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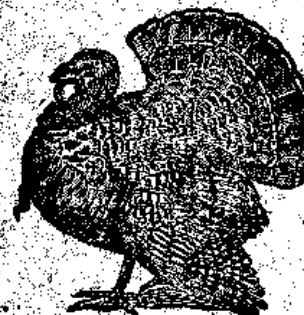
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The Register



Thanksgiving Number

1918

Volume
Thirty-three

Number
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THE REGISTER

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

"Acceptance for mailing special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 15, 1918"

Subscription Rates, One Dollar Per Year Single Copy, Fifteen Cents

Advertising Rates on Application to Business Manager
Address All Communications and Make All Checks Payable to High School Register, Omaha, Nebraska

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Vol. XXXIII OMAHA, NEBR., NOVEMBER, 1918 Number 3



In unity there is strength. A high school without its organizations is dead. In Central High there are several organizations for the more effectual carrying on of school activities. In athletics we have the Student Association. In the Regiment there is the C. O. C. The Student Council is just being organized. But there is one organization which has not been much in evidence this year. This is the Boosters' Club. Its motto is "Pep first, last, and always." Its membership consists of all the live enthusiastic boys and girls in the school. It meets at Mass Meetings and at all school contests. It even pays dividends in winning teams and a live school. Are you a member? If not, join, get behind, and push. Let's go!

D. M. P., '19.

Pep up for the big game! Cheer here so they can hear it in St. Joe.

Loyal students of the high school will be found tomorrow in the O. H. S. section of the grandstand. Stay with the crowd!

Don't forget to come back to school Friday. Freshmen should tie a string around their fingers.

The best Christmas story of not more than 1,200 words that is handed in at THE REGISTER office before December 18 will be printed in the Holiday number. Embryonic poets are also urged to contribute.

THE NEW THANKSGIVING SPIRIT

Heretofore when Thanksgiving came around, we weren't particularly thankful for anything except, perhaps, the turkey, cranberries, and pumpkin pie, time honored symbols of this last Thursday in November.

Now all is changed. In few homes will there be the wonted sumptuous feast. Instead, far better than turkey and pie, there will be the true, old-time reverent spirit of thanks offering to God. Thanks for the end of these five years of strife and bloodshed; thanks for the boys, come safely through its perils and soon to be returned to their mothers, wives, and sweethearts; thanks that out of the struggle a better and truer humanity and sense of justice have arisen, and that "peace on earth, good will to men," again reigns.

V. D., '19.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

The hardest thing on earth to do is to write a Thanksgiving editorial that isn't a sermon. I know, for I've been trying for a solid half hour to do it. Goodness knows! after November 11 none of us ought to have much trouble finding plenty to be thankful for. I suppose that's just what makes this editorial business so hard; a person can't mention Thanksgiving without immediately wanting to tell people how many blessings they have, and *who* wants to know that? In the days of my indiscreet youth, I once wrote a thingumbob on Thanksgiving in which I did preach most terrifically; and if anyone lived to wade through it, he disliked me most decidedly ever after. And so now, remembering this painful example, I try most religiously to dam up the flood of my eloquence (pardon the metaphor, gentle reader, it was put in for the benefit of our honorable censor, who dotes on flowing language). Well, to resume, I have been ordered (he might have *requested*, don't you think?) to put lots of Thanksgiving spirit into this—er—composition. But, ye gods! (mental note: will she pass it?) when I consider the eloquence of these masterpieces about me I am quite bereft of words. Now just look at those little editorial comments down there. Aren't they gems? Ah, me! our editor; he is a genius if ever there was one! What an opportunity is ours, fellow students, to study the works of this great man. But, hist! tell him not that I have mentioned him in this young essay, or he will be exceeding wroth. But "tempus fugit," and also space; I must be brief. Instead of a lot of "we-ought-to-be-thankful-fors," I'm just going to say that I hope every last one of you, big or little, has the jolliest old Thanksgiving you ever had; and I'll add, while I'm about it, that I hope you have a thousand more.

(The following editorial was chosen for publication in THE REGISTER by judges of papers handed in by the Gym Club):

"ALL FOR HEALTH; HEALTH FOR ALL" DRIVE

There have been Red Cross drives, Liberty Loan drives, War Work Fund drives; drives without number, for the welfare of the soldiers in the trenches; but this, our drive, is for the welfare of the soldiers at home, the girls and boys, those who are factors in making other drives possible.

This new drive is for better posture, the keynote of sound health. It will be conducted, nominally, by the Gym Club of Central High; but we hope for the co-operation of the faculty, of the Cadet Regiment, and, in fact, of every one in Central High.

We girls who take gym and the boys who take drill know the practical value of a correct posture; know the exhilaration of two sound lungs filled, really filled, with air; know the consciousness of power derived from a well-poised body; know how much more clearly one can think when pulsating with life and energy induced by a correct posture.

Let us all become initiated into the great society of the well-poised! Let us put the drive for "Better Posture" over the top.

MILDRED BYRNE, '20.

LITERARY

THE DESERT PAIR

FOR ten years—wait, it was but nine years—we had been accustomed to meet at the club on Thanksgiving evening. This was the tenth year. We sat there in the somnolent blackness of the room, looking out at the drizzle and the pallid gleam of the street lights. We were downcast, a bit—possibly it was the rain, a horrible monotonous rain that had fallen steadily for a good many days—too many days. . . . A match flared and I wondered at the lean quietness of Harley's face; we all wondered at his silence even as we had done the past nine Thanksgivings. And Harley seemed to feel our scrutiny, for he turned restlessly in his chair. Perhaps the days of silent rain and the pungent wetness of the earth had preyed upon him, even as it had preyed upon all men—dampening their very souls. Or, perchance— But no, hear his tale and then judge:

The drizzle shewn fell silently, softly, as falls the snow; shiftingly, as blows the fog; and weirdly, monotonously, as floats a soft, easy breeze over the forest. It was still; as dead still as a winter moorland when the birds have fled and the shrill sharpness of a cry of agony has just melted into the profound chill. And it was dark, a blackness that was dank and singularly warm like the murkiness of a tropical river. Yes, it was the desert!

And through that vast sameness, that great sand beast soaking up the rain as the ocean swallows the waters of rivers, short rivers, long rivers, broad rivers—yet all of them rivers that flow silently and undisturbed past the agonies and tragedies of men—yes, through all that solitary terror rode a horseman—alone, and listless in his saddle. To him the desert stretched silent and far away into the mists. He rode within a circle, wet—blackly wet—walled and moving. Into his isolated world, the hills came—those desert hills, grimly beautiful in their ghastly meaning, in the sinister terror they sheltered, and set forth on men as one would sic a bulldog on a child—blue, grey-blue, grey, dull red, muddy yellow, grimly white with alkali—and all softened by the weirdness of the floating mist. And they took shapes, contorted shapes, as shiny-sided castles, as great battlements, as low fortresses, as gloomy dungeons. Once a coyote passed before his horse and glanced sidewise at the wet pair. The horse shied and went on.

At length, peering grotesquely, palely, and singularly rounded and enlarged by the doleful rain, came two lights close upon each other. Eyes they were, gazing blandly from their cabin upon the desert, never closing curtain-lids, for they had none. Ah! here was a home, a refuge from the agonizing wet. He drew close and unsaddled his horse in the dingy barn. He fed it hay and went to the house. He faltered at the door; then knocked sharply. The rapping was muffled by the intense gloom.

"Yeah, come in, come in," but rather restlessly.

He entered and explained his presence. . . . Yes, he had been several days coming from the road, little food—too wet for any game—barely any sleep. . . . What, people often came that way? . . . Yes.

In the dim silence of that room; a silence deep and profound as the silence of the future, a silence fathomless as the mists of time, a preternatural silence of uneasiness, a weird stillness made more anguishing by the methodical thud of the new-washed dishes as they fell softly into the drain pan; in that silence there were two people, besides the lone rider, and they were old. The lamp, loose hung on the wall by a tarnished brazen bracket, burned bluely, as stifled by the very gloom, and flung dull, velvet shadows across the wan, sad face of the little wife

of that unkempt pair, and blackened the greyness of the man's disheveled beard. The woman spoke:

"No—no . . . no! No, John, 'taint him!" Her voice fell, plaintively, sadly, a soft, prolonged wail as the cry of a beaten beast of the wilds, in the dead stillness of the room.

* * * * *

They gave the stranger a meal, wholesome and full, and consigned him to a small, back room for the night.

"Thet thar's the room what our son used ter use. That was a-fore he run away an'—an' I guess got killed. She," and he shot a stubby thumb over his shoulder towards the pitiful woman, "she al'ays says he's a-comin' back—but she's old now."

Late that night, as quietude grasped the earth unchallenger, the stranger heard the anguished pair offer up a thanksgiving, a thanksgiving that they could have with them a young man who was the age that their son would have been.

He slept little; and far in the night, he went again into the desert, deep-stung by the unkempt simplicity of the desert pair.

He was their son!

ROBERT RAYNOLDS, '20.

WITHIN THE WALL

Once upon a time, a great many years ago, there was in a little Hindu village a beautiful, beautiful garden, where every wonderful flower in the world grew. The roses in this garden were larger and finer than anywhere else, and smelled sweeter. The lilies were whiter, and the violets bluer. All around the beautiful garden ran a high, white wall, and within the wall lived an old, old, old man and his lovely daughter.

All day long the sun shone down on the little village, but it seemed to shine with a softer, gentler radiance on the garden; for when the terrible dry seasons came and burned the farmers' corn to sad white patches, the vines that drooped over the garden wall were just as fresh and green as in the rainy spring. And when the floods came and bore away the grain in its awful yellow current, nothing seemed to harm the old man's garden. It was a pleasant place to be near; for the fragrance that floated out from the high white gate was delicious to breathe, and in the heat of the day, the wall made a wide cool shadow, grateful to the tired traveler. There the housewives of the village loved to sit and grind their "kibby" while their little brown babies played at their feet or slept softly on the little round mats at their sides.

Each little brown boy of the village used to gaze up at the vines that festooned themselves so gracefully over the top of the wall, and long to catch one and swing himself over into the garden; but the wall was high and smooth, and the vines far beyond reach. So the little brown boys had to be content with peeping through the tiny niche at the far end of the wall at the rare glimpses of sunny grass and flaming bloom when the wind swayed the vines that covered the wall from top to bottom. For no one ever entered or came from the garden but the old, old man and his beautiful daughter. They were "foreigners" and did not speak to the folk of the village except when the daughter stole out, just once in a very great while, to watch the little brown babies playing in the shade outside her garden wall.

For many years the old man had lived all alone inside the wall; but one day, a strange white man came and brought with him a lovely little girl. The strange man went away alone and left the child with the old man.

And so the years had sped away, and the little girl was a beautiful lady now. The years had brought prosperity to the little village; the farmers' corn fields were bounteous and the rice fields fruitful. The little brown babies were fat and the busy mothers smiled over their "kibby."

But there came a season at last when the sun shone down unmercifully and wilted the heavy grain. The corn stalks stood with drooping heads under the terrible glare of the furious sun. The crops failed, and the villagers feared for the coming seasons when the food would be gone and their little children would ask in vain for "kibby." The people came to the shaded wall and set up their idols and prayed all the day for the cool rains to come and relieve the thirsty land.

And all this time the vines were still green and lovely that hung over the garden wall, and every day the stricken villagers looked up to the top of the wall and cried to the old man and his daughter to bring them help from their garden of plenty. The old man heard them and sat unheeding in his rose arbor listening to the silvery play of a little fountain. The beautiful lady heard, and her heart was wrenched at the sound of the anguished voices. Every day she knelt at her father's feet and implored him to send them food and water for the little brown babies. But her father only shook his head and answered always:

"No, my little one, they are not of our people; they are nothing to me. Why should I give them what is mine?"

"O, father, there are little ones starving in their mothers' arms. They cry and cannot understand. Won't you help even the little ones?"

"My child, they are less than the dust; I have you and all the beautiful things of my garden that I have made for you. Why should I be made unhappy by the cries of that throng outside? Forget them and their troubles and be happy with me."

But the tender-hearted girl could not forget them, and always she was thinking, planning how to help them. Her father kept the gate locked those days, and she could not find the key. But she must get out to them and do *something*!

At last she could stand it no longer. The cries were growing fainter and sometimes, pressing her ear to the wall, she could hear the sad, sad mourning of the mothers for little lost babes. So one day while her father slept in a quiet arbor in the shade of the rose trees, the lady filled a great hamper with food and fastened to it a long white rope. Then using the thick vines as a ladder she climbed to the top of the garden wall and looked over into the village. Her heart was sick at the pitiful sight of burned desolation, and she stood for a moment with eyes blinded with tears. Then slowly and carefully, she pulled the basket up after her. It took all her strength, for it was very heavy; but at last it stood on the wall's top and the lady rested. The villagers below looked up with amazed eyes to behold the beautiful lady with the basket on the wall. They saw the lady smile and the basket began to descend, laden with food for their starved bodies and blessed water for their parched throats.

And so, every day, all through the plague of heat, the lady carried comfort to the sufferers; and the father, sleeping in the rose garden, knew nothing of it.

At last the sun's fury abated and clouds came to cool the dying land with blessed rain. The people were wild with joy to feel the wet drops on their burning faces, and set up their little wooden gods to give thanks for their deliverance. And they took a little withered flower that dropped from the lady's girdle one day, and they made a tiny altar for it and all the people bowed before it and praised the good white goddess who had brought them help in their misery. And there was great rejoicing in the little Hindu village.

But the beautiful lady had grown very tired with carrying the heavy baskets, and she lay with her cheek on the cool grass beside a clear well of water, and wished to die—she was so tired, tired. And a little blue-bird came and sat close to the well and sang sweet songs in the sunlight. But the lady did not hear them, for her tired mind and body had slipped beyond earthly hearing, and her gentle heart was at rest in a glad and happy land.

And every time the moon is a round ball of gold in June in the little Hindu village, the people bring great piles of flowers to the shade of the garden wall that is beginning to be old and cracked now, and all the people come and kneel

all day in prayers of thanksgiving for the beautiful lady on the wall. And no one ever goes into the wonderful garden, for they believe that it is the home of the white goddess where only the righteous and perfect may enter.

W. T.

UNCLE SI'S PHILOSOPHY

"We-al, now, do you mean to tell me that you hev nothing to be thankful for, Jim Shank?"

Old Uncle Silas asked this question of one of the men in the group around him. These men, old and gray, but still hardy, had for their favorite gathering place the corner down by the old blacksmith shop, which was a building like themselves—old and weather-beaten.

"I cain't esackly sec ez I hev," Jim Shank replied, frowning. "There's the mortgage on the little place where Martha en me has lived sence we got married. Martha's bein' sick took all the money we saved to pay off the mortgage. En when I think o' havin' to go to the city to live with my daughter, I do b'lieve I'd jes as soon go to the poorhouse here in Junkerville. Why, I couldn't see you, Si, nor John, nor Hi, nor Mark, nor anybody. And, gosh, but it's noisy in the city. Never saw so much racket in my life, 'n Martha don't like it, either. And my son, Jim, has gone to war and can't help us out."

"Yes, yes," mused Uncle Si, drawing his hand abstractedly over his heavy, white beard. "Yes, ye've got a hard row to hoe, and ye'r not as young to hoe it as you used ter be." (Two long puffs on his pipe). "But naow sec here, why don't you kind o' try to think o' the things you hev got ter be thanful for. Ye'r wife got well, didn't she? Ye'r daughter married a good man, didn't she? So you don't hev ter watch out fer her. Ye'r pension is large enough ter feed and clothe you, ain't it? Ye've got a mighty big lot o' friends, hev'n't you? And another thing, ye're alive, ain't you? All right, then, wonder if yer wife hed died. How'd you like that? Wonder if ye'r daughter hed married such a man that you would hev ter worry about her bein' happy. Suppose you didn't hev no pension. Then look haow *de-pen-dent* you would be even if you hed to live with ye'r daughter or go to the poorhouse. And, then, ef you were dead, it's no tellin' haow unthankful you might be. And see here, ain't you proud thiet you hev had yer son to give up and to help bring about this yere peace thiet's come?"

"All right, then," he continued, looking around, "anybody else in this crowd as is unthankful?"

The rest shifted their feet rather guiltily, but answered, "Not now, Si, ye've said some mighty uncommon things as has changed our minds."

R. S., '20.

RETRIBUTION—A SONNET

O, Pen! that in the prime of fairest use
Hath broken, was't the bright ink and green
(The like of which long since thou hast not seen)
'That caused thy downfall? No? Then what abuse
More vile occurs to thee as an excuse
For thy mishap, frail, over-worked Machine?
Do I hear thee speak? What dost thou mean?
Surely thou hast not suffered from disuse!
Think of the history, of the English themes,
The Greek, the Latin thou hast penned by night!
Dost thou call this disuse? Then kindly grant
Me th' intelligence: What great use be seems
A jack-knife fountain pen? Dictate. I'll write.
"Thou Hast not Written to thine Ancient Aunt!"

A. C. P., '18.

SCHOOL NOTES

SENIOR CLASS ELECTION

The class of 1919 held its first meeting of the year Wednesday, November 20. The following were elected officers: William Hamilton, president; Phyllis Waterman, vice president; Burk Adams, treasurer; Ruth Miller, secretary; James Proebsting and Mildred Othmer, sergeants-at-arms. Miss Towne, Mr. McMillan and Mr. Wedeking were chosen class teachers.

STUDENT ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

The Athletic Board has appointed Russel Funkhouser as president and Ray Stryker as vice president of the Student Association. These officers are to take the places of Roger Moore and Roland Jefferson of the Ambulance Corps.

Mr. Schmidt is ill at the Methodist hospital with influenza.

Five of the faculty are now in France—Mr. Gulgard, Mr. Cairns, Mr. Wardwell, Miss Thomas, and Miss Eva O'Sullivan.

Miss Nell Bridenbaugh has taken Miss Thomas' classes.

Miss Hilliard has been granted a leave of absence. Her place has been taken by Miss Alice West.

Until a new debating coach can be found to fill the place left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Puls, Mr. Yoder will take the seventh hour debating class.

Miss Ethel Fullaway has received her call for work overseas and expects to leave in a few days. Miss Ella Jenkins is expecting her call at any moment.

The History Department is making plans for the new war course which will start next semester.

BOOSTER PARADE

The committee appointed to take charge of the big booster parade this afternoon are: Ray Stryker, William Hamilton, Harold Moore, Russel Funkhouser, and Wallace Craig. It is expected that this parade will bring a large crowd to the game tomorrow.

The Student Council has been reorganized for the coming year. Inasmuch as last year's Council served for only one month, the Faculty Council decided that the old members continue in office, and that the vacancies be filled by class elections. Class meetings were held on Tuesday, November 26, for the purpose of choosing the representatives.

Registrants in the Boys' Working Reserve will receive questionnaires soon, and promptly thereafter will have a thorough physical examination.

Most of the boys who joined the Red Cross Ambulance Corps were home on a furlough last week before going over. They left Omaha Thursday.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

It will not be possible to finish the tennis tournament this fall on account of the recent "flu" vacation and the present bad weather. Eleanor Hamilton, the winner of last spring's tournament, will keep the cup until spring, when she will defend her title to it in the usual spring tournament.

Basketball is now well organized. There is a big showing from each team, and some lively games are held. Permanent captains will be selected soon.

Volley ball teams will be organized among the freshmen gym girls.

Beginning tennis classes are held each week in the gym. There are twenty girls in the classes. Any one wishing to learn the game and to keep up practice may join.

VICTORY DRIVE

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 6th, 7th, and 8th of November, mass meetings were held in the auditorium during first hour to arouse interest in the Victory Drive. Speeches were made by Miss Towne, Mr. Masters, Mr. Wedeking, Harold Moore, Walter White and Bob Wiley. Several songs were sung by the whole assembly, led by the Boys' Glee Club, and the spirit shown by all was wonderful. The following Monday at the large mass meeting speeches were made by further teachers, Mr. McMillan and Mrs. Atkinson. The big Liberty Drive itself was staged after the mass meeting under the direction of Mr. Wedeking for the boys, and under Miss Towne for the girls. Every individual in the building was asked to subscribe, and the following results show the success which resulted:

	Average	Total
Boys	\$1.85	\$3,270.58
Girls	4.60	3,921.65
Teachers and janitors.....		1,089.50
Grand total		\$8,281.63

SURGICAL DRESSINGS

Miss Browne reports that the following articles have been completed since school opened this fall, by the surgical dressing classes:

- 200 Cotton Pads.
- 4600 2x2 Wipes.
- 200 Abdominal Bandages.
- 975 8x4 Compresses.
- 1500 4x4 Wipes.

Several bushels of fruit pits have been collected. Central Red Cross Division sends word that more gas masks will be needed, so please continue to save pits.

Waste paper is still being collected by the janitors. Please remember the waste paper boxes in the halls, as quite a sum of money may be realized from this source.

Among several others, Miss Duke has contributed fifty books for our High School boys in camp.

ORGANIZATIONS

Though societies have as yet had few meetings, leaders have been busy with new plans which indicate a good year for all.

Girls of the Lowell Society are taking up the reclamation work offered by the Women's Service League.

The Gym Club expects to spend Saturday meetings in sewing for the Visiting Nurses.

Elaine Society, under the direction of Miss Smith, is studying dramatic art, and hopes to present a comedy soon.

There is a new organization among us, one which will probably outdo all others as a benefit to Central High. This new and beneficial organization is the Royal Engineers' Corps, the outgrowth of the construction gang at Camp Reed.

The W. D. S. held a short meeting on Friday, November 15. On account of the impending disaster at Lincoln, the attendance was small, but an interesting program was presented in spite of this handicap.

We are still awaiting the awakening of the other Boys' Literary societies, which has been scheduled several times, but has as yet failed to come about. Better wake up, boys!

The first school concert of the year will be given by the Boys' Glee Club in the High School auditorium Friday evening, December 13, at 8 o'clock. The theme of this concert will be "Our Boys in Camp." It is something new and promises to be one of the best entertainments ever given by the club. The fact that it is to be given on Friday, the 13th, is in itself proof, not only that it will be a success, but also that it will hold a surprise for all who attend.

Tickets are now on sale at twenty-five cents.

SERVICE COLUMN

France, Sept. 5th, 1918.

After a wonderful trip we arrived in this little French village. It is quite a historical spot if you can believe the natives. A nun settled in the forest here in the year 450 A. D. and built a little shrine. She had a wonderful cure for an eye disease and with it cured a French king. As a reward he gave her a great tract of land. People gathered around her shrine and this village was founded. In the year 600 the town was fortified, and parts of the ruined old wall are still to be seen. Later the son of Charlemagne was chief priest and made his headquarters here. It is said that he used the same building that Company "A" is billeted in as quarters. We are in an old monastery and it is quite a relic in itself. I climb up a winding stone stairs in an old tower to get to my room. The English attacked the town during the hundred years war (1358) and captured the monastery, but the town held. As a reward for their brave defense the town was granted more land. It then became the foremost town in this part of France, with a population of over 3,000. Class wars broke out and Richelieu made this town his headquarters while trying to restore peace. This is enough to show you we are in quite an interesting old place.

Now, a little about the outfit. You would never recognize it; the men work and concentrate, for home is far off and the work is close at hand. The result is wonderful, and from what I have seen of the French and British soldiers, their courtesy, etc., we are away ahead of them. I am very proud of my outfit and I wouldn't be back in the state now drilling recruits for anything. This is the real soldiering, and if you get across just thank your lucky stars.

The French are wonderfully glad to see us and are very kind to any one in the uniform. Before we arrived a French officer told the villagers, as a joke, no doubt, that the American soldiers were savages and that they had better be careful. When we got here the women and children were all hiding. I think they had the shock of their lives when we started to police their streets. Now of course we are good friends. Our billet is in part of the old abbey, and the lady who lives in it made a beautiful American flag. It hangs on the altar of the village chapel between two French flags. I am going to try to get it. Each evening she leaves a little light burning at the foot of the stone steps and every day we have a basket of fruit on our table. By "we" I mean the two medical doctors and myself. In many ways we are made welcome.

EARL KETCHAM, '14.

Camp Farragut, Great Lakes, Ill.

Arrived here at this detention camp Thursday noon. Lunch was served to us at 1:40. It was a fine big one and the way I devoured that food was frightful. After lunch came the real stuff. I had to wield a healthy scrub brush in the kitchen-like place where we call for our chow. It, as well as the dining room, is in our barracks. Then I piled all the dishes away. You should have seen me scrubbing. Of course I got wetter and dirtier than the kitchen did, as well as furnishing amusement for all around me.

Received my first inoculation last night. My arm is kind of sore this morning, so cannot write much more.

Following a talk by our company commander we all went down and filled our ticks with straw. I got mine too full. Did not sleep on it last night and sneaked down about 5:10 this morning and dumped a lot out. Oh, yes! We go to bed at nine and get up at five. Uh! My arm is hurting more, so must stop.

BRUCE CUNNINGHAM, '18.



Sports

BIM

CAPITAL CITY GAME

Although our fellows outplayed their opponents in three quarters out of the four, our Purple and White squad was forced to suffer a defeat at the hands of the Capital City Warriors by the score of 6 to 0. The only score came after six minutes of play, when Lewellen, the Lincoln captain, completed a long fluke pass from Lyons. Lyons did not pass the ball, but in despair threw it and by mere luck, Lewellen was able to get under it and accomplish a touchdown.

For the first few minutes of play, Omaha's line was unable to withstand the heavy onslaught of the Red and Black men, and it looked as though Lincoln would romp off with as easy a game as North Des Moines had. After the early and fatal score, Omaha's line stiffened, and the backfield men took a new lease on life and began to show some really classy aggressive playing. The field was muddy and slowed up Mulligan's speedy backfield. The hard line hitting of Harper and Shanahan and the speed of Swoboda kept the ball in Lincoln's territory most of the time. Omaha made her downs repeatedly and the whistle was all that saved Lincoln from suffering a score, when the first half ended.

Omaha opened the second half with a determination to win. They kept the ball within the shade of the Red and Black goal, but could not score. The jinx seemed to be on the four-yard line; and no matter how hard Swoboda, Campbell, Shanahan, and Harper tried, they could not put it over. In the second half, Lincoln contented herself with playing a defensive game and punted and passed repeatedly. Time and again the Purple and White backfield returned the ball into dangerous territory, after a long punt, but did not have the punch to put it over. Lewellen, Lyons and Holland played a good game, but they were outclassed by the speedy, shifty, and aggressive game put up by Harper, Campbell, Swoboda, and Shanahan. It was just the repetition of the 1916 result, when Omaha, with the best team, lost by a fluke score.

FLU DISORGANIZES TEAM

Lincoln not only inflicted a defeat on Omaha, but very nearly wrecked our machine. The "flu" still has the upper hand in the Varsity City and three of our regulars are suffering from cases of the same. Campbell, Swoboda, and Konecky are out for the remainder of the season as a result of illness. Three second-string men were promoted to face Beatrice.

BEATRICE RUNS UP HEAVY SCORE

Playing before a small crowd and in an almost blinding snow storm, Beatrice Hi romped away with a 33 to 0 victory from our Purple and White squad.

Beatrice had her regular team and played a good brand of football, while Omaha had a crippled team because of losses on account of the "Lincoln Flu," and played a loose and erratic game. Oliver Maxwell was at the helm for Mulligan's men and, considering his experience, handled the team well. Maxwell tried to either win or stave off defeat via the air route, but it seemed as though those Beatrice men were everywhere at once and got under the ball. Beatrice intercepted several passes which resulted in good gains and victory. This defeat

just evens up for the nice drubbing our fellows handed Beatrice down here last season.

TURKEY DAY PROSPECTS

Our final game of the year will be on Thanksgiving Day, and about all we can hope for is to hold the score down as low as possible. Old Man Jinx has camped on our trail all season and he has certainly put all our chances for a victory in the background. The Joe town team has not faced defeat this season, although they have been held to one 0 to 0 draw. Their team is somewhat lighter this season than last, as ALSO is ours. It will be an uphill game, and every Central Hi booster should be in the stands backing the team.

BASKET BALL

With the close of an unsuccessful football season in sight, every fellow who knows the first thing about basketball should make arrangements to go out for the team and help make a victorious basketball season to balance our defeats in football. Mully will probably not make a call until after Christmas, but everyone who has any intentions of going out should keep himself in trim.

W. W. W., '19.

HEADQUARTERS RUMORS

The other day as we walked along the west hall on the first floor, intent on things in general, a faint sound reached our ears. Ay, very slight it was; but strangely enough, it awakened a peculiar impulse within us. 'Tis funny, you say, that a faint, far-away click could send a thrill surging through us; that a snap or a thump could cause us to pause, but no. For the click was the click of the opening bolt, the snap, the snap of a stiffened gate, and the thump—yeh, the thump—'twas the sound of the guns as they came to order.

Insignificant sounds, you say; but to those familiar with them their return after a long absence is heralded with delight. The slap of the palm against the gunstock as the piece is snapped about is as food for a craving spirit.

Truly, we welcome back into our midst the sound of the guns and the thrill that they give us.

D Company was the first to be issued guns this year. They received the Krag carbines generally issued to the companies of the Second Battalion. These guns are, as far as possible, in first class condition.

Company and battalion inspections will begin as soon as the gun issue is complete.

Now that the war is over it is thought very likely that Central High will have a chance to make application for a junior branch of the R. O. T. C. for the cadets. In this case drill would be under the direct supervision of officers of the United States Army. If this is obtained, it will indeed be an honor to Central High School because it is only recently that this privilege has been extended to the high schools.

H. M., '19.

We'll say the teachers ought to go easy with the "D's" on account of the "flu" vacation. What do you think?

CONFESSIONS OF A SENIOR: By Bussy Buck

Some years ago it was the custom to make fun of the thought of "love at first sight;" but those who imagine, not less than those who experience deeply, have always stood by its existence. The confession I am about to make will add another to the almost innumerable instances of the truth of my position.

My story requires that I be somewhat brief. I am still a very, very young man; not yet have I reached my eighteenth birthday. My name at present—notice I say "at present"—is a very usual one. I have just adopted this surname within the last few minutes, in order to try the stuff Cynthia Gray and Dorothy Dix seem to get away with.

Not stopping to go into my extended pedigree, I will pass on to my main topic, stopping but for a moment to describe myself.

I believe that I am well made and possess what most of the universe would consider a face—not extremely handsome but not unpleasant to look at. My hair is brown and far from curly. My nose is fairly good. My eyes are blue—sometimes bright and dancy-like—and at other times a dull gray. It all depends on my hair make-up. I will content myself and probably please you by saying that my temperament is sanguine, rash, enthusiastic at times, and ardent—and that all my life I have been a devoted admirer of the fair sex.

One night, a few winters ago, I attended a party at a friend's house. For a few hours we gave our undivided attention to the different forms of amusement. Then, tiring of the sport, I went over and sat with my host. I was about to turn my eyes back to the games when they became riveted on a figure in the next room.

If I live to outlive Methuselah, I can never forget the intense emotion with which I regarded this figure. It was that of a young woman, the most wonderful, I thought, that I could ever behold. I could not see the face, but there was grace personified, incarnate, and the ideal of my most enthusiastic visions. The head, of which only the back could be seen, was indeed a rival of ancient Greek goddesses. The arm which hung naturally at the side nearest me was covered, revealing only the delicate fingers which thrilled every nerve of my frame with their symmetry.

I gazed at this stately apparition for at least twenty minutes as if I suddenly had been petrified, and I say from the bottom of my heart, that during this time I felt the full force of truth of everything that was ever said about "love at first sight." My feelings were totally different from any I had experienced before in the presence of our most celebrated beauties.

A magnetic sympathy seemed to rivet not only my vision, but my whole powers of feeling and thought on the object of admiration before me.

I saw—I felt—in fact, I knew—I was sure that I was deeply, madly, passionately in love—and this even before seeing her face.

While I was thus busied in admiring this lovely vision, a sudden call from one of the group caused her to turn my way. Her beauty exceeded my anticipations. Had she been alone, I would undoubtedly have entered and accosted her at all risks, for I was just in that condition of mind which prepares a young and susceptible man for any act of extravagance; but fortunately she was with two friends, a boy and a girl, neither of whom I knew. I looked for my host. He was no place around.

In the meantime, I kept my eyes riveted on the fair one, whose name I learned was ————. I had the good fortune, at length, of obtaining a full front view of her face. It was exquisitely lovely; this my heart had said before. While I thus pleased my eyes I noticed at last, to my great uneasiness, that she had become aware of the intensity of my gaze. Still I was fascinated and could not withdraw my eyes from her. After some minutes, as if urged by

(Continued on Page 16)

FRAGMENTS

By KILOMETERS BURKELEAF AND BURKEHART

JOKING TO 1 (ONE) SIDE—(THIS SIDE)

PARADES

I hate parades.
They get on my nerves.
The ones in the rain
Are the worst, almost.
You can't see for
Umbrellas,
Which drip endlessly
Down the back of your neck
And poke you,
And you don't have one to
Poke back.
Then there's the hot ones,
When complexions
Run
And dust blows
And moist people lean on
You,
Asking when it will start.
Then the standard stuff—
Motorcycles first,
And the fire department in
Their essence cabooses,
And prominent business men,
Home guards by
The acre
And sections of a band
Inserted
To look like twenty.
But the worstest,
From a military standpoint,
Since Washington
Double-crossed the
Delaware,
Was the ONE to celebrate
Peace.
(Made in Germany, by the Allies).
The colonel grunted,
The majors snorted,
And the captains swore,
As the Woolley book says.

There's more noise
In a battle,
But
I doubt it.
I hate parades.
They get on my nerves.

VISTA XXX (Lincoln)

We feel compelled to write something
unkind about this next (and also first)
stop of our Itinerary.

Boarding one of their queer little
trams we PLANKED down our fare,
which we had ready, please. You could
almost imagine there was a little sign
reading: "Hommes, 40; Chevaux, 8."
We were deposited at the village Inn;
and while we were there, the proprietor
took down a summer sign which said:
"No Mosquitoes."

"Draatted critters didn't pay no 'ten-
tion to it," was his explanation. So we
got a hint on the Capitol in the summer.

After lunch, the only good thing, we
went out to hunt for Keith Neville's
house. After a while we came to a big
domed building with some man's statue
standing on top.

"Owf," said Beendorf, "I'd hate to be
governor and hafta stand up there in all
this rain."

The funny part of it was that it was
the Court House instead of the Capitol.

AT THE MUSEUM

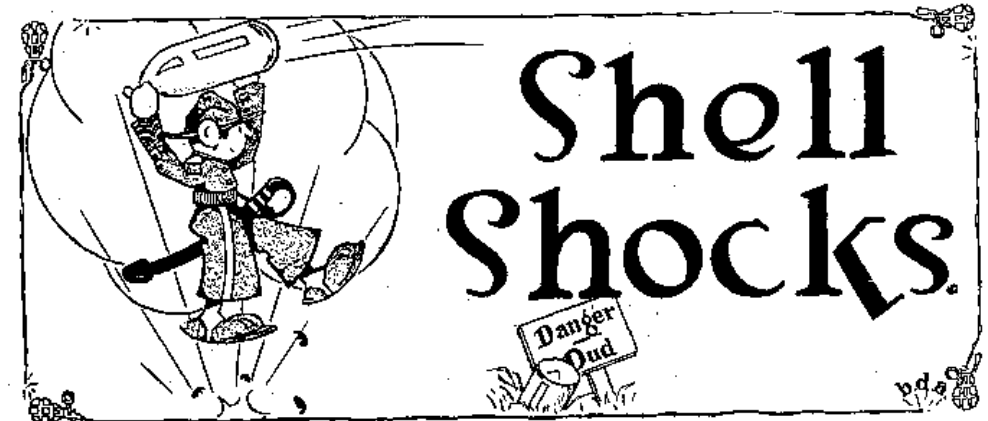
Not meaning any offense by this title,
neverth'less Vance was looking at some
mummies the other day in the library,
Nineteenth and Harney, when he called
to an attendant: "Beg pardon, sir, but
who is this party in puttees?"

Miss Williams: "Margaret, did you
have a pattern for that dress?"

Margaret O.: "No'm, I made it by
ear."

Sammy C.: "How do they make the
hash in the lunch room?"

Dick W.: "They don't; it accumu-
lates."



HELLO, CENTRAL!

Patient sufferer: The bloody Hun,
forever done, no more will haunt our
peace; his race is won, our battles won,
his ravages must cease. No suffering
mass, nor poison gas to murder off our
boys; no airplane raids, no cannonades,
to mar our equipoise. France is free,
and she can see once more her native
land; while Belgium dear, no more need
fear the Kaiser's deadly hand. In Rus-
sia far, shines bright the star of human
liberty; a light so bright through dark
black night shines for democracy. In
far-off Spain, yes once again, free from
traitor-touch, with much care-ease, joy
if you please, they will accomplish much.
And Holland, too, we know will do
things that are fine and bright; things
that are great,—there's not the Hate,
that evil German blight. And John Bull
brave, who thousands gave, that this
world might be pure, has shown that he,
as well as we, a sacrifice can endure.
And Canada bold, men young and old,
sent across the foam, that Serbs and
Slavs, and Czecho mobs might have a
peaceful home. And we did see how
Italy in mountain passes high, to settle a
score fought on some more, thought
many men did die.

And then there came into war's game
the bravest of them all; with main and
might, by day and night, he heard the
freedman's call. He came with ships,
prayers on his lips—for France and all
she prized, with a million guns to shoot

the Huns the Kaiser he surprised; with
Liberty Loans for stay-at-homes, and
many other things to help the lad, and
make him glad, until his brave heart
sings. And each marine, the finest seen,
at famous Chateau-Thierry, with careful
aim and courage game the Hun-hordes
then did bury. And then men poured,
and shells were stored and food there
was aplenty; for every ship the Kaiser
sunk, the Allies then built twenty. And
victory came rapidly and revolution, too.
The Kaiser found unsteady ground; so
did the Crown Prince, too.

And then one day, a glorious day, a
day to be long remembered, the Kaiser's
dream, his world-wide scheme, was sur-
denly dismembered. And there was
peace, most noble peace, one to be ne'er
forgotten. The tyrant gone, we did not
mourn,—his just dues he has gotten.

BEFORE

Announcement through the circular
came:

"On the flu ban lay the blame;
Because of this, I truly fear
There'll be no mid-term tests this year."

And all the pupils yelled with glee
"No exams, oh my! oh me!"

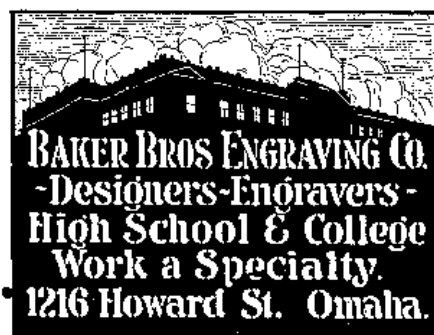
AFTER

But from the teachers' mouths it seems
As things that happen but in dreams
"Instead of mid-term tests," we heard
them say

"We'll have prep tests for every day."

And then the pupils with heavy grief
Did moan and sob beyond relief.

Also, after writing this spasm we learn
that there will be mid-term tests also.
??? (!!!)



ECHOES FROM II-III

Motto: "Semper laboramus!"

Miss Paxson: "How every mother's child of you hurry and get down this assignment."

Russel: "Hey, Vance, lend me a pad of paper."

Yeah, Heyward we all gotta agree that any little boy who will let the girls help him with his prose will let his wife chop the kindling.

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GRAND

Theatre Beautiful

16th and Binney Streets

COME TO OUR

Thanksgiving Matinee

See CHAS. RAY

(Continued from Page 13)

curiosity, she again gradually brought her face around again, and I encountered her burning gaze. Her large gray-blue eyes fell instantly, and a deep blush flushed her cheek; but to my greatest astonishment she did not turn her head back, but gazed at me for several seconds.

I noticed that upon her first look, she seemed satisfied with momentary inspection of my person, and was turning around when, as if mechanically struck by another thought, she resumed her stare and regarded me with fixed attention for five minutes at the very least.

Having satisfied her curiosity, she turned. I continued to watch her unremittingly, although I was well aware of my rudeness. Upon the conclusion of a conversation with her friends, which I knew concerned me, I was thrown into the extremity of agitation by seeing her turn toward me again, and disregarding the buzz of the others, she surveyed me from head to foot.

Watching my opportunity, when I thought the crowd were fully engaged in their amusement, I at length caught _____'s eye and made a slight but unmistakable bow.

She blushed deeply. She then allowed her bright eyes to set fully and steadily upon my own, and then, with a faint smile, disclosing a line of pearly teeth, she made two distinct affirmative inclinations of the head.

It is useless, of course, to dwell upon by joy, upon my transport—upon my illimitable ecstasy of heart. If ever a man was mad with happiness, it was I at that moment. I loved. This was my first love—so I felt it to be. It was love indescribable and supreme. It was "love at first sight," and, too, it had been appreciated and "returned."

The happy moment came in a short time, and we were "acquaintances." All went well for quite a long time, when "something" interfered.

Watch for Bussy's next confession, *Freshman Vampires*.

The following geographical treatise is inserted only as a special mark of gratitude to a friend who once saved our life:

THE MISSOURI RIVER

The dust blows out of the Missouri River! It is the only river in the world where dust blows in great columns out of the river bed. The cat-fish come to the surface to sneeze. From the great wide stretching sand bars on the Kansas shore great columns of dust and sand about two thousand feet high come sweeping across the river and hide the town and sweep through the trains and make everything so dry and gritty that a man can scratch a match on the roof of his mouth.

The Missouri River is composed of six parts sand and mud and four parts water. When the wind blows very hard it dries the surface of the river and blows away clouds of dust. It is just dreadful. The natural color of the river is seal brown; but when it rains for two or three days at a time, and gets the river pretty wet, it changes to a heavy iron-gray. A long rain will make the river so thin it can easily be poured from one vessel to another, like real water.

It has a current of about thirty miles per week, and perhaps the largest acreage of sandbars to the square mile that was ever planted. Steamboats run down the Missouri River. So do newspaper correspondents.—Ex.

There were three men in our school
And they were woundrous wise.
They shot torpedoes in the hall
Unseen by teachers' eyes.

But as of old the truth will out
As it did 'bout these boys of ours,
And now instead of shooting bombs
They're spending long eighth hours.

Miss Bridge (to "a boy" translating):
"Don't you think it is pretty near time to turn the page? You have given the first five lines of the next page already."

The weakly end weather forecast:
"Fluent."

If he had the Harte to Stryker once
would George Buffet her Moore?

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Mrs. Atkinson: "Are you scraping your feet?"
Virgil N.: "No'm, I'm cranking my Ingersoll."

Consistency may be a jewel, but the pawnbroker won't recognize it.

Crown Prince: "Who are the rear guard?" (As the regiment retreats.)
Aide: "Dem mit der vorst horses."

Breathes there a prof with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
"Why don't you fellows use your head?"

Mrs. Youngbride (to butcher): "I've just thought of something for dinner my husband is very fond of. You have chickens?"

Butcher: "Yes'm."
Mrs. Youngbride: "Well, please cut out the croquettes and I'll take them with me."

Tommy put her tongue to the flat-iron to see if it was hot. The Harte household has been remarkably quiet since.

Negro Sergeant: "When I say, 'Bout face!' yo' place de toe ob yo' right foot six inches to de reah ob de left heel ob yo' left foot, an' just ooze around."—Ex.

FRANK MACH

Violinist

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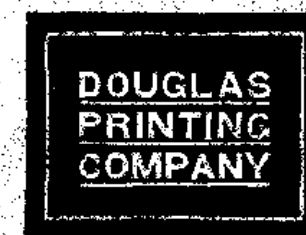
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