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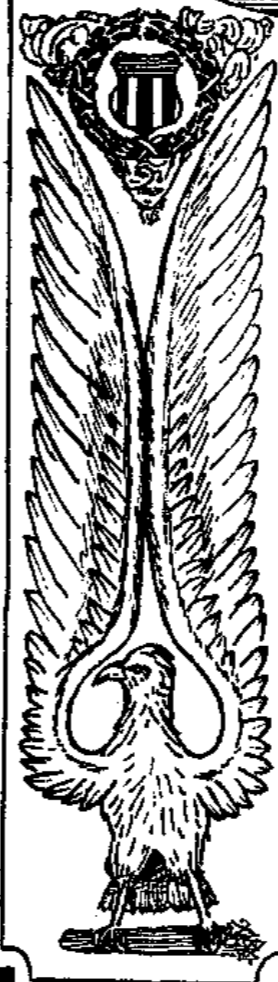
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THE REGISTER



OMAHA High School

—
SEPTEMBER, 1917
—

VOLUME XXXII
NUMBER I



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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

High School Register

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

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 Editor-in-Chief

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

THE REGISTER

VOL. XXXII

OMAHA, NEBR., SEPTEMBER, 1917

NUMBER 1



FELLOW STUDENTS: This is the first issue of the thirty-second year of the Register—may it not be our last!

This is your paper, put out solely for your benefit, regarding only your welfare, and considering only your environment and activities.

The office you have given us is unquestionably a most important and responsible one, ranking equally with any in the school.

We have great responsibilities, but none greater than that of satisfying you. We shall try to give you a paper worthy of our school, its aims and activities. We shall try to work in unison with all branches of the school, for their influence cannot be underestimated. We shall try to be fair.

After much deliberation, we have appointed a staff to aid us in our work. If we have not selected the right persons, it will soon become evident; if there are others more deserving, then the best course for those students is to aid the ones in office and thus show themselves worthy. Practical and beneficial suggestions will be welcome ALWAYS.

After all, this is your paper, and as your representatives, we ask of you your support, both in literary and advertising contributions. Show us your interest and help the Register.

Use This Issue!

After you have finished reading this copy of the Register, put a one-cent stamp on it with the address of one of your high school friends now at one of the army training camps. Those fellows are literally "hungry" for news of O. H. S., and will surely appreciate your kindness. We have received many letters from alumni and former school acquaintances now in the army, asking for news about the school. Make them know that we have not forgotten them here and tell them all the news through the Register.

The Seventh-Hour Day

The first of September is here again, but it is an unusual September at Central High School, at least in one way. Instead of the such conversation between long unseen friends, as, "Did you have a good time this summer? But oh! let me tell you about my wonderful trip," there are innumerable people (that is just a little hyperbole for effect) discussing and rediscussing the new topic of conversation—the seventh hour day. They are praising it, they are condemning it, they are doing almost everything to it that could be done in words.

But, students, is that added fifteen minutes' sleep really missed? Last year

a goodly number of students were at school when the doors opened at eight-thirty.

"Nearly all schools in other big cities begin at eight-thirty, some at eight-fifteen or eight even," said Mr. Masters, upon being interviewed on the lengthened days. "We are not starting something unheard of by beginning at eight forty-five."

Such being the case, it is our good fortune that we live in Omaha.

And what about that little half-hour tacked on at the end? It may be used to forestall eighth hour appointments which, however, are unnecessary to people who put a little zeal into their studying. That other study hour helps out on lessening home study, and on diminishing the pile of books to be taken home. But there is one disadvantage according to some people. Although they do not mind being at school from eight forty-five until two forty, yet they do find it hard to concentrate all that time on their lessons, with only lunch to interrupt. It makes a terribly strenuous day if they try to study all that they are supposed to.

On this point, Mr. Masters said, "This plan is for the pupils' good and for their own advantage. This system, I hope, will decrease the number of failures and bring better work from all. At home, studies are often neglected, where parental co-operation is lacking, and amusements offer too much of a temptation; while pupils are here, under the supervision of teachers and in an environment of study, much more can be accomplished. That is the main purpose in lengthening the day—for the pupils' good." —L. H.

The Omaha Public School System

The Public School System of Omaha has just opened what promises to be the most successful year in its history. The educational department is especially fortunate in securing Mr. J. H. Beveridge as Superintendent of Omaha's Public Schools. Mr. Beveridge, who has devoted his life to educational work, has carefully formulated many excellent ideas concerning efficiency in school systems. One of the departments added for increasing the efficiency of Omaha's Public School System is the Department of Health Supervision, in charge of Dr. T. E. Manning. The purpose of this department is to promote the physical welfare of children by providing better sanitary conditions, by teaching personal hygiene, and by instilling in pupils regular habits of life which will lead to physical betterment. The department aims also to protect children from unnecessary exposure to contagious diseases. Another department, recently added, is the Department of Educational and Vocational Guidance, in charge of Miss Myrtle Fitz Roberts. Its purpose is to aid children who, for economical reasons, find it impossible to continue their school work. This department is of much aid to students who might find it possible to continue their studies, provided they could find some occupation which may be pursued outside of school hours. A study is made of pupils' tendencies, and such direction is given as will assist the students to those vocations which they are, by natural circumstances, best fitted to pursue. The third department, just established, is the Department of Research, under the direction of Mr. H. W. Anderson. The purpose of this department is to assist in standardizing the several portions of the school system in accordance with the most modern and the most efficient methods in education. This includes standardizing in building and in the selection and the use of supplies and text books, accounting in economy of time, and administering the course of study. This department also plans to make a vocational survey of the city as an aid to the Department of Vocational and Educational Guidance. —B. K.

Enrollment

Omaha Central High School now has the largest enrollment in its history, having 998 girls and 855 boys, or a total of 1,853. At this time last year, there were only 1,843. Many boys have remained on farms for the harvest season, and their return will further increase the enrollment.

Among those now enrolled are about 150 sophomores, juniors, and seniors who have entered our high school from other schools. The Register, especially welcomes them and hopes that the older students will watch for them in their class-rooms, become acquainted with them, and help to make them loyal boosters for O. H. S.

Just a Word

Students can best serve their country by getting a preparation at school which will help them later. It is not a selfish thing to prepare oneself in the very best way possible. A better education will not only help an individual to do his work quicker, but it will make that individual a better citizen and of far more service to the community in which he lives and to the country in general. With this thought in mind, every student ought to make an unusual sacrifice to accomplish his work here. —J. G. Masters.

Study

A typewritten set of directions entitled, "The General Principles of effective Latin Study," has been given to each student in the Latin department. Some of these suggestions are so applicable to study in general that we take the liberty to print them, substituting any study for the word "Latin" in several instances.

"There can be no education without *study* and *effort*.

Know that your work is worth doing and that your own highest interests, your home, and your country will be benefited in proportion as you succeed in your work.

Have *confidence* that you can do your work. Generations of students have mastered this subject and you can also.

Have a *fixed hour* each day for each study. Students who study any lesson one day at one hour and another day at another hour, usually fail to study at all for they are always hurried and worried by unfinished work.

Since nothing exists in the mind unrelated, begin your lesson by *recalling* the important points of the preceding lesson, without stealing a look at the text book first. This strengthens your memory and your power of attention.

Remember there is no permanent impression upon a *fatigued mind*. Mental fatigue is often hard to detect, but psychologists tell us that the average high school freshmen need to rest from five to ten minutes after each half hour of hard study. College students need to relax after every hour.

Boys who smoke lose from ten to fifteen per cent of their efficiency.

Effective study is impossible if the mind and body are tired."

Alumni

The Register will welcome news of O. H. S. Alumni. Since the roster reaches into the thousands, only important items can be published. We would define as important, successes attained in school or service rendered in the world's work. Students who have news of Alumni should recognize the obligation of reporting it either to the Register office or to Room 149.

L I T E R A R Y

The Kind of Book I Would Like to Write

Some day, somewhere, we shall write a book. When that time shall be, we know not. What shall be the plot, who shall be the characters, is yet to be determined, but the kind of a book it shall be, the atmosphere it shall involve, we have always known, or rather, felt.

We have read many, many books on a multitude of subjects. We found the reading of some to be interesting, the reading of others to be tedious. We have read books of history and of science, of biography and of essays, books entwined with romance, books of mystery, and books of exciting narration. We have read the works of Homer, Sappho, and Socrates, of Milton, Lamb, Burke, and Macaulay; in fact, we have read the masterpiece from the greatest writers of all ages. We have read books of poetry and books of prose. We have read good books and books which are not good; books entirely lacking in a definite purpose and those written ostensibly to teach some great moral, but there yet remains to be written a book which shall not only touch, but which shall grasp and hold the souls of humanity in its grip, not only through a portion of it, but throughout its entire pages.

Of such a kind is ours to be. Why not write it now? Ah! We must wait, for we have much to accomplish, much to learn, not only from books, but from life itself. All eternity lies before us, so why hurry? Ours is not the easiest task. It is not a task of one year or even five, but of a lifetime. How shall we write it? What shall the story itself be? Where shall we get our information; and what is most important, our inspiration?

We shall travel to the ends of the earth from day-break till the setting of the sun. We shall visit every clime; shall know all classes of people.

We shall wend our way through deserts with dark-skinned Arabs to guide us. The scorching sun above us shall look down in pity. At the oases along the way, shall we cool our parched throats.

We shall force our way through the dense jungles. The wild animals of the unknown forests shall steal softly from their dens to behold us, and shall as silently slink away. The mink shall creep out of his home in the marsh. The King of Beasts shall come forth from his lair and shall cower before our searching gaze.

Huge icebergs shall tower above us, and yet shall we not fear.

We shall acquaint ourself with things as they are; shall reach forward to grasp those things which we wish were.

We shall lose ourself in the throbbing hearts of the great cities; shall find ourself again in the midst of the smallest village.

We shall stand on the banks of a winding river on a moonlit night, transfixed by its astonishing beauty. Like a floating leaf shall we silently drift with the tide.

We shall dwell for a time by the side of a sleeping lake. The clouds, like downy feathers, shall drift lazily by o'erhead and shall be reflected in the glassy surface of the water. Not a breeze shall stir among the cypress trees of the surrounding forest. No sound, save the mournful warbling of a feathered

songster for its lost mate, shall disturb the profound silence. The breath of lilies shall come floating o'er the air, soothing our grief-torn hearts.

Like a child shall we wander over the sands of the seashore. By the angry billows of the unresting ocean shall we be tossed about.

From the loftiest crags shall we survey the entire world. We shall gather the gems from the heart of the mountains, the pearls from the depths of the ocean.

The Heavens shall pour down their wrath upon the earth; the lightning and the thunder shall join in with their destructive forces. The mighty rivers of the world shall o'errun; the ocean itself, shall rise up, and receding, shall leave death and destitution behind. Disease shall kill men by the hundreds, nay, thousands. Famine shall infest the country. There shall everywhere, be great grief and tribulation.

In spite of all this, shall we press forward, singing, to our goal. Tho we be penniless still shall we have exceeding riches, having once been brothers of nature. Glory and honor, peace and happiness shall await us at the terminal of our journey.

On the highest ridge of a forest-clad mountain, completely isolated from the surrounding world, shall we make our final home. We shall listen to the tinkling of the brook as rushing and leaping, dashing and falling, it carves its rugged path down the mountain side. The winds, sighing through the trees, shall go racing down to the valley below, and shall return laden with fragrant memories of the past. The silvery moon shall be our guardian; the stars shall be our companions. The nightingale shall trill its evening sonnet. The oriole, the lark, the canary,—a thousand birds shall blend their voices in the exquisite anthem. Surely, out of such surroundings, shall come the faint, long-wished for whisperings. There, next to Him, who made the Universe, shall we unveil our soul and give it through our book to the World. When our earthly skies grow dim and Death comes, may it find us with our task completed. We rejoice that while Death ends the labors of this world it does not separate us from the fruits of our labors, for our works follow us.

—Zillah Whited, '18.

Aurora Borealis

For ages, people have written of Nature's beauties, her vagaries, and her peculiarities. She has helped and strengthened them in sorrow, rejoiced in their joy; and they in turn, have found comfort and have learned many lessons from her patient teachings. If one watches closely, one may find a message from Mother Nature in almost any clime, in the north, the south, the east, and the west.

The stern unrelenting northland with its region of ice and snow, in spite of its drawbacks, has withal many irresistible attractions which send forth appeals in frozen silences and hold one within their power. Of these, one is the wonderful aurora borealis, which makes display of bright colors reflected clearly in the hard, glass-like ice and casting a warm glow over the snow.

It is easy to imagine how the marvelous lights may shine and shift while being reflected in the glaciers of the north; but how infinitely more beautiful they are farther south reflected in the waters of Lake Superior, where the air is sufficiently warm to allow one to enjoy the phenomenon in comfort.

Softly the night settles down, the quiet stars peep out one by one, the very waters of "Gitche Gume" are silenced, except for an occasional gentle lap against the rugged shores. The only break in this restful stillness is the subdued mewling of a solitary sea gull, as it joins its mates on the cliff. Gradually

the skies become luminous, particularly in the north; then the heavens seem all lit up by a thousand shifting, dancing lights. Sometimes the lights shoot up as rays from an arc; again they are ghostly pathways of pale violet and green. Silently they change, chasing across the sky and reflecting in the clear, quiet water, throwing into sombre relief the stately pines. The gulls, aroused by this mysterious illumination, beat the air with their mighty wings, as they circle overhead uttering their wild, discordant cries.

As one drops oars into the iridescent water, the very drops take on a brilliant hue, while overhead colors shift and fade, blend and change, some violet and soft-green, others pale rose and white.

Without warning, a sudden subtle change takes place. The moon, which has been hovering just below the horizon, slowly rises into view, bathing the whole lake with its silver hue and outshining in its splendor the stars which had twinkled so merrily before.

For a time the aurora borealis seems daunted, but, gathering force, it shoots upward to the zenith as though disputing the supremacy of the moon. On the open lake the moon's wake forms a brilliant pathway, constantly moving, but in the land locked harbor, the water takes on a rosy hue, and the two reflections, meeting, blend and are each softened by the other.

As the moon rises higher on its starry path, the myriad colored lights dance more faintly, and just as the flames from a fire dwindle and disappear, leaving the dull red glow, so does the aurora borealis fade, leaving only a wave of pink to remind one of Nature's beauties.
R. S., '18.

The Silver Lining

Back again! Yes! Back again! Back to the dear old stone front school house upon the grand old hill. Are you sorry, or are you glad? Oh! Why do I put such a foolish question before your mind? Of course we're all glad. At least we have good reason to be, even if some pessimistic creatures do have a feeling such as "Freckles" describes in defining love as a "funny tickling in your heart and you can't scratch it." They'll soon get over it.

Some of these "love sick" fellows might conscientiously ask, "Why should I be Glad?" Well, of course, if I am to hold my reputation as a psychologist, I will have to respond with some satisfactory remedy for their ailment.

TO THE FRESHMAN:—Aren't you glad that you have got away from all those little fellows in the second and third and fourth grades, that the teacher used to make you watch to see that they didn't get to scratching each others eyes out, or that they didn't get out in the middle of the street and plant themselves as a target for some autoist who thinks he's riding in an aeroplane? Aren't you glad that you have a whole big teacher for every one of your studies? Everyone gives a Freshman special notice and attention! Haven't you seen all those signs around the halls, and the Study Rooms with the big letters, F R E S H M E N across the bottom of the sign? If you read them real close, you have seen how important you are in the making of a High School, and how badly you are needed in the numerous activities. Cheer up! You have great prospects and opportunities before you.

TO THE SOPHOMORE:—Aren't you glad you are not a freshman? Aren't you glad you can speak to the teachers with an air of previous experience and of familiarity, as you pass them in the hall? Don't you feel happy when some brown-eyed little girl across the aisle in your study room lifts her curly little head and just smiles at you? Why! Certainly you have nothing to be grouchy about, and a good many things to be glad about in starting another year of your high-school career.

TO THE JUNIOR:—I can't see that there's anything that should make your spirits fall. If not, then by logical reasoning, you have many things to be thankful for. Of course, may be you are at outs with one of your teachers, but just consider any misunderstanding as a bit of human experience and the wound will soon heal.

TO THE SENIORS:—Aren't you glad you've only one more year of toil and sturrgle? Aren't you glad you're so well supplied with knowledge? Surely, you have caught the eye and perhaps the heart of some blue-eyed maiden. What more can you ask? Don't be so selfish.

TO THE FACULTY:—I have been told by certain ones of you that no serious prejudice or real uncharitableness exists between the average student and teacher. Isn't that fine! I am sure that with such consciousness of strong unity between the faculty and student-body, lofty minds will enter joyfully and expectantly upon the beginning of the 1917-1918 year of school.

TO ONE AND ALL, FROM ONE AND ALL, HERE'S A ROUSE:

O-O-O-M-A, A-A-AHA,
O-MA-HA—HIGH—SCHOOL!

—Clyde Quivey, '18.

Pockets

Was there ever such a year for pockets! Young or old, rich or poor, men, women, and children, have all been wearing pockets during the last year. And such pockets! Dame Fashion must have stayed awake nights designing so many kinds. Secret pockets are still much in favor—perhaps on account of the numerous hold-ups. Sham pockets are worn by distinguished young ladies who disdain to see pockets bulging and sagging from too constant use. Since there must be something new in trimmings every year, pockets have been declared all the go of late. They are round or square, large or small, shirred, pleated, or plain. But there is a class of pockets (not yet named) which remains unchanged thruout the ages; this is the class of pocket which is useful. In this class belong the pockets in which the small boy delights to keep his previous collection of pennies, wires, tops, knives, nails, and string. Here, also, must be mentioned the hip pockets in which a man carries his handkerchief or wallet. In this class belong a man's ever useful coat pockets; these are more needed now than ever before because in them he must carry not only the things which are necessary to his own convenience, but also the vanity cases and keys of those who wear sham pockets.
—F. W.

Signs of Autumn

Mercedes Shephard, '18

The dandelions on the lawn have turned	Will be carving soon.
To fluffy balls.	Or, perhaps the long, rank grass with rain
The birds of spring by now have learned	Is shiny wet,
That Southland calls.	And the trees near-bare in the winding lane
Grain lies in mounds on the prairie-lands.	Where lovers met.
The harvest moon	The southern jasmine's starry flowers
Shines upon pumpkins which busy hands	Seem reflected light
	From the stars' faint gleam in the early hours

Of Autumn's night,
The grapes are ripe on the arbor vine;
But more than all,
This is by far the surest sign
That it is fall—
The cricket chirps alone on the bridge
That spans the pool,
For the boys and the girls are 'cross
the ridge,
Away to school.

To a Smiling Lady

You need not wear a royal crown,
To get the homage due;
Just smile awhile, and while you smile,
There is no queen but you.

For kings, indeed, have seen your
For kings, indeed, have seen your
smile,
The spell of which they felt
And casting off their royal pride,
Beside their subjects kneit.

For kings, withal, command but few,
And even those by threat;
But blest feel they you deign com-
mand,
While those ignored, regret.

—Abe Sweet.

Homer

Lo, he whose song through countless
years shall ring,
The minstrel Homer, who, though old
and blind,
To human hearts the story still does
bring
Of brave Achilles and the Greeks un-
kind,
Who led away the maid and left be-
hind
The warrior, sad and grieved, apart
from strife.
Until the Trojan Hector, dark in mind,
The dear Patroclus slew. With sorrow
rife,
Again he fights, and basely ends the
slayer's life.

—E. H.

QUESTION BOX

This year, a new department has been started for the benefit of all students seeking information. Leave inquiries at the Register office, care of Question Box. —Editor.

Are the pupils who make up the Student Council, chosen by the teachers or elected by the pupils? 1920.

The Student Council is made up of two Freshmen, four Sophomores, six Juniors, and eight Seniors. The two Freshmen, two Sophomores, three Juniors and four Seniors are selected by the teachers. The remainder are elected by the pupils of their respective classes.

I would like to join a literary society. Will you please tell me how I may do so? 1921.

If you will speak to Mr. Woolery, who is at the head of the literary societies, he will see that you are placed in one.

I would like to know where rooms 40 and 440 are? Thank you.

Room 40 is in the basement at the west end of the North hall. Room 440 is on the fourth floor in the north west corner.

Can you buy more lunch checks than you expect to use that day?

New Student.

You can buy as many lunch checks as you wish.

Is it possible for Freshmen who have not taken debating, to join a debating society?

New Comer.

It is not necessary for a pupil to have taken debating in order to join a debating society.

What Junior class offices are open to girls? 1919.

By precedent. Junior girls may be elected for Vice President, Secretary and Sergeant-at-Arms.



Faculty

After having spent a very pleasant and in some cases profitable vacation, most of our faculty have returned to the High School this fall.

Mr. Rees and Miss MacIntosh have left the school and new teachers have taken their places.

Miss Elizabeth Burnett, a 1916 graduate, is the office stenographer.

Mr. Irving Garwood, an English teacher and band conductor, comes to us from the Kittaning Pennsylvania High School.

Miss Merle Hookstra, who was assigned to the Domestic Science Department, was changed to Commercial High and Miss Anheuser, Assistant Principal of Hubbard High, takes her place.

Mr. Andrew Nelson, a 1915 State University graduate, teaches mathematics.

Miss Holmes, formerly of Waterloo, Iowa, is now teaching English here.

Miss Ina Sackett, after a year's rest, is back in our English Department.

Mr. McMillan was principal of the Summer School held at the Y. M. C. A. this year. Several of our faculty—Miss Paxson, Mrs. Atkinson, Miss Parker and Mr. Gulgard taught there likewise.

Miss Towne gave much of her time in assisting the "Give Service" girls in their Food Conservation and War Relief work.

Mr. Masters did his bit in teaching at Peru.

A number took summer courses at various Universities among which are: Nebraska University, Miss Field, Miss Rough, Miss Taylor, Miss Smith; Chicago University, Miss Bonnell,

Miss Dudley, Miss Morrison; Columbia, Miss Stebbins, Miss O'Sullivan; Michigan University, Miss G. Clark; Washington University, Miss Lane; University of California, Miss Phelps; Boulder, Miss Stegner; Wisconsin, Miss Rooney and Madame Chatelaine. Mr. Woolery was in Colorado.

Misses Laura and Nona Bridge were in California, Miss Browne in Washington, Misses Anna and Bessie Fry in Colorado, and Miss Landis in the East.

The High School Club

The many activities of our High School Club last year are now happy memories of the past. When we think of the foot-ball rallies with our own, and opposing teams, and the talks from the players and coaches who have helped uphold the high standards of the club: namely, clean speech, clean living, and clean sports, we want to work doubly hard for the coming season. Our interesting Bible discussions and the close comradeship we obtain at our meetings are the things that help uphold our standards.

The club invites not only its active members of last year, but also all others who may be interested, to the first meeting early in October.

The meetings are held at the "Y." Further notices later.

—H. V. O., '18.

Where They All Are

As we again get settled into our school routine, everyone, from the greenest freshman to the haughtiest senior, has a place to fill, which was left open by some last year's graduate.

In our spare moments, we wonder where all of these young people, whose places we are filling have gone, what walks of life they have taken up, or what schools they will grace with their presence.

Our efficient officers of last year, where are they? Dartmouth has claimed four of them; Paul Nicholson, Lieutenant-Colonel; William Alley, Clarence Moore, and Warren Ege, Captains.

Several have answered the call of arms: Edwin Winterton has enlisted in the Dandy Sixth, Owen Comp and John Peterson have both gone to Annapolis, and Ben Stern has become commandant of the new Creighton cadets.

Dwight Chase, captain of the band, and Robert Booth, Captain and Commissary, are taking post-graduate courses here.

Sydney Robinson goes to the University of Michigan.

Bernie Holmquist and James Williamson have decided to work a year before going to college, while Fred Bowser and Meyer Beber go to the University of Nebraska.

Frank Campbell will continue his education at Cornell.

What has become of last year's Register Staff?

Dwight Higbee, editor, attends the University of Nebraska; Virginia Greene is, as yet, undecided as to her Alma Mater.

Cleary Hanighen, our tennis shark, has decided on Harvard. Ruth Parker and Lucile Lathrop will attend school at Rockford, Illinois.

We wonder what schools will be praising the athletes who upheld the name of the Omaha High School last year.

Charles Morearty will attend Creighton College. Jesse Patty goes to the University of Nebraska.

The girls seem to be scattered more than the boys. The Swenson twins and Dorothy Hipple are going to the University of Nebraska; Dorothy

Balbach and Lucile Rector to Principia. Alice Stone, last year's leading lady, expects to stay home for a year, before continuing her education. Elenor Carpenter has chosen Wellesley. The University of Chicago will have our "A" student, Madeleine Cohn. Helen Parish will attend Monticello. Isabelle Pearsall and Jean Wallace will be seen at the University of California.

From the preceding account that the class of 1917 is disbanded and scattered far and wide; but we are sure that wherever they are, they will be as good companions to others as they were to us.

Alumni

The Harvard entrance examinations were passed by Albert Pedersen and Cleary Hanighen of '17, the former of whom secured a scholarship. While in O. H. S., he made his own expenses and at the same time gained an enviable scholarship record.

Flora Buck, '13, won Phi Beta Kappa at Vassar last year. A five hundred dollar scholarship good for the full college course has been awarded by Vassar to Esther Hansen, '17, on the strength of a high-school record which shows forty-one A's.

Russel Peters, '16, was one of two successful competitors from the Freshman class at Cornell, last year, for an editorial position on the Sun, a student daily. He also made a leading part in the mask held Junior Week.

At the University of Nebraska and at Iowa State College, respectively, Wendell Moore, '15, and Earl Lowe, '17, write for student publications. Earl is exempted from taking the Freshman course in chemistry by virtue of having passed a special examination in that subject.

Having outclassed all other Freshmen in a Yale Latin examination, Philip Thomas, '16, was granted permission to tutor other Yale students in that subject last year.

ORGANIZATIONS

Girl's Mass Meeting

A Patriotic mass meeting for girls over sixteen, at which Miss Towne explained the women's registration day, and in what ways it concerned high school girls, was held August 7th, in the auditorium. Thru registration, the Red-cross and other National service organizations come in touch with thousands of girls who are anxious to help.

If a girl can knit, or wishes to learn, she has but to sign up for knitting, and soon she is in touch with headquarters, and knows where her services are most needed. Knitting, sewing, or red-cross work were emphasized as the probable branches of service for which a girl could qualify.

More than eighty per cent, of the men who received commissions at Fort Snelling last summer were Omaha High School graduates, and had held offices in the cadet regiment. Also, sixty per cent, of the men in Omaha Ambulance company are O. H. S. graduates. These facts alone go far to show the value of taking "military training" in High school.

For the first time in thirty years there will be no beginning class in Greek, only three having signed for it.

Also, of the Class of '17, Margaret McWilliams goes to Grinnell this year, Ruby Haskins to Oberlin, Lucile Lathrop to Rockford, Helen Clarke, Helen Weymuller and Anna Streitz to the University of Nebraska.

The vacancy left in the Latin department by the resignation of Miss Snyder, head of the department, has been filled by Miss Paxson. Probably no other member of the Faculty has earned a higher place in school and community life than has Miss Snyder by her years of efficient service. We are very fortunate in having the Latin department placed in the hands of Miss Paxson, who is nationally known as a Latin playwright and for her research work.

The future existence of literary societies in the Omaha High School is a matter which is at present occupying the minds of the members. This question is very serious, as a society program usually lasts an hour to an hour and a half; but things will be adjusted, very probably, so that the societies will continue much as they have been. The names of the few societies which may be discontinued entirely are unannounced as yet.

The organization of the three upper classes will be held early in October, when officers will be elected. The Student Council will be formed as soon after as possible.

The Student Association will be organized as soon as school affairs are sufficiently settled.

The Cadet Officers' Club, composed of all commissioned officers, will resume activities on a larger scale this year. A meeting will be held the last of the month, when the officers will be elected. The C. O. C. will take the place of the Spirits' Club and the Bachelors' Club and other booster organizations, and will be active in establishing a high morale among the cadets. The C. O. C. will have charge of the road show this year and will support all school activities and interests.

Miss Paxson's Senior class spent an enjoyable period last week in argumentation, Miss Paxson asserting that after each thirty minutes study one should take forty winks at the rate of four winks a minute. The students argued that as senior Latin is supposed to take two hours preparation, something like ten days would be wasted in sleep during the school year. However, students always being ready to try anything once, study-teachers are asked to overlook a general buzzing at the end of the first thirty minutes.

DEBATING

"This is to be the best year we ever have had," is the resolve of Miss Emily Rough, whose coaching placed us second in the state last year.

Challenges have already been sent to the Sioux City, Des Moines, and Fort Dodge. Besides these debates, there will be several district debates and the Lincoln Amherst Cup Debate.

Having won two successive victories over Lincoln, Omaha will retain permanent possession of the cup by a victory this year.

Although Sol Rosenblatt and Herluf Olsen, members of last year's championship team, are this year occupied with other school duties, yet their support will be counted upon in the heavier debates. Eugene Koneky and Louis Freiburg, the other veterans, with others of the squad, will help develop a strong team.

An "O" is given for debating, besides the effective practice gained by the experience within the grasp of any student. Already the interest in debating is running high, and the slogan this year is to be: "Another Championship Team." —R. C., '19.

The high cost of living has again touched O. H. S. cake. It is no longer served with the ice cream in our cafeteria, and supplies have mostly all advanced a cent in price.

The girls were pleausably excited by the appearance of a dignified but young soldier in their French class last week. Miss Landis celebrated the occasion by putting on the board a French poem about a soldier's sweetheart. Our soldier blushed after the most approved fashion.

There is a new rule limiting the use of nicknames in the Register. We give this explanation in order that our readers will recognize Buck, Ole, Banty, and others under their more dignified appellations.

Mr. Gulgard

Frank H. Gulgard, Jr., '07, mathematics and physics instructor for the last three years, and late Commandant of our Regiment, has answered the call to the colors and is now in training at Camp Funston, Fort Riley, Kansas, in national service.

Mr. Gulgard was much liked and respected by all who knew him, and his departure from the school is very unfortunate for us, especially as his splendid services as Commandant are now lacking. Although the students composed the Regiment, yet Mr. Gulgard organized it, and organized it so well that even though he is now absent, nevertheless, it should progress in good shape.

We have a right to expect great things of Mr. Gulgard and we sincerely wish him the best of success in his new calling. We know that he will serve his country as well as he has served us.

The Camp Fire Organization

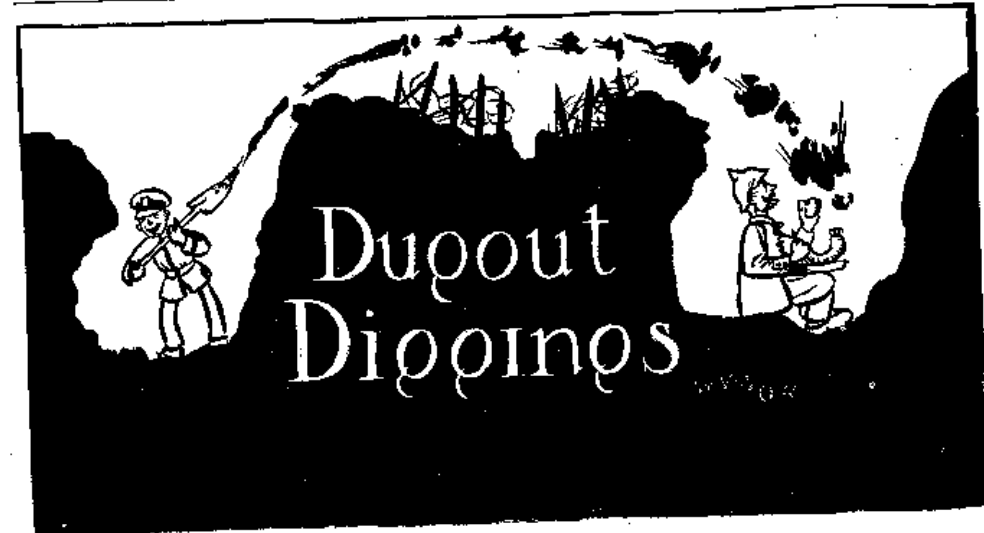
Why should a girl be a Camp Fire girl? It is because the Camp Fire girls realize the joy and the worth of life which is open to them. Our aim and our goal are expressed in our watch word, "Wo-he-lo," which means work, health, and love. It is through these three points that we find it our duty to strive harder to follow the seven points of our law:

Seek beauty	Hold on to health
Give service	Glorify work
Pursue knowledge	Be happy.
Be trustworthy	

In obtaining these we find interesting and unusual things to do. It is our aim—

"To make work and duties all
So full of health's attendant glow,
So joyous and so rich in love
So fired and colored by fancy's play
That drudgery is drowned in song
And work and play go hand in hand."

So come and join us every girl. We need you and want you. Camp Fire holds many things for you which can be had for the asking.



This space has been given to the Cadet Regiment by the Register for a public record of such bits of gossip and cadet news as might occur during the year. We are grateful to the Register for its kindness in regard to this matter, and hope to show our appreciation by getting our copy in on time and other little acts of kindness that gladden the heart of the overworked editors. This page will be decorated by Captain James Williamson, 1917, so that the success of that work is thus assured. The articles will be about and by the cadets, and so will be of little interest to anyone but the cadets. That is about all that we have to say; so we will leave it to the pages themselves to explain their existence, purpose, and ambition.
Military Critic.

Carry On!



"I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer"—Lieut. General Grant, U. S. A.

A fellow came up to the G. H. Q., room 121, the other day and sorrowfully explained to the C. O.'s (commissioned officers) in charge that he was going to quit drill.

DESPONDENCY

"You see," he explained, "I have been drilling for two days now, and I can't learn anything. When the fellow who drills us says 'Right face,' I go left; I can't stand straight, I can't walk straight, my feet get all tangled up, and I guess I aint no good nohow as a sojer."

Well, he went on and told them all about himself and at least he wasn't conceited. Worse than that was the very apparent fact that the drill had him bluffed.

EXPLANATION

Well, the C. O.'s didn't know what to do about him; so they started to cheer him up. They explained that Washington had a few difficulties during the winter that he spent in Valley Forge, and that he didn't quit, but kept up the fight and finally won out. They showed that Lincoln and Grant too, were beset by difficulties, but that they fought on, determined to win the victory. In fact, they illustrated that the "C in C's" (commander-in-chiefs) of men both in peace and war are the men who can solve perplexing problems in the face of the greatest difficulties.

NON-PERCEPTION

But it was of no avail. In fact, he could not see himself as a Sir "Duggy," "Papa Joffre," or "Black Jack" Pershing, i. e. Field Marshall Sir Douglas Haig, H. M. A., Marshall Joffre, R. F., or Major-General John Pershing, U. S. A. They narrated the joys of being an officer in the cadet regiment

and the glory that former O. H. S. cadets have gained as Officer Sammies, such as Malcolm Baldrige, Leroy Wilbur, Clyde Simpson, and about a hundred others equally successful.

FAILURE

They finally became enthusiastic and recited that part of their own history when they were freshmen and rookies, and how all the rest of the freshmen felt the same way about it that he did. But it was all of no avail, for he left them declaring that he was a rank failure at the art of cadetship.

HOPE

However, we've noticed him drilling the last couple of drill days, and we think he is going to stick and fight it out against his failures. Maybe we're no prophet, but if he does win out, we're betting dollars to doughnuts that he will make one of the best cadets in the regiment and will easily be a N. C. O. by next year.

If you are a freshmen, here are probably a few simple rules that, if followed, will make a good cadet out of you and make a cadet commission the easiest thing in the world to secure:

Listen carefully to all orders given. You can't carry out an order unless you understand it.

If you don't understand, ask questions. That is why there is a military department in Room 121.

Don't be discouraged if you fail occasionally. We were all like you once.

More cadets lose out from a lack of stick-to-itiveness than a lack of brains.

Nothing is ever accomplished without effort.

Who's Who in the Cadets, and Why

Captain Herluf Olsen, the regimental adjutant, is the cadet who is on the job this year. The regimental adjutant ranks next to the Majors, theoretically, but in the amount of

work to be done, he outranks anything that the Regiment can boast of. Tommy, over there, says that the Adjutant is the duffer who helps the Colonel do nothing; but that's probably due to the fact that most of the Tommies never went to O. H. S. Olsen's promotions in the Regiment have been secured as steadily and quickly as it is possible to secure them. He was corporal and sergeant in Company F, First Sergeant in G., and now is Captain and Adjutant. He is president of the D. D. S., one of our best debaters, and associate editor of this paper, and will probably be many other things before we graduate. There is only one thing that we have to regret about Captain Ole, and that is the fact that he is a staff officer and won't get a sponsor. But Olsen does not care in the least. No, absolutely, positively not—well at least, Herluf says he doesn't.

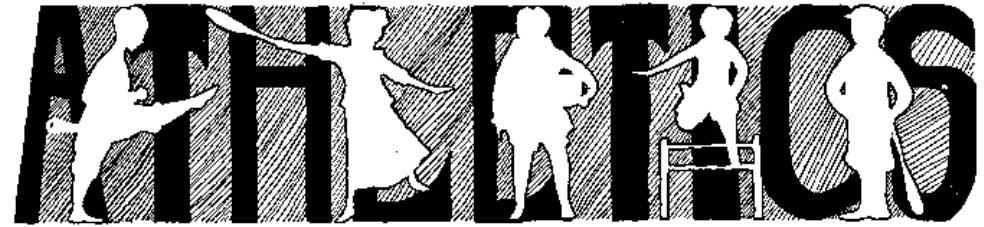
Watch this page for future articles from our special correspondents from the training camps and armies abroad.

The school has just come into the possession of a beautiful picture, "The Arch of Constantine," through Mrs. E. Wakeley, mother of Arthur, Bird, Lucius, and William Wakeley and grandmother of Arthur, Morton, and Thompson Wakeley. We appreciate very much, this splendid photograph which is sent out of regard for the years of association with the high school.

Mid-term and final examinations will count one-fourth this year instead of one-fifth as heretofore.

Burdette G. Lewis, O. H. S., 1901, first president of the D. D. S., and now commissioner of corrections in New York City, has published a book entitled "The Offender." It is considered by competent judges to be an important sociological document.

Buy your Student Association ticket NOW!



Athletic Prospects

We do not ordinarily attempt to forecast, believing that it is the sole right of the weather-prophet to engage in such pursuits. Besides, prophecies usually impair a good reputation whenever the future disproves an expressed opinion. But our prospects in athletics are so bright this year, that we are willing to rest our reputations on the forecast of a big year in football, at least.

Altho' we have lost the much desired services of our former star, Morearty, as well as those of several other members of last year's championship team, great encouragement may be gathered from the fact that there are seven veterans who will again be seen fighting on the grindiron for Central. We possess a backfield noted for its snappy, heady, and offensive work, plus experience, a determining factor in all games. The men who will return to the harness are: Clyde Smith, captain and half-back; Logan, Carson, and Maxwell, quarterback.

The greater part of the problem in building another championship team will center on the line, which, from present indications, must be developed from members of the second team of last year and the new candidates. With Paynter at tackle, and Haller at guard, both veteran linemen, the work to be done is made easier, but by no means is easy. Harper will probably be at end.

From the list of last year's second string men, there are not a few who will make strong bids for premier positions on the new team. Among those best known are: Noble, Logan,

Schafer, Hinchey, Neale, Scott, Giller, Caton, Sutton, Kiewit, Saunders, Moser, Biggs and Eaton.

It is reported that more than a hundred candidates turned out for first practice which has been called by Coach Mulligan. The recent addition of Clark, who entered Central from Lincoln, augments our list of probable first-string men, and incidentally increases our prospects for a winning team.

The football schedule offers a real treat for the students of the high school. Out of nine contests, seven will be played at home, which fact presents a pleasing outlook not only for the team, which will obviously benefit thereby, but also for the student who will have occasion to support the team by his attendance. The schedule is as follows:

September 28—Commerce High in Omaha.

October 6—South High in Omaha.

October 12—Open.

October 19—Sioux City (Ia.) High in Omaha.

October 26 — Beatrice High in Omaha.

November 9 — Lincoln High in Omaha.

November 17—Sioux Falls (S. D.) at Sioux Falls.

November 23—Norfolk High in Omaha.

November 29—St. Joseph High in St. Joseph.

All students are urged to buy Student Association tickets when these are announced ready for sale. The best teams cannot win unless the players know that the united spirit of the school is back of them.

Outlook for Girls' Athletics

"We expect a big year. The work of former years has been good, but this year's promises to be far better," says Miss Duke, of the gymnasium department. More than five hundred girls have enrolled for "gym" and their interest and spirit seem keen. They hope to receive "O's" through the same medium as the boys this year.

Miss Duke will have the Tennis Tournament in full swing soon. Some exciting matches are to be played. Eleanor Hamilton, one of the entering contestants, carried off the honors of the Field Club consolations this summer.

Basketball is hailed with glee each year. Only the three upper classes play it but there is great rivalry between them. The teams will be organized about Thanksgiving time.

Volleyball will be the game of the Freshmen girls.

The Wail of a Latin Student

If the study of Latin never caused
Real despair to fill you,
I guess there's nothing in this world
That's strong enough to kill you.

Whenever a fellow wants and needs
A little recreation,
He has to drop all thought of it,
Or fail in his translation.

Or when a bunch of pals of his
Out for a good time goes,
He has to stay around at home
And try to get his prose.

And when he thinks he knows his
work,
And there is no confusion,
His dear teacher goes to work
And rids him of this illusion.

And when those little cards come out,
His hopes begin to drop
For well he knows what's on the card
With his name at the top.

But why should one endure all this

'Till he's nearly lost his head,
To learn how old J. Caesar talked
Or any language dead?

Perhaps three thousand years from
now,
When we are dead and gone,
The students then will have our
tongue
To work their young heads on.

Perhaps they, too, will work and worry
And wear their lives out tryin'
To grasp the style of Roosevelt
Or William Jennings Bryan.

—Alfree Weir.

Don't study when you're tired,
Or have something else to do;
Don't study when your happy
For that would make you blue;
Don't study in the day time,
Don't study in the night,
But study at all other times
With all your main and might.

—Peruvian.

Seniors!

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"Campus Tickets" can be obtained at the office at any time after school. These have become quite popular since registration began. Mr. Gulgard is the original promoter of this ingenious little remedy for the crowded conditions of the school grounds. Mr. Gulgard is becoming quite famous as a critic in educational circles, as well as military affairs.

The school is getting organized quite rapidly. Things are settling down to their normal order. It is true that we are worried as to who will run for the senior presidency, but I expect that our old friend, Slater, will run from force of habit. Oh, very well.

Ever since the automobile has come into general use, the Latin Department has felt a general decrease in the number enrolled. I suppose that this is due to the scarcity of ponies. A riding club might prove a source of great benefit to the school. (See Buckingham.)

Have you all noticed the classy angora collar on our new editorine's "yalier" sweater?

Since prohibition went into effect, the School Board has adopted an official "BEVERIDGE."

With all the uplift in our education there has come a terrible downfall in the behavior of our student body. During the first week, the average number that were kept after school each day was enormous. 1,700 pupils had seventh hours. Shocking!

Longwell: Oh, Bantin is a very good pupil. He beats me in all of my studies, too. Banty must be awful good.

Nicholson and Dr. Senter went to the mat in a three round affair, last week. Nicholson, the paper-weight champ, clashed with Dr. Senter over a stationery matter. (There was no stalling.)

Buckingham: Mighty oaks from little acorns grow. Who can tell? Maybe I'm an acorn. Anyhow, I'm a nut. (Kerrect.)

Say, fellers, Longwell is taking private dancing lessons. If you don't believe it, just ax him. Also Dan is talking about having the sponsor system reinstated. Moreover, he has had his shoes shined twice, already. Still yet, and moreover, he has had his hair cut for this year. Also, R. P. has left town. Say, Dan, who the heck is she?

Our little class spirit is grown up to a big girl, now.

No, girls, Herluf Olsen will not speak first. Just be patient. Time will tell.

Say, what's become of the bachelor's club? (Step this way please.)

Dim your headlights, please.

Yes, Dorothy Arter will continue to be an active member of the Browning. After graduating, Miss Arter will go East to a finishing school. She is one of the popular members of the school set. (Copied.)

Then our hero grabbed the villain by the kneck and threw him with terriffec force to the terre ferme.

Now you take Smith. No, don't take him. Jes—jes—look at him—NO.

Well, I guess that I am thru, now. And I want to say that if any of you don't like this stuff, you know—where—where—where my first hour room is. Also, that Winifred Travis is responsible for some of this stuff. Be sure that you blame the right girl. Any-

how, we gotta fill the Register with something.—Solong.

Miss O'Sullivan: "Now where does the process of digestion begin?"
Fresh Student: "On page 80."

The lad was sent to high school;
But now Dad cries, "Alack!
I've spent a hundred dollars
And got a quarter back!"

Ed. M.: "I read in a paper the other day, that a scientist found a mosquito weeping."

Bob J.: "That's nothing! Haven't you ever seen a moth ball?"

Beggar: "If you please, lady, I've lost my right leg and—"

Lady: "Well it ain't here." (Echo of door.)

Miss Miller: "Forty dollars worth of ham and eggs."

Miss Fullaway: "I'm sorry, but we don't serve half portions."

FAMOUS \$10,000.00 ORCHESTRAL PIPE ORGAN	<p>THE DINING</p> <p>EMPRESS</p> <p>DANCING</p> <p>GARDEN</p> <p>ENTERTAINMENT</p> <p>PHIL PHILBIN, Sr. — MANAGEMENT OF — PHIL PHILBIN, Jr.</p>	ADAMS' "EMPRESS GARDEN" JAZZ BAND
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A. S.: "I surely enjoy my English course. Miss Stegner brings home to you that which you never saw before."

L. B.: "Huh! I've got a laundry man as good as that."

Fussy: "Miss Rudersdorf said that simplicity is, in itself, an art."

Dorothy: "Then you must be a masterpiece."

H. Olsen: "Say, I bought this suit from you a week ago, and it's looking rusty already."

Omaha Clothier: "Well, I guaranteed it to wear like iron."

He: "I press my suit on bended knee!"

She: "Why don't you have an ironing board?"

Found in a Soph's Note Book

BY A READER

I stole a kiss the other night;
My conscience hurts, alack!
I think I'll go again to-night
And put the blamed thing back!

She frowned on Lin and called him Mr.

Because in fun he merrily Kr.
And in spite, the following night
That awful Mr. Kr. Sr.

Darwinism

Freshman: "Huh?"
Sophomore: "What?"
Junior: "I didn't understand the question."

Senior: "I did not comprehend the nature of the interrogation."

McCoun: "Dearmont, have you changed the guard yet?"

Dearmont: "No, sir, the old guard was doing it so well that I thought I would just let 'em stay on, sir."

Visiting Alumnus: "Where is the Bachelors' Club this year?"

Echo: "Must have got married, I guess."



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Business man: "Can you write short hand?"

Girl job-seeker: "Yes, only it takes longer."

Josselyn S.: "Why are all the girls so crazy about those battered foot-ball players?"

Bob B.: "I suppose it's because of the innate feminine love of remnants."

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Surely!

Heard in geometry: A circle is a round straight line.

Nicholson to "aide:" "Get me an ad!"
"Aide:" "Shoes shined, sir?"

Miss Landis (calling the roll):
"Mademoiselle Hartman?"
Pupil: "Yes'm, I'm here, but my name is Viola."

Miss Paxson's instructions on "How to Study," as repeated by one of her freshmen: "You study a little while, about ten minutes, and then go to sleep every half hour!"

Who knows?

Nobody knows where the money goes,

Nobody knows, nobody knows,—
Frills and socks,
Silks and smocks,
A bit of feather,
A new dab of leather,
A ravishing hat,
A sporty cravat,
Some powder, some cream,
A gown that's a dream;
But nobody knows where the money

goes,
Nobody knows that it goes for clothes,

Nobody knows, oh, nobody knows.
(But father!)

—Ex.

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Potter: "Why couldn't Eve 'av the measles?"

Booth: "Cawn't say, ole top, why?"

Potter: "Becaws she 'ad 'Adam, old fellow."

—Jack o' Lantern.

Louis B.: "Are you fond of indoor sports?"

Lillian H.: "Yes, when they know when to go home."

Mrs. Atkinson: "Now, Clarence, what do you know about London?"

Clarence A.: "Why, the people of London are noted for their stupidity."

Mrs. A.: "Why, Clarence, how did you get that idea?"

Clarence A.: "Well, the book says that the population of London is very dense"

Jensen: "What is the nth power of patriotism?"

Zipfel: "Enlist."

Don't Forget: After School

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Henry Cox, Director

A student in want, but afraid to touch Dad, wrote to his Uncle as follows:
Dear Uncle:—

If you could see how I blush for shame while I'm writing, you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for a few dollars and don't know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die. I send you this by a messenger who will wait for an answer. Believe me, dearest Uncle,

Your most affectionate Nephew.

P. S. Overcome with shame for

what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him.

Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him or that this letter may get lost.—

The Uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the occasion. He replied as follows:

My dear Nephew:—

Console yourself, and blush no more. Providence has heard your prayer. The messenger lost the letter.

Your affectionate Uncle.

—*Peruvian.*

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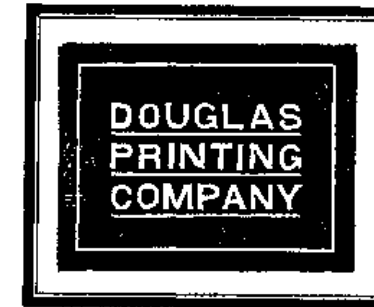
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