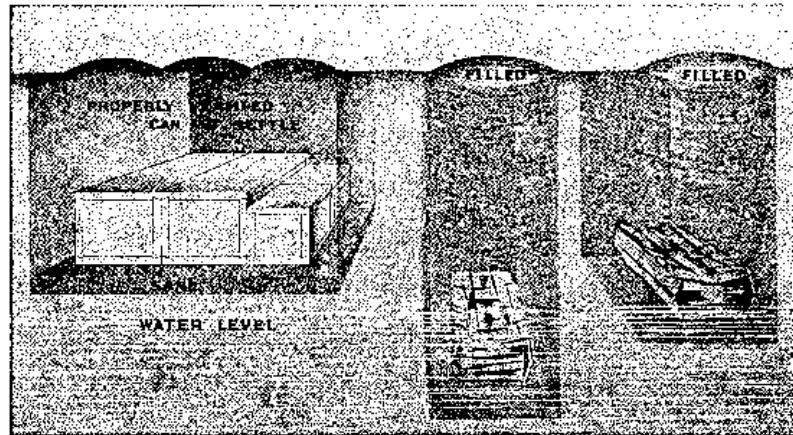


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American Sarcophagus Company

OMAHA. - - NEBRASKA

Christmas Greetings

The

REGISTER

Omaha High School.

DECEMBER 1916

Vol. XXXI
No. 4

J. Porter Allan

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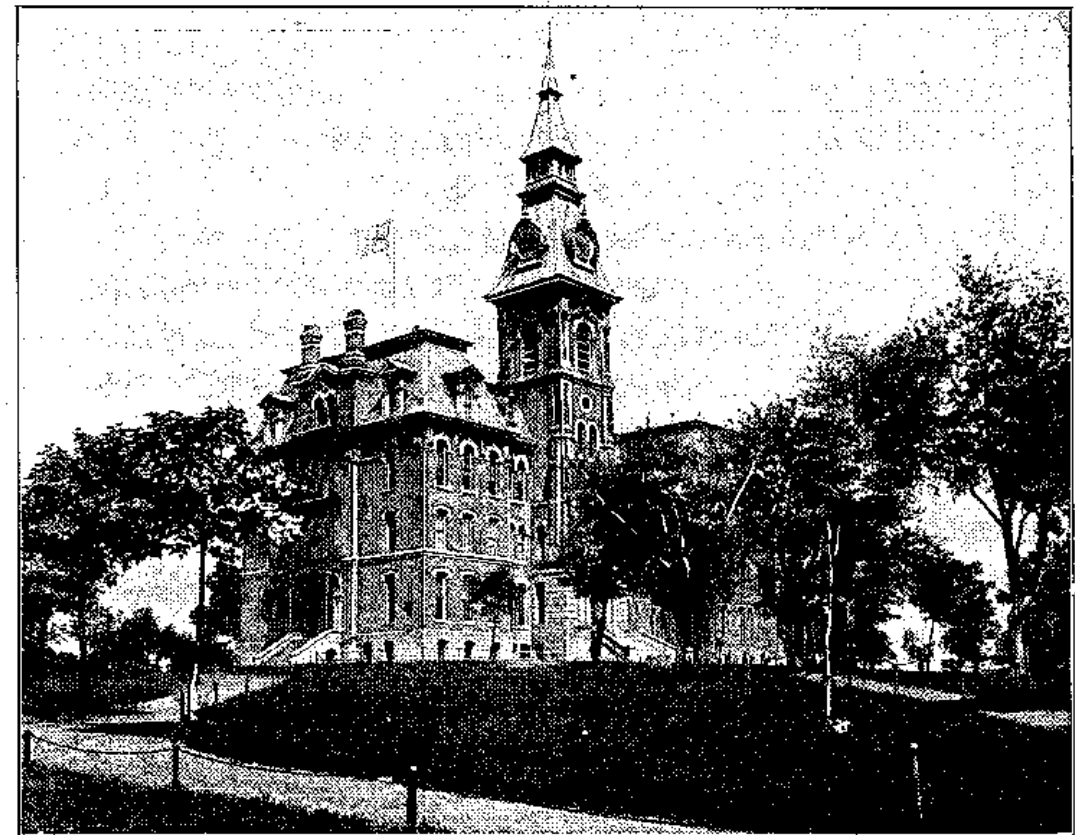
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The hill where it stood with its braun and green blended,
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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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

DWIGHT HIGBEE
Editor-in-Chief

{ Entered at the Omaha Post-
office as second-class matter }

LAWRENCE B. HOGUE
Business Manager

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Season of 1916-1917

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December 30, 1916

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Tickets on Sale after December 22nd at
Brandeis Theatre, Fontenelle Hotel, Beaton Drug Co.
15th and Farnam

THE REGISTER

Vol. XXXI OMAHA, NEB., DECEMBER, 1916 Number 4



Christmas spirit! Christmas spirit! What is it? Why it is some mysterious, unexplainable, yet altogether joyous feeling which rises from the very bottom of your heart, creeps through your entire being, finds expression in the giving of gifts, and makes true the old adage that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Does it in reality exist? Some people say not. Others say, "Yes." There are two phases to Christmas spirit—the spirit of giving and the spirit of receiving. Certainly the true spirit of giving is not in the man who gives from a sense of duty or from expectation of receiving a present in return! Certainly the true spirit of receiving is not in the woman who criticises severely a present from a friend, and then, on meeting the friend later, declares it "the most charming creation imaginable!" These things are what make Christmas giving a farce and convince some people that there is no Christmas spirit. Why can't all of us give with true feeling? If the feeling is not in us, let us not give. Why can't all of us accept gifts in the spirit in which most of them are given? Why do some of us look on them in a mercenary way with a keen eye as to their material value? But to say there is no Christmas spirit—that is going too far. Can't we say that those who give to missions with no anticipation or expectation of material recompense have the true spirit of giving? Can't we say that those in the missions who receive the gifts and do not complain because they are not as fine as they might be have the true spirit of receiving? I think we can, and I think we can say that those who believe there is no Christmas spirit are absolutely, positively wrong! But we cannot say that it exists universally. Let us effect a compromise and say that it exists to a certain degree—a degree which will grow lesser or greater as the years pass by. And you, each and every one of you, all of you, will have something to say and some part to play in turning the tide one way or the other.

WARREN A. EGE.

CLEAN ATHLETICS OR AN INVINCIBLE TEAM.

It is with great humility that we begin the report of the biggest and best celebration we have seen this year. Mere English words are insufficient to express the joyous, overflowing spirit of loyalty that was shown to a team victorious not only in scores but victorious in a far greater thing, in upholding in every game the golden rule of football. Perhaps you don't know that rule, but know it now and forever. It is "play clean." The team has won every game and not once have they been penalized for dirty work. Is this due to the coach? A good deal of it is, but as Shakespeare or someone said, "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink." We believe and we always will believe that it was

the clean spirit of a clean team that brought old O. H. S. the clean record she made, and with it the championship not only of the state, but of the Missouri Valley as well. And with this much said in honor of the team we are inclined to believe that we have mentioned only a small part of what should be said. "They came, they saw, and they conquered," physically, mentally and morally, and the object of the supper at the Y. M. C. A. on the evening of Friday, December 1st, was to show, if such was possible, how much the boys of the school appreciated the fine record of the team.

Coach Mulligan was first to speak and he told how hard the team had worked and how much they had borne to win their victories. He spoke of the pleasure of coaching such a team and then by a resounding yell the enthusiastic crowd showed Mulligan how much they appreciated owning such a coach.

Next came Morearty, and such a speech as he made! We are inclined to place it alongside Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. He thanked the team, the fellows and the coach for the help they had been, spoke almost reverently of his last game of football with the O. H. S. and sat down. The crowd hesitated before the yell of the evening broke forth. And in that yell we could read love for the captain, loyalty to the team, and earnest praise for the good record that was clean on both sides.

Mr. Masters was given the floor and his speech re-echoed the thoughts of the faculty. He said he had never seen a team in whom improvement, especially in team work, had advanced so rapidly.

Our old friend, Floyd Paynter, was next on the program. His speech was short and sweet and worth its weight in gold. He praised the words of Mr. Mulligan, and as a representative of his team praised the work of Morearty as a captain, as a halfback, and as a teammate. He said the team surely appreciated having two such fine men to lead them to victory.

In the meantime Herb Reese, the Lincoln coach, and Brian, the captain of the Lincoln team, had endeavored to slip into back seats. But someone saw them and a yell was given for Reese and for Lincoln that truly showed the fine spirit existing between the two schools. Reese then made a short speech in which he gave all the credit for the fine football showing of Omaha to the spirit exhibited by the school. He said he thought there was only one team in the Missouri Valley that Omaha might have reason to fear. (We wonder if he meant Lincoln.) He praised highly the coach whose place at Lincoln he had taken. We agreed with all he said except the part about fearing Lincoln. But let us wait and see.

Coach Mills, our old standby, a worshiper of Omaha High School football teams, made a speech that will never be forgotten. He said that Mulligan had succeeded in doing what he had tried so hard to accomplish all the time he was with us, namely, putting out a team that *could not be beat*. He too gave the credit of victory to the loyalty of the student body and emphatically stated that any boy who would go out for football every year for four years and would *work*, could not possibly fail. As an example he used our old friend, Daddy Beard. He surely praised the team and reminded us that as long as Tommy Mills lives in Omaha the team will always have at least one ardent supporter.

And so it ended. And can we say too much in praise of those who worked and worked without recognition that O. H. S. football might be placed where it is today, and in praise of the players who have shown to the world a clean, victorious team one hundred per cent *man*.

THE HUMIDOSTAT SYSTEM.

Although the day of Thanksgiving has recently passed with its share of thankful prayers from each one of us, yet I doubt not that there were a great many of us who forgot to be thankful for one thing for which we should have been thankful. Perhaps a great many of our students were not ungrateful, but simply unaware of the blessing that they were receiving.

What is this blessing I am talking about? Well, in a very short explanation, it is "wet air." Why were our recitation and study rooms always so uncomfortable in the winter time? Why were our lips parched? Why did we have headaches? Simply the lack of moisture in the air which we were compelled to breathe. The air in the Sahara desert, according to scientists who have visited that region, has by test shown that it contains usually about 28 per cent of the moisture which it might contain if it were fully supplied. Similar tests of the air in the Central High School have shown in times past, that it contained only 15 per cent of the moisture it might contain if saturated. We had the Sahara beat in dryness just a little bit. But now, thanks to the Board of Education, by the help of two very able engineers, Mr. A. C. Anderson and Mr. Charles A. Bennett of this city, our desert atmosphere has been turned into a very comfortably humid one by the installation of the Johnson Service Company's humidostat system.

The main purpose of this apparatus, as has been said, is to mix moisture with the air. To accomplish this purpose about six densely perforated, asbestos-wrapped, three-inch pipes about six feet long are located in the fan rooms of our present ventilating system. Out of these pipes streams of steam are thrown. This steam is drawn directly into the fan and sent circulating through the building with the rest of the air.

The regulating device of this system is called the humidostat. There are four of these instruments on the first floor in rooms in which the humidity of that part of the building may be fairly estimated. Each one is equipped with a very small cylinder of wood which absorbs the moisture in the air very readily. When this cylinder absorbs an amount of moisture which registers 50 per cent relative humidity, it has expanded sufficiently to spring a trap which closes the supply of steam until the air again becomes less humid. In the office a barometer which registers the relative humidity of the air is placed. This is composed of two thermometers, a wet bulb thermometer and a dry bulb thermometer, having between them a chart from which the relative humidity may be read. An index hand is placed at the exact point at which the mercury of either thermometer stands. This hand is then moved until it coincides with a point in any other line on the graph. The extension hand of this index then registers the relative humidity in the air on a scale at the bottom of the baseboard of the barometer. These readings are taken in order to know whether or not the humidostats are working right.

In addition to the new air conditioning, improvements are being made in the auditorium by installing large syphon ventilators above the stage. These ventilators will help to keep the auditorium free from foul air. They are operated by compressed air in opening and closing.

In conclusion, the consulting engineers of the Board of Education are working toward further improvements in certain rooms.

Realizing the close relation between physical fitness and mental power, we close with the slogan: Better air, better grades.

CLYDE QUIVEY.

BLUFFING—WHAT IS IT?

Now don't try to look innocent! You know perfectly well that you know what bluffing is. Of course, if you're a Freshman you may not know much about it, but if you're a Sophomore or Junior you do. If you're a Senior? Hold on there! That's entirely too personal a matter.

Now, I'm not going to tell you how to bluff. I've done it once; and, anyway, you probably know how. This is merely an attempt to explain just what constitutes bluffing. If you claim that you don't bluff, read this—and then you'll keep still.

Oh, by the way, teachers are requested not to read this. They know it anyway, but if there should be something they've overlooked, I don't want to bring it to their attention. All right, here goes.

It's bluffing to hold your hand about half way up. If the teacher calls on you, why, you didn't have your hand up. Otherwise, you get the credit for having volunteered.

It's bluffing to say you have all your problems when you have only part. Some people call it a worse name, but you'd better not. Remember, people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

It's bluffing to misunderstand the question and talk about something else. Ever try it? I thought so. Works fine sometimes, doesn't it?

It's bluffing to copy off someone else's paper in a test. Wait a minute, now. Don't criticise. Remember, "Bluffing is trying to make people (and teachers) think you know more about your lessons, and study harder, than you really do."

It's bluffing to add a + to that C on your report card. Refer to definition if you don't believe that statement.

It's bluffing to misunderstand the question the first time it's asked. Gives you time to collect your thoughts. Ever find that necessary?

It's bluffing to label your books, "Open all night" or "We never close." Did you ever notice that the people who do that aren't the ones who show up the best in class? (Notice I said "show up," not "show off.")

It's bluffing (rather transparent, though) to say, "I took the wrong book home," "I lost my assignment," "I know, but I don't know how to say it," or "I learned it, but I forgot it." Of course, you never use those expressions. Yes, I understand perfectly.

It's bluffing to guess at an answer. Oh, I know every one does it. Of course, you're very liable to get caught, but don't let that discourage you.

It's bluffing to pretend you're looking at your book when you're really watching to see if he is going to answer your note.

It's bluffing to say you've spent forty-five minutes on a lesson when fifteen minutes was spent in writing notes, fifteen in reading notes, five in looking to see if the teacher's caught you, and the remainder on the lesson.

Do I hear you remark that I've spent a lot of time in saying nothing? Well, isn't that what bluffing is?

MARGARET McWILLIAMS.

LIFE'S TRAGEDIES

Things ain't divided right, by gum!
Some loaf while others toil;
Some folks get all the sweets and some,
Get all the caster oil!

SOME FORTUNE

For wealth he does not pray
For fortunes smile he doesn't beg;
He knows of comfort that's on the way
One of his chickens has laid an egg!

MY LAST CHRISTMAS TREE.

I had come to the quitting place. I had quit my dolls, first of all; then my picture-books, and last the grade schools. I had quit my short dresses, and my hair no longer hung in two braids down my back. Instead, it was wound in an awe-inspiring coronet about my head. To Grandpa it was almost as if I, myself, had quit, for I, coming home from high school every evening with an armload of books very tightly tied in a long book strap, was a stranger to him.

Mother did not seem to mind the change, however. In fact Mother was almost inclined to hasten rather than retard it. It was her decree, for instance, that had banished the old doll family to the attic, where they remained in a state so like desertion as to trouble my conscience. And now, with Christmas drawing near, it was Mother who first suggested that, perhaps, since I was in high school, a tree was not really necessary—I was getting pretty old, wasn't I, to be having a Christmas tree?

I disliked the thought. I had never dreamed that the trees for Christmas, which stretched in a straight line back as far as I could remember, would not also stretch in a straight line forward as far as I could go. But Mother went on to tell the family how troublesome Christmas trees were, anyway; what a lot of fuss they made, with needles falling everywhere; how dangerous they were with candles, while light bulbs were too extravagant for just one little girl already in high school; and other surprising facts quite new and disquieting to me. Daddy seemed surprised, also, but he admitted that Mother was probably right about the Christmas tree. She knew better than anybody else how much trouble it was, and if I really didn't need it, why, all right! Brother Charles and Aunt Lillian didn't seem much concerned. Brother Charles thought that Christmas trees were "jolly fun," but, being a boy and all ready for college, his dignity did not allow him to be very enthusiastic. Aunt Lillian remarked that the parlor would at least be fit to entertain in, and that was all she seemed to care about it.

Nobody looked at me except Grandpa. He was evidently watching the surprise and dismay on my face deepening into gloom. Finally, when the gloom was growing very gloomy indeed, he broke in with his mild voice, "Well, now, maybe it is time to stop. But if we are not going to have any Christmas tree after this year, let's have a bigger one than ever for the last. We can't let a Christmas custom die without an appropriate farewell. Let's have a wonderful last Christmas tree!"

Brother Charles took to the idea with vigor. "Yes, the last Christmas tree! That's a bright idea. We might trim it with crepe instead of popcorn," he chuckled.

Mother did not like the idea; she had not intended to have any last one this year—last year had been the end. But Daddy caught sight of my saddened face, and decided at once that we must have one more just to console me a little.

I did not feel much consoled. Some ways I looked at it, having one more was really worse than stopping just where things were. But Grandpa went about the preparations enthusiastically, and everybody caught some of his ardor. Brother Charles mourned when the crepe was unanimously done away with, but he was consoled by being allowed to lay wreaths of holly in positions at the base of the tree.

Two days before Christmas Uncle Jimmy, Daddy's younger brother, came home from college. He brought a college chum along, a fellow who had no home, and had never had a Christmas tree. Uncle Jimmy said he brought him just to show him his niece, a girl who had never missed a tree. You can guess it made

my upper lip tremble a little when Uncle Jimmy said that. Thereupon Mother put in hastily that it was to be my last.

Everybody worked hard getting ready for the last tree. "It's the end of eating candy out of mosquito-bar stockings," Grandpa said; "we'll never have stockings, you know, after we quit having a tree." Or, upon opening a box of candles, he would remark, "What a lot of candle stumps! I suppose we won't save the ones we have left over this year." And when a fragile, brittle ornament fell suddenly from somebody's fingers, "Never mind," Grandpa would remind them all, "it's the last year we should have used it, anyhow."

As had always been the custom, we lighted the tree for the first time the night before Christmas. "How good it smells!" I murmured, snuffing just as I had always done in the days even when they did not let me help trim the tree and the snuffing had to be done through the keyhole. Then Brother Charlie told how funny I used to be, dancing in front of the closed door, and falling down to smell at the crack, and then dancing again, saying, "Oh, Daddy, it's a tree! I know it's a tree! It smells, Daddy; it smells!" And how funny I looked when Daddy solemnly announced that he could not smell anything at all.

Then everybody looked at the ornaments, as they all had done a great many Christmas eves. Uncle Jimmy brought a stool in order that he could climb up and show the college chum that funny reindeer, just the shape of a rhinoceros; that had been the chief admiration of his younger years. And Daddy had to point out the angel they had bought when Christmas trees were new to me, just because he fancied that its blue-violet eyes and little red mouth looked like mine. It had the place of honor on every tree, this toy angel. Then Aunt Lillian, who had undertaken, apparently, some responsibility for seeing that Uncle Jimmy's friend didn't miss anything, took him around to the other side of the tree to show him the up-to-date articles of adornment—a tiny dirigible and group of tinsel flying machines, both Wright and Curtis models. The college chum had talked about going to the aviation meet at Chicago, on his way back to college, and was therefore interested in flying machines. He must have been, too, for he stayed on that side of the tree and talked for a very long time.

Neighbors from both sides stopped in to see the tree. They knew there would be one at my house, they said, and it always made Christmas seem more Christmassy if you could go somewhere the night before and see a tree. They praised this one as the most beautiful one in my long career of trees, and my face grew pink with pride and excitement.

Finally everybody was gone except just the family. Then the candles were blown out slowly, with a great deal of puffing and laughing. The highest ones were left for me; and here Mother told how I used to blow very hard without being able to make them go out, and once I really lost my temper at the candles, saying in high treble, "Bad 'ight—bad 'ight. Wiggle an' wiggle, an den tum back."

All the lights were out and the room was dark except for the gleams from the big log in the grate.

Everybody went away and came back presently with armfuls of mysterious packages wrapped in many and varied shapes. They put them all around on the floor and in the branches, while Brother Charles, who had always enjoyed this part best as a little boy, felt them all, one after the other, and said, "Ten cents it's a necktie. Oh, I know it is. Feels like a doll-baby. Who gets a doll baby in this bunch? That's soft—some silly girl's fixings, I suppose. Another book—I wonder who it's for. No, Mother, I didn't either look at the name, honest

Injun! Oh, here's what I want, I'll bet a cooky! Now, if that's not for me, I'll"—and so on, until Mother had to pull him away and resolutely refused to let him put a dollar against Uncle Jimmy's money that the biggest package of all came to him.

Grandpa watched everybody with his kindly indulgent smile, not letting us know how he really felt.

"Time for bed, everybody. Are you people intending to stay up all night?" said Mother, coming nearer the tree.

"It's the last tree we're going to have," replied Grandpa, gently. "Perhaps, since we'll never do it again, we might stay up just a little longer this time. I haven't felt of the presents," and then Grandpa picked up slowly a heavy-looking package near the foot of the tree, weighed it in his hand, and remarked in feeble tones, trying to be comical, "It's either dynamite or an ax-head." From one to the other he passed slowly and solemnly; but, at the time, all of us gathered there thought only of how comical he was trying to appear and not of how, as we afterward knew, he felt.

At last, however, we all retired very quickly, and in a short time the whole house was as quiet as if nothing had happened all evening. But it remained in peaceful silence only a few hours. Just as the December dawn was breaking the front stairs began to creak, and something in slippers came softly down. It was followed soon by a figure in a gray silk kimono, that rubbed its eyes as it came. I was very much surprised to find Daddy there a head of me. Being the first one down to see the Christmas tree had been for years one of my inalienable privileges. I looked at Daddy in amazement and just then Mother and Brother Charles arrived almost simultaneously. Aunt Lillian and the college chum appeared at about the same time, and Uncle Jimmy was there soon afterward, yawning prodigiously. Everybody looked curiously at the presents. Brother Charles started to feel of them again, but Mother stopped him. Usually Grandpa was so slow in coming down to distribute the things, but—why, this Christmas morning he must have overslept! It did seem as if he would never come.

At last Mother went up to his room. How long she was away! All this waste of time I considered unnecessary; and yet to keep one's hands clasped tight in self-repression, and to keep one's urgent voice from being raised in a wail of protest taxed my heroic patience almost to the point of despair. But at last Mother came with a changed expression upon her face. She told father to call for Dr. Hall and told me to run up to Grandpa's room. I went to his room, and saw his head lying on the pillow and his eyes wandering around the room. He was calling my name. I went to his side and he began telling me of his last Christmas tree, but before he finished, the doctor had come. He told me to leave the room. I was now so excited that I stumbled down the stairway in a sort of delusion, hardly conscious of anything until the doctor took hold of my arm and said gently, "He has gone to the 'Land of Eternal Rest.'"

Never after did a Christmas tree adorn our living-room on Christmas Day or the night before, for it now served merely to bring back the sorrowful event of that Christmas when the idea of abolishing or of not abolishing the long cherished piece of adornment was uppermost in our minds.

ANNA STREITZ.

"What is an optimist?"

"An optimist is a cross-eyed man who is thankful that he isn't bow-legged."

Husband (frantic)—Maggie! Maggie! Don't use that flat iron to pound nails with! Use your head woman! Use your head!

IN MEMORIAM

With deep sorrow the Register records the passing of Margaret Kennedy Brome, Editor-in-Chief for 1906-7.

Graduating from the high school in 1907, she spent the next two years in Wellesley College. After a year in the high school as registrar she married Mr. Charles Brome of 1905. Their home has been in Worland, Wyoming, where Mr. Brome with their four little ones still resides.

Her teachers love to recall her as a beautiful, rosy-cheeked girl, characterized by an abounding vitality which found expression in the various activities of school life. She was a born leader. In class room, in literary society, as editor of the Register, she showed the same high qualities of leadership. It is seldom that a high school pupil has made so deep and so lasting an impression upon her teachers and comrades. Her life was at high noon when the summons came.

In behalf of the Faculty and pupils we extend to her relatives and friends our heartfelt sympathy.

TRUTH

Truth cannot be forced on one,
And forced truth is no more truth
Than is affected cheer or age—
A sign of blooming youth.

But Truth must flow like honey-
streams,
And gently steal into one's heart
As dawns the light of breaking day
And softly drives the dark apart.

And oft 'tis nature that reveals
To one, the truth in beauty's drape;
And oft the sight of noble deeds—
Makes truth appear in duty's shape.

But still more oft it is one's heart
That feels the truth wherever found,
(And passing safely by the false)—
Alights on Truth with joyful bound.

—Abe Sweet.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

What is it, this spirit so valiantly sung,
This challenge so trippingly dropped
from the tongue,

This saucy, sweet cherub whose won-
derful might

Makes darked days sunny, and heavy
hearts light?

Did it float on a snowflake to give to
this earth

Of its happy good will, of its plenteous
mirth?

Is it like High School spirit, a jubilant
elf,

Who cuts up great capers, and is
proud of itself?

Does the "Spirit of Christmas" with
love as its aim,

And the gay "Christmas Spirit" mean
always the same?

M. E. S., '18.

THE COLLECTION BOX

BY MISS TOWNE'S CLASSES

THE FATHER'S CALL.

Me thinks I hear a far off voice, begging me to rise,
It seems to issue from beneath in darkness where it lies;
Sad the sound, mournful the tone, that scarce has any strength,
It sounds as if cruel suffering has brought it out at length.

Yes, it is the long known call, oh, centuries old,
It is the Jew beneath the rock that holds him fast and bold;
Stifling is that cry that comes and calls to me to harken,
Mournfully it tells me now, the words that make me waken.

Child, do you forget the past, do you forget your father?
Do you not know your ancient home, Palestine, your mother?
Know you not on Mount Sinai, you took that vow forever?
Dear to hold and bless our God, our good and heavenly Father.

E. K.

THE DRUID ALTAR.

In a seemingly enchanted spot in the great Rocky Mountains I found my Druid Altar. It was of hard flinty rock that glittered in the sunlight. No altar ever stood firmer than that one, for around it the great brother rocks were packed so tightly that it was immovable. For many centuries it had stood so. I have never yet found who presided in my green church, but the congregation, I think, were the squirrels and the trees. The decorations were not placed in vases, but grew out of the great gray stone. The music was furnished by the murmuring brook, the birds were the choir. In the daytime the sun gave light, by night the fireflies held their lanterns high over the altar. Before this ancient stone there came a day of awakening. The mind of a child could think of nothing but summer in this fairy spot. Life grew into a thing of high ideals and glorious hopes. One cheerless, winter day when I came to my church, my Druid Altar had disappeared under the all-covering snow.

A. B.

TWILIGHT IN ACADIE.

Slowly and silently the summer day is dying. The peace of evening is stealing over Acadie. The tall sentinel pines, guarding the entrance to the valley, are casting their long, purple shadows toward the east. The bay lies like a great mirror reflecting the last glow of the sunset. Somewhere in the treetops a bird is softly warbling his good night song. The sheep stir restlessly on the hillside, then sink to rest at night's command. Up the lane the ploughman leads his weary horses to water and to rest. The poppies nod drowsily in the lazy western breeze. The wild flowers and hay fill the air with a sweet evasive perfume, mingled with an occasional breath from the forest, so piney and fragrant. The milkmaid sings as she scours the pans and hangs them up in a shining array. When her task is done, she steals softly down to a rustic arbor, where her swain awaits her. Through the enfolding darkness the Angelus tolls from far and near, softly and clearly. Then no sound is heard from bird or beast.

A. B.

"THE PATHOS OF DISTANCE."

'Twas Saturday eve at the Bachelors' Club,

And all was warmth and cheer,
Their wine they'd drunk, their tales
they'd told,

There were no more to hear;
They'd spent the week in different
ways,

And now, assembled there,
They settled down in heavenly ease,
Forgot their worries and care.

'Round each bright fire there was a
group

Whose thoughts had sped away,
On wings of time they'd flown once
more

To homes of yesterday;
To east, to west, to north, to south,
Across the ocean wide,
To mothers, fathers, sweethearts, too,
For it was Christmastide.

They'd come from every land and
clime,

Their homes were far apart;
Success had come to each of them,
Yet sad they were in heart;
Suppose we take them, one by one,
Around that blazing fire,
But no, their minds we cannot read,
Their thoughts we'll not inquire.

We think they thought of happy days
Spent along winding streams,
Of haunted caves explored with fear,
Pirates with terrible miens;
We know they thought of tricks they'd
played

On some old "crabs" and "cranks,"
Of April firsts and Fourth's of July,
Of daring Hallowe'en pranks.

We know they thought of deeds un-
done,

Innumerable might-have-beens,
Of bitter trials and knock-out blows,
All which they'd borne with grins;
We know they saw in the rings of
smoke

Their sweethearts loved of yore,
As they sat there lost in reveries—
Dreams and nothing more.

MEDITATIONS OF A MODERN
SHYLOCK.

(Apologies to Shakespeare.)

Oh, you Trig book, many a time and
oft

In my study you have baffled me
And mocked my jumbled mass of fig-
ures, too;

Still have I borne it with a fevered
brow,

For seventh hours are the dread of a
students' pride.

You made me lose my patience and
sometimes swear,

And miss my daily seat in a "movie"
show,

And all for the untruths which are in
your answers.

Well, then, it now appears that we
must part:

Go to, then; I say, "Farewell," and
you reply,

"My boy, I have done you good;" you
say so;

You, that did keep me from the joys
of life,

From football games, from "swell"
club dances, from joy rides,

From all these; Good for me, you say.
What should I say to you? Should
I not say,

Is gloom pleasure? Is it possible
Such toil could bring about enjoy-
ment? Or

Shall I bend low and in a bondman's
key,

With bated breath and whispering
humbleness,

Say this:

Good Trig, you kept me home on
Wednesday last;

You flunked me such a day; another
time

You made me swear; and for these
benefits

I'll call you my benefactor?

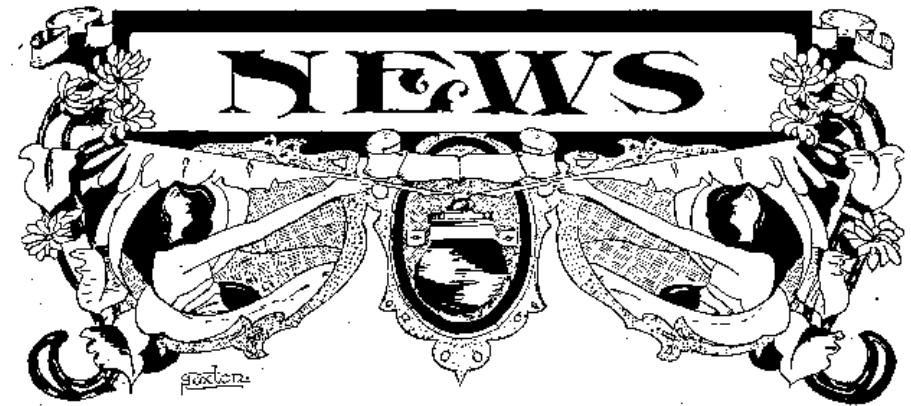
—W. B.

Of all glad words

That now are roared;

The gladdest are these:

"He works for Ford."



MILITARY.

Looking over the Regiment, we find
it doing fine for this time of year.
Many new systems have been tried and
they seem to be bringing results.

At the Regimental Parade held a
short time ago the men distinguished
themselves by their accuracy. The
company drills are also coming along
fine and the men are prepared for the
regular monthly inspections. We feel
quite proud since we saw in the news-
paper that a school in Texas has pat-
terned an organization after our Regi-
ment.

We feel that the efforts which were
made to impress upon the boys that
drill is a part of school work are re-
sponsible for this.

We received the new company med-
als a short time ago and were well
pleased with them. They are all of
the same style and are distinguished
from one another by having the com-
pany letter engraved upon them.

A few vacancies have been filled as
follows: From Captain Company H
to Major Third Battalion, William
Boyer; from Captain Company B to
Captain Company H, Charles Moriari-
ty; from First Lieutenant Company B
to Captain Company B, Sidney Robin-
son; from Second Lieutenant Company
A to First Lieutenant Company B,
Hilbert Peterson; from Private Com-
pany A to Second Lieutenant Com-
pany A, Donald Lyle; from Private

Company A to Corporal Company A,
Rolland Spangler; from Private Com-
pany D to Corporal Company G, Rol-
land Jefferson.

These appointments about fill the va-
cancies and we can settle down to the
grind we have before us, still having
the idea of a "Banner Regiment."

SIOUX CITY-OMAHA DEBATE

Shall the Monroe Doctrine be aban-
doned? On the evening of Tuesday,
December 12, a team from Sioux City
came to Omaha to uphold the doctrine
while our boys tore it to pieces. A
team from Omaha went to Sioux City
to uphold the doctrine and the Sioux
City boys tore it to pieces. Sioux City
was represented here by Miss Rose
Pill, George Berquist, and Edward Pill,
while Omaha was represented by Her-
luf Olson, Louis Freiberg, and Sol
Rosenblatt. We won at home by a
three to nothing decision but lost at
Sioux City by two to one. So, you see,
we were given four out of six decisions.
Both teams showed the result of steady
work and each team reflected credit on
its school. The stars were hard to
pick, but we cannot blame Sioux City
for falling before the steam roller argu-
ment put up by Olson, before the cut-
ting sarcasm of Freiberg, and before
the spirited attack of Sol Rosenblatt.
At Sioux City we were represented by
Earl Lowe, Ralph Kharas, and Max
Koncky. They deserve a lot of credit

for the good fight they put up at Sioux City. We firmly believe that we have some debating team.

THE JOINT PROGRAM.

The first joint program of the year, given in the auditorium December 8, was a great success.

The Frances Willard Society was well represented by Mildred Sinnett, who gave a piano solo, and by Mildred Othmer, whose clever impersonations of country school children were enthusiastically encored.

Harold Pearson, representing the A. D. S., gave a humorous rendering of "Maude Muller," in dialect, and responded to a second encore with an amusing version, also in dialect, of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." A debate as to whether or not the Monroe Doctrine should be abandoned followed. Both sides were ably defended, though no decision was made.

Probably the most novel feature of the program was the number given by the Ukulele Club of the Elaine Society, which was enthusiastically received by the audience. A recitation by Ruth Miller completed the society's part of the program.

A deservedly popular number was the "Chalk Talk" given by Margaret Bridges of the Art Society, to the accompaniment of appropriate music.

The last number was given by the Laurel Debating Girls, and was the first public appearance of this, our youngest organization. In a spirited debate as to whether or not credit should be given for work in literary societies, the girls proved that girls *can* debate, and when they have had a little more experience, the boys will have to look to their laurels.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The Shakespeare Club, a new organization in the school, was successfully launched on Tuesday, November 21. Miss Towne is directing the affairs of the organization, the aims of

which are the reading, general acquaintance and occasional presentation of Shakespeare's plays. Meetings are held on the first and third Tuesdays of each month in Room 119. The officers are as follows: President, Frank Campbell; secretary, Owen Comp; reporter, Sydney Robinson. Membership is open to all students taking eleventh or twelfth grade English. The Shakespeare Club met on December 5 and again on December 19. The main feature of the last meeting was the presentation of the duel episode from "Twelfth Night." Shakespearean scenery and effects made this a great success.

The Margaret Fuller Society was entertained at the home of the president, Helen Wahl, November 29. After a very interesting program, the girls enjoyed a social hour and delicious refreshments were served. The society decided to dress dolls for the City Mission for its Christmas work.

A unique and entertaining program on India was given at the last meeting of the Lininger Travel Club. This is the third of an interesting series of programs on the Oriental nations.

The Hawthorne Society enjoyed a splendid musical program at its last meeting.

The Art Society has taken up craft-work this year, and as a result a great many beautiful little Christmas gifts have already been made.

The Browning Society gave a delightful Thanksgiving program November 29. The girls are still sewing the comfort bags and expect to have them finished by the next meeting.

After its Thanksgiving program, the Priscilla Alden Society held a spread in the lunch room. The football squad finished practicing in time to sample the dainties, which they seemed to enjoy very much.

The Lamron Society gave a delightful Thanksgiving program November 29. Mr. Woolery told an interesting story of his college days. At the close

of the program, Puritan maidens served appropriate refreshments, consisting of pumpkin pie and apples.

The L. D. S. met on Wednesday, November 29. A large number was present. The program consisted of a violin quartette by L. D. S. members. A Thanksgiving sermon was delivered by W. Cotten. A very interesting talk was given by Mr. Rees. Humorous stories and Parliamentary law practice concluded the program.

The D. D. S. held its last meeting on November 29, in Room 220. Considering that it was the last day before the Thanksgiving vacation, the attendance was unusually large. A short business meeting was held and designs of pins for the society were shown to the members. Later a vote was taken which resulted in the selection of a nifty pin for the society. Ex-President Elmore Bailey then gave a short but very encouraging and beneficial talk to the society. Reginald Fernald presented the society with an interesting talk on the origin and history of Thanksgiving, also describing the first Thanksgiving ever held. Julian Harris then amused the debaters with a comical recitation about Thanksgiving. Five of the six debaters, who debated Sioux City on Tuesday, December 12, are active members of the D. D. S.

A very interesting meeting of the L. D. S. was held on November 17. Current events were given by H. Haker. Sol Rosenblatt recited some original poems, which were very good. A hot discussion on the Monroe Doctrine then arose between Abe Lack and other members of the society. Plans for a Thanksgiving program were laid out.

SOPHOMORE CLASS MEETING.

A meeting of the Sophomore Class was held Tuesday, October 31, in Room 235. The purpose of the meeting was to elect representatives to the Student Council and the committee which is to select a uniform pin for

the school. Since the nominations of the teachers for representatives of the Sophomore Class to the Student Council were not in, the election of these representatives was postponed. The three sophomore pupils selected for the pin committee were Jean Kennedy, Herbert Negele and Jean Burns. Walter White tied with Jean Burns, but he lost the slip up. Mr. McMillan had charge of the meeting.

EXCHANGES.

On account of lack of time and space, we have not been able to open up the exchange department before this month. While we do not intend to use a great deal of space each month for exchanges, we hope to keep your interest in this department. The only means of finding out how to improve our paper is by getting new ideas from other school papers, and this is done by exchanging. We hope to have a good department this year, and so far we have received quite a number of interesting exchanges.

As we see them:

The Oracle, North High, Des Moines: Your paper is very well edited, but your jokes are rather scarce.

The Totem, Alaska: You are to be congratulated on the excellent paper you put out. It was so interesting that our librarian asked us to put it in our library.

The Spectrum, Portland, Oregon: Your paper is very complete.

The Tatler, West High, Des Moines: Splendid paper. Your athletics show a fine school spirit and enthusiasm.

Hyde Park Weekly, Chicago, Ill.: An exceptionally good paper. Your paper is about the only weekly that we exchange with. Your cuts and cartoons are fine. You must have some energetic business manager.

Cherry and White, Williamsport, Pa.: An especially good paper. Your advertising is fine.

(Continued on Page 24)



Well, here I am again on the job. Gee, I'll bet it's hard to digest this stuff, but then, just think what the effects must be on the poor guy that has to sit back and assume the responsibility for it. Do you know that the greatest martyr that this world has ever known was my good friend, Bill Shakespeare. If you should chance not to believe this statement, just casually glance over one of his so-called comedies. I'll just bet that the cause of his death was the writing of those very—er—comedies. But do you think that there was any chance of his laughing to death? The nays have it. He did not. But if you will read any of Bill's tragedies (is that the way you spell it) you will see that Bill was there after all. For instance, read "The Merry Wives of Windsor" or "As You Like It" or "The Comedy of Errors." And so, you see, to return to my original topic, I do not want to brag about my ability; but they may have a big celebration over these very lines in years to come. If they do, you can all say that—er—er—anyway I guess you all get the moral of this little editorial this afternoon.

Now, I do not know what the school as a whole thinks of having the girls run *The Register*, but I will say this, that if they should do so again, I shall be forced to leave this glorious institution of learning and take to the wide world for the rest of my education. In other words, I was held responsible for the stuff that appeared in this column last month. Now, most of it was fine, *but* there was one little article concerning the description of a ki—;

well, you know. And every one seems to want to know where the author got her knowledge of the aforesaid—er—er—thing. I do not know who did write the article, *but* I did not, and I know nothing of the material thereof.

Do you realize that when Sherman defined war he really defined lots of things. Now, I don't want to seem to be knocking the Latin department, *but*—

If anyone wants to get a good drill suit at a reasonable price, see me. I have not worn it this year: it is a last year's suit.

"BEFORE THE REPORT CARDS CAME OUT."

Hope.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast"

Is a noted piece o' rhyme.
I guess it's true, leastways I'll say,
That hopes a friend o' mine.

What helps you when your failin'?
And yer grades a'goin' down?
Its just that little ray o' hope that says,
"You'll come aroun'."

When flunk notes come a rollin' in,
As many times they do,
Jest keep yer hope a hopin', and
B'gosh, she'll pull ye thru.

"Buck."

Lincoln said that she did not want a post season game unless we would concede fifty per cent of the profits to her. Why didn't she demand fifty per cent of the total points of the score, too.

AFTER REPORT CARDS CAME OUT.

"Hope" Reconsidered.

I wrote that bunch of "hope" stuff,
A day or so ago,
Before we got our "card boards"
And things looked bright, you know.

But since the little card boards,
Have come into the light;
I've changed my mind entirely,
This "hope" stuff isn't right.

I had hoped for "B's" and "A's,"
And more if that could be;
My teachers hadn't hoped so high,
They all gave me a "D."

O hope, you are consoling.
We all do admit that;
But it takes the facts, and cold ones
To get you to the bat.

Now next time, I'll work harder
And labor more 'tis true;
Perhaps, when the results come out
I will not feel so blue.

"Buck."

Remember that handsome is what
hansoms charge.

Flowers are beginning to appear on
the desks of our beloved teachers. Can
I solve the mystery? That one is
easy. It just means that the flunk
cards are going to appear in a day or
two.

By the way, how is my old friend,
Dudley, getting along over in Council
Bluffs?

Say, did you all notice that trick
play that the coach used in the game
with St. Joe. If Hap Pearson had
taken off his head gear and thrown it
to Harper, it would have been the finest
bit of strategy that this end of the
country has ever seen.

I see that our deserving friend, Bill
Boyer, was promoted at the last reg-
imental. Bill probably got a majority.

The basket ball season has come at
last. They are playing it in all of the
study halls, now. If you do not be-
lieve me, just try to throw some waste
paper in your desk.

Are we going to have a vaudeville
show this year?

If they insist on having the halls
closed, why don't they use system?
Now I have a scheme that will save
the teachers all the trouble of policing
the halls. On the wall of each hall,
there should be a time clock. Every
time a student walks thru the hall,
he should check in. If his check ap-
pears more than once in the same
clock, have his head cut off and his
body hung in the South hall as an
example.

"BUCK'S QUESTION BOX."

Q.—"Why does Philbin try to imi-
tate the hula hula, when he sings at
the mass meetings?"

Ans.—"Dunno. You might ask him."

Bizz—"Who is the world's most un-
happy citizen?"

Miss Paxson—"The one who is un-
occupied."

Izz—"What is charity?"

Bizz—"Charity is the giving away of
the things that you do not want.

A.—"What is the eleventh command-
ment?"

B.—"Do it now."

Miss Snyder—"What is a non-con-
ductor?"

Pupil—"A motorman."

Thanking you one and all for your
quiet attention and at the same time
wishing that you would retain the same
quality after you have read these few
little remarks,

I remain,

"Buck."



FOOTBALL

"And onward then, they went to Lincoln,
Played 'em hard, and kept 'em thinkin',
Homeward then, with the oval ball,
Won a game from old Sioux Falls.

Say, some team—good players—gritty,
Went up north and beat Sioux City.
Came back feelin' fine and oh—
What did they do to old St. Joe?
Read the scores, count the tally,
Champion team of Missouri Valley."

And that's about all there was to it.
The team went to Lincoln and played
a game there that will go into history.
The field was wet and this hindered
Morearty from getting loose. The
final score was 6 to 6. The team came
out of this game in good condition,
as Sioux City will witness. Morearty,
Smith, Maxwell and Co. made Sioux

Falls look sick. What was the score?
53 to 0 or something like that. They
next took Sioux City to a cleaning.
This was a hard fought game, but
brains outplayed brawn, and we
grabbed the long end of a 21 to 14
score. A week later this twelve cyl-
inder truck hit a St. Joe runabout, and
—well the score speaks for itself. It
was 35 to 7. And so the curtain is
now drawn on one of the most success-

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VAN SANT SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

The State Association of Commercial Clubs has taken action with reference to the embarrassing shortage of stenographers in this state. Something must be done, they say.

Twenty members of the June graduating class are fitting themselves in our school to take their share of this responsibility.

What about those who will graduate in January? Will THEY help the business men of Nebraska in the business emergency now existing?

IONE C. DUFFY, Owner

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ful seasons that the O. H. S. has ever seen. But look at our team. Do you wonder at its success.

First comes "Mory":

The lord must have laughed, when he made "Mory" for I'll swear there's rabbit blood in his legs.

Then comes "Smithy":

Here is a combination between an elephant and a blood hound. Smith could crawl thru a mouse hole, if he had to.

Maxwell:

"Mack" can run a punt back to the place it was kicked from. Ask Lincoln.

Peterson:

"Pete" has a head made of iron—er. I mean in football, not studies. All "Pete" needs is the ball and a start.

Pearson:

"Hap" is there and then some. He has one bad fault, though. This is his habit of catching passes, while standing on his head.

Harper:

"Shucks, Griffin wasn't hard to tackle."

Phillips:

A "weighty" subject.

Shepherd:

"Shep" he are some end, he are.

Paynter:

"Gee, its gettin' late, coach."

Iverson:

Another one that's there.

Haller:

Oh, boy.

Comp:

We hope you get that sweater, Owen.

(Continued on Page 22)

LOOK—A Squib

THE STRONGER SEX

Poor Algernon made bold to eat
A piece of ordinary pie;
It brought him misery complete,
He thought he was about to die.
Claunda, on the other hand,
When it was ninety in the shade,
Ate chocolates which she said were
"grand,"
And washed them down with lemonade."

She took ice cream with syrup pink

Until there was no keeping count;
She quite exhausted, people think,
The menu at the soda fount.
With salted almonds she made free,
She swallowed pickles by the score.
A salad she effaced with glee,
And there serenely ordered more.
Now why does Nature thus contrive
The boasted strength of man to float?

Why does Clarinda thus survive,

While Algernon is down and out?

Sooner or later YOU will want

RINEHART-STEFFENS PHOTOGRAPHS

.... 18th at Farnam Streets

(Continued from Page 21)

Krogh:

A center. Worth more than that, though.

Hinchey:

Some guard!

But before all comes Coach Mulligan. Gee! if Germany had some of "Mully's" strategy they could whip the Allies with ease.

Well, football's over for another year. We can look on this team with pride. We may well say, "There was a team, when will we have such another." "Buck."

AND NOW—REWARD

Clyde Smith, our faithful halfback, was elected captain of next year's football team. We agree with the team that he is the man for the place. We are looking forward to a winning team again next year. Fourteen men were granted "O's" by the athletic board and will be given letter sweaters. The following received "O's":

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Charles Morcarty, Clyde Smith, John Peterson, Eugene Maxwell, Arnold Krogh, Oscar Iverson, Myron Hinchey, Floyd Paynter, Lyman Philips, Donald Shepard, Harold Pearson, Arno Harper, Richard Haller, and Owen Comp.

To these men, and to those "subs" who were so loyal all season the Register wishes to extend its heartiest congratulations.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

Basketball is almost at its height and great enthusiasm has been worked up by the girls of all classes. The Soph team is doing fine work for beginners and have had about twenty-five out for practice each time. Miss Duke is proud of them and expects them to make a good try at the championship. The Junior girls have bettered their game considerably. However they mourn the loss of their last year's forward, Burnetta Wise, who is not attending O. H. S. The Seniors, with a team that has played together since

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the Sophomore year, have not only piled up the score against the Juniors but have attained team work which carries the ball without a fumble.

Alley—All extremely bright boys are conceited.

Ege—Oh, I don't know. I'm not.

Almarine (accepting a bunch of flowers he has carefully arranged)—"Oh, Warren, what a lovely undertaker you would make."

EXCHANGES

(Continued from Page 17)

The Hilltop, Jersey City: Your stories are very interesting. Why not put your staff in the front of the book, instead of the middle?

The Palmetto and The Pine, Florida: Glad to receive your paper. It is well arranged.

The Shattuck Spectator, Faribault, Minn.: We think you put out a splendid weekly paper. Do you still have notes from St. Mary's Hall?

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The Candle, Northwestern University: The exchange editor had a fine time reading your excellent paper. The jokes were fine. How about your exchange department?

Quill, Des Moines, Ia.: Your cuts and cartoons are clever. We are glad to exchange with you.

The Red and White, Lake View, Chicago: Athletics very complete. Good, interesting stories.

Kernel, Louisville, Ky.: The exchange department was cleverly arranged in your November issue.

Boomerang, Brigham City, Utah: A

good paper. You have no place indicating where your paper is from.

As others see us:

"A Word to the Wise," written by a genius on our staff, was published by *The Oracle*, Des Moines. North High.

Quill, Des Moines, Ia.: The students of the Omaha High School seem more interested in the much discussed question of "Military Training in the Schools" than in agriculture. They are entering into the work with great enthusiasm and expect to make this year's regiment a banner one.

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The Register is some paper. Your editorials and literary department are splendid.—*Columbus High School*.

The Register: The cover design on the October number was very attractive and original. The contents were very interesting.—*High School World*, Topeka, Kas.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges: *The Pep*, Red Oak, Ia.; *Sandburr*, York Neb.; *The High School World*, Topeka, Kas.; *Karux*, Phillipsburg, N. J.; *Spud*, Alliance, Neb.; *The X-Ray*, Fairbury, Neb.; *Commerce*, Omaha, Neb.; *Pebbles*, Marshalltown, Iowa; *The Red and Black*, Wendell Phillips High School, Chicago; *Oberlin Literary Magazine*, Oberlin, Ohio; *Bulletin*, Davenport,

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