S  
—April 25.—Adv.

The life of Harold does remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And by asking nutty questions,  
Take up recitation time.

Rowena P.: "I fell off a sixty-foot ladder today."

Janet C.: "It's a wonder you weren't killed."

Rowena: "Oh, I only fell off the first round."

Miss Parker: "What is a strait?"

Gin P.: "A rubber neck."

Miss P.: "No. It is a neck running out to sea."

Gin P.: "Well, isn't that a rubber-neck?"

Get your date for the MILITARY Ball.—Adv.

### AND STILL SHE LIVES

All of the following happened to one of our Juniors in a single day, according to her:

"It was perfect torture to get up this morning."

"This study-room is so hot; I'm cooked alive."

"I've gone crazy over that man."

"The light here is so poor I'm fairly blind."

"Speak louder; I can't hear a thing."

"I was petrified."

"That woman makes me simply wild."

"Good Grief! I'm frozen stiff."

"I'm so tired I can't move."

"My clothes are worn to tatters."

"I was perfectly dumb."

"You make me sick."

"It was so funny I was just splitting."

"I'm simply stuffed."

"Skated till I dropped."

"I nearly had a fit."

"My dear! I'm just dead."

The following somewhat questionable quotation was found in a still more questionable book belonging to a certain young man of unquestionable integrity:

"When all my winks in vain were wunk,  
When all my thinks in vain were thunk,  
What saved me from an awful funk?  
My pony!"

Bones: "Is your sister ever out of temper?"

Lib: "I should say not. She's got it to give away."

"Pa, what branches did you take when you went to school?"

"I never went to High School, son, but when I attended the little log schoolhouse they used mostly hickory and beech and willow."

See HAM & RAY on the 25th of April.—Adv.

OUR ADVERTISERS DEMAND RETURNS—LET'S BE SQUARE



## THE HOUSE of MENAGH

Jack Says:

"All's swell that ends well."

### Jeune Fille Suits

For Spring at the House of Menagh begin and end in smart tailoring, the Alpha and Omega of chic and youthful clothes.

This is to be a suit season and the Jeune Fille Models, high-waisted and ripple back have already the stamp of approval of well-groomed young women.

The girl who chooses a Jeune Fille Suit will look good to "him" and feel good to herself.

Models from

**\$35.00 to \$59.50**

# ATTENTION SENIORS

The seniors are now sitting at our Studio for the Annual photographs, and we trust that you will come in as early as possible as there is much work to be finished for the school this year.

Notwithstanding the constant advances in materials, labor, etc., we have decided to make the same rates as in foregoing years, namely, our regular \$5.00 photograph at \$3.50 per dozen and our regular \$7.00 photograph at \$5.00 per dozen.

We will also furnish the Register one extra photograph without cost for their use in the Annual.

We trust that you will sit at our Studio for we always receive the majority of the work, and by having one photographer finish all of the class you secure a much better and more uniform Annual, as all heads are the same size and the lighting effects are similar.

## THE HEYN STUDIO

16th and Howard Sts.

P. S.—We have always photographed the officers in correct military positions, and our years of experience will greatly assist you in securing the snap you need in arranging your officers' pages in the Annual.

Established 1881

OUR ADVERTISERS FAVOR US—FAVOR THEM



**George Christiansen & Co.**  
 Watchmakers & Jewelers  
**DIAMONDS**  
 4th Floor Securities Building  
 S. E. Cor. 16th and Farnam Sts.  
 Tyler 1606

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

Mary: "Why have you my picture in your watch?"

Will: "Because I'm in hopes you'll love me in time."

Connie P.: "How do you tell the age of a turkey?"

Marcia F.: "By the teeth."

Connie: "But a turkey hasn't any teeth."

Marcia: "No, but I have."

Mary F.: "I was hit in the head with a ball bat when very young."

Cornie: "And you've been off your base ever since."

If your lips would keep from slips, Five things observe with care:

Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,

And how, and when, and where.

The MILITARY BALL is at Kel-Pine's.—Adv.

WHAT? The Military Ball.—Adv.

Are you Satisfied with your Speaking Voice?  
 Are you Interested in Expression—Dramatic Art?

# The Misner School of the Spoken Word

Expression—Speaking Voice—Dramatic Art  
 Private Class Lessons

Special Summer Course of four weeks, begins Monday, June 9th, 1919

Students may work with Companies in Lyceum, Chautauqua or Stage Craft

17th and Farnam Sts. Patterson Block Phone Walnut 3132

The Misner Lyceum Bureau can supply you with—Players, Music Numbers, Impersonators, Readers and Lecturers.

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# Latest Popular Music

Beautiful Ohio Waltz Song, 35c  
 You Cannot Shake That Shimmie Here, 10c  
**Ask ED. PATTON**

**CAN YOU IMAGINE**  
 Dorothy Norton studying?  
 Winifred Potec with a shiny nose?  
 Virginia Leussler getting 50 in a test?  
 Miss Phelps giggling?  
 Jean Burns trying to be a goody goody?

Breathes there a girl with soul so dead  
 Who never to herself hath said—  
 A string of cuss words?

WHERE? At Kel-Pine's.—Adv.

Mr. Lampman: "Miss Schalek, if they inform you at the bank that your checking account is over drawn, what will you do?"  
 Zoe: "Write a check for the amount."

M. Troxell: "You know, today I was chewing gum in Latin—"

Sara S: "Why, how do you do that?"

WHEN? April the 25th.—Adv.



**The Fashion**  
 111 SOUTH 16th STREET  
 Opposite Hayden's

**COATS, SUITS, MILLINERY**  
 Phone Douglas 6412  
 OMAHA, NEB.

A complete showing of all that is new in millinery always on display at prices that will appeal to you.

Dress Hats  
 Street Hats  
 Sport Hats  
 Matrons' Hats  
 Children's Hats

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# Candy Land

*Where They Serve the Best of Everything*

1522 Farnam St.

*Phones: Douglas 621  
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The Misses McArdle and Blake

take pleasure in announcing the daily arrival of

**VERY SMART MILLINERY**

Models for Spring direct from New York's most famous designers

**House of Menagh**

**"Basko" Quality Finest Obtainable,  
Cash Habit Extra Standard Quality  
Above the Average**

*"Do as Mother Did---  
Carry a Basket"*

# BASKET STORES

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KEEP'S--Hotel Rome**

All classes taught to an orchestra.  
Private lessons by appointment.

**S. H. Buffett & Son**  
Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables

*Exclusive Agents for---*

Tea-Garden  
Jellies and Preserves  
Hormel's  
Hams, Bacon and Sausage

315 So. 14 St.

Douglas 3788

**EMPRESS**

**Vaudeville  
and  
Photoplays**

*The Home of the \$30,000  
Hope Jones Pipe Organ*

**Two Shows in One**

**New Show Sunday  
and Thursday**

**SPECIFICATIONS FOR 1919 HIGH  
MOBILE.**

Starter: Freshmen.  
Crank: (We're too diplomatic to say.)  
Brakes: Miss Towne, Mr. Masters.  
Clutch: Miss Shields.  
Body: Student Council.  
Top: Stew Edgerley with his A's.  
Tank: Allan Higgins.  
Shock Absorbers: The Faculty.  
Carburetor: The best mixture of hot air is given by Bob Ingwerson. A constant flow is assured.



Date April 25th. There's a reason.  
—Adv.

Austin S.: "I heard you had some money left you."

Johnny W.: "Yes, it left me quite a while ago."

Honie (sniffing): "What's that odor I smell?"

Frances: "That's the fertilizer."

Honie (astonished): "For the land's sake!"

Frances: "Yes, that's what they use it for."

WHO? Hamilton and Stryker.—  
Adv.

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AND  
Talking Machines**

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Brunswicks  
Lois**

Select Your Piano or Talking  
Machine *now* for Early delivery

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course  
of  
study.

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advertisement.

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Convoysd Safely Thro The Danger Zone  
AMT

### SQUIBS ADAPTED FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

"Young man," said an irate old gentleman at the lunch counter to the hard-looking young man who was inhaling his soup with a gurgling sound and splashing it about the while, "are you a Colorado geyser?"

"Naw," responded the soup juggler, "I'm a New Haven guy, sir."

First Egg: "How old is that lamp?"

Second Egg: "Three years."

First Ditto: "Turn it down, it's too young to smoke."

M. Allaman: "What's weighing on your mind, Floss?"

Floss: "Do you think my mind is a pair of scales?"

Marian: "Well, no; if you want to be precise about it—scales are evenly balanced."

Follow the crowd on April 25th.—  
Adv.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



About Sweet Stores

would be simply a true tale of these confectionery salesrooms. Words multiplied by words could only repeat a fact well known to thousands: that good, honest, pure, sweet, wholesome candies and ice cream are sold by

Omaha's Two Live Ones

THE OLYMPIA CANDY KITCHEN  
1518 Harney Street

THE A. B. SWEET SHOP  
16th and Jackson Sts.

## 7--BIG ACTS--7

O. H. S.

## ROAD SHOW

April 11 and 12

Matinee and Evening



Special Matinee Friday  
for O. H. S. Students

### Dear Girls:

Wonder how many of you have realized that beauty is more than powder deep, and to keep the freshness of youth now yours, as long as you can, you must take precautions in the treatment of your skin. Did you ever hear of the little

"Franco" Shop on the 7th floor of the Brandeis Building?

Well, my dears, up there they tell you just the right sort of toilet preparation<sup>s</sup> to use to suit your individual case. If your skin does not please you, they have the "just rite" thing to help it. Drop in at Room 722 some evening after school, or Saturday, and learn how you can look your best by a little care and effort.

Yours for a pretty complexion,

SUZANNE.

## THE EMPORIUM

310 South 16th Street

### The House of Courtesy

Here you will find a splendid line of Ladies' Wearing Apparel specially priced for the high school miss.

Spring's newest styles in SUITS with pretty vest effects

at \$35 and up to \$95

OUR ADVERTISERS DEMAND RETURNS—LET'S BE SQUARE

## We Offer Our Comfortable Folding Chairs for Use in Any Home

in Greater Omaha. for Parties, Weddings, Receptions, etc.  
Absolutely no charge whatsoever for use or delivery.

**Just Phone, DOUGLAS 3901**

LEO A. HOFFMANN

24th and Dodge

Orpheus of old could make a tree or stone move with his music, but there are beginning singers today who can make a whole family move.

Those who speak of their sons or brothers coming thru the war "without a scratch" forget about the cooties.

Save April 25th for the MILITARY BALL.—Adv.

Jean—"Jerry, do have some more ice cream."

Jerry—"Thanks, just a mouthful."

Jean—"Mother, fill Jerry's plate."

Press your White Ducks for April 25th.—Adv.

Ruth M.—"Do you know what happened to the German officer who went into an English cafe?"

Flossie—"Yes, he came out a Russian!"

## Special Offer to Graduates

SEE US ABOUT IT

*Photographs of the Best Quality*

Prices Very Reasonable

**MATSUO'S  
LAKE STUDIO**

24th and Lake Sts.

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Athletic Club Building

New Showing—Spring Hats  
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Come in and see our line of  
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*This is all the money we  
had left, so we couldn't  
take a larger ad*

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**COMPLIMENTS**

of

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THE  
**TAILOR**  
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HEADQUARTERS

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The ideal boy at Central High must have:

- Bob Ingwerson's line.
- Ned Willmarth's eyes.
- Walt Metcalf's complexion.
- Harold Payne's walk.
- Dick Wagner's smile.
- Vint. Lake's style of dancing.
- Andy Vinsonhaler's size.
- Russ Funkhouser's hand shake.

The ideal girl must have:

- Flora Marsh's complexion.
- Mart Smalley's ability to talk.
- Charlotte Abram's talent in music.
- Polly Richey's pep.
- Frances Patton's hair.
- Winnie Brandt's dancing.
- Tommy Harte's line of talk.
- Nancy Hulst's eyes.
- Bernice Meiergurgan's smile.
- Elizabeth Elliott's lips.

Russell—"Can you keep a secret, Polly?"

Polly—"I can, but it's just my luck to tell things to other girls who can't."

Mercedes—"What's that man got his eyes shut for while he's singing?"

Ethel W.—"Cause he hates to see us suffer."

Russ—"Say, have you heard that story about the stopper?"

Mary P.—"No, what is it?"

Russ—"Can't explain, but it certainly is a corker."

Janet—"I just adore caviar, don't you?"

Sarah S.—"I never heard him except on the phonograph."

Walt—"Ye gods, Mary, how many young brothers have you?"

Mary—"I don't know. Count them yourself. You have as much time as I have."

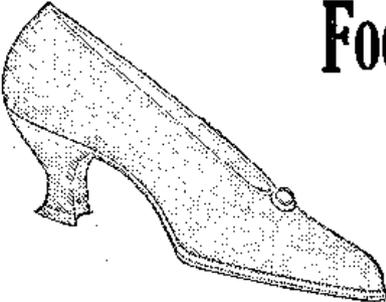
**GIRLS!!** Vamp an ossifer for the **MILITARY BALL.**—Adv.

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For Dress



For the Street



For Sports

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# Keds

United States Rubber Company

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IN FOOTWEAR**

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**UNITED STATES  
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**OMAHA BRANCH**



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COME ON, BOYS!

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**KEL-PINE**  
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Ballroom Available for Private Parties

2424 Farnam St. Phone Doug. 7850

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**KASE STUDIO**

NEVILLE BLOCK

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*Art of Expression*

FRENCH METHOD

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

309 Baird Bldg., 1702 Douglas Street  
Phone Tyler 1413

(The following is written by a poor long-suffering proof reader who ought to know. We hope our printer will take it to heart.)

If I were a boy,

I'd mount to a steeple  
And proclaim to the world  
What I thought of some people.

Now, chief among these  
Is a printer, that Douglas,  
If I had my way  
He soon would be "mugless."

He never can have  
Things done when he should,  
And I believe that he wouldn't  
If he possibly could.

Now, 'tis lucky for him  
That by this young co-ed  
He never is seen,  
Or—alas for his head!  
—T. F. B., '19.

#### TOUGH LUCK

I waited for her on the porch,  
The sky was black as ink;  
The roses red breathed incense round,  
The tree-toads chirped, I think.

Soon came she softly to the door  
And groped to find the light;  
I did not want the darkness spoiled,  
I love to love by night.

I clasped her in my eager arms—  
Our lips met one another;  
She screamed and pushed the button  
on—

Good Grief! It was her mother!

Mrs. Atkinson to War Class:—  
"What is the date of the Industrial  
Revolution?"

No answer.  
Mrs. Atkinson:—"Well, you people  
will have to begin to get dates."  
No answer.

SAY! Who's got your woman for  
the MILITARY BALL?—Adv.

SEE OUR ADVERTISERS FIRST

**PROF. W. E. CHAMBERS**

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Miss Agnes Britton has been my chief assistant during the past four years, taking entire charge of the work at all times during my absence from the city; and I take very great pleasure in recommending her to the public as one of the most competent instructors in Omaha.

Miss Britton has made a thorough study of Classic, Aesthetic, Novelty and Toe Dancing, and has marvelous ability in imparting this knowledge to her pupils; she is impressive, sympathetic, and enters heart and soul into the work.

Miss Britton has a bright future, and is destined to become one of America's foremost instructors in the art of dancing, and I consider the public fortunate indeed in having the opportunity to secure the services of so graceful and accomplished an artist.

During my tour of California and the West the coming summer, Miss Britton will have entire charge of my studio, and I can assure you that you will receive faithful and skillful instruction unexcelled in any studio in the city.

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**Spring Suits and Coats**

*SPECIALLY PRICED*

**\$17.50, \$24, \$34 and up**

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**Ragtime Piano  
Playing**

If you have a piano why not learn to play it?  
I teach you to play up-to-date Popular songs in well-defined ragtime (syncopated) dance rhythm in 20 lessons.

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*Authorized Teacher of Winn Method*  
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*HUNDREDS OF STYLES TO SELECT FROM*

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Showing the Latest in Nifty Hats and Caps For  
Young Men

New Soft  
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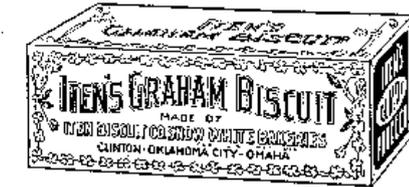
New Outing  
Shirts

16th and Farnam

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When Your children  
come home from school  
they're always hungry—too hungry to wait for the  
evening meal. Next time just give them

TRIPLE-SEALED  
PACKAGES  
20c and 40c



Children like the appetizing odor—the rich brown color—the fresh, crisp deliciousness—the genuine graham flavor—the satisfying taste of Iten's Graham Biscuit.

Nourishing food, easily digested—and you get more food value in Iten's Graham Biscuit than in any other package of ready-to-eat food.

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*is a good  
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1879 *Our Trade-Mark* 1919  
*Means Quality*

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After 6 p. m., Webster 1031

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will soon be here, buy your  
**Garden Tools**  
Now--Great Variety

Goodrich Garden Hose, new  
Stock just received with very  
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Every foot warranted

**James Morton & Son  
Company**

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The Hardware and Tool People

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## Red Feather Poultry Feeds

Proven in Our Own Poultry Extension Department

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