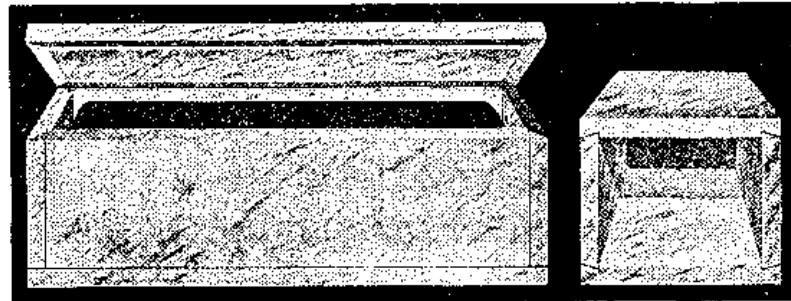


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The

REGISTER

Omaha
High
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OCTOBER
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Vol. XXXI
No. 2

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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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 Editor-in-Chief

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THE REGISTER

Vol. XXXI

OMAHA, NEB., OCTOBER, 1916

Number 2



YOUR CHANCE

"Opportunity knocks but once." Often you have heard that said, but how often have you, Omaha High School students, ever stopped to realize that it is knocking right now and waiting for you to let it in? Do you know that the four year course of high school constitutes the opportunity of your lives? It is the golden chance which would be eagerly sought by those unfortunate persons who are deprived of it, but which is wasted by many of us to whom it is given. If you loiter too long before opening the door, you will find that opportunity has forsaken you and has passed on to your more progressive neighbor. Do not adopt as your motto, "Never do today that which can be postponed until tomorrow," but *Do It Now!* Every few weeks many failure notices are sent out, and there are feasible excuses for only a *very* few of them. Some of you will probably say, "Aw, some people are born smart." That is true—some people are born smart—but others get there by degrees. If you are not one of the former class, why not work yourself into the latter? After all, it takes only a reasonable amount of time to prepare your daily lessons, but it takes a long time to make up several days' assignments for a text or to "cram" for exams. Don't think that you have given your teacher the "slip" by getting through without studying, for before long, she will be sending your parents a slip to the same effect. Too many of us look upon our teachers as our enemies, while they are really our dearest friends—always willing to assist us, and ever at our service. Beware the oncoming tests, the future exams, remember! Let us all unite and strive toward the same goal—that of seeing our names printed in the "A" lists of the daily papers, or to that better goal, the self-satisfaction that comes with having done our best.

—V. G.

SUBSCRIBERS!

Subscribers are warned not to lose the cards which entitle them to the REGISTER. A fee of twenty-five cents will be charged to replace those cards which are lost. If your card becomes badly worn or otherwise damaged, it will be replaced on the receipt of your old card at the REGISTER office. It will be necessary to present this card in order to receive any editions of the REGISTER. There will be absolutely no exceptions to this rule. You will be notified by circular as to the date of issue of each edition.

CIRCULATION MANAGER.

OUR NEW SMOKE STACK

Omaha is to be congratulated for the splendid example she is setting for her manufacturers. This fine example is a smoke-consuming, beautifying smoke stack which is being erected in the rear of our school. It is to tower 175 feet in the air, will measure about 12 feet in diameter at the base, and the top will be surmounted by numerous lights. It will be built of hollow tiles and gray face-brick to make it harmonize with the school building. The stack extends 30 feet below the surface, 150 feet of the stack being in sight.

Four powerful Keeler boilers will be installed at the school, also. These boilers are smoke-consuming, about 65 per cent of the volatile combustion being burned while it is in the form of gas. By using this type of boiler, a saving of over 50 per cent can be accomplished in the way of fuel.

Midway between the floor of the stack and the surface of the ground a tunnel runs from the boilers to the stack. Through this the remaining 35 per cent of smoke will pass into the chimney. But with the smoke are tiny cinders and other matter. These, being heavier than air, will fall to the floor of the stack and thus no disagreeable matter can enter one's eyes. Only a faint haze will float from the stack.

Soon the Commercial High School will be only a few blocks away. Then our boilers will supply heat for three schools, our school, the Commercial High, and the Central grade school. The remarkable part of this arrangement is that the three schools will be heated at one-half the present expense of heating our own school. Besides a saving of 50 per cent of fuel through the use of the boilers, a saving of 66 per cent of labor is assured, since one shift of engineers and firemen will soon be doing what three shifts are doing at present.

Looking at the question from both sides, the installation of the new boilers and the erection of the high stack will be a grand success. The total cost is estimated to be between \$40,000 and \$45,000. At first thought, this amount seems to be a vast sum to spend in such a way, but as you realize the savings it makes in fuel, labor and waste material, you are convinced that it will be a paying proposition in the end. No more will the public see a dense black cloud hovering over the school, soiling the exterior and interior of the building. Instead, the city of Omaha, through her public school system, is setting her mind on having a smokeless, clean, sunny city.

HERMAN SCHWALENBERG, '17.

TOOTING YOUR OWN HORN

Toot your own horn! If you don't, you will never get anywhere in this world. Perhaps you have no horn to toot. Well, then, get one. Every one should have some kind of horn to toot, no matter if it doesn't amount to a row of pins.

There was once a man who aspired to be famous. He had no talent; he had no remarkable achievements to bring to light; he hadn't even any good looks. But he wanted mightily to be somebody, so he conceived the idea of making people believe him some one great, by making a noise. New idea! This man, therefore, began to look around for something to make a great noise with. At last he found a little old tin horn stowed away in an obscure corner.

"Just the thing!" thought he. Then he blew it, and blew it hard. The public began to look about to see where all the noise was coming from. You folks call him great. Toot your own horn then. No one else is going to come around pleading for the privilege of tooting it for you; you can depend on that.

Now, what do we mean by tooting your own horn? Well, I'll begin by tell-

ing you what we don't mean. We do *not* mean blustering up to a person without giving him a chance to escape, seizing him by the hand, slamming him on the back, and unloading all your successes, semi-successes and imagined successes mercilessly upon him. People who do that soon learn, to their humiliation, that windbags don't get on.

Toot your own horn, but be cautious. Don't bore the public by everlasting, blatant bragging. When you see a good chance, just put in a good word for yourself. Make yourself as attractive as possible. Try to be adaptable to the ages and temperaments of people. Get interested in other things than your own hobby, and informed concerning current affairs. Otherwise, you will be a wallflower in any society.

Then, too, don't blow forever on one note. Folks get tired of that. It becomes monotonous, and people cease to listen. Blow loudly, and stop while you are still in the public eye, or rather ear.

We suppose you will listen patiently for a few moments to this little piece of advice, and then go right off and be just as blatant or just as obscure and fame-thirsty as ever. That is the way most advice is taken. But who cares?

W. T., '18.

NEW STUDENTS IN THE OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL

We ask you to read below a paragraph by one of our new friends. The feeling of a student who has come from some school where he was perfectly at home and where he was surrounded by friends to a school where he is unknown and where he knows no one must be strange. But this feeling is soon lost in the new interests and in the ever increasing number of new friends. Our school life as we believe is our own and not to be interfered with by outsiders, but we are always ready or we should be always ready to welcome a newcomer and help him to enter into the spirit of the school and to become a part of its organization.

"A new student who enters the Omaha High School cannot help growing enthusiastic over the school work and the amusements which the school offers him. When he sees the other students at work, how hard and patiently each does his or her work to have the school in the lead, he feels that he must try to help them in some way. A sort of strange feeling comes over a student when he first enters. He has only a few friends at the start, but as the days roll on, each new day brings him some new friend. It is not long until he feels perfectly at home. He works hard. He catches the spirit of the rest of the high school students, and before long he is a full-fledged Omaha High student.

FOR THE BOYS OF THE UPPER CLASSES

There is something good in connection with this school that you are losing out on. Maybe you know what it is, but haven't tried it yet. The thing we are going to talk about is the Omaha High School Club. Ever been down to one of the meetings? Fine, aren't they? But, perhaps you have not and possibly you don't know just what this club is. For your benefit we'll tell you. Every Friday evening at 6 o'clock a large bunch of high school upper classmen gather at the Y. M. C. A. Previous to 6 o'clock they can amuse themselves in any way they want to—reading the latest magazines, playing pool or billiards, running the Victrola or trying to play the piano. Then at 6 they gather around the festive board. Now we don't guarantee ambrosia and nectar, but we will say that they get a wonderfully fine dinner for what they pay—twenty cents. Good fellowship runs high

at the table. It's a case of good fellows getting together. From 6:30 to 7, these fellows attend their respective Bible classes. These classes are presided over by our own popular Mr. McMillan, and Mr. Masters; and by other fine teachers, such as Mr. Burke, Mr. Crossman and others. Some of the dubious may think that these Bible classes are dull. We'll say they are not. We'll add that they're the best part of the whole affair. Promptly at 7, the classes are dismissed. Then the fellows are free, either to enjoy the finely equipped Y or to depart for other engagements. Please notice! You will have a great sufficiency of time to fill all other engagements. Another fine thing about this club is that once a month popular speakers give talks on various subjects. Come down and try this once. You'll have such a fine time that you'll go again and again—until you're in the habit of going. Ask any of the awe-inspiring Seniors and they'll tell you that it is a good habit, too. So, we'll see you at the Y October 20, at 6 o'clock, and every Friday from then on.

W. M. A., '17.

BEFORE SCHOOL WITH A FRESHMAN

It is time that much-maligned and abused creature, the Freshman, was given justice. All sorts of stories are told of him, mostly (we are sorry to say) true. Therefore we have prepared this recital of the perils which a Freshman goes through before school. Most of it is true—the rest could be.

Our Freshman arrives happily at school this particular morning at the last of September. He gathers together his various books, and then, knowing that pupils should go immediately to their first hour rooms, he starts bravely off, wending his way in and out among the throngs of loiterers in the halls.

We now come to his meeting with that worst enemy of Freshmen, the stairs. Courageously, he rushes at them, only a moment later to lie bruised, bleeding and defeated at their foot. As he groaningly attempts to rise, two Seniors and a group of Juniors appear on the scene. Do they stop to console him? They do not. The Seniors have no eyes for such a creature. As they stroll past, one just escapes stepping on his hand, and the other, in an attempt to make a solid geometry figure in space, succeeds in slightly damaging his left eye. The Juniors calmly survey him, to the accompaniment of such remarks as "Really, I don't think anyone should be allowed to enter High School before he learns to walk." Of what avail is the Freshman's affirmation that the steps deliberately rose up and caught his foot? It is greeted with derision. Does anyone assist him in picking up his four books, two notebooks, three pencils, a fountain pen and an assignment book? Well, hardly. "Gracious," remarks one Junior, "I wonder why they are mowing the bookroom." But the other pupils only smile as they trample on his painfully written papers. To be sure, a *slight* interest is aroused when a teacher orders him, on pain of death (or some such thing), to go to his room immediately; but that sight is too common to attract much attention. As soon as he recovers from the disgrace of being publicly reprimanded, he starts once more for his classroom. Now observe the valor with which he fares onward, colliding with the numerous boys in forced retreat from lockers not their own; thrust this way and that as various groups endeavor to escape the teacher's eye.

Now a new peril confronts him. His first hour room is nowhere to be seen. Indignant at being forced to contain so many Freshmen, it has fled, leaving no address. Think as he may, he can't remember the number. His teacher's name is Johnson, Jackson or Jameson—he is not certain which. Plainly there is nothing to do but hunt. After circling the halls several times, he begins to think that

(Continued on Page 18)

THE COLLECTION BOX

—BY MISS HILLIARD'S CLASSES—

THE FOOTBALL HERO

It was my misfortune, one day, to find myself in a town (or shall I call it a city?) about the size of Lincoln. Now, mind you, I don't say it was Lincoln, but only about its size. It was in the late fall and the town was football mad. I arrived at the hotel and, after cleaning up a bit, sauntered out on the streets to see how the old burg was progressing since I had departed from its midst. I passed jolly, jumping, jaunting students going here and there all cheering and singing a rollicking song concerning a certain "Tom Brinkly." Well, I stood it about as long as a camel can stand the sound of a tin can, then I mustered up all the courage that I had attained through asking for increases in wages and approached a kind and benevolent looking student, saying: "Pardon my seeming intrusion upon your festivities, but could you tell me the meaning of all the music?"

Well, he looked at me in a pitying manner and replied: "Say, where were you born? Don't you know 'Tom Brinkly'? Why, he is the greatest man our school has ever turned out. He arrives tonight at 9:30." With that he left me to the cruel world.

Thinking this Tom Brinkly must be some individual who, after having graduated, had been elected at least governor of the state or the president of some railroad or other, I made it my duty to be among those present when the train pulled in at the station. Well! Speaking of noise, the greetings given the President of the United States at Omaha would have been a mere handclap compared to this riot. With great interest I stood up real tall to see this man among men and saw step forth, amid this noise and confusion, a short, sturdy youngster about five feet four with an arm in a sling, a bad limp, helped by the use of a crutch, and a black mass of ruffled hair sticking out from under the cloth which banded up the most of the head. Such was all of the conquering hero that was visible to the naked eye. And then it dawned on me, these are football days, and the war is on. So silently, as though on sacred ground, I retired to my room, and with the memory of the old days in my mind, and the sound of the distant cheers in my ears, I slept the sleep of the "has-been," dreaming of the days of '98, when we trimmed the boys from "Greely." LEONARD WOOLLEN.

A GRANDSTAND PLAY

'Twas the night before the great game between Omaha and Lincoln High Schools in the year 19—. Bob Dennis, quarterback on Omaha's third team, was lounging on the big davenport in front of the fireplace in the living room. He was studying "The Merchant of Venice," but instead of seeing the picture of beautiful Portia, he saw a large green field marked off by white lines and goal posts at either end.

Two teams of tired, dusty men were fighting back and forth in the center of the field with no advantage on either side. The fourth quarter had just begun with no score so far against either team, but Omaha was seriously weakened by the loss of her quarterback, who had been injured in tackling the heavy Lincoln fullback. It seemed that Lincoln would surely win, for the sub quarter on

Omaha's team was at home, sick in bed, and there was no one to put in his place except Bob Dennis, quarter on the third team. The coach sighed and motioned for Bob to go in. Bob gritted his teeth and went in determined to do or die, but the Lincoln team seemed to drive Omaha slowly but surely back down the field.

There were only three minutes to play, but Omaha was on her own ten-yard line and being driven back. The Lincoln quarter yelled a signal, the ends spread out, center passed the ball to right half, who made a long forward pass to the left end. It seemed as if the end would surely catch it and make a touchdown, when suddenly a purple streak shot in front of him, caught the ball and streaked down the field with both teams after him. White line after white line he passed, with Lincoln's fullbacks coming closer and closer. Putting forth his whole strength, Bob held his distance till he had almost reached the goal posts, when he stumbled and fell with a thump, just six inches over the last white line, and then—Bob woke up to find himself on the floor in front of the davenport, hanging on to a big pillow for dear life and rubbing the spot on his head where it had hit the tile in front of the fireplace.

BERNIE HOLMQUIST.

MONOLOGUE

Place—Richly furnished chamber. Time—Sunday, 11 p. m. Enter O. H. S. student on tiptoe, quietly turns on light and bolts door.

Student—There, I call that clever, got in an hour late and not a living soul the wiser.

(Takes off wraps and sinks heavily in chair by library table).

My, I feel tired (with weary sigh). Guess I'll go to bed. (Half rises from chair, spies pile of books on table. Falls limply back). Oh, horrors! what see I here? Can it be possible I haven't opened those books since last Friday? Well, here goes, I just must get this Latin. (Takes Latin from table, leans back in chair reading opened book for short time with continued yawns).

Certainly my conscience will allow me to leave my lessons and go to bed. (Lays head on table). The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me, "Go to bed, let those lessons go." My conscience says, "No, sit up and get those lessons tonight. You know it won't take long and you'll be sure to get 'D' in class tomorrow." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me go: "Go," says the fiend; "sleep is far more important to those weary eyes than books. Your teachers won't call on you and if they should you could still bluff." Well, my conscience says very wisely to me, "Take heed, dear student, flunk notices come around next week. Think what a terrible disgrace you may bring upon your dear father. His only child classed with the flunkers."

"To bed," says the fiend. "To your lessons," says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well; to be ruled by my conscience I should remain with my book all night. To leave my books and seek my downy rest I should be ruled by the fiend. But my conscience is a kind of hard conscience to counsel me thus. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will go, fiend (slowly rises and walks sleepily and yawning from room). My father and "D's" seem as nothing to my bed and sleep. I will go.

(Continued on Page 18)



THE MIDYEAR CLASS MEETING

The February graduating class has had two meetings this year, the first for the election of officers and class teachers, and the second for the selection of pins.

At the first meeting the officers chosen were for president, Margaret Bridges; for vice president, Harvey Rice; for secretary, Marion Fenwick; for treasurer, Imogene Barr, and for sergeants-at-arms, Fay Emery and Clarence Parsons. The class teachers chosen were Miss Towne and Mr. Mulligan. Dan Klein was chosen as reporter.

At the second meeting Dan Klein was appointed chairman of the pin committee. The pins have been ordered.

H. M. W., '17.

SENIOR CLASS MEETING

The first meeting of the Senior class was called on September 26 at 2:30 in Room 235. President Morearty presided over the meeting, the purpose of which was the election of officers for the coming year.

Mr. Frank Campbell, Mr. Richard Brady, Mr. Earl Lowe and Mr. Warren Ege were the four candidates for the presidency.

Mr. William Alley gave the following nomination speech:

Mr. Chairman, I want to nominate a man whom we can well look up to as president of our class; a man who is prominent along many lines—military, scholastic, social and others, and a man who is the biggest booster old O. H. S. has ever turned out. I take great pleasure in nominating Mr. Warren Ege.

Mr. Warren Ege, when interviewed as to his presidential policies, remained reticent. He expressed him-

self in platitudes as persons holding high offices usually do. "I am a believer in democracy, a friend of the common people and a bitter enemy of the large trusts, corporations and pork barrel politicians," Mr. Ege stated.

Dorothy Balbach, Helen Yates, Ruby Swenson and Isabel Pearsall were nominated for vice president.

Those nominated for secretary were Helen Pfeiffer, Ruth Swenson and Helen Wahl.

When the nominations for treasurer were opened Mr. Dwight Higbee, our well known editor, addressed the president and made a speech which contained the following statements:

"The man whom I wish to nominate has had much experience in handling large sums of money. He ran against me one time, but he didn't defeat me—lucky fellow! I nominate Mr. William Alley."

Mr. Alley was the only candidate for this office.

For sergeant-at-arms Margaret Schurig, Virginia Greene, Minerva Heine and Elfreda Schafer were nominated for the girls and for the boys Robert Booth and Paul Nicholson.

The class teachers chosen were Miss Towne, Miss O'Sullivan and Mr. Mulligan.

Mr. Leonard Bourke distinguished himself by closing each of the nominations.

The meeting then adjourned. The president extended the privilege of remaining while votes were counted:

The successful candidates were: For president, Mr. Warren Ege; for vice president, Miss Dorothy Balbach; for secretary, Miss Helen Pfeiffer; for treasurer, Mr. William Alley; for sergeant-at-arms, girl, Miss Elfreda Schafer; boy, Mr. Paul Nicholson.

JUNIOR CLASS ELECTION

At 2:15 Tuesday afternoon, October 10th, the Junior class gathered in Room 215 for the purpose of electing class officers.

Mr. Masters took the chair and opened the meeting by explaining its purpose and offering some information and advice concerning the class pins.

The meeting was conducted in a strictly parliamentary style. When the chairman declared nominations to be in order, the nominators rose thick and fast, and presented their choices with all proper eulogy.

The nominees for president were Floyd Paynter, Chester Slater, Bruce Cunningham and Leland Potter. Each name was received with uproarious applause, which evidently highly embarrassed most of them.

After quiet had been restored the candidates for vice president were nominated, with the same reception. The nominees were Almarine Campbell, Dorothy Canan, Colinetta Lear and Dorothy Arter.

For the other offices the following were nominated: For secretary, Ilda Langdon, Clara McAdams and Irene Dyball; for treasurer, Clyde Smith, Will Nicholson and Gilbert Olson; for sergeants-at-arms, Peter Kiewitt, Barton Kuhns, Nathan Miller and Maurice Brauman for the boys, and Winifred Travis, Katherine Goss and Dorothy Quay for the girls.

Quite a number stayed to see the result of the election, which was as follows: President, Floyd Paynter; vice president, Dorothy Canan; secretary, Ilda Langdon; treasurer, Clyde Smith; sergeants-at-arms, Dorothy Quay and Barton Kuhns.

The class teachers are Miss Miller, Miss Timms and Mr. Spinning.

The Junior class is going to expect much of these excellent officers, and it will certainly not be disappointed.

W. T., '18.

If you have dimmers on your car, why don't you use them?

MILITARY

The parade is over and the strain of last month is broken. A month of hard work bore fruit in a parade which was a big success. On every side we hear praises on the good appearance which the cadets made. Much credit should be given both officers and privates for the way in which they performed under the changed conditions. The length of the parade was due to these changed conditions. Owing to the size of the companies, it was necessary to divide them into platoons throughout the line of march. The movement was executed in such a fine manner that the appearance of the regiment was greatly improved. Knowing that the regiment can accomplish such things in such a short time, we cannot be satisfied with anything less than the best regiment.

The recent promotions and changes are as follows:

From private, Company B, to second lieutenant, Company B, Harry Holzman.

From second lieutenant, Company B, to private, Company G, Abe Warsawsky.

From private, Company E, to sergeant, Company E, Peter Barber.

PRESIDENT WILSON IN OMAHA

Every O. H. S. student had the rare privilege of seeing our President when he was the guest of the city on Thursday, October 5th. While in Omaha, President Wilson reviewed the Historical Pageant, was entertained at luncheon by members of the Commercial Club and was banqueted splendidly at the Fontenelle. At night Mr. Wilson spoke in the Auditorium to an audience of eight thousand people, while as many more were turned away. His speech concerned the great advancement of the United States during the past fifty years. He explained why America was not in the European war, stating that the war's causes and purposes were still unknown to the world. He said that America would fight when

she had something to fight for, but until then there would be peace.

The week following the President's visit here, Vice President and Mrs. Marshall honored our city with their presence. By the time the REGISTER goes to press, we will have the opportunity of hearing Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, the Republican candidate for president of the United States.

Dr. Grayson, President Wilson's physician, when interviewed concerning the President's health, gave the following statement: "The President attributes his splendid health during the present administration to three things, namely: his good humor, his punctuality and his careful eating."

No less a person than Secretary Tumulty walked across our grounds on his way to Creighton. We hold nothing against Mr. Tumulty that he was on his way to another school and are inclined to feel honored when we think what an impression our football squad must have made on the well known secretary. He stopped for a moment to look at Omaha's future leaders. We wonder whether Mr. Tumulty remembers the event.

On September 19, 20 and 21 three mass meetings were held, one for each floor. At each of these meetings Mr. Masters gave an interesting talk concerning plans for the new year. He said that studies should always come first, and that each student should have a definite study program. At the close of his talk Mr. Masters called upon Coach Mulligan, who gave a few bright prospects of the coming season. During each of these meetings the plans of the Student Association were put before the pupils.

Evidently a goodly number received the spirit of enthusiasm of which Coach Mulligan spoke at the mass meetings, for the Student Association now has more than one thousand members.

THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
At the meeting of the Students' Association the following officers were elected:

President—Clarence Moore.
Vice President—Sol Rosenblatt.
Secretary—Isabel Pearsall.
Advertising Manager—Bernie Holmquist.

Chairman Reception Committee—James Williamson.

Athletic Board—Charles Moriarty, Frank Campbell.

Cheer Leaders—Philip Philbin, Raymond Burgess, Fred Bacon.

All athletic business will be transacted by Mr. Cairns, who will have his office in Room 121 before and after school and during first hour. The balance of the money due on season tickets is due on or before November 1.

An accurate count cannot be given, because some pupils have recently returned their tickets. The number of Students' Association tickets sold will be approximately 1,000. Including tickets sold the second semester last year, there were 759. Cash received from tickets up to October 11 is \$854.25. The increase of tickets sold surely shows that more people are beginning to take stock in the athletic activities of the school.

The three remaining games, which will be played at Rourke Park, will be the best games of the season. They will be played with York, Sioux Falls and St. Joe.

Students will still save money by getting an association ticket. A full schedule of games is being planned for the second team.

At the close of the football season Mr. Cairns plans to publish a statement of the receipts and expenditure to that date. R. F., '18.

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

You have no right to run with glaring headlights—decency forbids.

Mr. Cairns was recently appointed as the faculty member to manage the athletics in our school. This is a great burden on Mr. Cairns' shoulders, but there is no doubt that he is just the man for the place.

All the German pupils are practicing songs under the supervision of Miss Fannie Arnold and Mr. Wedeking. These songs are to be sung before the teachers during the State Teachers' Association's convention here in November.

Prince Lei Lani gave an interesting concert on the ukulele and Hawaiian guitar, Wednesday, October 11, in the Auditorium. The proceeds of the concert will be used for the purchase of Victrola records.

The companies are beginning to collect money for their medals now. From the size of the companies there will probably be some fine medals for which there should be great competition.

Miss McGraw is on a year's leave of absence during which time she is taking a course in the university at Berkeley, California. Miss Weeks is the present registrar.

A number of English classes have subscribed for *Current Events*.

H. C. Parmalee, our editor in 1887, has taken the position of president in the Colorado School of Mines.

ALUMNI

Roberta Coulter, Dorothy Meyers and Grace Harte have gone to Sargent's School in Massachusetts.

Robert Drake, '16, has taken up dental work at Creighton. He says he studies five hours a day. Poor Bob! There are worse places than O. H. S.

Lorena Travis goes to Peru. Brooks Vance has gone to the university at Lincoln, and Ray Straeder at Ames.

Marcus Constantine, '18, was distinguished by having an article of his printed on the editorial page of the World-Herald on the very day that the President came to Omaha.

THE FIRST OBSERVATION LESSON OF THE NORMAL CLASS

For their first observation lesson, the Normal Training class visited Miss Sullivan of the Jungmann School on the South Side. Most of the children in this primary room know little or no English, when they enter, but they soon learn, and they are as happy as pleasant surroundings and satisfied desires can make them. The "Busy Bees" and "The Workers" are the names Miss Sullivan gives to her two divisions, and they are all striving to become "Busy Bees." The Normal Trainers looked at one another in amazement when little Ruth, with perfect self-confidence, responded to Miss Sullivan's, "Will you please teach the class for me?" and called the class to the front, where they circled about her. Ruth gave out problems, called for answers, and got them, without any show of self-consciousness on her part, or that of the class. The Jungmann School is cheerful and interesting throughout. The principal, Miss O'Toole, won the hearts of the visitors even before they saw the work of the school, and the entire class is hoping that Miss Ryan will give them another opportunity to visit Jungmann School before the year ends.

Keep your headlights dim.

Miss Genevieve Clark has been transferred back to O. H. S. from the Dundee High School. She is now teaching Latin and Greek History.

Hinchey, who was counted on to fill a position of guard on the team, twisted his leg and will not be able to don the moleskins again this year.

The week before the Ak-Sar-Ben parades the cadet regiment drilled nearly every night, much to the discomfort of the lazy ones.

The High School Band were somewhat drowned out in the Industrial parade. They marched behind a bunch of huskies who blew their horns as if they were going to split them in two.

ORGANIZATIONS

On October 4 the football squad went out to Fort Omaha for signal practice. On the way home Eaton, with his car full of football men, was arrested for speeding. They were all taken down to the station, where Fuzzy McFarland's father went bond for the whole bunch.

On the return trip of the football men from practice at Fort Omaha, October 4. Hap Pearson climbed in through the window in order to get a seat. A big six foot motor-man saw him do it and, not knowing that the coach was paying for every one, persuaded Hap to go back and see the conductor.

The whole second team marched in the historical parade October 5. They got a big dinner, a pass to the carnival and a feed after the parade. They were some Indians!

SOCIETY

The new members of the faculty were entertained at a tea by the old members on Thursday, September 21.

The Les Hiboux gave an informal dance at Harte Hall Friday, October 13. The decorations were gray and black, the club colors.

The Maderian Club entertained at a tea on September 23 at the home of Miss Elizabeth Elliot.

Miss Eleanor Carpenter entertained at dinner at her home on Friday evening, September 29. Covers were laid for ten guests.

Miss Almarine Campbell entertained at dinner at her home on Saturday evening, September 30. Covers were laid for ten guests.

A stag party was held Saturday evening, September 16, at the home of Verne Vance. Oh! yes, the folks were home; things were perfectly all right.

Eight members, some of the Junior class, others of the Senior class, went on a hike Saturday, September 23. They started for Bellevue, but no one knows but themselves whether they reached this point. It's a secret.

A meeting of the officers and programme committees of the different literary and debating societies was held Wednesday, October 4, in Room 235. Principal Masters gave a very beneficial speech about the value of making and carrying through a good successful programme and of the ability to make public speakers. He emphasized the importance of a short but excellent programme carried out in such a manner as to appeal to the audience and to create a desire for more. He stated that unless one can get up and speak before an audience and express one's own thoughts, much of the work learned is of little value.

After Principal Masters had spoken, the question of advertising the society meetings on the blackboards was brought up. Several of the society officers made some remarks and they decided to let the presidents vote as to whether blackboard advertising should be continued. The result was that it was to be continued, and that a committee, consisting of Principal Masters and Mr. Woolery, was to divide the space of the study hall blackboard accordingly between the societies.

H. V. O., '18.

BROWNING SOCIETY

At the first meeting of the Browning Society, a very interesting talk on the purpose and activities of the National Red Cross was given by Mrs. Edholm. At the close of her talk, the society unanimously decided to take up Red Cross work this year, as well as instructions in First Aid to the Injured. Forty-nine new members were taken in.

Friday, September 29, Dr. George Hollister of the Nebraska Medical School explained, in his speech to the society, the treatment of common injuries, such as cuts, bruises, sprained

ankles and burns. He especially emphasized the fact that keeping cool and using common sense are often of as great importance as medical experience, in case of an injury. Dr. Hollister was preceded by Mr. Masters, who gave a very interesting talk on hygiene.

The Girls' Glee Club sang several patriotic selections which were highly appreciated. Seventeen new members were voted in, and then the meeting adjourned.

MARGARET FULLER SOCIETY

The Margaret Fuller Society met in the South Gym Friday, September 29. After a short business meeting, a social program was given in order that the old and new girls might have an opportunity to become better acquainted. About twenty-five new members were enrolled.

FRANCES WILLARD SOCIETY

The Frances Willard Society opened the year with the following program:
 Recitation.....Mildred Othmer
 Piano Solo.....Mildred Sinnett
 Vocal Duet.....

...Marie Hopkins and Ora Goodsell

Our meetings will be held, hereafter, in Room 148. All girls are invited to attend, as we are planning to make this a big year for our society.

PRISCILLA ALDEN SOCIETY

At the last meeting of the Priscilla Alden Society, Mr. Woolery gave a most enjoyable and beneficial talk on "What Our School Societies Should Mean to Us."

Ruth Gordon was elected to the office of vice president to succeed Evelyn Douglass, who has left the city.

Our members are all co-operating with the officers of the society, and we expect to enjoy a profitable year together, which we should like to share with every one, particularly Freshmen who do not belong to any society. Everybody is welcome at every meeting.

THE LOWEL

The members of the Lowel have made excellent preparations for a very successful year. The officers who have been elected are: President, Lillian Over; vice president, Bonita Roberts; secretary-treasurer, Helen Hutton; reporter, Helen Pfeiffer. The new members have been entertained with a weinie roast given at Mandan Park, in South Omaha. All had a very jolly time indeed and many good resolutions were made for interesting work along literary lines. The Lowel says little, but the Lowel does much. Watch our progress!

WEBSTER DEBATING SOCIETY

The Webster Debating Society looks forward to one of its most prosperous years, this year, in as much that the society members are all live wires and are fellows who can be depended upon. Even though the membership is small, it is a membership that will stick, one that will do anything in order to see the old W. D. S. back in its old form. The society has a fine set of officers this year; men who through their combined efforts expect to place the Webster Debating Society where it rightfully belongs. Parliamentary drill and debating have been resumed with unlooked-for interest. Looking the situation squarely in the face, we now have a small, compact group of persons who, under the teachings of our invaluable society teacher, Mr. Cairns, expect to grow both in name and number.

A. D. S. MEETING

With a large attendance and an excellent program, the Athenian Debating Society held their first meeting of the year Friday afternoon. The meeting was scheduled to be held in Room 325.

After the meeting was called to order by Lawrence Hogue, the president, thirty-two members answered to the roll call and a few minutes later thirty-six new members were added to this list. A short talk by the president on

the object of the society and its benefits to a student, and another by Mr. Orchard, one of the society teachers, on the reputation of the society and on the encouraging outlook for the coming year, were then given.

The regular program then followed. Two violin solos played by Nils Nordquist were loudly applauded. A piano solo was then given by Miss Esther Lief. This was so greatly appreciated that Miss Lief was recalled and forced to give two more selections before the audience was satisfied. Preceding the main numbers on the program, a debate, "Resolved, That the Ford is a better car than the Brush," was held. The affirmative was upheld by Stuart Sommers, the negative by Gordon MacAuley. The debate was very close and resulted in one vote for the affirmative, one for the negative and one noncommittal. Also a few Ford jokes were told by Frederick Montmorency.

The meeting was very successful and if as much enthusiasm continues throughout the year, it is sure to put the Athenian Society near the top in school debating next spring.

DEBATING

The outlook for debating for the coming year is, indeed, quite favorable. As no doubt, many know, the state question for debate this year is, Resolved, That the Monroe Doctrine should be abolished. Only one veteran debater remains this year, but several students have been picked out as very promising and many others have declared their intentions of trying for the debating team.

Debating in the societies this year has started with a spirit unknown to them before, and a very keen rivalry is expected between the various debating societies for the championship of the school. This unusual spirit shows that at least a few of the many students of the O. H. S. have awakened to the fact that the ability to debate and to speak before an audience is of immense value. No subject taught in any high

school is of more value to a person than that of debating and public speaking, of being able to get up before an audience and express your own thoughts and to analyze a question and present it to an audience in such a way as to convince them. Not only the debating, but also the research work connected with it is very enjoyable and beneficial to the debater. Alone the knowledge obtained by it is worth the work put into it.

Last year we lost to South High and won from Lincoln, but this year lets win a unanimous victory over both and also several of our old time enemies, Sioux City and probably Des Moines. Don't forget that we must win the silver loving cup from Lincoln. We can do it, but only if we have the loyal support of the students of the O. H. S.

As yet, no debating coach has been secured, but an effort is being made to obtain Mr. Burke, who coached our team two years ago.

H. V. O., '18.

THE LININGER TRAVEL CLUB

Mrs. Haller entertained the Lininger Travel Club at the Lininger Art Gallery, Friday, September 22. An interesting literary program was followed by short talks by Dr. Cuscaden, Mrs. Cole, and Mrs. Syfert, the president of the Omaha Woman's Club.

Mrs. Haller presented the Lininger Scholarship Medal to Madeline Cohn, the pupil of the highest rank in school. An enjoyable musical program followed, and then delicious refreshments were served by the hostess.

Tibet was the subject taken up by the club September 29, under the following divisions:

Geography of Tibet, Irene Finley; History and Government of Tibet, Laura Gorham; Tibetan Customs, Lillian Kavan; Lassa, the Forbidden City, Rose Smead; Religion of Tibet, Ruth Smead; Tales from the Tibetan Bible, Ellen Smith.

The club decided to give a bed to the Child Saving Institute.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page 8)

maybe he is on the wrong floor; so he descends to first, but still his runaway classroom is nowhere to be seen. It is now five of nine, and our hero is growing desperate. The bell rings. He suddenly remembers that the last time he saw his room it was lurking around a corner near one of the entrances. With a heave of relief, he hurries to class, arriving just two steps behind the last bell. But even the teacher's order to remain seventh hour can not diminish our Freshman's joy at having, in the face of such insuperable difficulties, accomplished his quest.

But just wait and grow, little Freshman. Soon you will know "the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely" not as victim but as agent.

MARGARET McWILLIAMS, '17.

COLLECTION BOX

(Continued from Page 10)

TO O. H. S. STUDENTS

Awaken your interest in football games
Become familiar with the player's
names.

First comes Pearson and Paynter, you
see,

Then our old standby, Morearty.

Others follow, one by one,

Shepard, Phillips and Iverson.

There's our center, Arnold Krogh,

Maxwell and Smith are not at all
slow.

Harper and Hinchey are also in line,

Which makes up our number, eleven
fellows fine.

Ruth Cassidy.

LINCOLN'S FUNERAL

(To the tune of "The Hearse Song").

Did you ever think as the hearse rolls
by

It won't be long before Lincoln High
Will be rolling by in that old black
hack

And she won't be thinking 'bout com-
ing back?

For we all know that Lincoln High
Did lose her coach in the years gone by
And now they're sad as sad can be,
For they haven't much chance for a
victory.

For we all know how it's going to be

When we go down there bent on vic-
tory;

She'll come rolling by in that old black
hack,

And she won't be thinking 'bout com-
ing back.

—F. C., '17.

FREE VERSE

Summer now again is over,
The reddening leaves proclaim October.
The rustle of the falling leaves upon
the forest floor

Are sights and sounds that every
sportsman must adore.

Now we hear the song of the bird call-
ing to his mate,

All have departed southward 'ere it is
too late.

In the fields stand shocks of corn and
pumpkins gold,

While from afar the squirrel barks so
bold.

Hurrying to store his bountiful supply.
Now from the dark and leaden sky

We hear the geese as they are south-
ward bound,

Before the lakes and rivers with dreary
ice are crowned.

The musk-rat, too, has built his home-
like mound,

Where the rushes and lily-roots lux-
uriantly abound.

There he, like his cousin, the beaver,
will live through the winter,

While the north wind shall roar and
the ice crack and splinter.
The hunter shall soon in field and for-
est appear,

In quest of quail, grouse and deer.
Nor is it the quest of game alone
That lures him so far away from his
home—

The forest fragrance and the autumn
sights

Are one of the hunter's chief delights,
For he is one of the very few men
That appreciates nature not described
by pen.

And as autumn slowly goes,
He loves, too, the winter with its fall-
ing snows,

When the land lies cold and drear,
Until life with the spring shall again
appear. *Emil Stors.*

If you do not know what dimmers to
use, call up the Omaha Automobile
Club.

J. Porter Allan, of the class of 1915,
who represented the Ryan Jewelry Co.
while in school, has taken over the class
pin agency of that firm and is now the
sole representative of the L. G. Balfour
Co. of Attleboro, Mass., in Nebraska.

The Balfour Co. is one of the largest
in the United States, and one of the best.
They are the official jeweler of the major-
ity of the National Greek Letter societies,
which gives ample proof of their ability
as designers and manufacturers. Because
of their splendid facilities for specializ-
ing in the manufacture of class pins, be-
ing in the "Hub of the Jewelry World,"
they are in a position to give the maxi-
mum value for the minimum cost.

Porter is making a strong bid for the
high school orders this fall and promises
excellent workmanship and prompt deliv-
eries. His "Company" is essentially a
"Made in Omaha" concern and he natu-
rally wishes to see his business "Grow
with growing Central High."

Before placing your order for pins,
rings, or club jewelry of any sort you
would do well to make an appointment
with him. He will gladly show you the
superior samples of his company or give
you any advice in his power.—Advertisement.

Dim your lights.

NATURE'S COLOR SCHEME

For Nature, when she planned a rest-
ing-place

For wearied mortals when their souls
were sick,

Selected mighty mountains and deep
vales

And decked them with her richest,
choicest hues.

For bringing to their souls the memory
Of truth, and trust in the sincerity

Of man, she made the heavens blue,
and placed

Therein the fleeting clouds which sym-
bolize

True innocence. For bringing to the
souls

Of her world-wearied, hopeless
progeny

An inspiration to begin anew,
She clothed the mighty mountains with
the green

That shows new life begun. The flam-
ing flower

The red men called the paint-brush,
this she made

To waken in the timid hearts of men
A courage strong to do and dare;

while in

Deep vales she left the clear, still
lakes in which

The sky and clouds, like phantom
ships, were all

Reflected. Thus she showed how mor-
tal life

Reflects the Father's.

—Lucile Lathrop, '17.

AMBITION

Something within you,
Both bitter and sweet,
That bids you go forward,
And never retreat.

Which makes you loath the present,
And think of it with shame,
And feeds you with the sweetness
Of your future fame.

Which leads you ever onward,
Until you can't avoid,
Either being lifted,
Or stricken down—destroyed.

—Abe Swet.



Much to my own, and everyone else's surprise, I am alive and healthy (at least at the writing of this issue). Among other recent discoveries, however, I have found out the real practical use of the wire netting around the REGISTER office. No, I am not advertising the Dodge automobile or anything of that sort, but if certain actions on the part of our youthful play-mastes (?) do not cease, we will all expire, perspire er—er—something.

Where there's a will there's a lawsuit. (From Gideon Wurdz's *Wordology*). Also, where there is a lawsuit, there is a bill, too.

Scene—The firing line.
Time—Not particular.
Place—The Orpheum.
Captain—Fire at will, men.
Private—Cap, I can't see Will. Can I fire at Random?

The I. O. U.'s had a meeting at the home of A. Creditor last week. They had a fine time until they were dispersed (dispursed) by one of the "In-visible Blue" (policeman).

I know that that last one was poor, but great guns, I guess we've got to fill this space with something.

The blind man picked up the ax and saw, by gum. He said he wood. (Aw cut it out, let me be). But there's many a slip betwixt the toe and the heel. He couldn't do it, but Mulligan.

OUR QUESTION BOX

Her—What is an egg?
Him—An egg is a wholesome, yet fowl, product, of no use until broken. Sometimes a cure for indigestion or bad acting.

Us—What is an echo?
We—An echo is the only thing in the world that can beat a woman out of the last word. There, aren't that a gooder?

When—What is an explosion?
While—An explosion is a good chance to begin at the bottom and work up. Hey, cut out that throwing.

Up—What is a fly screen?
Down—A fly screen is an arrangement to keep the flies in the house. There, I guess that will hold you for a little while.

AIN'T IT AWFUL?
O ain't it somethin' awful
Towards the close of the long school day,

To lift your eyes from off your books,
And gaze your thoughts away?
With all the world a smilin',
And callin', you surmise;
And you can't go and answer
'Cause you gotta stay inside.

You hear the clock in the tower
Ring out a doleful two.
Just think, its ten more minutes
Till you get out a school—
You wait and hope and listen
As outward your eyes do stare,
Back to the teacher's desk they rove,
And meet her wrathful glare.

And then to your DEAR books, they
move,
And try and linger there;
But finally they give it up,
And look up in despair.
There, now that bell must surely ring,
It must be half past two;
Then to the clock you hopefully stare,
Says the clock, "Just two past two."

And thus you sit and worry
And fret and fume, you know;
You try your best to study,
But your eyes to your books won't
go.
So you move and wriggle and scramble,
And jump about every old way.
O ain't it somethin' awful
At the end of a long school day?
—"Buck."

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

TO LINCOLN

To those good (?) old friends of ours
who have caused us so many pains and
pleasures, and to those friendly ene-
mies who have caused us many defeats
and victories, we dedicate this little
ditty. We feel that a little word of
warning is due even an enemy, when
that enemy is such a fair but hard-
fighting one as Lincoln is. "As ye sow
so shall ye reap." (May it be just so).

We do admit you got our goat
A year or so ago,
And we've now another "nanny"
For you to get, you know;
But he's larger, swifter, better
And bigger 'bout the hips,
And he's got a longer reach, he has,
Than a thousand big steamships.

He'll start the ball a rollin'
And the people all a thinkin'
When to the capital he goes
And cleans up right on Lincoln.
Beatrice, York, Sioux City
Before him they will fall,
But what's the use of namin' 'em
When he's goin' to beat them all.

So put this in your bonnet
And take it well to heart,
There'll be a big commotion
When the good old "gang" does
start.
And maybe Lincoln'll shine, that night
And maybe, yet, she won't.
Of higher things we're thinkin',
But we'll bet our shoes she don't.
—"Buck."

PUT IT OVER

One more yard, one more yard,
Help put it over.
Just one more long, long yard
And we'll be in clover.
The scoreboard shows just a tie,
Put that ball over, guy,
Help out the good old high—
Please put it over.

Three quarters, gone and past;
Their strength it cannot last.
Come, men, make this one fast,
Just put it over.
We know you've struggled hard,
None e'er fought nobler.
Now just one hard, hard push,
Just put it over.

For years and years 'twas so—
Our teams fight hard, you know;
Leave victory when you go,
Put that ball over.
See, all the gang is here,
Some in their last, long year
Come now, one long, hard cheer,
Let's put it over.

And when on life's way you ply,
And your score is just a tie,
You'll remember how you did try
To help put it over.
And you'll rally and pull it through
Just as I say you'll do,
That's what this game will do—
Good—put it over.
—"Buck."

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

ATHLETICS

CENTRAL 26—COMMERCIAL 0 CENTRAL HIGH 25—SO. HIGH 0

Everyone was out to see the first game of the season, on Saturday, September 30. The game took place at the county fair grounds. We all caught a glimpse of the game between the great clouds of dust that whirled back and forth across the field. Our opponents, the Commercialites, tried their best to hold down our perfected adding machine, but without great success.

Our team is one of the heaviest that the school has ever had. The back-field is quite fast and, on the whole, it looks as though we are going to have a real sure 'nough football team.

Naw, we are not going to start in and say that we have the state championship. No, indeed! We will say, however, that any team that beats us will not be a hundred miles away from the desired point.

Morearty, Smith and Phillips are the real thing when it comes to ground gaining; and we are going to hear great things about them. The line is going to be fine. The ends are still a trifle slow, but say man, when they get going! Now, we're on our way. Let's all get behind the band wagon and shove her right to the front. What d' you say?

Lineup:

Central		Commerce
Petersen	L.E.	Rokusick
Paynter	L.T.	Harsh
Iverson	L.G.	Ross
Krogh	C.	Reeves
Haller	R.G.	Hirtch
Phillips	R.T.	Carlisle
Shephard	R.E.	Schrierer
Maxwell	Q.	Dewey
Morearty	L.H.B.	Peters
Smith	R.H.B.	Sweensen
Harper	F.	Jackson

Venerunt, Viderunt, Superati sunt. They came, they saw, and they were conquered. Yes, sir, that was the way with South High. South High boasted quite a bit about their team, but Central showed them that they weren't the only pebbles on the beach.

When the game started, South High, by some sort of accident, pushed the ball under the very shadow of Central's goal posts. Then something did happen—Central exhibited her famous brick-wall defense, and held South High for four downs on Central's two yard line. "Mory" then punted out of danger. After that, Central was on its toes and South High was kept from Central's goal. In the second quarter, Central started things, and about the second play, Mory took the ball and ran sixty-five yards for a touchdown. Smith kicked goal. Then, with the score 7 to 0 in Central's favor, they started again. This time they went up the field by plain football, 'til Mory could get away, and when he did, he ran forty-five yards for the touchdown. Smith missed goal. About this time the half ended. The second half started with Central receiving. They lost the ball on downs, but soon after forced South High to punt. Mory caught the ball and ran it back forty yards. Then he got away again and raced forty-five yards through a broken field for a touchdown. Smith missed goal. With the beginning of the last quarter, Central, with "Slam, bang, up-and-at-'em" tactics, pushed the ball up the field 'til finally Harper ploughed through for a touchdown. Smith missed goal. But we had to be content with this score because the whistle blew just then and the game passed into history.

(Continued on Page 26)



HOTCHPOTCH—

A confused mixture; a jumble.—The Standard Dictionary.
A mangled mass; a confused mixture; a stew of various ingredients; a hodge-podge.—Webster's New International Dictionary.

RULES OF ADMINISTRATION

I. Pupils should not loiter in the halls between 8:30 and 9 unless they can do so without being caught.

II. Pupils finding articles in halls and classrooms should turn same in at the office unless they can use them themselves.

III. Pupils who have been absent must bring excuses signed with their

parent's name. Care should be taken always to make the signatures alike.

IV. Pupils who are tardy should report to Miss Somers in 117 and offer any excuses they can think of. All pupils unable to make up such excuses will be kept Seventh Hour.

V. Pupils should not pass notes in the study rooms when the teacher is looking.

VI. Pupils whose locker-mates have carried off their keys may have their lockers opened by the janitors for five cents. A special rate of fifty cents a week will be made for regular customers.

VII. The waste-paper baskets in the halls should not be used by pupils. All waste-paper should be placed in the desks.

VIII. Copies of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet will be furnished on application at the office. This is done to keep the study rooms quiet.

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IX. The practice of falling down-stairs should be avoided, as it is very injurious to the stairs.

X. Pupils should avoid getting their lessons perfectly, as the teachers' hearts are weak.

Adam—Time must hang heavy on your hands.

Eve—Why?

Adam (reckless)—Well, you wear a wrist-watch.

Bob (who doped this out himself)—My sister has a head like a dollar.

Comp—Howzo, my good man, howzo?

Bob—One bone.

TOTAL FAILURE

He tried to drown his grief with drinking.

The net result was quite distressin'. Grief was not drowned, as he'd been thinking—

It only had a swimming lesson!

Cameras and supplies. "Haines."

"Mention the name of some well known Greek," said the teacher of a juvenile class in history.

"George," spoke up a curly-headed boy.

"George who?"

"I don't know the rest of his name, ma'am. He comes around to our house every day with oranges and bananas."

MODERN FABLES

Once upon a time two girls planned

to go to a party without one or the other asking: "Whaddye gonna wear?"

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Bernie—By the way, old man, do you remember borrowing ten dollars from me six months ago?

Negle—Yes.

Bernie—But you said you only wanted it for a short time.

Negle—And I told the truth. I didn't keep it twenty minutes.

"Wait until I ax you," said the offended headsman.

Whereupon the abashed monarch was dreadfully cut up.

Winnie T.—Did you notice that good looking fellow who sat right back of us at the Orpheum?

Alice May W.—Oh, that handsome man with the red necktie and tan suit, who wore a pompadour? No. Why?

UNREPORTED HISTORY

Charles II laid his head upon the block doubtfully.

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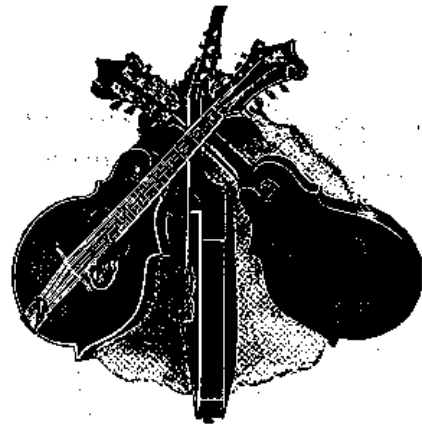
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GIRLS' TENNIS TOURNAMENTS

Virginia Greene, Elfrieda Shaefer, Ruby and Ruth Swenson are ahead so far in the tournament and it is among these four that the struggle for championship must be contested. The consolations are going to begin soon, now. Mary Shurtleff is playing up fine and the girls will find a hard opponent in her.

TENNIS

New interest in tennis in O. H. S. has been started by the successful completion on September 20th of the boys' singles tournament. Twenty-four were entered on the drawings and, under the management of Cleary Hanighen and Will Nicholson, the matches were run off quickly so that the final round was reached only five days after the drawings were posted. Cleary Hanighen became champion by reason of his victory over Bryce Crawford in the final round. The score of this match

ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 22)

It would be pretty hard to name the other stars besides Morearty, because he sure played a wonderful game. But aside from all this, Smith made South High's line look like thirty cents, while Harper was a terror when it came to getting their runners, because when they once hit him, they lost all interest in the game. Maxwell also did good work, as did the rest of the line.

Lineup:

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Phillips R.T.	Ruge
Peterson R.E.	Graham
Morearty L.H.B.	Dworak
Harper F.B.	Nestor
Smith R.H.B.	Arthurton
Maxwell Q.B.	Ettel

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was: 6-3 8-6 6-4. In the semi-finals Crawford had defeated Nicholson 4-6 6-3 6-3 and Hanighen had eliminated Buckingham 6-3 8-6. Marshall Jamison won the consolations by his defeat of Howard Clark. A tennis team has been formed and if matches with other schools are played, the members are promised "O"s. On September 30 the team, composed of Hanighen and Crawford, journeyed down to the State Agricultural College at Lincoln and won its first game. Hanighen defeated Kenner 6-0 6-4, while Crawford battled Watson to a tie, the match being called on account of train time. Hanighen and Crawford in the doubles beat Withey and Watson 6-4 6-1.

The singles tournament and the formation of a team has aroused such interest that plans are being made for next spring. If the weather will permit a doubles tournament will be started and class teams will be formed.

All the new and pretty perfumes.
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- Miss Hazel Silver, soprano soloist at the First Methodist church, Omaha, Neb.
- Mrs. George Cowden, soprano soloist, Westminster Congregational church, Kansas City, Mo.
- Mr. A. G. Todd, tenor soloist at the Grant Avenue Temple, Kansas City, Mo.
- Miss Helen Smith, mezzo soprano, singing with the Bishop's Bureau for the last five years.
- Mrs. Horace Cooper, contralto, singing at the St. Leo Catholic church, Denver, Colo.
- Mr. Edward Ringquist, teacher and director of music at the Twenty-third Avenue Presbyterian church, Denver, Colo.
- Mrs. G. F. King, teacher and director of music at the University Methodist church, Salina, Kans.
- Emil Myers, dean College of Music, Amarillo, Tex.
- Mr. Howard Stebert, tenor, Swedish Methodist church, Omaha.
- Mr. Forrest Dennis, baritone, Dundee Presbyterian church, Omaha.
- Walter Jenkins, baritone, director of music First Congregational church, Council Bluffs, Ia.

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 Bald,
 Fuzz,
 Is,
 Was.

—New York Sun.

"Moike, Moike, wake roight up!
 Phwat's thot noise?"
 "Aw, lay down and go to shlap.
 It's the bed ticking."

Bob—How fast is your car?
 Mickie—Usually about six months
 ahead of father's income.

HE OUGHT TO BE

Miss Paxson (in Latin VII)—You'll
 never regret having taken Virgil. Why,
 do you know! I once had a boy that
 got "A" all through his Latin. He
 went to Lincoln and he's in Lincoln
 now.

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

Why is a high school like a Ford?
 Each is a collection of nuts run by a
 crank.
 Nyal's Remedies. We are Omaha
 agents. "Haines."

He came into the room and dropped
 his books with a crash. The teacher
 looked up angrily.

"Clarence," she ordered, "go down
 to Mr. Masters' office and drop your
 books like that."

He went, slowly. In a few minutes
 he came jauntily into the room.

"Well," said the teacher, "did you
 do as I told you?"

"I did," said the ever truthful
 Moore.

"And what did Mr. Masters say?"

"He wasn't in his office."

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