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The

REGISTER



Omaha
High
School.

SEPTEMBER
1916

Vol. XXXI
No. 1

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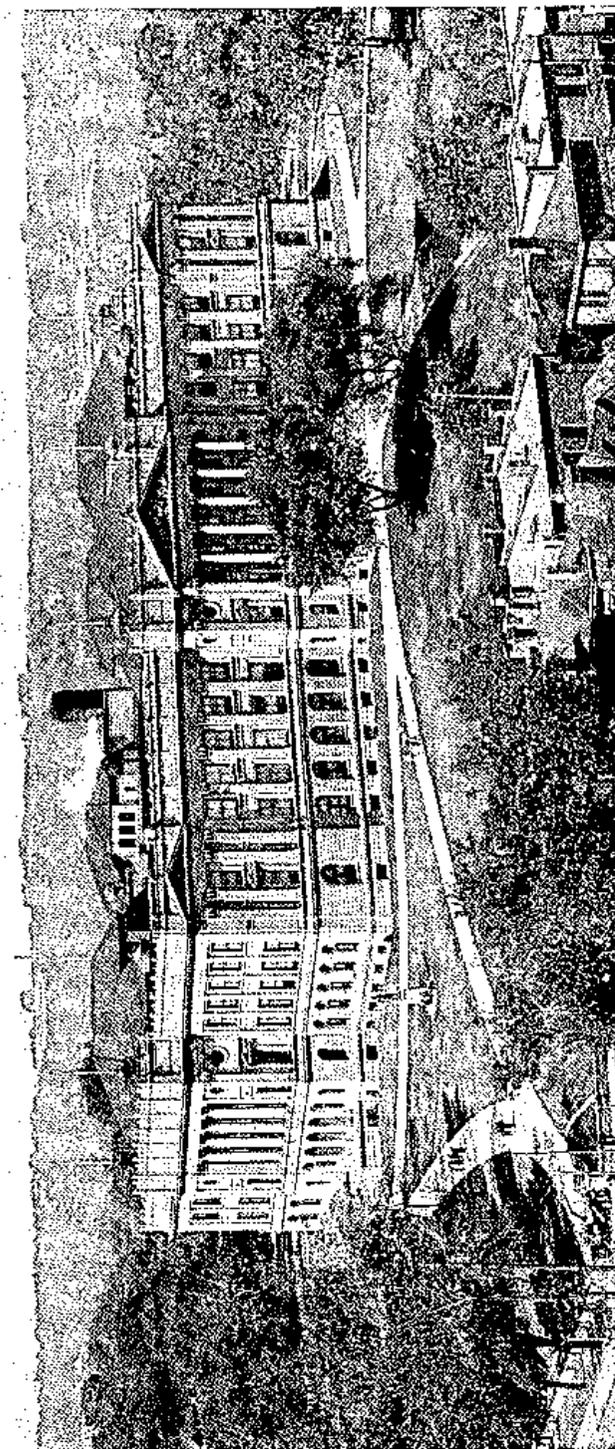
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Sixteenth and Howard Sts.

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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

DWIGHT HIGBEE
Editor-in-Chief

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THE REGISTER

Vol. XXXI

OMAHA, NEB., SEPTEMBER, 1916

Number 1



Over two weeks have gone and what have we done? A clean sheet awaited us this fall and what sort of heading have we placed upon it? A good beginning? We'll say so. At least some of us believe we can say that, but not all. We can remember in vacation time when we were away on our trip. We found we had no spare time on our hands—used to hate to sleep. We'd get up early just to make the day longer. And at home in the city—well, we never finished all those things we planned to do. We were too busy having a good time. Looking back we might say we almost worked having a good time. And at night? 'Tired! Yea, bo! And still going. But how about school? Have we been working so hard to make a good showing? Again we say some of us have and some of us have not. Remember playing tennis? We fought like troopers for every little point and when we ran up a deuce set we sure threw her in high to make the two successive games. Why not apply the same principle to competition in high school? Why let the other fellow beat you? Oh, yes, he may be bright and stand in with the teacher, but why shouldn't you just as well? If we should say you had no brains—well, sometimes discretion is the better part of valor. And we've found pull in the O. H. S. isn't near what it's cracked up to be. We dislike to think that what we have we got by pull. We've also found one can just as well stand in with the faculty as another. After all they're a pretty fair lot. Anyway we've seen their fairness proved more times than one. Why not you? Throw yourself into your work and make it a love set with all love games. That "C," if you just place the ball right, will become an "A." And you'll be surprised how easy it is. Last year we got an "A"—and say, it's lots easier than you'd suppose. All those "A" students have their haloes fastened to the back of their collars—just look and see. Then you'll see it's no trick to wear one. Get in the game. The harder you work, the better your grades will be.

The Humorous Side of High School Life

"A WORD TO 'THE WISE."

OLIVER WENDELL SHAKESPEARE.

School gets its price for what school
gives us;
The student is taxed for a locker to
live in,
The man has his fee who opens it for
us,
We bargain for the food we live on;
At the teacher's desk are all grades
sold,
Each little mark costs its work untold;

For an "A" or a "B" our lives we
pay,
Lessons we get with a whole soul's
tasking;
'Tis zero alone that is given away,
'Tis only "D" may be had for the
asking;
No price is paid by the lazy luffer;
A "D" may be had by the greatest
bluffer.

The subject given us has as many various sides as has a diamond facets. This test itself is one of the humorous events of a day. Although to some the humor may not be so readily apparent, to me the idea of expecting a group of carefree and thoughtless high school pupils (I almost said students) to appreciate and notice the humor rather than just the fun in life is a rather sly poke at our powers of observation and appreciation.

One particular kind of humor in a high school is the hazing of freshmen. In our high school this is generally confined to signs on the blackboards advising the freshmen to take the elevator to their class rooms and perform other stunts of a like nature. The elevator joke has rather gone out of style because we now have, and have had for more than a year, an elevator for the use of the teachers only. While the witty upper classmen had no elevator at all, they were very fond of this trick, but when they got an elevator which might serve as a decoy, they abandoned the joke. There is no explaining the vagaries of school boys (and girls). Another very humorous occurrence is the use by a boy of the girls' stairway. Of course it is not very laughable to that particular boy, but the rest enjoy it, so why care?

But really, there is a great deal of the right kind of humor in our school. Perhaps we are more fortunate in our faculty than most schools are, although I hope not, but there are very few teachers here who refuse to laugh with the pupils at a joke, provided the joke is good and the laugh is not a horse laugh. Quite frequently students (or pupils) say very funny things without any intention of saying them, but a great many of the funny sayings ascribed to pupils did not originate with those pupils.

There is still another kind of humor which is discouraged in our school. That is rowdy humor. Although I hate to admit it, O. H. S., like all other schools, seems to have a slight sprinkling of this element, although it is not so prevalent as I have seen it elsewhere. One manifestation of this humor is the sewing of explosives throughout the halls so that the explosives will be stepped on and set off. This humor is only a model kind of humor, being, as Webster defines model, a small imitation of the real thing.

So, in high school life, there seem to be three kinds of humor, the humor which most of the pupils enjoy at the expense of a few, the humor which a few of the pupils enjoy at the expense

of all the rest, and the best kind, that which all the pupils and teachers enjoy together.

EDWIN M. CLARK.

Sometimes when we play a game, it is a good thing to stop for a while and watch the rest of the players, their movements, and the different phases of the sport. So, in our High School life, it is not a bad thing to step aside and watch its phases, its critical points and its players. Stand off from life—that is it, for after all, the spectators derive as much amusement and profit as the players themselves derive. Now when I speak of the humorous side of High School life, I don't mean the casual jokes one has with one's locker-mate, the trick someone plays on the study room teacher, the facetious remarks of some boy who is extremely clever, or the hundred and one little incidents that provoke a laugh. What I take as humorous is perhaps a little different from the view taken by most people. To me, all the teachers are "funny," not because of some physical eccentricity, but because of all their inmost characteristics which are continually bobbing up. This one has a tendency to use slang or to put a slangish ending on words. She "loves" algebra, and thinks Cicero "lots of fun." Another delights one by her subtle way of setting traps for indolent pupils. She has also certain set terms of speech and a habit of asking sly questions. She interests me greatly by her tendency to use counters, which no doubt she has picked up from some book.

The pupils are no less interesting than the teachers. Here is a boy who gets up every morning at six o'clock to study. He works after school, and besides is a wonderful scholar. Yet he has an indolent turn of mind in spite of his erudition in Latin syntax. He has an unquenchable love for baseball, and knows his batting averages well. Here is an-

other who plays football, is an athlete, "fusses" at night, and scrapes through in his lessons somehow, just so he finally passes. I know all his tones of voice and subterfuges, and have derived much from him.

So you see there are lots of things that have humor in them if you look for it. But all this I have been writing about is life—a very vital part of life. If we would only get the habit of standing off from life, how much pleasure we would find in it. Let us forget a personal but secret animosity for such a teacher or pupil; and let us find, however impassive the individual is, his or her character and interest in life. That is humor, and that is philosophy—if you like such things. C. H., '17.

SENIORS.

It is rather a difficult matter to write anything about the class of 1917, because we have not had a chance, as Seniors, to do anything worth writing about. Of course, everyone knows all about our record as underclassmen; so that shuts out any chance to write about our glorious past. Therefore, this article must be on our future as the first class of a school of almost two thousand pupils. Judging by the way that Lieutenant Colonel Nicholson started the regiment out, this ought to be the greatest year in the history of the regiment, because drill started half a week earlier than ever before, and every day counts at a time when the regiment is preparing to look its best for the Ak-Sar-Ben parade.

One of the chief among our celebrities is Football Captain Morearty, the greatest star since the days of "Dutch" Platz. With Charlie leading and with Daugherty, Phillips and other able men to help out, O. H. S. should have a great year on the grid-iron. Besides the men mentioned, John Peterson, last year's sub-fullback, ought to be holding down a regular position on the first team. In basket-

ball we have Eugene Maxwell and in baseball, Hazen and Carson. Then, too, Morcarty again appears as the greatest track athlete O. H. S. has ever turned out. In addition to all these men of valor we have a little girl who in some ways surpasses them all. This last is Madeline Cohn, who regularly gets her six A's every time the cards come out. Besides these many stars, the class of 1917 has also the necessary number of those steady people who go to make a well-balanced class and who keep up the good average sometimes spoiled by a few too easy-going loiterers. B. H., '17.

JUNIORS

It hardly seems possible that two whole years have gone by since we started in as the proverbially green freshmen; yet here we are in goodly numbers, 372 of us, starting our third year of good hard work.

Freshmen, sophomores, seniors, watch us. You can tell us. We are that fine looking, well balanced, intelligent appearing crowd that everyone, from the freshest freshman to the wisest senior, has noticed.

Watch us in the halls; see if we aren't just as good as we look. Watch us in the REGISTER; we'll shine there. Watch us in athletics; there, we'll fairly glow. The Honor Roll will be fairly monopolized by Juniors—see if it isn't.

The Junior class is going to do things this year. Of course we do not mean to be boastful, but we feel that we must make it plain to all that the class of '18' was, is, and ever more shall be the finest class good old O. H. S. ever turned out of its classic doors.

W. T., '18.

SOPHOMORES.

We are certainly a very brilliant class. Yes, of course the O. H. S. Sophomores. In athletics, scholarship,

debating and energy we excel. We are found in all school activities.

Such famous athletes as Robert Downs, Joe McConney, Arno Harper, Dick Giller, Thaddeus Roundtree, Howard Turner and other skilled artists of the track, gridiron, or baseball diamond are Sophomores. Formidable teams in the future will be made up of material such as this.

The names on the honor rolls read like a directory of the Sophomore class.

In debating and dramatics the Sophomores will star this year.

The Regiment should be especially successful because of the large number of Sophomores. The individual medal was won by Walter White, a Sophomore. Who can assume a more attentive attitude (or cause more disturbances) than a wily Sophomore?

And yet, though so vitally interested in different activities, we find time to give necessary advice to freshmen, and have a little fun on the side. We are all glad we are Sophomores.

Who are the Sophomores? The bewitching maidens and handsome youths you see in the halls are Sophomores.

And so you find us, proud, wise, cunning and inimitable, yet human, Sophomores. A. H., '19.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

As in all the other schools of the city, the number of students registering at High School was unusually large. There was the usual number of Freshmen, about 425, registering. They are rapidly learning our ways, no longer bursting breathlessly into the wrong room, to their own embarrassment and the amusement of the knowing ones. However, they can still be identified by their occasional use of the wrong staircase, by their unseemly haste in getting from one class to the next, and by their overwhelming joy

(Continued on Page 15)

How Teddy Gained Supremacy

PAUL STUART SUTTON

Teddy was purchased for a thoroughbred fox terrier, and conveyed home on the street car in a large hat box with a hole, through which the newly purchased puppy continually poked his head and barked, to the immense amusement of the car occupants, and to our embarrassment. Within a month after the purchase, we commenced to doubt seriously as to the exact breed of the dog. He grew rapidly; great muscles appeared on the hind and fore legs, his bust measure steadily increased, and his neck rapidly outgrew each succeeding collar. His courage and ferocity increased, proportionately, with his physical growth. Although in the beginning of his glorious career he held himself aloof from the daily street fights of the dogs, he lost none of his dogly dignity thereby. He stalked proudly about the streets, growling fiercely at the approach of any dog, and fleeing from none. Several times he was attacked by a larger foe. Each time the intruder upon his privacy was met with a ferocious growl, the terrific impact of a small but powerful body against the attacker's breast, and the sharp pain of fangs sunk deep into the fat of the neck. In each case, the attack was not repeated, and Teddy apparently disdained to pursue the advantage gained. In the meantime, he grew steadily, acquiring a ferocious, deep, bass growl. No dog in the neighborhood possessed its equal in either volume or ferocity, and it soon became a distinguishing feature.

As a rule, fox terriers are very timid and frail. Teddy possessed none of these traits; and therefore could not have been a thoroughbred. Teddy, however, possessed the one favorable characteristic of the fox terrier—he was a perfect house dog. He had the utmost respect for all household ornaments, such as fringe on carpets, lace curtains, and tablecloths. He refrained from injuring any of them, touched no food not meant for him, and, as a whole, acted very dignified and restrained.

Perhaps the most striking of Teddy's traits was his devotion to the family. Despite his ferocity among dogs, at home Teddy was a very affectionate dog. Lincoln, then two years old, was the special object of his affection. Teddy immediately assumed the duties of guardian and seldom left his side. Several times his dignity must have received a severe shock upon being tumbled rather abusively about while undergoing some of Lincoln's well meant caresses. His devotion, however, never slackened, and, if that be possible, it increased.

Of all the dogs in the neighborhood, Dash was by far the most distinguished. He was a great mastiff of huge proportions, and a splendid example of dog perfection. Great muscles lined his entire body; his head was massive and held proudly back; his mouth was large, but so hidden by the huge overlapping, upper lip that, only when the dog snarled, was its hugeness and the shining rows of glistening white teeth fully shown. He was the property of an old English bachelor, and his sole duties were the guarding of his master's house. All night Dash kept a faithful and vigilant guard over his master's house; all day he roamed the streets, the recognized leader of the great number of dogs inhabiting the community.

Among dogs, scars serve the purpose of medals of bravery and honor; and Dash was surely well decorated. Each of his many scars represented a huge wound received in a great battle. According to the old English custom, Dash was fed nothing but raw meat. This nutriment, while greatly increasing his strength, efficiency as a watch dog, and ferocity among dogs, did not lessen cer-

tain of his good qualities. He, like Teddy, was a most popular dog with the children. While Teddy centered the greater part of his affections on Lincoln and the family alone, Dash had no such preferences. To him, all children were equally worthy of affection; and he showed no partiality. Among the older boys of the community, Dash came in for more than his share of popularity and admiration. They took pleasure in slowly going over the badly marred hide of the dog hero, carefully examining and commenting on each scar, and inventing possible stories as to the origin of each.

One sunny afternoon in May, Lincoln sat in his baby carriage, watching with interest a kite which sailed far in the distance; and Teddy, as was his custom, lay at the right side of the carriage, his paws crossed, and he vigilantly guarding the object of his affection. The carriage stood some distance from the house, but we felt no anxiety, as we trusted Teddy implicitly. At that moment, Dash came trotting proudly down the walk; and, seeing Lincoln, he wagged his tail friendly, and approached. Now if Teddy had been any other dog in the neighborhood, he would have dropped his tail in token of allegiance and said nothing. But Teddy, being of an independent nature, had remained from the sovereignty of Dash. He feared for Lincoln; and, seeing Lincoln receive the attentions of the strange dog not unwillingly, was very jealous. He leaped to his feet and growled savagely.

Dash, who had not recognized the real worth of Teddy, utterly ignored him and continued his attentions to Lincoln. Teddy growled again, even more savagely, and snarled threateningly. Dash, without turning his head, uttered a deep growl of warning, and recommenced to play. Teddy uttered a terrible growl and leaped, the air hissing with his snarl. Dash turned quickly, but too late! The full weight of the dog he had ignored struck fairly upon his side. He fell, and he, like certain other dogs of the neighborhood, felt the sharp fangs sunk to the gum.

But Teddy could bury his fangs but once. The agonizing pain quickly revived the larger dog; and, employing his great strength, he threw his smaller antagonist from him, leaped to his feet and attacked his opponent with even more than his usual ferocity and skill. Teddy, unable to withstand the great dog's fierce rushes, slowly gave way, growling terribly. He did not flee, or even attempt to retire from the fight, but merely retreated slowly, fighting fiercely, and meeting each rush of his great foe with astonishing skill and strength.

Now Dash, although a ferocious fighter, was not so to the point of cruelty. He had a very good sense of fairness; and, seeing that he far overmatched his opponent, grew less eager for the fight. He admired the smaller dog's bravery, his amazing strength, his astonishing skill as a fighter. There would be little honor in destroying this comparatively small, unknown dog; but yet, this same dog, being exceedingly brave, and a skillful fighter, would make a noble addition to his pack. Accordingly, the great dog determined to spare the life and honor of his smaller foe; and only to secure his submission, or at least his retirement from the fight.

But, when Dash seemed to relent slightly, and lessened the force of his rushes, Teddy quickly assumed the offensive, and even drove back his foe. Lincoln was now screaming with fright from the mere terribleness of the contest; and Teddy thought that he fought for Lincoln. He rushed at Dash with such force that the latter, losing his balance, was compelled for the moment to flee in order to escape the eager jaws of our dog. Dash, greatly angered at the insolence and ingratitude of his smaller opponent, and irritated by the soreness of the wound received in the beginning of the fray, abandoned his good intentions,

and determined upon the complete destruction of Teddy.

It was a terrible sight to see that great dog rush on Teddy, his eyes burning with a terrible hate, his great jaws, already bloody with the gore of our Teddy, hissing as the snarl passed through, his whole soul set upon Teddy's destruction. It would be very untrue to say here that Teddy withstood those fierce rushes. Such a thing was impossible! No dog could have done so! But yet Teddy did not flee, or even retire from the fight. He would have readily done so, had he not still feared for Lincoln. Unable even to meet his great foe's fierce rushes, he darted to and fro, aiming to remain by the carriage till he fell under the terrible, ripping jaws of Dash. He watched carefully for an attack upon the carriage, whereupon he intended to assume the offensive immediately, drive Dash off and die fighting. He knew not of the real gentleness of Dash, nor of his friendly intentions toward Lincoln. Nor did Dash know the cause of Teddy's persistence—what he deemed insolence and ingratitude, but what was in reality a noble devotion and heroism. Had the two but understood, how willingly they would have been reconciled! But they did not understand. Dogs are not blessed with the understanding of men.

And so the fight progressed. The great jaws of Dash now dripped with the blood of Teddy. The terrible strain soon had its effect—Teddy began to tire. Often, as Dash rested, Teddy escaped only sufficiently to save his body, and received great flesh wounds. But Teddy remained by the carriage, ever fearing for Lincoln, and caring little for himself. It was a noble sight to see the smaller dog steadfastly refuse to desert his ward.

But although Teddy suffered severe punishment from the jaws of Dash, Dash grew exasperated that he could not inflict a wound such as might prostrate his smaller enemy. His rushes grew frenzied, and their aim less sure. It became a matter of less difficulty to evade his dripping fangs. Teddy did not attempt to defend himself, but merely evaded the rushes of his foe. But once, after successfully evading an attack of Dash, even more frenzied than usual; he saw an opening. Gathering what remaining strength he could, he leaped; his eager jaws closed on the throat of Dash.

All depended upon that one venture. Should his strength fail him, and he release his hold, all further resistance would be useless. He would fall under the great gashing jaws, his body mangled and dishonored by the frenzied Dash. Teddy was not a bull dog, but under the circumstances, bull dog method, while very doubtful, offered his only chance. Dash raged up and down the grass, roaring, half from anger and half from pain, and shaking his head furiously, vainly endeavoring to unloose the tenacious grip; but Teddy, although whirled from his feet, retained his hold, and even buried his fangs the deeper.

Dash, his marvelous strength increased ten-fold by his frenzy and pain, rushed up and down the field, dragging with him the dog, who clung to his throat, and inflicting upon the dog's body such wounds as he could deal within the now limited scope of his jaws. But then there came a change. A great drowsiness slowly prevailed the spirit of Dash; his eyes suddenly grew dimmed by a great mist of blood, which passed over the surface; his body relaxed; and he fell unconscious, with his opponent still clinging to his throat.

Teddy released his hold; and, half rising to his feet, dragged himself, bloody but victorious, to the side of the carriage, where by his whining assurance he calmed the screaming Lincoln. He offered no sympathy to Dash, his conquered foe. It was not because he was cruel or unfeeling, but being a dog, he simply did not understand.

Soon Dash revived. He also half arose, and with a low growl, he dragged himself away—home to his master, the first time in his history, a beaten dog. Soon afterward, Dash sickened and died, not from his wounds, but from grief and mortification at the loss of his supremacy.

When Modern Methods Were Best

REX ELWOOD, '18.

Jed Brown reached the end of the corn row, and after lifting the shares of his walking cultivator from the ground, turned his team around to the next row. Before starting down the row, he paused to take a drink from the burlap-wrapped water-jug which was lying on the ground by a fence post.

The day was hot, very hot, and as Jed gazed down the road, his vision ended in a cloud of mingled dust and heat waves. A faint hot wind was blowing, and the dry corn stalks cracked against one another like the stiff leaves of a cottonwood tree.

Jed placed the jug back on the ground and wiped his dripping face with a red bandana handkerchief.

"Whew," he exclaimed, "this is the hottest for June I've ever seen. Another day and the corn will all be laid by, and I won't be sorry."

The cloud of dust in the road was drawing closer now, and Jed could make out the rig and driver.

"Harry Stonewall with another new riding cultivator," he spoke in a surprised tone. "That makes four. I wish pap would buy that kind," he thought wistfully. "With us it's nothing but walk, walk, walk, from one year's end to the other. I believe he'd buy walking hayrakes if he could find any."

Harry passed the place where Jed was standing and nodded cheerfully. Jed eyed the sparkling red and yellow plow with a longing gaze.

"Gee, a fellow could knock off ten acres a day and never notice it, with one of those things," he said to himself as he turned to his plowing. But he well knew the hopelessness of trying to make his father see things in that light. Jed had argued by the hour trying to persuade his father to buy riding tools, giving him hundreds of statistics about the time and labor saving value of these machines, but the arguments always ended in the same way.

"Walking tools were good enough for my father, an' I reckon they're good enough for me," the old man would say, and finally Jed gave up in despair.

So it was that, while on the farm across the way nothing but riding tools were used, the Browns walked while plowing, harrowing, discing and sweeping hay. And, strange to say, both farmers had prospered equally until the two men were now the richest in the country, but here the resemblance stopped.

Mr. Stonewall was generous and open-hearted, and spent money freely though not recklessly. He kept several driving horses in his stables and had recently bought himself a new automobile. His farming implements were all of the riding type, and the improvements on his farm models for that section of the country.

On the other hand, Jed's father "got along" with things as they were. He could "get along" with this binder and that gang plow for "one more year;" his barn would "get along" without that needed coat of paint for "just a little longer." The same principle applied to the windmill, his house and the fences. People marveled that the man made any money at all, but his bank account grew every harvest, while he himself, as Jed could testify, became more miserly with each coming winter.

In one other respect only were the two men alike. Each idolized his boy. But in what different ways! Mr. Stonewall in his big, free-minded way sacrificed and planned for the pleasures of his son. Mr. Brown loved Jed simply because in his old heart there was a vague longing for a warmer kind of love than that of

money, and Jed had become more and more dear to him as the years passed by until, although he did not realize the fact, he would have sacrificed even his money for Jed. And because he did not realize, he did not sacrifice. Jed had had little schooling, and his holidays were few and far between. Mr. Brown did not seek to tyrannize over Jed, but the natural order of his view of life did not bring schooling, or anything else that meant the expenditure of a few extra dollars, into the horizon.

Jed finished his day's plowing and turned his team toward the house, his feet dragging after each other as he trudged along behind the plow.

"I don't think I ever was so tired," he sighed. "Seems like the heat just shriveled a fellow right up."

After letting the horses drink at the watering trough he led them into the barn, where he unharnessed and fed them. Then he made his way into the house, where supper was on the table.

"Mighty hot to-day," he said in response to his father's greeting. "By the way, Stonewall has another new cultivator."

"Ridin, I s'pose," answered his father, disdainfully.

"Yes," replied Jed, "and just the kind ours ought to be. They cover on the average of an acre and a half a day more ground than we do. And say, dad, while we're on the subject of riding, why don't you buy a driving horse?"

Mr. Brown laid down his knife and fork on the table, and stared at his son in mingled horror and astonishment.

"Driving horse!" he finally gasped.

"Sure," replied Jed, easily. "Here you work all of your teams all day, then turn them into the pasture over night. You'd be in a fine scrape if you wanted to get anywhere in a hurry. It would take you two hours to catch a horse."

"My father just kept enough horses for his work, and I reckon that's enough for me."

"O, the dickens he did," replied Jed, rather wrathfully, and then seeing that nothing could be gained by talking, he left the house to do the chores.

Having turned the horses, of which there were six head, into the twenty-acre pasture, Jed sat down by the barn with the hired man.

"Been mighty hot," remarked one of them, by way of a preamble. "By the way, you'd better tell your dad to have a new pump put in that 'er windmill. She'll never last out through threshin' time."

"All right, I'll sound him when I go in," responded Jed, wearily. "Not much use, though, I don't s'pose."

Accordingly he spoke to his father as he was preparing to go to bed.

"Better have that pump fixed up, hadn't you, pap. Threshers 'll be here in three or four weeks."

Mr. Brown's reply was brief and to the point. "The 'ere pump has worked for seven years, and I reckon it'll work this year, too," he replied sourly, and Jed proceeded to bed.

The summer passed swiftly, the hay was put up, the threshers came and went, and incidentally the pump held out. But this was to be expected on the Brown farm. People said that if any one else let things go as did Mr. Brown, they wouldn't have a nickel inside of a year. However, his luck had always saved him, and now he would have thought it unjust if any of the common misfortunes which assail farmers had befallen him.

As the weather grew colder, there was less to do in the fields, and the time was spent in making repairs about the farm, which did not require much money.

Late one day in September, Jed was engaged in repairing some barbed wire fence. The wire was old and rotten, but Jed's father had "lowed it'd do one more year," and so Jed was making heroic efforts to construct a presentable looking fence with very poor material. The sun was sinking behind a hill, and as Jed had but one length of wire left, he was hurrying to finish before darkness should set in. He fastened one end of the wire to a post and carried the other end to the next post. Then he adjusted the wire-stretcher and started to pull the wire taut.

"Some wire," he commented, as he listened to it groan under the strain. "Just about one more pull is all it'll stand."

Suddenly, as he pulled, the wire snapped and came whirling through the air at him like a rifle bullet. Jed made an effort to get out of the way, but the wire struck him full across his bare arms, its sharp barbs tearing their way through his flesh and leaving two deep gashes four or five inches in length.

"Jee-rusalem!" shouted Jed, in a tone of fright and pain. "Me for the house."

Leaving his tools on the ground, he hurried towards the house, the blood spurting from his arms at every step.

"Hey, pap," he yelled, "come here."

His father came running to him, and together they finally bound up his arm and stopped the flow of blood. But though the arm stopped bleeding, it still burned and throbbed so that a short time after supper he retired.

After a long time he fell into a troubled doze. How long he slept, he could not tell, but he awoke suddenly, feeling that his arm was burning up. Groping his way to the dresser, he found a match and lit the lamp. His whole arm was swollen to twice its natural size, and the skin was tinged a dull green. The pain was excruciating, and it was with difficulty that he kept himself from crying aloud. He hurried into his father's room.

"O, pap, look here," he called, tottering weakly to the bed, and then as his father sat up, Jed sank in a heap on the floor.

Alarmed, his father sprang from the bed, and seizing the lamp, bent over the prostrate form. He rose in an instant, his face white with terror. Too many times on the battle field, for he had served in the Spanish-American war, had he seen the horrible effects of blood poisoning.

"Nels! Fred!" he called frantically to the hired men. Soon the men who slept in the attic appeared.

"We've got to get this boy to a doctor at once," he yelled, although the men were within two feet of him. "Hurry and get a team hitched—O, no, you can't. The horses are all out! What'll I do? Oh! my God!" and he fell back against the wall. Never before had his boy seemed so dear to him.

"Perhaps," remarked Nels, a slow and unexcitable Southerner, "Mr. Stonewall might—Fred, 'ave yo'all seen ma tobacco?" he interrupted himself, turning to his companion.

"Might what? You idiot!" screamed Mr. Brown.

"O," said Nels, a little upset by Mr. Brown's excited demeanor, "I reckon as how he might borrow us his chug-cart, ef we asked 'im."

"Of course, you blithering fool," shouted Mr. Brown. "Why didn't you say so before? Tell him I'll give him one hundred dollars—no, five hundred—if he'll come. If he won't come, steal a couple of his horses from the stable. I don't care if it costs me a thousand dollars to-morrow."

The man moved off at a slipshod gait, while Mr. Brown with the help of the

other man, wrapped Jed in a blanket and carried him out to the gate. In a short time the glare of headlights filled the road, and a big car drew up and stopped.

"In with him!" shouted Harry, who was driving.

They hoisted Jed into the car and Mr. Brown clambered in after him. Harry cut loose, and the eight miles to town were covered in less time than they have ever been traveled since.

"To Dr. Marshall, over the drug store!" yelled Mr. Brown.

Harry nodded and brought the car to a stop before a corner building on the main street. After much blowing of the Klaxon and kicking at the door of the store, they heard an upper window raised and the doctor put his head out.

"Who's there?" he called.

"It's Joe Brown," shouted the owner of that name. "We've got a bad case of blood poisoning here."

"All right. Be down in a minute."

A moment later the door was opened and they carried poor Jed inside and laid him on a bed. The doctor worked over him for a half hour, then finally raised his head and remarked to Mr. Brown:

"A bad case, bad case. In another ten minutes the boy would have been beyond aid. Better leave him here to-night," he added. "You can go to the hotel."

In the morning Mr. Brown hurried over to the drug store before breakfast.

"Yes, he's recovered consciousness," said the doctor, in reply to his questions. "Want to see him?"

Did he want to see him? Mr. Brown had never desired a thing so much in his life before. On tip-toe he followed the doctor into the sick room.

"Hello, pap," said the boy, on seeing his father.

"Hello, son," replied Mr. Brown, tremulously and with more than a suggestion of mistiness in his eyes. "You're going to get well, aren't you boy?" he said softly, taking Jed's one good hand in both of his. "An' goin' to school, an', Jed," he added, huskily, "get well real soon, so we can go an' look at them riding cultivators."

FRESHMAN CLASS

(Continued from Page 8)

at meeting anyone that they have ever seen before. We regret to note that the innocent confidence of many of the Freshmen has received a shattering blow. Campus badges sold well, and the flag fund grew rapidly with contributions from the generous freshies. It is rumored that some of the senior boys proved such good salesmen that they were able to lunch unusually well Friday.

Cheer up, fellow-freshies, a few weeks down here will do much to educate you in the ways of the world.

HELEN WINKLEMAN, '20.

THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

Although for these first weeks of school little has been heard about the Students' Association, within a week or two Mr. McMillan expects to start in full force. Since an extra good football schedule is provided, this year's list of members should be far larger than the lists of previous years. The association will be based upon the same plans as last year.

"Danny, dear," asked the Sunday school teacher of the inattentive Longwell, "what was the great Samson without his hair?"

"Bald," decided Danny dear.



MILITARY

With the exception of the fact that a few offices must be filled, the outlook for the regiment this year is very good. The first drill was held Thursday of the initial week of school. During this drill freshmen were assigned to their respective companies. The day's drill ran along very smoothly. The management of the companies is much the same as it was last year. Companies A and I on each end have the tallest men and Company E has the privilege of having the most diminutive ones. This brings the appearance of the regiment up to standard.

We are very fortunate in having Mr. Gulgard, who is closely connected with the school, as commandant. Mr. Gulgard has had a number of years' experience along military lines. He is planning on a big year and has begun with the idea of making the regiment perfect.

Both officers and privates appear to be willing to work and everything as a whole points to a "banner" regiment.

The commissioned officers are:

Lieutenant Colonel, Paul Nicholson.
 Captain and Adjutant, Clarence Dunham.

Captain and Quartermaster, Lawrence Ortman.

Captain and Commissary, Edward Winterton.

Captain and Ordnance, Robert Booth.

First Battalion.

Major, Owen Comp.

First Lieutenant and Adjutant, Daniel Klein.

Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Guy Goodrich.

Company A.

Captain, Lawrence Hogue.

First Lieutenant, Eugene Russom.
 Second Lieutenant, Hilbert Peterson.

Company B.

Captain, Charles Morearty.
 First Lieutenant, Sidney Robinson.
 Second Lieutenant, Abe Warshawsky.

Company C.

Captain, William M. Alley.
 First Lieutenant, Nels Nordquist.
 Second Lieutenant, Clifford Stuben.

Second Battalion.

Major, Ben Stern.
 First Lieutenant and Adjutant, James Williamson.
 Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Harry Hobson.

Company D.

Captain, Clarence More.
 First Lieutenant, Fred Berquist.
 Second Lieutenant, Howard Clark.

Company E.

Captain, Dwight Higbee.
 First Lieutenant, Jack Landale.
 Second Lieutenant, Charles Hall.

Company F.

Captain, Warren Ege.
 First Lieutenant, Pierce Rogers.
 Second Lieutenant, Abram Lack.

Third Battalion.

Major, Leonard Winterton.
 First Lieutenant and Adjutant, Emil Storz.

Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Richard Brady.

Company G.

Captain, Bernie Holmquist.
 First Lieutenant, Virgil Miller.
 Second Lieutenant, Elwin Winterton.

Company H.

Captain, William Boyer.
 First Lieutenant, John Sperry.

Second Lieutenant, Phinehas Wintroub.

Company I.

Captain, Frank Campbell.
 First Lieutenant, Andrew Wyman.
 Second Lieutenant, William Young.

Band.

Captain and Drum Major, Dwight A. Chase.

The enrollment this year has broken all previous records. Up to Wednesday, September 6, there were 849 boys enrolled against 823 last year, and 994 girls, against 973 last year. This makes a total of 1843 pupils, against 1796 last year. Before the year is up we may have 2000.

During registration week and the first week of school, medical inspection of all school pupils in the city was made. A very small per cent failed to pass this inspection. All who passed it were given small pink cards certifying that they had been inspected. Pupils were informed to write their names on the back of these cards and to carry them at all times.

Mr. Masters, Mr. Woolery and Mr. Cairns evidently believe in comfort first, for they were seen the first few days of school wearing very becoming ice cream suits.

One hundred and sixty-seven students, a large number of whom are from our High School, attended the University of Omaha Summer School this summer.

The new library which has been installed in 225 to take the place of the old study hall is a department in the school of which every pupil may well be proud. Besides the abundant space for tables, chairs and museum cases, there is an equally abundant space for the many volumes of books and pamphlets to be filed and still-room left for artistic decoration, such as pictures, busts of painters, musicians and dramatists, and other objects that

might be of interest to the pupils. The library, with its quiet, companionable atmosphere, with its especially fine opportunities for research work, and with the efficient service of Miss Shields, is a place that any student might form the habit of frequenting. Remember that your books are among your best friends and treat them as such.

Our new smoke tower, which is being erected on Twenty-second Street, will be 175 feet tall, with a base 28 feet, and will be constructed out of brick.

Our physics department is probably one of the finest in the country. Besides the great facilities for laboratory and class work we have a course in Physics III opened for students having completed Physics I and II. This course deals with practical engineering, which prepares you either to enter college or to start working in some plant where the principles of engineering are required. On account of the close connection between electricity and all branches of engineering, electricity is taken as the basis. The first week you learn the rigging, knotting and splicing of wires. After that you learn the application of magnetism to electrical machines. You also work on the magnetic circuits of an electro-magnet. You take the use of transformers and dynamos, you study the electrical theories and make coil calculations of various magnetic apparatus assembled. Besides these laboratory experiments you make inspection trips. This course is probably more interesting to the boys than to the girls, because the boys who take Physics III will probably follow some engineering course as their life work. Mr. Bexton is the instructor in this advanced branch of Physics.

Miss Jenkins, one of our new English teachers, was the principal of the high school in Britt, Ia. She attended Cornell College.

With the beginning of the new year we see many old teachers leaving and many new ones entering.

Miss Wiese, the new teacher of physics, is a graduate of the University of Nebraska. Previous to coming to Omaha High School, she taught in Tecumseh.

Miss Morrison, although having graduated from University of Nebraska in 1912 and having done graduate work in the University of Michigan, speaks a good word for colleges in the south. She has attended the Southern Undergraduate School, Randolph, Mason and also the University of Virginia. Miss Morrison teaches English.

Miss Esther Thomas, another teacher of English, comes from the University of Iowa, having graduated from there in 1912 and taken her master's degree in 1913.

Miss MacDonald has left O. H. S. to become the head of the English department at Commercial High School.

Mr. Myers takes the place of Mr. Claussen as the head of the writing department.

Mr. Stedinger is devoting his time to supervising German in the grade schools. Mr. Wediking, the new head of the German department, is a graduate of the University of Indiana. He has taught German in the high school of Indianapolis and also in the University of Nebraska. Here's to "The Gentleman from Indiana."

Miss Genevieve Clark is teaching German in Dundee school.

Miss Huse is another of last year's teachers who has left us.

Miss Field is a graduate of Nebraska Wesleyan. She received her A. M. last summer at the University of Nebraska. She has taught in the Falls City high school.

Miss Rough is a graduate of Wesleyan Nebraska, in the class of '13, and has taken up graduate work at

the Chicago University and Nebraska State University. For the past two years Miss Rough was principal of the Oakland High School.

Miss Parker, one of our new English and Ancient History teachers, attended the University of Nebraska this last year. Previous to that she taught at West Point and Pierce. Miss Parker states that she expects to like the work here very much.

Mr. Mulligan had a very enjoyable trip this summer. He visited Yellowstone, Seattle, San Francisco, Yosemite and many other points of interest in the west.

Miss Arnold is very optimistic over our musical prospects for the year. There are about thirty girls in the glee club now and the boy's glee club will be organized under the supervision of Miss Minick before the month is over. During the year the two clubs will be combined and they will sing together at different times as they did last year. We may expect some very fine singing this year.

Miss Elliott, our new American History teacher, received her A. B. and A. M. at the University of Nebraska. She taught in the high school at Bertrand. For the past two years she has taught in the South Side High School.

Courses in summer schools were taken by Madame Chatelaine at Wisconsin; Miss Stebbins at Columbia, and Miss Bonnell at Chicago. Miss Bonnell had the pleasure of meeting at the university our former principal, Mr. Reed.

Miss Morse, who taught in our English department for a number of years, now teaches in the New York Training School.

Several old students are seen back at school this year, among whom are Phillips, Pierson and Iverson.

Mary Cleland is finishing her high school course at the University of Omaha.

An old pillar of the lunch room was seen the second day of school selling checks for that most renowned institution: Fullaway, the every faithful.

At the beginning of the school year, a person may see dear old O. H. S. still exerting her subtle influence over her alumni. Fullaway, Beard, Wakeley, Lucille Hoel, Hodge, Thomas, McDonald and many others may be seen wandering around the halls, looking up old comrades, and bidding teachers good-bye before they leave to make their debut at college.

Julia Getten is now attending Hollywood High School in California.

Howard Green, city junior singles and doubles tennis champion, who hails from Kansas City, is now a member of the junior class.

We are sorry that Evelyn Douglass could not complete her high school career in our school, and hope that Biggsville, Illinois, High School appreciates the good friend and scholar that it is getting.

We are glad to welcome our associate editor, Dorothy Hipple, back to school. Too bad she had to have her tonsils removed. We sincerely hope that this operation will not interfere with her gay talk, which does so much toward keeping us cheerful. We surely are glad to see her happy face once more.

Jessie Steere has gone to Wheeling, West Virginia, where she will enter Mount de Chantle.

Angeline Rush, a former Brownell Hall girl, is now a member of our student body.

Dorothy Kiplinger has left O. H. S. to spend her senior year at Notre Dame, Indiana.

We are glad to welcome to the class of '17 Robert Pinkerton of Wentworth, Mo., and Helen Burnham, who has returned to O. H. S. after an absence of two years.

Room 117, the former library, is used as a German class room.

Cheer up, freshies, we know a senior who went into the wrong room, too.

No, of course we don't like to go right into our first hour rooms, but it is our own fault. Why weren't we quiet and orderly when we did have the freedom of the halls?

The regiment was called to arms September 7. Things went off in a very shipshape manner considering that it was only the first day.

ALUMNI.

Gertrude Mattson will be with us again in a few weeks.

Lucille Hoel leaves soon to enter Cornell, at Cornell, Iowa.

Margaret Howes goes to Washington University in St. Louis.

John Sunderland will enter his freshman year at Dartmouth.

Helen Peycke will be the only Omaha girl to enter Vassar this year.

Dean Sunderland goes to Oberlin.

Betty Sturdevant and Helen Giltner will attend the state university at Lincoln.

Myrne Gilchrist and Gretchen Langdon leave together for Hamilton College in Lexington, Ky.

Ruth McCoy, Mildred Rhodes, Alice Rushtin and Caroline Holmquist are going to Smith.

"Bones" Swiler has chosen Ames.

Clayton Nichols and Wilbur Fullaway have gone to Illinois.

Harold Hudspeth, and "Spike" Shroeder will both attend the state university.

Thompson Wakeley will be the only O. H. S. boy of the class of '16 at Cornell.

Arthur Rouner, well known in Omaha High for mental, vocal and athletic ability, enters Harvard University this fall.

The Buck-Bored

Yes, sir, it's a new column in the REGISTER. It will be filled every month with all the news of the world and then some. We absolutely guarantee that there will not be a thing going on in the world at any time that can not be found on this sheet. It will be a condensed and abbreviated review of the world's work at large, and the high schools in general. Now there is one thing that will be brought out in this column. That thing is the truth. Yes indeed, we must have the truth. Sometimes the truth is embarrassing, but we must have the truth.

Also, there will be some noted humans and editorialists that will contribute to this column. In fact, we will not ask who you are, if you should happen to contribute some piece of news, gossip, etc.

Hoping, and *expecting* to hear from you *all, very soon*, I remain (until then),
THE EDITOR.

Our mutual friend, *Jack Spencer*, took the *leading part* at the matinee performance of John Drew's new comedy last week. (Yes, we have ushered ourselves, too).

At the beginning of the Mexican trouble, this summer, one of the first men to enlist was *Turk Logan*. We have heard that in all the battles "Turk" was to be found where the bullets were the thickest (under the ammunition wagon). It might also be mentioned that "Turk" is captain of our track team.

News has just been received from Lincoln in the way of a prophecy. Lincoln says that she will defeat Omaha at football this year. Lincoln also said that Bryan would be the next president. All that we have to say is "Come on, Lincoln."

(Special telegraf to the REGISTER.)
James Smith, one of the occupants of the Deaf and Dumb School, picked up a wheel and spoke the other day. 'This gives us great faith in the new system that is being taught there.

PARIS, France, Europe, Eastern Hemisphere, etc.—(Special Fly-by-Night).—A certain Messr. Bishoo was said to have been poisoned on the *Green* last month. (This could not have happened elsewhere than in Paris. Maybe he was an Irishman).

From the way the talk is running on the south steps lately, it would seem that a race between certain local, amateur, scha(talkers)fers is unavoidable. We are going to be neutral in this matter, but of course we naturally are sympathetic with the under dog. We at the least can hope that the *Fyjord* makes a good showing.

We have been asked to run a general inquiry department, and so if there is anyone who wants a question of any sort answered, he will please hand in same to the caged room.

QUESTION BOX.

To N. U. T.: The cavalry is that branch or arm of the army that engages in the real hoss-tilities.

To Fred: A cinder is one of the first things to catch your eye in traveling.

To Lily: A chump is one whose opinion radically differs from our own.

To Liny Ment: An appendicitis is a modern pain, costing about two hundred dollars.

To Ruth: You must remember that fine feathers make fine feather beds.

Practice

The fall of the year are come once again, as the poet says. This very astonishing fact can be proved not only by the almanac, but also by those very hearty howls, yells and yodels that issue from the vacant lot back of the little "House on the Hill."

The football season is coming round with lots of speed.

SCENE: The Athletic Field.

TIME: After two fifteen.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Coach Mulligan and a couple of hundred nuts and hopefuls, etc.

Coach—Come on, you fellows over there, and let's run over that new formation. Hurry up now and cut out that fooling. Yes, that means you, Burgess.

(Coach is surrounded by the hopefuls.)

All right now, Morearty, let's make this snappy. Get out farther on that end, Smith. Come in a little, Phillips. Now let's go. Aw, that's poor. You didn't even move, Krogh. What's the matter with you to-day? Did you get to bed at all last night? All right, Morry. Hit harder, Smith. He's not going to hurt you. But I didn't tell you to kill him, did I? How do you feel now, Comp? Now let's go. All together. That's fine—that's the way to hit, Smith. Good blocking, Comp. (General pause as Paynter comes walking up slowly). Well, what's the matter with you? Why are you so late?

Paynter—Oh, I had a little misunderstanding with my sixth hour tea—

Coach—Same old line. You are just too slow at the dressing game to live. If you fellows are going to be late you will have to get a better line than that. Well, get in your place and see if you can't put a little pep in this practice. All right—fine—good work there, Bacon. Faster, men, faster—speed—

show some life. Well, what's the matter with you, Smith?

Smith—Did you say something about a rest? I thought I was mistaken, but you never can tell.

Coach—Rest? Well, of all the nerve. Here you are late and work for about three minutes and have the nerve to ask me to give you a rest.

Paynter—If your royal highness would pardon the presumption on my part, I should like to inform you that it is now just about five twenty-five.

Coach—Five thirty? You are crazy. No, that is about right. Well, you get out here on time hereafter and maybe we'll get something done—all right.

(General stampede for the locker room.)

Football Manager—Wonder you guys wouldn't take all day to get through with your practice. Hurry up and let a man get home to supper. Here is your money, Smith. Take your watch, Morry. I'M GOING HOME.

(Exit manager.)

(Patter of water in the showers and general rough house.)

Curtain.

Yes, fall is coming round all right. And it doesn't take a blind man very long to find it out, either.

R. L. B., '18.

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MOTHPOTCH

Freshman (to Squib Editor hunting up jokes)—“Say, do you have to approve all the jokes printed in the REGISTER?”

Squib Editor—“No, but Mr. Masters does.”

Freshman—“Gee, he must have a good sense of humor.”

Campbell (on the street car as conductor steps on his feet)—“You don't handle your feet very well.”

Conductor—“Well, what do you want for a nickel, Pavlowa?”

GETTING ALONG BACKWARD.

“How did your boy get along in school last year?”

Mr. Morearty—“Oh, fine, he was halfback on the football team and all the way back in his studies.”

Mr. P.—“Well, how are you getting along with your Latin, Harold?”

Hap.—“Just fine, dad. Miss Paxson told me yesterday after I had taken a test that if all of her pupils were like me, she would quit teaching.”

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We walked in Cupid's garden,
We wandered o'er the land;
The moon was shining brightly,
I held her little—shawl.

Yes, I held her little shawl,
How fast the evening flies.
We spoke of tones of love,
I gazed into her—lunch basket.

Yes, I gazed into her lunch basket
And wished I had a taste;
There sat my lovely darling,
My arm around her umbrella.

Yes, embracing her umbrella,
This charming little miss,
Her eyes were full of mischief,
So I slyly stole a—sandwich.

—Ex.

THE High School students who are members of the First Christian Church, 26th and Harney Sts., invite the students of Central High to attend a special young people's service Sunday evening, October 1st, at 7:45 p. m. Our pastor, Charles E. Cobbey, will talk on "True Foundations."

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A Word With the Business Manager

As you know, the cost of paper has gone up almost double. The 50 cents subscription cannot, of course, pay for but a small percentage of the cost of your paper. To publish our paper, we must get advertising. We cannot get ads if you will not patronize the advertisers. We were elected to represent you on *The Register* staff, and now we ask you to give us your support. *Patronize the advertisers.* We are sure that you will be loyal to Central High, and thank you in advance.

LAWRENCE B. HOGUE.

A KOPEC SAVED IS A KOPEC—?

J. Fike—"Hey, gonna take a girl to the game?"

"Dutch" O.—"Naw. Why?"

J. F.—"Lemme a two spot, then."

D. O.—"Can't. Gonna take m'sister."

"Mickie"—"Can a human being be classified as a piece of furniture?"

Buckingham—"Well, last night I was abed, and—"

(And the tempestuous waves beat angrily against the rocks.)

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light afterglow.
Her eyes shone upon him as radiant as
the stars,
And she was very patient as he let
down the pasture bars;
She neither smiled nor thanked him—
indeed, she knew not how;
For he was but a farmer lad and she—
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