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The Register

**HOLIDAY
NUMBER**

DECEMBER, 1917

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OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME XXXII

NUMBER 4

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Editor-in-Chief

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The Register

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its Subscribers
and
Advertisers

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and

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

L I T E R A R Y

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

The Time: A December evening.

The Place: A training camp.

The People: Tom, Dick and Harry.

Three soldiers, wrapped in blankets, were huddled over a little oil stove trying to keep warm.

The tent was small and the oil stove smoked. Outside the snow was falling. In all, it was a very disagreeable situation.

"Say, talk about cold! If this ain't the coldest place on the face of the earth I'll...."

"Aw, can it! Don't you s'pose we know it's cold without your tellin' us all the time?"

Tom, a tall, dark, good-looking fellow, who seemed to be the oldest of the three boys, said quietly, "You boys don't gain anything by quarreling about the cold."

"Well, it is cold," said Dick, the youngest; "you'll surely agree to that."

Dick had a pug nose, red hair, and freckles. He was certainly not what one would term handsome, but his blue eyes snapped with fun, and one couldn't help liking him.

Harry had light hair, and blue eyes. He, like Tom, was tall and muscular. Suddenly Harry spoke.

"I wonder where those sweaters and wristlets are that we were supposed to have gotten yesterday," he said.

"A lot came, but we didn't get in on them," replied Tom.

"Seems to me like those women back home could work a little faster," growled Dick.

"Let a fellow freeze to death while they knit blankets for their pet dogs!"

"It isn't quite *that* bad," said Tom soothingly. "They just don't think about how badly we need the garments."

"I'd like to give 'em a reminder!" exclaimed Harry. "I'll bet they wouldn't forget what I'd say to 'em very soon!"

"There's that Chuck Argyle," chimed in Dick, "he's rich and he's got the whole outfit, even a helmet!"

"Yeah, and why? 'Cause he's got a sister back home," Harry answered. "Wish I had one," he added thoughtfully.

"Well here's hoping we'll get in on the next lot," said Tom, the peace-maker.

Just then a scratching was heard on the tent.

Tom sprang to see who was there.

A box was handed in, and *what* do you suppose was in it?

Three sweaters, three pairs of wristlets, and tucked down in one corner was a candy-box filled with candy and stuffed dates.

The boys gazed in astonishment, and then:

"Hurrah for the women!" shouted Dick and Harry.

Tom didn't say anything, but he smiled happily as his teeth sank into a date.

Moral: Do your bit and knit.

Helen Bolshaw.

DREAM LANDS

When you're sitting alone in the evening
 And wondering what to do,
 Do your thoughts ever wander afar
 To the lands you've never been to?
 And you wander in dreams, so it seems,
 To lands of fairy-tale lore,
 And to lands of mystic fancies
 That you've never seen before.
 Perhaps it was only a story, or a
 Picture you seemed to see,
 But I'll tell you how it was music
 That brought my dream-lands to me.

Light as the falling of cherry blossoms, and high as the song of the lark, rose the music from my unseen dreams. Now a slow, moaning measure in notes of deepest tone, suggesting sorrow and despondency. Then, as quietly as April showers change, again rose the high, sweet strain. I saw lands of dainty china-like people, blue skies, birds, painted volcanoes, singing volcanoes—my dreamland was Japan.

'Twas a slow, rocking melody that came to me next. Then, trickling notes, like deep blue streamlets dripping from small oars. First it was near; then it echoed from afar; now swelling as the billows; at last, dying slowly as the day. Deep blue waters, dripping oars, slow rocking melodies, and then echoes—my dreamland was Venice.

A strange, different music came to me next—one I can hardly describe. A splash and another, a slow grinding noise, then far distant splashes upon some wall. A tiny tinkle grows fainter, as slowly as the sun's last rays kiss the sea's horizon. And as the tolling of a bell comes, twilight falls with its holy quietness, broken only by infrequent clicks of wooden shoes. The odor of tulips, the splashes of mills, cow-bells tinkling, and the church-bells tolling—they brought me my dreamland, Holland.

Wandering through singing fountains, throbbing as the heart of a dove when starting on its mission, now stopping with sudden quickness, then crashing with fury, came the music. A fantasy of harmony; then of discord. Now sweet as the whisper of love; then a shriek, as of a captured criminal. Soft eyes, discordant colors, fountains, castanets, and doves brought me my dreamland, Spain.

A mournful wailing came to me, slow and dreary and lonely. It changed to soft, sweet tones, lingering and echoing and soothing. It was as fascinating as the mysteries of the passion flower; then as haunting as the call of the owl; and then as pure as the song of the nightingale. Harbors, inland nooks, stars and a moon, palm trees, and ukeleles, suggestions of swarthy skin and orange color—my dreamland was Hawaii.

Neither light nor sweet, neither swelling nor rocking, neither tinkling nor tolling, neither throbbing nor whispering, neither wailing nor soothing—yet it came and was music! I can see it and I do feel it. I see men, men in factories, camps, and in khaki—red crosses and huge dogs. Then men with hard muscle and women with dry eyes. Armies and navies, pressing close to Liberty's feet. And what music? All from a bugle! But not my dream-land, but my real land, America.

And so, when you're sitting a-dreaming,
 When there is nothing else to do,
 Perhaps you'll commence a-seeming
 What music can mean to you.

SMILE

"Trade your smiles," ought to be the slogan of everyone; for, although a smile is the cheapest thing in God's universe, it is cheap in the best sense because its cheapness is multiplied by its blessings. You are not selfish or one-sided when you smile; in fact, by this means you create good fellowship, a sunny disposition, and a meet-you-half-way spirit which are great factors in easing the difficult path of life.

If you are a grouch, you are your own worst enemy because you are not only sowing your disposition, depriving yourself of the joy in life, and weakening your efficiency, but also you are becoming a bore to all who know you and to all those who come in contact with you.

Smile at the world and receive its smiles in return; for thus, you are making one of the best contributions to human welfare. Celia Ross, '20.

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH

First, I wish to say that "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" is qualified in every way to be placed on the reading list.

I do not think it should be classed as fiction. It seems to me that it is a wonderful essay which the writer has tried to put into novel form; although, if it were an essay, I do not see what title could be given it. The title it has, suggests nothing to the person who has not read it; but to the person who has read it, the title suggests a thousand things. It seems to me as though Mr. Wells, the author, was just writing at times, of himself, his experiences, his opinions, etc., only substituting "Mr. Britling" for "I." And then at times he seems to be writing about a man, a thinker, who is just one stage lower than himself in his thoughts. Still, in other places, it seems that he is writing his opinion of the English average thinker. Of course, I do not mean to say that Mr. Wells has gone through the common details of the experiences which he sends Mr. Britling through, but I think that the moods (and I believe this is a book of moods) of Mr. Britling are the exact moods of Mr. Wells. By "details of the experiences," I mean the private life, and even the opinions on public questions. His vocabulary seems a bit foreign to me, and because of this selection of words, I would believe (although I don't know) that he never has been, or never could be, a good poet.

The letters from the trenches are in a way, wonderful, (although rather imaginative.) When Mr. Britling's son is killed, I thought the author handled the situation most awkwardly at first, but rapidly changed my mind, till now I can not help thinking that Mr. Wells himself had a son in the trenches.

It is interesting to realize that you are reading an English author and note his picturization of America's position as to the war. Of course, America was not in the war when this was written.

When I was reading this book, I thought of how easy it would be to make a report on it, but when the time comes, I find it is next to impossible, and that the only way I could tell anything about it is to say "Read it."

Clyde Jensen, '18.

AMBER KNITTING NEEDLES

It was a rainy Sunday afternoon in the spring of 1967 when Jane chose from grandmother Marlin's treasure-box a pair of beautiful amber knitting needles as the subject of her weekly story. Each Sabbath afternoon, Grandmother allowed her to choose one article from the box which contained all the treasured souvenirs of Amy Marlin's school days, fifty years ago.

"These! Grandmother," cried Jane, holding up the long yellow needles. "The story must be about these today."

"Well, my dear, the story of those needles goes away back to the days of the great world-war. How well I remember them, the first months after our great nation had joined the fight for Democracy and humanity. It was hard to realize, at first, that our country was really at war. But by and by when our dear boys began to leave us, when the news began to come to us of our American lads dying over there, the realization came to us with full force, and every loyal American was eager to do his part.

"It was during my Senior year in High School that dear old O. H. S. entered war work as a school. All the teachers and pupils were divided into committees, each person doing the work he preferred.

"I can remember, as though it were yesterday, the inspiring Mass Meeting we would hold in the school auditorium. Then would follow such waste paper drives, knitting, drives and all sorts of plans for helping our lads who had gone to make the world safe for democracy!

"It was in the big knitting drive that these very needles were offered as a reward for the best knitting done by any girl in the school. Of course, there was great rivalry and the girls used to have great times. I learned to knit, and I made up my mind at the very first to win those needles.

"I remember it was on the very day the prize was to be awarded, word came from brother John, that his battalion was to leave Camp Lewis to go to France for the big spring drive against the "Fritzes," as we called them in those days. My heart was heavy as I started out for school that morning, and yet I was so glad and proud to know that my dear brother had been one of the first to answer the call to the colors, and that now he was going "over there" to do his bit, perhaps by giving his life.

"Well, the prize was to be given that day in a big Mass Meeting at the lunch hour. That was many years ago, dear, but even now, I can almost feel the thrill of pride I felt that day when the speaker announced that I had won the prize.

"These old knitting needles mean a great deal to me, my dear, for they stand not only for the faithful effort I made to improve my knitting; they stand for the love and loyalty and pride and heartache that went into every stitch of those sweaters and wristlets knitted fifty years ago. To me, they speak of the quiet hours in those months when fingers flew and souls grew and the spirit of unselfishness and sacrifice came to the hearts of the maids of '17."

"Grandmother dear," said Jane softly, when the story was finished, "Won't you teach me to knit? I'd like to knit something on these dear old needles that meant so much fifty years ago." W. T., '18.

HER BATTLE

The sun shining through the tinted glass window of the old stone church cast a soft glow over the little woman in gray, who was singing with all the gladness of a full heart. Many curious glances fell upon her. Many a mother whose heart ached for a distant soldier laddie wondered at her shining countenance. All her doubts, all her fears had taken flight, and the little lady in gray had gained new strength.

She had known he would go; she had known that she would not restrain him when the crisis came. It had been a hard fight, but she had won.

He had come to her, and slipping his arm around her, had said, "Mother, I must go. I can't stand it any longer. There are people suffering and dying over there, and I am not doing a thing. America needs me, and I have not answered the call. I know you will be glad to have me go, Mother; you've always been just great to understand!"

Her first impulse had been to hold him back, to make him feel her great

need of him! Her eyes had filled and a lump had sprung to her throat, but in a minute came her answer, "I knew you would want to go, son. No true son of America would not. It is a noble cause, and I am proud to give my son to defend my country."

That was all. She had not shown her feelings to him even in the quiet talk that followed. When he had left her to herself, all her emotions had risen in conflict, and she wept bitter tears. Deep sobs tore her bosom, and her heart ached with its new load. As the twilight stole quietly down and enveloped the trees and hills in a soft lavender mist, she had become more quiet, and dropping to her knees prayed for strength and courage.

Then there had been his last few days at home; what happy ones they had been! She knew he would remember them. They had been days of close companionship full of smiles and laughter. Never once had she faltered; but all through that time, a secret fear and dread had hung over her, a fear that she would give way to her feelings at the last farewell.

At last the call had come. He was to leave the next day. Still she remained cheerful, although her heartache grew worse. Their last evening together would be long remembered by both with pleasure. She had not clung to him weeping as other mothers had done, for she loved him too much for that. Yes, she had kissed him goodbye with dry eyes and a quivery smile, but it was a smile nevertheless. There had been one silent moment when it took a fierce effort for both of them to control the rising emotions, but they had done so. His words of praise still rung in her ears. "Mother, you're a brick! Most of the fellows dreaded this last day, but Mother, I knew you would be brave."

Little wonder she was so happy this Sabbath morning. Pride and glory had overcome fear and sorrow, and she knew that her boy would return to her. She had fought her battle bravely, and she had won. She had done her bit for her country.

Elsie Hurt, '18.

FROM AN ALUMNUS NOW IN COLLEGE

The "Register" came today. I enjoyed reading all from cover to cover—not slighting covers, however. Such an enjoyable evening I have not had since I have been here. The contributions to the literary section are so interesting. They make me wish that I were just beginning over again at dear old O. H. S. I would then put to use so many of the ideas I have for stories. The editorials are interesting as are the news items. It is very interesting to know where the graduates are and what they are doing, as well as to know what graduates-to-be are doing. Perhaps I should say faculty, too. In athletics the scores tell the tale of a fine team and good support. I am as much interested in the outcome of the games as in the past.

With best wishes for continued success of the "Register," I am,

Anna Streitz, '17.

November 26, 1917.

I have just examined with pleasure the November issue of the Omaha High School Register. You are to be congratulated on the excellence of your product. Few that have come to this office equal it in variety of interesting content, and style of appearance.

Cordially yours,

C. S. Marsh,

Registrar, Northwestern University.

ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE A GARDEN?

You, good citizens, who are trying to do your part, are you going to make a garden this spring? Have you a back yard, just any wee spot of your nation's soil which you can use to return to that nation a small portion of a citizen's debt? In one little strip of yard reposes the opportunity to help your country's food problem in the biggest and most vital way. That neglected backyard is a bare confession of the owner's lack of public spirit. Be ashamed of it!

A garden is a three-fold investment, besides the most efficient "bit," it provides recreation, outdoor exercise, and increases the happiness, health, and self-respect of its creator. Materially, it reduces the family grocery bill as nothing else besides a sudden depopulation will. This is, of course, if your garden is a success. The chances for success depend mainly on the condition of the soil. You can obtain a superfluity of information and aid in the spring. Magazines and newspapers blossom forth with garden hints and plans. Individuals carry shiny new rakes and trowels, and introduce lettuce and early beans into discussions of foreign topics. But now is the time to prepare that ground. Hours of summer cultivation are not as important as manure added to your garden plot now. Almost every lot in Omaha is poor garden soil, unless manured. If you had a sickly crop of straggling vegetables last year, balance that poor success by managing your agricultural venture in a more intelligent way this year and by securing a luxuriant return. If the ground is frozen now, at least spread the manure on so that it can soak into the ground with the snow and rain. If it is plowed or spaded under, it will be much more effective. All worry and anxiety for the fate of your small or large garden is almost completely abated if you can manage to secure manure in the fall. If you wait until spring, not only must you secure well-rotted compost, but all straw and bulky material must be removed.

This is work, but the most satisfying work. When you pick that crisp fresh lettuce, when you gather those long yellow carrots, or hard, white turnips, when Dad digs the potatoes with an approving grin—you have such a warm, self-satisfying feeling! Or when you trot jauntily down a sedate resident street, trundling a wheel-barrow of manure for your wee patch, you can indulge in a contented self-approval, regardless of the curious amusement of the less intelligent pedestrians. When your summer is over and the plump, solid vegetables are piled in the bin, no matter how modest, you can proudly recognize yourself as a successful and loyal American.

ALICE DEAN, Student Chairman of Food Production Com.

PREPAREDNESS

The wise student foresees examination day. The prudent person saves carefully, that he may have plenty when hard times come. The knowing non-commissioned officer in the army studies carefully, that he may be prepared when his chance comes to get a promotion. The engineer builds his dam as nearly perfect as possible, even to the last detail, that nothing may go wrong at the critical time. The wise leader carefully thinks every detail of the campaign, that the opposing forces may not surprise him. The knowing and far-sighted person is forever guarding and planning against that unseen, unknown, but ever present something which is continually hanging over every one.

Feeling this something always near him, the wise one prepares against it. And when this mysterious thing strikes, the unfortunate, foolish being blames the result on luck, when it should be laid upon himself. The wise student can see clearly the mid-term examination on the first day of school.

Tom Findley, '19.

ORGANIZATIONS

In spite of lengthened school hours, numerous outside interests, and the threatened non-existence of Literary Societies at the beginning of the year, the Societies have, with one exception, reorganized with a great deal of spirit and determination. Now that they are well started, a comprehensive view of this successful reorganization is possible.

With the large number of societies which are working for the war in one way or another, it is safe to attribute much of the success to the serious unified purpose and thoughts of the Central High Students. There is a friendly rivalry and justifiable pride among the societies which is another great factor in the success; but the greatest of all is certainly the war, and the many ways in which it is called to our attention. The large number of Central High boys who are in the service; the fine work of our new war organization; the campaigns for paper and magazines, food and clothing conservation, and the Mite-Boxes; and the very particular interest of those of us who have relatives either on the fighting line, or soon to be there, are all things which have brought home to us of the usefulness of the Literary societies as a medium for war work.

The French Club plans to give a play entitled, "Stella".

It is the story of Boarding-school girls in France who rebel against the strict rules and determine to leave the school. They tell their troubles to Stella who sarcastically mimics them and plays them a trick which alternately delights and terrifies them. The role of Stella is ably played by Josephine Marple and that of a meek, prim, little school-girl is taken by Jean Kennedy. The play is under the direction of Miss Landis and will be

given for the Alliance Francaise.

The Art Club is giving substantial aid to the work of the new school organization for war work. The members are making posters to assist in the weekly campaigns. Posters have been made for the Mite-Box, Clothing Conservation, and Food Production campaigns, and the Society expects to continue this work during the winter.

The D. D. S. takes great pride in the fact that six of the eight members of the debating squad are D. D. S. men. It claims, with reason, the distinction of having produced the best debaters in the school. At the last meeting the members practiced extemporaneous speaking.

The Margaret Fuller believes in not allowing the usual local charities to be neglected for war work and has made plans to feed two families at Christmas time, and is also busy with knitting.

The Gym Club met recently at the home of Helen Sinclair to spend the afternoon in knitting. Thirty members were present.

The W. D. S. will hold its meetings every Friday in Room 231, when debates, interesting news, and live talks will be held.

The Hawthorne Society has started twenty-five sweaters and the girls are working industriously. A play for the joint program is planned and interesting talks and readings are given while the members knit.

OUR STAFF

Athletic Editor, Konecky, resigned, will be succeeded by Robert Buckingham.

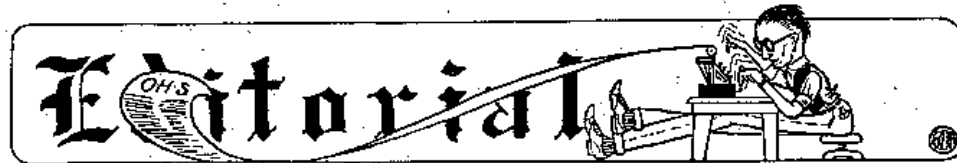
Rex Elwood and Jean Kennedy will edit the new War Work department and Barton Kuhns becomes news editor. Leland Potter will serve as associate in the Nut-Meg department.

THE REGISTER

THE REGISTER

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VOL. XXXII OMAHA, NEBR., DECEMBER, 1917¹ NUMBER 4



IN MEMORIAM

Charles R. Robel, '13, died, November 30, 1917,
Irvin F. Medlar, '18, died, December 3, 1917.

HOLIDAY SEASON

The Register takes this opportunity to wish the O. H. S. students and faculty a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. The Holiday season is especially necessary these days, as both students and faculty, tired by studies and war work activities, need the rest offered and will return not only with New Year resolutions, but with an earnest determination to keep them. We should spend this vacation in a useful way so that not only ourselves, but others may also benefit. A few trifles done will ease the burden of some one else, and our fellow-students should remember to save and serve. We offer as a New Year resolution to members of O. H. S. the following: "I will save, serve, and study to the mutual benefit of my country, my school, and myself."

Make your hobby "save and serve."

CLEAN SPORTSMANSHIP

Without a penalty for slugging, fighting, tripping, crabbing, and without the use of any profanity, the Omaha football team of '18 has deservedly become champion of both Nebraska and Missouri Valley. Both at home and in other cities, our team has maintained a deportment reflecting credit upon O. H. S. We have won every game, had our goal crossed but twice and have piled up a total of 346 points against 16 for our opponents. But our greatest victory has been the clean, aggressive, fair playing of our boys. This alone is enough for a championship as compared to some of our opponents' playing. We hope that we may be able to have the same favorable comment to pass on all of our athletic activities. O. H. S. will never lose her good reputation as long as her athletes reflect honor upon her!

CONTRIBUTIONS WANTED!

After considerable investigation, it appears that the military camps are in need of reading matter. Funston sends word: "Good reading material is very scarce here"; "It is hard to get reading matter, although we do get the daily papers"; "Some of the boys have subscribed to current magazines, which are passed from man to man until destroyed by handling." Deming reports: "The camp is in need of reading material; we recommend that as many magazines as possible be sent to the camps." To meet this need, a three-fold plan is in process of development. The co-operation of the entire Central

High School is necessary; help, contributions, and suggestions are urgently invited.

First, it is planned to have continuous donations of books, to be received by the library, to be shipped when a sufficient number has accumulated. Perhaps, if we exhaust our own supply of books, we have friends and neighbors with extra books which they will gladly give for the use of our soldiers. Keep in mind the book-shelf,—for the men in the camps, on shipboard, in France.

Next, all who are willing to give recent current magazines are urged to bring them to the library. The following magazines will probably be most acceptable: Atlantic, Century, Harper's, Scribner, Literary Digest, Outlook, Popular Mechanics, Scientific American, Independent, World Work, Review of Reviews, Current Opinion, Saturday Evening Post. If you can give a certain magazine each week, each month, it will help the work of the committee if you will turn in your name and the name of the magazine to the library or Miss Frankish.

In the third place, it seems worth while to begin collecting clippings, jokes, pictures, good short stories, interesting war articles, cartoons, poems. Some of these may serve for scrap books; some may be sent merely as loose clippings. It is essential to cut neatly, to leave as much margin as possible, to choose bright, cheerful material as attractive as can be found in papers and magazines which do not belong in the second division. A large wire basket on the work table in the library is ready to receive such material. Or, if you do not wish to clip yourself, bring to the library the magazine marked plainly "For Clipping."

All of these three plans are steady, continuous matters, to be kept in mind each day, each week, each month. What can the Central High School do in the way of furnishing reading for a few of our American soldiers?

Circular—December 7, 1917.

VACATION

Vacation starts, to-day and "gee kids, ain't it a grand an' glorious feelin'" (apologies to Briggs) when the very last hour of the very last day of school is over? You heave a sigh of relief, and you feel like embracing everybody you know in the halls in your delight. Those assignments for the first day of school in the new year do not bother you a bit. Why, just think, you have two whole weeks to get those lessons, but way down in your heart you know very well that you will probably leave them all until the last day and then cram like sixty. Of course, you might go home and do your lessons right away, but a movie looks very inviting, and anyway, you have been studying so hard that a recreation of this sort would be the best thing to put you in good condition to study. So, while your seventh hour teacher is saying a few last words, you think a head of all the good times you are going to have, and isn't it a grand and glorious feeling?

L. H., '18.

A TOAST

Here's to the boys in olive drab
Who are on their way to France,
To brave the horrors of shells and gas,
And to make the Germans dance.

Here's to the boy's in navy blue
Who go sailing over the sea
In danger of mines and U-boats, too,
To fight for you and me.

Here's to the boys who guide the
planes
High above the enemy's trenches,
Here's to their mechanics, too,
Who are doing their bit with wrenches.

And here's to the ones we can't forget
Who stay at home and pray
For their boys so dear who have gone
to war,
The Mothers of the U. S. A!

Roger Gleason

WAR WORK

(Owing to the imperative necessity of publicity for our war-work activities, and to the value of the Register as the "publicist" of the school, a new department for war-work activities has been started. Rex Elwood and Jean Kennedy, two of our staff, will have charge and will receive all contributions. Help make the department a success—Editor's note.)

War Service in the High School has been organized under a General War Committee composed of members of the Faculty with Mrs. Atkinson as chairman. This committee held several meetings and discovered at least fifteen possible lines of activity along which the energies of the teachers and pupils could well be directed to perform a genuine service to our country. In order to secure cooperation and so that each individual might be allowed to work along the line that he or she felt most interested in, a registration for war work was held during the third and fourth hours on November 16, 1917. At this time, practically every teacher and pupil in the school signified their intention of assisting along one or more of the fifteen suggested branches.

CONSERVATION

The key note of all the work being done in the High School is conservation. Conservation in clothing is being urged by a committee under the leadership of Miss Williams. Girls are learning to trim their own hats, remodel their clothing, dye materials, and clean and mend their own gloves, while boys are learning to press their own trousers and ties. Another committee under Miss Gross is leading in the conservation of food. Another work along the same line is the production of food. This work is in the hands of Miss Stringer.

FINANCE

Ninety pupils and seven teachers were eager to help on one of the

most important committees, that of finance. Miss Paxson and Leonard McCoun were put at the head of the committee, and in a few days two mite boxes appeared on the desk of each teacher, one for the boys and one for the girls. The object of the mite box is to encourage self sacrifice and to inculcate the habit of saving. The boxes are to be opened on the first and fifteenth of every month and the money is to be used to send a Christmas remembrance to each boy in the Service who was once a student in our school. The first mite-box offering was \$50.08. Of this, \$24.14 was given by the boys and \$26.94 by the girls. To stimulate interest in the mite-boxes, a prize of one dollar was offered for the best mite-box slogan.

PUBLICITY

It is the duty of the publicity committee to put the different lines of service before the pupils. Seventy-eight pupils and eight teachers volunteered to help in this way. Miss Dudley and Miss Randall have charge of the work and much has already been done. It is planned to reach the pupils thru every organization in the High School as well as by the Register, circulars, mass meetings, and bulletin boards.

The High School is to have its own service flag before long according to Miss Towne. The list of Alumni in the Service is practically complete and the flag will have about four hundred and fifty stars in it.

The stars for the flag are being cut

by the Omaha Tent and Awning Company, thru the courtesy of one of the girls of the school.

The latest step in the way of war work is the organization of the High School as a Junior Red Cross Unit. This was accomplished on December 10, 1917 under the direction of Mr. Trester, head of the Junior Red Cross in Nebraska. It is believed that all of the war work in the school will be greatly benefited by this more systematized organization. Further details of the Junior Red Cross in the High School will be announced later.

FIRST AID

Actual aid to the soldiers in France and at the training camps is being greatly emphasized. Ninety girls under twelve teachers are learning to make surgical dressings. Several of the girls' societies are especially interested in this work. Miss Williams has charge of the sewing, and Mr. Orchard of the preparation of splints, boxes, and knitting needles in manual training. Under the direction of Miss Shields, 224 pupils are gathering books and magazines, and preparing scrap-books for the men in the camps, where reading material is very scarce. Nursing and first aid are also being taken up by the girls, while the boys are learning to make trench candles.

WASTE PAPER

A committee from which much has been heard is the one busied in the collection of waste paper. Under Miss Brown, tons of old papers and magazines have been collected and when sold, a considerable sum will be realized. Large boxes have been placed at all the entrances and pupils are asked to contribute at least one magazine a day.

KNITTING

From the figures of the registration it appears that knitting for the soldiers was the most popular service among the girls, while manual training was favored by the boys. Twenty-four

teachers and five hundred and sixty-six girls signed up for knitting under the supervision of Miss Lane and Miss J. Von Mansfelde. Girls who had no previous experience are placed in classes of five or six and are taught to knit by one of the more experienced girls. Many of the girls' literary societies have taken up this line of activity also. The yarn is supplied by the Red Cross and a large number of wristlets and sweaters are being turned out.

GIRLS' REGIMENT

Yes! The girls are to have a Regiment—a real one and a big one if the girls will boost! Every girl who knits is eligible for the knitting regiment. We have now nearly three battalions. Enlist in 32A and become a cadette in the third battalion. Let your work count as much as possible and let it count for the school. We want a good monthly report.

JUNIOR PATRIOTIC LEAGUE

The Junior Patriotic League is a national organization for girls. When one joins the League, a pledge is taken to do whatever is being done for the war relief work as well as possible, and to do as much more as it is possible to do well. Any girl who wishes to join should do so at the Y. W. C. A. as soon as possible.

GIRLS' MEETING

Wednesday, December 7th, Miss Towne called a meeting of the upper class girls in the auditorium. Plans for high school knitting were discussed and a request was made for the girls' help in basting up comfort-kits for the Fort Crook soldier's Christmas. The girls were asked also to help in the tag day for a free dental dispensary.

Miss Parker of our faculty has purchased three subscriptions to the Register for our boys in the army.

EXCHANGES

The exchanges received thus far have been excellent as well as numerous. We hope we will continue to receive these exchanges and will welcome gladly any new ones.

We are pleased to find that nearly all of the high schools are doing their bit to help win the war.

The 'Pulse' of Cedar Rapids, Iowa states that physical work of some sort has been made compulsory at their school. The student may choose his physical work from either Military Training, Football, or Physical Culture.

The boys of Sioux City High School have organized the 'Castle Club.' The purpose of this organization is to bring about a better fellowship among the boys and the men teachers. Their first move was to raise \$2,067 for the Y. M. C. A. fund when only \$600 had been apportioned to them. This organization seems to be a fine thing and we hope it will succeed.

It is the opinion of the students of the Schenley High School, Pittsbrgh, Pennsylvania, as is our opinion, that a band gives a most patriotic atmosphere to affairs. This school is enlarging its band and expects soon, to have a note worthy organization.

The students of Little Rock High School, Little Rock, Arkansas, had what was known as Liberty Loan day. Each student brought as much as he was able to give toward the buying of Liberty Bonds for the school. We are glad to be able to state that we, also, have done our bit along this line.

The 'Spud' from the Alliance, Nebraska, High School, suggests that we conserve paper by not writing notes. This paper also states that their Domestic Science department have adopted the conservation uniform.s

Among many other good exchanges which we have received are the following:

The Advocate, Lincoln, Nebraska. The Toasts, South Side, Omaha, Nebraska, The Echoes, Council Bluffs, Iowa and Commerce, Omaha, Nebraska.

DEBATING

The following debaters will represent our school this year in its forensic encounters: Barton Kuhns, Ralph Kharas, Louis Freiberg, Ralph Cohn, Harold Boggs, Harold De Lano, Tom Matthews, and Alex McKie. Several of last year's stars intend to come out later in the season.

Our first debate here will be with Council Bluffs during the second week in January. The question will be, "Resolved: That Federal Laws Providing for the Compulsory Arbitration of Labor Disputes Should Be Adopted."

Ralph Cohn, Barton Kuhns, and Ralph Kharas will uphold the affirmative for Omaha.

The state debating question is, "Resolved: That a System of Compulsory Military Training Be Instituted in the Public High Schools of the United States." Try outs for the state debates will be held about the middle of January.

QUESTION BOX

I was absent the day that we were to register for war work. I would like to sew. Will you please tell me how I may be registered for this sewing? 1921.

If you will talk to Miss Williams, who is in charge of the sewing, she will see that you are registered with this group.

Has the Student Council been organized this year? Thank you.

No, the Student Council has not been organized.

I do not understand about the credit which is given for music taken outside of school. Whom may I see in regard to this? Junior.

Miss Towne will be able to tell you about this.

I have started with the classical course taking Latin, German, English, and Algebra in my Freshman year. It is necessary for me to take Ancient History. How can I arrange my program so as to include this? Freshman.

You will have to see Mr. Masters and have him arrange your program.

JUST BECAUSE

Why does a feller have to go to school
And study the live long day?
Why does he have to do all the work,
When the teacher gets all the pay?
Just because.

Why does he have to wash his hands
And brush his shoes at night?
And wash his neck and face and ears
When, to him, they look all right?
Just because.

Why does he have to rake the yard,
And hoe and weed the corn?
Why does he have to go to church,
On every Sunday morn?
Just because.

Why does he have to do all the work,
And never a chance to play?
When he asks his mother for a reason.
Why does she always say
Just because?

Lilith Roberts.

DO YOUR BIT

I.
"War is Hell!" said Sherman, who
knew,
And we accept his statement as truth
For truly Old Satan with forces full
strong
No better could drain the land of its
youth.
A friend we would save from the Fiery
Pits;
Be a friend of Humanity, by doing
your bit.

II.
When the call comes now, to help a
good cause,
And your country asks aid for her
boys,
Give gratefully and willingly all you
possess,
And show Uncle Sam that you're free
from alloys.
Don't grinch around and perhaps
have a fit.
But show your true manhood by doing
your bit.

III.

To give all of your wealth is a small
sacrifice.
When compared to giving your life,
And yet, your few pennies if you give
them when asked
Will help suffering mortals in sorrow
and strife.
Give as a sacrifice, open your "mit"
And every cent given will add to your
bit.

IV.

Be of some service to your dear
country which
For many years past you have honored
and praised.
And don't be a slacker, but make up
your mind
That you'll show your companions
how "spuds" can be raised.
Consider your talent, and if you can't
knit
Enlist as a soldier and accomplish your
bit.

V.

Consider your future, if Autocracy
wins
And the Kaiser holds sway o'er the
world
Your food would be taken, and the
coal from your bins.
Stand forth and defy him, with your
emblem unfurled!
Arouse your ambitions, don't stall and
sit,
But help crush the Kaiser by doing
your bit.

VI.

Consider the cause for which we are
fighting
And whenever you're asked to give
aid
Forget when you gave or what you
have given,
For we're saving Humanity and a price
must be paid
So consider the moral and when ever
you hit,
Aim straight at the Kaiser by doing
your bit.

Clyde Quivey, '18.

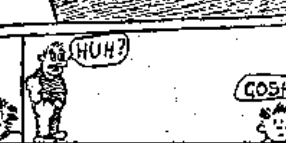
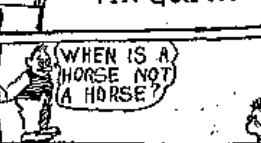
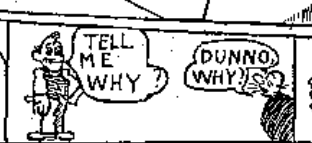
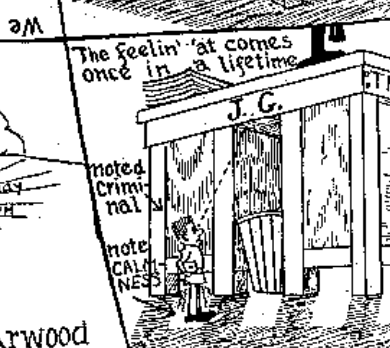
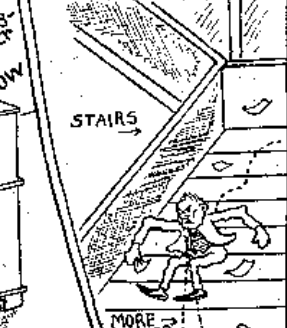
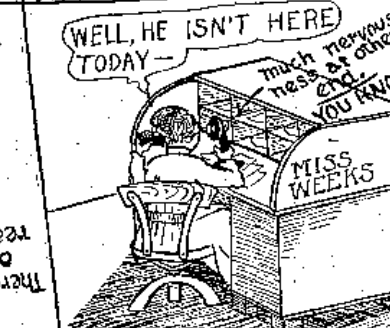
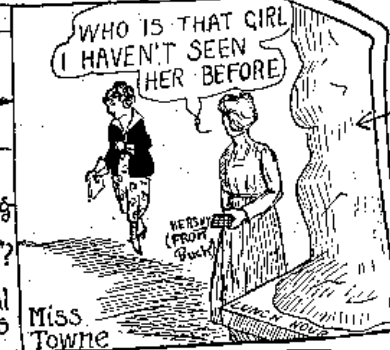
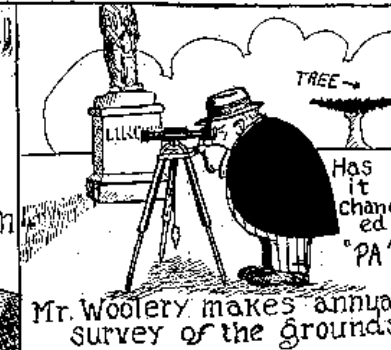
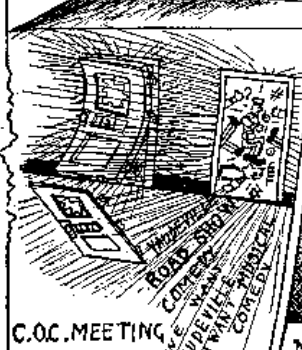
Don't be a slacker—knit "your
bit."

The Teams' Xmas Presents.

The Animated Pictorial Presents:

FACULTY FOTOS

MERRIE XMAS.





VISITING NURSES' FUND

In spite of the constant demands for money for war relief, Central High made a generous contribution to the fund for the visiting nurses. The sums contributed by the students and faculty amounted to \$109.31, really a splendid showing. The beauty of it is, that we don't even seem to miss the money, for we haven't seen any long faced individuals running around school; rather the contrary.

CAMP FIRE

If all the people of Omaha knew what a great help tin-foil is in raising war funds for the Camp Fire Girls, they would save it all, in flat form, and deposit it in one of the tin-foil boxes the first time they pass it. What one person saves does not amount to much in itself, but altogether it makes a neat sum. There are 126 boxes distributed over Omaha, and so far, about 350 pounds have been collected. But this is not the only war work that is being accomplished. Two large boxes of trench torches are now packed, ready to send over to our soldiers in France. And already, many scrap-books have found their way over to cheer the wounded in the Base Hospitals.

A committee from the civics classes assisted the Associated Charities with the Thanksgiving offering of food and clothing collected from the public schools. The boys went around in trucks to the schools and gathered in the collections while the girls helped sort the different articles. They all profited a great deal from this experience in settlement work.

THE HIGH SCHOOL CLUB

Friday, the seventh of December, the High School Club held a banquet for the champion football team of the Missouri Valley. From the spirit and the life that was shown, one would infer that there were 500 instead of 135 present.

First a brief summary of the games was represented by manager "Buck," after which Captain Smith made a few remarks about the team. He was followed by Maxwell, the pilot of the whole boat. Then came the usual spirited speech by Coach Mulligan, the power behind the entire machine. Having heard from some of the football men, they were now favored by a speech from Mr. Masters. In order to get an idea of what is going to happen next year in football, Mr. Spinning, coach of the second team, and Arthur Logan, captain of next years team, gave talks that promised good things in the future.

AT FREMONT

The State Y Older Boys' Conference under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. was held at Fremont, in the Thanksgiving week end. Daniel Longwell, one of the delegates from Omaha, was elected President of the meeting and presided in a manner very creditable to the Omaha delegation and to O. H. S. Three hundred high school boys representing 45 cities in the state attended the conference.

Show the "Sammies" that you are their real friends by joining the knitting regiment.

LATIN STUDENTS ATTENTION!

Miss Paxson, head of the Latin Department, wishes to announce to all students that the small room in the east hall, near the office has become the "classical room" of O. H. S. Everyone, and especially Latin students, should contribute material for this small museum. Clippings, pictures, anything of interest and value to Latin students, will be most kindly received. Also, students will be permitted to visit this room for any research work they may wish to do, and strangers are always welcome to come and see what a "live-wire" the Central High School Latin Department really is.

THE GREEK CLASSES

I wonder how many students realize how interesting the Greek Classes are that are conducted in the building. Greek *does* sound rather terrifying and formidable, but how far that is from the truth of the matter! You may know this for a fact, since one of the teachers asked if Senior Greek was a "class or a party."

One day the Greek students had the privilege of hearing genuine Greek music on the victrola. It was quite unusual music, and we never thought to hear it, that it was popular enough for victrola records. Another time, we attended some very interesting Modern Greek translations of a pictorial war paper that the Allies publish in three languages. It was amazing to see the similarity between classic Greek and the present day language.

The language isn't very difficult and so interesting, that we "Greeks" do wish that there were more students in our department to take advantage of its privileges.

Cleary Hannighen, '17, a freshman at Harvard, is one of the twenty students who received the highest ratings in the entrance examinations.

Certainly this is a splendid example and shows what an O. H. S. boy can do.

GRAND OPERA

At a recent performance of Grand Opera, the following became Catholic priests with full regalia for one of the acts: Wallace Johnston, Richard Wood, Harold Findley, Dan Miller, Kenneth Kratz, Harlan Haaker, Edward Munroe, Purdos Shriver. The boys declared that the experience was "thrilling."

THE LIBRARY

What a convenient useful room our library is! Did you ever stop to think how much time and trouble you are saved by not having to go to the main Library building for each little reference, or some important data?

Ever since the installation of a branch library in the High School building, the idea has become very popular, and now both Commerce and South High have school libraries. However, since we have this very great advantage and privilege, let us be sure not to abuse it, but to help in every way toward its successful management. Among other things, are those rules that Miss Shields has made, which are constantly broken, through mere carelessness.

1. Do not register for any one else! (This causes innumerable mistakes.)
2. Take care in making out register slips—write them legibly and avoid mistakes in room numbers and hour.
3. Remember the number of your chair! (A lot of Miss Shields' valuable time is spent in straightening out such matters.)
4. Show excuse to study room teachers before coming to library.

The suggestion has recently been made, and will be soon carried out, of putting a mite-box on the library table. Then every pupil who returns a book overdue will be expected to *fine himself* a penny—the proceeds going to help pay postage on magazines for the soldiers. This, besides making capital of one's carelessness, also might have a beneficial reactionary affect on oneself.



ADVICE FOR EVERY AMERICAN SOLDIER

Passages from a Letter Written by Judge E. Rockwood Hoar to His Son, Samuel Hoar, Who Had Just Started for the Civil War

The extracts printed below, from a letter written by an eminent Massachusetts Judge to his soldier son, are now being sent by the United States Government to men newly drafted for the National Army and to volunteers, in the hope that it will serve as an inspiration to them in the struggle against Germany.

Concord, Mass., December 15, 1862.

My Dear Boy:

I did not have the opportunity I had hoped to talk with you last evening—and, therefore, take this opportunity, when we are sending you your mittens and the envelopes which you forgot, to give you a few last words of affectionate counsel from home.

One of your first duties as a soldier will be to take all the care you can of your health. The firmer that is, the better you will be able to do any service, or undergo any fatigue, required of you. To preserve your health, you must try to lead as regular and temperate a life as is possible. I hope you will try not to avoid your full share of labor, danger, or exposure, where either is necessary or called for. Take every proper occasion for bathing your whole body—and scrupulously regard your personal cleanliness; no matter how much trouble it may give you. Have nothing to do with spirituous liquors of any kind. Take your food as regularly as you can get it, and neither eat immoderately nor go a long time without food, if you can avoid it. Especially be careful not to eat to excess after long fasting.

I hope you will never disgrace yourself by any profaneness or obscenity, and will avoid all conversation and companions where they are practiced or allowed.

Try to preserve a cheerful and contented spirit and encourage it in others. Bear hardships without grumbling and always try to do more, rather than less, than your duty. You will have occasion to be patient much oftener than to be brave.

The duty of a soldier is unquestioning obedience—but, beyond this, I

hope you will cultivate a kind, respectful, and considerate temper toward your officers.

I hope you are going with a love for your country and your cause, and with a determination to be faithful to every duty you have undertaken. My boy, you bear the name of one who, to the end of his honored life, never shrunk from a duty, however painful, nor from a danger to which duty called him. Be sure that you do no discredit to it! Neither by cowardice, by falsehood, by impurity, by levity, nor by selfishness. Remember always your home and your friends—those who will welcome your return with pride and joy if you shall come back in virtue and honor; who will cherish your memory if, faithful and true, you have given up your life; but to whom your disgrace would cause a pang sharper than death. Remember your obligations to duty and to God. And may these thoughts keep you from temptation and encourage and strengthen you in danger or sickness.

And now, my dear boy, I commend you to God—and to the power of His grace. May God bless and keep you. Think of your Heavenly Father in health and sickness, in joy and in sorrow. Go to Him for strength and guidance. You are very dear to our hearts—and your absence leaves a great place vacant in our home. If it be accorded to His will, may you come back to us in safety and honor—but whatever is before us, may His mercy and love be ever with you and His grace be sufficient for you.

With deep affection,

Your father,

E. R. Hoar.

Samuel Hoar, Corporal, 48th Regt., Mass. Volunteers.

(Courtesy of Marlowe Addy.)

WHO'S WHO AND WHY IN THE REGIMENT.

Captain Chester Slater V. M. S!

It has been said that the one thing that makes the well-known Captain Whiting burst into declamatory perturbations and verbal vistas that sound as a contour map of a Chinese landscape looks, is the sight of Company G. at formation.

"My goodness" says the commandant, "Have you artillery here? What's that thing over there that looks like a brigadier general unmounted forcibly."

His aid and shadow hastens to explain that it is only Captain Chester Slater of Co. G. in his new Sam Black belt.

Something new all the time is Slater's motto. From the invention of a non-collapsible electric light bulb, much to the annoyance of Mr. Wedeking's third hour study, to designing a standard class pin for all graduating

O. H. S. classes, Slater has followed his motto closely.

Besides being a corporal in C Company and a quartermaster sergeant in the same, our hero has the enviable record of being the champion marksman of the school. Slater won this honor last year on the rifle range in East Omaha, but was unrecognized for same time by the officials because of the camouflage of equipment (smoke glasses, bandaliers etc., ad infinitum.)

Co. G., under Slater's leadership, is well along in the race for compet being slightly ahead of the bugle corps, band,(2) and Bantin's staff.(3) N. B. 1 V. M. S.—meaning "Very Much So."

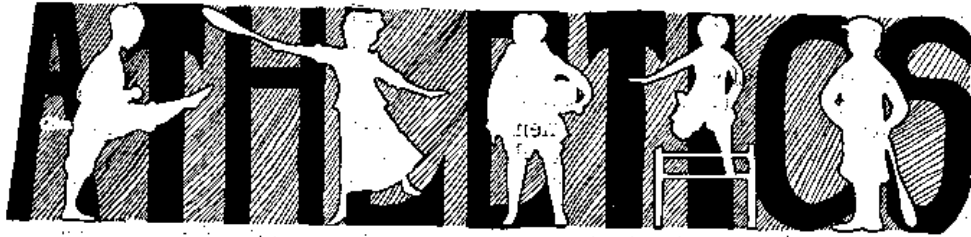
² Not including Mr. Garwood.

³ Bantin has no staff.

OUR NEW OUTFIT

Please do not be excited or astonished if you happen to see one of the cadet officers romancing around the halls all dressed up like a detachment

(Continued on Page 24)



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The teamwork of the Junior basketball team is unusually good. Regular teams have not been chosen, but there have been some close games between the present Senior and Junior teams. It seems now that the spring tournament will be pretty snappy if the present players take part. The tournament takes place in March.

The tennis tournament has made little progress for several weeks—it must be the war relief work that is keeping the players so busy.

FOOTBALL

Defeating St. Joseph High School in a decisive manner, the Omaha Central High School football team closed its season in a most glorious fashion. Outplaying the St. Joseph team in every department of the game, Omaha clinched its right to the Missouri Valley Championship. This game was one of the fastest games seen on the St. Joseph field this year, according to the St. Joseph papers. Passing and trick formations were the favorite modes of attack. Coach Muligan cut loose with a bunch of trick plays that almost broke St. Joe's heart. The final score was 21 to 6.

In reviewing the events of this most successful season, we find many interesting facts. Playing in nine games, our team has run up a total of about 346 points to its opponents 16. This gives us an average of 38.4 points per game to our opponents' average of 1.7. Our team has been scored on by three teams; South High with a goal from the field, Sioux Falls with a forward pass, and St. Joseph with a forward pass. Never before in the history of

our school has any team had such a perfect record.

How does Central High win so much? This is a question that I have discussed in many of the towns throughout our state. There are many reasons. First, we have the finest coach that this or any other country can produce. Yes, Mully is the first reason. Second, we play CLEAN football. "Hard and Clean," is Mully's motto, and so you see Mully is the second reason. Third, Mully can take big men such as Smith, Maxwell, Paynter, Noble, Schafer—aw shucks, all of 'em—and make the very finest team on earth out of 'em—and well, Mully is the third reason. Other factors are found in the melting pot of a successful team. Our student body has been a great factor in causing us to win another Missouri Championship. The faculty has done its bit in backing us up. On the side-lines at the game boosting for the team, that's the kind of faculty we have. Then too, this little clipping from the St. Joe News may help to enlighten you as to the recipe of a successful team. "The Omaha team was composed of the cleanest and most gentlemanly bunch of boys that ever played in St. Joe. In the hotels, on the streets, and everywhere that they appeared; they acted dignified and gentlemanly."

The team?—Well, there's Smith. As captain, a peach. As a football player, two peaches. Then Maxwell. The finest quarter that Central High has ever had. "Little David" Noble also put up one or two feeble arguments in favor of the team. Yea Bo. Then our ends, Carson and Scott. On their heads or their feet, a pass

always was completed if they could get their fingers on it. Our tackles, Paynter and Schafer. Byng needs tanks of this kind. Guards, Rockwell and Crowell. Two lolapalosers. Then the Logan twins—one at center and the other at half-back, but both there all of the time.

Of course, there are things that sadden even the closing of a good season. Some have fought their last fight for O. H. S. Smith, Maxwell, Logan, Paynter, Scott are all going to graduate. But they fought a real fight, and many a lowly scrub will shiver with delight at having even the chance of filling such worthy shoes. And the fighting spirit that these men leave will cause many a team to fight a little bit harder in upholding the record that these men have made. Well—it's over. Another football of championship fame will be hung in the trophy case—and we, we—we will turn our gaze to the rising storm on the horizon. Basket ball calls, and we must answer.

OUR MEN MAKE ALL STATE TEAM

I see by the Lincoln Journal that Smith, Maxwell, and Paynter are given the honor of being on the All-State team. Schafer and Logan are also given mention. I'll bet that Lincoln High will testify that we have an All-State eleven. I wonder if the men who made up this team saw either David Noble or Louis Rockwell play. Maybe not, but we did.

NEXT YEAR'S CAPTAIN

The team met in 120 on last Friday to elect the next year's football captain. "Izra" Logan was the popular choice. Art is at present a Sophomore. It is very seldom that one so young is given such a golden opportunity. Well, Art old boy, go to it. We're for you. Give 'em all you've got and who knows?—maybe another Missouri Ball will be hung in the case next year.

THE O'S ARE ANNOUNCED

Fourteen men of the first squad have been granted O's by the Athletic Board. The men are as follows: Smith, Maxwell, Paynter, Logan, Carson, Scott, Schafer, Crowell, Rockwell, Logan, Eaton, Noble, Moser, Russell. These men have surely earned their O's, if any ever did. We all sincerely hope that our friends on the athletic board will find a means of giving these men their sweaters also.

THE SCRUBS

The scrub, too, must come in for his share of the praise. The second team is to be highly commended for its fine spirit on the field. It has been said that a team is just as good as its substitutes are. If this is so, it is no wonder that we have such a fine first team. Many of the second team men will help to fill the places left by the men who graduate next spring. All we have to say is that we feel for Lincoln next year. So come on now, men,—fifteen for the scrubs. And this also includes their coach.

PROSPECTS

In entering into the field of basketball this year, we may well pause to look around to see just what is what.

We may feel well nigh confident with all of the last year's team back in the game. Maxwell, Logan, Smith, Konecky, and Paynter are all back in the harness and are ready to go over the top towards the state title. Maxwell is the captain this year, and will show the same old fight that he always has shown. With four more like Max things sure ought to hum, eh Lincoln?

But there are some others that also have good teams this year. Beatrice says that she will more than make up for her poor showing in football. University Place has five men back. Lincoln has about the same old gang back. South High also looms up as a real contender for the title.

Athletic Director Cairns has about completed the schedule, and it includes some of the following teams:

Lincoln, Beatrice, St. Joe, South High, Commerce, Atchison, Ft. Dodge, Sioux City, and University Place. This is sure some schedule, and it ought to give the boys all that they can handle.

Have you visited the Knitting Headquarters at 32A?

DUGOUT DIGGINGS

(Continued from Page 21)

of cavalry. It is merely our new outfit including Sam Black belts, chin straps, insignis and maybe later on, leggings. We merely did this in self defense as we felt that Commerce and Creighton were trespassing on our rights as the best looking cadet bunch in the state.

We are beginning to wonder how many of the Captains will give Captain Whiting a Christmas present. Oh, well, compet isn't so far off at that.

Nicholson says that the Commandant plays golf with a man who lives two doors from him. Company I is now in sixth place.

Miss Towne has asked us to award McCoun and Bantina medal of honor for bravery shown for killing a mouse in her room. The orders are that no men shall receive honor for mere performance of duty.

Hard Luck, Bantin and Mack!

—Merry Christmas—

—Happy New Year—

HONORS TO O. H. S. GRADS AT UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

I wonder if many of us stop to think and wonder where our graduates go and how they get along after they leave O. H. S. It is an interesting thing to do, to see which keep up the fight and win, and which are lost in the shuffle. At the University of Nebraska, the list of appointees for commissions in the Reserve Officers' training corps has just been given out

by Commandant Colonel Roberts. In it are some names that, not long ago, were very familiar to us. These are the boys who are bound to win. Those represented from O. H. S. are:

Sergeant, Company A—J. Gavenman, Sergeant, Company C—William Alley, First Sergeant, Company E—Dwight Higbee, Corporal, Company E—J. A. Landale, Corporal, Company G—A. C. Rathkey, Corporal, Company G—John Eldridge, First Sergeant, Company H—Mark E. Havens and Corporal, Company A—Harold A. Pearson.

Voice on telephone: "Hello, Is this Captain Jensen of Company B.?"

Jensen (*highly pleased*): "Ah, yes mam."

V. O. T.: "How many men have you in your company?"

Our Hero: (*getting romantic*). "As I surmise, there are about sixty."

Voice: "That's correct. Good by."

If You Are In Doubt

What to give father, mother, sister, brother, one visit will remove all your cares and worries.

Expert, courteous help to aid and assist you.

More for Less is the Christmas motto.

Thomas
Kilpatrick & Co.

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ONE THING NEW

"There is nothing new," you say, "under the sun."

Watch the young man with his high-school course done;

Study him carefully—answer me true—Now isn't he new, Oh! isn't he new?

John: "Who is your favorite author?"

Stan: "My father."

John: "What does he write?"

Stan: "Checks."

Mildred: "I wonder why Shakespeare didn't complete his sentences, where he says 'Go to, 'Go to,' so often."

Burton: "They swore in an abbreviated form in *them* days."

Edith: "Why do you put your money under your pillow?"

Ruth: "So I'll have enough to retire on."

EVOLUTION:

Freshman:

A little Latin, a little Greek, Some mathematics and plenty of cheek.

Sophomore:

A little more Latin, a little more Greek, More mathematics, but not so much cheek.

Junior:

Considerable knowledge, but not so much gall, Since his freshman days, cheek has had a great fall.

Senior:

Knows a great deal, has minimum gall, But compared with the freshman knows nothing at all. —*Ex.*

"BUCK-BORED"

Noble Youths:

Since last we quothed unheard of things in your ears, things of great import have happened. The great and noted WAR WORK COMMITTEES have at last got under way. Many thrilling campaigns and drives have been launched forth. First among these was the Famed Papaer Drive (*of which I am the—chairman.*) After a careful counting and organizing of the student body, the committees were announced. (*If you were overlooked, see the author.*) On Monday morning, as the band gave forth its melodious sounds as only OUR band can, the whole student body from the highest senior to the lowest freshman dropped his whole sheet of notebook paper in the boxes at the entrances. Sweet Columbias and Liberty's and everything elses met you at the gates and took your paper away from you and dropped it in the first box that was handy. Now perhaps you do not understand why all this noble work is being done. Well—just listen a minute and I will explain all of this thing so that you will understand its queerest and most intricate parts. You see, we are going to undertake to send all sorts of things to the Sammies at the front. Now to send things to these same Sammies at the front, it takes money. You see it costs money to mail things and as Uncle Sam has raised the price of stamps (*on account of the war*) it will cost even more than it usually does. So we had to think of some way of getting the money to send things to the Sammies at the front. Well, then

the greatest minds that our school could boast of were convened and all the wits of our fair numbers were set to work to think up some method of raising money to send things to our Sammies at the front. Some mind, much greater in thinking ability than the rest, got a brilliant idea. The idea was this. Why not have everyone bring all the paper that he or she could borrow or steal to school and drop it in our box so that we might sell it for money to send things to our Sammies at the front. Ah. So our great mathematicians were convened that the way of getting the most paper might be had for getting money to send things to our Sammies at the front. They met and talked and fought it out and finally found a new and clever device for taking the most paper in the least time. You see, everyone should bring paper and they, the mathematicians, would have boxes ready to take the paper that everyone should bring to get money to send

things to our Sammies at the front. So at last the great day arrived. The paper came pouring in and the boxes were filled and the band played and the LIBERTY'S smiled and the FRASH giggled and the mathematicians said I told you so and the faculty was well pleased and the seniors said, "Isn't this fine!" and the janitors swore and everything just went off fine. Now you see, this is how all this great thing was organized and carried out so that we might send things—no that's wrong—so that we might get money to send things to our Sammies at the front. Now there are going to be a lot more campaigns yet. The next one is going to be to get things to send with the money that we raised to send them with to our Sammies at the front.

Will it be a Road Show or a Musical Comedy?

Say, what happened to our swimming team? Water matter, boys?

SENIOR
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DECEMBER 21
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WAR WORK

EAT A PLATE OF ICE CREAM EVERY DAY!

Harding's *The Cream of* **ALL Ice Creams**

Wedgwood Butter

HARDING CREAM COMPANY

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What do you think of the cartoons this month. Ain't they GRAND?

Football is over and debating is next. EEEEEHHHHH?

BUT THE POTATERS. "IZ-RAH" LOGAN is going to captain our next years Missouri Valley Championship team. At a boy, Izrah.

The first battalion of death has got a new yell. "ONE ONE ONE ONE RAAAAY.

How about the class spirit?

Somebody told the janitor that some one else told him that his sister said to her cousin that the rest of the family told her that Mr. Brown new because Mrs. Jones little boy told her sister's aunt that Miss Towne heard there was going to be another Bum's Day.

Ain't this just the weather for campen', men?

We may be poor soldiers, but we know what the regiment. Run men—they won't fire until they see the whites of our eyes.

We wish to announce officially that Herluf and Sol will be seen on the local team again this year. Maybe we will get another Missouri Valley Championship.

You say you wish a position?

Your name?

How old are you?

What is your name?

Why? Year in which you were born? Ah, then you aren't that old are you? Education?

How many years of Latin did you take? WHY? Give ten references. Good, Now give ten more. Good again. Are you good looking? Yes, yes, go on. Was your grandad conscripted? Now wasn't that too bad

Mr. Cairns will sympathise with you. Size of your hat? Now I

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After 6 p. m., Webster 1031

Senior—KEEP'S—Dec. 21.

want you to answer a few questions for me. Good. Do you smoke? Not fatimas? Oh, well that's different. Can you fight? What are you looking for a job here for? Oh, I see. UMM How much do you think you'll get? Guess again. No kiddin' what will you work for? UMMMMMMMMM again. All right, I guess we can use you. What's that? You are ready to work now? Good. By the way, what college did you attend? Is that so? Well now you drive and I'll shovel.

How goes the night, boy?

I think that the tennis committees ought to have a conference this week. The first thing you know the Lincoln team will be all ready and here we'll be not even started.

Say I heard the best story—
OH SKINNAY.

YEA MA I'M COMINGGGGGG.

(With apologies to Briggs and also a New York Paper or two.)

Moser, (at the photographers), "I don't want you to make a large picture"

Photographer: "All right, please close your mouth."

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EXPERIENCE

Teacher: "Please put 'I refuse your offer' in figurative form."

Beatrice: "I can only be a sister to you."

Kharas: "Was my argument sound?"

Cohn: "Yes, largely!"

Campbell: "Your girl is a wonderful dancer but for two things."

McCoun (elated): "What are they?"

Campbell (beating a retreat): "Her feet!"

When Major Bantin was a freshman.

Bantin (on guard): "Halt there, fellow, you've got to give the password and say whether you are friend or foe."

Malvern roustabout: "Say, if you try to stop me, I'll knock your block off."

Bantin: "Pass friend."

COMPANY C

Green: "What shall I do with the dirt left over?"

Fike: "Dig another hole and shovel it in!"

"Rodman, you're awfully hard to dance with!"

"Russell, you'd make an awfully good wrestler!"

Carson: "I would like to get a good book to read."

Miss Shields: "How about Fielding?"

Carson: "I dunno. Got anything on base running?"

Miss Atkinson is my teacher, I shall not pass.

She maketh me to answer in deep embarrassment;

She leadeth me into traps of my own setting,

She calleth my bluff.

She leadeth me into dusty paths among orchards of dates for mine own nourishment—yea, tho' I walk with McCoun and Bantin,

I cannot recite for they will not help me; their dignity and their laws they crush me.

She prepareth me for a plucking in the presence of my classmates;

She raineth on my head questions. She showeth me up.

Verily, History, does haunt me every hour of my life, until I shall dwell in 118 forever. "Pot."

COME ON, BOYS!

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We are now photographing the Mid-Term Graduates

Very Special Rates \$3.50 to \$5.00 Per Dozen

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Sixteenth and Howard Streets

He: "Accommodate me with a bed for the night."

Landlord: "All beds are full. You can take down the clock and sleep between the ticks."

Food conservators suggest the raising of pigs in the city during the war. The pen is mightier than the sword.

One of the girls in the cooking class was asked: "Did you wash that fish before you baked it?"

No, what's the use?" was the reply. "It has lived in the water all its life."

Freshman: "I've heard of Good Friday and Ash Wednesday, but what in thunder is a Nut Sundae?"

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The Teacher asked, "And what is space?"

The trembling student said: "I cannot think at present, But I have it in my head."

Question: "Can two live as cheaply as one?"

Answer: "Two hearts need two heart--y meals."

Young Carlisle was wrestling with a lesson in grammar. "Father," said he, what part of speech is "woman?" "Woman, my boy, is not a part of speech; she is all of it," returned father.

Miss Davies: "What is the hardest tax to raise?"

Stryker: "Carpet tacks."

Smith: "Why are you limping?"

Maxwell: "I stepped on the spur of the moment."

Elwood: *(In the greasy spoon),* "Do you serve oysters here?"

Waiter: Yes, sit right down. We serve everybody."

REVISED PROVERBS

A Hair in the head is worth two in the comb.

Motor and the girls motor with you, Walk and you walk alone.

Fools rush in where angels fear to wed.

Mr. Wardwell: "What's the unit of power?"

Francis Wahl: "What?"

Mr. Wardwell: "Correct."

FALSE!

Lovely girl,
Golden hair;
Windy whirl,
Tresses—where?

The soldiers bear arms; the kilties bare legs.

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FAVORITE LINES

C. Rogers: "Weeal, where do you find that?"

Millard Rogers: *(We can't put it in print, but it goes something like this):* "Baaa haa ha ha!"

Johnston: "Naow, gentlemen, let's look at this thing seriously."

Dearmont: "I haven't my cards here today, but I will have them tomorrow."

Cunningham: "Say, Fritz, will you let me take a nickel?"

A TOAST

"Our parents and teachers—may they never meet!"

Barton: "I don't think Bantin can dance."

Dorothy: "Hush, you forget yourself."

WILL SHE?

When the coming woman gets here,
Will she offer up her seat;
Will she offer her umbrella

When there's rain or snow or sleet?
Will she help us in the auto?
Will she bait our fishing hook?

Will she step into the water.
That we, dry, may cross the brook?
Will she seize a rail and rescue

When the bully chases us?
Will she push the wheezy mower
Every eve and make no fuss?

Will she run the locomotive?
Shovel coal and handle brakes?
Will she level mount and forest;

Carry bitters for the snakes?
Will she march to bloody battle,
Snap her fingers at the hurts?

Well, I guess not; she will merely
Hide behind her husband's skirts.

—Ez.

Recruiting Officer: "What military experience have you had?"

Wiley: "I've worn a wrist watch for years."

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SCHEME**

Were you ever crimson with wrath?
Were you ever pink with embarrass-
ment?
Were you ever green with jealousy?
Were you ever purple with rage?
Were you ever yellow?
Were you ever blue?
Were you ever white as chalk?
Were you ever in black despair?
Were you ever in a brown study?
Were you ever? E. C., '19.

DICTIONARY OF HIGH SCHOOL TERMS

Hard up, n.—See "busted."
Horse, n.—Pony, and, teacher's edition.
Hot Stuff, n.—Our ball team.
Josh, v. t.—To talk foolishly to the girls.
Love, n.—A contagious disease. Symptoms
—smiles, late hours. Cure—Bounce.
Lab., n.—A foul smelling place.
Manager, n.—One who runs a ball team in
debt.
Military, n.—Punishment.
Pass, n.—A term used in exams.
Pony, n.—See Horse.
Water, n.—A fluid used for bathing pur-
poses, also in case of fire.

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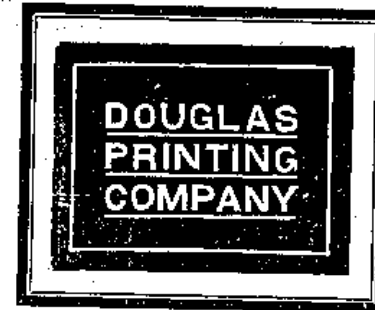
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