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THE REGISTER OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL

Volume Thirty

Number Two

The Register

1915 REGISTER 1916



OMAHA

Oct. 1915



Volume Thirty

Number Two

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High School Register

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JOHN E. SUNDERLAND
Editor

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The Asset

Two souls start out in the morning,
Both eager and young and gay;
One trusts in his Saviour's promise;
One puts his will to the fray.

They spring along the smooth highway
And take the hill with a bound;
Neither is tired by the running
And neither his limit has found.

By noon the two are more steady,—
A little less eager to run—
Knowing more fully life's struggle
And how the strife's to be won.

As night advances they weary,
Go grimly plodding and slow;
One summons will to the effort,
The other faith's triumph to show.

Then spirit answering spirit,
As friend cheers friend in a race,
Renews where will-power falters,—
And he won the victor's place.

They who wait upon God shall be
strengthened when pressed,
With the wings of swift eagles He'll
furnish the soul;
Unwearied they'll run, for their feet
shall be blessed,
They shall walk without fainting
and still reach the goal.

HART JENKS.



The Cake

"Ma!" said Mrs. Bryne's third son—he had stopped on his way to the chicken yard—"Ma, put black icing on the cakes today!"

Mrs. Bryne turned to her small son with a startled exclamation, "Why, Samuel, I'd forgotten all about the cake but for your speaking. This is Saturday, to be sure."

She turned from the low doorway with a sigh, and, wearily crossing the kitchen, began pulling out the cake pans. Just as they clattered on the table, a sudden thought made her catch them up and hurriedly put them back into their places.

"I can't," she said to herself, "I can't make a cake today. They ought not to expect it." She sat down with her arms resting on the table and her head in her arms. "It isn't," she told herself, "as if Mary'd been our only child, 'cause there are six others; it isn't as if she'd been our only girl, for there's Maud Muller and Florence Nightingale, and there isn't one of them I could have spared better or spared less—poor little Mary!"

She sat perfectly still until a heavy footstep and a good-natured gruff voice broke in upon her thoughts.

"Making the cake, mother?" said a voice. Mrs. Bryne raised her head and looked at her husband. "No, Andrew," she said steadily, "I'm not going to bake a cake today!"

"No cake!" cried the big farmer; "why Mary, what'll the children say? No cake? Why?"

"I can't bake a cake today," she answered with a little catch in her voice. "Little Mary always was here, sifting the flour or seeding the raisins. There's the chair she always knelt on at the end of the table. The little one was buried this day last week!"

Mr. Bryne was drawing his coat sleeve across his eyes by the time this speech ended, and his voice had grown ten times huskier. "Oh, pshaw!" was his somewhat incongruous response. "Come, Mary, there, my dear, you needn't make a cake; the young folks is better without it. Poor little mother, between having been a nurse and a cook and general comforter, you're all tuckered out, and that's a fact."

"Tuckered out" to Mr. Bryne meant a total collapse.

"Now, then," he continued, "cheer up a bit, Mary, cheer up a bit. We've been spared a deal of trouble we might have had," he suggested lamely.

"An' here comes Maudie, mother!"

Maud Muller, a living testimonial to her parents for her fondness for poetry, came skipping in. Not a veritable Maud Muller, for there was no suggestion of tattered dress or bare feet about this dainty white-clad little lady.

"Mother," she began, "I was going over to grandma's, but I thought you'd like me to help you with the cake."

Patently Mary Bryne explained.

"No cake!" cried Maud Muller, while her gray eyes grew round. "No cake!" Then she looked troubled and a little ashamed and, kissing her mother's cheek, she hurried out.

"I think Maudie's terribly unfeeling for a girl her age!" commented the tired mother.

The farmer's eyes lovingly followed his pretty favorite as she passed along the walk.

"Maudie ain't unfeeling, mother," he remonstrated, gently. "She's just young."

"She needn't be thinking so much of her eating even if she is. Land to goodness, I wasn't when I was her age!"

"No, mother," said the farmer, smiling broadly, "you was thinking of me. You'd rather have the little girl than that young fellow in the choir that keeps his big, brown eyes on her more'n his book. Maudie just naturally expected cake today. You see how she's tying her hair with black; even her belt is black—" He was interrupted by a voice beneath the window.

"Paul, Maudie says ma isn't making cake today. Ain't that funny? I say, Paul, ain't that funny?"

Paul's answer was inaudible, but his voice rose shrilly as he turned away. "Come on, Sidney, we'll see if—" The boyish voices died away.

Mr. Bryne turned to see the effect on his wife. She still sat with her thin hands in her gingham lap.

"Now, mother," he began, pleadingly, but again a small voice broke his sentence.

"Mama, mama, I wante'r taster, dive me one!" and the owner of the voice bounded in. This was Florence Nightingale, the youngest, and the household darling.

"Mother hasn't any taster for her baby; mother didn't make a cake!" The mother's face softened as she spoke, and she held out her arms.

"No cake!" cried the little echo. "Floyence awful hungry!"

"Florence is a silly girl; she had her lunch just a few minutes ago," laughed the mother. "There's the front gate clicking. It's that man. Run quick, Florence, and tell him mother wants to see him; tell him to come right 'round back."

Florence trotted off, her brown curls bobbing as she went.

"That butter man's taken to coming Saturday," Mrs. Bryne told her husband. "I'll have to get three pounds. Why, land to goodness." She stopped short, the dish for butter slipping from her hand and crashing on the steps, for, instead of the fast bristly-haired butter man stood a tall, thin, nervous figure all in black, the young curate from All Saints in the village.

"Little Florence told me to come right around," he stammered. "I was only going to stay a minute. I see Mrs. Bryne is busy."

He had already turned, but Mr. Bryne stepped forward. "Don't go, Mr. Stanley; it was a mistake of the little girl's," he exclaimed. "The mother was just kind of undecided about making a cake, but it can wait; we're glad you come, Mr. Stanley."

Mr. Stanley looked at the kindly hospitable faces and then at the cozy kitchen.

"I—I'd love to stay," he replied, "if Mrs. Bryne will only let me stay right here in the kitchen and watch the cake baking. I always help mother when I'm home."

There was something so wistful in the young man's face that it reminded Mrs. Bryne that the length of a continent lay between the still boyish curate and the mother whom he helped make cake.

"Why, you just come right in," she cried; "I'll be glad of help. My mad-cap girl is off to her grandmother's and Andrew's no help at all!"

Already she was starting for her flour. Mr. Bryne smiled approvingly and sat down. Leonard Stanley had already carried the sugar box to the table.

"I'm a great beater of eggs, Mrr. Bryne," he assured his hostess, "and I can mix the butter and sugar."

"You'll have to have an apron, Mr. Stanley," said Mrs. Bryne, "or them clothes of yours will be ruined."

"And it was little Mary's pinafore she tied around him.

"I'll make a jelly roll, too, while I'm about it," she said. "I guess that housekeeper at the rectory isn't much hand at cake."

"She washes the porch beautifully," Mr. Stanley began, hopefully. "I slipped on the suds this morning—and—made an awful noise when I and the bucket went down the steps together. Now I'll put the raisins in."

If the absent rector could have seen the sort of consolation calls his shy assistant was making, his snowy locks would have stood on end. But the cooking went on and Leonard Stanley enjoyed himself thoroughly. He laughed and talked with the farmer and his wife. There was no shadow on their little cooking school, though only a week before he had prayed above their little child.

He pattered around, blissfully happy, licking the bowl, eating brown sugar, and dropping the taster, "the butter side down," as it were, on the hearth.

"I've been wondering, Mr. Stanley," said Mrs. Bryne, "if you would like to take tea with us. Of course, we're rather noisy, having so many young folks, and there won't be much more than cake, but there'll be enough of that."

Nothing, it seemed, would give Mr. Stanley more pleasure than to take tea with the "young folks." So he washed his doughy hands and was just starting out to view the new silo with Mr. Bryne when Maud Muller came hurrying in, her eyes dancing and a basket in each hand. She stopped short when she saw the stranger, but putting down her basket she held out her hand and said in her shy, pretty manner, "I've just come from my grandmother's, where I have been making a cake for mother, and the funny part of it is that Aunt Katherine came in just as I was going to leave, and here she'd made a cake for us, too; so you'll have plenty of cake for supper, Mr. Stanley."

Mrs. Bryne opened her mouth, but shut it without saying a word, and led her daughter and the two cakes to the pantry.

They were still laughing over the trio of cakes when a tall, thin boy ambled awkwardly in.

"This is my oldest boy, William, Mr. Stanley," said the mother. William grinned ferociously and displayed a neat paper parcel.

"Cousin Margaret said she reckoned we was all cut up," he said, "so she sent you a loaf of gingerbread for Sunday, mother. An' it's funny, because the kids, Paul and Sidney, are just coming along from Mrs. Cutner, who gave Paul a pan of cookies and Sidney some sponge cake."

A regular shout greeted William's news, and in a minute Paul and Sidney arrived with their cakes.

"All contributions thankfully received," murmured Mr. Stanley, as Mrs. Bryne, laughing till tears rolled down her cheeks, added the cookies and sponge cake to the collection.

"But where is baby?" someone asked. "Who saw her last?"

From the doorway a weary little voice piped back, "Got cake fo' mama."

Sure enough, the huge paper bag, almost as big as its bearer, contained five dreadful gingerbread men.

Mrs. Bryne stood at her door, tired but happy, and a long day's work done. From the little sitting room the hum of children's chatter floated out, Mr. Stanley's cheerful voice told some stories of his college days, or the father slowly

repeated jokes, and Maud Muller chirped clearly as she sang at the old rattling piano. The gentle little woman sighed and then smiled as she thought of the mountainous remains of the cake supper, smiled cheerfully and hopefully while the pleasant breeze had changed its requiem for little Mary to a chant of home and peace and days to come.

ANNA STREITZ.

The Gentle Art

There are two methods of getting your lessons, having two very different objects in view. The first method consists of getting your lessons so that you really know them. It is not this method of which I am writing. Too many treatises on "How to Study" have already been written, and "study" is the chief requisite of this method.

The second method, known and used to some extent by every school boy or girl, consists, not of knowing the lesson, but of making people think you know your lesson. It is, in short, the gentle art of bluffing.

To use this method you must have, first of all, a judicious amount of nerve. You must also, I am sorry to say, study some. But your study will not be the study of the student, eager to master every detail. You will read your lesson over, say once.

I am aware that even bluffing takes a different amount of preparation on the part of different students, but I am giving only the general method. Exact amounts you must work out for yourself.

As I said, you will read your lesson over once, noting the paragraph-headings and the chief points, and studying the illustrations, which often tell more than a paragraph of reading. It is well, too, to glance over the headings just before class, if, as I have found from experience often happens, you have completely forgotten the subject of the lesson.

In class, volunteer whenever there is the slightest chance, preferably when several others volunteer, for then there is not so much likelihood of being called on. The teacher will note who volunteers and grade accordingly. Then, if you volunteer and are called on, reciting often prevents your being called on for something you don't know.

Study your teacher, note her individual tendencies and act accordingly. Always say something and all you can, on every subject; every little bit helps raise your grade. Besides, if the teacher thinks you are willing to do your best she may excuse occasional lapses.

This is but a brief outline of a few important points of this great art, about which a volume might be written. I hope that some time some great scholar will publish a textbook on "Bluffing." I am sure it would have a great sale, for school boys and girls (not students) are very anxious to find any way to decrease study, and bluffing, besides this advantage, has the danger of getting found out, which adds to its attractiveness.

If there are any who wish to know more about the first method, let them find out for themselves. With such I have no sympathy.

MARGARET McWILLIAMS.

The Ballad of an American Knight

They sailed away one summer day,
Without or fret or care.
To Europe far they took their way,
In a ship beyond compare.

He was a knight full stout and rich;
She was his ladye fair.
She'd eyes as blue as her heart was
true,
And wond'rous golden hair.

That ship it sailed for many a day;
(Full six there were, I ween)
Ere they landed in that country gay,
Where Mary now is queen.

This knight he had a bag of gold,
If yellow gold had he;
He spent the gold with manner bold,
And the dame,—well, so did she.

Eftsoons they went to gay Parree,
And there they stayed and stayed.
The ladye fair bought Paris gowns,
And the knight,—he paid and paid.

But then the knight, in sorrow plight,
Did sit him down and think;—
Her bills did grow, the while his purse
Did shrink and shrink and shrink.

Some railroad stock he'd have to sell,
Or else a mine of tin;
If they did not gay Paris leave,
And go on to Berlin.

He gently told his ladye fair;
Her eyes did flash blue fire.
She told him, stoutly, then and there,
"My need for gowns is dire."

Howe'er, at last they compromised,
And went to Belgium.
A country village of small size
They found; and there did come.

But now they heard about the war
'Twixt France and Germany.
Right glad were they that they were
there,
In that neutral country.

Full soon the war near them did come,
And in the night they fled,
The dogs howled loud; the cannon
boomed;
The lightning flashed dread.

She left behind her Paris gowns,
He left without his hat.
They could not flee so very fast,
For he was rather fat.

A ship was waiting at the wharf,
When to the strand they came.
They boarded it for England's shore,
The knight and beauteous dame.

Her sister'd wed an English earl,
To his castle now they've sped;
And there they drink the blood-red
wine,
And eat the wheaten bread.

"We must go home, my ladye fair
(We've stayed here full months
four),
For I know that many a bull and bear
In the pit are making war."

They've boarded ship for old New
York,
The twain, with one lone trunk;
The good ship's struck a floating mine,
And down has straightway sunk.

No mermaids sing above their grave,
The submarines roam there;
Where they lie, beneath the restless
wave,
The knight and ladye fair.

MARGARET McWILLIAMS.



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY.

The use of the High School Library far exceeds what had been hoped for by those who were instrumental in having the branch library established. The constant calls for material for the use of the pupils makes it necessary to conduct a regular delivery system and on alternate days books are delivered at the branch from the Main Library. Almost all of these books are deposited for an indefinite period and the remainder for a limited period and this plan will continue until a permanent collection of books has been purchased for the branch library.

The students' use of the High School Library is prompting a greater use of the Main Library, proving that already an increased number of students are realizing the value of using reference books in connection with their text books. Those in charge of the High School Branch will make every possible effort to build up a well rounded collection of books and thus allow the librarian in charge to supply all requests from both teachers and students.

EDITH TORRIT.

It might be of interest to students to know that Lady Gregory, the great Irish dramatist, will honor our city with an address. Lady Gregory has the reputation of being the greatest Irish dramatist. Her plays deal entirely with incidents concerning the common Irish people. The dramas are written in the dialect of the Irish people. Lady Gregory has been instrumental in reviving old Irish folklore. She was one of the founders and is a present director of the Abbey Theatre of London. The Abbey Theatre is the national Irish theatre of England, devoted to the presentation of Irish plays, performed by amateur actors. Her plays are chiefly short ones, four or five of which we have in our Library. Lady Gregory will be present at the Brandeis Theatre October 28, at 4 p. m.

A new member has been added to the High School Spirits. "Rody" was captured at both games and at once became an enthusiastic member. It might be added that "Brighten the Corner" has supplanted "Hail, Hail," at the meetings.

Mr. McMillan has a cadet suit which he will give to a deserving boy.

On October 12 the Normal Training Class visited Long School, to observe the work in reading and literature. The teaching is done there by departmental system, from the fifth to the eighth grades, inclusive.

Miss Powell, the principal, was absent, but Miss Ellit, the teacher of reading, very kindly showed the girls about the building.

One of the special features of the visit was a recitation by Helen Jorgenson, which was delivered with much excellent expression and enunciation.

Even the football team has a mascot. Mat Robinson (a little Sophomore) went with the team to Des Moines.

Malcomb Baldrige has made a position on the Yale varsity football team.

Edmond Booth has made the glee club at Dartmouth. Congratulations, "Ed." We always knew you could sing.

Ed. Daugherty, much disgusted with trying to play against Omaha in football, has decided to play with Omaha. He played end on the Creighton team.

Efforts are now being made to secure a game with Kansas City for Thanksgiving.

Mr. Mulligan is surely getting into things in short order. He was elected class teacher at the first meeting of the Senior class.

Miss Shields, our High School Librarian, was present at the Librarians' Convention at Fremont September 30. Miss Shields took an active part by reading a paper entitled "Raising the Standard of Reading." This paper was directed against cheap literature, such as the works of Robert Chambers, Harold McGrath, etc. It showed the

responsibility which rests upon libraries and book dealers in directing and educating popular taste.

THE SENIOR MEETING.

The first meeting of the Senior class was held Wednesday, October 13, for the election of officers. Ralph Powell, last year's Junior class President, had charge of the meeting. Following are the results of the election: Wilbur Fullaway, President; Martha Gyger, Secretary; John Morris, Treasurer, and Lucile Hoel and Clarence Squires, Sergeants-at-Arms. Miss Towne, Mr. McMillan and Mr. Mulligan were made class teachers. No vice president has been chosen as yet, an equal number of votes having been cast for the two candidates, Helen Beisel and Margaret Howes. This tie will be decided at the next meeting. No further business was transacted.

THE CURSE OF THE CIGARETTE

Here is a letter from Thomas A. Edison to Henry Ford on the cigarette habit:

Friend Ford:
The injurious agent in cigarettes comes principally from the burning paper wrapper. The substance thereby formed is called "acrolein." It has a violent action on the nerve centers, producing degeneration of the cells of the brain, which is quite rapid among boys. Unlike most narcotics, this degeneration is permanent and uncontrollable. I employ no person who smokes cigarettes.

Yours,

THOMAS A. EDISON.

—The Excelsior.

We communicate happiness to others not often by great acts of devotion and self-sacrifice, but by the absence of fault-finding and censure, by being ready to sympathize with their notions and feelings, instead of forcing them to sympathize with ours.—James Freeman Clarke, in "Helps to Happiness."

Our Library has a fine start. Miss Shields reports an average of twenty-eight books issued daily, and an average of twenty-five pupils in the library during the day. Many new books are being added to the collection. Any book desired not now in the library may be obtained by giving Miss Shields a week's notice.

SOCIETY.

The Les Hiboux gave an informal dance at Harte Hall Saturday, October 2. The hall was decorated with pennants. About thirty couples were present.

Miss Myrne Gilchrist entertained the members of a new Junior bridge club. The members are: Misses Myrne Gilchrist, Marion Brown, Mildred Rhoades, Esther Graff, Catherine Conrad, Helen Peycke, Martha Gyger, Minna Stedinger.

Miss MacIntosh gave a tea in the new laundry for the faculty on October 12.

IT'S A STRANGE WORLD:

It is an interesting paradox that people will travel hundreds of miles and spend hundreds of dollars to attend an educational institution; and once there, literally defy it to fulfill its primary purpose. They approach their work as if it were an imposition, not a privilege. They complain of the rigidity of assignments and go into ecstasy whenever a mistake or oversight enables them to "circumvent the authorities." Instead of eagerly grasping at the enormous wealth of knowledge that it is theirs to acquire, they bend their efforts to avoiding any unnecessary preparation and content themselves with "getting by."

Why this paradox? The answer is that an educational institution is to teach the student the art of right living. It should help him to be a friend to his fellows. But does it necessarily follow from this that a college should teach a man the science of loafing. Is it true that the thorough student of

curriculum subjects must inevitably lose his sympathy for, and appreciation of, his fellow men? If so, why have "educational" institutions? It would be better to call them "cultural" institutions, or schools for the development of men who are "all-around."

It is hard to believe that the man who applies himself unswervingly to a task in his youth will, as a result of that effort, be any less capable to meet the greater problems of his later life. And one cannot deny that companionship in labor furnishes a bond for the formation of the most valuable and permanent friendships. A man never is as genuine and unmasked in the enjoyment of a pleasure as in the toiling pursuit of a cherished ideal.

It is undoubtedly true that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but more often "No work and all play makes Jack a mere toy."—The Oberlin Review.

THAT'S A BOY.

Happy, cruel, carefree, sad,
Solemn, eager, bashful, bad,
Dreaming, romping, fickle lad,—
That's a boy.

Playing games and scheming schemes,
Building castles in his dreams,
Wondrous man his father seems,—
That's a boy.

Striving in his boyish way
Toward the goal he'll reach some day,
Mem'ries make us sigh and say—
That's a boy.

HART JENKS.

AT A DANCE.

He—"I'm light on my feet."
She—"Then I wish you would—"
He—"Would what?"
She—"Light on your feet, as mine
are tired."

The last perfection of mankind:
A gypsy's body and a poet's mind.

—Leigh Hunt.

EDITORIAL

THE HIGH SCHOOL SPIRITS

Last year a group of High School fellows organized themselves into a club called the High School Spirits. These boys saw the great lack of proper spirit in the school and accordingly set out to correct the fault. Although they have limited the membership in the club in order that the body may not become too cumbersome to handle, their plans for the promotion of spirit extend to the whole student body. Already this year the work of the Spirits is very much in evidence. All of the football booster signs that have appeared on the study room boards are indications of the Spirits' activities. The cheer leaders that have tried so hard to wake up a little enthusiasm at the first few games of the football season are representatives of the Spirits and, by the way, have done so well that we hope they will be elected by the whole school as official cheer leaders for the year. Selling tickets and increasing the attendance at games has been another of the many features of their boosting.

There is just one objectionable phase of the Spirits' boosting that should be discontinued. That is a certain kind of cheering that has found expression at the games. It isn't spirit to hiss the referee when he penalizes our team. It isn't spirit to cheer when an opposing player is injured. It isn't spirit to attempt to drown out the boosters of our opponents, who generally need all the encouragement they can get. At least all that sort of thing isn't true O. H. S. spirit. Perhaps it isn't fair to lay all these things at the door of the Spirits, for we know that their leaders have never encouraged anything of this kind whatever; but nevertheless a good many of the fellows in the Spirits' ranks have done these things. Of course a great many things are done and said during the excitement of a good football game that would not be thought of in saner moments; but let's try to keep our enthusiasm under some kind of control.

Now we wish to commend the Spirits for their very worthy purpose and to thank them for the good work they have done in the past and are bound to do in the future. As we are all of us working for the benefit of O. H. S., we are for you, Spirits!

THE CADET OFFICERS' CLUB.

On Monday, October 11, at a meeting of the commissioned officers of the regiment, the Cadet Officers' Club was reorganized. Up to the time of the meeting there had been considerable talk as to whether or not the club should be brought back into existence. However, at the meeting no one seemed inclined to advance any arguments pro or con and the balloting was rushed through in short order. After it was decided to re-establish the club, the election of officers took place. Howard Douglas was chosen as President, John Morris as Vice President, Brooks Vance as Secretary, Harry Caldwell as Treasurer, Charles Parsons and Franz Ramer as Sergeants-at-Arms.

Now, let's consider a moment just what this organization has been in the past. Three years ago the C. O. C. was disbanded because it was thought to have outlived its usefulness. The different clubs fought for control of the organization through which they controlled the management of the regiment. By getting control of the C. O. C., a club could control the appointment of the next year's officers. There was a social side to the club also. A military hop was given which was one of the big events of the year. However, taken as a whole, the C. O. C. was considered a failure and abandoned as such.

What will the Cadet Officers' Club be this year? We predict that it will once more be a failure; not so much because of the same reasons that made it a failure before, as because of its absolute uselessness. There is nothing in particular to be said against having a C. O. C., but neither can anything be found in favor of it. Its supporters say that they will give a large formal dance, the proceeds from which they will donate to the regiment for new equipment. If the decision that the School Board handed down in regard to another dance that was given some little time ago holds good in this case, this proposed dance can not be given under the name of the Cadet Officers' Club. The Board would not permit a dance to be given by or under the name of the High School or any organization in the school. If the spirit as well as the letter of this decision is obeyed, this dance will never be attempted either under the name of the C. O. C. or any other assumed name.

With only this one purpose, and that a rather doubtful one, the C. O. C. hasn't very much to recommend it. We trust that the officers will see its utter uselessness and once more vote it out of existence.

An old farmer, on his first visit to Boston, thought he would go to the theater and see the play called "Forty Thieves." When he got to the theater, he asked the man at the box office if they were playing the "Forty Thieves" there and, on being informed that they were and without asking the price of the seats, told the box office man he wanted a tip-top seat and laid a five dollar bill down. The box office man laid the ticket down and three dollars change. The farmer (accustomed to twenty-five cent shows) picked up the three dollars and walked off without his ticket, whereupon the box office man shouted: "See here, sir, you've forgotten your ticket." The farmer shouted back: "Keep it, god darn ye! I don't want to see the other thirty-nine. One thief like you is enough."

GRATEFUL, PAPA.

Miss Curley kept a private school, and one morning was interviewing a new pupil.

"What does your father do to earn his living?" the teacher asked the little girl.

"Please, ma'am," was the prompt reply, "he doesn't live with us. My mamma supports me."

"Well, then," asked the teacher, "how does your mother earn her living?"

"Why," replied the little girl, in an artless manner, "she gets paid for staying away from father."—Argonaut.

WONDERFUL CONTROL.

Mrs. Dents (at the ball game, excitedly)—"Isn't our pitcher perfectly grand, Tyrus? He hits the club nearly every throw."—Joplin Times.



OMAHA, 14; COUNCIL BLUFFS, 0.

On October 3, in the opening game of the season, the Omaha High team took the boys from across the river into camp.

Although Omaha was handicapped by having a practically new team, their determination, together with team work and grit, brought home a scalp.

In the first quarter it looked as though Omaha was up against a fairly stiff proposition when Council Bluffs pushed the ball to Omaha's seven-yard line, but an exceptionally good line held the ball there and Omaha received it on downs. Fullaway then demonstrated his ability to punt, and the ball was out of the danger zone. Throughout the game Omaha was penalized repeatedly for being off-side and several times for holding. Despite these penalties Omaha gradually worked down the field and by the execution of a forward pass, Weirich to Morearty, some fifty yards were gained. Two more good plays followed and Morearty was between the goal posts for a touchdown. Fullaway kicked goal and the score was 7 to 0. Later in the game Neville made an excellent run which netted Omaha forty yards. Then Weirich made a dash around right end for a touchdown. Fullaway again kicked goal and the score stood 14 to 0. There were few more gains on either side before the final whistle blew.

The lineup:

Omaha.		Council Bluffs.
Nichols	R.E.	Wood
Paynter	R.T.	Ouren
Crowley	R.G.	Neltner
Beard	C.	Morrison
Krogh	L.G.	Peterson
Reese (C)	L.T.	Brewick
Newton	L.E.	Sears
Morearty	R.H.	Landon
Weirich	L.U.	Lowry (C)
Fullaway	F.B.	Potson
Neville	Q.B.	McGee

Officials: Referee, Carns; umpire, Caldwell; timekeeper and linesman, Harris.

Substitutes: Omaha, Smith for Newton. Council Bluffs, Tinley for Peterson.

OMAHA, 12; CREIGHTON, 6.

In the Creighton game Omaha showed great improvement over the game with Council Bluffs, although there was still some penalizing.

The game started off rather slowly and nothing was accomplished by either side during the first half. In the second half things started off with a jump. A trick kick-off got the ball in Omaha's possession on Creighton's thirty-five yard line and the ball traveled towards Creighton's goal like a piece of steel towards a magnet. On the fifteen-yard line Weirich took the ball around right end for the first touchdown. Fullaway failed to kick goal. Omaha again played the ball back towards Creighton's goal and then that "educated toe" did its work, making the score 9 to 0. Just after the ball was put in play Omaha had a good scare, when Daugherty, Creighton's left end, intercepted a forward pass and ran fifty yards before he was downed by "Chick," who was too fast for him. Creighton was then put in a position to make their only touchdown, which they promptly did by shifting McCarthy to fullback and giving him the ball. In the last quarter Creighton tried to return the kick-off, but failed and Omaha got the ball on the thirty-yard line. Creighton's line held, so Fullaway gave the ball more toe for three more points. In the last few minutes of play Smith made a touchdown, but this was ruled out, being made on a fifth down.

The stars for Omaha were Weirich, Beard, Nichols and Neville, who all played a good hard steady game. There is no doubt that Morearty would have shown up brightly if he hadn't been handicapped with a sore back. For Creighton McDonald, Morton and Daugherty played good games.

The line-up:

Omaha.	Creighton.
Nichols	R.E. Smyth
Paynter	R.T. E. McCarthy
Crowley	R.G. McDonald
Beard	C. Baye
Krogh	I.G. S. McCarthy
Reese	L.T. Keeley
Newton	L.E. Daugherty
Neville	Q.B. Morton
Fullaway	F.B. Adams
Morearty	R.H. Raceler
Weirich	L.H. Belford

Officials: Referee, Caldwell; umpire, Carns; head linesman, Montgomery.

Substitutes: Omaha, Smith for Nichols; Creighton, Campbell for Raceler, E. McCarthy for Adams, H. Welch for E. McCarthy.

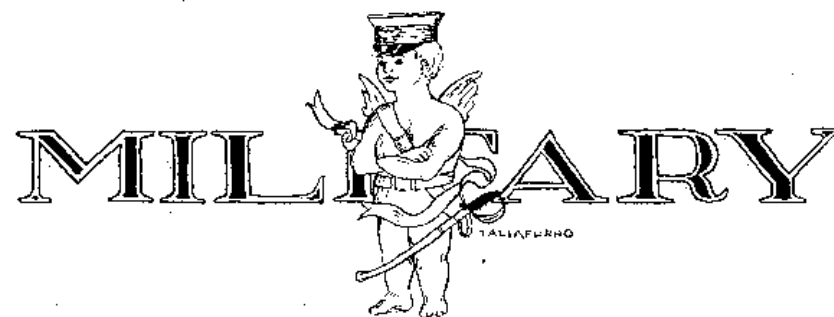
Touchdowns: Omaha, Weirich; Creighton, E. McCarthy. Drop kicks: Fullaway (2).

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

The tennis tourney is now up to the semi-finals and the consolations are well on their way. If this fine weather keeps up the tournament can easily be finished. The drawings are posted in the south hall.

The Sophomores and Juniors have organized their basketball teams, having met Thursday, October 13, in the south gym. Sixteen Sophomores and eighteen Juniors have already handed in their names and will play on Wednesdays and Thursdays.

The Seniors will organize next Thursday, October 21, and the captains will be chosen from the respective teams later.



The Regiment is in fine shape. The Freshmen are rapidly improving from awkward men to drillers as good as the old men.

The first Regimental Parade of the year was held a few weeks ago. It was very well done, and the appearance of the officers was fine. Company I had the best line in this drill. There were a great many people on the campus and stone wall watching the cadets.

The Regiment marched in the Floral parade on October 5, and made a very favorable impression. Company I was again the winner of the best line.

There were a large number of vacancies at the beginning of the year. These have been filled by the following appointments:

From private, Company I, to second lieutenant and quartermaster First Battalion, Carlton Swiler.

From second lieutenant, Company E, to first lieutenant, Company D, Harry Johnson.

From private, Company E, to second lieutenant, Company E, A. D. Cloyd.

From sergeant, Company C, to second lieutenant, Company H, Waldemar Thompson.

- From private, Company I, to sergeant, Company C, Edwin Winterton.
- From private, Company I, to sergeant, Company D, Eugene Russum.
- From private, Company I, to sergeant, Company I, Dell Bowser.
- From private, Company F, to sergeant, Company C, Richard Brady.
- From private, Company E, to sergeant, Company E, Joseph Feiler.
- From private, Company D, to sergeant, Company E, George Petersen.
- From private, Company A, to Corporal, Company A, Rex Elwood.
- From private, Company A, to corporal, Company A, Fred Montmorency.
- From private, Company A, to corporal, Company A, Leland Potter.
- From private, Company B, to corporal, Company B, Raymond Burgess.
- From private, Company C, to corporal, Company C, Robert Buckingham.
- From private, Company D, to corporal, Company D, Robert Kutak.
- From private, Company D, to corporal, Company D, Claude Rushland.
- From private, Company D, to corporal, Company D, Roger Johnston.
- From private, Company E, to corporal, Company E, Peter Barber.
- From private, Company H, to Corporal, Company F, Harold Knee.
- From private, Company G, to corporal, Company F, Reginald Fernald.
- From private, Company G, to corporal, Company G, Maurice Bramman.
- From private, Company G, to corporal, Company G, McKee Fisk.
- From private, Company H, to corporal, Company H, Raymond Sage.
- From private, Company H, to corporal, Company H, Harmon Wilmath.
- From private, Company I, to corporal, Company I, Will Nicholson.
- From private, Company I, to corporal, Company I, W. Kerschner.
- From private, Company I, to corporal, Company I, C. Adams.
- From private, Company A, to corporal, Company B, Hilbert Peterson.
- From private, Company I, to corporal, Company B, Ralph Clapp.

From private, Company H, to corporal, Company C, Laurence Peacock.
 From private, Band, to captain band, Reed Corliss.
 From private, Band, to drum major Band, Dwight Chase.
 From private, Band, to first lieutenant Band, Sigsby Sears.
 From private, Band, to second lieutenant Band, Arlos Sedgley.
 From private, Band, to first sergeant Band, Fred Bock.
 From private, Band, to corporal Band, F. Paynter.
 From private, Bugle Corps, to Chief Trumpeter, Ralph Henderson.

Transfers—

From first lieutenant, Company C, to first lieutenant, Company E, Franz Ramer.
 From first lieutenant, Company D, to first lieutenant, Company A, Knowlton Janes.
 From first lieutenant, Company A, to first lieutenant, Company I, Harry Caldwell.
 From first lieutenant, Company I, to first lieutenant, Company C, Raymond Strader.
 From first sergeant, Company H, to first sergeant, Company A, Fred Walrath.
 From first sergeant, Company A, to first sergeant, Company C, Owen Comp.
 From first sergeant, Company C, to first sergeant, company H, Laurence Hogue.

CANNY COURAGE.

Even when the fighting was hottest, the colonel of an Irish regiment noticed that one of the privates was following him everywhere, with apparently much devotion.

At length he called the man to him and said:

"You've stuck to me well this day, Private Rooney!"

"Yis, sor!" replied Rooney, saluting smartly. "Me ould mother she sez to me, sez she: 'Patrick, me bboy, stick to the colonel, and ye'll be all right; them colonels nivir get hurt!'—Tit-bits.

SCRIPTURE REVISED.

"The Bible tells us we should love our neighbors," said the good deacon.

"Yes, but the Bible was written before our neighbors lived so close," replied the mere man.—Philadelphia Record.

WILLING TO TRY.

Bix—"Can I trust you?"

Dix—"Actions speak louder than words. Try me with \$10."—Boston Transcript.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

"Some of the grandest discoveries of the ages," said the great scientist, sonorously, "have been the result of accidents."

"I can readily believe that," said the fair lady. "I once made one that way myself."

The great man blinked his amazement.

"May I ask what it was?"

"Certainly," replied the fair one. "I found that by keeping a bottle of ink handy you can use a fountain pen just like any other pen—without all the trouble of filling it."—Christian Register.

Pupil (gazing at teacher who had burdened him with work)—"My, I wish they would invent a machine to do this."

Teacher—"They have, you're the invention."

Marion—"Do you think I'd make a good movie actress?"

Mary—"Not you, in a silent drama!"

Organizations



WEBSTER DEBATING SOCIETY

The Webster Debating Society held a very interesting meeting in Room 231 on Friday, October 15. The meeting was the liveliest one held this year and promises much for the future spirit of the society. A very spirited debate was held and a number of fine suggestions were made by the society teachers, Mr. Cairns and Mr. Bexton.

ATHENIAN DEBATING SOCIETY

The Athenian Debating Society held its second meeting of this year on Friday, September 30, 1915.

The program consisted of jokes by Jake Sherman and a debate on the question of whether the United States should loan \$100,000,000 to the allies. For the affirmative were Charles Hall and Vivian Hover and on the negative side of the question were Philip Thomas and Charles Warshawsky. The negative side won unanimously.

The next meeting of the A. D. S. was held on October 15. The program included current events by David Greenburg jokes by Stewart Sommers; and a debate on the question, Resolved, That the United States should permit the exportation of munitions of war. Gordon and MacAuley upheld the affirmative of the question and Montmorency the negative.

THE HIKING CLUB.

The Hiking Club held the first meeting of the season on September 29 in Room 425. About fifty new members were taken into the club. It was decided that a hike should be held every week on Thursday afternoons after school. The officers for this year are: President, Nadene Thompson; Vice President, Mildred Johnson; Secretary, Marie Thompson; Reporters, Florence

Mead and Helen Benson; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mary Redgwick. On October 7 the first hike occurred, and covered the river road north of Florence. Everybody had a good time.

DEMOSTHENIAN DEBATING SOCIETY.

At the last meeting of the D. D. S. the following program was rendered: Current events concerning members, by Sol Rosenblatt; humorous history of the United States, by Richard Brady; a debate, Resolved that the interests of civilization lie in disarmament rather than in armament. In the debate the affirmative was upheld by Elmore Bailey and Clarence Hicksen, the negative by Reed Zimmerman and Robert Hume. After a hot extemporaneous debate by the members the society adjourned.

THE STUDENT'S ASSOCIATION.

The first meeting of the Students' Association was held in the auditorium at 8:30 on last Friday morning under the direction of Mr. Masters. The election of officers was rushed through. "Rushed through" is correct, for the Spirits' steam roller brooked no opposition. A complete ticket had been organized by the Spirits and the whole thing won out with very little difficulty. The officers are: Arild Olsen, President; Leonard Bourke, Vice President; Roberta Coulter, Secretary; Edward Zipfel, Chairman Advertising Committee; Walter Peterson, Chairman Reception Committee; Wilbur Fullaway, John Sunderland, members Athletic Board; Ralph Henderson, Fred Curtis, Raymond Burgess, Cheer Leaders.

SQUIBS

STRATEGIC.

"Fore!!" shouted the golfer, ready to play.

But the woman on the course paid no attention.

"Fore!" he repeated, with not a bit more effect than the first time.

"Try her with 'Three ninety-eight,'" suggested his partner. "She may be one of those bargain counter fiends."—Boston Transcript.

TRUE!

"Another new hat! You should really save your money, with the price of everything going up."

"But why? The longer I save it, the less I can buy with it."—Passing Show.

Johnson's chocolates, a full line. "Haines."

TAKING IT OUT IN TALK.

First Motorist—(after very narrow shave)—"But why all this fuss? We haven't damaged you. You can't bring an action against us."

Second Motorist—"I know I can't, sir; I know I can't; that's just my point."—Punch.

WELCOME CHANGE.

"You look blue and discouraged, old man."

"I'm not myself this morning."

"Well, that's nothing to feel so bad about."—Boston Transcript.

UNTOUCHED.

Friend—"Well, how's the war affecting you?"

Post-Cubist-Impressionist-Sculptor—"Not a bit, old chap. I never sold anything before it started—and I haven't since."—Punch.

HA! HA!

Cholly to Shopman—"I say—aw—could you take that yellow tie with the pink spots out of the show window for me?"

Shopman—"Certainly sir. Pleased to take anything out of the window any time, sir."

Cholly—"Thanks, awfully. The beastly thing bothaws me every time I pass. Good mawning."—Christian Register.

All the new and pretty perfumes. A full line of Penstular Family Remedies. "Haines."

FORDS IN CAESAR'S TIME— TRUE STORY.

In fifth chapter of Caesar it says the Rhone river was crossed by Fords in many places.

(Now I know where Henry got the idea).

'NOTHER FORD STORY.

Friend—"Isn't that your Ford in the tree?"

Neighbor—"Why, yes."

Friend—"Well, how did it get up there?"

Neighbor—"I was cranking it and the darned thing slipped out of my hand."

GOOD!

A speaker at a dinner—"Yes, the gas company has done a great deal for this country. So has the electric light company. In the words of the poet I might say, "Honor the light brigade—"

Voice in rear—"Oh, what a charge they made!"

Soft face chamoi's and imported face powders. "Haines."

Stop! Look!
Listen!

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Conveniently Located

Newly Furnished

Modern Teaching

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WANTED TO MAKE SURE

The colored janitor of the flat next door approached the grocer and handed him a paper containing some white powder.

"Say, boss," he asked, "what do you think dat is? Jes' taste it an' tell me yo' pinion."

The grocer smelled it, then touched it to his tongue.

"Well, Jake, I should say that was soda."

"Dat's jest what I say," replied the janitor triumphantly. "I say dat's soda, but my ol' woman, she 'low it's rat pizen; she says she knows 'tis. Jes' taste it again, boss, fo' to make sure."

After Empress try one of our delicious hot chocolates. "Haines."

NO ESCAPE.

Hotel Clerk—"The guest in No. 206 says he had a nightmare last night."

Proprietor—"Well, charge it on his bill—ten dollars for livery."

Nyal's Remedies. We are Omaha agents. "Haines."

BRIGHT.

History Teacher—"Why are the middle ages known as the dark ages?"

Fresh—"Because there were so many knights."

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Bruce—"Here's a funny thing for your paper, I've walked several miles with it."

Bob—"There's such a thing as carrying a joke too far."

Lec—"What would you say if a policeman caught you in here?"

Bill—"I'd tell him I came in for arrest."

Chatty Neighbor—"I suppose you don't stand for any war arguments among your boarders?"

Boarding House Mistress—"Oh, yes. You see, our biggest eater gets so interested that he forgets to eat and our next biggest eater gets so mad that he leaves before the meal is half over."
—Puck.

FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

Bridget—"The new neighbors want to cut their grass, mum, and they sent over to ask the loan of your lawn mower."

Mistress—"Lead them our lawn mower to cut grass on the Sabbath! Certainly not! Tell them, Bridget, that we haven't one."—Boston Transcript.

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Waiter (to negro)—"Will you have coffee this morning?"

Negro—"No, sah, it always keeps me awake all day."

OVERTAKEN.

"And when you eloped with the girl," asked a friend, "did her father follow you?"

"Did he?" said the young man. "Rather. He's living with us yet."

INFANTILE WISDOM.

Knieker—"Who does the baby look like?"

Bocker—"He is neutral."—New York Times.

Bob—"Do you like pop corn balls?"

Clara—"I don't believe I've ever attended one."

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Script or Text, Postpaid, United States or Canada, Cash or Stamps with order. Wedding Stationery, 10c for Samples. **LYTHOTYPE CO.**
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HE'D MOVE.

Teacher—"If your father owed the butcher \$17.50, the baker \$15.25 and the grocer \$22.50, how much would he have to pay in all?"

Johnny—"Nothin'; he'd move."

TRUE!

Official (after watching trial of new railroad tunnel)—"Isn't that fine?"

Farmer—"Yes, but say! What if that er train ud miss the hole?"

Bring us your perscriptions and save money. "Haines."

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OUR SECOND THOUGHT.

B. C.—"I think handsome men are dreadfully insipid."

R. P.—"So do—that is I—er—well—"

Moore's non-leakable — the good fountain pen. We have them. "Haines."

Martha—"Oh, here's a Bill Sunday special. I wonder what that is?"

Bob (with a scowl, scanning the price list)—"Twenty cents, if you know what that is!"

REVENGE.

"Mr. Shepherd, your daughter has promised to marry me."

"Humph; she said she'd get even with me when I refused to get her a Pekinese pup."—London Mail.

Miss Smith—"Correct."

Miss Smith—"What three words are used most among the students?"

Sunny—"I don't know."

IN FRENCH CLASS.

Miss Landis—"What is the verb 'to lie'?"

Dorothy H.—"Descendre (to go down.)"

Wilbur—"What's the technical name for snoring?"

Carlton—"I don't know."

Wilbur—"Sheet music."

Mary had a little lamb,
She fed it kerosene;
One day it got too near the fire,
Since then it's not benzine.

Cameras and supplies. "Haines."

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