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THE REGISTER OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL

Volume Thirty

Number Three

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Volume Thirty

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Foot Ball

OMAHA

VS.

GRAND ISLAND

**Thanksgiving
Day**

Rourke Park 3:00 p. m.

The Register

1915



1916

OMAHA

Nov. 1915

Volume Thirty

Number Three

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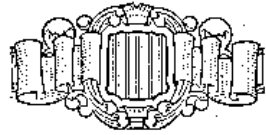
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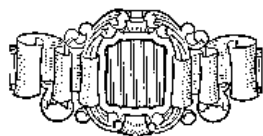
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LORENZO TO JESSICA.

How lazily the blue waves lap the shores,
 And up above the sky vaults like a dome
 Whence fiercely doth the heated noon sun blaze.
 A cool breeze softly stirs, while heavily
 The scent of roses doth perfume the air,
 While insects buzz and hum the whole day through,
 Unconscious of us as we sit and dream.
 How pleasingly the time doth pass away,
 And happiness till now unknown to me
 Doth charm the senses like an incense rare.
 Methinks the very birds do sweeter sing
 With carols of more joyful lyric tone
 Since Jessica is mine, and I am hers,
 And our love, dear, lasts 'till the world doth end.

HELEN PEYCKE, '16.



The Redieter



Volume XXX OMAHA, NEB., NOVEMBER, 1915 Number 3

THE PARTING.

CHARACTERS.

Antonio, in the saddest of moods.
 Bassanio, rather anxious.
 Gratiano, gay and impertinent.
 SCENE: *The pier. Bassanio's vessel in readiness for the voyage. A few sailors and vagabonds at the farther end of the pier.*
 Gra. The wind lies in the west, a goodly sign,
 But let us not trust all to sigus and omens
 In this our quest for rich rewards and gains.
 Wish us fair outcome, good Antonio,
 But do not so with melancholy look
 For fear your prayer be crossed, of no avail.
 Marry, my face will soon be long as yours,
 When Belmont castle first does come in view.
 I then must don a robe of modesty
 More sober and less consonant with my mind;
 But such my lord commands and I obey.
 Farewell, Antonio, till a brighter day.
Exit Gratiano. Antonio and Bassanio look after him, Antonio with various emotions, Bassanio as if he had heard about half of what Gratiano has been saying.
 Ant. Think you Bassanio will not delay your cause
 By action over-hold and none too wise?
 Bass. *(Giving utterance to his thoughts.)*
 For the moment my heart is full of doubt.
 I would not either forward or yet stay,
 I would not leave you. I do fear the Jew.
 Yet something in me draws me on to Belmont.
 Ant. Sweet friend, success awaits you and your love.
 In heart I will be with you still at Belmont,
 And in imaginings will see each gain.
 Bass. You know well that in honor and in love
 I'm bound to you. Whatever be the end,
 I'll make some speed of my return.
 Ant. *(After a pause in which he endeavors to gain self-control.)* Do not so;
 Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
 But stay the very riping of the time,
 And for the Jew's bond that he hath of me
 Let it not enter in your mind of love.

Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there.

*Turning away Antonio wrings Bassanio's hand, "his eyes big with tears."
Bassanio, greatly moved, walks slowly toward his ship.*

MARY CLEVELAND, '16.

MY AMBITION.

As I look back into the years of childhood and think of the many glorious ambitions that have filled my mind at one time or another, I smile a bit in spite of myself. I am "cornfed." I was born, reared and educated in Nebraska.

From the age of three, my chief ambition was to be a "man of action." How I used to terrify the cats with my antics or chase the dogs and tie tin cans to their tails! Oh, what a glorious life that was, wild and adventurous!

But, alas! The best of things have their end. At five years of age, I was sent to school. How I hated it! How I wished I were a man and didn't have to go to school! Teacher would be sorry she'd licked me, some day, when I was a cowboy and came back through the town with my revolvers at my sides. Just wait, she'd see.

One day I happened to see a "fire-run." I followed the wagon to the fire and witnessed the rescue of two women from a burning house. My! wasn't that fireman brave? Maybe being a fireman was even greater than being a cowboy.

Thus my ambitions went the usual childish round. I wished to be the policeman, the motorman, the mailman, the grocery boy, an engineer, and a brakeman; until in the fifth grade, I awoke and my ambitions started to include a larger field. I wanted to be a lawyer and make speeches in the court room. That was it; why hadn't I thought of that before? But one day, I witnessed the giving of the third degree, in a melo-drama. My, that lawyer was cruel. Maybe I didn't want to be a lawyer after all.

And so I've come through sixteen years of my life. I don't believe there is a position in the world that I haven't wanted to hold at some time or other.

At present my ambitions are quite limited. There are too many lawyers in this world as it is. Plans? Fiddle! Plans never work out as they are meant to, anyway. The life of a farmer looks pretty good, but who knows what the future holds? I don't.

R. L. B., '18.

THE PLIGHT OF A LOCKER KEY.

Bang! went the door. I heard it being locked, and then all was silent. What did it mean? Why was it not I who locked that door? Why was I left in that dark little locker?

It was Friday after school and my mistress had gone home and forgotten me, a locker key. There I was to spend two whole days in that dark little prison, with no one there but Caesar (and he couldn't talk English).

What was I to do those two days? I sat down on the upper shelf and looked around me. There was nothing but four walls, and several books.

I looked at Caesar. He said, "Soli sumus." I don't know what that means in English, but in some way it made me feel mighty lonely.

After a bit it grew darker, and I grew lonelier. How I missed my old home where I could sit and watch my mistress study! I grew quite sleepy, and so lay down on the hard board, with a ruler for a pillow.

When I awoke in the morning, the sun was shining through a crack in the door, and through the keyhole.

I arose and looked around me, for I had forgotten where I was. Soon it dawned upon me, and I began to laugh. It certainly was queer to be locked up there.

The ruler which I had used for a pillow offered a suggestion. I placed it up against the door, climbed up, and looked through the top. But as I was looking out at the other lockers and wondering whether any other key was in such a plight as I, the ruler slipped and down I went with a bang.

Caesar immediately came to my rescue, and carried me over on a book. I was terribly frightened and stayed most of the day lying down, but Caesar was exceedingly kind.

As night came on, I fell asleep, and upon awakening, heard voices outside in the halls. Sure enough! School was about to commence. Soon the door opened. It had been opened by my keymate.

I have often heard pupils say they wished Caesar had never been, but he was my best friend through my imprisonment.

ENID LINDBORG.

A BABY'S COMPLAINT.

I don't see what is the matter with these folks. They just fuss and fuss around me, and all I want is to be left alone. Every time I am really sleepy, someone has to come and pick me up and bounce me; and when I'm wide awake and ready to be bounced, they leave me alone.

Why, only yesterday a lot of women came in to see me. (By the way, I don't see why I'm such a curiosity around here.) Anyway, those women came in and one young one rushed up and seized me and gushed,

"Oh, you dear little thing! Isn't he sweet, girls? Just see his cunning 'tittle tootsies!"

Then I was passed from one to another, 'till one took me and said,

"Oh, the darling! What are you going to name him, Maybell?"

I never since have heard such a chattering as I did then. But if anyone should call me such a name as Eugene, or Reginald, or Ferdinand, I'd die of disgrace.

Then my mother spoke: "I shall call him John, Jack for short."

I'm glad my mother is such a sensible sort of person. I'm very fond of her, already.

I threw back my head to give a sigh of relief, when the lady cried,

And I was just still blushing about those names.

"O, Maybell! look at him! He must be choking, he's so red in the face!"

The nurse came in and poured some nasty stuff down my throat, while they all stood around and looked on. I can't even sigh without being dosed.

I believe I slept about two hours then. I don't know what "hours" are, but that's what the nurse said.

When I awoke, my father came in, and after kissing my mother, he came over and stood by my bed. I wanted to tell him not to kiss me, but he seemed to understand. He's a man, too, and probably understands.

And last night my nurse asked mother if she'd noticed how cute I blinked at the lights. Blinked! Indeed, who wouldn't? They're enough to blind a person!

This world is a funny place!

EDNA LINDERHOLM.

THE FALL OF THE ALAMO.

While Fannin camped at Goliad,
 With mind absorbed on gaining gold
 From fabled mines, he really had
 Forgotten to do what he was told.

Brave men who fought for Texas lay
 Encamped near San Antonio,
 And from their numbers, we shall say
 To their aid Fannin was to go.

One hundred forty-four were there,
 And Martin brought them thirty-one,
 While Santa Anna, drawing near,
 Brought up six thousand men and gun.

Above the fort, their own flag waved,
 The lone star banner was unfurled,
 The emblem of a sovereign braved,
 Defiance in his face it hurled.

Besieged they were on every wall,
 And should "No aid" be the reply,
 Commander Travis knew that all,
 Though nobly struggling, needs must die.

The message came, their doom was sealed,
 Brave Bonham brought it, panting how
 He had at San Felipe appealed,
 But only Death would free them now.

With hope they struggled on alone,
 To Texas ever did they cling;
 No sob nor moan, no cry nor groan,
 Could Death from those brave soldiers wring.

At last upon the fatal day,
 When Bonham brought the dismal news,
 Did Travis say that none need stay
 Who would a patriot's death refuse.

And stepping forward, with his sword,—
 A straight line through the sand he drew,
 Then in a voice with sadness bored,
 Called, "To this side, my faithful few!"

"All those who will for Texas die,
 Step 'cross this line to where I stand."
 Sick Bowie on a cot did lie,
 But feebly cried, "Boy's lend a hand!"

As all were eager to obey
 Soon lay he where his comrades stood,
 Save one who wished to go away,
 All lived to fight on, if they could.

The strife commenced, commands were given,
 The valiant soldiers answered well,
 'Tis few the number who have striven
 Nobler than strove they who fell.

Brave Travis was the first to fall,
 And near him Bonham met his death,
 Each loud his battle-cry did call,
 Each murmured it with dying breath.

The enemy now gained the wall,
 And poured in on the court-yard floor,
 Then Crockett's men did backward fall,
 And his gun Betsy spoke no more.

A Mexican, in one swift dart—
 One who was quicker than the rest—
 Felt Bowie's knife pierce through his heart,
 Just as *his* rent that hero's breast.

And as they died the air rang loud
 Re-echoing their battle-cry,
 A requiem, soaring to each cloud,
 To show the Master where they lie.

Magnanimous Sam Houston, though
 Insulted by some Alamo men,
 Had volunteered that he would go
 To join them in their deathly den.

A cannon boom each sunrise should
 Tell whether they still held the fort;
 And Houston, coming at dawn would
 Listen for the said report.

So when the sun rose o'er the land,
 Like Indian, Houston lowered his head,
 And with his ear near to the sand,
 He harkened keenly, filled with dread.

And when the hour for sounding passed
 Without the sound to safely tell,
 With smitten heart, he knew at last,
 The Alamo's defenders fell.

When Santa Anna, from afar,
 Saw sixteen hundred of his men
 Fall slain beneath the loathed "lone star,"
 He, victor, felt defeated then.

He could not fame nor honor claim,
 He envied those o'er whom he'd won,
 He knew the world would e'er proclaim
 Their duty in a death-hole done.

The Texans all before him rose,
He had not slaughtered them enough,
Those ghostly ranks (he did suppose)
Lived yet for him to kill them off.

Accordingly he gave commands
To heap the Texans on a pyre,
And with the torch in his own hands,
He set the noble dead afire.

O Santa Anna! In that flame
The fire of patriotism arose;
Soon did you bow your head in shame,
While they slept on in sweet repose.

You did not quench that flaming pyre
Whose sparks rose upward to the skies,
You can not quench that glowing fire
Which makes our land your name despise.

Before the world your laurels fling,
Who, living now, will honor them?
But to the dead, we laurels bring,
Because they died, we weep o'er them.

We blame you not because you won,
Though many were the ranks you sent,
But for your foul deed later done
The Spartans of this continent.

They lost, "Napolcon of the West!"
They lost that sacred fort to thee!
The king, though, where their souls now rest,
Did pay them justly, rightfully.

The years passed by, and Time did show
The Texas which they fought for, free;
And they at peace in Heaven do know
They died to give her liberty.

MADLINE COHN.

MARY'S LITTLE COLD.

"Mary had a little cold
That started in her head,
And everywhere that Mary went
That cold was sure to spread.

It followed her to school one day
(There wasn't any rule);
It made the children cough and sneeze
To have that cold at school.

The teacher tried to drive it out;
She tried hard, but—kerchoo!
It didn't do a bit of good,
For the teacher caught it, too."
—Farm and Fireside.

Edith: "The man I marry must be
bold and fearless."

Ethel: "Yes, dear, he must."

All the new and pretty perfumes.
"Haines."

OUCH!

"Yes, we pay spot cash for every-
thing we buy."

"Oh! I often speak to my husband of
the times when we had to."

Soft face chamois and imported face
powders. "Haines."



OUR PROMINENT ALUMNI.

Leo Klein, who two years ago was a star football player on the O. H. S. team, recently injured the ligaments of his arm in a football game and it is doubtful whether he can ever play again. Klein, who is a member of the championship University of Illinois eleven, was playing half-back when he was hurt. Klein's injury affects his position as base-ball pitcher also and Klein is one of the best amateur pitchers that Omaha has ever seen.

Russel and Park Larnon have made a name for themselves in Dartmouth athletics. They recently won the doubles championship of that college.

Eleanor Austin, '15, who attends Wheaton College at Norton, Kansas, has received a high and unexpected honor. It is the custom at this school for the members of the senior class to choose from the sophomore class a mascot or class "baby." The honor this year was conferred on Miss Austin contrary to custom, she being a freshman. It is her duty and pleasure to attend all functions of the senior class. A banquet has already been given in her honor and she has been serenaded by the seniors. Miss Austin has also been made a member of the College Glee Club.

We hear that Limp Phillips wishes he were back at O. H. S. playing football again. It looks as though we were going to need him alright, too, if the hospital claims any more of our men.

O. H. S. alumni are making names for themselves this year at Nebraska. Elsworth Moser has the place at center on the Cornhusker team clinched, while Jim Gardner and Kelly are substituting regularly on the first.

Printed leaflets containing the most obvious matters of good form in writing have been put into the hands of the Freshmen during the past month. These leaflets are arranged to fit into the student's note-book so that they are ready for reference at any time and for any kind of writing. The printing of these leaflets was done by the Fort School press.

Students interested in Old London will find a delightful map in Room 149. Places of historical and traditional interest are designated. The map is particularly interesting to readers of English novels. Or, with a copy of Boynton's *London in Literature* in hand and this map before you, you can make a very pleasant play visit to the capital of the world. There are also literary maps of England in Rooms 119, 149, and 328. We have needed these maps for years. Yorkshire, County Cork, Bannockburn need no longer be classified as myths. Suppose you test the interest of these maps by reading Arnold's *Dover Beach* and then examining the maps.

SENATOR HITCHCOCK SPEAKS.

The first of a series of lectures for the members of O. H. S. was given on Tuesday, October 26. Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska gave an interesting talk on the United States Senate. This lecture was given especially for students of civics and American history, but proved very instructive for any high school student.

Senator Hitchcock first told a little of the European bodies that correspond to our senate, mentioning their respective peculiarities. He then spoke briefly about our capital city and said that he thought it was very much worth while for anybody, who had the opportunity, to visit it. In a very clear and concise manner he explained the intricate workings of the upper house of congress. The Senator made the students that have been struggling with the details of that great governing body feel good by telling them that even the senators have great difficulty in understanding all the fine points in the procedure of the senate.

Senator Hitchcock, who is himself an O. H. S. alumnus, was introduced by Arild Olsen, who performed his duty very ably, indeed. Numerous yells were given before and after the talk, under the leadership of Cheer Leader Henderson.

We are proud to announce that the Omaha High School has several members of the Omaha Symphony Orchestra. This orchestra, the largest musical organization of its kind ever assembled, has been a decided factor in the musical uplift of this city, which has produced musical talent the equal of any city in the union. The orchestra made a commendable showing during the Nebraska State Teachers' Association.

We flunked in the exams. Are we going to do it again?

The life of the water-pistol in O. H. S. was short. May it never return.

Don't crab the caeteria. If you can turn out better food for a jitney than Miss Fullaway and Co. do, we would be glad to have the honor of your acquaintance.

THE VASSAR LECTURE.

The Vassar Collegiate Alumnae of Omaha gave a very interesting stereopticon lecture upon that college in the High School Auditorium Tuesday, November 9th. The lecturer of the afternoon was Miss Mona Cowell, a graduate of Vassar in the class of 1915. Being so recently a part of the student body, she was able to present clear and enticing pictures of college life in one of the largest eastern colleges. We believe that if any one, not in the least interested in Vassar College, had heard that lecture and seen the views thrown upon the screen, that person would be an enthusiastic Vassar advocate. The stereopticon pictures gave one a splendid idea of every part of the college and of the student activities. Beautiful pictures of the surroundings, the buildings, winter scenes and the like were shown. Vassar is proud of possessing many beautiful new buildings.

The growth of the college was shown by the extensive addition of new buildings and improvements on the campus.

In the line of athletics, several pictures showed views of canoeing, horse-back riding, track work, the gymnasium, ice skating, tobogganing, and so forth. One can readily see from the above list that Vassar girls have many good times along with their work. One of the most interesting subjects shown on the screen was the famous Vassar daisy chain. The chain is so heavy that each girl in the procession carrying it has about forty pounds upon her shoulders.

There is only one regret we have about the lecture and that is that it was so poorly attended by high school girls. Don't you think that when such a nice program is planned for our benefit, we might show our appreciation by taking advantage of the offered privilege?

Those who are taking Civics have discovered how little they really know about politics. The study of government is a very important phase of national preparedness, and every student should take this subject if possible. It's really interesting.

Have you subscribed for the REGISTER? Five monthlies and the annual for four bits. Better dig up now.

The election of the Mid-year Graduating class resulted in the following choice: President, Katherine Pncan; vice-president, Essie Brandes; secretary, Esther Swanson; treasurer, Fred Henderson; sergeants-at-arms, Harold Weeth, Sylvia Brandes; class teachers, Mr. Woolery, Miss Towne.

The results of the Junior class election are as follows: President, Charles Morearty; vice-president, Helen Pfeiffer; secretary, Alice Day; treasurer, William Alley; sergeants-at-arms, Dorothy Hipple, Robert Booth; class teachers, Miss Miller, Miss O. Sullivan, Miss L. Bridge.

The tie between Helen Beisel and Margaret Howes for the election of Senior vice-president was decided by a second vote, in which Helen Beisel was the winner. (About half the class voted.)

American History classes had the privilege of viewing three 11th century costumes this month. During class-work, an old colonial dame, an American Colonist, Minute-Man, and a British Soldier walked in to greet the students. Miss Atkinson has arranged to rent from time to time costumes of the different periods of American history in order that the students may feel in closer touch with the times which they are studying.

One of our French teachers has made a practical addition to her subject, namely, teaching young men how to propose. The fact that the boys in her class are much in the minority increased the confusion of the young man in question. She told him that unless he spoke louder the young woman addressed would ask him what he wanted. One lesson sufficed and the teacher has had no cause to repeat it.

In the new night high school that opened November 10, the enrollment is over 1,200.

Russel Mason has been made First Sergeant of the Bugle Corps. Some job, Russ!

STATE TEACHERS' CONVENTION.

Strange as it may seem, the teachers are not the only ones who welcome the teachers' convention. All we have to do is mention the fact that we had two holidays and you have no trouble in guessing who we are referring to. November 4th and 5th, which we celebrated as holidays, had quite a different meaning for the thousands of teachers who gathered in Omaha for the fiftieth annual session of the State Teachers' Association.

The following persons of national fame delivered one or more addresses: Dr. E. C. Elliott of the University of Wisconsin; Dr. Paul Scharey; Dr. A. C. McLaughlin; Professor F. M. Leavitt; Miss Katherine Martin of the University of Chicago; Professor E. M. Hopkins of the University of Kansas; Dr. T. H. Briggs of Columbia University; Miss Alexander of Indianapolis; Mr. A. C. Monahan of the National Bureau of Education; Professor Max Griebisch, *Nationales Deutsche Amerikanisches Lehrerseminar*, Milwaukee; Mr. Charles Zueblin and Mary Antin, popular lecturers of Boston.

Of our own faculty, two members were presidents of sections, Miss Davies of the History section and Miss Somers of the German section. Misses Arnold, Stegner, Stringer and Taylor took part in the program.

You may wonder how these strange teachers found their way to all these places of lectures and to hotels. But we inform you that some of our High School cadets came to the rescue and guided these teachers safely about the city. There were fifty of them all together. These boys had the good fortune to be excused from school on Wednesday, although they guided only a part of Thursday.

THE LIBRARY.

"Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body. As by the one health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated; by the other virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive,

cherished and confirmed."

—*Sir Richard Steele.*

"No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting."

—*Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.*

"Books never annoy; they cost little, and they are always at hand and ready at your call."

—*W. Corbett.*

* * *

It is true that in our library as yet we have a few books; however, the number increases steadily week by week, so it may be of interest and help to you to plan weekly visits to the library just in order to know what is on hand, to notice the constant additions. There may even be an advantage in the small number of volumes. In the large library, the very size is sometimes confusing; among so many books, it is hard to decide on which subject to read, which author to select. In the smaller library, there may be many wonderful and valuable books—books worth knowing, books to enjoy, books of immediate and practical assistance.

For instance, there is Shakespeare. Do you consider him a classic—dead, dry, and dull—merely to be studied as a task in an English literature class? Or do you know him as one of the world's master-minds, one of the world's greatest influences, greatest helps? This is the man of whom a famous American critic of today writes: "What we do get from him is a sense of boundless life. Other men have suffered and enjoyed privately, but in him were brought together all the passions of mankind; he is the master of human experience, and there can come to us no pinnacle of triumph or despair, of joy or grief, no tragic melancholy or buoyant humor, no envy or hate or love or pride or shame, but we shall know that on some day of his brief life he has felt as we feel and has spoken for us better than we ourselves can speak." If this be so, is it not an opportunity to know fair Rosalind in "As You Like It," the masterpiece of romantic comedy, one of the great type-dramas of the world; to learn of the history of

England through "King John" or "Richard III" or "Henry V"; to suffer with "Hamlet" and "Lear"; to feel the thrill of romance in "Romeo and Juliet," the Celtic magic and fairy-world in "Midsummer Night's Dream"?

If you like history, there are many books to be read—about Caesar and Cicero, or the great names of France, about Columbus and Spain, about that mysterious land of the New World, Peru. If you would know the innermost nature of the world's different peoples, read their myths, their legends, their great epics. You never can understand the Greek until you know the Iliad and the Odyssey; you may find the Celtic spirit in the Mabinogien, in Lady Gregory's Cuchulain of Muirthemne, in the French Song of Roland; you may ride forth to victory against the Moors with the Spanish Cid; you may follow the Viking in Beowulf; you may feel the heroic German nature in the Nibelungenlied, or in the tales of Siegfried and Brunnhilde, or in the mighty creations of Wagner.

If you have little interest in the past, but care only for the present, if you are concerned only with strictly modern ideas, you may find them in the library. There are dramas by the new American writers, Peabody and MacKaye; essays by Arnold Bennett and Charles Eliot and Woodrow Wilson; nature studies by Burroughs and Muir and Seton-Thompson; poems by Alfred Noyes. There are good magazines in which you may find interesting discussions of problems of the day. Do you know The Atlantic Monthly, The American City, The Municipal Journal, Popular Mechanics, The Outlook?

Isn't there something in our small collection which may be of interest, of value, of real help to you?

We extend our sympathy to Verna Templeton, '18, who has recently lost her mother.

Madeleine Cohn, '17, and Camilla Edholm are regular attendants of the meetings of the Drama League.

TWENTY YEARS AGO AS TOLD BY THE REGISTER.

Ralph and Karl Connel killed Indians and had hand to hand conflicts with bears in Wyoming with Mr. Leviston and Lieutenant Penn as eye-witnesses.

Mr. J. F. Woolery, one of our new teachers, is a graduate of Bethany College, West Virginia. He has been a professor of ancient languages at Cotner University in Lincoln. He will teach Latin in the High School.

The football game with the Lincoln High School, which was played Saturday, November 23, resulted in a crushing defeat to Lincoln, the score being 18 to 0 in favor of Omaha.

On the fourth of October a meeting of the sophomores was held, at which Miss Towne was chosen class teacher. (This seems to be a regular performance with Miss Towne.)

Miss Adams, a graduate of Cornell, Iowa, who has taught several years in the Beatrice High School, will teach English this term.

Jeau Whinnery and Harry Wigton made a bicycle trip to Forbes, Mo., where they remained two weeks.

Misses Ruth Sprague and Marie Brown spent a part of the summer at a pleasure resort some miles north of town called "Bummers' Retreat." A delightful time is reported.

At the meeting of the Board of Education held Monday, September 16, resolutions were adopted making drill compulsory for all male members of the High School.

Waldo P. Warren, formerly of the Class of '96, has been invited by Sig. Alessandra Liberati, the world-renowned band-master, soloist, and composer, to set words to one of his famous compositions, entitled "The Belle of the West." It is to be published as a song, and will be introduced by several prominent stage celebrities.

The workmen have been busy around the building this summer. A new floor has been laid in the basement, the Manual Training Department has been overhauled, and the Gymnasium has been transformed into the Commercial De-

partment. The outside of the building is being touched up with a coat of paint, which improves its appearance.

The State Fair must have been well patronized by the H. S. pupils judging from the empty desks.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Margaret Howes gave a small dinner party at her home, October 25th.

A very informal dance was given by the Maltese club, November 5th.

Phyllis Hunter entertained at a Halloween party. About twenty couples were present.

Several of the younger set were entertained at a dinner-dance at Calhoun.

Maude Asmussen was hostess to about twenty of her friends Halloween night.

Helen Presson gave a Halloween party at her home. The house was suitably and attractively decorated and the time was spent with music and games.

Penelope Hamilton entertained twelve couples at her home, October 29.

Frances Howell gave a steak roast, followed by dancing, on November 13.

The Nubra Tuel's gave a progressive dinner party, October 29.

The Neveses, a club of seven Sophomore girls, gave an enjoyable progressive dinner to seven of their boy friends on October 29. The courses were served by Irene Dyball, Frances Wahl, Catherine Denny and Dorothy Canan. The girls spent the night at the home of Frances Foote and were entertained at breakfast the next morning by Dorothy Grey.

Phyllis Hunter gave an attractive Halloween dance at her home, October 30. There were twenty-eight guests present, six of whom came from an informal party at Ruth Hamilton's. They spent the evening toasting marshmallows, reading their fortunes and dancing. Dainty refreshments were served.

The girls of the Domestic Science Department, accompanied by their teacher, Miss Gross, visited the Alamito Dairy last week.

It is always a pleasant sensation to see at an art exhibit work by artists whom we personally know. At the recent exhibition of the Omaha Art Guild were pictures painted by Miss Cordelia Johnson and Miss Rosa Harris to whom some of us have gone to school. Miss Lillian Rudersdorf, one of our art supervisors, was an exhibitor, as was also Mr. Doane Powell, a former editor of the REGISTER. Miss Lola Byrd of our office was the subject of one of the pictures exhibited.

Nominations are now open for the Student Council. Elections for representatives from the different classes will be held this week.

The latest fad that has appeared in the school is the wearing of ankle watches. For particulars, see Frank Campbell or Dorothy Myers.

THE BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.

Mr. C. N. Dietz afforded the girls of the school a very excellent opportunity of hearing an address on "The Beauty and Simplicity of Dress," given by Mrs. Ruth Butts Carson in our auditorium Thursday, November 11th. Our girls were strongly urged to make the most of themselves. Mrs. Carson said that a dress consists of three things, color, line and fabric. The color suited to a girl is largely determined by her eyes, but a careful study of herself is necessary to learn becoming colors. The line should be as simple as possible, without any frills, flares, or hobble skirts; and the fabric should be chosen in harmony with means, character, and occupation. Simplicity was a main point in the lecture. School is our present occupation, and we should dress accordingly. We were given a complete outline from hat to shoes, telling how and why certain things should or should not be worn by girls. Mrs. Carson opposed the use of paint, powder and hair dye by anyone, especially for school girls who possess youth's ruddy bloom, and she also disapproved of a girl's trying to hide her eye-brows with her hair. She advocates moderation in all things.

A straw vote on the question of woman suffrage was conducted one day last week by the *Sun*, (the Cornell daily). Male students and members of the faculty were eligible to vote. Of 809 students who voted on the question, 512 were in favor of woman suffrage and 297 were opposed to it. Only ninety members of the faculty took the trouble to cast ballots and seventy-two of them voted in favor of woman suffrage.—*Cornell Alumni News*.

THE NORMAL CLASS VISIT.

The Senior Normal Class spent October 20 visiting rural schools; some went beyond Dundee, some to Florence Lake, and others to Ponca, northwest of Florence.

The day was fitting for a visit to the country; one of these days when—

"All of the reaping is over and done—
Green are the pastures and still,
Warm lies the earth in the smile of the sun

Brooding on meadow and hill.
Hardly a leaf by the light breeze is
thrilled,

Wide is the peace of the sky,
Yet in the silence, the summer fulfilled,
Whispers her children "Good-bye."

At Florence Lake School Miss McDermey and her twelve pupils made the girls welcome. At the McArdle School the class saw some interesting work in primary reading.

At Ponca Miss Marks had charge of the Primary grades, and Mr. Lynn taught the boys and girls of the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth grades. The pupils were studious and responsive. Howard Brettlinger's interest in agriculture was very apparent by his thorough knowledge of the correct methods of pruning. Mr. Lynn is especially interested in agriculture, and his work with his pupils is practical. He took his class out and into an orchard and gave them a lesson on pruning.

Through the kindness of Mr. Beeman, 3716 Cuming street, all the girls enjoyed an automobile ride into Omaha. All in all the day was pleasantly and profitably spent.

EXCHANGES.

The REGISTER is fortunate this year in having a large number of exchanges. The exchanges represent colleges, universities, and high schools in different parts of the United States. Some of the papers are weekly, but the majority are monthly. We are very glad to receive these papers and hope our own will be equally enjoyed wherever it is received.

Following is a list of our exchanges:

"Commerce," O. H. S. of Commerce, Omaha, Neb.
"The Stentor," Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Ill.
"The Polymnian," Newark Academy, Newark, N. J.
"Red and White," Lake View H. S., Lake View, Ill.
"The Crescent," Lakeland H. S., Lakeland, Fla.
"The Tatler," West H. S., Des Moines, Ia.
"The Landbun," York College, York, Neb.
"High School News," Columbus H. S., Columbus, Neb.
"Blue and White," Perry H. S., Perry, Ia.
"The Prep Owl," State Prep. School, Boulder, Colo.
"The Edgarian," Edgar Public School, Edgar, Neb.
"The Tatler," Blair H. S., Blair, Neb.
"The Ramble," N. Y. Military Academy, N. Y.
"The Echoes," Council Bluffs H. S., Council Bluffs, Ia.
"Karux," Phillipsburg H. S., Phillipsburg, N. J.
"The Record," Girls H. S., Louisville, Kentucky.
"Purple and Grey," Burlington H. S., Burlington, Ia.
"Orange and Black," Milton H. S., Milton, Penn.
"Pasco School News," Pasco County H. S., Dach City, Fla.
"The Oberlin Review," Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.
"The Tiger," Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colo.
"The Cotner Collegian," Cotner University, Bethany, Neb.
"The Honah," Missoula County H. S., Missoula, Mont.
"The Trumpeter," Wentworth Military Academy, Lexington, Ky.
"The Advocate," Lincoln H. S., Lincoln, Neb.
"The Tatler," Kincaid H. S., Kincaid, Kas.
"The Carthaginian," Carthage H. S., Carthage, S. D.
"The Cornellian," Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Ia.
"Pawnee H. S. News," Pawnee H. S., Pawnee City, Neb.
"The Wayne Watchword," Wayne H. S., Wayne, Neb.

[NOTE.—So many exchanges have come in that it has been impossible, as yet, to get them all sorted out. Very shortly, however, these will all be straightened out and comments made upon them.]

"Of the many musicians visiting the United States this season, none finds a warmer welcome than Mme. Melba. Long as she has been before the public, the New York critics find her voice hardly touched by the years, and her art in some ways finer than ever." This comment is taken from an eastern newspaper. We have the opportunity of hearing Madame Melba at the Auditorium, Wednesday evening, December 8, as a third number of the Charity Concert Course.

IF?

Oh! wad some power
The gittie gie us
To see some folks
Before they see us.

TRUE.

"Take keer, mah frens," said the preacher solemnly; "take keer dat when de time comes to shuffle off dis hyah mo'tal coil, you doan git los' in de shuffle."



EDITORIAL



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

Is there a person in the audience tonight who has not heard of the Big Event that is to take place in the not-far-distant future in Omaha? Yes? Is it possible? May I ask a question? You are not a High School student, are you? Very well. I thought not. Now, for your benefit, allow me to explain. This Big Event is one that requires a large audience—exceedingly large. And it is necessary that every onlooker shall bring his portion of pep, be it large or small, and sacrifice it in the common cause. This pep is indispensable for the success of the performance. *We must have pep.* We want so much pep, and such a noisy species of pep, that those high school folks back there in Grand Island will prick up their ears and wonder what's happening down here on the Missouri River. We want *ten times as much spirit* as we showed at the Lincoln game.

Now, here's a little difficulty. On the day of the Big Event we're all going to be so full of turkey and cranberry sauce that we can hardly make a sound. That's what's worrying us now, and there's only one way out of it. The less noise per capita, the more "capita" we'll have to have. We want the attendance of every member of our school and then a few thousand. How will we get this little crowd? Well, here's a suggestion. Don't be too modest in telling people about this little thing. And don't be particular whom you tell. Let Omaha know that there is going to be a football game within her limits on Thanksgiving Day. Tell your friends. Tell everybody and tell everybody to tell everybody else. And don't forget it yourself. Be there and bring the whole town with you.

Now, when you get out to Rourke Park, you will see three fellows down in front who evince symptoms of excessive pep. And if you think they're dressed rather eccentrically—why, that's perfectly proper. There's nothing the matter with these men. They are the yell leaders. Perhaps you knew that already. Very well. Now, did you happen to know what they're for? Well, you just watch other people and see what they do when these three fellows dance around and wave their arms.

Another thing. Did you ever hear a "Big Omaha?" "Big Omahas" and Big Events are inseparable. The "Big Omaha" is otherwise known as Yell Number One. We're going to take the responsibility of wishing a little responsibility on you. You must give your word of honor that if you don't know that famous Omaha yell now, you'll learn it before you get out to the scene of the Big Event.

All right, my friends, we shall see you all out at Rourke Park on Thanksgiving Day—Omaha vs. Grand Island. And don't forget that pep.

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you.

D. P. S., '16.

WHERE IS YOUR PEP?

How many of you so-called boosters attended the game Friday? There were a lot of you there in person, but that is all. We all knew that the Lincoln game was THE game of the season, and we all went to the mass meeting Tuesday. Any one who had not the least bit of enthusiasm should have come from the auditorium that day with all kinds of pep. You had it then, but where did you leave it when you got out to Rourke Park? The reason that we are being defeated (at least one of the principal reasons) is that we are not back of the team. They

are not going to remember the mass meeting which is held a few days before a game. They want you with them all the time, while Fullaway punts, and Mory makes a pass, and Chick yells—and last, but not least, when you know Beard is going to walk all over that other center.

Look at the spirit Lincoln showed! You liked it, and you know that you liked it. Why? Because they yelled so that they could be heard out in the field. Their team knew that the yell was coming, and they expected it when their band played "So We'll All Yell for Lincoln." Their boosters followed with a yell. The whole bunch had so much real spirit that they could not help yelling.

What did you think of the exhibition of pep we gave at the Lincoln game? Were you proud of it? Most of our yelling was done at the wrong time, when the team was trying in vain to hear the quarterback's signals, or at some other inopportune moment. In order to be of any use whatever, the cheer leader must receive some backing from the rooters. Yell when he tells you to and keep still when he tells you to! Lincoln showed us up completely in systematic organized yelling. Although they were greatly outnumbered by O. H. S. boosters (?) at the game, their yelling was just as effective as ours, because they put their hearts into it. When they sang "Lincoln Will Shine Tonight," you knew they meant it. Perhaps you will say that that was because the score was going their way. Yes, the score was going their way. But didn't you realize that our boys were playing the game of their lives? Didn't you realize that to bump up against a team that in average weight per man has an advantage of over twenty pounds on us was no joke? It was uphill work all the time for our fellows and they played a great game. They deserve all the praise we can give them.

Our band could learn some very good lessons, too, from the Lincoln band. Theirs was a neat appearing, well drilled, business-like outfit, while ours was awfully ragged and slouchy. The instruments of the Lincoln fellows were bright and shiny; the instruments of our band were tarnished and dingy. The Lincoln fellows had on neat, clean uniforms; the general appearance of our band was very poor. Wrinkled uniforms, incomplete uniforms, unbuttoned collars, and so forth, made it look very untidy.

This opportunity that we had to compare ourselves with Lincoln, in many respects made us rather ashamed of our spirit. Let's get out at the next two games and show some of the old-time O. H. S. pep. Everybody boost! Our team deserves it.

G. M., '16.

ARE YOU AN ARTIST?

In making out this year's staff, instead of calling the head of the art department the "Staff Artist," we called him the "Art Editor." The first term would imply that he alone was to do all the decorating and designing for the *Register*. This is not, however, the case at all. The Art Editor has general supervision of the artistic work on the paper. It is true that he has himself done most of the decorating of the *Register* up to date, but it is not the intention of the management to have him do all the work of that kind.

It is known that there are in the school quite a few who have considerable ability in designing. The Art Editor would be very glad indeed to receive from these people cover designs for the *Register*. In working out a cover, remember that the proper title of our paper is "The Register." It is suggested that all designs be made as simple and clean-cut as possible. Any work that is received will be very carefully looked over and the designs that are most practicable to use will be selected. This is an opportunity for those with artistic talent to show what they can do. Let's see some of your work, artists!

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

One of the hardest things that some young Americans have to do in the course of their school lives is to overcome the tendency toward rowdyism, and to learn the meaning of "common decency" and a wholesome respect for the rights, opinions, and feelings of other people. By "common decency" is meant the ordinary courtesy, consideration and respect which a person is entitled to receive as a human being. A little reminder might well be offered here: "Courtesy is no respecter of persons." No person is justified in carrying a "good time" so far as to trespass upon the liberty of others, and this tendency which has been noticeable in the last two years and especially this year in our own High School is, in its every phase and sense, a reproach to a democratic community, such as we boast of. I intend no reflection whatsoever upon our officers and teachers, who are collectively as efficient and competent a group as could possibly be selected, and are under a most excellent management too; for this quality of rowdyism is apparently inherent in a certain kind of individual and should be combated quite as much as by authority.

In every group of people, three distinct classes will be found: First, a class who work persistently, helping themselves and independent of everyone else, with an aim toward efficiency in their work. They are leaders—they will soon be recognized as such, and advance accordingly. Second, a class who work moderately, rather spasmodically, with an eye constantly upon someone ahead of them for guidance. They depend upon help from someone else, are never entirely independent, and probably never will be. Their advance is proportional to their enterprise and initiative. Then we come to the third class who are as well known for their obnoxiousness as the leaders are for their efficiency. These are the persons who seldom, if ever, work, and are not only entirely dependent upon others for guidance, but render themselves a nuisance and detriment to every well-intending scholar by their absurdity and shortsightedness. Let the teacher leave a recitation room (especially a study hall), and in an instant they perform their self-appointed task of disturbance. Even in our auditorium there is sometimes a deplorable lack of appreciation and respect for the speaker, who has so kindly honored us. Take for example the meeting at which Senator Hitchcock spoke to us. The Senator was time and again disturbed by some one individual who was either leaving the auditorium or was making one or another inexcusable disturbance. If you cannot stay for the whole meeting do not come at all. But once there, good taste, respect and courtesy demand that you give your undivided attention and remain till the close of the meeting. At our last mass meeting a spirit of rowdyism and impoliteness prevailed. From personal acquaintance with the presiding officer, I can say that this discourtesy did not affect him as he is there to serve you and is willing to perform that service. But out of respect for the rights and feelings of the speakers, and of the audience who is present to hear, such rowdyism and unmannerly behavior ought to be unknown and unheard of. It showed a most selfish and low spirit, to trespass on the liberty and rights of other students simply because you are not in a position to hear or benefit by what is going on. Would it be too much to ask—that you show more consideration for your fellow-student? (If the shoe fits, wear it.) It is neither fair nor right that seventeen hundred self-controlled students should suffer the inconvenience and the poor reputation that half a hundred thoughtless triflers, plus a dozen genuine rowdies, would give to the school.

Let us hope that we see a decided improvement in the future and then we are sure life will be a smoother, pleasanter thing in this High School. Try the experiment. It works every time. **ELMORE R. BAILEY, (Spokesman.)**

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

For those who are in doubt as to their future vocation it may be of value to know that in the High School library there is a group of books that will greatly assist them in making their decision. The shelf is labeled, "Vocational," and in the collection are books for both boys and girls, which present clearly and concisely the merits and demerits of nearly every profession.

D. P. S., '16.



Football

OMAHA, 12; EAST DES MOINES, 24.

In the first game away from home Omaha met a pretty tough team. East Des Moines always turns up with an all around good team, but they don't always beat Omaha.

During the first quarter Omaha held Des Moines without a score, but when the whistle blew it was their ball on Omaha's one yard line. At the start of the second quarter Des Moines took matters into their own hands and pushed the ball over for a touch-down. Goal was kicked. They again carried the ball toward their goal. An end run from the fifteen yard line and another goal netted the 7 more points, and the score stood 14 to 0. Omaha then started to demonstrate her ability to carry a football. By using several spread plays, they carried the ball to Des Moines' five yard line, but lost it on downs. The half ended and Omaha had the zero end of the score.

Omaha started the second half with a rush, but were stopped when Byers caught a punt and ran nearly the length of the field for a touch-down. Goal was kicked. In the last quarter Des Moines did not accomplish much. A drop kick netted them three points and their scoring ceased while O. H. S. began. Morearty grabbed the ball on a fumble and ran eighty yards for a touch-down. Goal was missed. A few minutes later, after catching a long forward pass Morearty again crossed the goal line. Fullaway's right toe was off duty on goals and the score remained 24 to 13 until the final whistle blew. The whole team deserves credit for their good work although they didn't come out ahead. Mory gave Des Moines an idea of how he can sprint, that's certain. The line-up:

OMAHA.		EAST DES MOINES.	
NewtonL.E.	Paterson
ReeseL.T.	Amsberry
KroghL.C.	Whitmer
BeardG.	Howard
CrowleyR.T.	Beemis
PaynterR.G.	Coombs
NicholsR.E.	Shufelt
NevilleQ.B.	Byers
MoreartyL.H.	Stone
WeirichR.H.	Tedrow
FullawayF.B.	Overturff

OMAHA, 14; NORFOLK, 9.

On Friday, the 22d of October, Norfolk was added to Omaha's list of defeated teams. Although the day was entirely too warm for football; both teams played to win. Norfolk was slightly heavier than Omaha, but the speed and head work of the O. H. S. team completely outclassed them.

In the first quarter the ball was slowly pushed up and down the field. Towards the end Omaha took a spurt, Nichols making a sixty-three yard run on a pass, but the play was called back for off-side play and the gain was lost. In the second quarter things warmed up a bit. Neville made a forty-yard run, followed by one by Weirich. Weirich then went over for a touch-down. Goal was kicked. Omaha kicked off to Norfolk and their left half pulled off the prettiest run of the game, carrying the ball sixty yards through a closed field and making a touch-down. Norfolk became so excited that they couldn't kick goal, with lots of pep. Norfolk made a field goal which put them in the lead, 9 to 7. By the execution of a neat forward pass, Fullaway to Daugherty, Omaha made another touch-down. This practically ended the game as no scores were made in the final quarter. For Omaha, Weirich, Neville, Fullaway, Nichols and Morearty did some fine playing and the team-work displayed by the whole eleven was worthy of notice. Barnes and McCormick seem to be Norfolk's only shining lights. The line-up:

OMAHA.		NORFOLK.	
Newton	L.E.	Rorapaugh	
Crowley	L.T.	Klug	
Reese	L.G.	Hille	
Beard	C.	G. Schmode	
Grove	R.G.	Evans	
Paynter	R.T.	H. Schmode	
Nichols	R.E.	Cullens	
Neville	Q.B.	Schelly	
Morearty	L.H.	McCormick	
Weirich	R.H.	Barnes	
Fullaway	F.B.	Lucas	

OMAHA, 0; YORK, 9.

It will have to be admitted that the York farmers were a little too good for the city boys this year. Omaha started for York to win that game, but York couldn't see it that way, so consequently, the score: 9 to 0. In the first quarter York broke up play after play for Omaha, especially forward passes. York got the ball and started the old style line smashing game and worked their way to Omaha's ten yard line; Omaha held for three downs, but York went over on her fourth try. Goal was missed. York kicked off to Omaha and whirlwind playing commenced. Chick and Weirich both made long runs, but as the ball neared the goal, Omaha was penalized fifteen yards for holding. On the next play J. Conway intercepted a forward pass and York then started to smash the line again. When they found Omaha's line could hold if it tried hard enough, they kicked a field goal, making the score 9 to 0. Toward the end of the last quarter, York started for a second touch-down, but the whistle stopped them on Omaha's six yard line.

For Omaha the whole back field played a good game and Beard put up a good scrap against Myers, last year's all-state center. The line-up:

OMAHA.		YORK.	
Newton	L.E.	J. Myers	
Crowley	L.T.	J. Conway (C)	
Reese (C)	L.G.	Lamphere	
Beard	C.	H. Meyers	
Krogh	R.G.	A. Conway	
Paynter	R.T.	Kositsky	

OMAHA, 0; LINCOLN, 20.

Well, it looks as if Lincoln did shine a little, November 5th, but it wasn't because Omaha was no good. Lincoln came up here with a team that was as good as any they ever boasted. They had a team nearly as heavy as that of Nebraska and about the only difference between the men on Lincoln's team and those on the college team was experience. They had speed, weight and team-work. Taking all this into consideration Omaha did very well in holding them to such a low score.

Omaha held them during the first quarter. Once when Lincoln had only five yards to go, Bowers, last year's all-state end, made four tries to make yards and on the last Fullaway threw him back for a loss. When the second quarter began, Lincoln's weight was beginning to tell. Their right half caught a punt on the forty yard line and returned to the fifteen yard line. McMahon then crossed for a touch-down, and Andrews kicked goal. A few minutes later McMahon again went between the goal posts and again Andrews kicked goal. The half ended 14 to 0 in favor of Lincoln.

Everyone expected to see that old-time last half pep in the Omaha team. They did see it, but Lincoln had some too and we couldn't ring up a score. In the third quarter Lincoln was helpless. Omaha started the aerial work and the ball went towards goal with all kinds of speed, but luck was somehow against Omaha. Lincoln caught a pass on the five yard line and spoiled a good chance for a touch-down. In the last quarter Omaha put in a better bid for a touch-down but it failed, so Lincoln took a crack at carrying the ball and Colton added six more points to Lincoln's score. Goal was missed and the game was over with Lincoln on top again.

The whole school extends their congratulations to all who played in this game. It was a fine exhibition of football. A team averaging 149 pounds has little show against one averaging 170 pounds. In the back field Morearty and Fullaway will have to share first honors; both men did fine work at the most critical moments and helped save Omaha from a worse defeat. A plucky bit of head work by Nichols in the last play in the game probably warded off another touch-down for Lincoln. Neville played a great game at quarter-back. On the line Poynter, Reese, Crowley, Krogh and Beard played fine games against their beefy opponents. The line-up:

OMAHA.		LINCOLN.	
Weight		Weight	
(145) Newton	L.E.	Chapin	(150)
(158) Paynter	L.T.	Sturue	(185)
(152) Reese (C)	L.G.	Cox	(210)
(159) Beard	C.	Moore	(170)
(158) Krogh	R.G.	Young (C)	(210)
(157) Crowley	R.T.	Andrews	(166)
(140) Daugherty	R.E.	Bowers	(155)
(140) Neville	Q.B.	Colton	(150)
(135) Morearty	L.H.	McMahon	(170)
(135) Logan	R.H.	Schmidt	(143)
(165) Fullaway	F.B.	Curtis	(165)

1644

Average, 149.

Average, 170.

1874

Substitutes: Weirich for Logan; Krogh for Beard; Grove for Krogh; Nichols for Daugherty; Daugherty for Newton; Nichols for Neville; Smith for Nichols.

Touch-downs, McMahon (2), Colton. Goals, Andrews (2).

SECOND TEAM GAMES.

HIGH SCHOOL SECONDS, 21; DEAF INSTITUTE, 6.

On October 17th, the same day the first team lost to Des Moines, the second team made short work of the Deaf Institute team. "Fuzzy McFarland and "Bones" Swiler, the second team idols, did exceptionally good work. The feature of the game was an eighty yard run and a touch-down by McFarland. The line-up:

O. H. S. SECONDS.		DEAF INSTITUTE.	
Comp	L.E.	Netusil	
Squires	L.T.	Fullmer	
Cohan	L.G.	Sahreholv	
Bacon	C.	Johnson	
Grove	R.G.	Cox	
Brogan	R.T.	Gomme	
Burgess	R.E.	Beers	
MacFarland	Q.B.	Krohn	
Swiler	L.H.	Tamisia	
Scott	R.H.	Stark	
Baumgardner	F.B.	Cooper	

Touch-downs, McFarland (2), Stark, Swiler. Goals, McFarland (3).

OMAHA, 0; COMMERCIAL HIGH, 0.

On Tuesday the 26th, the Second team and Commercial High's team had a little mixup. Both teams had defeated the Deaf Institute by the same score and the scoreless game shows how evenly they were matched. No one in particular played a star game, but the Second team played with great team-work.

OMAHA SECONDS, 3; LINCOLN SECONDS, 0.

The Lincoln and Omaha second teams played as a preliminary to the first team game on Friday, November the 5th. The game had all appearances of turning out as did the game with Commercial High until Taylor booted a drop from the twenty yard line. This happened in the last period and was done only as a last resort. The second team has some coming football players in McFarland, Shepard, and Comp. McFarland, Shepard, Comp, Swiler, and Powell were the most prominent throughout the game and nailed many a Lincoln man before he knew what was up. The line-up:

OMAHA SECONDS.		LINCOLN SECONDS.	
Comp	L.E.	Moore	
Swiler	R.E.	Fowling	
Squires	L.T.	Richards	
Bacon	R.T.	Copsey	
Cohen	L.G.	Jennings	
Powell	R.G.	Denton	
Shepard	L.H.	Bunstead	
Taylor	R.H.	Dennison	
MacFarland	Q.B.	Bryant	
Harper	F.B.	Zeypreson	
Brogan	C.	McGoogran	

(Continued on Page 32)

Organizations



CONTROL OF THE SPEAKING VOICE.

Speech is, by a sort of common consent, a symbol of education, of civility, of breeding, says a writer for the New York Tribune. Effective speech is an art, and, like all other arts, it must be studied—its technique must be mastered—one must learn to use and control voice and body, and the place to begin is in the schools, their training supplemented by the invaluable assistance of hearing correct speech at home, where, unfortunately, it is not always to be found. There is probably no time when a boy stands in greater need of such training than at the "awkward age." If he can learn to stand, facing an audience, and express his own thoughts or the thought of some great poet or dramatist, he attains a degree of poise before unknown—he becomes master of his body and of his voice, and learns to say simply and convincingly and pleasingly what he thinks.

Whether it be the child standing before his teacher, telling what he has learned on a subject assigned; whether it be a promoter trying to persuade you that this special tract of land contains a fortune for you; whether it be a clerk behind a counter, a minister in a pulpit or a suffragette on a cracker box—the ones who know how to express their thoughts convincingly and pleasantly are the ones who hold attention.

It is remarkable to note the change that takes place in a boy or a girl, a young man or a young woman, who has even a few months of dramatic training—the clearer speech, the improved carriage, the increased confidence are unmistakable.

MARGARET FULLER SOCIETY. THE DEMOSTHENIAN DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Margaret Fuller Society held a meeting in Room 219 October 29. A very interesting Halloween program was arranged by Margaret Gamble, Frances Clelland and Helen Wahl. These girls certainly know how to give us good eats. We had popcorn balls, candy and all sorts of good things. Mr. Woolery enjoyed the eats, too.

A very interesting and enjoyable musical program was given by members of the Margaret Fuller Society November 12, in Room 325. The following numbers were given.

- Violin Solo—"Schubert's Serenade" Winifred Lathrop.
- Piano Solo—"Spring".....Grieg Ann Axtell.
- Vocal Solo..... Catherine Conrad.
- Duet—"Intermezzo"..... Helen Peycke and Gertrude Koenig.

At the meeting of the D. D. S. on October 15, the society was favored by a series of talks by real D. D. S. boosters who had come back to tell the society a few things which were "hot cakes right off the griddle." A very large number of members were present. Mr. Bernstein talked on the one thing that has kept and will keep the D. D. S. the largest and best society, namely, the D. D. S. spirit. He claimed (as we all do) that while this spirit exists the D. D. S. is unconquerable. Juel Jackson, another loyal Demosthenian, spoke on the value of a D. D. S. training. Mr. Woolery also addressed the society, giving it one of those splendid talks which have helped make the D. D. S. what it is.

The D. D. S. met again on October 29, with a still larger attendance, over sixty members being present. An appropriate Halloween program was splendidly presented. The history and origin of the day was given by Herman Crowell. Elmore Bailey recited, in a very dramatic way, the poem, "Little Orphan Annie." The society then enjoyed a fine session of parliamentary law, in which almost every member took part.

GIRLS' BOOSTER CLUB.

About one hundred girls met on Monday in Room 225, to organize a Girls' Booster Club. Miss Lowne, as dean of the girls, had charge of the meeting. She told of the purpose of the organization and then proceeded to the election of officers, which resulted as follows:

President—Mary Doud.
Vice President—The between Isabel Pearsal and Lorena Travis.
Secretary—Jean Landale.
Treasurer—Alice Dean.
Sergeants-at-Arms—Ruth McCoy and Martha Clarke.

On Monday, November 1, the club had a meeting in the auditorium, when Mr. Mulligan explained the game of football to the girls.

PRISCILLA ALDEN SOCIETY.

The officers of the Priscilla Alden Society are: President, Mildred Erickson; Vice President, Charlene Johnson; Secretary, Edna Bridges; Treasurer, Margaret Woodward; Reporter, Elsie Hurt; Sergeants-at-Arms, Mildred Johnson and Louise Craighead.

The society had a "wienic" roast at Fontenelle Park Friday, October 15. The initiation took place after the eats. Some of the girls had to roll apples with their noses and others had to eat worms (boiled macaroni). It seemed hard for three of the girls to walk on a string while watching their feet through opera glasses. Every one had a fine time even when going home, and people on the car wished they belonged to the P. A. S.

THE GYM CLUB.

The Gym Club has begun its year's work. The new members were initiated October 18. After the initiation, the club was entertained at Ethel Gordon's home, where the following officers were elected: President, Jessie Tennant; Vice President, May Hamilton; Secretary, Helen Olson; Treasurer, Nadene Thompson; Reporter, Esther Boggs. After the election the new members were called to wash from their faces the decorations which had made them full-fledged members of the club. The remainder of the afternoon was spent socially.

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 Benon; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mary Redwick. On October 7 the first hike occurred and covered the river road north of Florence. Everybody had a fine time.

FRANCES WILLARD SOCIETY.

The Frances Willard Society has been holding some exceptionally interesting meetings in Room 241. At one of the later meetings a playlet was given called "The Burglar Alarm." These girls took part in it: Ora Goodsell, Ruth Alcorn, Minerva Heine and Rhenville Blair.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Browning Society enjoyed a most delightful musical entertainment November 12 in the auditorium. Garnet Nelson was in charge of the following program:

Violin Solo—Flora Shukart.
Piano Solo—Lucile Lathrop.

THE HIGH SCHOOL CLUB.

The High School Club at the Y. M. C. A. is now in full sway. Six strong Bible classes have been organized, with a total enrollment of a little over one hundred upper classmen of the high school. The management has been very fortunate this year in securing some excellent teachers. Mr. Burke, Mr. Crossman and Mr. Mayer, who were all with us last year, Mr. Masters and Mr. McMillan, whom we know, and Mr. Stanley North, a new-comer, are handling the various classes this year. With these fine teachers and very interesting lessons, the classes ought to prove very enjoyable.

The High School Club is composed of high school fellows, sixteen years of age and over. It meets every Friday evening at a quarter before six at the boys' department of the Y. M. C. A. A fifteen-cent supper is served, after which the boys go to the class rooms. At intervals throughout the year, interesting speakers are secured to talk upon subjects pertinent to high school fellows' lives. A social time is enjoyed in the boys' rooms of the "Y" before and after the meeting of the club. The boys are attempting to greatly increase the club's membership. All of the upper classmen are most cordially invited.

For the 700 homestead sites distributed in Fort Berthoud reservation in North Dakota, November 4, there were 30,561 registrations of applicants.

Saturday afternoon, October 16, Mr. E. E. McMillan, Frank Gulgard and L. N. Bexten took a hike along the river to the I. C. bridge. They had such a good time that it was decided to make such trips every Saturday afternoon that would not interfere with the athletic schedule. The other men of the faculty are invited to unite with these three in forming the S. P. M. Club. The object of the organization will be the promotion of good fellowship, the obtaining of exercise and relaxation, and the study of nature.

LININGER TRAVEL CLUB.

The L. T. C. held its meeting in Room 131 October 15. Helen Weymuller had charge of the initiation, which proved very interesting to all good attendance of about forty-five, who were present. We had a very which Mr. Woolery said was the largest of any literary society on that date. The program, which was on Nature, was as follows:

Welcome—Izma Tucker.
The Red Bird in February—Isabella Eddy.
Welcome—Irna Anderson.
The Weather—Lenora Douglas.
The Views in Winter—Jeannette Goldsmith.
Idle Inn—Clara Gregerson.

Miss Dudley composed the welcoming verses and also the initiation verse, all of which were very much enjoyed. We hear that Miss Dudley may be transferred to the D. D. S. If so, we shall be very sorry to lose her.

Our next meeting was in the form of a Halloween party at the home of our President, Margaret Bridges. When we first entered the house everything was so spooky that we thought we had entered the land of the dead, but after a while when the jolly fun started, we were without a doubt very much in the land of the living.

LAMRON SOCIETY.

The Lamron Society has held two exceedingly interesting programs since the beginning of this school year. Some of the girls have shown great ability in the art of story telling. All the members agree that the splendid training which they are receiving in this organization will be very valuable in their future work. The girls taking part in the programs were: Kathryn Hodges, Lillian Hanson, Bessie Townsend, Violet Hughes, Lucile Kendall, Virginia Halpine, Imogene Barr, Helen Wistler, Clara Boharty, Elizabeth Wellman and Thyra Bloom.

BROWNING SOCIETY.

On October 1, the Browning Society held its meeting in Room 149. After

the minutes were read and approved, a social program was given for the new members by the old ones, twenty-three of whom were present. Miss Gross and Miss MacIntosh, society teachers, were also present.

HAWTHORNE SOCIETY.

The Hawthorne Society had a very interesting meeting Friday, November 12, in Room 425. Three officers were elected and several new members taken in. After the meeting a very entertaining program was given.

An interesting story was told by Mr. Woolery, entitled "How He Learned to Work at Twenty-one."

Piano Solo—Gladys Ambler.

Thanksgiving Choral—Othie Anderson.

Song—Othie Anderson, Pauline Simpson and Mildred Simpson.

Thanksgiving Story—Stella Bessel.

Refreshments were then served.

Society reporters are requested to see that a report of each meeting is handed in at the Register office. The absence of reports from several societies is due to the fact that society reporters have not attended to their work. The Register staff would be greatly aided if reporters would hand in clear, definite reports, written in good English.

The Webster Debating Society pulled off an interesting program on Friday, October 29. Longwell and Peterson debated on the question of examinations in the High School. Other items on the program were jokes and current events, and the meeting was adjourned after an explanation of the first principles of parliamentary law by Mr. Cairns. The Webster meeting of November 12 was one of the best yet. Hahike gave a synopsis of the life of Thomas A. Edison; Robinson spoke on "School Activities"; Longwell gave an interesting talk on "Presidential Candidates for 1916."

THE LATIN SOCIETY.

The Latin Society held its regular meeting in Room 325. The opening number was a piano solo, "Polonaise Militaire," given by Cornelia Cockrell. Following this was a poem, "The Watch of the Old Gods," by Richard Brady. Viva Craven gave a talk on how Latin helps in a business world. Winifred Lathrop, accompanied by Lucile Lathrop, gave a violin solo, Schubert's "Serenade." Ann Axtel gave a poem entitled "Tenecladus." Nora McDougal gave a talk on "Gratitude." An "Ode on an Old Latin Text Book" was read by Myrme Gilchrist.

Have you noticed the Lowell Society? It is one of the liveliest societies found in the O. H. S. A large number of new members have joined and each already declares that they certainly have good times. On Friday, October 1, 1915, the President, Helen Pfeiffer, took the girls to a farm. The archard was the chief attraction. In its trees the new members performed many brave stunts by way of initiation. After this the girls roasted "wienies" and apples over a large bonfire. Although the girls were tired and dirty when they arrived home, nevertheless they all claim that it was a glorious meeting.

GIRLS' DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Girls' Debating Society met Thursday, October 28, for organization. Short talks were given by Mr. Woolery and Mr. Rees as to the aim of a girls' debating society. Election of officers followed. The result of the election was as follows: Ethel Katz, President; Jean Landale, Vice President; Stella Bessel, Secretary; Madeline Cohn, Treasurer; Hazel Smith, Reporter.

The society decided to hold meetings on every other Wednesday, alternating with the Latin and Art societies. An interesting debate will be given at each meeting.

HOW TO PREPARE FOR AN EXAMINATION.

Far be it from me to attempt to emulate the most excellent instructions given by Miss McWilliams on "The Gentle Art" and on which she has no doubt secured a copyright, but the time appears ripe for the author to advance a few personal ideas on "How to Prepare for an Examination." The author has had a great deal of experience along this line and it has been with difficulty that he has thus far restrained himself on a subject so noble, so interesting, and so altogether delightful. An examination is a difficult, nay, even a terrible thing, and it is with a feeling of lifting a burden from the shoulders of childkind that he imparts to the world his message.

Now, in the first place, never start to prepare for an examination until the

night before. To do so would put you into the student class. This imputation is to be avoided. Furthermore, never pick out a nice quiet spot. A girl singing ragtime is a much better accompaniment than the ticking of a clock. When you have fulfilled these two conditions, study. Study until father puts the cat out and prepares for bed, study until the cook's heat leaves, study until your head is almost ready to burst. Then stagger to bed. Next morning you will go to your examination with a nice large headache. Now, take the examination and above all be calm. When the teacher tells you your mark next day you may be greatly surprised at the result of your work. Believe in me and all may yet be well.

RUSSEL H. PETERS.

FOILED AGAIN!

A BRIEF DRAMA.

Time: Any time.

Place: A stony cavern, with moisture-laden walls, dimly lit by a lantern in center of floor. Rats crawl over the floor. To the left is a beautiful maiden, with hair disheveled, and clothing torn, bound to a rude chair. To the right, a handsome youth lies on the floor, his hands and feet bound. In the center, facing maiden with back to youth, stands a dark, handsome villain with pointed moustache, wearing silk hat, dress suit, and opera cape flung gracefully back over left shoulder. He smiles triumphantly at the shuddering maiden.

Villain: Ha, proud beauty, at last thou art in my power—thou and thy lover. Now wilt thou be mine, or shall I summon you underlings who lurk without (Points to left) waiting to do my bidding, to tear thy hero piecemeal? (Taps floor impatiently with patent leather-clad toe.)

Youth: Dog! Fiend! You have me now, but with my dying breath I will breathe imprecations on your unholy head! May you receive your just reward!

Villain (Smiling disdainfully): Decide, or, gadzooks, it will go hard with him!

Maiden: Oh, cruel man! Hast thou no heart, no pity for a maiden in distress? Alas! Alas! My fate is sealed! (She sobs bitterly.)

(While she speaks, a rat gnaws in two the rope around the youth's extended hands. He quietly unties his feet, while the villain smiles coldly at the maiden.)

Villain (To maiden): Ah, fair one, do you submit at last? Ha, have my dreams been realized?

Youth (Leaping up and seizing villain by the neck): Revenge! Revenge! Die, dog, die the death! Nevermore shall thou cause the innocent to suffer!

Villain (Staggering and choking): C-c-curses! Foiled again!

Villain expires with convulsions. Youth unties maiden. She struggles to her feet.

Maiden: Algernon!

Youth: Isabelle!

They embrace.

CURTAIN.

SQUIBS



TALIAFERRO

ADVICE.

Don't be a round peg in a square hole.
Be an all around peg and fit any hole.

Teacher: "What made Vulcan lame?"
Pupil: Oh, he slipped on a thunder-peal."

Notice: 'The above doesn't appeal to me.

HOW THEY MADE THEIR MONEY.

The Horticulturist: By grafting it.
The Druggist: By sponging it.
The Iron Smelter: By "steeling" it.
The Tailor: By in-vest-ing it.
The Shepherd: By crooking it.
The Life Saver: By saving it.
The Potter: By "earning" it.
The Scissors Man: By sheer grind.
The Barber: By in-hair-iting it.
Brother William: By Will-power.
Little Percy: By perseverance.

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

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

"Did you ever dream of being a pirate, when you were a boy?"

"Oh, yes. Isn't it queer. Now I'm in the prosaic business of managing an automobile repair shop."

"Umph! You didn't miss it so far."

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

ANNOYING.

Sunday Golfer: "Something has put me off my game this morning, caddie."

"It's them church bells, mister; they hadn't ought to be allowed."

NOTICE.

This joke is written by a Freshman. He made it up all by himself, too.

Question: "When is an Englishman a German?"

Answer: "When he's a-tootin'. (Teuton)."

Cameras and Supplies. "Haines."

—?—

May: "What would you do, if you were in my shoes?" asked May of Lulu, after the former had made a social blunder at tea.

Lulu: "Why, I'd get them about two sizes smaller."

SELF-EXPLAINED.

For Sale— Pair of bronch horses; good weight, sound, broken. Owner in

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

GOOD HEAD.

Father (going to whip son): "Now, James, you know this hurts me worse than it does you."

Son: "I know, pa, but I wouldn't hurt myself too much. It isn't worth while."

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

A full line of Penslar Family Remedies. "Haines."

He: "I have just finished the *Inferno*."

She: "How did you like it?"

He: "Oh, fine and Dante." hospital.

Say, folks //

Our nearest drug store is on the corner of 17th and Douglas Sts. We go right by there every afternoon.

They have the finest line of Candies in Omaha, and dainty lunches at the soda fountain.

This is Omaha's prettiest drug store.

Yates Drug Stores

17th & Douglas
Phone Doug. 4185

16th & Chicago
Phone D. 747

NOT HIS FAULT.

Mistress: "Mary, your young man has such an air of braggadocio about him."

Mary: "Yis, pore lad, he worruks in a livery stable."—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern*.

Special—Folding pocket books and card cases, 48 cents. "Haines."

HOW ABOUT IT, JAY?

Wiley: "I just put my hand on a hot iron. What shall I do?"

Cunningham: "Read Carlyle's *Essay on Burns*."

!!!!

"He calls his verses 'Snatches of Song,'"

"He's right; he stole most of them."

100 Cards Your Name and Address Printed. Lithotype **35c**
Script or Text, Postpaid, United States or Canada, Cash or Stamps with order. Wedding Stationery, 10c for Samples. **LYTHOTYPE CO.**
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Fine Chocolates

EXPERIENCE TELLS.

Son: "Teacher says that *collect* means the same as *congregate*."

His father (the minister): That may be, my son, but there is a vast difference between a *congregation* and a *collection*."

Woodward's 1915 Special Assortment Up to Date Chocolates

REALLY FUNNY!

"She says I am dull."

"You should crack a few jokes occasionally. Ask her to marry you, or something like that."

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

Teacher; "Name the zones."
Jean K.: "Torrid, temperate, frigid, postal and war."

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(Continued from Page 24)
OMAHA, 6; HARLAN, 12.

The Second team had as hard luck as the First team on October 30th, when they went down beneath Harlan's attack. Taylor for the Second's made the star run of the game, making fifty yards and putting the ball near enough to send it over for a touch-down. Harlan made their touch-downs in the second and fourth quarters. For Harlan, Shipp, Lowe, Miller and Spence were good, both in offense and defense. McFarland, Taylor and Cohan were the most prominent for Omaha.


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