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FOOTBALL NUMBER

After reading this copy, please hand it to one of the faculty, or to Room 121, or Register office, and it will be sent to one of our boys in National service.

November, 1917

Volume XXXII
Number III

ANNOUNCEMENT

J. PORTER ALLAN, O. H. S., '15

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Editor-in-Chief

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FOOTBALL

Did you ever stop to realize what a powerful factor in our school life is football? Besides necessary financial organization, besides necessary student organization for rooting, a fine team and an efficient coach are necessary. We have been fortunate, very fortunate, at Central High this year, because not one of the important factors was missing.

We have a splendid team and we are proud of them. We have an efficient coach and we know it. We have able financial management and we are thankful for it. But we must indeed, congratulate ourselves upon the successful organization of our student body. Football is, indeed, worth while if it can bind together two thousand students in a common cause. Let us hope that all other school activities will merit the same support on the part of the student body. We are all here to help Central High; let us do our bit and continue the fine student co-operation and organization which has been created this year by football.

THE FINANCES OF FOOTBALL

In these days of the H. C. of L. the "pigskin purse" has an added number of burdens and a hard road to travel at times. Athletics at Central High usually turns in sufficient funds to meet all expenses during the course of the year and shows a balance of about forty-nine cents at the end of that time. We started the season with that many dollars this year which we very promptly turned over as a "war loan" (to the military department.) Then the Season Ticket Campaign put out about nine hundred and fifty tickets making us feel comparatively safe as far as rainy football weather was concerned. However, we fell short of the number of tickets sold last year by over one hundred.

It might be interesting to state briefly, (a) just what the sources of our funds are and (b) just where they go.

Receipts:—Student Association Tickets, Outside Season Tickets, Gate Receipts, Unclassified Receipts.

Payments:—Equipment, Grounds, Printing and Advertising, Officials, Drugs, Towels, Expenses of Visiting Teams, Trip Expenses, Miscellaneous.

Nearly all of the above expenses have increased this year and especially have prices risen on all canvas, leather and woolen goods. But football has more than paid out to date (as a matter of fact, we *always* expect this sport to produce the cash.) We had one of the best football crowds in our history, last Friday at the Lincoln game, with total cash gate receipts of \$860. The net receipts added to our present balance leave us with the sum of \$1,500 out of which we must pay for equipment and finance the rest of the year. Can we do it? We can, with the patronage of the student body and friends and by a program of strict economy.

C. A. Cairns.

CAN THE GIRLS CHEER?

Can the girls cheer? I should say so! Oh, of course, we can't yell so very loud, but we CAN yell. Every one will have to admit that. There are always a few girls, and boys too, who do not cheer of course; but then, they are very few and far between, and how anyone can keep from yelling at a football game, unless he is absolutely deaf, dumb, and blind, is more than those who do yell can understand. Why—when one of our men is speeding down the field toward goal and jumping over, around, under and even through, those who try to stop him, how can anyone keep from yelling? The boys are those who have to make the foundation in cheering but the girls can certainly swell the volume. We do our bit in the swelling too, judging by the soar-throats and husky voices after a game.

SIOUX CITY GAME

Central High 20. Sioux City High 0.

Central's great football team renewed its drive for the Missouri Valley Championship on October 19, 1917, playing against Sioux City at Creighton Field. This game was significant, inasmuch as Sioux City was runner-up in the Valley championship struggle last season.

The game was brilliant, well fought, and satisfactorily—as far as Omaha is concerned—but there was no real demand on the full capacities of the purple-and-white team. This statement is well proved by the fact that Sioux City succeeded in reaching Omaha's fifteen yard line but once in the four quarters.

Sioux City won the toss and chose to defend the south goal, Gene Maxwell kicking off to Seeman who returned the ball ten yards. The Iowans played their best at this stage of the game, making first down on a series of line plunges by Jones and Seeman. In this quarter, Smith made a brilliant twenty five-yard dash thru tackle, after which the central backfield drove the ball to Sioux City's ten yard line. An intercepted forward pass by Brown, and a subsequent punt, temporarily staved off Central's first score. Noble skilfully skirted around the Soo's end for thirty-five yards, but lost the ball on a fumble, a red-sweatered player recovering it on Sioux City's own twenty yard line. Armour punted a spiral to Maxwell who lost the ball, Barnett recovering

the pigskin on Central's twenty-yard line. The Soo's failed to make down, Omaha winning the ball. Noble made a beautiful run around left end for forty yards; this gain being followed by twenty yards more on an indirect pass to Smith. The quarter end with the ball on Sioux City's twenty-five yards line.

The second quarter resulted in a touchdown on the second play, Maxwell making a perfect pass to Carson, who had sneaked around end, thus taking the ball across the line without the least interference from the Iowans. Maxwell kicked goal. At this juncture, our star tackle, Shafer, did some effective line plunging. Thru his steam-shovel line smashes, Central was enabled to make first down. Then a triple pass brought the ball within scoring distance, and Noble carried the oval for a touchdown on a fake pass.

Omaha's final score came in the second half. Maxwell's pass to Smith netted twenty yards. Another pass to Logan resulted in the touchdown, "Turk" carrying half the Soo team across the line with him. Gene failed to kick goal. The rest of the game saw visitors on the defensive; and there was no more scoring.

The lineup for the game was:

Central.	Sioux City.	
Scott.....	left end.....	W. Jones
Payne.....	left tackle.....	Soper
A. Logan...	left guard...	Kirkpatrick
Moser.....	center.....	Barnett
Sutton.....	right guard.....	Ryan
Schafer....	right tackle....	Hannum

Carson..... right end..... Armour
Maxwell.... quarterback..... Knott
T. Logan... left half..... L. Jones
Smith..... right half..... Seeman
Noble..... fullback..... Brown

Score by quarters—

Central.....	0	14	0	6—20
Sioux City.....	0	0	0	0—0

Substitutes—Central, Russell for Carson, Eaton for T. Logan; Sioux City, P. Knott for Kirkpatrick.

Touchdowns—Smith, Carson, Noble.

Goals from touchdowns—Maxwell (2).

Penalties—Central, 5 yards; Sioux City, 10 yards.

First downs—Central 11, Sioux City 5.

Forward passes—Central, 14 of which 8 were completed for a total of 135 yards; Sioux City 6, of which 3 were completed for a total of 40 yards.

Referee—Carbyer, Kansas.

Umpire—Johnson, Peru normal.

Head linesman—Klyne, Nebraska Wesleyan.

Time of quarters—Twelve minutes.

BEATRICE GAME

Central High 69—Beatrice (the usual score)—0.

The noticeable fact at the opening of the game was the absence of Captain Clyde Smith, Ralph Sutton, and Harper. Omaha tried to be as courteous as possible to the visitors—but football is football; and sixty-nine points looked good to us.

Scott ran the ball back to the center of the field at the kickoff. Carson made twenty five-yards on a pass. Eaton followed this with a line plunge for five yards. Two forward passes were of no avail. Then Maxwell carried the ball twenty yards for a touchdown. Gene kicked goal. Our second goal came immediately after the kickoff by Maxwell. The kick was far, rolling over Beatrice's goal-line. A Central warrior fell on the ball, giving us our second score. Maxwell

kicked goal. A twenty yard run by Eaton, followed by two successive end runs by Noble, twenty yards at each run, resulted in another touchdown, the last for the first quarter. Beatrice played hard, but fruitlessly, unable to hold back the Central offensive.

The second quarter began with a series of line plunges in which Schafer figured prominently, the ball finally going over; Maxwell kicking goal. A sudden flash of brilliant end runs by Eaton and Noble finally netted the fifth score and then the game assumed the aspects of a slaughter. Noble followed Eaton's 40 yard dash with a 20 yard run thru a bewildering mass of yellow-and-black shirted warriors. Maxwell kicked the goal. Noble duplicated this feat a few minutes later, and the half ended after Maxwell kicked goal.

Carson came to the front in the third quarter when he intercepted a forward pass and ran forty-five yards for a touchdown. Maxwell kicked his seventh successive goal. Following this, the plucky Captain of the Beatrice team tore off a startling fifty-yard run when he returned Gene's punt at the kickoff. It was the best play of the day. Scott did some effective tackling, which made the game interesting until Noble picked up a fumbled pass and scored; Maxwell kicked.

Here Omaha went wild when Coach Mulligan substituted the entire second team. The reserve squad ably upheld Central's fine record by easily checking the out-of-town offensive, and preventing any score.

In the final quarter the first team was back on the job, and taking full advantage of the opportunity offered them, mixed play after play, bewildering the already battered Beatrice line. Schafer's line plunging and Paynter's excellent work resulted in a score. Our final touchdown of the game came when Noble carried the ball around end. In the entire game, Maxwell failed to kick goal but once.

LINCOLN GAME

Central Hi. 13 Lincoln, 0.

Despite a threatening sky, and an intermitent rain, a large crowd witnessed the humbling of the proud Lincoln football team at the hands of their bitter, old-time rivals, Omaha. The game was one of the best played contests witnessed by the Central rooters this year.

Creighton Field was the scene of this annual fracas which took place on Friday, November 9, 1917.

Early in the first quarter, when the teams had settled earnestly down to work, a pretty punting duel between Smith and Moore was carried on. Holding for downs, Omaha secured possession of the ball. Stiff line plunges by Noble, Schafer and Smith failed to bring the necessary yardage; and Omaha was forced to punt. Moore immediately returned the punt. Then Omaha began to use its terrific backfield offensive effectively. Logan opened up thru right tackle as a starter, making twenty-eight yards. This brought the Central rooters to their feet. Noble circled right end for twelve yards; and Maxwell made downs by smashing thru for ten yards. Noble carried the ball to Lincoln's five yard line on a forward pass by Maxwell. Then our "old reliable" line smasher, Schafer, was called upon to make the necessary yardage. Doubling up like a catapult, the star-tackle hurled himself against the Lincoln defense and plunged over the goal line like a streaking missile. The Omaha section of the grandstand went wild with joy. It is disputed at this point whether Maxwell kicked goal, or not.

The second period began in a light rain, which continued unsteadily thru-out the remainder of the game. Lincoln worked the ball up to Omaha's thirty-five yard line, but was thrown for a loss thru fumbles. Finally, Moore punted the ball to the Central fifteen yard line. Noble and Schafer once more started Omaha's famous "upfield procession," plunging vigorously thru tackle. A long forty yard

run by Smith placed the oval on Lincoln's thirty-five yard line; and another Omaha score seemed imminent. Two pretty passes resulted in a touchdown by Smith. This time, Maxwell kicked the ball over the goal posts, without a doubt.

After this, Lincoln fought with tigerish grit and after intercepting a forward pass by Central, worked the oval up to Omaha's nine-yard line, when the whistle ended the half.

The second half was scoreless. Moore kicked off to Schafer; and then exchanged punts with Smith, when Central failed to gain. Moore intercepted another pass, but Lincoln lost the ball on a fumble.

The final quarter found Lincoln in possession of the ball on its own fifteen yard line. The crimson-and-black warriors worked their way to the center of the field, but Captain Smith checked their progress by intercepting a long forward pass. It was then that Central's star fullback, Noble, delighted and electrified the stands with a fifty-yard sprint around left end. Three minutes later, the game ended, with the ball in the center of the field.

CENTRAL RESERVES TIE LINCOLNITES

(From *The Bee*)

The Central High reserves played the Lincoln High seconds to a tie, 7 to 7. The two teams were fairly evenly matched and put up a scrappy fight. Both sides played an open game.

Central had the best of its opponents during the greater part of the time, but lacked the speed to stop Chesney on his 90-yard run with the ball, taken on an intercepted pass that netted the visitors their touchdown. Henderson kicked goal. Konecky returned the kickoff 25 yards, soon after which Omaha lost the ball on a fumble. Lincoln gained 15 yards on a pass, but its next attempt was intercepted.

Woodard started the second quarter with a 20-yard run. A 25-yard pass from Hall to A. Smith followed.

Hall made a fine tackle when a Lincolnite tried to get away with an intercepted pass. Line plunges forced the ball to the goal line, where Hall went over on a scrimmage for a touchdown. Woodard kicked goal.

Hall and Henderson did some good punting during the third quarter and Konecky demonstrated his ability as a hard and fast tackler. In the last quarter Central worked the ball to Lincoln's 10-yard line, but was not able to penetrate the stone wall put up by the opponents. The lineup:

CENTRAL—LINCOLN

Central High		Lincoln High	
Scott.....	L. E.	L. E.....	Roberts
Rockwell.....	L. T.	L. T.....	Munn
Paynter.....	L. G.	L. G.....	McGlasson
L. Logan.....	C.	C.....	Thomas
Crowell.....	R. G.	R. G.....	Lau
Schafer.....	R. T.	R. T.....	Morris
Carson.....	R. E.	R. E.....	Stahl
Maxwell.....	Q. B.	L. H. B.....	Gerard
T. Logan.....	L. H. B.	R. H. B.....	Lamb
C. Smith (c).....	R. H. B.	L. F. B.....	Cyprean
Noble.....	F. B.	R. F. B.....	(c) Moore

Substitutes—Central High: Eaton for T. Logan. Lincoln High: Packard for McGleason. Touchdowns, Schafer, Smith. Goals after touchdowns, Maxwell. Penalties: Omaha: 20 yards; Lincoln, 20 yards. Weights, Central High 153 pounds; Lincoln, 150 pounds. Good passes: Lincoln, none out of nine; Central High: three out of eight. Officials: L. R. McCormack, Wesleyan, head linesman; E. Johnson, Peru, referee; R. L. Carns, umpire. Time of quarters, 12 minutes each.

Central Reserves		Lincoln Reserves	
Swoboda.....	E. L.	L. E.....	Pugh
Spangler.....	L. T.	L. T.....	Mariner
Yousen.....	L. G.	L. G.....	Fagen
Vinsonhaler.....	C.	C.....	Crosby
Carlson.....	R. G.	R. G.....	Koscky
Pollard.....	R. T.	R. T.....	Pollon
A. Smith (c).....	R. E.	R. E.....	Nickels
Wiley.....	Q. B.	Q. B.....	Henderson
Woodard.....	L. H. B.	L. H. B.....	Chesney
Konecky.....	F. B.	R. H. B.....	Hall
		F. B.....	Youngmeyer

Substitutes: Lincoln, Hindebrandon for Nickels, Murdock for Hinderbrand. Officials same as second game. Time of quarters: 12 minutes. Touchdowns: Lincoln Chesney, Omaha, Hall. Goals from touchdowns: Lincoln, Henderson, Omaha, Woodard.

SIDE-LINE JABS

REWARD:—For something which will be able to stop Schafer. Soo City Hi, Box 20-0. Adv.

"For ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
Carson, our end, is peculiar."
Apologies to Bret Harte.

What about that "sneak" end run in the second quarter?

"Young" Sutton was there, in the grandstands, cutting up "awful." Well! we all desire popularity and as long as Ralph is on the TEAM—Get me?

Creighton's "snake-dance" had nothing on Central's "Indian war-dance."

It is rumored that Lee Potter wore his sister's green-and-white sweater in order to participate in that "war-dance." We wonder if his sister knew about it.

Since when is a bathrobe an "Indian blanket," Bruce C. ?

Logan Bros: Co-operative agents in piling up plays. Inquire Central Hi. Adv.

Maxwell, sphinx-like to his opponents. They never know what he will do next, beyond the fact that whatever he will do is sure to "hurt."

When is a fake not a fake?—Ask Maxwell.

"Wild Bill" Burnham and "Modest Bob" Buckingham were the sponsors of that "Indian massacre" of Soo City. It takes "brains" to figure out why an Indian war-dance should be given in celebration of a victory over the Soos.

In the last quarter, Noble, skirting swiftly around end, desperately hurdled several Beatrice players. Concerning this, an "unknown" young lady remarked: "Oh, wasn't that the cutest little jump?" O Piffle!

Wanted: Information concerning the identity of an Omaha rooter generally known by the attractive appellation of "Cow." Who is he? A season's pass for last year's games will be given to anyone supplying said "info."

Robert Statsny, Basil Binns and Howard Green constitute a rooting squad in themselves. Their impromptu yells were "fierce."

Does Myrl Fonda like football as much as she likes to study Physics? Of course—NOT!

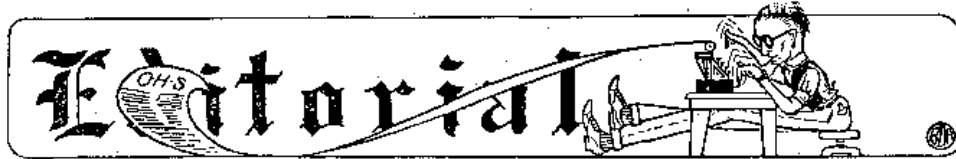
Why did we ever waste time on a "first" team, since our "second" team is sufficiently qualified to do their work?

Talking about "heel and toe" artists, Gene M. is as good as any. His kicking was 90 per cent. perfect, which is going SOME. But Gene is too good natured to do his kicking outside of a football game.

(Continued on Page 28)

THE REGISTER

Vol. XXXII OMAHA, NEBR., NOVEMBER, 1917 NUMBER 3



To the parents and friends of Gladys Peterson, '20, who died on Wednesday, November 15, we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

A REMINDER

When you think of our great football machine and the men who compose it, remember that the "man behind the gun," is just as important a factor. Mr. Cairns, managers Buckingham and Burnham, and those members of the Student Association who have helped so much, all deserve credit for their efforts. The minor details are seldom mentioned and rarely appreciated, but they are important, nevertheless.

LINCOLN

The first real triumph of the year has been achieved! Central High is once more in her earned position—champion of Nebraska. It took much effort to beat the rival Lincoln but it has been done.

Too much credit cannot be given to the efficient training of Coach Mulligan, the successful financing of Mr. Cairns, and the helpful efforts of Manager Buckingham. The team is of course taken for granted. They were out to win—and win they did. Any person would feel proud to be a Senior during such a triumphal year for Central High.

ROOTING

At last, the Student Association has achieved! It has always been efficiently conducted, but by the increased activity in securing good and uniform roofing, it has surely rendered a signal service to the school. Mr. Garwood, our faculty aid, is on deck with some new catchy songs for which the student body should be duly grateful.

The high school circular issued March 13, 1900 which was something more than 17 years ago had the following valuable suggestion about the preparation and organization of the lesson:

"Preparation of a lesson means sufficient study to acquire definite knowledge of all important parts of the lesson, and to *associate* this knowledge with that already possessed on the subject. The test of preparation is the ability to express in language the knowledge thus gained."

Students occasionally give us trouble here by signing up for pictures, tickets or something else and later not taking what has been signed up for. No doubt, this is done on the excitement of the moment when every pleasing photograph is handed around and it is only natural to think that one wants one. A little deliberation might suggest that you may not care so much for it a month

later or that you may not have the money a month later. Please think the thing over carefully before putting down your name. It is a common saying with us here in our American life that almost any one of us would sign a petition to hang himself. I expect this is too nearly true. Thoughtful people should read a petition through or try to find out what it contains or think the matter over very carefully before they put down their names. People who are not thoughtful or irresponsible generally put down their names without considering the matter and then regret it later. All of this should apply to our signing up for pictures, tickets or whatever we may be called upon to subscribe.

J. G. Masters.

HIGH SCHOOL PATRIOTISM

The high school student can be one of the best patriots in this country, even if he can't go to the front. His patriotism is shown by his work and conduct in school. It is very evident that a student who is failing is not doing his level best, is not giving all he can to prepare himself for the work that is awaiting him when he goes out into the world. And a pupil who is disorderly—well he is simply unpatriotic, the worst thing that could be said of anyone. He might even be called a Pro-German, for what will aid the German government more in forcing autocracy on the world than to have a group of young men and young women come to the front who are not even interested enough in the welfare of the state to conduct themselves properly.

Chancellor Avery said to the University students a few weeks ago some things that apply to any high school student. Speaking of the students "who have actually gone to the front with a grim determination to put duty above everything in the world, even above life itself," he says: "We, who are here, can tell them little as to what they should do. They, by their actions, can tell us much. They tell us that we should be unselfish, that we should think not of ourselves primarily, but of the nation and of humanity. This does not mean, of course, that we shall entirely lay aside our accustomed thoughts and even a moderate indulgence in our accustomed pleasures. But their unselfishness should make us careful, serious minded, and determined to do all we can. Excessive social life, excessive frivolity, excessive student activities, have no place in war times. There is not enough food for ourselves and our allies. Why waste this precious store in social dinners?"

At the close of school last year, the government sent letters to the high schools asking the students to stay in school, and to the graduates asking them to go on to the University in order that they might be prepared for service. The Government knows what is best for its people. Ought we not respect its wishes?

Chancellor Avery says: "So while we contemplate the splendid service that they are preparing to render to the country, let the student here remember that his time may soon come for a similar service. As the war goes on, gaps in the ranks must be filled. Not only soldiers must be supplied, but thinkers; not only cavalry, artillery, and infantry, but men of legal training, medical training, chemical training, engineering training, and of training in the work of the Christian Association. * * * * The student should catch the spirit of the great, dreadful, but still heroic, time in which we are living. Let us then cast aside every weight and prepare while we have the opportunity to assume any responsibility the future may have in store for us. There never was a time when young manhood and young womanhood had presented to it such splendid opportunities for taking part in movements that will affect the destiny of the entire world."

Now, are we, the students of the Central High School of Omaha, doing everything we can do? Are we studying and working our very best? Are we training ourselves to become good, orderly citizens? Will we be prepared to take up our work when the time comes? Let's think it over. If not, why not?

F. H. A., '19.

L I T E R A R Y

THE FACULTY'S RESEARCH WORK

SCENE I. (*River Styx.*)

Discovered, Central High School faculty and families, with lunch baskets, embarked on boat bound for Stygian realm. (Miss C. Stringer armed with butterfly net and a jar of cyanide.)

Charon: All aboard!

Feminine voices: Wait! Wait! Miss O'Sullivan has forgotten her field glasses.

Charon: Shades of my passengers! I say,—'All aboard!'

(Flutter of handkerchiefs from cheering students on shore of Styx. Boat moves slowly across stage.)

Miss Stringer: My dear Mr. Charon, please stop! I must get some of these Stygian crawfish for my zoology students.

(Boat stops. Miss Stringer captures shades of specimen from off a sandbar.)

Miss Dudley (*who has an uncomfortable seat.*) How restful it looks in the shade of that blossoming plum tree!

Miss Taylor: Is that a pun?

Mrs. Woolery: That reminds me of our lunch.

Dr. Senter (*jovially*): Gather 'round the table shady!

(Delightful scene is now presented of faculty seated in circle on deck, exchanging jokes, pickles, etc., etc.)

SCENE II. (*Mouth of Hades at right of stage.*)

(Biology teacher examining Cerberus.)

Miss Lane: A mutation, certainly.

Miss Bonnell (*digging the subject with her umbrella*); Powerful epidermus! (Across stage forms receiving line of Shades.)

Pluto: Hale! Hale! Welcome to our city, Worthy Instructors!

Miss E. Thomas: Makes me think of a teacher's convention.

Mr. Masters, (*stepping forward*): In behalf of my teachers, I wish to thank you for this unusual opportunity.

Pluto (*to shade of a porter*): Summon the guides, Jim.

Shade of Jim: Yessir—Yessir!

Pluto, (*introducing guides*): Faculty of Central High School—Ceres, Goddess of sowing and reaping.

Ceres: Ah! things are not what they were in the good old days, but what would you like to see?

Miss Stringer: Anything on the botanical ———.

Miss Lane: Zoological ———.

Miss Gross: Pardon me, but the Stygian food problem ———.

(English teachers interrupt, led by the agitated Miss Taylor. After hurried consultation, Miss Stegner steps forward.)

Miss Stegner (*with polite indignation*): Your Highness, can you account for the absence of William Shakespeare in the receiving line?

Pluto (*coloring slightly*): Well, you see, it was this way—he hadn't a clean ruff to his neck.

(Ceres journeys across the stage to the left, with biology teachers, Dr. Senter and family, and other teachers.)

Pluto (*impatiently*): Shade of Mary Tudor will escort the history teachers. Miss Randall: Is it safe? Bloody Mary!

Miss K. Thomas, (*courageously*): But we must venture, she is an eye witness.

(Exit this group with history teachers reluctantly following Mary Tudor and Miss K. Thomas.)

Pluto, (*bowing reverently*): Home Economics Teachers—Juno, Goddess of the heavens, who honors us with her divine presence since St. Peter has the concession of the golden gate.

(Inspection of Hades now commences. Overheard from various groups as they cross and recross stage.)

Dr. Senter and Mr. Gulgard (*consulting before the weary Tantalus.*)

Dr. Senter: Certainly not by the law of gravitation.

Miss Gross (*gazing at daughters of Danaus*): Such inefficiency!

(Flutter of excitement as shade of William Shakespeare comes in.)

Miss Stegner: I must ask you! I always wondered—Who was the third murderer ———.

Miss Taylor: Was Lady Macbeth an admirable ———.

(Shrill voice of Ann Hathaway): Bill! Bill!

Shade of Shakespeare: Coming, Annie! Coming! (*Trots obediently off.*) (English teachers look at one another.)

Miss Taylor: His art!

Miss Dudley: His genius.

Miss Smith: His power.

Miss Stegner: I shall never really know—(*silently wipes her eyes.*)

(Miss Stringer and Ceres enter chummily, arm-in-arm, followed by other biology teachers weighted with specimens of all kinds.)

Miss Williams, (*peering up at roof of main vault of Hades*): This room is grotesquely out of proportion, but I like the subdued light.

Mr. Cairns, (*to Miss Davies*): Room for improvement. The government is odd.

Miss Davies: Naturally, the needs are uncanny. Take for instance, that poor creature, (*pointing to Tantalus.*)

Dr. Senter's son: Don't they have any ball games down here?

Mr. Mulligan, (*to shade of Hercules*): You'd make a demon of a fullback. If you ever come up to the surface, take a squint at the Omaha Central High football squad.

Shade of Hercules: Ball! Did you say ball? If it's anything like the one Atlas handed me, keep it.

SCENE III. (*Visitors ready to leave.*)

(All are tired and not immaculate. Typical after-the-picnic appearance.)

Mrs. Cairns: I hope I won't have to sit next to Miss Stringer. She has a lizard in her pocket.

Dr. Senter's boy: Father, I wish we'd gone to that double header instead.

Miss Smith: The old Greek ideals were not much in evidence.

Miss Towne: Ideals! Even Proserpine was chewing gum.

Mr. Woolery: Pythagoras cracked a peanut in the midst of my explanation of a theory.

Miss Adams: They should have had me on hall duty. I'd put some of those lazy dryads and sheepy-eyed shepherds out of the way.

Miss Gross, (*absent-mindedly*): Any question, girls?

(Faculty travel to boat. Cerberus growls as biology teachers pass.)

Mr. Masters: He remembers that umbrella.

(Faculty seat themselves in boat. Charon pushes off, and all look brightly in the direction of O. H. S.) (Curtain) Alice Dean, '18.

ON GETTING OTHER PEOPLE TO BELIEVE AS I DO

There are two ways by which I get other people to believe as I do, and these two ways are entirely regulated by the size of the person in question. They are by outdoing him physically or mentally.

Most people the world over have an idea, however faint, of what I mean when I say outdoing him physically, but few know what I mean when I say outdoing him mentally.

There are a few elementary rules which must be followed before one enters the world of strife. They are as follows:

1. Never start an argument you can't finish.
2. Be sure you are right, then sail on.
3. Save your trumps for the knock-out.
4. If you see you are wrong, back down gracefully.
5. After you have won, don't "bawl him out". He may win some time.

Then what?

With these few rules, almost anyone could enter the business world and win mentally; but as to physically, I recommend a course at the Y. M. C. A. or the mountains of Colorado.

Leland Potter.

AN AWFUL CATASTROPHE

Do you remember often hearing some people boast of their honesty? Perhaps you are one of them yourself, but don't tell me that you are so perfectly honest. I'll bet that you've broken into many a home. You chose each home because of its fine appearance, its beautiful color, and the richness you expected to find in it. With calm deliberation you planned the attack, neither fearing detection nor taking pains to cover up your intent. What satisfaction you expected to derive from your operations!

It is you I'm talking to, you who boast of your honesty. What? You never broke into a home in all your life? Don't tell me that; I know better. Remember, probably not more than a few days ago, you selected a nice, red, juicy apple from the fruit dish, and held it before you while you admired its appearance, and your mouth watered? You took one big, luscious bite—and then spat it all out of your mouth. Why? Because you had broken into a home, a little, yellow, wriggly worm's home.

M. F., '18.

A MAN WITH A CINDER IN HIS EYE

September 16—6 P. M.

Well! I'm on my way! (*I'm wearing a darling new hat!*) I'm sure I'll be frightened when that professor tests my voice. When I think of it, I have to clench my fists and bite my lips; but all the same, I have a little giggle in me that wants to crop out all the time. I've got a feeling that I'M going to be a success on the concert stage. How I hate to leave the folks! It seems as though I've turned a corner in my life. First, grade school, and high school; and then a question mark which rests entirely on the noises I can make with my throat. Here comes the porter, and without an opening of his mouth I know his purport. Ahoy for the dining car.

Later, about 8 o'clock.

At last I'm back from dinner. I just ate and ate. Leaving home doesn't seem to affect my appetite. I asked the porter for a table to write on, and so here I am writing away. My car mates are a very interesting bunch. In front of me is an old lady. She didn't go in to dinner; so she is sitting here eating a dainty little lunch. She is such a dear that I just leaned over and presented

her with one of my many boxes of candy, saying I could never eat all I had. Old ladies like candy as well as we girls.

Opposite her is a traveling man, reading a magazine and eating peppermints. In front of him is a family returning from vacation, to all appearances, a man, a woman, and two nice looking children. Across the aisle from me is a young man about twenty, I should say. From what I can see, he is rather nice looking. He wears a beautiful fraternity pin.

Later yet.

The old lady from in front has just gone to bed. She has been sitting here telling me all about her grandchildren, while the porter made her berth. The young man across the way has just returned from the observation platform with a cinder in his eye. Poor fellow! It's awfully red and inflamed. If he were ten years younger or ten years older, I'd go over and help him take it out. I'm sitting here yawning at nine o'clock. Late hours, little girls! Guss I'll go to bed.

Next morning—*Pulling into depot!*

Scramble for everything! Eye looks bad!

At school. September 17.

Well, am settled. I have good hours for classes; all pretty early in the day. Also have had my voice tested. From the expression on Professor Martin's face, behaved rather creditably. My room is a darling. It's on the southwest corner, with a window seat that is dear.

Have met the girls Marie wrote to me about and like them very much.

October 4.

Pleasure as well as work has begun. A reception was given last night. Had a grand time. Vocal pupils' concert is set for December 15th. Don't feel hurt, dear old book, if you're neglected. Work will be quite heavy now.

November 25.

I am working hard for the concert and on my lessons, but, all the same, I seem to find time for a few dances. The senior hop was last night. Wonderful! I am invited to another dance next week. It won't be long till Christmas vacation. I'll be glad to get home. It does not seem very long ago that I was steaming out of the depot on my way here. I wonder if that young man got that cinder out of his eye.

December 15, 12:55.

Well, this afternoon at four I leave for home. Concert, a great success. I received many flowers telegraphed from home and from the girls and boys here.

December 20.

Home seems mighty good to poor, hardworking me. I am to sing at the Christmas services at St. John's. Alice is giving a party tomorrow night, and, instead of dancing, we are going to play good old fashioned games.

December 22, A. M. *In the wee hours.*

The eye is well! I found out at the party. Since there were a great many of us who were strangers, Alice had us play a get-acquainted game. Partners were changed every three minutes. At each change of partners the topic of conversation was announced. I had just finished talking on *dancing, books, and clothes*, when *travels* was called. As I turned to my partner for these three minutes, there seemed to be something familiar about him. Where had I seen him before? He started the conversation.

CAMOUFLAGE. LONGWELL MIGHT USE IT IN INSPECTING THE COMPANIES.

Our Team

SLAPJACK. ADVS. RECEIVED AND PUBLISHED. SEE US FOR TERMS.

MAX SUGGESTS COVERING THE RUNNER WITH IT.

SEE'IN' AS HOW TH' HOLE VILLIDCE HAS WENT FOOTBALL CRAZIE TH' PUNKIN CENTER ANIMATED PICTORIAL HEARBY ANNOUNCES ITS

FOOTBALL NUMBER

OMAHA-13 - LINCOLN -

YE FUNERAL

YE EXECUTION

YE FLIGHT

YE DIRGE

BUCKS - PORTABLE LIFE-LINE FOR FRESHMEN FOR USE ON STAIRS. POST 50¢ PAID.

BRITISH MAKE SOME GAINS, SHORTEN LOOS LINE AND SEE WAY THRU LENS EXTRA

FOR SALE: ONE POLAND CHINA PIC, 6 MON. OLD AND FIVE SONS THE SAME AGE. ad in Omaha Paper.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL DANCING LESSONS. ASK ANY BODY FOR REFERENCES.

WHY, YOU KNOW SHE CAMOUFLAGES LIKE EVERY THING.

IT'S FIVE THIRTY, COACH

(ENEMIES' VERSION)

PUNKIN CENTER NOV. STEVENS, MRSRS: - WE COULDN'T GET ANYTHING ON YOU THIS TIME AS WE USED UP ALL OUR IDEAS LAST ISSUE. TRUSTING THIS WILL EXPLAIN WE REMAIN.

HUH?

BUT THE POTATOES

PAYNTER

SCHAEFER

SUTTON

ART LOGAN

IT'S A SHAME TO DO THIS

GOSH, MOSE, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO HAVE YOU SAYIN'

C'MON YOU!

COME AROUND ON THE OTHER SIDE FOLKS. I CAN'T SEE YOU FROM THIS SIDE

HERE'S ONE WAY TO GET THE HIGH ONES

HEARD IN AN ENGLISH TWELVE CLASS

NO, SIR, IT'S DISCHARGED

TOMORROW WE TAKE THE LIFE OF MILTON. ALL COME PREPARED

I'M DOING MY BEST, SIR

HOW DID HE GET THRU?

OMAHA-20

SIoux CITY-O

KI-YI

KI-YI-YI

HOW CAN I GO TO THAT PARTY TONIGHT LOOKING LIKE THIS?

TURK LOGAN

OH, SIR, I WAS ALWAYS GIVING AWAY VAST SUMS LIKE YOU, SIR

HERE, MY GOOD MAN IS A PENNY. HOW DID YOU BECOME SO LUSTITUTE?

"I went to Chicago last fall," he said.

"So did I," replied I.

"I went on the 16th of September," he continued.

"I did, too," I laughed.

He looked at me inquiringly.

"I went on the five o'clock Pennsylvania," he finished.

"And so did I," I responded, just waking up.

He regarded me closely.

"Why," he said "Are you the girl in the little green hat?"

"Yes, and are you the man with a cinder in his eye?" I asked.

We had a good, hearty laugh. Soon the game was lacking a couple, for we were over in a corner, talking about the trip.

I think I'd better go to bed, although I am perfectly wide awake. This kind of *excitement* isn't good for my beauty sleep, and I want to look nice because I'm going to a New Year's dance with him.

P. S. He's even better looking than he used to be.

December 18. About half past eleven.

Just to think; it's almost a year since I've written in this little book. As I look you over, little book, you seem to be quite full of the man with a cinder in his eye since September sixteenth last year.

This entry is a little about him, too. I've decided not to go on the concert stage. The sham backgrounds, the many lights, and the multitude of faces, does not appeal to me. Instead, I want for a sitting a dear little cozy living room, the light from a soft toned lamp, and an audience of just one.

Eloise Green, '18.

GREEN MANSIONS

By W. H. Hudson

I like the novel, "*Green Mansions*," by W. H. Hudson very much; it is novel in the original sense to me. For this reason I cannot recommend it for the reading list. It is difficult, indeed, to judge it by comparison with other novels for it is quite different from any that I can think of. It is filled with vivid descriptions some terrible as well as beautiful, like the lovely picture of the newly found forest. "Even where the trees were largest, the sunshine penetrated, subdued by the foliage, to exquisite greenish-golden tints, filling the wide lower spaces with tender half-lights, and faint blue-and-gray shadows. * * * Far above me, but not nearly so far as it seemed, the tender gloom of one such chamber or space is traversed now by a golden shaft of light falling through some break in the upper foliage, giving a strange glory to everything it touches, like tuft of moss, and snaky bush-ropes. And in the most open part of the most open space, suspended on nothing to the eye, the shaft reveals a tangle of shining silver threads—the web of some large tree spider."

Its little stories of Indian life are very fascinating and sometimes humorous particularly in connection with old Cla-Cla, the venerable Indian story teller.

"Cla-Cla was a very old woman, spare in figure, brown as old sun-baked leather, her face written over with innumerable wrinkles, and her long coarse hair perfectly white; yet she was exceedingly active, and seemed to do more work than any other woman in the community; more than that, when the day's toil was over and nothing remained for the others to do, then Cla-Cla's night work would begin; and this was to talk all the men to sleep. She was like a self-regulating machine, and punctually every evening, when the door was closed and the mid-night fire was up, and every man in his hammock, she would set herself going, telling the most interminable stories, until the last

listener was fast asleep; later in the night, if any man woke with a snort or grunt, off she would go again taking up the thread of the tale where she had dropped it.

"Old Cla-Cla amused me very much, by night and day, and I seldom tired of watching her owlish countenance as she sat by the fire never allowing it to sink low for want of fuel; always studying the pot when it was on the simmer, and at the same time attending to the movements of the others about her, ready at a moment's notice to give assistance or to dart out on a strange chicken or refractory child."

Like the beautiful little spider hunter that chased the shadow to and fro over the waxy leaves and then was so astonished to find that his prey was not a fly, there are many other odd miniature dramas enacted by the wild things of the forest.

Throughout the entire story there runs a magical touch, a suggestion of mystery. It is a deep broadening mystery, but a light ethereal one. It is like a pretty fairy tale and when I read it, I was completely under the spell of its dainty magic and I was all that Abel saw in Rima. She was then an unearthly being fitted perfectly into the mystic beauty of the forest. Yet, now, when I stop to think it over, some parts seem foolish and overdrawn, dreadfully so. If all readers would yield to its extremely romantic point of view and not think it over critically, when it has been read, they would find it both delightful and beautiful. But thought from our practical point of view ruins it completely. The story is strictly impossible, yet it is pleasant to let one's self fall under the spell of its magic spirit and believe in its romance.

Frances Axtell, '18.

THE CALL

Memories vague of silence born
Fall like sweet notes from the Muses'
horn—
Like the drowsy hum of laden bees,
Like the murmured song of wind-
tossed trees,
Like the silvery peal of distant chimes,
Or the washing waves in summer
climes.
Like the falling rain on summer leaves,
Like warbling bird notes beneath the
eaves,
Like the mystic tale of a pink sea shell,
Like the low half sob of the tower bell—
Notes from the Piper's flute, they call
The wilful wind through the mountain
wall
To the hidden fields of fairy land.
So, I to the Spirit of Woods, demand—
"Awake, Echo, awake, and say
Can things long past be again to-day?
"May I answer the Muses' call? Con-
fess!"
And back comes the whispered answer,
"Yes."

Mercedes Shepherd.

SHAKESPEARE

Not a narrow phase of life, but life
Itself thou well portrayest,—life-in-
whole
Abundant; joy, peace, sorrow, strife;
Nature mild; man's inmost heart and
soul:
Not merely a tradition of the Past
Thou stagest, but a past made vivid,
near;
And mighty Caesar bleeds again,
aghast,
Cut, struck, and smitten by hands
dear.
Thy woods resound with varied calls;
thy courts
Are gorgeous, and their inmates love
or hate
With passion; pathos yields to wit's
retorts,
While comedy doth humor tragic
state;
Life's full and rich and varied, as it
throbs
With birth, growth, death,—smiles
and sobs.

Abé Swet, '18.

BOOST!

Boost your high-school, boost your friend,
 Boost the game that you attend;
 Boost the team for which you're yelling,
 Boost the school whose name you're spelling.
 Boost the players there about you,
 Perhaps they all can do without you,
 But success will better find them
 If they know that you're behind them.

Boost for every forward movement,
 Boost for every new improvement;
 Boost the stranger and the neighbor,
 But boost the men out there who labor.

Cease to be a chronic knocker,
 Cease to be a progress blocker.
 If you would have your home team better,
 Boost it to the final letter.

Be a booster if you can, booster of your fellowman.

Boost your captain, boost his mate,
 boost your team at any rate.

As long, as long, as it does live, boost it.
 Every boost you give
 Makes the team a better team. Boost it up,
 don't knock it down.

Be a booster—for you can, boosting is the better plan.

Boosters always win acclaim, boost the knockers to their shame.

Boost them when they need your help,
 make them yell instead of help;

Boost them till they have to boost,
 boost them up, or off the roost.

B. K., '18.

QUESTION BOX

Are there any vacant lockers or lockers with just one occupant on the second or third floors? 1919.

If you will see Dr. Senter or Miss Faye in the book-room, either one will be able to answer your question.

Is it possible for three pupils to locker together?

It is customary and more conven-

ient to have but two occupants to a locker. The lockers are hardly large enough to contain the books and wraps of more than two people.

When you are absent from a study room one day and register in the library the following day, how can you show your study hall teacher your absence check? 1920.

See "Details of Administration," under "The Library."

Could you please give me the names of the Spanish teachers? 1921.

Miss Phelps is the only teacher who teaches Spanish in this school.

I am in room 215 fifth hour, and therefore have second lunch period. If I register in the library will I have first lunch period? 1921.

If you register in the library you will have first lunch period. See "Details of Administration," under "The Library."

Should Civics be taken in the Sophomore or the Junior year? 1920.

Civics is considered as a Junior subject and should therefore be taken in the Junior year.

I wish to take a novel from the library. How long may I keep it? 1920.

The length of time you may keep a book depends upon the book. The number of days you may keep it is usually written in the cover of the book. If you show the book to Miss Shields, she will tell you how long you may keep it.

ADVERTISING

The importance of advertising in the conduct of a paper cannot be overestimated. The Register is seriously in need of more ads, and it appeals to the student body for support. Do your bit and help the Register by getting an ad. This is your paper.

Margaret McWilliams, '17, has been exempted from taking the required college freshmen English course at Grinnell College, Iowa.

**DEBATING**

Although the state debating question has not yet been decided and the debating season is over a month off, our debaters are hard at work.

The question of compulsory settlement of labor disputes has been agreed upon for debates with Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, and Sioux City. The latter two debates will be dual.

The Forensic Club, an organization composed of those who intend to try for the teams, meets twice a week, under the direction of Miss Rough. Anyone who intends to do any inter-scholastic debating will be greatly benefitted by the discussions of the society.

Several girls are working on the question. This is a fine opportunity for a girl to get an "O."

FIRST DEBATE

The first debate of the year will be held on December 18th, at Central High, against Council Bluffs. The question will be on compulsory arbitration of labor disputes.

THE HIGH SCHOOL CLUB

Not in the history of the High School Club has there been a better or more successful start than this year. The membership has reached the two hundred mark and its Bible Classes have enrolled one hundred and thirty. The enthusiasm and spirit of the meetings held so far, has never before been equaled. The first meeting was greeted by one hundred and fifty voices in the large dinner hall of the Y. M. C. A. Yells for Missouri Valley's best football team and Coach were given, after which Superintendent Beveridge gave the club a splendid talk.

The delightful evening then wound up with a torch-light parade and snake dance through the streets, celebrating the defeat of the Sioux City tribe.

The meeting of Friday, November 9th is also listed as one of the largest and best in the club's history. After the appetite of two hundred members had been satisfied, Mr. Dennison, who in charge of Y. M. C. A. work at Camp Cody, Deming, gave an interesting talk to encourage the high-school boys to sign a promise to pay ten earned dollars for the soldiers' Y. M. C. A. fund now being raised. A most generous response to this talk closed the program for the evening.

A LIBERTY BOND FOR THE REGIMENT

Though the cadets drill but twice a week and see no real warfare, they know enough about military and war life to sympathize with our allies and now, our own soldiers. This has been clearly shown by the willingness and ease whereby over a hundred dollars was collected from the regiment to subscribe for a bond. A special honor to be given to the company raising the largest amount, stirred up competition and rivalry between the companies. As can be seen in the list below, highest honors were won by Company E., of which Richard Dearmont is Captain. Company E., donated one-fifth of the total amount. Following is a list of the five companies in order, that subscribed the most: Company E., Company G., Company B., Band and Company I.

Miss Morrison has been chosen president of the literature section of the N. T. A. for the coming year.

TINFOIL.

The Camp-Fire girls have placed a box in each lunch room for all the tinfoil used by students. This tinfoil is smoothed out, assorted, and then sold. Proceeds go to War Relief funds. All students are asked to help the girls in this trivial way so that indirectly they will be "doing their bit" also.

In the First Honor Group named at Dartmouth this year, the name of John Sunderland, '16, appears as one of the four sophomores to attain the distinction. He has also been made associate athletic manager. While in Central High School, John made a record of twenty-six A's. During his senior year he was editor of the Register and Major of the Second Battalion.

Albert Pederson, '17, who entered Harvard this fall, has just won the Price Greenleaf Aid Scholarship. This scholarship was held last year by Arthur Rouner, '16.

Several hundred packages of gum were collected in the High School on October 26th for the soldiers' Christmas boxes, which are being prepared by the Red Cross.

There is a new bulletin board in the Library for all pupils interested in debating and public speaking. Lists of articles from current magazines are kept there for reference, also references for debating topics.

Several very good mass meetings have been held during the month. The most enthusiastic of these was that held on November 7th in preparation for the Lincoln game. Coach Mills, Warren Howard and Charles Morearty, the principal speakers, appealed to both the players and the spectators to win the game.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, October 30th, a recital was given under the auspices of the Music and French departments, the proceeds of which

were used in the purchase of Victrola records. The program was well received and about sixty-five dollars was realized.

Frank H. Gulgard, former commandant and physics instructor here, has been promoted to a serjeancy in the 134th Field Artillery.

LATIN DEPARTMENT NEWS

The Latin Department under Miss Paxson's guidance is endeavoring to make its activities among the leading features of our school life. A bulletin board, known as the "Latina Tabula" has been placed in the hall outside of Room 215, and here matters of interest to all Latin students are placed. This board is changed every Monday, and every one will find it of value to take an occasional glance. Interesting pictures of Roman buildings, modern advertisements taken from Latin, and war pictures contributed by the Greek Department have been placed here. Anyone having any contributions will kindly give them to any Latin teacher.

Another plan is that of having a classical room. In this room, pictures, ornaments, and all manner of things of special interest to Latin students will be placed. Although this plan is only now in its first stages of development, any suggestions will be greatly welcomed by the Latin Department.

Central High School pupils subscribed a total of more than seventeen thousand dollars worth of liberty bonds of the Second Liberty Loan according to the reports turned into the school authorities. Doubtless, there was a considerable sum subscribed which was not reported.

Efforts are being made to compile a list of the former Central High School pupils who are now in some branch of the military service. At present the list includes some four-hundred names and is growing steadily. The work is in charge of Miss Shields.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Having won national fame through their Latin plays, our enterprising students have now attempted to give Shakespeare's plays. Better than that, led by Miss Stegner and Miss Hilliard, they have succeeded very creditably. Nor was their task an easy one. The part of each Portia was fraught with great difficulties. One had to show an unconvinced and amused audience her passion for her successful adventurer—and did it prettily, too. As to the other Portia, enough that she had to interpret the most beautiful speech in the play. The task of the Shylocks was even greater. That they failed to arouse the whole sympathy of their hearers was in no way their fault, as the scenes given showed Shylock only at his worst. No wonder he grew noticeably smaller between scenes! We all admired the look of disdain which Antonio managed to maintain all through the trial scene, while Gratiano received much applause for his comical retorts.

The costumes and setting did much to carry us back to olden Italy even if one of the actors was laughed at by unappreciative watchers, and Portia complained of the wabbly qualities of her high position at the trial! The play was, on the whole, successful enough to please the immortal author himself.

The names of the players follow:

Prologue—Elsie Hurt.

Act I. Scene III.—Aaron Greenfield, Harold Eaton, and Clarence Adams.

Act III. Scenes II and IV.—Elizabeth Perrigo, Elsie Hurt, Bruce Cunningham, Mildred White, Austin Smith, Ben Lake, Kenneth Kratz and Vivian Hoover.

Act IV. Scene I.—Winifred Travis, Katherine North, Eugene Konecky, Marion Coble, Sam Gilotte, Gwendolyne McCoy, Harold Lindley, Barton Kuhns, Roger Gleason and George Mittaner.

GIRL'S MEETING

To the girls of our high school was given the privilege of listening to Miss Kempthorne, a national secretary of the Campfire organization. On October 25th, while the boys bemoaned their sad fate in sleepy class-rooms, the more fortunate sex listened to the message of a woman *who knows*. After briefly describing *Campfire*, and its relation toward our country in war times, Miss Kempthorne told the girls how much each could help in this national emergency. To conserve food, and to hold on to health must be our two great aims. It isn't so hard to drink our tea and coffee without sugar when we realize that that sugar will go to a soldier, and give him the strength to fight our battles for us, who stay at home.

And our health? What can we do for our country without it! There can be no great achievement unless we have the physical strength to back them. We must sleep more, walk more, and take better care of our persons. To us, the coming generation, will fall the work of rebuilding the world after the ravages of war. It is our duty, not only to ourselves, not only to our country, but to all mankind, to fit ourselves for the task ahead. *Hold on to health!*

JUNIOR CLASS MEETING

The Juniors have organized! This event took place in Room 215, on November 31st. The meeting was conducted by Mr. Masters.

The results were as follows: president, Marion Adams; vice-president, Ruth Miller; secretary, Jean Kennedy; treasurer, Robert Wylie; sergeants-at-arms, Zoe Schalek and Rodman Brown. Mr. Wedeking and Mr. Spinning were elected class teachers.

Miss Minick, former music instructor at Central High, is now teaching in the South Eastern High School of Detroit, Michigan, where she has more than three hundred students in her class. She writes that she is still interested in affairs at Central High.

THE C. O. C. AT THE GAMES

How many saw the picture and the write up of the Bachelor's Club in last years annual? Good! We are glad they got such publicity. Did you notice that it was formed as a booster's club to stir up pep in the school?

You also noticed that there was another organization for the same purpose. They went at things differently, but they certainly got up enthusiasm when they put on the Road Show. This other one was the C. O. C.

Both clubs did wonders for the school, but for some reason they couldn't do their best separated as they were; accordingly this year the two have consolidated under the name of the latter, C. O. C.

Now the work of the two clubs has to be done by one, but it has certainly been done above par.

The first demonstration they made was the massacre of the terrible Sioux. They took the roles of their Boston forefathers and changed into a tribe of terrible Indians; Captains and superior officers were braves and the Lieutenants were squaws. (Bitter Creeks, McCoun called them.) Poor Sioux City's cries of anguish were drowned by the horrible, blood curdling yelps of the braves and the taunting cries of the squaws. We didn't know the boys could ever be so terrible.

When our oldest foe, Lincoln, came to do battle with our unvanquished heroes, McCoun commenced to bury Lincoln to solemn music in real military manner. Of course, he couldn't kill any Lincoln fellows; so he impressed Donald Pillsbury into that role. Don faced the firing squad as all brave men should, but what chance did he stand against cold steel? Anyway, he died gracefully.

Up to the time of this writing, that is all they have done, but just show up at any of the next school activities and you will see them with bells on. President McCoun always has something new up his sleeve, for instance—all well! Wait and watch!

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Juniors and Seniors who wish to play basket ball held their first meeting on October 18th. Although the regular teams have not been chosen, the class captains were elected. For the Senior team, Katherine Tennant was elected captain; for the Junior team, Ruth Hatteroth. Juniors and Seniors meet on Thursdays and Sophomores meet on Tuesdays.

The girls' tennis tournament is going slowly. Matches have had to be played off indoors.

EFFICIENCY

Efficiency—what a byword it is now-a-days. There isn't a successful organization or institution in the world that isn't controlled in some degree by this unyielding taskmaster. However, we are too prone to think of efficiency as being the peculiar property of German armies or Ford factories—not a vital force in our everyday life; for who of us stop to consider, indeed; the complex part that efficiency plays in the management of our own school.

Think of the card index systems, one of which enables any pupil to be promptly located at any school hour; another, keeping accurate account of grades; a third, tabulating tardiness and absences. These are just samples of the very effective administration of the building. Again, take the medical examination which renders general health an actuality, a very difficult thing where contagion is so prevalent. And so it is likewise with the management of the lunchroom, the bookroom, furnaces, janitor service—everything slips into its place and plays its part as do the works of a machine—with one exception, however. We are compelled to admit that we have one among us who does not perform his appointed duty, a shirker, in fact, a *slacker*—our friends the *bells*! How uncertain and feeble is their response to duty's call, while not occasionally they are found completely "asleep at the switch."

ORGANIZATIONS

So much for mechanical efficiency. Now there is another aspect to this subject, and it is by far the more important one, for the reason that it deals with the recipient of those benefits just named. It is he that counts. Efficiency means *results*; and the results of the O. H. S. are the material handed over to the world, after it is thru. What about you—don't you want to make good? Well then, do the thing that is given you and do it *well*! Don't dream about the great business man you are going to become, don't think of future worlds to conquer—but to-day study your Latin, hard, get that problem in Math., and show every one how *you* tackle a hard job and put it through. That's the secret; that's efficiency!

DER KAISER UND UNCLE SAM

Now Uncle Sammy, he ban mad,
He make der Kaiser feel awful sad.
Der Kaiser sank sum Sammy's boats
Dat ban got old Sammy's goat.
He say he'll get der Kaiser now,
He'll lick him good, he's not sure how,
Und when Uncle Sammy gets real mad
You'd better run, for he sure is bad.

When Kaiser sink der Lusitania
Old Sam get up an awful mania
Und when der Kaiser broke our peace
pacts
Our Sam he kep' in mind der facts.
Der Kaiser yell, "You sun of a gun;"
Our Sammy say, "You better run!"
Und denn Bill bring his U-boats out,
Und Sammy say, "We'll have a bout."

Und when dose boys began to fight
The air got as black as blackest night.
Well, Sammy put up an awful fight
'Cause he knew very well that he was
right;
Und when our Sammy giffs a whoop
Der Kaiser does a loop-the-loop,
Und denn he starts off double quick
To join his friend, the Ex Czar Nick.
L. J. B., '19

Over six hundred dollars were cleared for the Student Association by the Lincoln game.

The Girl's Student Clubs of Central and South High held a joint meeting at the Y. W. C. A., at which a Halloween entertainment was given. The fortune telling by one of the popular Central High teachers was one of the most enjoyable features of the afternoon. Beside the object of amusement and meeting new girls, the Student Club plans to do either local charity or Red Cross work. A membership campaign is in progress and girls are cordially invited to the meetings at the Y. W. C. A.

The French Club is an extremely important addition to the list of literary societies of the school. Its aim is to become more familiar with the French language, particularly through the use of the Cortina-phone language discs. The members of the "Cercle Francais," under the direction of Miss Landis, intend to give a French play sometime in December.

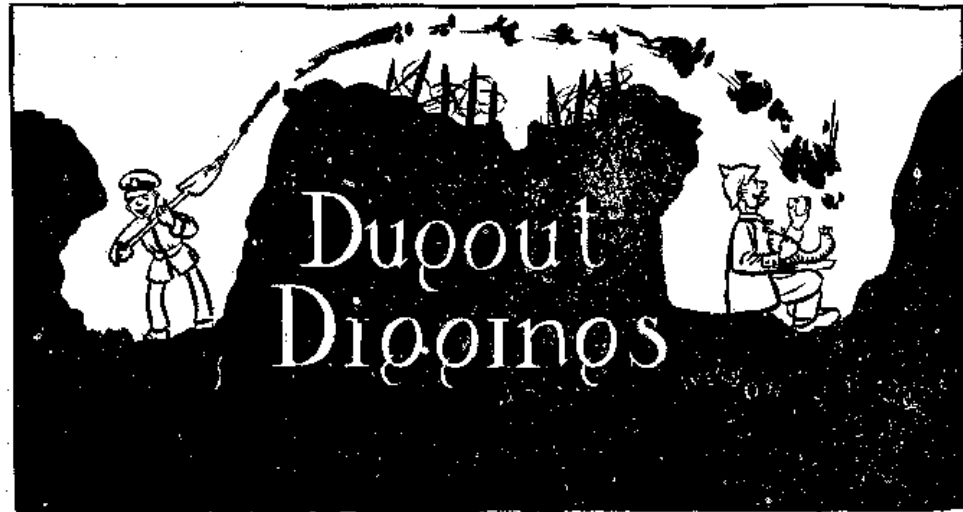
The Browning society is still doing Red Cross work and its membership is increasing at every meeting.

The Athenian Debating Society has held two meetings at which debates were given. The resolution that the government should own one-third of the coal mines was debated upon in the affirmative by Ralph Kharos and in the negative by the rest of the society. The second debate was on the question of whether the study of history and science does the student more good than the study of Latin.

The Margaret Fuller society has initiated about thirty new members.

The Gym Club has begun its yearly activities with much vigor and enthusiasm and holds weekly meetings in the gym to practice for the spring exhibit. The club is composed of gym girls, with A grades.

If your society report does not appear here, it is the fault of the society reporter. Reports should be in after each regular meeting.



This war has developed one superman. After the battle of Mons the British Old Contemptibles were beaten back across France toward Paris. At one time a surprise attack threat-



"If the men and women at home and the troops in the trenches pull together, the triumph of our cause is certain."
—Field Marshall Sir Douglas Haig.

ened to rout the whole army and the men were hastily retreating across the fields. Out along a road, heavily shelled and in full view of the troops, rode a group of horsemen as calmly as if on a morning canter thru the park. It was Sir Douglas Haig and staff. The action of Haig on that day saved that portion of the British army by its

example. When the war is over, we will say that the action of Haig thru it all saved the world.

War is the most acid test of leadership. To-day we never hear of the once great men of the war. Joffre, Asquith, French Viviani, Lord Grey, Grand Duke Nicholas, Brussilof, Neville, Falkenheym, Von Molke, Von Kluck, and now Cordona have failed and have past into oblivion. One more chance, one more opportunity, and any of them might have succeeded, but war is merciless. Haig, tho, has stood supreme. Like Grant, he is quiet, dogged, and in all victorious. He prepared by work and study for years to meet the menace of Germany. He built his own army and hurled them against the best the world could boast of and slowly, bit by bit, he is winning.

Sometimes in work as cadets and especially as officers, the fellows meet tests of their ability as leaders. Every quality that they have is called into play. The larger percentage fail, some are replaced, some demoted, or thrown off in a scrap heap. The fellow that comes through, tho, and makes a good cadet gets there by fighting, working, and striving in everything. It is work and grit that pulls him through to victory. Sir Douglas Haig succeeded because he

worked and studied in preparation for his coming duties. Twenty years ago he saw what was coming; so when on leave he traveled on the continent, and studied the complex system of the German military system. When on duty he saw all service possible, in Africa, Asia, and India. To-day the world reaps the fruits of his ability. To-morrow you and I and the men of our generation must meet those tests, and now is the time that decides whether we are going to win or not.

WHO'S WHO AND WHY WITH THE CADETS

Did you ever pass the Register office and see the young man penned in behind those bars, the one who always looks as if he is busy at something besides his lessons. That man, gentle readers, is Captain William Nicholson of the Fighting Irish (Co. I.) Nicholson has a brilliant record as a cadet. He was in I two years, winning the freshman medal in that company. He then went with the Old Contemptibles (Co. A.) for a year as a sergeant. That year he won the silver medal for individual drill, but was beaten in final compet by Mit-tauer of I company. After compet we sent a reporter to Captain Nicholson to gain some knowledge of military affairs in our school. During the interview the young lady plied the gallant soldier as to who was the most brilliant military man that our regiment could boast of. Nicholson pondered loud and long and finally answered, "Well I think I am." Where-upon both laughed heartily. This remark is always cited by cadet officers when Nicholson is called to judge a dispute between several men as to their several respective abilities.

This Is A Good One

(The authenticity of the following anecdote is vouched for by a cadet of unimpeachable veracity.)

It so happened the day of the Lincoln game that a detachment of non-coms were guarding the football field. In the course of their work they

walked round and round the guard lines. Sergeant Platt Taylor finally became tired of the performance and lay down on the ground to rest a bit. The officer commanding tried to get him to go on with the detachment, but Taylor refused, saying,

"No sir, I didn't come over here for a walk. I came to see the game and I intend to see it. I absolutely refuse to march another step."

It came to pass that a legion of the Irish children that live in that neighborhood decided to enter the field at that point, and, seeing the guard, wisely preceded their entry with an intense barrage of bricks, sticks and other objects of throwable size. The bombardment showered around the immovable Taylor like a morning strafe in France, and he forthwith sought safety in flight.

He came down by the marching detachment at deadly pace.

"Hey," cried the officer commanding, "I thought you weren't going to march another step."

"Puff," answered the fast disappearing Taylor, "puff, puff, thunder, puff. You don't call this marching do you?"

In Class of Military History

"What happened in 1732?"

"George Washington was born."

"Fine. What happened in 1733?"

"George Washington was one year old."

Then they wonder why we give demerits.

HOW TO PARLEE VOO FRANSEY IN ONE VERY SHORT LESSON

First join the Y. M. C. A. Then get a job beating carpets and earn a dollar and thirty cents. Take said dollar and thirty cents and go to the book room. Ask for a French grammar. Then go back and fill out a card and ask for it again. When they tell you they aren't here yet, say, "Oh, how provoking," (O hau pro-veauqueing) gently, and go back home. Repeat at intervals of twenty-four hours (omitting Sundays), until book is secured.

The first thing to learn is pronunciation. Pronunciation in French is very simple, as the last letter is silent except in seven thousand, four hundred and thirteen exceptions, which you may learn by heart. There your meditations sound like the consonantal liquid preceeding M.

A with a skull cap or a hyphen turned to run against the grain sounds like ah in bah! a otherwise sounds like a in rats! O phonetically closed sounds aw in pshaw! Phonetically open sounds like oe in woe. Ou sounds like oo in boob! or u in prune! eu sounds like u in sucker.

There are one hundred and twelve more sounds. They come under the department of physical education, e. g., flopping your tongue among your teeth to say r, and swallowing the roof of your mouth while you place your tongue against the corner of your left eye to pronounce eu phonetically open.

When you have done this take ukulele lessons from Prince Veri Luni and join the coast artillery instead of the infantry.—Drake Delphic.

ATHLETICS (Continued from Page 9)

Carson has a knack for intercepting forward passes that exceeds anything we know of in that line. How do you do it, Hugh?

Coach Mulligan's "kid" brother was on the Beatrice team. Too bad we had to beat them so bad; isn't it, Coach?

"Mbdest Bob" and "Wild Bill" were having a holiday. Therefore, the lack of entertainment during the "half."

Concerning the Beatrice game, the News has this grim specimen of humor: "It wasn't football. It was virtually little more than a practice of signals and light scrimmage for Central."

Altho it was Friday, Omaha didn't object to 13 points.

D. D. was that much excited when Schafer made our first touchdown, that she swallowed her gum. Would you call that a gum-drop?

There were practically four contests waging between Lincoln and Omaha: first, the preliminary contest between the Lincoln and Omaha reserves; second, the "big game," third, the rooting contest between the Omaha and Lincoln sections of the grandstand; finally, the contest between Lincoln's imita-

tion of a band and Omaha's "band." Of course, this latter affair was not a "contest," for what band makes more noise than ours?

Lincoln objected to a decent burial when Omaha's cadets performed military funeral services over them.

Donald Pillsbury! Surely an appropriate name for the ceremony which he went thru.

There is no doubt that Omaha's reserves outplayed Lincoln's second squad. If—

Talking about "sugar-plums," did you notice people who scurried "home" when the rain began?

Those of Omaha's faculty most interested in the propagation of "good English" were shocked at this most ungrammatical expression: "Poor ol' Lincoln! They ain't got nothin'."

Well! Where is the school to cross our goal line? Lincoln had expectations—but that was about all.

A good subject for the Debating Squad to discuss with Lincoln: "Resolved, that Maxwell did not kick goal in the first quarter." Affirmative, Lincoln. Negative, Omaha.

Coach Mulligan's 'leven cylinder machine did not miss once.

An Allegory

THE TRAGEDY OF LINCOLN'S DEATH

(Cast)

Scott.....	Speed
Rockwell.....	Firmness
Paynter.....	Experience
A. Logan.....	Youth
Crowell.....	Ambition
Schafer.....	Power
Maxwell.....	Brains
Smith.....	Courage
Noble.....	Everything
Mulligan.....	Stage Director
Rooters.....	The Juice

"Wild Bill" Burnham, and "Smiling Harry" Stern suspended the curfew ordinance recently passed by the Commission and paraded thru the streets of Omaha with fifty other renegades in celebration of our victory over Lincoln.

Students of Creighton, South Side and Commercial were in the Omaha section cheering for the purple-and-white team.

Don't think that I've forgotten to mention the most important fact of the whole contest. Omaha won the State Championship by beating Lincoln.

Coach Miller, of Lincoln, does not concede this. What would have been the conclusion had Lincoln won such a victory?



SAME STILL!

Visitor: "Wilson is a very cute fellow."

Bertrand: "I think so too!"

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Raymond Stryker has asked us to announce that he only broke half the Judson window on Halloween and not the whole pane, as was circulated.

Since we have been personally asked not to embarrass Munson Dale about his so-called girlishness, we hereby announce that in the future we shall do so.

Harold Hayden says that he was not forced to inflate all his tires after the Paynter party on Halloween, but did it of his own accord.

Byron Wilcox wishes to deny the report that he has joined the S. C. and Maintenance department of the city.

To Freshmen: "Babes in the school are sources of joy."

To Sophomores: "You children are growing fast."

To Juniors: "Glorious things of thee are spoken."

Seniors: "We know all that is worth knowing."

The saddest words of tongue or pen are, "By order of the Faculty."

Miss Miller: "What was the Restoration?"

Fresh: "A fake. Papa is just as bald as he was before he used it."

Miss Gross: "Why, what are you doing with that needle and thread?"

Martha: "Why, I am stringing the beans like you told me to."

"BUCK-BORED"

Fellers:—

During the state teachers convention which took place here just recently, many things of grave import were discussed. Among these important topics, there was one which applies quite directly to us. It seems that there is quite a complaint of the letters that we noble youths are writing. According to the teachers, we are not able to express our thoughts clearly on paper. It seems that we do not use a simple vocabulary. We do not understand the philosophy of writing these quaint little epistles. In a written essay on this subject, one of the teachers addressed the convention as follows:

"In promulgating your erotic dogmatizations, or articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or psycholical observations, beware of platitudiness ponderosity. Let your conversation possess a clarified conciseness, compact comprehensibility, coalescent consistency and contaminated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations, efflabulent garrulity, jejune bablement, and affectatious descantings and unpremeditated expatiations. Have intelligibility without shodontology or thranonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabical profundity, pompous prolixity and ventriloqueal vapidty. Shun double entendre and prurient jocosity, whether obscure or apparent."

In other words, speak truthfully, naturally, clearly and purely; BUT DO NOT USE LARGE WORDS.

We feel that this slight reminder will undoubtedly help some of the

new freshmen, and it is hoped that this correction will not have to be made again.

Say, something 's goin' to happen. Things have been so quiet. I 'spect that the next thing we know someone will be gettin' into trouble.

Aint MaCowan some funeral director? He is UNDERTAKING some serious subjects.

Yes, Chester Slater is now in good dancing form. Any girl that wishes a dance will please leave her name at the Register office, and we will see that her wish is gratified. (ADV)

I sure believe in the teachers' getting together every year. I think that it would be a good thing if they got together more often. Of course, I hate to lose our on any of my schooling

I wonder why all the cadet officers are seen carrying their manuals with them so much. Of course, I don't suppose that the new "COM" has anything to do with it. Oh my no!

Now that the debating team is getting under way, we can all rest in peace. Maybe those terrible arguments will cease in the East hall at lunch hour.

Say, who started that slogan "56" anyhow? (At 'em men, at 'em.)

Just wait 'till you hear the speech that Banty's goin' to pull at the next mass meeting. It's sure good.

Say, what's become of the Student Council?

I see that Barton is getting up a paper all his own. It's goin' to be the Latin Register of the High School.

Low Bridge, Men

Wait 'till you see the Class Spirit's new dress. Oh, Boy.

Our football team is going to Uncle Joe's to eat turkey on Thanksgiving Day.

Lincoln will pine to-night, Lincoln will pine.

This here are football number. We gotta say a lot about football. Football is an athletic sport that is played by eleven fellows. More than eleven can play only not at the same time, unless you're on the other side. Football is a funny game to watch. Football is a very exciting game, unless you get beat. Football is a game that gives the pessimists a chance to say, "I told you so." Football is a game that you gotta pay 50 cents to see unless it's with Lincoln, and then you gotta pay 75 cents. I guess that's all I know about football, except that it is more interesting than any other game that I know about, except ping-pong, and the only reason that it is the best is because more than two people get to play at once, only football is a lot rougher than ping-pong and the ball doesn't break so easy. SEE?

Gosh, I'm a fool to sit here and write stuff like this,-----but say, how about you sitting there and reading it?

Thanksgiving Ball—Turpin's. See "Heiner" or "Pinkey"—Committee.

Stanley: "You are the sole aim of my life."

Peggy: "Well, you won't make a hit unless you get closer to the target."

Floyd: "Why does a blush creep into a lady's cheek?"

Clyde: "If it ran it would kick up too much dust."

Judge: "What is your name?"

Swede: "Jan Peterson."

Judge: "Married?"

Swede: Ya, I bane married."

Judge: Whom did you marry?"

Swede: "I married a woman."

Judge: "Fool, did you ever hear of anyone who did not marry a woman?"

Swede: Ya. My sister, she marry a man." —Ex.

IN TEN YEARS

Stewie: "If you don't marry me, I'll get a rope and hang myself in front of your house."

Katherine: "Oh, please don't do it, you know father doesn't want you hanging around here!"

AMONG OUR GIRLS

Almarine's Frenchiness.

Bone's happiness.

Betty's glances.

Katherine's haughtiness.

Dorothy's fussiness.

Ethel's size.

Finney's tones.

Dolly's diplomacy.

Lillian's emblems.

Mickie's silence.

Onnollee's reunions.

Peggy's Keg.

Josephine's scrappiness.

Winnie's domesticity.

At the Lincoln game. One Freshie to another (*under the grand-stand to get out of rain*): "Oh goodness, I hope they don't make a knock-out while we're down here!"

Clarence: "Bob, why do you talk to yourself so much?"

Bob: "Well, in the first place, I like to talk to an intelligent person and in the second place, I like to hear an intelligent person talk."

Who Rungwalt on Halloween? Did you, Richard?

Winifred: "What's the matter with your face?"

Dave: "Nothing. I just bumped into Smith at the game."

Winifred: "Well, it's something to c'tide with Smithy, isn't it?"

Miss Towne: "What is the road to Heaven like?"

Smith: "It is straight and narrow."

Miss Towne: "How do you know?"

Richard: "Oh, I got lost on the road once."

Thanksgiving Ball—Turpin's. See "Heiner" or "Pinkey"—Committee.

The full moon flooded the porch with shafts of steel blue rays. It was late, but Dick showed no signs of departing. "It is said that the moon is dead," he said dreamily.

"Is that any reason why we should sit up with the corpse?" she asked.

"I do not like your heart action, young man," said the doctor. "You've had trouble with your Angina Pectoris."

"You're partly right, only that aint her name, doc," he replied sheepishly.

Did you enjoy the opera?
Oh, yes. You know I went with Don, and he's such an interesting talker.

WHEN YOU FLUNK

Don't frown
And sit down.
And grab your book
And slam it.
Be nice—
Cool as ice.
Smile at the teacher
And say,—
"Thank you."—Nit!

ART!

George: "How did you like the stage hangings in Hamlet?"

Fred: "There weren't no hangings, you boob, he killed 'em with a sword."

Angeline: "What do 'R. S. V. P.' mean at the foot of an invitation?"

Harold: "Why, Angeline, haven't you discovered that yet? They mean 'Rush in, Shake hands, Victual up, and Put!'"

Adams: "Jordan, get up and give a lady your seat."

Peters: "Marion, get up and give two ladies your seat."

Mr. Cunningham: "Is my son getting well grounded in the classics?"

Miss Hilliard: "I would put it even stronger than that. I may say he is actually stranded on them!"

DICTIONARY OF HIGH SCHOOL TERMS

Bluff, v. t.—To make believe, to deceive a teacher.

Busted, a.—What everyone is before pay-day.

Chew the rag, exp.—To talk much with the mouth.

Cram, v. i.—To prepare for examination, especially by use of a note book.

Cut, v. t.—To skip a recitation.

Date, n.—An engagement.

Exam., n.—A test of showing how much you don't know. Reign of Terror.

Flunk, n.—A failure in recitation, caused by momentary forgetfulness.

Fired, a.—Discharged without formality, jilted, to get the bounce.

Freak, n.—A fool, the average Freshman. (Continued next month.)

Wanted Members for the Lambda Epsilon—Try the famous "Word-a-Month."

POST-SEASON GAME

From reports being circulated, it is thought that there will be no post-season game with North Des Moines High for the Missouri Valley football championship.

High School Students Please Notice

WE HAVE a stock of 500 typewriters of every known make. If you want to rent a typewriter, it will be to your interest to see us first. If you intend to purchase, we can certainly save you a lot of money as we have good machines from \$10 up. We have hundreds of customers among students in all the institutions in the City. If you have never been in our store we will be pleased to have you come and get acquainted.

Central Typewriter Exchange
Inc.
1905 Farnam Street

LAST HOME GAME
BEAT NORFOLK!
Creighton Field, Nov. 24

EAT A PLATE OF ICE CREAM EVERY DAY!

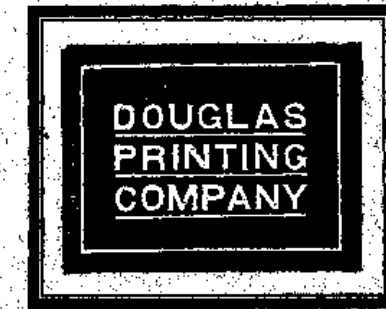
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