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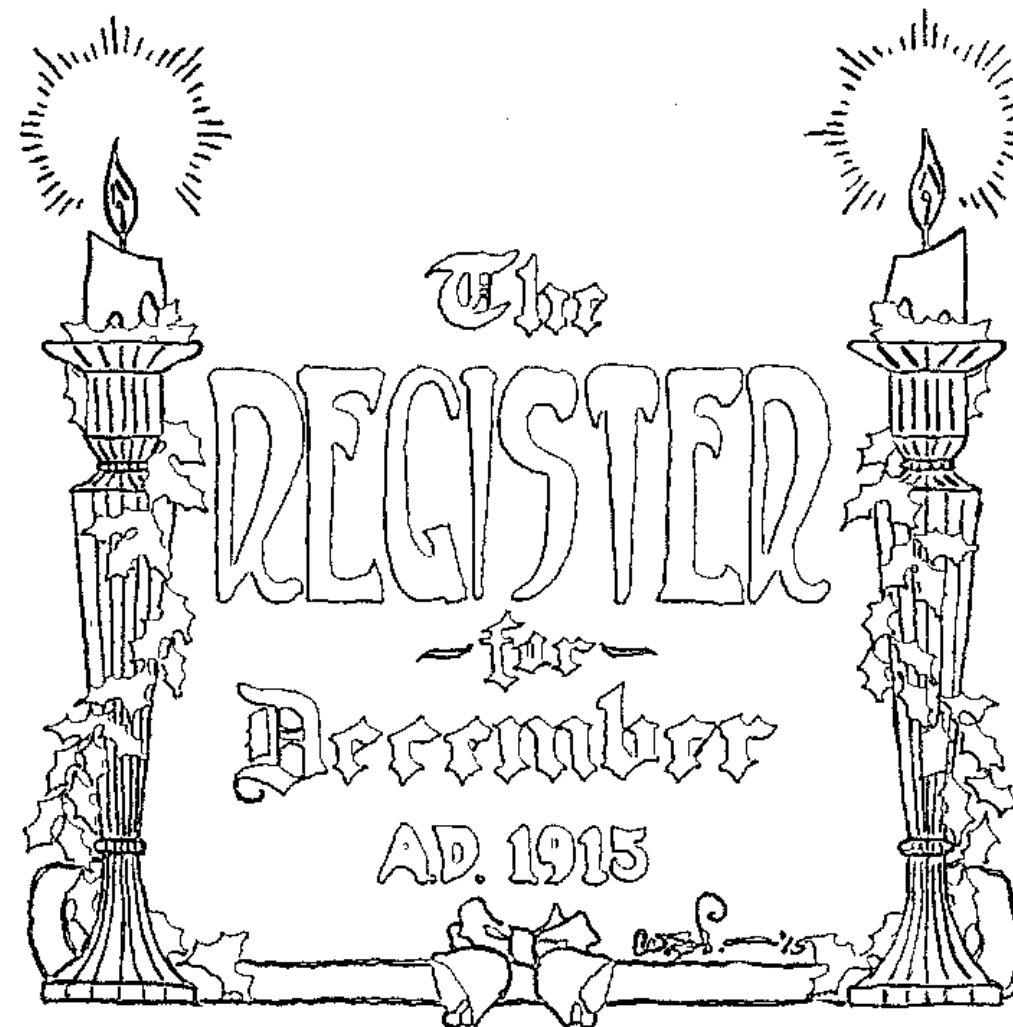
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The Register

1915



1916

Dec. 1915

Volume Thirty

Number Four

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The Register, Omaha

Published Monthly From September to June by Students of the Omaha High School

JOHN E. SUNDERLAND
Editor

[Entered at the Omaha Postoffice]
as second-class matter

PHILIP THOMAS
Business Mgr.

VOL. XXX OMAHA, DECEMBER, 1915 NUMBER 4

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Subscription Price..... Per Year, Fifty Cents; Per Copy, Ten Cents

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The **Register**



Volume XXX OMAHA, NEB., DECEMBER, 1915 Number 4

Elvira's Christmas Present

"Please, ma'am, where might I set my bag?"
 Miss Barnes turned and saw, standing beside her, a queer little figure. The little girl had on a little straw hat with a solitary red rose wagging back and forth on it like a beckoning finger; a hat so small that it was set high on the top of her head above the thin little face with its great frightened dark eyes, square determined chin, and old, old, expression. Her gray flannel dress was so tight that every angle of her spare little body was emphasized. Her stockings had once been white and she wore boy's shoes. In her hand she carried an old fashioned carpet bag with an elaborate pattern of blue roses on a yellow ground on each side of it.
 "What is your name?" asked Miss Barnes, for the child seemed to have lost her tongue.
 "Elvira Shoone," she answered, but volunteered no further information.
 Miss Barnes consulted the list in her hand, but did not find the name on it. It was opening day at the big mountain school and every one was too tired and too busy attending to those who had come on the night train to pay attention to little girls who neither were expected nor knew what to do. Miss Barnes pointed to a place out of every one's way and told the little girl to wait.
 About an hour later, when tired, Miss Barnes came back upstairs to go to her room, she saw the quaint little figure still sitting very straight in the chair to which she had been directed, though the eyes were heavy with weariness. Miss Barnes, though conscience-stricken, knew it was too late to do anything about the little girl then; so, remembering the couch in her room, she took Elvira with her. The carpet bag yielded forth two more gray flannel dresses precisely like the first, two more pairs of heavy, white, knitted stockings, one change of underwear, a comb, but no night dress. Miss Barnes, rebelling at the thought of climbing the stairs again, wrapped Elvira in a dressing gown of her own. The brown eyes opened in wonder at the strange garment, but Elvira said nothing as she was tucked into bed.
 The next morning Miss Barnes took her to Miss Briggs, the matron, and told of her arrival. The matron took Elvira on her lap.
 "How old are you, dear?" she asked.
 "Ten, ma'am."

"Where do you live?"

"Linville Falls, ma'am."

"Why did you come?"

"Pappy sent me."

"Why did he send you?"

Elvira seemed to consider this question unanswerable, nor would she give further information concerning her home life.

"Take her to Miss Fellows, and tell her to put the child in the third dormitory and give her the needed clothes from the reserve supply, Miss Barnes."

As they were leaving, Elvira gave Miss Briggs something which had passed Miss Barnes's notice. It was a soiled white rag in which a dollar and seventy-three cents had been carefully tied. Elvira seemed relieved at getting rid of it, but offered no explanation and showed no interest in its contents.

Many and varied were the problems attending the settling of the new pupils into the routine of school life. Many were homesick and many were rebellious. But the greatest problem of all was Elvira. She was unusually bright and usually did as she was told. She showed a passionate love for the babies in the orphanage connected with the school, and was much in demand to take care of them. She would have long periods of absolute silence and then would break into talkative fits, though no one ever heard her speak of her home life. But she persisted in going away. One could not call it running away, because she did not run in any sense of the word; she simply left. Each time she took the same road, and each time she was brought back she made no resistance, but her eyes grew a little sadder and more wistful, her tiny pinched face a little thinner, and her expression older.

On Thanksgiving day she took no part in the festivities and did not seem to care for dinner. The following morning Miss Fellows came to Miss Briggs.

"Elvira's gone again. She must have gone in the night, because she was here when the others went to bed. Her heavy things are here and it's too cold for her to be out with no wrap but that thin sweater!"

"Call Alphonso, and get me a horse and buggy," commanded Miss Briggs.

Two hours later Miss Briggs and Alphonso overtook Elvira, blue with cold, but trudging patiently up the mountain road to her home. Alphonso, the big, kind head boy, lifted her carefully into the buggy, Miss Briggs wrapped her in the big blanket she had brought for the purpose, and they drove home.

After Elvira was warmed and fed, Miss Briggs sent for her. She lifted the child on her lap and they both sat and looked at the fire.

Suddenly Elvira began to cry, not quietly, as she did everything else, but fiercely and angrily. It was the first time anyone had seen her cry and Miss Briggs was relieved at her showing at least one childish trait, but she waited for Elvira to speak.

At last she broke out, "I did it 'cause of Bud. Bud's my baby brother. Mammy died when Bud was born, and afore she did she made me promise to take keer o' him an' Pappy. An' I've tried. Bud's a'ys clean an' has enough to eat an' so does Pappy. Pappy's awful good to us 'ceptin' only when he's drunk, an' that ain't so often as most men. Most o' the men up our way gets drunk whenever their women gets mad at 'em or makes 'em mad. Pappy on'y gets drunk of Christmas an' Fourth o' July an' holidays like that. I tries not to rile 'im, so he won't do it other times. When he does get drunk, I jest gets the throwy things out o' the way, an' takes Bud out o' he way too, an' then when Pappy comes in, I jest coaxes him to bed an' he jest sleeps it off. Other times he's real good an' brings home all the money, an' all I have to do is to take keer o' Bud, an' keep him an' the house clean an' get good meals. Pappy jest loves Bud an' me like everything an' he's awful good to us."

"Everything was all right 'til one day Pappy come home an' said, 'Viry, you gotta go to school. Tom Salbage, he sent his kid an' he can't get ahead o' me. Sides yer mammy, she hed book larnin' an' she a'ys kinda hankered after sendin' you, but I never c'd see it and anyways I didn't see how I c'd send the on'y one off. But now I got Bud. He c'n stay at Mis' Tipps while I'm away an' I c'n fetch 'im nights.' I didn't want to come, an' I begged Pappy not to make me, but he was set on it so I had to. I wouldn't care so much 'ceptin' for Bud. Mis' Tipp's got an awful litter o' young 'uns an' they're a'ys dirtier 'n I ever let Bud get, even when he was a playin'. I jest know she'll let him go dirty an' Pappy ain't got time to clean 'im up. She'll give him plenty to eat 'cause she's good hearted, but it won't be good for him, 'cause I've seen what she gives her kids, an' Mammy told me what to feed 'im, an' he ain't big enough to eat everything. Mammy, she was a school teacher an' she knew jest everything, Pappy says. An', oh, I want to see 'em both so bad and I know they want me!"

Elvira lapsed into silence again. Miss Briggs was glad she had spoken, for several problems were straightened out by her speech.

"Never mind," she said, "I'll write to your father about Bud, and just as soon as there's a vacancy, we'll have Bud come down to the orphanage. There's no room now, but Tommy Fisher will be six soon and then he'll come over here, and Bud can take his place."

Elvira seemed somewhat comforted. "Pappy, he can't read, but maybe he'll find someone that can."

Time went on toward Christmas. Though Elvira did not try to run away again, she was more silent than before and plainly was not happy. Miss Briggs was worried and feared for her health.

Early Christmas morning someone came to Miss Briggs and said that a man wanted to see her. She went to the door and saw a man standing there with a basket in his hand.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"I'm 'Viry Shoone's daddy," he said, "an' I got your letter. I had to wait fer the preacher to come to read it to me. I'm sorry she ain't happy as I 'loud I'd fetch her sumpin' fer a Christmas gif.' No, I won't see her. I might not be able to leave her stay, an' her mammy aly's wanted 'er to larn."

He handed her the basket which he carried, turned, and left. He lifted his hat as he went, a courtesy which is seldom seen among these primitive people. The teachings of his dead wife evidently clung to him.

Miss Briggs watched him, with tears in her eyes, as he went up the road. Although he could not have been more than thirty-five, his step was that of an old man and his head was bent at a discouraged angle. He passed out of sight and she turned into the house.

When Elvira came down to breakfast she watched the unloading of the big Christmas tree with listless interest and paid little attention to her share of its burden. After breakfast Miss Briggs, thinking it better that she be alone, called Elvira to her room, told her of her father's visit, and gave her the basket. Elvira snatched off the paper and found disclosed a fat, exceedingly dirty baby about two years old, lying asleep.

"Oh, Bud," she cried and kissed him awake.

Suddenly she began to cry, half joyously, half angrily. "I jest knowed Mis' Tipps wouldn't keep him clean, I jest knowed it!" MARION BOOTH, '17.

HIGH FLOWN

Jill: "Do you believe marriages are made in heaven?"

The war aviator is not too proud to fight, but he is usually above fighting.

Jack: "Probably. Heaven only knows why some are made."



CLASS ELECTIONS

Class elections for members of the Student Council came off last week. The teachers nominated half and the students half in the three upper classes.

Jean Kennedy and Russell Funkhouser were elected by the teachers as members of the Council from the Freshman class.

The Seniors elected Mary Doud, Jean Landale, Katherine Simmons, Jessie Tennant, Thompson Wakeley, Robert Drake, Michael Goldsmith and Ralph Powell.

The Juniors elected Evelyn Douglass, Dorothy Hitchen, Margaret McWilliams, Robert Booth, Dwight Higbee and Earl Lowe.

The Sophomores elected Barton Kuhns, Katherine Goss, Robert Buckingham and Colinetta Lear.

At the last Senior meeting President Fullaway announced the Senior Council for this year. The members are Helen Beisel, Martha Gyger, John Morris, Lucile Hoel, Mary Doud, Margaret Howes, Gertrude Mattson, Margaret Wright, Mildred Rhoades, Elizabeth Burnett, Doris Berry, Thompson Wakeley, Eugene Neville, John Sunderland, Brooks Vance, Harold Hudspeth, John Taliaferro, John Crowley, Clarence Buffett and Wilbur Fullaway.

A good number of colonial newspapers, with special news of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, were cleverly edited by students in Miss Davies' American History classes. Cartoonists showed their skill on the same subject. Just stop in 315 some time when you're up on the third floor and examine these productions. But they didn't stop at newspapers and cartoons. They worked out a photo-play in class! When will it be at the Hipp, Miss Davies?

Aboard the peace ship, "Oscar II," is Miss Helen Keller, the wonderful deaf and blind girl. On her return from the peace journey with Henry Ford, Miss Keller will be in Omaha to lecture at the Boyd theater. In connection with her coming, a movement is on foot in the school to familiarize the children with the wonderful accomplishments of Miss Keller in her misfortune.

The usual Thanksgiving offering, taken up Wednesday before Thanksgiving, amounted to \$121. Not so bad, after all, say we!

Lyman Phillips is recovering from a case of appendicitis. No complications followed the operation, and the patient is doing finely.

Fred Curtis, one of our energetic cheer leaders, has been suffering a great deal in the last couple of weeks from car trouble. He will probably have to leave Omaha and go to a warmer climate during the winter months.

A monograph entitled "Raising the Standard of Reading" has just been printed for the Omaha Public Library by the courtesy of Mr. C. N. Dietz. It will prove most interesting to High School pupils, both because it is the work of our librarian, Miss Shields, and also because it contains much that we need to know, attractively presented. Two other leaflets, one by Miss Shields and one by Miss Towne, previously published under the same auspices, give valuable suggestions on reading. We recommend these especially to those upper classmen, who, realizing that the time for reading grows less as life goes on, wish to know how to use the time at their disposal best.

Mona Cowell, '10, Vassar, '15, Gladys Shamp, '14, and Ruth Trimble, '14, are studying freshman law at Creighton. Make way for the girls!

Four girls from Miss Fry's Junior English classes visited the Dreibus candy factory November 29th. Every detail of candy making was explained to them. The girls say that the visit is well worth while.

On November 23rd, eight pupils from the Junior English classes visited the Omaha Weather Bureau.

Edward Baumann, '14, and Spencer Flint, '15, are members of the *Awigwan* staff in the capacity of circulation manager and advertising manager, respectively. Good enough, boys!

Do you cut across the court? I believe you do, for it's a long, long way around those halls. Well, then, you probably noticed that the center of the court was torn up for a few days last week. Our fountain is at last materializing! Next spring after the grass is green and the flower beds and flower boxes get a good start, won't we have a sure 'nough beauty spot though! We might very appropriately call it the "Fountain of Learning." P. S. (to Freshmen only)—This is neither a drinking fountain nor a soda fountain.

Miss Gross visited the University of Chicago about Thanksgiving time. During her absence Miss MacIntosh took her classes to the laundry.

Brooker T. Washington, distinguished American and able educator, passed away on November 14 at his home in Tuskegee, Ala. He was the founder and head of the Tuskegee Institute, a school whose purpose is the practical educating of the colored race.

Athletics gain their due representation of honorable names this season. Four sons or grandsons of former presidents of the United States are in either baseball or football this year and one of them is in both. Charlie Taft, son of former President Taft, is a member of the Yale varsity eleven and of his class nine. Newell Garfield, grandson of the late President Garfield, is on the Yale freshman nine, while Dick Cleveland is a member of the Princeton freshman football team. The fourth is Quentin Roosevelt, son of former President Roosevelt. Young Roosevelt is a member of the Harvard freshman football team.

There are upwards of 70,000 women undergraduates in American institutions of higher learning.

Mr. Carnegie will apparently fulfill his pledge to "die poor." At eighty years of age he has only \$20,000,000 left out of a fortune of some \$370,000,000 that for the most part has been given away.

Helen McCoy of the class of 1912 was awarded her "W" recently at Wellesley for running.

The *Immigrants of America Review* states that there are nearly 3,000,000 aliens in America who cannot speak English. To better this condition as much as possible, President Butler of Columbia recommends in his annual report that the university should attempt, through extension teaching, to provide a study of English for the adult aliens who intend to become naturalized citizens of the United States. Of the adult alien white person ten years of age and over, of which there are 12,944,529, but 436,745 attend school in any way, shape or manner. Thus it will be seen that the necessity for the education of these people is not only great, but almost imperative.

NEW REFERENCE BOOKS IN
THE LIBRARY

1. Grove: Dictionary of Music and Musicians. 5 Vol.
2. Champlin: Cyclopedia of Painters and Paintings. 4 Vol.
3. Encyclopedia Britannica. 29 Vol.
4. Warner: Library of the World's Best Literature. 46 Vol.
5. New International Encyclopedia. 1916. 16 Vol. issued.
6. Traill: Social England, 12 Vol.
7. Garnett and Gosse: Illustrated History of English Literature. 4 Vol.
8. Labberton's Historical Atlas.
9. Bartlett: Familiar Quotations.
10. Crobb: English Synonyms.
11. Brewer: The Reader's Handbook.
12. Brewer: Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.
13. Lippincott: Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary.
14. Bliss: New Encyclopedia of Social Reform.
15. Roget: Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases.
16. Century Cyclopedia of Names.
17. Cyclopedia of American Government. 3 Vol.
18. Hart: American History Told by Contemporaries. 4 Vol.
19. Hart: American Nation Series. 13 Vol.

Columbia University will be the largest university of the world the present year if she reaches her expected registration of 18,000 by next spring. The growth in members of this institution has been comparatively recent. In 1909 she had 8,400 students; in 1911, 10,350; in 1913, 13,600. There are many extensions and courses and a big summer school, but Columbia resident students outnumber those of any other university in the United States.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

Taking as her subject "Some Dramatic Themes," Miss Shields gave to the Drama League November 29th, a scholarly resume of the drama as an expression not only of national literature of temporary or local motive, but of recurring world themes.

SOCIETY

Miss Esther Graff entertained the Junior Bridge Club on Saturday afternoon, the 20th of November.

Miss Elizabeth Ferrigo and Miss Helen Sinclair entertained a number of Sioux City girls, who came down to attend the Omaha-Sioux City football game, at a week-end party. Miss Ferrigo entertained the girls at a luncheon and Miss Sinclair gave a dancing party in honor of the visitors.

Mr. Edward Chamberlain entertained eight couples at a dance at his home on Saturday, the 18th.

The Cheopian Club gave a large dance at the Hotel Rome on the 27th of November. A color scheme was carried out in gold and black, the club colors. There were many guests present from out of town. Over seventy couples were present.

Mr. Robert Wiley gave a small dance at his home in Dundee, November 26th.

On November 24th Douglas Dox entertained five couples at his home. They enjoyed the evening dancing.

On November 27th, Beatrice Montgomery gave an informal dancing party at her home.

December 3rd, Walter Guerkey entertained ten couples at an informal house dance.

Marion Booth entertained the Chi Kangs at her home on November 27th. Five alumnae, home for Thanksgiving, were able to attend.

Lucile Hoel gave an informal party for the Chi Kangs on December 9th at her home.

Helen Peycke entertained the Con Cuerdas at her home December 2nd.

The O Dix gave an Orpheum party November 26th.

There was a very delightful progressive dinner given by Martha Gyger, Esther Graff, Mildred Rhoades, Minna Stedinger, Myrne Gilchrist and Catherine Conrad on Hallowe'en.

Miss Ruth Weeks was given a surprise party at her home by a number of Central and Commercial High School friends.



An Age of Preparedness

All about us today we are hearing opinions as to the relative preparedness, resources, and efficiency of nations. It is only natural that a student, or anyone approaching maturity, take cognizance of the bearing of these conditions on the destinies of nations and of groups, whether there result a stronger, happier national existence for millions of people or a crushing of their personal and political ideals. Yet through all this disquieting and puzzling discussion, there runs, as an important factor in the outcome, the vital question of preparedness.

Is this great essential in national life any more important than preparedness in an individual—preparedness for whatever may come before him as he enters into and takes his grip on the real and vital problems in life which are before him? When preparedness in morals, in physical up-building, in mental development, in ability to construct and control, is developed in youth, the effect is found not only in the greater life of the man but also in the stronger up-building of the nation. Thus this general and unwieldy idea finds its concrete form in the solution of the personal problem before every student.

No national preparedness can be developed which is not worked out by men who are themselves prepared. No man in business, professional or political life is "prepared" who did not commence as a youth or as a student to prepare himself. This preparation may have been done unconsciously, yet it was accomplished. It was then the seeds were sown and the foundation laid. "Fortune knocks but once at our door." We must accordingly prepare to grasp and hold this great chance. Therefore, let us in our generation take unto ourselves this question of preparedness, which has been brought up by the war, and apply it to the biggest question before us—the solution of our own problems. Certainly this is the biggest job that our age presents to us and it should keep us indeed quite busy. Nobody can substitute for us. This is each one's work.

Now, it is in the school that preparedness can be started, that its early value may be learned. Fortune here presents itself to us for us to do with it what we may wish. Yet, can we afford to ignore it and wait until later to grasp it? Why take chances on the future. Certainly if we do not grasp things now we will not do so in college or business life. Not one man in a hundred thousand was a sloth in his youth and up-building, and then a success in later life. Perhaps we have not thought much about this application in our school work, yet this expression "preparedness" which the war has brought up as a national question is after all not a big, vague, inexplicable problem to us—it is a very simple yet mighty and solemn personal, most personal matter to us right here in Omaha High.

T. M. W., '16.



Football

OMAHA, 7

NORTH PLATTE, 48

When Omaha went to North Platte on November 13th, she met her Waterloo. The defeat was much worse than that received at the hands of the Lincoln team. North Platte was on her toes from the first whistle until the last minute of play. Omaha's line seemed to have more of a tendency to break than to hold throughout the game. North Platte was outweighed by two pounds, but her speed, coupled with hard line plunging and fine interference, gave her the edge on Omaha. The North Platte team consisted mainly of Cool and Bogue. Cool was the star of the game, making three touchdowns after runs of sixty, forty and fifty-five yards. Morearty almost eclipsed Cool's work when he came to, from a knockout, and on the next play intercepted a forward pass and ran thirty-five yards for Omaha's lone score. Beard, Reese and Nichols also played good games. Christ and Kelly of North Platte made holes through Omaha's line and Cool did the rest. The lineup:

Omaha.	North Platte.
NewtonL. E.Overman
CrowleyL. T.Baker
Reese (c.).....L. G.Crook
BeardC.Calhoun
KroghR. G.Hood
PaynterR. T.Bogue
SmithR. E.Thompson
NicholsQ.Jones
PetersonL. H.(c.) Cool
MoreartyR. H.Christ
LoganF. B.Kelly

OMAHA, 0,

SIoux CITY, 7

On November 19th we played and were defeated by the Sioux City team.

In the first quarter the playing was mostly in Omaha's territory, but Sioux City couldn't quite get away for a touchdown. The quarter ended with the ball on Omaha's twenty-five yard line.

On the second play in the second quarter Montgomery slipped across for six points. He kicked goal. Sioux City failed to score on a drop kick and Omaha started the ball from her twenty yard line. After two first downs had been made the whistle blew.

In the second half Chick took Nichols' place at quarter and started some aerial work. The ball went to the twelve yard line with four downs to make goal, and it sure looked bright for O. H. S. Hard luck in general came right here. On the first play Krogh felt strong and threw the ball over Chick's head and ten yards were lost. Then a fumble on the next play cost three more yards. A pass failed and Sioux City intercepted the next one attempted.

In the last quarter nothing of any consequence happened.

The absence of "Fos" right toe and "Mory," with all his good qualities, seems to be the best excuse to offer for the licking.

For Omaha, Smith was there and over in every play. Daugherty on the other end and Grove at tackle played fine games. The lineup:

Omaha.	Sioux City.
SmithR. E.Menefee
GroveR. T.Jones
PaynterR. G.Jacobsen
KroghC.Kountze
MasonL. G.Hansen
CrowleyL. T.McCormick
DaughertyL. E.Herrig
NicholsQ.Montgomery
LoganL. H.Gates
PetersonF. B.Hinkley
WeirichR. H.Regal
Substitutes: Neville for Nichols;	
Nichols for Peterson; Brogan for	
Paynter.	

OMAHA, 14;

GRAND ISLAND, 6

The fact that we beat Grand Island on Thanksgiving will practically wipe away all memories of such games as Lincoln and North Platte. Grand Island had one of the best teams in the state, while Omaha supposedly had a very weak one. Grand Island did have a good team, but look at the score.

During the entire first quarter the ball was in Omaha's territory, but our team was playing the last game of the

season and seven men were playing their last game for Omaha. Consequently Grand Island met with difficulties in a great many ways.

In the second quarter Grand Island slipped by with a pass while one of our worthy ends was wiping some dust out of his eyes. Goal was missed. Grand Island soon got back in Omaha's territory and tried a drop kick, but missed it. Here's a sample of the kind of luck we have had throughout this season. On this drop kick the ball lit on about the ten yard line and started to roll. If it had rolled over the goal line it would have been Omaha's ball on the twenty yard line, but it rolled within six inches of the goal and stopped. "Foo" booted the ball towards the center of the field and the half ended 6 to 0 in favor of Grand Island.

Omaha started putting on more steam in the third quarter, all "eleven cylinders" working nicely, but Omaha wasn't quite ready to score.

Wilbur started the last quarter by kicking the ball the entire length of the field (he had some wind with him). Then came one of the neatest passes seen this season. Mory started running the instant Beard passed the ball. When it looked like two Grand Island men had Weirich cinched, zip! The ball went thirty yards right into Mory's arms and he traveled between the goal posts. "Foo" kicked goal. Chick now started a little playing on his own hook. He carried the ball fifteen yards the first shot with hardly any interference. On the next play he went ten yards for a touchdown. Goal was kicked and THE game of the season ended.

Morearty played a fine game in every way. Down in the middle of the line "Daddy" Beard played the best game at center seen at Rourke Park this fall. Chick Neville played the game of his life at quarter. It was his last game in high school, and Omaha loses a quarter back who uses his head at all times. If Fullaway and Nichols had been off the lineup an-

other story might have been told. Last but far from least are Smith and Weirich, who did their share toward making the game a success. The lineup:

Omaha.	Grand Island.
Smith R. E. Krebs	Grove R. T. Buechler
Paynter R. G. Buettner	Beard C. Heyde
Krogh L. G. Dempsey	Crowley L. T. (c.) Scott
Nichols L. E. Jones	Neville Q. Brown
Weirich R. H. Elgleman	Fullaway F. B. Davies
Morearty L. H. Kaufman	Substitutes: Petersen for Smith;
Cohan for Paynter; Logan for Mor-	earty; MacFarland for Nichols.
Touchdowns: Jones, Morearty, Ne-	ville. Goals: Fullaway (2).

THE HONOR ROLL

Seventeen football "O's" are to be awarded this season. The honor men are:

Herbert Reese, Captain
Paul Beard
Clayton Nichols
Eugene Neville
Charles Morearty
Wilbur Fullaway
Arnold Krogh
Harold Grove
Floyd Paynter
John Crowley
Albert Newton
Leonard Weirich
Thurston Logan
Clyde Smith
John Peterson
Edward Daugherty
Russell Mason.

Basket Ball

Basket ball is the next athletic attraction. About twenty men responded to the first call for candidates and a successful season is in sight. Captain Paynter is the only first team man back, but some of last year's subs are expected to make good.

Carlton ("Bones") Swiler has been elected basket ball manager.

SCHEDULE

The schedule for the basket ball season up to date is as follows:

Jan. 7—Council Bluffs at Council Bluffs.
Jan. 15—Lincoln at Omaha.
Jan. 22—Open.
Jan. 29—Beatrice at Omaha.
Feb. 4—Sioux City at Omaha.
Feb. 11—University Place at University Place.
Feb. 12—Kansas City at Omaha.
Feb. 19—Lincoln at Lincoln.
Feb. 25—Sioux City at Sioux City.
Feb. 26—Council Bluffs at Omaha.
March 4—St. Joseph at Omaha.
March 9-11—Tournament at Lincoln.

LATIN SOCIETY

Owing to various mishaps the list of officers of the Latin Society has not yet appeared in the Register. Sol Rosenblatt fills the office of president most creditably. Evelyn Douglass, as vice president, has not yet had an opportunity to show her ability as an executive, owing to the president's constant attendance. The secretary's place is well filled by Reed Zimmerman. Besides these three, Jean Landale is treasurer, John Taliaferro and Ann Axtel are sergeants-at-arms, while Cornelia Cockrell is reporter.

The last meeting, on December 1st, was as interesting as our earlier meetings have been. Those taking part were the Girls' Glee Club, Stella Bessel, Catherine Goss, Ruth Alcorn, Annabel Douglass, Leita Twining and Eva Kornmayer.

~~Woodenware~~ "Billet Doux" Chocolates for Sentimental Occasions

I see Henry has quit making Fords. He's making peace treaties now. I'll bet this will be a run-a-bout.

What's the use of getting mad, if you can't run and you can't fight?

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



The regiment has been going very smoothly so far this year. Inside drill was ordered about the last of November, but the weather has been so fine that the outside drill has been continued.

A number of new promotions have been made. Among them is a new office which has just been created in our military department. This office is Captain and Aide. The duties of this Aide will be to keep a record of the scores of each company in the contest for the flag. The percentages of the companies are figured in the following manner:

Attendance	10%
Monthly inspections	10%
Monthly drills	30%
Lines in parades.....	10%
Streets at camp.....	%
Competitive drill	30%

The following are the new promotions:

From First Lieutenant and Adjutant, Second Battalion, to Captain and Aide, Michael Goldsmith.

From First Lieutenant, Company E, to First Lieutenant and Adjutant, Second Battalion, Franz Ramer.

From Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Third Battalion, to First Lieutenant, Company C, Robert Christie.

From Second Lieutenant, Company H, to Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Third Battalion, Waldemar Thomson.

From Private, Company H, to Second Lieutenant, Company H, Arthur Ringwalt.

From Sergeant, Company A, to Quartermaster Sergeant, Company A, Russell Brandt.

From Sergeant, Company B, to Quartermaster Sergeant, Company B, Frank Campbell.

From Sergeant, Company C, to Quartermaster Sergeant, Company C, Edwin Winterton.

From Sergeant, Company F, to Quartermaster Sergeant, Company D, Bernie Holmquist.

From Sergeant, Company E, to Quartermaster Sergeant, Company E, Clarence Moore.

From Sergeant, Company F, to Quartermaster Sergeant, Company F, Emerson Westgate.

From Sergeant, Company G, to Quartermaster Sergeant, Company G, Guy Goodrich.

From Sergeant, Company H, to Quartermaster Sergeant, Company H, Charles Hall.

From Sergeant, Company I, to Quartermaster Sergeant, Company I, Clyde Critchfield.

Transfers:

From First Lieutenant, Company C, to First Lieutenant, Company E, Raymond Strader.

From Sergeant, Company D, to Sergeant, Company F, Warren Egge.

The Collection Box

BOB, SON OF BATTLE

(By Alfred Ollivant)

"Bob, Son of Battle," by Alfred Ollivant, is very interesting. It is the best dog story that I have ever read. Any one who has ever owned a good dog can appreciate the story of the dog, Bob. The characterization of his master, James Moore, as a silent, proud, just Englishman, is very good. In fact, all the characters in the book are written up so vividly that you can almost see them.

The story of the two outcasts, Mr. M'Adam, a cruel, sarcastic, little Scotchman, and his dog, Red Wull, is very interesting and pathetic. Red Wull cares for nobody but his master, and his master loves no one but his dog, not even his own son, David. The father misunderstands David and is cruel to him, while David hates his father. The contrast between Mr. M'Adam's treatment of his son and of his dog is very striking. Although you do not like Mr. M'Adam because of his mean disposition, the author makes you feel sorry for him and admire him for his affection for his dog.

The whole countryside is stirred up over the killing of many sheep by an unknown sheep dog, called the Black Killer, who goes around to the different flocks at night and kills the sheep. The only two flocks untouched by the Black Killer are Mr. M'Adam's and James Moore's—so the identity of the Black Killer lies between Bob, the pride of the country, and Red Wull. The plot is very skulfully worked out and certainly keeps you in suspense, as one minute you declare that the Black Killer is Bob, although you do

not want it to be, and the next minute you are just as certain it is Red Wull.

The climax and outcome are very dramatic. The climax comes on a dark, stormy night, and proves that the Black Killer is Red Wull and not Bob, as the incidents just before the climax lead you to believe. Red Wull is killed in a fight the next day and his master dies, too.

The love story of David and Maggie Moore adds an interest to the book. The only criticism I can make of the book is that you cannot tell where the story is laid. Although the names of the towns are Scottish, the principal characters speak of themselves as Englishmen. The story is rather pathetic in some parts, too.

—Helen Gwin, '18.

OLIVER TWIST

(By Charles Dickens)

Taken all together, I believe I enjoyed "Oliver Twist" as much as any book I ever read. The characters are in every case true to life with the possible exception of Monks and Oliver. Monks' hatred for Oliver seems to be overdrawn. On the other hand, Oliver seems too emotional to me. Every harsh word and every kind look towards him is sufficient to send him into a spasm of tears.

Rose, I liked very well. Her kindness to others seemed almost super-human in several instances. Of course, I was interested in Fagin's influence over others. Weak in body, Fagin caused many to work for him, even though they rebelled against him. His conversations with Sikes were studies.

The brute force and stubbornness of Sikes pitted against the craft and cunning of the Jew made a superb contest of wills. For Sikes I felt no pity at all, as he deserved everything that happened to him. I liked the Artful Dodger very much, and I think that under desirable surroundings he would have been a fine boy. I felt sorry for Nancy. Her love for Sikes seemed unnatural to me, and I was disappointed when she passed up Rose's offer to become a respectable person.

I was much amused at the beadle and the airs he assumed. The fear and awe in which he was held by the paupers gave me an idea as to the pauper situation in England. This I believe is the purpose of the book. The awful conditions under which the paupers live is graphically described. If Dickens' book did not better their condition in England, then the minds of the richer class must be unassailable indeed.

The plot is quite melodramatic. The cursing and reckless actions of the several villains are most exciting. The thread of the plot is easily followed by the reader, and the mystery as to who Oliver really is, is cleverly worked out.

Another part of the story which I enjoyed very much was the titles of the chapters. As to the style of writing, it exceeded any hopes I had, even after hearing so much about this wonderful author. The traces of dry humor found intermingled with the pathos of the story are especially enjoyable.

REX ELWOOD, '18.

WHAT IS IT?

A large room flooded with light and warmth it is. The walls are lined with books of all kinds and descriptions. Cabinets and boxes are filled with clippings of the most interesting kind. Everything is convenient and ready to inform the busy and to save time and energy for our hurried minds and hands. There are rows of tables flanked by comfortable chairs. Many are filled with absorbed workers, but others stand empty, a welcome in themselves to those who pass by. Books and

magazines may be read there or taken out without the bother of individual cards. References of countless kinds may be had merely for the asking. If you cannot find just what you need there is always a willing hand there to assist you. What is this place of great accommodations which welcomes all alike? What is it? Go down to the east hall and enter the door to your right and find out.

—K. Ohman.

HOLIDAY JOYS

Come, Holidays, and bring with thee
Joy and Fun and Pleasures free,
Sports and Laughter, Jests and Mirth,
Story-telling 'round the hearth,
Roasting nuts and popping corn—
Care and worry loathed with scorn—
Coasting down some crystal hill,
Shouting till the echoes shrill;
Then again we glance and glide
O'er some brook or river wide;
Now come tramping home thru' snow,
Laughing, joking, as we go
Over hills and on through woods,
Muffled well in caps and hoods;
Knowing that at home there waits
Warmth, pleasure and heaped-up
plates.

Stories—then a song we sing,
Loud and clear our voices ring;
Finally to bed we creep,
Lulled by snowy gusts to sleep.

—Harriet Berry, '16.

THE BROKEN VASE

(Translated from the French by Mercedes Shepard)

The vase in which now slowly die
Verbenas bright and blushing,
Unheard, unseen, was broken by
A gay fan lightly brushing.

So slight a bruise unnoticed lay,
But slowly, surely, climbing,
Crept onward, further day by day
Around the vase entwining.

And thus the water, drop by drop,
Escapes, while none suspect it;
But hanging wilted o'er the top,
The dying flowers reflect it.

It is the same with dearest friends,
Whom oft some thoughtless saying,
Regardless of the heart it rends,
Doth wound, love's sweetness slaying.

The same before the world, that heart
Weeps without sign or token;
But surely, deeply leaves a mark
Which grows. That heart is broken.

THE NIGHT WIND

What tales you tell, Oh, night-wind,
bard,

When singing there your song;
You breathe of life, of love, or strife,
'Till fancy's borne along.

When snarling discord from the north
Smites down, with winter's weight;
Your songs disclose vast frigid snows,
Like wastes of frozen hate.

If from the east you harshly shout,
Where swells the moon-drawn tide;
I hear a dirge from wind-lashed surge,
Where threatened vessels ride.

Or, cooing softly from the south,
A kiss from arching palm—
From cocoa grove and sun-warmed
cove,
Comes to my soul a balm.

When from the west you sweetly
bring,
High over the mountains tall,
The rich perfume of orange bloom,
Romances, tender, call.

Tell me, Oh, night-wind versatile,
Tell me your stories o'er;
Oh, bard, sing on, again sing on,
And singing, tell me more.
Edwin Hart Jenks, Jr.

HOW TO RUN FOR AN OFFICE

Although a previous article of mine
was greeted with derision by my
friends, nevertheless here is another on
"How to Run for an Office." For any
necessary experience along this line,
please see Mr. Philip Thomas.

In the first place, before you ever
decide to run for an office, see about
these few little points:

1. Is the office easy?
2. Is there a whole lot of glory in it?
3. Are your chances of being elected pretty good?

If these requisites are fulfilled, go ahead and may the student body have mercy on you. After you have decided to throw your hat into the great political ring, make the fact known. Hire a brass band if necessary. I did. Then canvass. Rush madly around, asking all the pretty girls for votes. Make yourself seem as important as you really are not. Talk in a loud voice. Make a lot of promises. Get up and make a speech. Do anything to make yourself appear as the One and Only for the place. The result is wonderful. On election day you hang around the ballot box. You are assured of a large lead until the last five minutes. Then you aren't. When it's all over and you've heard your father's "I told you so," smile heroically, and say, "I didn't want the old job anyway."

Believe in me and all will be well.
Yours in misfortune,
RUSSELL H. PETERS.

! ——— !

Brutus: "How many oysters did you eat, Caesar?"

Caesar: "Et tu, Brute."

Teacher: "Jim, tell me what the four seasons are."

Jim: "Pepper, salt, mustard and vinegar."

OUCH!

Clergyman: "What brought you to prison, my friend?"

Prisoner: "Two constables, sir."

Clergyman: "Yes, but I mean did intemperance have anything to do with it?"

Prisoner: "Yes, sir; they were both drunk."

"Hould on!" cried Pat as he ran after the train; "hould on, ye murtherin' ould stame engine—ye've got a passenger on board what's left behind."

VACATION HINTS

It's time for vacation, our work is all done,
So slam shut the locker, prepare for some fun.
But what'll we do? Oh, nix on that stuff!
Go ask the others, they'll tell you enough.

There's crazy Swede Henderson, what will he do?
No lessons to get, can't start nothin' new;
You'll sure hear from him, for all through the night
He'll yell his yells till his biter won't bite.

And Chuck Morearty, what'll he do, who knows?
Sit home by the fireside a-warming his toes?
No, don't you think it; he'll go to some dance,
Attend his frat meetings, and skate on his (trousers).

Then little Paul Beard, with the nice fuzzy top
Of pretty brown hair, quite a beautiful crop.
Oh, off he'll go bunting, and all the game bring
Back to his mother, the dear little thing.

Then a look at Paul's opp'site, Doc Vance, let us take;
A good Mutt and Jeffff would he and Beard make;
For Doc is all size, and Beard is quite small.
Doc'll go skatin', and in he won't fall.

And Fuzzy Macfarland, the cute little boy,
Old Santa will surely bring him a nice toy;
He'll prob'ly go coastin' and slide down a hill,
And jump up a-laughin' after every bad spill.

Besides numerous others we'll not stop to name,
There's Lieutenant Colonel Wakeley of regiment fame;
He'll find plenty to cat, remember ye that,
And when he returns, My! won't he be fat!

And so here's so-long, we'll all see you later,
And when we return, we'll all be much greater.
So if you're in doubt as to spending your time,
You'll find some suggestions in this little rhyme.

—Dwigbee.

Ike: "Are you superstitious?"
Mike: "Not a bit."
Ike: "Then lend me \$13.00."

Frank: "So your son's in college. Burning the midnight oil I supopse."
Ernest: "Well, er-er, suppose I think it's gasoline."

GOT HIM.

He (as team goes by): "Look! There goes Ruggles, the halfback. He'll soon be our best man."
She: "Oh, Jack! This is so sudden."

She: "Do you truthfully like my hat?"
He: "Truthfully?"
She: "Well, er—Do you like my hat?"

Skip: "Couldn't you tell me what kind of work my son is suited for?"
Hop: "He might make good as stage manager in a moving picture show."

IN THE SWIM

The goldfish thinks nothing of swimming around the globe.

Rix: "I don't see why they call it a normal school."
Rox: "Why not?"
Rix: "Ever see the products?"

Organizations



LAMRON SOCIETY

The Lamron members are very enthusiastic workers. The programs are excellently prepared. Beside the literary education promoted by the society, there are many helpful suggestions that will be exceedingly valuable in future work. The program cards are especially attractive. Many unique ideas have been carried out by the artists. Interesting plans are being developed for the meeting to be held before the Christmas holidays. This organization needs no boosting. It has spirit. It is growing.

THE ART SOCIETY

The Art Society met November 24th in Room 131. The following program on Japanese Art was given:

Cherry Blossoms—Colinetta Lear.
China and Pottery—Maybelle Holtz.
Textiles—Frances Axtell.
Birds—Carolyn Miller.

PRISCILLA ALDEN SOCIETY

The P. A. S. met in Room 141 December 3rd. One of the most enjoyable numbers on the program was the duet by Nola Brand, who plays the guitar, and her sister, Beulah, who plays the mandolin. A poem was read by Dorothy Sherret, and a story by Charlene Johnson. Each girl wrote her name and pinned it on her and then they all tried to see how many names they could write in one minute. Cornelia Cockrell and Edna Bridges tied and got the first pieces of candy out of the boxes. Margaret Fyfe made a very good suggestion for Christmas, giving the P. A. S. a fine opportunity to show the true Christmas spirit. All the girls agreed that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

WEBSTER DEBATING SOCIETY

The Webster Debating Society held a short, snappy meeting Friday, December 3rd. The program was even better than usual and all who took part in it had their parts well prepared. Mr. L. Peacock gave a complete description of the sights one could see at the San Francisco exposition. Mrs. C. A. Cairns proved to be an artist when it came to giving short readings. Her actions and words were so genuine that she had the entire audience laughing and weeping at different times. Mr. Klein and Mr. Clark closed the meeting with a spirited debate on the question, "Resolved, That fire is more destructive than water."

ELAINE SOCIETY

The Elaine Society met in Room 325 Friday, December 3rd. A delightful program was given. The society teachers, Miss Kiewit Smith were present.

MARGARET FULLER SOCIETY

The members of the Margaret Fuller Society held an interesting meeting December 3rd in Room 235. Winifred Travis afforded much amusement by two recitations which she gave. The members of the society were then introduced to "Cate," who gave every one a good time. (She is only a game.) A novel idea was suggested and approved by all members, which will bring some Christmas cheer to the hearts of some needy little folks. At the last meeting before vacation we are going to dress dolls and give them to a charitable institution.

We wish a very Merry Christmas to all from the basement to the gym.

BROWNING SOCIETY

On Friday, December 3rd, the Browning Society met in Room 149.

Dorothy Edwards read the oracle, and an interesting program was given, with Lucile Hoel, the president, in charge.

ATHENIAN DEBATING SOCIETY

On November 17, 1915, the constitution was read and discussed. A very good program was given.

On December 3, 1915, at a regular meeting, the constitution was voted on. Some new points are: The president must be a Senior, and the election of officers shall be held every school term.

GIRLS' BOOSTER CLUB

The Girls' Booster Club met in Room 225 on November 15th to elect a vice president and reporter for the club. Lorena Travis was elected vice president and Annabel Douglass reporter. A Boosters' Glee Club has been formed which sang at a recent mass meeting and which will sing at different times during the year.

DEMOSTHENIAN DEBATING SOCIETY

At the last meeting of the D. D. S. an extra fine program was presented. A hot debate, followed by an extemporaneous one participated in by the members, was given by Charles Feldman and Clarence Hicksen, on the subject of the near and far side stops of street cars.

A special meeting will be held on Tuesday, December 14th, concerning the banquet. All members are urged to attend.

LININGER TRAVEL CLUB

The name, "Lininger Travel Club," has come to mean an organization of girls who are interested not only in elevating and improving themselves, but in caring for others, so that they may get a chance at life's opportunities. The Lininger has been doing work which people may judge to be above their power to accomplish. But many thankful hearts stand proof to the success of this work. When

Thanksgiving approached, do you suppose the Lininger girls wasted the time for their meeting in joking and eating fudge? Not much. Sewing machines hummed busily and nimble fingers flew, turning out piles of things needed by the Visiting Nurses' Association. The Association appreciated the girls' work so greatly that it held a lovely reception for them in their rooms.

Here is some more good work which the L. T. C. girls did. In person they delivered Thanksgiving baskets filled with the most delicious eats to gladden the hearts of fellow beings.

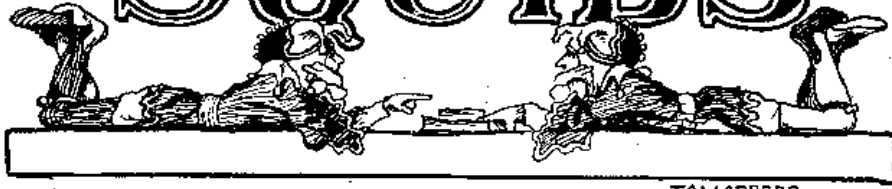
Now please don't think that the Lininger Travel Club is neglecting its literary and musical purpose. Any one who attended their program in the auditorium can well say that their artistic work is not being neglected.

You may see from this that the L. T. C. is not a one-sided affair, but is a thoroughly all-around society to which every girl can be proud to say she belongs.

L. D. C.

Girls! Where are your eyes and ears? Have you not heard of the L. D. C.? If you haven't heard it so called, you have heard of the Girls' Debating Society. But that's not its name. The L. D. C. is a debating society all right, and in name at least it can beat the boys all to pieces. Have you got any spunk? If you have you'll become an active member of the L. D. C. "What's its name?" do you ask. That's part of what you still have to learn. There's lots you still have to learn, girls. This you can guess, but you can't guess how to become a clear thinker, a well-informed girl, and a composed, confident speaker. These things, however, you can learn easily by becoming a member of the L. D. C. We mean business! If you don't think so, that's because you missed the heated discussion on the subject, "Resolved, That educational institutions be abolished." Get busy and guess what the society's name is. When you guess it that alone will be an incentive to join. Please guess quickly.

SQUIBS



TALIAFERRO

HABITUAL

Wife: "Do you know you're getting handsome?"

Husband: "Yes, it's a way I have when it gets anywhere near your birthday."

Teacher: "What is a geyser?"

Willie: "A Kaiser is a disturbance of the earth's surface."

Teacher: "What is the term 'etc.' used for?"

Willie: "To make people believe we know more than we do."

EXCUSED

She: "Didn't I hear you swear while in the dentist's chair?"

He: "Yes, you did. The dentist put a dam in my mouth."

—?—

Country school teacher: "You notice that boy who stands at the foot of his class? Well, last summer he was the brightest boy in school."

Committeeman: "He is now. I notice the foot of the class is nearest the stove."

Mother: "Ethel, you must swat the fly. Flies carry typhoid fever."

Ethel: "Will typhoid fever kill any one who gets it?"

Mother: "Certainly."

Ethel: "Then why doesn't it kill the fly?"

LARGE DOSE

Oswald: "My love for you is like the deep blue sea—"

Clarissa: "And I take it with the corresponding amount of salt."

FOOLISH

A. X.: "What is the masculine of widow?"

Z. Y.: "Bachelor."

NUF CED

Miss Copeland: "Are your sentences correct?"

D. D.: "Yes, ma'am. I think so, for Alex's were all right."

He: "If I tried to kiss you would you call for help?"

She: "Would you need it?"

ALL ABOARD

Smith: "I hear a boarder jumped his board down at your place yesterday, Joe."

Joe: "Don't you believe it. That was only a roomer."

BRIGIT!

Miss Sullivan: "What was Shakespeare's mother's name?"

B. B.: "Mrs. Shakespeare."

'TRUE!

"Do cigarettes hurt a boy's brains?"
"Oh, no! Boys with brains don't smoke them."

HE WHO HESITATES IS LOST

Jack: "She said I might kiss her on either cheek."

Bill: "What did you do?"

Jack: "I hesitated a long time between them."

Pupil in Algebra: "I took out the brackets, parentheses and suspenders—oh, I mean braces."

"Our Drug Store"

is showing some of the nicest selections of Xmas presents in this man's town.

Prices are very reasonable and students are always met there with a glad hand welcome.

All our students know every one connected with

Yates Drug Stores

17th & Douglas
Phone Doug. 4185

16th & Chicago
Phone D. 747

Hen: "Say, Pa Rooster, I want you to punish our Willie. He's so dissatisfied—says his feathers are all down on him."

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

REMARKS!

1. When in doubt—don't.
2. Talk is cheap, and woman loves a bargain.
3. A level-headed man is merely one who agrees with us.
4. If you watch the clock most of the time you will always be one of the "hands."

Biff: "If a chicken eats lime and lays eggs, what will she lay if she eats tacks?"

Bing: "I don't know, but I guess she'd lay a carpet."

He: "What are the five senses?"

It: "A jitney."

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

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Leave it to her
and you'll buy

Woodwards

Fine Chocolates

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

SONG OF FOOTBALL

(Sung by a Chinaman)

Singee songee football,
Gettee blackee eye,
Dozen two time bloody nose,
Clothesee all awry,
When him homee night ride,
Beardee feelee bing;
Himee talkee naughty words,
Publish not a thing!
Chickee inee lockee loom
Jabbels signals muchee;
Chuckcee inee wooly robe
Groance awflee funnee.
Wellich shakee leggee,
Hurtee worsee nose;
Coachee yellee orders,
Standee once toes.

—Dwigbee.

SPECIAL—Folding pocketbooks and card cases, 48 cents. "Haines."

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Woman's Exchange

All kinds of Needlework
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Baby Article
Slippers
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Towels
Hand-painted China
Home made Candy, Cakes, Mince Meat,
Jellies, etc.

318 S. 18th Tel. Douglas 4113

The Best of all the
Indoor Sports

Eating

Woodwards

Fine Chocolates

FRANCES WILLARD

The Frances Willard Society plans to have some very interesting programs this winter and would like to have all members be present at the next meeting. Every member is requested to bring a present costing not over five cents. Come and find out what we'll do with the presents.

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

Defendant: "Justice! Justice! I demand justice."

Judge: "Silence! The defendant will please remember he's in a court room."

"Come right in Sambo; you know a barking dog never bites."

"Yassah, but I doan know when he's gwine tu stop barkin'."

A DRAMA

Time—11:55.

Belated Hubby: "My, but it's close tonight."

Wife: "Close to night! You mean close to morning."

Clock: "Tick! tick! tick! tick!"

Curtain.

A DRY REMARK

Raised on a bottle and finished up on a bier.

All the new and pretty perfumes. "Haines."

Woodwards 1915 Special Assortment
Up to Date Chocolates

Leschetizky Method

Jean Gilbert Jones

Piano

Davidge Block

1804 Farnam Street

HIKING CLUB

An important meeting of the Hiking Club was held on Friday, November 19th. It was decided that during the winter months it would be more enjoyable to skate than to hike. The club will skate each week as soon as the ice is solid enough.

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

PUN!

"What brought you to house-breaking, my man?"

"Lost my job as baseball pitcher."

"Well, you were foolish for going into burglary if you are poor at locating the plate."

Buyer: "I want a loaf of bread."

Seller: "White or graham?"

Buyer: "Doesn't matter; it's for a blind man."

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

Donnie's Father: "Do you know where boys go when they smoke?"

Donnie: "Sure; up the alley."

Cameras and supplies. "Haines."

We have a classy assortment of
O. H. S. pins in

Sterling Silver at 50c

See our O. H. S. STERLING
SEAL RINGS and BLOCK O
WATCH FOBS.

They are worth while

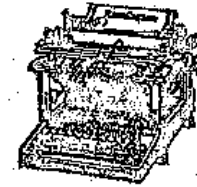
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club and class pins. We
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guaranteed

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