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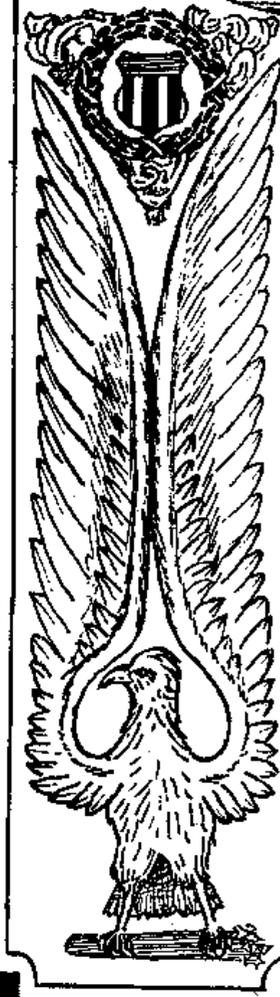
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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



THE REGISTER



OMAHA
High School

ORGANIZATION
NUMBER

OCTOBER, 1917

VOLUME XXXII
NUMBER II



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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

High School Register

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

SOL ROSENBLATT
Editor-in-Chief

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Contents

	Page
Organizations	3
Editorial	6
Literary	8
News	13
Military	18
Athletics	20
Nut-Meg	25

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ORGANIZATIONS

SENIOR CLASS

To make the year 1917-'18 a record-breaker is the object of the Senior class. This object may be obtained by organization and co-operation.

Judging from what this Senior class has done in past years in all school activities and from the material present in the class, better things could not be wished for. The organization of six hundred cadets into a regiment that could participate a month later in the parade is only an example of what can be done by the Seniors. In athletics, the school depends mostly upon Seniors, to lead it to victory. But still further in the book of events that lies before us, we have the Road Show, one of the largest achievements of the year. Last year this show was composed of about fifty per cent. Juniors now part of the Senior class. Coming towards the last chapters of the book, we have the Senior play, the banquet, and the commencement.

Thus, before us, we have a schedule requiring much work and planning. Let us therefore enter into the work whole-heartedly, with the desire and purpose to make this year the King of all Senior years and this class the Queen of all Senior classes.

H. V. O., '18.

REGIMENT

"The Omaha High School Cadet Regiment is one of the finest military organizations in the country and has been used as a model for many schools thruout the Middle-West."—*El Paso Times*.

The cadet regiment is known nationally as a military organization, and until 1915, between five and ten per cent. of all the cadets of the High Schools of the United States wore the insignia of O. H. S. cadets. In the past few years, the number of cadets in the country has increased by thousands. Our regiment, however, still stands as one of the largest, and as a model for the many new organizations. Close upon seven hundred boys are enrolled who drill two hours a week. The standard cadet uniform is used, and the drill plan is based on a line with that used at West Point. As a measure of the success of the past regiment, the regiment points out the number of former cadet officers who are officer Sammies today.

—D. L., '18.

THE STUDENT ASSOCIATION

Until the fall of 1912, there was no such organization as the Students' Association. The gate receipts made the only means of support, and the destiny of athletics and debating hung in the ticket office. School spirit and pep lagged, and visiting teams brought street directories along so that they could find their way around. Something had to be done, and the result was the students' Association.

In spite of the war, the seven-hour day, and a few other things, the Association is again in full swing, with membership fee still at \$1.50. The student membership of 950 is a little less than last year (1082), but it is still growing. A new plan giving a season ticket to outsiders for \$2.00 has been launched, and over 30 of these have been sold.

This year, when a visiting team arrives, they will find a peppy group of

fellows waiting for them, ready to look after their needs, and comfort them after the game. Then, too, they are going to see what real support of a team is in the biggest and most loyal crowds the O. H. S. has ever had.

Behind this crowd and this team of ours, there must be one predominating spirit to make this year a success. That is true sportsmanship; a thing for which the O. H. S. and the Students' Association has always stood.

Breathes there a student with soul so dead, that he would not get behind this Association and do his bit toward making the activities of 1917-'18 a bright spot in the history of the High School and also of the Students' Association.

—C. F. B., '18.

THE FEBRUARY GRADUATING CLASS

The class which will graduate this February is not as large as previous mid-year classes. Because it does not get as many opportunities to show its worth as does the June classes, the school should support it the more in all its activities. The class deserves it equally as much as the June class, for its members have been in school the same number of years and have done the same amount of work. The June class, on account of its size and its longer period of organization, as a class naturally is backed by the school; and its members in later years, look back and are glad to say, "We are graduates of Omaha High School." The February class needs this same support for it represents the school equally as well as the June class.

After all, one of our graduates is an O. H. S. graduate and as such is a common participant in all activities in Central High School. They deserve your support.

—C. S., '18.

Senior Class

Officers were elected at a short meeting of the Senior class held Wednesday, October 3. Herluf Olsen was elected president and Dorothy Grey vice-president. Winifred Travis was chosen secretary, Leonard McCoun treasurer, and Margaret McLaughlin and Richard Smith sergeants-at-arms. The class teachers are Miss Towne, Coach Mulligan, and Mr. McMillan.

Student Association

The Student Association, one of the most important organizations of Central High, elected its officers Thursday morning, October 4. Clarence Bantin and Walter White were unanimously elected president and vice-president, respectively. Frances Cleland won the secretaryship. Other officers chosen were Leland Potter, advertising manager; Rex Elwood, chairman of the reception committee; Eugene Maxwell and Will Nicholson, student members of the athletic board. The

Association has charge of all school athletics and debating activities.

War Work

There is a rumor that the girls are planning to organize for War Relief work just as the boys have organized their Regiment. There is no definite plan for an organization for this purpose and no steps have been taken toward such a one for all girls, though a large majority of the girls are helping in one way or another. Four of the literary societies are now engaged in various work for the war: the Pleiades and the Lowell societies are knitting, the Elaine is doing Red Cross work, and the Browning is doing War Relief work. The Lowell society is planning to do local Christmas charity. It is possible that an effort may be made toward a general organization for War Work, which would doubtless meet with enthusiasm and support.

The Lininger Travel Club has formed an auxiliary to the Omaha

Red Cross Chapter. The Margaret Fuller girls bring their knitting to the meetings, and the Priscilla Alden Society plans to do its "bit" also. It would seem that war work has almost entirely eclipsed the "literary" in "literary societies," which speaks well for the adaptability as well as for the patriotism of the girls.

The Webster Debating society elected officers, discussed plans, programs, and parliamentary law at the first meeting besides listening to a talk by Mr. Orchard. The society expects great success and is already very busy.

About fifty girls attended the first meeting of the Student Club at the Y. W. C. A. Plans were discussed. Plays as well as work is looked forward to by the members this winter.

The French Club, though new, promises to be one of the most popular and successful societies. It is under Miss Landis' direction and purposes to become better acquainted with the French language, through songs and recitations. Parlez-vous francais?

The A. D. S. has had two meetings this year, at one of which officers were elected and speeches listened to, and at the next the debate was held. A large number of members attended and several freshmen became members.

The first meeting of the Lowell society was a social gathering, since this society was fore-sighted enough to elect its officers last year for this year.

The German society plans to give a playlet under the direction of Mr. Wedeking for the State Teachers' Association.

The Shakespearean Society has not been re-organized as yet, but it may be sometime in the near future, as many members are interested. Its re-organization was spoken of last year, and plans were made to give "As You Like It."

The Frances Willard Society is the

only literary society which will not be re-organized this year.

The Mandolin Club will soon be organized under the direction of Mr. Francis Potter.

A Tale

Oh, fellows, when I first blew into Central High with the sole function of studying like a Professor, I soon wized up to the fact, that to get into an organization was like studying a dictionary. Yea, bo! Do you blame me then, with all these honest intentions for wanting to hail into one of these? But lemme slip you a small tip. Take it! Shoot a quick slant in the direction of one of these boob's Clubs and you'll savez that you've only known the half of it, for you'll make a hit with all that bunch if you're the High and Mighty Mogul of one of these here learned cliques, and you'll kid yourself and every one else by copping out all there is to know. You'll get it right by getting in with these geezers and sticking to it. Amen!

February Class

Officers of the February graduating class are as follows: Clarence Swan, president; Isabell Oakley, vice-president; Lileth Roberts, secretary; Fred Montmorency, treasurer; Theron Jensen and Jane Hansen, sergeants-at-arms; Frances Wilson, reporter; Miss Towne and Mr. Cairns, class teachers.

EXTRA!!!

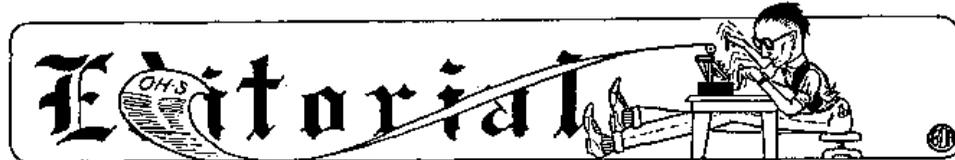
EXTRA!! A five year pass is offered to the student who sells the most Student Association tickets to non-pupils. A three year pass and five one-year passes will be given to those selling the next highest number of \$2.00 tickets. Here's your chance! BOOST!

THE REGISTER

VOL. XXXII

OMAHA, NEBR., OCTOBER, 1917

NUMBER 2



ORGANIZATIONS

"In Union Lies Strength," is an excellent motto, the value of which has been demonstrated many times here in O. H. S. We see a touchdown made on a football field, a basket shot in a basketball game, a man put out in a baseball game, a debater overwhelmed by forceful argument, but no matter how fine the individual work may be, we are forced to recognize the inter-dependence of the team-mates and the bond of unity between them.

There are many organizations in the school; representative school teams, literary societies, and class organizations, forming the greater part. It is our duty as boosting members of this school, to support these organizations to the best of our ability, for that person who is loyal to his school will become a loyal member of his community. This school with 2,000 members is a great deal larger than many thriving towns in population, and it behooves us to support the activities of our miniature world at O. H. S. **BOOST!**

CONGRATULATIONS

The splendid work that is being done these days by our wonderful football machine under the efficient coaching of our own "Mully," will create history for future athletic supporters at O. H. S. Thank goodness, there are no stars this year, and that every man is doing his bit toward contributing to the final results achieved on the gridiron. We have no slackers on the football team, let there be no slackers among the supporters!

Girls, did you see your name in the "Sideline Jabs?"

A NECESSITY

At the Creighton game, one of our poorest departments of the Student Association was shown up. We need cheer leaders and need them badly. One of those Creighton yells was worth ten of ours, not in quality, but in unity and volume. This matter should be attended to, Mr. Student Association, for if you want the team to play their best under the stimulus of good rooting, we must have efficient men to lead us. We suggest tryouts for the best leaders and certain recognition of their services.

DO YOUR BIT

The expression predominating in the United States today is "Do Your Bit." It is used for every activity in regard to the war, besides activities entirely foreign to the war. Let us adopt it in place of "Boost" for Central High. Let us start to do our bit in our organizations by bringing them up to the standard. No one should consider himself in the ranks of the student-

body unless he is a booster in an organization. The main bodies or units in school are the Regiment, the Senior Class and the Student Association. You may be a member of all or of only one of these, but be sure that you are a member, not only on the roll call, but a really active member. There are literary societies too, to which most of the student body belong. No one who is an active member of one of these would say that the hour he spends at the meeting every two weeks is lost to him. There are many, though, considering themselves members who never attend the meetings. We urge you to go. The School's organizations are yours and should be the best that you can make them. **DO YOUR BIT!**

—I. L.

CADETS IN AK-SAR-BEN PARADE

Hep! hep! High School cadet!
For once in his life he *did* keep step!

That's a mean thing to say. We don't mean that *for once* part at all; we even apologize, but it made the meter right and we couldn't resist.

If we hadn't felt poetical, we would have said that the cadets made a splendid showing at the military parade, October 4. This was one of the big events of the year for our regiment, and it rose to the occasion with flying colors. Led by Lieutenant Colonel Longwell, nine companies marched for more than three miles past cheering crowds. Omaha is proud of its boys, and well it may be, for it was no easy matter to make a good showing beside the regular soldiers. Both the officers and the men deserve much credit for the success they achieved.

—J. K.

"AN AMERICAN CREED"

"I am an American.

I believe in the dignity of labor, the sanctity of the home, and the high destiny of democracy.

Courage is my birthright, justice my ideal, and faith in humanity my guiding star.

By the sacrifice of those who suffered that I might live, who died that America might endure, I pledge my life to my country and the liberation of mankind."

—*Courtesy of Miss Isaacson.*

Our patriotic teachers have subscribed for over \$7,500 worth of liberty bonds. Why not follow a good example?

As we go to press, it is announced that Captain Whiting, of the United States regulars now at Fort Crook, has been appointed the new commandant of our Cadet Regiment to succeed Mr. Gulgard. We congratulate the Captain on his new office and the cadets on their new head. Success to both!

DON'T READ THIS

With scare heads and scandal type we could please the student body more easily, but this is thoroughly a newspaper, not a yellow journal. We aim to represent the school—in fact, be its spokesman.

There are many who only look at the jokes and cartoons. Don't be that

sort of a booster—read everything—keep posted. Contribute something yourself; it's your paper. If something is wrong with the school, try to correct it through the *Register*. The press is a wonderful ally.

Don't crab a thing—correct it.

—*Ex.*

L I T E R A R Y

TREASURE OF THE LOST CHANNEL

It was a very dark night on the St. Lawrence. The moon, which had shown brightly earlier in the evening, was now covered by dark, threatening clouds which portended a coming storm. No lights were to be seen, except one, which seemed to come from a boat, for it often disappeared behind the smaller islands. If one could approach the boat, one could see that the light was made by a large torch in the bow. A small boy rowed the boat, while a larger man with a long spear in his hand stood looking carefully into the water. This man was Jake Shipman, who usually conducted a small inn on the Canadian mainland, but who made part of his living by spearing fish at night.

"Guess we'll have to go in pretty soon, Bud," he said. "There's a clipper of a storm coming up."

Bud merely grunted and rowed down the river. Presently they heard the sound of a motor-boat, which came into view around a point. The boat passed close to them, and they perceived one man alone in the boat.

"H'm," said Jake. "That's that young doctor feller what's stayin' on upper Grindstone. Wonder what he's doin' out now?"

Then, without warning, the wind, which had been slowly rising, broke into a gale. Rain began to fall, and the occupants of the rowboat, realizing that they were too far from home to row back against the wind, made for the nearest island. They were now near the Lost Channel, and it did not take them long to reach Deer Island, the nearest island. They landed at the dock and started for the pavilion made for picnickers.

John Boler, the young doctor in the motor-boat, had gone to bed that night feeling that he had earned a deserved rest after a strenuous day. About eleven-thirty, his brother's wife had awakened him and had said that a man had rowed over from Bolts' on Float Island with the message that one of the children was sick and in need of a doctor. John arose, grudgingly, and started out in his brother's boat with the man, who lay down in the bottom of the boat. As the night grew more threatening, the man rose to his feet, saying that it would be impossible to reach Float Island before the storm broke. Deciding to stop at Deer Island, they landed a few moments before Shipman and his son reached the docks.

Shipman, finding another person already in possession of the pavilion, made his boat secure and, bidding his son bring the few fish which they had caught, started for the pavilion on the other side of the island.

Early the next morning, when the storm had subsided, Boler and the man, Smith, reached Float Island. The child was not seriously ill and the doctor was soon able to leave.

"Say, Smith," he said, "will you go back to Deer Island with me? I've a notion that that man and kid we saw last night are the famous Shipmans. Greyson, the detective from Syracuse, told me he was after them, because it's against the law to spear fish and they've been doing it for some time now."

The man agreed to go, and they soon reached the island; this time, however, they landed on the side which faced the Lost Channel. They found that the Shipmans had gone, but that they had left the staff which they had used as a torch.

While John was walking along the shore to the boat, a dark piece of metal, protruding from behind a rock, caught his eye. Calling to Smith to bring a boat-hook, John began to examine the rock under which the metal, an iron box, seemed to be wedged. The rock was very large and appeared to have been blasted asunder for some purpose. It must have formed a very secure hiding place at one time.

Smith now arrived with the boat-hook, and, by strained efforts, the two succeeded in dislodging the box. It was locked with a rusty padlock, and on the top a name, very much scarred and scratched, was written. John decided that it once had been *Phantom*. They next turned their attention to the task of filing off the padlock. This promised to take some time, as the only file in the boat was a poor one.

Smith finally gave up, and saying that he would go back for a better file, took the boat and left Boler to guard the box. John, after pondering a while over the box, walked over to the other dock to see if he could find any traces of Shipmans' lawless occupation of spearing fish. While he was gone, Shipman and his son returned for their torch. Seeing the box, Jake examined it and decided that it was his until some one came to claim it. While he was dragging it to his boat, the doctor returned.

"Hey, that's my box!" shouted John. Shipman dropped the box, but seeing who it was, he answered,

"But it's mine now, kid."

John rushed at him, and a hand to hand fight followed. John was getting the better of Shipman, when two more men appeared on the scene. They had been passing through the Channel when they had seen the struggle, and they had come ashore to enjoy it. They at once recognized Jake, and Jake knew them to be old comrades of his who were now engaged in smuggling forbidden goods from Canada into the United States. These men aided Jake and the three soon succeeded in overpowering John.

As they were engaged thus, they were suddenly startled by a shout from the boy, and turning, they saw two men with loaded revolvers facing them.

"Guess I got here just about in time, didn't I?" drawled Smith. "Brought Mike along to help move the box, but guess he'll do just as well to help move these fellers up to Clayton."

A few days later, Boler went back to Chicago, after he had seen Shipman and the smugglers taken in charge. He took with him the treasure from the box. It proved to be a goodly sum, and he gave a liberal amount of it to Smith and Mike, but he never found out how it came to be on Deer Island.

But the river folk will tell you that long ago, before the islands were used as summer resorts, a ship called the *Phantom* passed through the Gulf of St. Lawrence and sailed up the river toward Lake Ontario. While it was exploring the river, it sailed into the Lost Channel, from which it never returned. Furthermore, on that ship was a wonderful treasure, and also a man who plotted for that treasure. He succeeded in burning the ship and in burying the treasure where no one could find it, but as a punishment from heaven, he was drowned in the Channel a few days later. This, they will tell you, is the history of the Lost Channel.

Mary Loomis, '19.

"ONCE UPON A TIME"

Can you of our great and, whatever be your opinions, *externally* beautiful High School, turn your thoughts backward until in imagination you are in a little country school house of the early nineteenth century? Can you see, instead of a walled-in campus with wide, well shoveled walks, the endless

stretch of white-clad hills dotted sparsely with small homes and, on the horizon, the winding black trail of bare trees which border a frozen river? Can you see the worn, paintless school house covered with last summer's dead vines, which could, chimney and all, be put in one of our study rooms? And inside can you hear the crackling fire in a huge stove which never heats the other end of the room while it blisters the wood and the faces near it? Can you picture the rows of much marked desks and backless benches? And, most of all, can you imagine, instead of well dressed boys and girls who have grown up beneath statues and pictures of Abraham Lincoln, oddly clad little folks who had not yet heard of our greatest hero? Of course, you can't, but you think you can; and that will do just as well. And of course, I can't, either, but I think I can; and that will do almost as well, too.

This is an unusually large school house, for there are two rooms. Yes, and a fairly wide hall between them. On each side of the hall is a row of hooks hung with damp looking wraps. Under each hook is a cold tin dinner pail. The room to the right of the hall is a mystery—a terrible mystery. Few of us have seen it. Those who enter do so under compulsion, and return saddened and good, for a little while. But we know that it is filled with big boys and young ladies. That these big boys and young ladies are our own kindly big brothers and sisters matters not at all, for once they have entered that room, they are changed. We know that the ruler of that room is a terrible man, whose fierce eyes are magnified by great spectacles and bushy, black eyebrows. And in this room—here lies the secret of it all—hangs the longest, thickest, heaviest, rattan that was ever wielded by a strong man.

Well, why think of that? In spite of the necessary drudgery of school routine, there are many pleasant things in the room on the other side of the hall. "Stubs" has the dandiest mouse which, with its leg tied to a string, can be induced into countless gymnastics, and keeps the girls in constant tenor. And say, did you know that the snow that drifts in through the crack in the window melts into the best material in the world for hard cold little balls to drop down Johnny's back?

Our hero is a bright enough lad—when he chooses to be. Most boys are—when they choose to be. There is the rub. Most boys' round the age of nine deem it sissyfied beyond measure to show any degree of intelligence in the matter of lessons. Now George is nine and an average boy. Be that as it may, he stands at the head of his class, nor is he looked down upon by his comrades as a Percival. To an observant eye, the key to the mystery is simple enough. The head of the class stands during recitation near the window. You don't see yet? An open window in summer time is an attraction. There are numerous bugs to be caught. There is a view more pleasant than a book affords. There are—yes, I see it is sufficiently clear now. But seasons change. It is cold, undeniably cold, now in the school room, and, injustice upon injustice, the class dunces sits snugly near the fire while goose flesh rises on the arms of the geniuses, and their teeth chatter as they make their faultless replies.

There is a geography lesson, and by making Norway bounded by Africa and other notedly warm countries, George retires from his illustrious position and falls back a few steps into the ranks. There is, you will undoubtedly agree, great ability necessary for correct spelling. There is something like genius in the way George manages to misspell the simplest words. Again he is placed a step nearer warmth and happiness. But patience is not among George's doubtful virtues. This method is too slow.

The floor is found unnecessarily wet, the water from the drinking pail is gone, and tracks lead convincingly to George's seat. A sharp scolding emphasized by sharper blows of the ruler results. No more. The situation becomes intolerable. George is still cold, and but little nearer the stove.

For a time, peace reigns. Then, 'midst general screechings, three fat, green, lumpy, long-legged toads make exit from the teacher's open desk and hop in a bewildered manner about the school room floor. George is delighted. He did not do the deed, but what of that? Much to the wrong doer's astonishment, George readily, aye, eagerly, admits himself guilty. Now, surely, his goal is won.

But George has reckoned without the other boy's toads. Had they been grasshoppers, bats, or worms, he might have been more successful. The lady, it seems, has an unaccountable horror for the inoffensive and amusing toad. As in a dream, George finds himself, note in hand, being pushed out of the door with his destination the room beyond. There is no light now in George's life. He dare not go where sent nor return without having gone there. The closed door bore in big white letters the word "Principal," but to George, they spelled something like the warning, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." It is even colder in the hall than in his place at the head of the class. He sits huddled up in one corner while disconsolately sampling near-by dinner pails. Even this inadequate bliss can not last long.

The door opens. A chill, not of cold, passes down George's curved spine. Just a little boy from his own room, in search of a handkerchief. George's grief-dulled eyes become bright with inspiration. He rises slowly and with great dignity.

"Here, you," he calls condescendingly, "teacher says you're to take this note to the principal."

The little boy looks doubtfully. George's manner becomes more commanding.

"If you don't," he adds, "teacher'll lick you—and so will I."

George's words are convincing. The little boy takes the note and opens the dreaded door, while George, his face bright with triumph, returns to his room. His seat seems cold no longer. The teacher is surprised, but she begins to admire George for his bravery, and speaks to him kindly. It's a pretty good world after all.

Then, why didn't he think of the little boy's return? The little boy's face is anything but smiling, and the teacher is curious.

Why go farther into the affair? Why tell of his ignominious defeat? Can't you remember your own feelings under the stern and powerful elderly disapproval? Of course you can't, but you think you can; and that will do just as well. And I? Well, I know I can't; and that wouldn't do at all.

M. S., '18.

OCTOBER

O, see how the glorious sun is shining
Down on the golden-rod,
And see the flash of silver lining
Right in the milk-weed pod!

See how the fairy gold is falling
From elm and maple bough;
But the birds have ceased their calling
From the leafless woodland now,

Oh, the scarlet vine and berry
And the hillside brown and sober;
O, this glorious time is autumn,
And the month, it is October!

In leaves of red and brown and golden,
Thus, does autumn robe her;
While the pleasant year is waning,
And the month is yet October.

Fannie Jensen.

Knowledge

Afloat upon the vaster seas of Thought,
And whirling down the tidal-tides
of Life,

A Speck infinitesimal—by Strife
Into a flaming Star of sun-dust
wrought—

Consuming all the mystic life-creeds
taught,
And taking Wisdom unto me for
Wife,

Whence perfect children of the bond
are rife,
Reason and Knowledge, that cannot
be bought.

To me, the Knowledge of the Universe,
Culture of bleary-eyed sage and
book-bound Youth,

Is but a huge and gale-infested Sea
Wherein the tiny barks of Man im-
merse

Their frail-wrought prows in search
of hidden Truth;

That craft that strikes must over-
whelmed be.

—Eugene M. Konecky.

Just A Girl

Everyone writes of the little boy,
Wishing that he were one again;
Laughing heartily o'er each joy,
Musing smilingly o'er each pain.

Everyone tells of the bare, dirty toes,
All well remember of the climbing of
trees,

All bravely conquered imagined joes,
All were adept in the way to tease.

We know the crazy pockets he had.
His pets were tadpoles and snakes and
dogs,

School held no charm for this frisky lad,
But he could ride 'round the pond on
logs.

Is there nothing nice about little girls?
Aren't kittens sweeter pets than rats?
Are tousled heads so much better than
curls?

Aren't dollies as good as balls and
bats?

Isn't it nice to remember your pride
When that first wee wobbly pie was
made?

QUESTION BOX

I would like to know if Student As-
sociation tickets are transferable.
Thank you.

Yes, these tickets are transferable.
If you are not able to attend the
athletic games, give your ticket to
somebody who can attend.

Are our Student Association tickets
accepted at our games in other
towns? 1920.

No, our tickets are not accepted as
admission in other towns.

It is difficult for me to finish my
laboratory work in the laboratory
periods. How may I do this work in
school time? Junior.

It may be possible for your teacher
to write your study-hour teacher a
note saying that you will be in the
laboratory room instead of in the
study room.

I am not on the *Register* staff, but
I have some poems that I would like
to hand for in the paper. May I do
this? Sophomore.

Yes, indeed, you may hand into
the Editor any material you have.

I lost my locker-key. If it has been
found, where should I go to get it?
1921.

Consult "Details of Administra-
tion" under "Lost and Found" and
under "Lockers."

I have lost my locker-key. How
may I get another one? 1921.

You must have your locker-mate's
key at the book-room after school.
In the morning you will be able to
get both keys.

The funny things sewed by mothers side,
The tea parties held 'neath the apple
tree's shade?

And oh! has the small boy ever known
The wonderful bliss which, you must
confess,

Comes to each girl, and to girls alone,
When arrayed in her first, long party
dress? —M. E. S., '18.



O. H. S. Scholarship

That an exceptionally high standard
of scholarship is required in the Omaha
High School is indirectly proved by
the following statements and figures
recently gathered concerning those of
the class of '16 who last year entered
some of the larger universities of the
East.

Out of a total of ten boys, four
entered Cornell, one entered Amherst,
three entered Oberlin, one entered
Lake Forest, and one entered Dart-
mouth. Smith claimed two out of
eight girls; Vassar, two; Washington
University, St. Louis, one; University
of Michigan, one; Rockford College,
Evanston, one; and College of Liberal
Arts, one.

These eighteen people made a total
of ninety-seven credits among them.
Of these twenty-seven per cent. were
A's; twenty-three per cent. were B's;
twenty-seven per cent. were C's;
seventeen per cent. were D's; and
the remainder, or six per cent., were
E's. In these schools, D is a passing
grade. E indicates a condition, or in
the vernacular of the Omaha High
School, a flunk. Surely this is a rec-
ord of which we may be justly proud.

It might be interesting to note that
of the six conditions received by the
former High School students, only one
was received by a girl.

William Kenneth Norton, the first
Nebraska man to receive the official
designation "R. M. A.," graduated
from the Central High School in 1914.
The "R. M. A." is the designation for
reserve member aviation corps. Nor-
ton was high man in a class of twenty-
two at the Mineola, L. I., training
camp and is now awaiting orders to
sail to France.

History Exhibit

During the last few weeks, the
Ancient History Department has con-
ducted an interesting exhibit con-
cerning primitive man. It has been
held on the west side, opposite Room
235, where a number of bulletin boards
and some cases have recently been
placed. The exhibit included original
drawings and clay work of pyramids
and obelisks as well as appropriate
clippings and pictures from ancient
life throughout the world. A special
feature was a few relics of Indian days
found within a few miles of this city.

The Court

An effort is being made to arrange
for beautifying the court next spring.
Miss Stringer and the Garden Club
are willing and anxious to start work
now, but there is no fund for the work
this year. The bulbs which Miss
Stringer hopes to plant should be in
the ground in a week or ten days.
Since our yard man has left us, some
of the stalwart youths who grace the
halls may be pressed into service, who
will undoubtedly be eager to aid in
any way the improvement of the
court.

The Clocks

If you were to count the clocks in
Central High School, you could find
but one. There are, however, about
twenty-five dials distributed through-
out the building. They are all oper-
ated from a master-clock, which is in
the office. Each dial has a group of
cogs operated by compressed air,
which forces the minute hand forward
by means of the wheels. The bells
are operated by a series of relays,
which may be used when desired.

THE PUNKIN CENTER ANIMATED PICTORIAL

EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE BY BURKE & BUCK, PROPS.



LONGWELL SALUTES A FRENCH PRIVATE



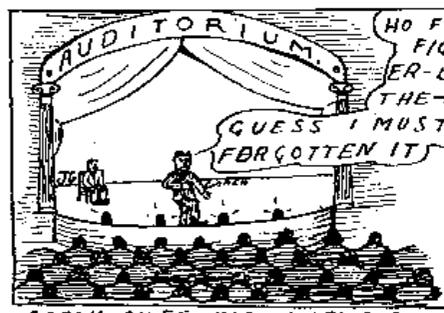
NICHOLSON CHOOSES COT'S SPONSER



SMITTY MAKES AN ORATION



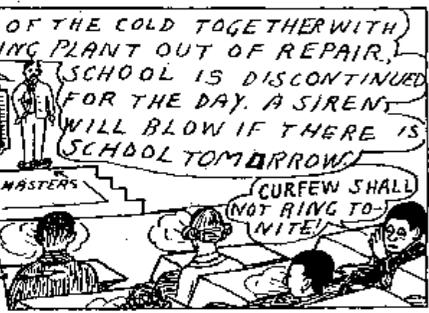
COACH GIVES HIS FAVORITE POME



COACH GIVES HIS FAVORITE POME



SEEN IN THE HALLS LATELY

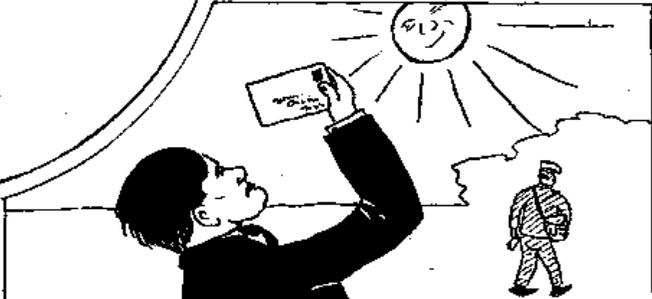


BOYS READ THIS

GIRLS READ THIS



COE TRIES TO KEEP UP WITH MCCOUN IN THE PARADE



SPECIALS



BUCK TAKES FRESHIES FINGER-PRINTS



M.A.X.



ANY NIGHT IN THE LOCKER ROOM



OLSEN - SENIOR GLASS PRESIDENT

A New Use For O. H. S. Vacation

This year has certainly brought out the character of the American people, as a whole, in the way of sacrifice and self-denial. It has shown the other nations what the United States of America can do if it has to. Among other things, the boys and girls have played rather an important part in doing their bit. While the girls have been knitting, making surgical dressings, and doing many other things, the boys, too, have been working, and working hard. The boys here in Omaha, in the high schools especially, have set an excellent example for others to follow. In the spring, many left school to go into the fields to work all summer, others rushed into Liberty Bond campaign, and still others helped in many ways. The boys, in November, are going to be given another chance to show their patriotism and good-will toward Uncle Sam. The crop of corn this year has turned out splendidly, but there is still a large amount of work to be done before the corn can be put into the cribs for the winter, and here is where the boys can help. All this corn has to be husked; so in behalf of the farmers, Governor Neville is thinking of letting the boys who want to help on this work, out of school for three weeks in November. Many plans for getting these boys have already been suggested to Governor Neville, but, as yet, nothing definite has been decided. If a general holiday is proclaimed, then the usual vacation later in the year will be taken away; but if this change of time will help Uncle Sammy any, surely you will be glad to accommodate yourselves to it. Another plan is to dismiss only the boys who are going to do the husking, and to give them full credit during their absence. But whatever is decided, the boys and girls of O. H. S. may be depended upon to show the rest of the people what the rising generation can do, worth while, for the good of our United States.

Teachers' Fund

At a teachers' meeting, it was decided to tax each teacher one dollar as a start toward a student fund. Thus, students capable of doing clerical work can be remunerated for their services.

Miss Towne, Miss O'Sullivan, and Mr. McMillan will supervise the fund. The teachers also contributed 25 cents each to buy educational journals and school surveys.

Home Study

The attention of the students has again been called to the necessity of a large amount of home study. Mr. Masters explains that the additional period cannot allow all work to be done in school, and urges every person to try by harder work to secure higher grades than ever before.

Music Credit

Beginning this year, High School pupils will be given a drill point credit for vocal or instrumental music studied outside of school. Complete arrangements have not been perfected, but those expecting to take advantage of this point have been requested to see Miss Towne. Miss McCune, supervisor of music, announces that final preparations will surely be completed by December first.

Fire Drill

Fire drill rules have been announced as follows: The signal will be the ringing of a series of two short bells. Take any stairs and move as rapidly as possible.

New Commandant

Efforts to secure a man to take the place of Mr. Gulgard in the Cadet Regiment have thus far met with little success. Mr. McMillan, as acting Commandant, has taken charge of the drill; but he has not time to handle this work in conjunction with his many other duties.

Library

Several additions have been made to our Library since school closed last June. The seating capacity has been increased, and there are now accommodations for almost a hundred students. Volumes to the value of five hundred dollars were added during the summer, making a total of about four thousand books on the Library shelves. These cover a wide variety of subjects, and there are books in several foreign tongues.

Did You Know?

That the Central High School building cost \$848,045; the equipment, \$33,565; the site is valued by real estate men at \$450,000; it was deeded to the city by the state when the first school was built on it. Formerly, when Omaha was the capitol, the state house occupied the same site. The cost of maintenance is over \$140,000 per year. The Auditorium seats 768.

James Longwell, now in training at the Great Lakes Naval Station, visited the school recently while on furlough. He is a brother of Lieutenant Colonel Longwell.

Wallace Gerry, '15, and Wendell Moore, '16, have been elected editor and business manager, respectively, of the new University of Nebraska Medical School paper. Moore is also on the editorial staff of the "Awwan" at Lincoln.

Cleary Hanighen has been distinguishing himself at Harvard. He passed an examination in English, which exempted him from the regular freshman course.

The New Heating System

Who is there in this school so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"God bless the new heating system."

Little did we know last year when the workmen started excavating that

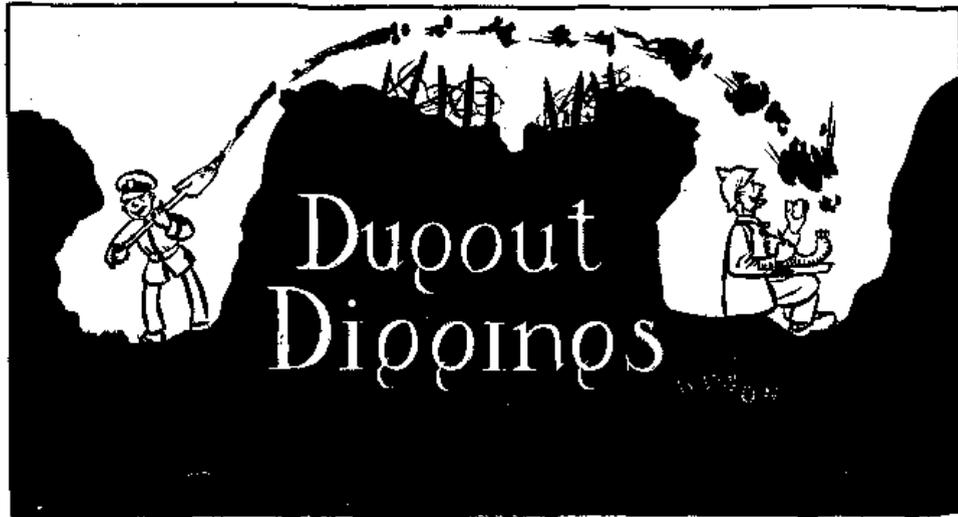
that excavation was going to be our great joy for one week and our greatest sorrow for weeks to come. When we saw the boilers being unloaded, we thought perhaps the Germans were planting some of their forty-two centimeter guns on our football field, but now we know the cause of it all.

Six new boilers, each capable of sustaining a steam pressure of two tons, and a smoke-stack one hundred and seventy-five feet high and twenty-five feet in diameter at the bottom, are all that have been put in during the last year. Therefore, we wondered why the contractors took so long, but, upon questioning them, we found that many other things beside those mentioned above came into consideration.

In the first place, those who were in Omaha last summer will remember the laborers' strike. Well, there is where a month went. In the second place, we learned not to go by outside appearances. What at first appeared to be a mole hill grew to a mountain. Before anything else could be done, the old boilers had to be taken out and the basement enlarged. Then a cement floor had to be laid and concrete bases constructed for the boilers. After the boilers were all set and the myriad of connections made, which join the boilers with the radiators, the fans, and the generators, a whole brick yard had to be laid around the boilers to make our building safe. Then, after all this was done, the fire had to be started slowly, to keep the newly laid concrete from cracking.

We had learned a lot about our new system, but still we were not satisfied. We still didn't know why all this was done. Well, here is the answer. Our new system is not all ours. Yes, sad but true. We must share it with Central school and finally with the new High School of Commerce, which is to be built at Twentieth and Chicago. At last, Central High and Commerce will have something in common.

Wops—See Turner or Maxwell.



"We Will Win This War."—General Pershing



"Over and at 'em with the best of luck" means little to a fellow here in "blighty" today, but to-morrow and the to-morrows that follow will teach it to us in lessons we won't easily forget. To most of us, the roaring guns and little wooden crosses on the plains of Flanders exist only in story books, but to-morrow and the to-morrows that follow will bring to us the lesson that the challenge of the guns must be supported and the cause for which thousands have given their all must be vindicated. It is all so very far away and so vast that we cannot realize what is going on and what will be the part we are to play. Contrary to the hopes of the world, the day may come when we, too, are in the trenches, and then, and only then, will we realize what a "cushy" life was ours back home, in "blighty". We hope, with the world, that the time may never come, but in the meantime, we must answer the vague longing to do something. The opportunities for service are many.

We can boost the liberty loan, conserve food, sacrifice, earn, and subscribe to the Belgian Relief, French Christmas Funds, Prisoner Relief, Y. M. C. A. War Fund., and Red Cross. We can help the life of the fellows at camp and at the front by letters, more letters, magazines, books, tobacco, and candy.

Greater tho, greater than all, must be our service to ourselves. We can learn to respect, understandingly our flag, and all that it stands for. We can keep ourselves in good, physical trim to be prepared for all that might follow. We can drill and prepare ourselves by discipline to play whatever part may be our share in the conflict. And we can always do our studies and the work that we have in hand, better in order to prepare ourselves for the great task of reconstruction that falls on our generation.

This War Must Be Won; devastated France, Belgium, and Poland must be rebuilt, the colossal debts of the world paid; and the greatest social and political problems of all history solved. And it must be your muscles and my muscles, and your brain my brain, that must do it. The old life we have led must be changed that your debt and my debt to the world and to the ages will be changed.

Who's Who and Why in the Cadets

Leonard McCoun, major of the "Sleepy Second" Battalion, is the best natured fellow in school. The only time he ever gets mad is when the wee children from Central School get mixed up with Company E., and he can't tell them from the cadets, except for the uniforms. McCoun has held all the offices in the regiment that the law allows, including the presidency of the C. O. C., to which he was elected unanimously as a mark of the high regard in which the cadet officers hold him. He was a corporal in H., sergeant major of the Third Battalion, first sergeant of F, and now Major of the Second. When a financial crisis arises in school, Mac is summoned. He slowly takes the situation in hand and then the money. Like all great men, he is silent, because of this acceptable quality he was elected treasurer of the Senior class this year. He is a famous marksman and in the dusty battle of East Omaha, when Captain Keating said, "Fire when your'e ready," McCoun, quick as an hour glass, answered, "I am 'Reddy,'" and commenced firing.

Heard at the Parade.

"O yes, son's an officer in the cadets. O yes, he was made a corporal last June."

(R. Campbell from window in his father's office)—"Hey! Summers! Your shoe's untied."

"Say! Have all you cadets got dates for my Thanksgiving dance?"

"Nicholson, O NICHOLSON, you're the only guy in your company that's in step."

Buckingham: "Come on, half of A Company. Let's put this crowd back."

"Listen to our band."

"That ain't our band."

"It is our band. Cant you hear, Paynter?"

"Our Band never was that good."

"That is our band. Can't you hear them? They breath all at once."

"I know that's not our band. They only know one tune and that isn't it."

"O look at Creighton."

"That isn't Creighton. Them are Boy Scouts."

"That's Creighton. Don't you see Morearty?"

"What's Morearty?"

"Morearty is a Major."

"O look, they all saluted!"

TRENCH STUFF

Several ambitious namesakes have been busy naming the cadets with the following results:

The Archibalds,
Wee Willies,
Mugwumps,
K-dets.

After noticing the names we graciously ask our would be-namesakes to cease.

APOLOGIES TO BAIRNSFEATHER

1617—Duke Bruce of Cunningham—"On, on, Ye noble English. Let us conquer or Die."

1917—Second Lieut. Bruce Cunningham, Co. H.—"Get a line, you bums, you rookies. What d'ye think you are, Commerce Cadets."

Here is your chance to do something. The fellows over there and in the training camps would be tickled to death to get the *Register* now and then to keep posted on the activities at Central. If the readers want to be patriotic here is their chance. Put a one cent stamp on your issue and bring it to the Military Department in 121 or to the *Register* office, and we will see that it gets to some former High School fellow.

How to Make a Date

Step I.—Accost your lady love when she is in a good humor.

Step II.—Step up and tell her how nice she looks.

Step III.—Relate to her the way you were "canned" the other day.

Step IV.—Tell her you contemplate doing something desperate.

Step V.—In answer to her "why?" say you are in love, but your love is not returned.

Step VI.—Describe the object of your affection with fervor.

Step VII.—Ask her advice about how to make a date with the loved one.

Step VIII.—After receiving her instructions, ask her if she's sure the girl will accept.

Step IX.—When assured of the affirmative, proceed to take her advice, and ask for a date.

Step X.—While she hesitates, take her consent for granted, kiss her hand, and walk gracefully away.

—Ex.

Isn't that so, Dan?

Wops—Basket-ball, banquets.



IMPRESSIONS OF A FOOTBALL GAME FROM A GIRL'S STANDPOINT

It's great! That atmosphere at a football game is more contagious than any of the diseases that doctors cure. In fact, it is incurable. Once caught, always kept. There is an anxious wait before the game opens—that is, if you are on time—and then, just as you become very impatient, out come the boys in purple and white, the band starts a tune, and all is excitement. Then comes the kick-off and the game is on. And oh! such a scramble and tumble as there is! The boys run here and there and all pile up in a heap. After disentangling themselves, they line up and rush together again. And all for the possession of that ball. Such a mix-up! Your side gains a little, everyone is tense with excitement, some one is making straight for goal with the speed of a Marathon runner, everyone is on his feet, and it seems that the cheers must give the runner speed. Either he reaches goal or he doesn't. If he doesn't reach goal, there are sighs of disappointment; if he does reach goal, the cheers grow louder. And when the team all pile up together you wonder how many of them can come out whole, and yet most of them do. But when one of the men is hurt, and you see the doctor run out and begin to work over him, and all the other men are standing there waiting to see if he will survive, you wonder if the game is worth it. And still every one always decides that it is!

—H. B., '19.

Central 57.....Commerce 0

The first game of the season opened a splendid victory for our warriors. The combination of weight, experience, speed, and excellent coaching proved sufficient to overwhelm the light, but gritty Commercial team at Creighton field on September 28, 1917.

In the first half, Commerce held our regulars to a 12 to 0 score. A strong temporary defense in the second quarter resulted in a check upon our scoring forces. But, from the third quarter on, Central smashed the Commercial defense to a state of non-resistance, and the score began to roll. The game was finished by our substitutes.

Central forced Commerce to punt after the first kick-off, "Clyde" making a return of 35 yards. Then the team smashed its way to the goal in three downs, Maxwell scoring. A few minutes later, Paynter went

around left end for a second touchdown. Aside from the defensive excellence of the second quarter, the long run to goal, by Maxwell, which was not allowed because the play was begun before the referee's whistle, stands out as the feature play. The third quarter began with a 40 yard return run of the Commerce kick-off, by Noble. Smith then carried the ball over the line for a touchdown in two successive end runs. Noble missed goal. Russel skilfully intercepted a forward pass, and on the next play our heady quarterback carried the pigskin across the goal line, but the score was not allowed since the team was penalized for holding. What follows is already well known. The Commerce defense crumbled. Smith ran thru the field for 60 yards for a touchdown when Commerce punted the ball into his hands. Noble and Russel made touchdowns on two in-

tercepted passes. The game ended with the ball on Commerce's 20 yd. line.

Central (57) Position Commerce (0)
 Scott.....left end.....Moore
 Paynter.....left tackle.....Dowd
 Crowell.....left guard.....Johnson
 Moser.....center.....Neilson
 Kiewitt.....right guard.....Millman
 Schaffer.....right tackle.....Nicotera
 Carson.....right end.....Bernstein
 Maxwell.....quarter.....Shanahan
 Logan.....left half.....Babcock
 Smith.....right half.....Devinson
 Noble.....fullback.....Card

Score by quarters:

Central.....	12	0	24	21—57
Commerce.....	0	0	0	0—0

Goals—Maxwell (3).

Substitutes Central—Logan for Moser; Eaton for Logan; Logan for Maxwell; Rockwell for Schaffer; Schaffer for Crowell; Scott for Carson; Russell for Noble; Maxwell for Logan; Konecky for Russell; Russell for Paynter; Pollard for Schaffer; Scott for Crowell; Giller for Smith; Mahaffey for Russell; Russell for Noble; Hall for Rockwell; Woodard for Giller; A. Smith for Scott; Spangler for Pollard. Commerce—Eddy for Nicotera; Hanson for Eddy.

Officials—Referee, Carns; Umpire, Montgomery; head linesman, McCormick.

Time of quarters, twenty minutes.

Side Line Jabs

Heinz's Varieties never compared with those 57 points in the Commerce game. Our boys also showed about 57 varieties of football genius.

Oh, Art Logan! how does it feel to be popular and have somebody pat you on the back on the side-lines?

"The world will little note or long remember what we SAY here; but it can never forget what we DO here." So thinks our Captain, Clyde Smith. He sure DID things.

Wops—See Turner or Maxwell.

If our leaders, "somewhere in France", show the generalship of our brainy quarter-back, Maxwell, we need not fear the ultimate outcome of the war. As for those clever end runs, there was no end to them. Fine work, Maxwell.

We'll say that Dorothy Arter is SOME cheer leader. The same applies to Dorothy Davis, and Dorothy Canaan.

They must be strong for Woman's Rights!

We have our own "Terrible Turk." So Commerce thought.

Do you wonder why Coach Mulligan wears such a broad smile? Ask the Commercial chaps.

Great Scot! how Scotty did trouble the Commercial line. Diminutive—but formidable!

Central inflicted great "pain" upon poor little Commercial. Paynter was in our line-up. Floyd may not care much about History, but he makes it. (Allowed to pass censor only by special permission.)

Carson needs no tribute from our pen. His excellent playing speaks for itself.

Kiewitt, Moser, and Crowell; the Great Triumvirate! An impenetrable defense.

If Schaffer tackled his studies the way he tackled Levinson, he'd get Six A's.

Russel must be frequenting the alleys, the way he bowled 'em over.

G-ILL-er sure made Commerce ILL. (Rather strained).

We hate to harp on this, but what happened to Harper?

"Down again, up again,
Play again, Mulligan."

Rockwell did his "bit."

Young Stern and Jacobs-waterboys were the most popular fellows on the field. Some sublime sacrifice to achieve immortality!

"Bob" the manager who can MAN-AGE. He keeps 'em on the go, not only on the FIELD, but —well, what about it Harper?

Eaton got in the game and made himself conspicuous immediately.

How can we help winning when Capt. Wood's Band plays "Soak 'em, poke 'em, Omaha."?

South High Game

Central 40.....South High 3.

October 6th-Creighton Field-AND "our ancient enemy" South High School. But victory makes us benevolent. You fought well, South High, BUT-not well enough.

The game started to the inspiring tune of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, as played by the Omaha Military Band. South kicked-off and Maxwell lugged the ball up the field to their 30-yard line. Then, before a minute's play, an end pass, Maxwell to Carson, netted us our first touchdown. Maxwell kicked goal. The Packers, playing straight football, plowed thru our line after the kick-off and took the ball to the 15-yard mark. Our line stiffened, forcing the South Siders to fall back for a drop kick, which was successful. But this was destined to be the only score for South High. Another long pass by Maxwell resulted in our second score, Smith flashing across the goal line. Maxwell kicked goal. The latter part of the first quarter, as well as the entire second quarter, was a battle of football tactics. The short line plunges and heavy backfield smashes by South High were pitted against the

speedy and ingenious "trick plays" of the purple - and - white aggregation. The real star during this period, and indeed, thruout the game, was "Turk" Logan, whose speedy and timely tackling spoiled many apparently successful plays for South High. Maxwell also did fine work, especially so since he was handicapped by a swollen ankle. In the third quarter, a well fought and evenly matched battle was brought to a successful climax, when Maxwell passed the pigskin to Smith, who carried it twenty yards for Central's third score. Noble and Schaffer repeatedly battered the South High defense in this quarter, while Maxwell cleverly bewildered the opposing team by means of a tantalizing shift that completely baffled the red-and-white machine. The quarter ended with Omaha in possession of the ball on South's 10-yard line.

The final quarter began with a touchdown, Carson carrying the oval over the line. After a brief offensive by the red-and-white backfield, the heavy Central backfield got into action. Noble, "Turk", Paynter, and Smith consistently tore thru the opposing line, the onslaught culminating in a goal by Maxwell. Then Smith intercepted a forward pass and raced thru the field fully forty yards for a touchdown. The game ended as the Commerce game, a predominance of substitutes being noticeable. Eaton and Giller were particularly effective in their playing.

Central High (40). South High (3).
Scott.....left end.....Volz
Paynter...left tackle.....McNeil
Sutton....left guard.....Peterson
Moser....center.....Headgreen
Crowell...right guard...Swearingen
Shafer....right tackle.....Helm
Carsons...right end.....Card
Maxwell...quarter.....Etter
Logan....left half.....Banner
Smith....right half.....Emigh
Noble....fullback.....Oswold

Substitutes—Central: Kewitt for Sutton, Logan for Crowell, Eaton for Maxwell, Diller for Smith, Art Logan for Moser, Pollard for Schaffer, Scha-

Creighton Game

Central 52.....Creighton 0.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" never troubled our gridiron kings in the least. By successively defeating Commerce, South Side, and Creighton before the season was well under way, our team annexed the local foot ball championship, and quickly demonstrated its unbeatable character as a fit successor to the championship laurels of Missouri Valley, won by Central High last year.

After holding our line for downs in the first quarter, immediately following the kick-off, the Creighton defense gave way to the superior open playing of the Central team. Our first two scores resulted from successful forward passes. In the second quarter, the Omaha tackles, Paynter and Schaffer, smashed thru the Creighton line for big gains, carrying the ball down the field without one falter. Then Maxwell carried the ball across the line for our third score. Gene kicked goal. The half ended with a score of 20 to 0.

The third quarter began with a touchdown by our Captain, whose line plunging was effectively done. Maxwell's kick was successful. Creighton's cheering from here on was noticeably ragged. A well-worked delayed end-run netted another score in this quarter. Maxwell's kick was low, hitting the cross-bar. One more touchdown was recorded before the quarter ended, Creighton's weak defense crumbling before our attack.

The last quarter was a brilliant exhibition of flashy football. A fake place kick, executed with lightning, and deadly accuracy, Maxwell passing the ball to Smith, resulted in a touchdown. Maxwell's place kick was successful. Following this thriller, a long forward pass, Maxwell to Eaton, caught the Creighton team napping, and Eaton romped over the line for the final score of the day. The pass was seemingly impossible, yet excellent football made it successful.

Final score 52 to 0.

fer for Noble, Swaboda for Scott, Russell for Carson, Rockwell for Paynter, Hall for Tuck Logan, South High: Wilson for Card.

Time of quarters—Twelve minutes. Referee—Montgomery. Umpire, Haskell. Head linesman, McCormick. Penalties, Central High 35 yards, South High none. Touchdowns, Carsons, Smith (3), Noble, Maxwell, Field goal, Oswald.

Side Line Jabs

By the way, whose bull pup was that on the field? Did I hear somebody say "Shafer?" You're dead wrong. Shafer owns a "poodle."

The faculty was out in full force. Now I can appreciate Floyd's silence, Smith's ferocity, Maxwell's brilliance, Noble's nervousness, and "Turk's" versatility.

Harry Stern's graduation from waterboy to cheer leader was unprecedented.

Did you notice the patriotic young ladies who were knitting jerseys between quarters?

What was Winifred Travis so happy about at the game? We wonder!

"Turk" was the star and crescent of the game.

Maxwell played a wonderful game with a troublesome ankle. What would have happened to South High if he had had trouble with both of them?

Did Noble hurt his head when he hit the ground? Ask the ground?!

Did you see that jump made by Moser? What was the matter, Moser? I'm glad I didn't happen to be under him when he landed!

Sutton now believes it pays to study.

There was many a proud mother after the game.

The stage is set,
The foe is met,
The grandstands fret—
Gosh! I forgot my
Student's Association
ticket.

If we left YOUR name out, it's only because we're saving it for next time.

Wops—Banquets, initiations.

Side Line Jabs

Our lucky bull pup was once more in evidence. This time it was rumored that Jack Hall was the owner of said "bred-in-Boston" property. Anyway, the manner in which these two cut up on the sidelines proved that they had met before.

Did you notice the cheering squad as organized by "ye scribe, himself?" What about it, Donald Pillsbury?

"Alone, alone, all, all, all, alone.
And the grandstand still as mice."
Why can't Stern keep out of print?

Turk's pose in the third quarter when the ball was kicked to him caused much comment among the fair sex. Shall we call it the "Logan pose?"

And speaking of such things, what about the "Noble crawl?" Only Noble could crawl like that with the whole Creighton team atop of him. Anyhow, it netted one yard more.

Is Miss Riley (the one with the curls) a football enthusiast? Didn't you see her at the game?

Coach Mulligan will be able to dispense with his backfield if Paynter and Schafer threaten to continue their ferocious line smashing.

Creighton had (1) a big crowd (2) tremendous cheering (3) the celebrated Snake-dance (4) Zero score. Central had (1) 52 points. Isn't that enough?

I don't blame Avis Smith for being proud of her brother. We're all proud of him.

What happened to "our Band?" Have they dis-banded? Captain Woods blames it on the "heatless holiday."

Carson came to the fore when he intercepted a forward pass in the middle of the field. If he had not slipped—but what's the use of ifs?

We recommend that Eaton be fined before every football game. He scored two touchdowns, he was that mad.

Maxwell carried an uneffaceable smile all thru the Creighton game. We wonder why!

Fumbles and penalties for "holding" were largely responsible for the small score.

As we go to press, Sioux City looms up as our next—shall we say "victim?"

Girls' Athletics

On account of the bad weather the tennis tournament has been progressing slowly. About ten matches have been played off and the first round will soon close, after which the drawings for the consolations will be made. Classes are now formed for instruction in tennis.

Volley-ball teams will be formed the last of this month and basket-ball teams will be formed after Thanksgiving. In girls' athletics, the most popular sports still seem to be basket-ball and tennis. The girls are always on hand for the foot-ball and basket-ball games and do their best in cheering to help the boys win.

When Mr. Tanglefoot produced his famous fly-paper, he little thought how appreciative of his new invention, even the smallest boys would be; for when you really think of it, what material could be used more successfully to make a kite fly than fly-paper?

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And such a stylish hattum.
He loved the luscious hic, haec, hoc,
And bet on cards and equi,
And sometimes it is sad to say,
He got it in the neque.
He winked quo usque tandem,
Ad puellas on the forum.
And sometimes e'en the people say,
Made goo-goo oculorum.
—(Choice)

Dearmont: (To clerk)—"Have you any ties that will match my eyes?"

Clerk: "No, but I have some soft hats that will just match your head."

Barton K: (To his teacher)—"I am indebted to you for everything that I know."

Miss Paxson: "Pray, don't mention such a trifle."

"What you say, goes," he sadly said,
His eyes and heart aflame,
She glanced at the clock and turned
her head,
And softly spoke his name.

Teacher: "Why the test questions aren't giving you trouble, are they?"

Josephine M: "No, its just the answers that are bothering me."

Wops—Liveliest S. S. in the city.

"BUCK - BORED"

Patient Friend:—

Since last we held thy listing ear unto our phonographic exhaust, since last we spoke unto thee with all that former confidence, since last we told unto thee all the secrets of our great domain, since last thou readst our little column with patient diligence, many things of great import have transpired.

The powers that be; namely, the censors of our little journal have decreed that no more wilt the despised enemy of lofty literary meditation, namely, SLANG, be allowed to appear between the sacred pages of our paper. A great discussion will probably arise in the effort to judge the difference between the real artistic touch given unto our lingo and slang itself. However, we have it on good authority that the following words are to be struck from the rolls of all true literary productions in the school. (Later we will make a more extensive campaign). The list is as follows: heck, darn, dern, shucks, gee, gosh, shiver my timbers, shake a leg, for goodness sakes, that makes me so mad, thunder, you win, moses, holy moses, um baby, say boy, some game, golly, well, well, at a boy, you tell 'em, I'll say so, you know it, Caesar's -er-er-anybody else's ghost, sam hill, er-er-well if you want the rest of the list, just call at the office at any time in the near future.

Now isn't that thunder? Just think, I can't say dern or gosh or anything now. If I can't say "Holy Moses," how can I say "Holy Sher-

man," "Holy Grant," "Holy Hercules," or "Holy H'olsen?" I think this is about the der..... meanest thing that I ever had placed upon my haughty brow.

On those glorious days, when our little school was closed because of lack of heat in the building, it was announced that school would take up again at the ringing of the siren whistle. It's real funny, but we developed the most acute attack of deafness that I have ever seen.

Has anybody heard from our friend, Mr. Gulgard?

Yes, it affects us all. I see that even our own Clarence Bantin has entered into politics. We hope you will not lose anything by your new association, Clarence.

Somebody said that the Aksarben parade was a failure. Somebody said that the Creighton cadets looked nicer than ours. Somebody said that the Creighton cadets outdrilled us. Somebody said that Longwell didn't get more applause from the girls than anyone else. Somebody lied.

UHHUH..... South High. I told you so.

Now, that the fall festivities are all over, you can begin to get ready for the event of the school year. Yep, we're gona have a Road Show. Regiment needs money.

Get your little hammers ready.

Why?
BEAT LINCOLN.
Kerrect.

Have you got some Hershey's?

Hullo, Turk, what's a matter with your eye?

We jes' knew that you'd get 'lected, Finnie. We knew it all the time.

Say, what is the regiment practicing yelling in the auditorium for? Wait until November 9th, and you will understand.

Mr. Bexten is some Ticket-Taker.

Why does Longwell eat lunch with the faculty? Oh, JES BECAUSE.
—SO LONG.

At carnival—Confetti seller—"How many, folks? How many?"
Maxwell: "Oh, count 'em yourself, how do we know?"

Miss Paxson: "Are your sentences all right?"

Dorothy G: "Yes ma-am, er-er—at least, Daniel's were."

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

Catherine: "Would you need any?"

Among the Seniors

Havent you ever noticed:

Longwell's walk,
Olsen's solemnity,
Bantin's dimples,
McCoun's freckles,
Slater's voice,
Smith's line-of-talk,
Potter's shrug,
Paynter's tan,
Adam's blush,
Nicholson's hands,
Dearmont's hair,
Johnston's eyes,
Elwood's "well-you-see,"
Jensen's tones?

Findley: "No one can be punished for something they haven't done, can they?"

Miss Bridge: "Of course, not, Tom, why do you ask?"

Findley: "Well, you see, I haven't done my algebra for today, so I thought I'd inquire!"

Wops—Liveliest S. S. in the city.

Proximity hasn't got a thing on Lee and..... Virginia.

When she said that all men are brutes, she forgot that Barton Kuhns is still with us.

Say girls, did *your* name appear in the sideline jabs?

Teacher: "Who originated the first geometric proposition?"

Bright: "Noah."

Teacher: "How's that?"

Still Bright: "Didn't he construct an arc B. C.?" —Ex.

McCoun to Longwell: "When does the Thanksgiving dance come off?"

In the Lunch Room

Wilcox: "Why is Miller like a race horse?"

Medler: "Don' no, why?"

Wilcox: "Because he always runs for the plate!"

Ann: "I just had some ox-tail soup and I feel bully!"

Gladys M.: "That's nothing, I just had some hash and I feel like everything!"

Kerr: "What is a vacuum?"

Fisk: "I have it in my head, but I just can't think of it!"

Donna M.: "How do you feel today?"

Ruth M.: "Like a pencil."

D. M.: "How's that?"

R. M.: "All write!" —Ex.

In Botany

Miss Bonnell: "What plants flourish in excessive heat?"

George: "Ice plants!"

"It is the little things of life that tell," said Betty Fairfield, as she hauled her little sister, Wynne, from under the sofa.

Geometry

Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.

Therefore, it is immaterial whether Holger or Alice steps forward first.

The latest song-hit at Central High: "I Wonder Who's Rushing Her Now!"

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SUN

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FOR ALL "CLASSES"

Teacher: "Take your seat."

De Weenta C: "Where shall I take
it?"

Teacher: "In the back of the
room."

D. C.: "I can't. It's screwed
down."

English history puzzles me,
I never could see why,
After so many reigns,
It still could be so dry.

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Say fellows—

When the game's a tie,
And we've just two more minutes to
play

And suddenly our men
Go clear around the other team
And score a touchdown—

Say—ain't it a grand and glorious
feeling?

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Nope, a boy with brains will not
smoke 'em.

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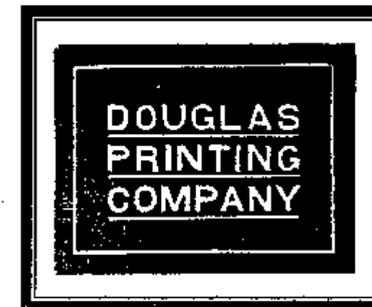
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