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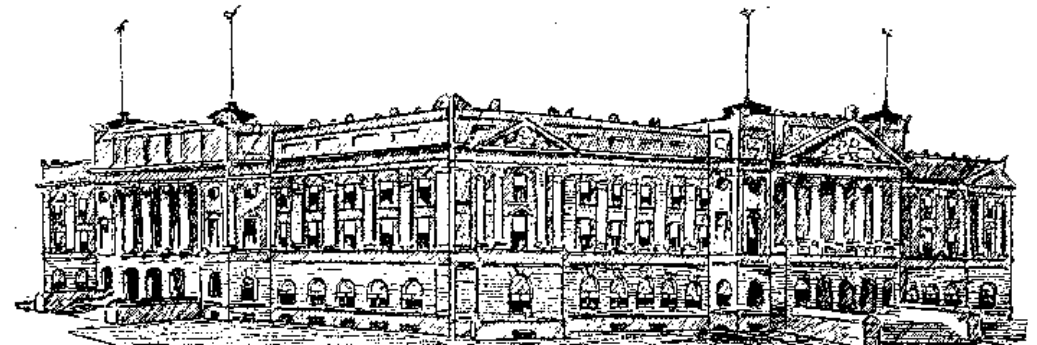
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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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EDMUND BOOTH
EDITOR

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The Register

Vol. XXVIII

Omaha, April, 1914

No. 8

The Rival Golf Cronies

Angus McDonald tugged desperately at a stubborn tie which refused to be placed in the position its owner desired.

"Janet, I canna gae 'oot wi' this tie schooched aroon that way." The angular Mrs. McDonald twisted the offensive tie to a position more nearly under the sandy beard of her short, stout husband.

"I'm gaein' to play golf," grunted that gentleman.

"Weel, then, Angus, ye're no to wear thae clothes. Your Sunday suit to pay golf in. Where's your auld jersey?"

Angus stalked from the room. It would be his way to wear the Sunday clothes every day and make people think that he was owner of that clothing store in Sauchichall street rather than book-keeper there. He firmly believed that his face with its sandy beard, its broad nose and deep set eyes, almost obscured by the shaggy eyebrows, was such in bearing as that of any royalty.

He left the house and a close observer would notice that he was wearing an old pair of trousers and a gray sweater. Angus stopped to pick a carnation which was growing by the doorstep. This couple were extremely fond of flowers and surrounded their little cottage with them. They even cherished the tiny daisies which grew among the grasses in the yard.

Angus's injured feelings revived with the freshness of the afternoon air and the brightness of the prospect of a half day's practice at golf. All the stores were closed in Glasgow as was the custom on Saturday afternoons.

Angus reached the course in high spirits for him.

"I'm gaein' aroon the course, Nicholson" cried he. "Are ye wi' me?" He mounted the steps to the golf house and addressed himself to the portly, gray-bearded gentleman, whose feet were resting on the railing. His chair was tipped back, his eyes closed. The only indication of his wakefulness was the regular movement of a pipe, to and from his lips. After each draught of the pipe, he would exhale a curling wreath of smoke. Carefully and painstakingly he removed each foot from the railing and the pipe from his mouth.

"Ay," he answered McDonald in a deep bass voice. "I've been awaitin' ye."

The two old cronies moved on to the first tee. The game proceeded in the usual manner. Seldom either of the two spoke, only perhaps to call "Fore" or inquire concerning the score of the other. They stopped on the seventeenth hole with Nicholson two up and one to play.

Angus's spirits had fallen somewhat.

"I'm a thinkin' ye'll hae entered the Match on the Queen's birthday" surmised Nicholson as the two sat smoking their pipes on the club porch.

"Umph" muttered McDonald bad-naturedly.

"Ye'd better be gettin' in. The list's fillin' up pretty fast" went on Tom Nicholson. "Noo, I got my name in third. Already Laurie McKay says there are fourteen and only sixteen can gae in."

"I'm gaen' noo." Angus suited the action to the words. A few minutes later might have found him anxiously consulting the list of contestants for the Big Game.

"I can lick everyone o'em" he murmured. "Exceptin' perhaps Tom Nicholson. 'Lawrie!' he called, "Hoo much fer enterin'? A shillin'? Bah! fer what? A prize? Who wants a prize of more than a crown? Put the fee doon tae three pence. Na? Ah, weel, here's your shillin', mon" and in a neat little hand listed himself fifteenth on the roll.

"I hae one mair Saturday and seven, na eight mair twilights, weather permittin' o'course afore the match." I canna be beat by Tom again" thought Angus as he plodded his way home.

Twilight was beginning to fall and a softer light was thrown over the picturesque scene. The little suburb of Glasgow in which the McDonalds lived is as pretty a district as any in Scotland. Uddingston is not a new district. Its houses are old and the people who live there have been born and raised in the same cottages as were their parents. Instead of Glasgow's long rows of tenements, Uddingston is composed of blocks of cottages and nearly everyone is made beautiful by brilliant, healthy flowers.

Mrs. McDonald knew by the manner in which Angus threw off his jersey and by the way he filled his pipe and smoked it how the game had come out. She did not mention the afternoon. No more did he.

The next week it rained every day and Angus lost the week of practice he had expected. Saturday Dame Nature smiled on the world, so Angus and Tom played.

That evening, Angus smoked his pipe in a more placid manner although he threw his sweater on the bed in a very vicious way. Several times he bit into his pipe stem and blew out sputtering whiffs of smoke. Mrs. McDonald didn't quite understand these symptoms and at last questioned her husband. They had tied in holes, but Angus was two strokes ahead.

Wednesday was a day perfect enough to have been ordered by those eager contestants in the Match.

The playing started at nine o'clock. There was a large crowd, including men, women and children. Nearly all wore only a light wrap and were shivering a wee bit, but they realized that walking cross-country and the noon-day sun would warm them.

The sixteen men were divided into four foursomes, each man playing singly and counting strokes. The whole morning was taken up with this game. Every man was playing his best and those who watched feared that there would be ties to lengthen the game. There

were none and the morning ended with Angus, Tom, Laurie McKay and Any Murdock successful.

Luncheon was served at the club house and immediately after at about one o'clock the final game began.

Angus made a bad drive and fell down on the first hole. On the second he retrieved himself and was low man. At the ninth hole the score was Nicholson 36, McDonald 36, Murdock 37 and McKay 39. Murdock dropped low on the tenth hole and took seven strokes to the others four each. Angus had saved his strength and on the fourteenth hole was two strokes ahead of Nicholson. Tom was one ahead on the next hole and beat Angus on the sixteenth by one stroke. The other two were dropping behind. On the seventeenth Angus and Tom tied, leaving the score Nicholson 69 and McDonald 70. Murdock and McKay had 75 and 76 respectively. It was a tense moment. Nicholson no more intended to be beaten by Angus than did Angus intend to be beaten by Tom.

Both drives from the eighteenth tee went some two hundred yards. Both men made the green in two. Angus's ball lay very close to the hole. So it was, his ball came within six inches of the hole. This worried Nicholson for he thought it would be impossible to put his ball in one. So it was, his ball came within six inches of the hole and one more stroke put it in. The other two came in with four each. The crowd shouted. The game had ended with a tie. The old cronies shook hands, then each spat on his hands and took up his club for a twilight game. Angus was a wee bit nervous. He pulled his sweater down, looked to see if every button was fastened, smoothed his hair, rubbed the purely imaginary piece of dirt from his driver, took such care with the tee that he used nearly a handful of sand and then did away with it altogether. He drove. His pains were repaid. The ball lay within a foot of the green.

Tom threw a bit of sand on the ground; slapped it; put the ball on it and drove. His ball seemed to fly beyond McDonald's. Instead it dropped suddenly into a sand pit. McDonald was one up on the first hole.

Playing all day had improved Angus's driving. Every drive was a credit to him. Tom was keeping up. On the ninth hole, McDonald stood a point ahead. They seemed destined to tie again, for they see-sawed back and forth. After the seventeenth each had 68. The eighteenth hole would decide the game. Again both were on the green in two. Careful putting was needed for the finish. Nicholson putt first. His ball then lay near a foot from the hole. Angus took aim; hit the ball gently. It came to the rim of the hole, rolled around and was stopping. The crowd had resigned themselves to a tie and another game when with a determined hop, the ball bumped into the hole. The game was ended with Angus one up.

"I'm proud o' ye, Neebor!" heartily cried Nicholson.

And they shook hands again.

MYRNE GILCHRIST.

The Picture

On his sixth birthday Charlie's mother gave him a picture of Sir Galahad and hung it at the foot of his bed. And after that it was the last thing he saw at night and the first thing in the mornings. In the frame at the base was engraved the first four lines of Tennyson's Sir Galahad.

"My good blade carves the Casques of Men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the Strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."

Charlie memorized those lines even before he could read or write, and, it might have been because he could not read, or it might have been his own imaginative nature, but gradually they changed from a declaration to a condition and he read:

"My strength will be the strength of ten
If I can keep heart pure."

And as Charlie grew, the picture came to be a great friend. He told it of his boyish troubles and it seemed to sympathize with him; he told it of his hopes and successes, and the strong mild face seemed always to be pleased. It was a comforter in small distresses and an encourager to better things.

But soon there came an ache for which the picture had no balm. His mother sickened and died. Her last words to her boy were, "Charlie remember your picture and the motto:

"My strength will be the strength of ten
If I can keep heart pure."

It's true my boy—it's true—but hard—very hard."

Charlie kissed the wan white face—and resolved a mighty resolve—but "the flesh is weak though the spirit willing." Soon after he was sent away to school. He seemed to miss something for a while, but new friends, new surroundings, new duties and pleasures seemed to fill the gap.

He was robust of body and went out for athletics. He was healthy of mind, and made records in his studies. He was pleasing of personality and won numbers of friends. But once in a while, when things went wrong, he missed his old companion; he missed the confidence, the smile of approval, or the stern beckon of encouragement. He thought it was childish and tried to put it away, but in his heart of hearts he knew that he was changing; that he was no longer the clear-eyed boy who believed his verse, but that he was a shell, pretending all and believing nothing.

But successes came thicker. He was a big man in school. He was elected and appointed and sought out. He was well thought of by the faculty and liked by the pupils. He was popular with the girls and popular with the boys. He belonged to a select little circle. A circle a little better than the rest—a circle that could do certain things and not be criticized. He seemed to have forgotten "Sir Galahad" and his resolve.

* * * * *

The orchestra was humming the season's latest hit. Rubber-heeled waiters were gliding noiselessly about, rattling a knife and fork here, a glass and bottle there. Pasty faced youths were blowing clouds of cigarette smoke, over-dressed girls and women were preening themselves in convenient mirrors, or languidly looking around to see and be seen.

In a far corner sat the select circle. Charlie's eyes were bloodshot, his hair a little mussed. His cheeks were unnaturally flushed and the large brown folder he held shook unsteadily.

They were dancing now, romping up and down between the tables, in a grotesque attempt at grace. The men in the orchestra grinned and played the louder, the waiters stepped into convenient niches, or dodged quickly from place to place.

Charlie wasn't dancing. He still gazed at the brown folder. The boys around him were laughing and cheering boisterously. He did not hear them. On the back of the folder was an ad. An Art Store ad, and the picture of Sir Galahad cheaply reproduced in the corner. He was trying to remember the verse. The noise annoyed him. Suddenly it all came back. He rose and stood by his chair steady and calm.

"My friends," he said quietly to those at his table, "I'm quitting tonight. I've suddenly remembered a promise I made a number of years ago. Hereafter I'm going to keep it. Good Night!"

He tossed the brown folder to the table and walked steadily to the door, and home.

His friends picked up the wine list and found written under the picture:

"My strength will be the strength of ten
If I can live heart pure."

The Close of Day

Before the curtains of the western sky
By unseen angels are drawn into place,
Long streaks of rarest colors shoot up high
Into the heavens, and slowly then retrace.
The night with deepening shadows fills all space.
The earth is sunk in undisturbed repose
And silvery stars come dancing into space.
A western murmuring zephyr gently blows,
While the moon sails on in her majestic grace.

LUCILE HORN, '17.

Graduating Seniors please take picture at the Rembrandt, Trussell, Sandberg & Eitner, and Heyn studios.

High-Brow She: "I just dote on Browning."
Low-Brow He: "Yep, I always tan, too."



Baseball

For a sport which has been called "the national game," baseball in this high school is certainly far from being the big interest that it should be. Of course this is only the second year we have had a team and it will take time for the student body to get together and support the game. However, it cannot be said that the school must be educated up to baseball before they will attend the games. With such a rabid, dyed in the wool fan as one P. Bannister in our midst, not to speak of the hundreds of others who, to say the least, are more familiar with baseball than they are with football, there should be no difficulty in working up an interest in baseball which would equal if not exceed the enthusiasm of the football fans.

But to get big crowds out the schedule must be an interesting one and include games with schools of standing and reputation somewhere nearly equal to our own. Therein we believe lies the reason for football's great following. The very name of Sioux City, St. Joseph or Lincoln on our schedule awakens in the school the old spirit of rivalry and a consequent desire to see the game. Therefore we fail to see the reason for sending our first baseball team to Logan, Iowa, for instance. Most of the school has never heard of that town—and it cares little when we do win from them.

So let the schedule be arranged to include the important cities and let the student body get out and support the team this spring, and show the athletic management that it will not lose by bringing big teams to Omaha to play.

"The Annual"

With this, the April number, the staff completes its work so far as the monthly editions are concerned, and from now on will devote its efforts to the publishing of an Annual. A glance back over the

year shows it to be a fairly successful one, although for reasons over which we have no control the financial returns from the paper have not equaled those of past years. On this account the year book or Annual will probably not be as pretentious as usual. However, we assure the school that we will go as far as our limited means will permit and pledge ourselves to spare neither time nor effort in making the Annual representative of the school. But we alone cannot do this. If the book is to represent the school, it belongs to the school, and therefore the school should help to build it. So if you want to do your share, we ask, first: If you are a Senior, do not fail to have your picture and list of honors ready by April 24. Second, if you have any snapshots of general interest, taken of high school people in or about the high school or down at camp, or any material you think we could use, please do not hesitate to bring it up to THE REGISTER office. Nothing will be accepted after Friday, May 15.

Camp

Last year's camp was the most successful ever held by the regiment. We believe that this was largely due to the fact that by some unknown means a sentiment against the usual rowdyism was created and in its place there came a spirit of pure, clean, harmless fun. We hope that this year's camp will be equally free from roughneckism. But there is one deplorable condition which exists and which should be eradicated. That is the custom of making camp week one long "smoke." The minute the train pulls out of Omaha, out come the pipes, and from then until the following Saturday they stay lighted. Now this would not be so bad if only the older men and those who habitually smoke while at home would indulge. But such is not the case, for the younger fellows, freed temporarily from parental restraint, attempt to learn to smoke and without a doubt many of them continue long afterwards merely because they formed the habit at camp. We admit that on those sharp, cold mornings the picture of a cadet bundled up in a big sweater, contentedly pulling his warm "Jimmie pipe" is truly inviting, and it is not surprising that the Freshmen are tempted to indulge. But if you older fellows will stop to think you will see that the responsibility is largely with you, and it's up to you to do something. And you Freshmen, going to camp for the first time, show the officers, who are watching you for promotion, that your backbone is made of something other than spaghetti—that you are men enough to be men even though nobody's going to make you!

Mr. Bernstein: "If I were to push you, what would happen as a result of the action?"

Krampert (sleepily): "An opposite and equal reaction."

John and Stew don't like the seven-fares-for-a-quarter proposition. Formerly they had to walk only five times to save a quarter, and now they must walk seven times.



Basketball

The Omaha High School basketball team showed its superiority in the Commercial league by defeating the two leading teams in that league. These victories were altogether unexpected by most followers of the game, but those who had watched the development of the team were not so greatly surprised. The game in which the Pirates were beaten was considered a fluke, but when the Magee & Deemers were also defeated it showed that it was no accident.

OMAHA 20, UNIVERSITY PLACE 10.

For the first time Omaha showed fine team work and all-around playing. The team had been working fine all week in practise and at the last moment Berry was pronounced ineligible on account of studies, but Bauman filled his place very capably at center. Neither team could hit its stride in the first half and the score ended 5 to 4 in our favor. In the second half Omaha woke up and started some grand team work. Bauman, Gardiner and Flothow proceeded to find the basket regularly and this, combined with good team work, soon gave the team a safe lead. Flothow was hit in the nose twice, the second time breaking it. If you notice you can see that his nose is bigger on one side than on the other (I know, so don't dispute me). All through the game Platz and Larmon guarded so closely that the University Place players were unable to get near the basket and were forced to try long shots, a few of which were successful. Bauman at center played a very good game, getting 3 baskets. Gardiner, as usual, played a fine aggressive and defensive game. 'Twas indeed a fine game and ended with the neat score of 20 to 10. The line-up:

Omaha—Flothow, r. f.; Gardiner, l. f.; Bauman, c.; Larmon, r. g.; Platz, l. g.
 University Place—McGee, r. f.; Eichberg, l. f.; Amos, c.; Clark, r. g.; Cole, l. g.; substitutes, Grubb and Baney.
 Field goals—Flothow 4, Gardiner 2, Bauman 3, McGee 1, Grubb 2.
 Fouls—Flothow 2, McGee 4.
 Fouls committed—Omaha 14, University Place 6.

OMAHA 26, LINCOLN 11.

This was a great game. The score, 26-11, does not show it, but it was hard-fought until the final whistle. Of course the papers had to say that Lincoln was greatly handicapped by their inferior weight. In fact, it seems as though we outweighed every team we played, but in reality the team only averages about 152 pounds, which is not at all heavy. Back to the game. The game started out with a rush and kept on going with a rush. Every once in a while the smoke cleared up sufficiently for the audience to see that Omaha was in the lead. The score at the end of the first half was 12 to 5 for Omaha. In the second half they kept up the gait and finished 26 to 11 in the lead. Throughout the game every point was bitterly contested. Lincoln's guards were the best we had played against the whole season. For Omaha, Larmon and Platz were also almost invulnerable, only 3 baskets being made by Lincoln. Platz was the boy that played best in this game. Not only did he guard splendidly, but amassed 4 baskets more than any other man and more than all of Lincoln's baskets. "Dutch" was like a streak of lightning, being all over the floor at the same time. Berry played a great game and so did Gardiner.

The line-up:

Omaha—Flothow, r. f.; Gardiner, l. f.; Berry, c.; Larmon, r. g.; Platz, l. g.; substitutes, Buzard, Bauman, Engstrom.
 Lincoln—Morris, r. f.; Leese, l. f.; Albrecht, c.; Hager, r. g.; Schroeder, l. g.; substitutes, Matheny, Vandiver.
 Field goals—Flothow 2, Gardiner 3, Berry 3, Platz 4, Larmon 1, Morris 1, Leese 1, Albrecht 1.
 Foul goals—Leese 5.
 Fouls committed—Omaha 9, Lincoln 4.
 Foul goals—Flothow 2, McGee 4.

OMAHA 22, OAKDALE 6.

This game was fairly hard, as it was played on the small floor. Oakdale had a heavy team and aided by the small floor they were enabled to hold Omaha to but 22 points. Omaha did not play very well and was not doped to go very far in the tournament, but they did.

OMAHA 25, KEARNEY 10.

This game looks easy, but it certainly wasn't. Kearney had a very good team and would have gone much farther if they hadn't struck Omaha. Omaha had good team work and good guarding, but were not able to locate the basket as much as they should have. But as a whole the team played very well. In this game Cotty Larmon got hit on the head and had to have a couple of stitches, but he finished the game and also the tournament. Platz and Gardiner played great in this game, as did the rest of the team. This and the Oakdale game were both played on Thursday.

OMAHA 10, CENTRAL CITY 9.

This was a heart-breaking game, Omaha being handicapped by

the great height of the opposing center ("Shorty" being only 6 feet 7 inches) and being unfortunate in their basket shooting. At no time was Central City in the lead, but they were always within 2 points of Omaha. The basket which brought Central City within 1 point of Omaha was made after the referee blew his whistle to put the ball out of play, but he allowed it and time was called with Omaha but 1 point ahead. The team did not play very well, but Central City had a team capable of beating almost any other team in the tournament except Hastings. So far Omaha had defeated two very good teams, Kearney Thursday night and Central City Friday afternoon.

OMAHA 28, HASTINGS 18.

Game played Friday night.

Hastings was easily the best team in the meet with the exception of Omaha. Hastings, according to all authorities, could easily have beaten Lincoln. The first half was a wonderful exhibition of interscholastic basketball, both teams guarding closely and playing the floor. The score at the end of the first half was 10-11 in favor of Hastings. In the second half, although worn out, Omaha kept right on playing and with five minutes left to play the score was a tie, 18-18. Then Omaha took a spurt, and playing university brand of basketball, amassed 10 points while Hastings was unable to score. Berry started the fireworks with a long one from the middle of the floor. During this last five minutes Omaha put up the best basketball which has ever been seen at any Nebraska tournament. They broke up plays continually which Hastings had used to good advantage before, and played the ball so fast that Hastings was unable to guard them. This game brought out the best brand of basketball seen at the tournament. After this game every man on the team was exhausted and so knocked up with charley-horses and the like that Gardiner, Platz and Flothow were forced to take Turkish baths to straighten out their muscles. Platz was in very bad condition after this game. Saturday morning it was a physically exhausted bunch, hardly able to move a muscle, but they went in the Sutton game determined to win.

OMAHA 20, SUTTON 16.

This is the game that gave Lincoln the championship, for if there was any strength in our players before they entered the game it ground it all out of them. The first half won the game for Omaha, the score being 12-5 in their favor, but in the second half the "pep." was lacking and Sutton gradually crawled up on us. At the end of the first half Dutch Platz was forced to leave the game, hopelessly crippled and worn out. With but a minute and a half to play the score stood 16-16 and then Jimmy Gardiner came through with two baskets, winning the game. Dutch and Jimmy throughout the tournament had been playing a soul-racking game, throwing themselves around as if they were unhurt, but at last Dutch was kneed and hopelessly crippled was taken to the hotel in a taxi. His leg was swollen to twice its normal size, and the game fellow had to stand lots of pain.

Jimmy Gardiner for the last two games was playing with a broken elbow bone.

OMAHA 18, LINCOLN 21.

Lincoln did not win this game, the hard schedule Omaha had did it also the loss of Platz who was forced to stay in bed at the hotel. Every man on the team was absolutely exhausted when they entered this game and was a pitiful sight to see what were once husky fellows, a bunch of hollow-eyed worn out boys. But they went on the floor feigning lots of pep and energy. Omaha had used the same five men throughout the tournament, the hard games making substitution impossible, while Lincoln had played their second team in most of the games, not having used the whole first team in any game. Therefore Lincoln was fresh and full of life, while Omaha was,—well I've told you. Playing on their nerve and nerve alone the Omaha boys played Lincoln off their feet and at one time had them 8 to 1, but strength will tell and Lincoln by a couple of lucky baskets and some free throws came up and at the end of half half the score was 11 to 10, in their favor. Jimmy Gardiner playing the game of his life had given all that was in him and was weak as a babe, so were the rest of the team, but not as bad as Jimmy. The rest between halves did but little good and the second half began with Omaha hardly able to navigate. But Lincoln had a team of fighters to play against and the score at the end of the game was tied 18 all, so five minutes more were played. At the beginning of the five minutes Jimmy was knocked down as he went to shoot and pulled him down. This finished poor Jimmy and they had to carry him off the floor with his eyes glazed. Then Buzard went into the game with a lot of pep, but it was to no avail and Lincoln succeeded in getting three points to win. If Dutch had been in the game even though exhausted it would have been a different story.

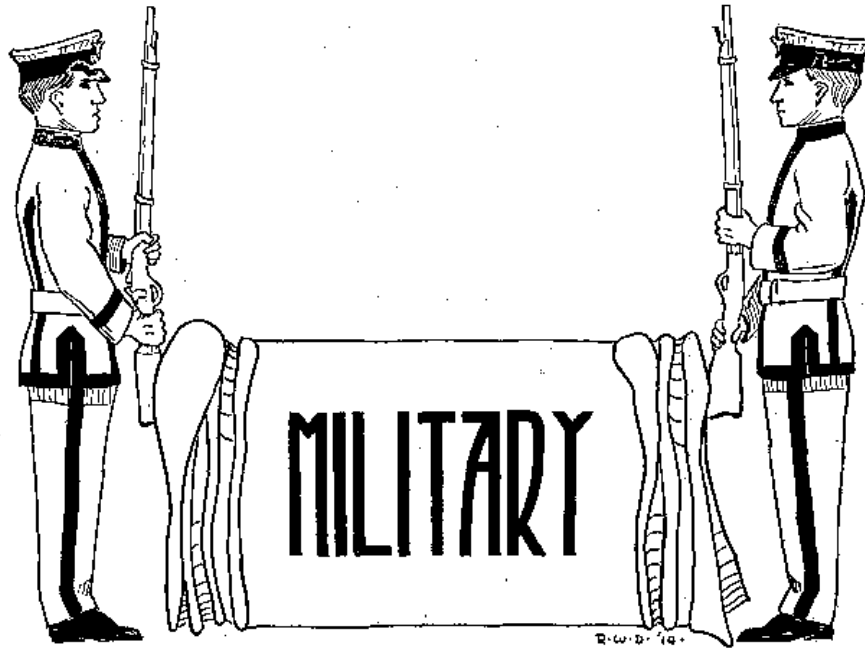
OMAHA, 14; St. JOSEPH, 27.

Omaha had not recovered from the tournament and were all stale, but St. Joe had the best team seen here this season. Buzard who was substituted for Bauman in the second half played a good game and got one beautiful basket. Berry got one and Flothow four and two fouls. Platz was unable to play, not having recovered from his injury at the tournament. Gardiner was conceded the best man in the tournament for four years, and Berry, Platz and Larmon were put on the honor roll.

STATE TOURNAMENT SCORES.

Omaha 23, Oakdale 6.
Omaha 25, Kearney 19.
Omaha 10, Central City 9.
Omaha 28, Hastings 18.
Omaha 20, Sutton 16.
Omaha 18, Lincoln 21.

Again we were beaten by a combination of luck, management and every other team combined, but there is no use kicking, because it would do no good.



With the approach of Spring we see just ahead of us the realization of camp—the military diversion which most of us have looked forward to during the school grind; and what would our regiment amount to without it? Only one who has been through an O. H. S. camp can estimate the benefit he derives from such a novel and practical illustration of the theory of “being a soldier”—the employment of those movements on which each cadet has been drilled during the year.

Camp is to the regiment what an experiment is to a physics textbook—one cannot realize the value of the instruction until he has given it a trial for himself, and camp is certainly that trial. Every cadet of course has a rousing good time—that is one of the big aims of the event—but along with that good time he learns how to put up a tent, how to care for it, how to police his company street, how to “try himself out” among his fellows in a gruelling drill, with the thermometer at 92, or how to keep warm between the hours of 10 P. M. and 4 A. M.—in all the simplicity of military life, and even though all this may appear a bit hard and tiresome to a Freshman, he will like it better as he goes along, until as a Senior he would not miss camp even if he had to walk to it from Omaha.

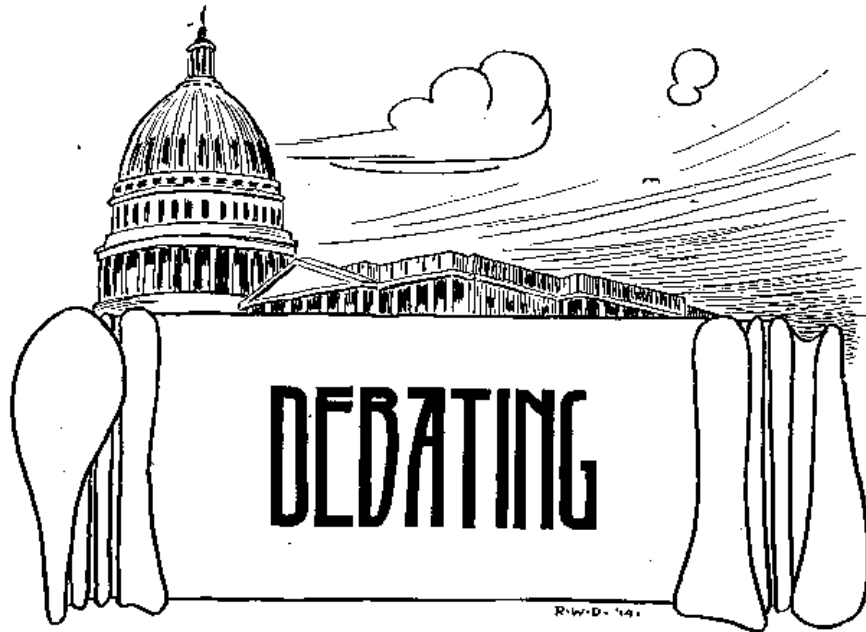
The drills are no small part of the week, but they occur in the morning, so that the cadet has the afternoon for baseball, track, swimming or loafing. At 5 o'clock each evening dress parade takes place; this is the big military formation of the day and the only one in which full dress is required of all—even the staff. By Saturday, homecoming day, the skin may have peeled off your nose or your feet may be sore, but even this serves to keep fresh in your memory the final week of your school year.

There has been a growing tendency to “dead-beating” the saluting

of an officer in military hours, and privates should turn to the section in the manual on this subject, read up on it and put it into effect. To disregard the salute is the first step toward wiping out the wholesome respect which should be fostered by both officer and private, one for the other.

The following promotions were announced just one day too late to appear in the last number of THE REGISTER, so we publish them in this issue:

NAME.	FROM	To
John Brotherton.....	1st Lt. Co. D.....	1st Lt. & Bn. Adj. 3d Bn.
William Nielsen.....	Private Band.....	2d Lieut. Band.
Leslie Putt.....	1st Sgt. Co. G.....	1st Lieut. Co. D.
Ellsworth Moser.....	Sgt. Co. A.....	2d Lieut. Co. A.
Fred Nielson.....	Sgt. Co. I.....	2d Lieut. Co. B.
Frank Kolacny.....	Sgt. Co. G.....	2d Lieut. Co. C.
Bernard Twiford.....	Sgt. Co. I.....	2d Lieut. Co. H.
Harold Hudspeth.....	Corp. Co. F.....	Reg. Q. M. Sergt.
Ralph Benedict.....	Private Co. A.....	Sergt. Maj. 1st Bn.
Arild Olson.....	Private Co. E.....	Sergt. Maj. 3d Bn.
Reed Zimmerman.....	Private Co. F.....	Color Sergt. (Nat.).
Howard Douglas.....	Private Co. E.....	Color Sergt. (Reg.).
E. Ticknor.....	Private Band.....	Drum Maj. Band.
Fred Eyer.....	Sgt. Maj. 1st Bn.....	1st Sergt. Co. G.
Benjamin Brisbane.....	Private Co. A.....	Sergt. Co. A.
Gus Wickstrom.....	Private Co. B.....	Sergt. Co. B.
John Jenkins.....	Private Co. I.....	Sergt. Co. B.
William Campen.....	Private Co. H.....	Sergt. Co. E.
Carl Anderson.....	Private Co. E.....	Sergt. Co. F.
Arthur Grabe.....	Private Co. H.....	Sergt. Co. G.
Byron Sackett.....	Private Co. H.....	Sergt. Co. H.
Clifton Cooper.....	Private Co. A.....	Sergt. Co. I.
Harry Scagren.....	Private Co. A.....	Sergt. Co. I.
Emil Storz.....	Private Co. A.....	Corp. Co. A.
John Morris.....	Private Co. H.....	Corp. Co. B.
Dan Woodward.....	Private Co. B.....	Corp. Co. B.
John Crowley.....	Private Co. H.....	Corp. Co. B.
Arthur Herring.....	Private Co. C.....	Corp. Co. C.
Fred Curtis.....	Private Co. C.....	Corp. Co. C.
Harry Johnson.....	Private Co. C.....	Corp. Co. C.
Clarence Landon.....	Private Co. F.....	Corp. Co. D.
Owen Comp.....	Private Co. E.....	Corp. Co. E.
Bernie Holmquist.....	Private Co. F.....	Corp. Co. F.
Emerson Westgate.....	Private Co. F.....	Corp. Co. F.
Ralph Schultz.....	Private Co. G.....	Corp. Co. F.
Ralph Powell.....	Private Co. G.....	Corp. Co. G.
Robert Christie.....	Private Co. H.....	Corp. Co. H.
Colin Hodge.....	Private Co. I.....	Corp. Co. I.
Dell Bowser.....	Private Co. I.....	Corp. Co. I.
Edwin Winterton.....	Private Co. I.....	Corp. Co. I.
Sam Swartz.....	Private Co. G.....	Corp. Co. G.



Omaha-Lincoln Debate

On the question of, "Resolved that a policy of trust regulation is preferable to a policy of dissolution," a spirited debate took place. Lincoln lined up on the affirmative and Omaha on the negative.

For Lincoln Charles Righter as the first speaker outlined their argument, dividing it into three parts: 1st, the trusts are a national evolution; 2nd, that dissolution is impossible; and 3rd, that co-operation through regulation, will bring the best results into our social and political life. After doing this he showed the benefits and advantages of trusts, quoting much authority. In concluding he stated the plan of regulation advocated by the affirmative. He has a good voice and a pleasing delivery.

Earl Ketcham then opened for Omaha, denying everything said by his opponent. Then in a jury speech he told of the defects of the trusts, and as he warmed up to his subject his blonde hair stood on end. With no quibbling of words he concluded his speech by telling the audience and his honorable opponents how his side stood.

The failure of dissolution was explained by Earl Jeffrey. He quoted so much law that the audience was tempted to believe that they were listening to a legal discourse. Like our own Earl, he was very spirited and used most emphatic gestures.

Our next speaker, Harold Landeryou, started out by telling of the failure of regulation. Then he passed on into the dangers of regulation. As a climax, he told of the originators of the regulation plan, the same being none other than two trust officials. In contrast to the other speakers he was very calm and kept his hands behind his back, except when he raised his left arm for emphasis. When he did this he brought his arm up horizontal to his shoulder, much re-

sembling a block signal, such as are popular with the railroads.

The affirmative argument was closed by Leonard Trester. He stated that the affirmative recognized and deplored the evils of the trusts, but showed how that as a whole they were beneficial to labor. He quoted many authorities and concluded his speech with a clear and concise summary of the affirmative debate. He has a deep bass voice and a very pleasant delivery.

Percy Dalzell concluded the debate for Omaha with a fiery speech. He told why dissolution had failed in the past and showed how the negative were going to benefit by this experience. Then he outlined the plan of dissolution which consisted of two main parts. 1st, the dissolution of trusts already in existence. 2nd, the prevention of trust growth in the future. Percy qualified himself for a humorist in his speech and made a noble appeal for the common "peepul."

Each man was given five minutes rebuttal. Every Omaha man developed a trait of humor. Ketcham brought addition to the stage scenery with him, a beautiful chart with red and blue lines. Percy ridiculed the statement made by the affirmative that they were going to have a competitive monopoly.

For Lincoln, Righter made a good rebuttal. Jeffrey made some man-sized jabs of humor at the expense of Landeryou, and Trester concluded with a good summary of the debate.

The best part, however, now came. This was the decision of the judges, rendered in favor of Omaha by a 2 to 1 vote. This means that we have one more chance to obtain permanent possession of the Amherst cup.

THINGS WE NEVER SEE OR HEAR OF.

A sheet from the bed of a river,
 A tongue from the mouth of a flame,
 A toe from the foot of a mountain,
 And a ring for the finger of shame.
 A wink from the eye of a needle,
 A glove for the hand of fate,
 A plume from the wing of an army,
 And a drink from the bar of a gate.
 A hair from the head of a hammer,
 A bite from the teeth of a saw,
 A race on a course of study,
 And a joint from the limb of the law.
 A smile on the face of a watch,
 A page from a volume of steam,
 A collar for the neck of a bottle,
 And a tooth from the mouth of a stream.
 A check that is drawn on a sand bank,
 Some fruit for the jamb of a door,
 A heaven for the soles of shoes
 And what we wrote this for.



Margaret Fuller Society

The Margaret Fuller Society met Friday, March 27, in room 219, where the following program was given: "Spring Cleaning," Ethel Piel; Poem from Longfellow, Gertrude Porter; "Life of Margaret Fuller," Mildred Rhodes; and a recitation, Martha Gyger.

Elaine Society

Elaine Society.

An April Food program was given by the Elaine Society under the leadership of Edith Howe.

Priscilla Alden

The Priscilla Alden Society enjoyed a musical program at the home of Jean Landale on March 27.

Lowell

The Lowell Society met Friday in room 228. The following program on "Birds" was given: "Birds Migration," Naomi Summitt; "Nest Building," Mary Brown; "Water Birds," Elizabeth Robinson; "Peculiarities of Birds," Lillian Over; Recitation, Blanche Gross.

Browning

The Browning Society held a social meeting Friday in room 149. A few members were taken in; the constitution was read, and all were made welcome.

Hawthorne

The Hawthorne Society met Friday in room 221. The program was as follows: Recitation, Muriel Ahnstead; Story, Freida Stenner; Story, Helen Wissler; Dialogue, Lila Hoke and Deruel Deans; Piano Solo, Mildred Thompson.

Art Society

The Art Society held its last meeting in the auditorium. Stereopticon views of famous paintings by English artists were enjoyed.

Latin Society

The Latin Society met March 31, when the following program was rendered: The Architecture of Omaha Buildings; Library, Beatrice Walton; Court House, Kathleen Mullen; Why Should a Court House Have Roman Architecture? Eugene Simmons; Burlington Station, Louise Davis; the New Masonic Temple, Velistia Presson; the High School, Mildred Hoag. Recitation, Medley of First Lines, Letitia VanBuren.

Lininger Travel Club

The Lininger Travel Club met in room 325 March 27, when the following program was given: Three Victrola Solos; Spring Quotations, Irene Florell; Reading, "The Rose," Mary Hamilton; Crocuses in London, Doris Braden; Recitation, Miss Wallace.

Athenian

The Athenian Debating Society had a star meeting in room 225, when about 200 pupils were present. Mr. Edmund Burke, the debating coach, gave a fine talk on the greatest orators of the world's history. Arthur Rouner gave a talk on physical culture, and Richard Lukie gave a flute solo with Art Smith as accompanist.

Webster

The Webster Debating Society held the most important meeting of the high school year in room 231 March 27. A membership and constitutional committee, consisting of Kenneth Widenor, chairman, Porter Allan, Earl Licknor, Bryan Sackett, Theodore Meek, and assisted by M. McMillan, was appointed. A new constitution was formed and officers were elected. The old officers were re-elected with the exception of one of the sergeants-at-arms, whose place will be filled by Harold Hudspeth.

German Society

The German Society met in room 325 March 25. The following program was rendered: Dornroeschen, Lena Lipseig; Violin Solo, Miss Lear.

The Senior-Junior contest was held on Friday evening, April 3. It was a success from every standpoint. The auditorium was filled to o'er flowing. Every one that took part in the contest did credit to their class. The Seniors obtained seven out of a possible nine points. Each class presented similar numbers, which consisted of a piano and vocal solo, a recitation, a debate, and a burlesque. The Seniors won everything except the two musical numbers.

Perfumes—Mary Garden, Djer Kiss, Ideal, and all other good ones. "Haines."

LOCALS

Miss McHugh attended a teachers' meeting at Lincoln on Friday, April 3. She returned in the evening in time to be present at the Senior-Junior contest. It would have been too bad if she had missed seeing the mighty Seniors triumph in such a bitter (?) contest.

Now that the mid-term exams are over many of the Seniors are very much pleased to think that they obtained a grade of B or above. They are now living in hopes that they can carry this grade for the rest of the year. If they do they will not have to take the final examinations.

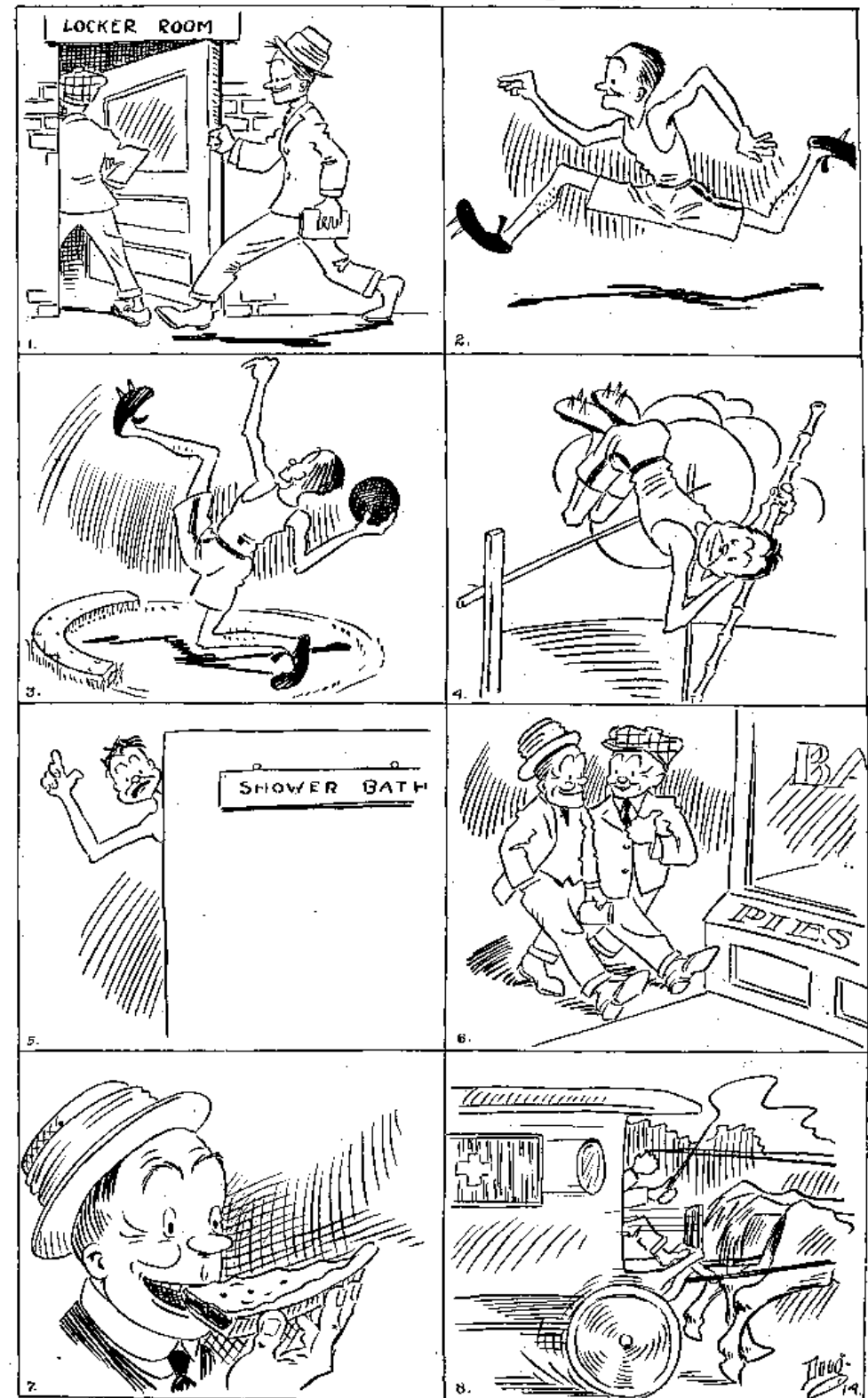
There has been a number of lectures going on in the auditorium lately. The audience seems to be composed of the fair sex. We wonder what the meaning of it all can be.

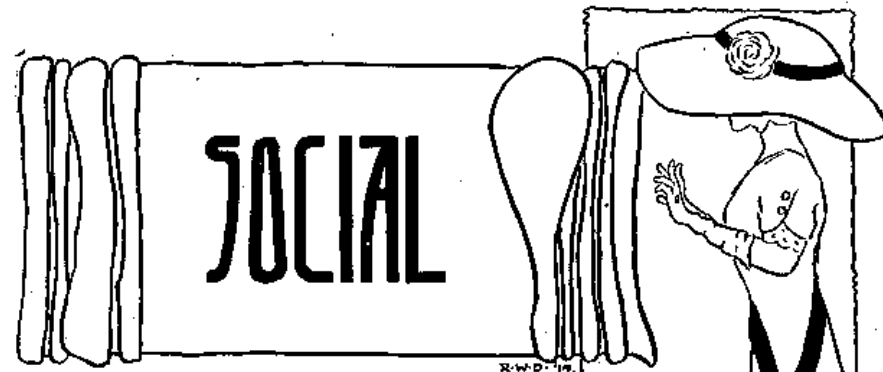
A call for candidates for football manager has been issued. This is something new for this time of year, but the spring practice which will be carried on this year necessitates a manager at this time. Boys, hand in your names to Mr. Orchard.

A last word about the selling of the tickets for the contest. The presidents of each class first appointed a head ticket seller, that is as soon as they were able to find some one who would accept the position which proved to be no pleasant job. The class which either sold the most tickets or sold their tickets first was to receive five points in the contest. The tickets were to be given to each head ticket seller at a certain hour on a certain day. At this time each was to get 350 tickets. The first one that sold the 350 tickets and turned the money for same over to Miss McHugh was to receive 51 of the 100 that remained. If these tickets were sold by a certain date that class would have won the 5 points. Such being the case the tickets were given out, but no sooner had this been done than two Seniors got a corner on 350 of the tickets. Since these were sold, then the Seniors were entitled to 51 of the remaining 100. The 51 were "bought" and soon "paid for," so the Seniors had won the 5 points. But no! It was soon noised about the school and the Juniors were immediately up in arms. After some difficulty it was decided that the ticket selling could not be conducted in the way which had been planned. The only way left to settle the difficulty was not to give credit for ticket selling. We, the Seniors, would like to have the public know that the 401 tickets that we had were sold and what is more we bought some of the tickets which the Juniors were supposed to sell.

Word comes from Harvard that Milton Peterson, '12, has been elected business manager of the Harvard Monthly for the coming year. This office is usually held by a Senior. Peterson was business manager of the Register in 1912.

WHY TOMMY IS GETTING GRAY





Esther Knapp entertained twelve couples at a dancing party at her home on Thursday evening, April 9.

The Monas club gave a progressive dinner party Monday, April 6, at the home of Pauline Trout, Elizabeth Crawford, Helen Sturgess and Katherine Newbranch. The guests remained at the home of Miss Newbranch for an informal dancing party, following dinner.

William Harte and Lester Klopp gave an informal subscription dance at Harte Hall; April 6. About thirty couples were present.

Beatrice Johnson entertained the Ko Kunthians at dinner Sunday, March 29.

The quartet gave an Orpheum party Friday, March 27.

Grace Harte entertained the Ko Kunthians informally at her home Saturday afternoon, April 4.

Junior Chamberlin gave an informal house dance Tuesday evening, April 7. About ten couples were present.

Wallace Shepard entertained four guests at dinner at his home Saturday evening, March 21.

The Con Cuedas were entertained at a tango tea on April 7 at the home of Mildred Rhoades.

Geraldine Johnson gave an informal Ko Kunthian house dance Wednesday evening, April 8.

On April 4 Lyell Keys gave a house party for the Maltese.

Mary Cleland entertained the Triangle club at a tango tea on April 9.

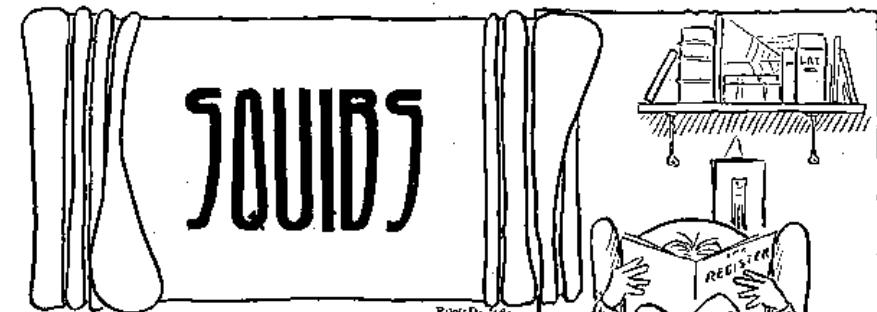
On Friday evening, March 20, the Treis Kaideka gave an informal dance at the home of Lyman Phillips. About fifteen couples were present.

Clare Moore gave an exceptionally enjoyable house dance Saturday evening, March 28. Eight couples were present.

Bruce Crawford entertained ten boys at dinner at the Y. M. C. A. Monday evening, April 6.

Thursday evening, April 9, Charlotte Bedwell entertained fifteen couples at a house dance.

Evelyn Horton entertained the Ko Kunthians informally at her home on April 5.



A TRAGEDY.

Time: Any time. Place: Dutch Mill.

Clare: "Are you asleep?"

Kip: "No."

Clare: "Loan me a dime."

Kip: "Yes!!!!"

We twins look alike, folks say—
They can't tell me from Jim—
But I can tell us any day,
For I am me and he is him.

Miss Bridge (in algebra): "And now from this we get x equal to zero."

Faint Voice: "Gosh! All that work for nothing."

The author of the poem about the pelican can have same if he applies to the Squib Editor. We didn't have nerve enough to present it to the Board of Censors.

Johnston's Candies. A full line. "Haines."

History Teacher: "America was discovered in 1492 A. D. What does the A. D. mean?"

Brilliant Freshman: "Why, After Dark, I suppose."

Teacher: "Did you read that letter I sent you?"

Student: "Yes; I read it inside and outside, then waited five days and came back to school."

He (to servant at door): "Is Miss Dimples in?"

Servant: "She's engaged just now."

He: "I know it; I'm what she's engaged to."

5c cake Ivory Soap, 3 cakes, 11c. "Haines."

Known Fact—D. D. S. means "Doctor of Dental Surgery."

Cause—It is like pulling teeth to persuade the members to take part in the programs.

Son: "Dad, where do jail birds come from?"

Dad: "They are raised from larks, bats and swallows, my son."

She—"What's a cabaret?"

He—"A cabaret is a place that takes the rest out of restaurant and puts the din in dinner."

SCANDALS OF THE O. II. S.

March 16. Odell seen with a girl. Ady likewise. Bauman makes a hit with the Com. Klopp has a new suit. (Helen is strong for art.)

March 17. The last Bum Day. (See Miss McHugh.)

March 18. Caver's car repainted.

March 19. "Spencer" sets up the soft drinks. (South hall fountain.) Robbins has a new suit. (No more Bum Days for "Wy.")

March 20. Dalzell seen in pool hall. (Gettin' material for a debate.) J. Porter Allan not seen on second floor. (She was absent.)

March 23. Excused sixth hour, SICK. Cavers, Ellick and Kip. Flint beat the Dutch Mill out of a dime. (She paid the bill.) Ellick also has a new hat. (Looks like a hack driver.)

March 24. "Big Four" organized. (Moser crooked.) Norton had two bits. (Who was the fish, Kenny?) Torell burnt his hand. (Wanted—A Reporter.)

March 26. Among the guests at the "Confetti Ball" we happened to notice McDonald and Moore. "Mr. Northwall" celebrates by taking four couples riding in his new Brush.

March 27. Perrigo out until 9:40. (I'll bet he got it when he went home.) "Don" Shepard becomes a Harte masher. (Who's next?)

"Anyhow, there's one advantage in having a wooden leg," said the veteran of many wars.

"What's that?" asked his friend.

"You can hold your socks up with thumb tacks."

Nyal's Remedies. We are agents. "Haines," 15th and Douglas.

"Don't you believe every woman should have a vote?"

"No," replied the young man.

"But I believe that every woman should have a voter."

He stayed so late and talked so much
This caller whom I picture
That the pretty daughter of the house
Nicknamed him her gas fixture.

'17 (in lunch room): "Do you serve lobsters here?"
Waitress: "Sure, we serve anything; sit right down."

English Teacher: "Please put 'I refuse your offer' into figurative form."

Bright Senior: "I can only be a sister to you."

Abe: "Mine brodder iss to be married soon."

False: "Is 'e?"

Abe: "No; Ikey."

Irate Customer (in restaurant): "I wish to complain about this food. Where's the manager?"

Waiter: "Oh, he's next door getting something to eat."

Prof.: "Fools can ask more questions than wise men can answer."

'14: "No wonder I flunked in my exam, then."

Free telephone booth for Omaha and South Omaha. "Haines."

Virgil's dead and buried

And so is Cicero

And where those two old gents have gone

I wish their works would go.

"My wife sailed for the West Indies today."

"Jamaica?"

"No, she went of her own accord."

He: "How slippery the floor is. It's hard to keep on your feet."

She: "Well really I shouldn't mind if you did keep off them."

A. D. S.: "How did you find the meat at your banquet?"

D. D. S.: "I happened to look behind the potato."

Fuss and the girls fuss with you

Flink and you flunk alone (?)

Miss T.: "What do you mean by speaking of Willie Shakespeare, Dick Steele, Jack Bunyon and Mart Luther?"

Gib Kennedy: "Well, you told us to get familiar with those authors."

Captain K.: "Let me have a belt buckle and I'll be everlastingly indebted to you."

Capt. and Q. M. Stocking: "Yes that's what I'm afraid of."

Like the Bridal Falls of Yosemite

The soup flowed on his pate

He didn't tip the waiter

So the waiter tipped the plate.

"How do you like gold soup?"
 "Gold soup? What is it?"
 "18 Carrots."

Walt Chamberlin: "Punctured a tire by running over a milk bottle yesterday."

Ras. Peters: "Hard luck! Didn't you see it?"
 W. C.: "Nope; the kid had it under his coat."

Sunday School Teacher: "And why are you smiling, Reginald?"
 Reggie (from Boston): "It's all so amusing; when Eve pilfered the forbidden fruit she couldn't attribute her monomania to heredity."

Clare: "There is but one thing you can do without money."
 Ken: "Quick! What is it?"
 Clare: "Borrow."

Penslar Family Remedies. We are Omaha agents. "Haines."

RULES FOR CLASS-ROOM ETIQUETTE.

1. Students are expected to prepare at least one recitation a week.
2. When called upon to recite, talk very quietly; the fellows in the back seats want to sleep even though you do not.
3. If the teacher calls upon you to recite when you are not prepared she owes you an apology.
4. In throwing paper wads and erasers across the room, do not hit the wrong man first; hit him the next time.
5. Take notes in class; this includes promissory notes, bank notes and billet doux.
6. If you are dissatisfied with the subject, take it over again next term.
7. When you come to class leave orders at the desk as to the time you wish to be awakened.
8. It is not considered good form to call upon the Principal or Vice-Principal more than once a month. More frequent visits will probably place you under social obligation which can only be repaid by attendance at the Seventh Hour receptions held daily in Room 241. These are always very formal affairs and therefore hardly enjoyable. An invitation to one may, indeed, prove quite embarrassing when you have Orpheum tickets and She is waiting for you at the South entrance.
9. When the day is warm and the class-rooms are warmer, a few periods spent at the Greeks' will prove a pleasant relaxation.
10. If the captain of your company is inclined to bawl you out too frequently, or has the abominable habit of giving you demerits, call him aside and have a quiet talk. This method will probably bring about a satisfactory (?) adjustment.
11. If you have forgotten your lunch and do not care to patronize the lunch room, do not hesitate to borrow (?) from your locker-mate.

You will find the latest in

Baby Doll Pumps Bularian Pumps Colonials

Outing Shoes for the Campfire Girls

In all leathers at the

SHOE MARKET SAVES MONEY

Seniors, kindly come in now and avoid the rush.

REMBRANDT STUDIO

Exclusive folders for High School Pupils at Special Prices.

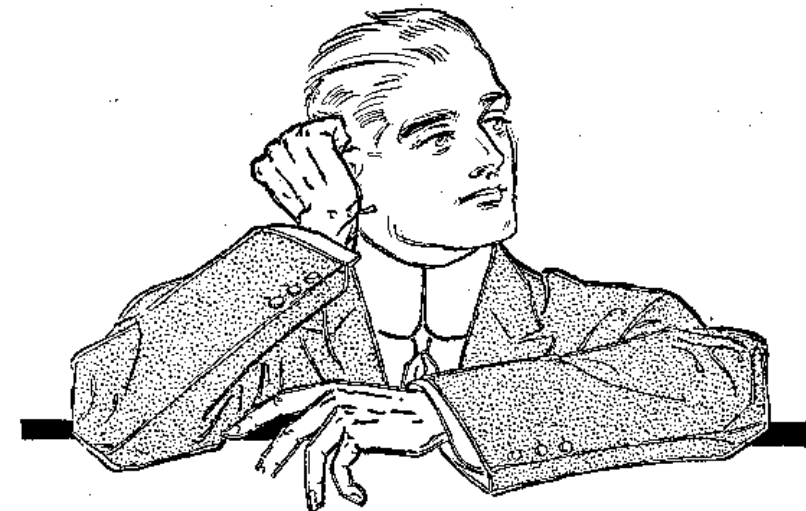
20th and Farnam Sts.

Phone Douglas 3548

Dud: "What have you there in your hand?"

Sid: "Fly paper."

Dud: "Quit your kidding, I know they can't read."



Our New Spring Suits for Young Men are Now Ready for Your Inspection

\$16.50 and \$25.00

"Make Our Store Your Store"

WILCOX & ALLEN 203 South 15th Street
(NEAR DOUGLAS STREET)

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.

Delicia ICE CREAM
THE PERFECT

At Leading Druggists and Confectioners

The Fairmont Creamery Co.

"If there's anything worries a Senior,
It's something he ought not to know;
But you bet he'll find it out somehow,
If he gets the least kind of a show.

Now we'll wager ten cents to a penny
This poem he's already read;
We knew he would get at it somehow,
If he had to stand on his head."

Notice to Seniors

We are taking sittings
now for Register Annual
photographs.

SPECIAL RATES
\$2.50 - \$3.50 - \$5.00
Per Dozen

The HEYN Studio
16th and Howard Sts.

Bureau of Engraving

ENGRAVERS
DESIGNERS
ELECTROTYPERS

10th Floor City National Bank Building
Phone Douglas 8022

Minneapolis
Des Moines

OMAHA

Milwaukee
Davenport

Please mention the Register when answering advertisements.



GLOBE OPTICAL CO.

NOW LOCATED
N. E. COR. SIXTEENTH AND FARNAM

EYES EXAMINED

GLASSES FITTED

O. H. S. 1915 Pins and Rings

We are now in position to supply any of these on
very short notice, and we have also a small supply of
extra 14k Pins on hand. Leave your order for these or
the 1913-14 Pins, or former years, with

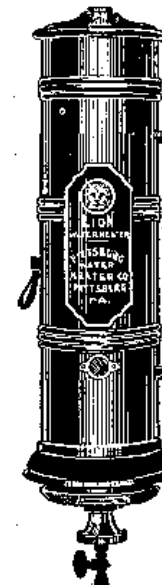
T. L. COMBS & CO.

THE BUSY JEWELERS

1520 Douglas Street, Omaha

Fresh: "There's something preying on my mind."
Soph.: "Never mind; it'll soon starve to death."

Teacher: "Willie, what's your greatest ambition?"
Willie: "To wash mother's ears."



UP OR DOWN STAIRS

It matters not where,
you will always find the
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"Lion" Tank Water Heater
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It's the heater you must have if you want
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With this heater gas costs less than coal.

OMAHA GAS CO.
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\$15 TO \$30

Omaha's Fastest Growing Store

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1516-18-20 Farnam Street

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He (thinking fast): "The sidewalks are icy. Every step I took,
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BLACK

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The Pantorium

is always prepared to give you satisfaction in the way of
Cleaning, Pressing or Dyeing
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Call once and you will call again
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Company

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Miss S.: "Are you the same boy I flunked last half?"

Ed. B.: "No, ma'am—never the same since, ma'am."

All the Rage
For High School Girls



All Sizes in
Both Patent and Dull

"Baby Doll" Pumps

\$2.50 \$3.00 \$3.50

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should get yourself into one of our
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Shawl-Collar Jackets

the swellest garment going, except
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Prices \$5.00 to \$12.00.

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The Only Strictly Sanitary
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Adam Morrell, Prop.

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Klopp: "Not with a girl in a taxi."

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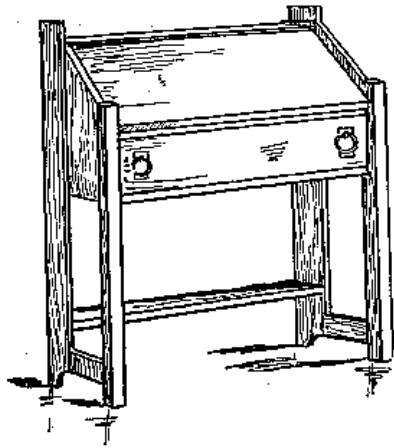
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