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NUMBER
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VOLUME XXXIII

NUMBER FOUR

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OMAHA, NEBR., DECEMBER, 1918

Number 4



COMMENT

The Register Staff wishes every pupil and teacher of Central High all the happiness that can be crowded into our shortened Christmas vacation.

Your Christmas gift to the boys over there—a Red Cross membership.

Say, wasn't it a grand and glorious feeling to see that old goal line crossed at last in the St. Joe game?

Bad luck almost spoiled our football season; but say—luck isn't going to have anything to do with the five that's going to beat Lincoln in basketball.

War times are the limit! First we have meat substitutes and flour substitutes, and now, b'Gosh! We have to swallow history and French substitutes as well. 'S hard life!

The Freshies who swiped the Registers last month were quite welcome to 'em. We didn't want 'em anyhow.

Our Red Cross boys are back with us again; may their teachers be merciful.

Don't fail to read "Ham and"—the last column in the Register. Hereafter we bet you'll turn to the back page first.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The avowed purpose of the Student Council is to secure greater co-operation between the students and the faculty—and that's a splendid idea; but what really concerns you and me more than that is this: The Student Council is a means of fostering a great, big, healthy school spirit—the kind that will do things—and incidentally we hope to get a few more privileges and fewer restrictions from the faculty. And we can do it, too!

It is a good thing for the student body to control its own activities as far as possible. Under student control the activities are better managed because we know exactly what we want, and there will be more activity because the realization that we, ourselves, are doing things will create greater interest.

If the student body, together with the Student Council, can see to it that there is order in the class rooms, in the library, in the halls, and on the grounds; if we can make sure that those privileges which we now have are not being abused, there is no doubt but that the faculty will find unnecessary some of the restrictions which are rather hard on the students in general. More privileges can be granted, and we can work together with greater efficiency. More privileges cannot be granted unless we show our appreciation of them by observing such rules as are made necessary for the welfare of all the students. This, then, is the work of the Student Council—to bring about a spirit of democracy whereby the few shall not work against the interests of the many. We ask for suggestions. If you believe that some change can be made in the school plan which will make for the greater convenience of pupils and teachers, give your suggestion to some member of the council, or place it in the box for that purpose in the library.

The Student Council has only one purpose: to work for the good of the students, and to see that what the students want is done. The Student Council cannot do this—in fact, the Student Council is worthless—unless it has the full support of all the students and teachers of the high school. With that backing, we can accomplish just about whatever we desire.

THE RED CROSS ROLL CALL

In past wars the war casualties due to sickness have been greater than the casualties due to actual wounds in battle. This was so in the Spanish-American war and in the two Mexican wars, and it would be so in the present war if it were not for the magnificent work being done for the soldiers by the American Red Cross. For its splendid services in behalf of the soldiers and for its patience and diligence in caring for French and Belgium refugee children, the Red Cross has received the name of "The Greatest Mother in the World."

The boys in khaki over in Europe and in cantonments here in this country represent the highest type of manhood which America is capable of producing. The best that we can give them is not too good, and Americans should not hesitate to give freely and generously to the Red Cross, knowing that their gift will go toward caring for our soldiers' health and comfort, and toward preserving them from the ravages of disease.

The American Red Cross has at the present time approximately 25,000,000 members. This is about 25% of the population of the United States. This year the Red Cross hopes to quadruple its present quota; so that, by Christmas time, every man, woman and child in America may answer present to the Red Cross Roll Call.

—Paul Stuart Sutton.

THE HOME PERIOD

What are we doing with our home room periods? The original idea in inaugurating this period was, or at least should have been, that this time was to be utilized in giving the students things of special interest, in giving a chance for the discussion of current topics which are so interesting and important just now. To use this period in any other way is wasting an opportunity for bringing out things of real present value.

LITERARY

TWO KIND LADIES

TWO kind ladies stopped me as I was walking the sleepy streets of Las Vegas. It was several days before Thanksgiving, and their hearts were good.

"Please, sir," they said, "do you know of any poor, deserving Mexicans to whom we may give a Thanksgiving dinner?"

"Not especially, no; but I'll find you a family, if you wish," I replied as I gazed at the emptiness of the walks.

"Oh, if you will! And tell us at 1071 Boulevard," they answered as if they were happy. Perchance their good minister had suggested such action to his congregation—and Vegas so loved its good ministers.

I had nothing to do; one never seems especially occupied in Vegas unless he is talking with the lazy, sleepy-eyed *denizens*; so I betook myself across the Gallinas River, a clever little river that flows down out of the mountains and when the time seems unfit, goes underground to evade the dusty heat. I traversed the somnolent emptiness of Main street and passed through the plaza yawning. Of course, I saw "little bum, little bum" sprawled on his usual bench—the many good men of the town had furnished some very attractive benches. All of us had known him from our boyhood. Every time he saw one of us, he held up a dirty, brown finger and a dirty, brown thumb and then closed them almost together. Next, he would look through the crack left and squeak out his "little bum, little bum." Every one in Vegas comes near to the class of little bum, anyway.

I passed him and the rest of the loafing Mexicans in the park. All were dreaming of the next circus or chautauqua meeting. At the end of the row, I saw the laziest of the party, old Pedro Gallegos. He was sleeping peacefully and sonorously. His bench-mate was in great disgust over the fact the he had not fallen asleep first.

"Poor, deserving Mexicans," came to my mind. I hastened on through Burro alley—so called because one had to be very careful in stepping out of one door lest his foot should fall in the house across the street. It was lamed to be the width of one burro—and that a skinny one.

I went on until I reached the cemetery, wherein lay the remains of the first good citizens of Vegas and wherein would lie the remains of the great and greater grandchildren of these good citizens; all good citizens in their turn. Then, to the left and about two hundred yards ahead, I came upon the Mexican settlement. Not that Mexicans did not live in Vegas proper; but here they were at their height of languid life. From the distance, I saw Senora Francisca Gallegos, wife of Pedro, sweeping off her roof. The Mexicans take great delight in three things, and in these three arts they excel all other mankind. The first is being lazy, the second is being dirty, and the third is seeing how clean they can keep their yards and the roofs of their adobe houses. Senora Gallegos was propounding the third art to the squalid babies at the foot of the house. Her method was exemplification and it was ridiculous. The children watched with shiny eyes and dirty faces and bare feet and tattered clothes. Presently, though, she came down and began to cook frijoles and tortillas for the eleven; if Pedro woke up in time to come home for dinner, there would be eleven. Of course, that did not count Senora Gallegos and the newest baby.

"Aha!" I said to myself, "here is a family deserving of the kind ladies' dinner."

And so I reported them to 1071 Boulevard and complimented the kind ladies upon having such worthy persons on whom to bestow their bountiful charity.

That year the Gallegos family had a marvelous meal at noon on the last Thursday in November. The most delightful ingredients of the baskets had been a dozen oranges that the good women had put in as afterthoughts—thoughts because of the dozen. And those noble and generous souls had gone even further. They had even got a good paying position for His Laziness, Pedro. Pedro did not like it, but the wife did, and so . . .

The days of December came and piled into the ranks until they made four squads. They had been unexciting and slushy, for snow melts easily in New Mexico. I had seen but little of the two kind ladies, but on that, the twenty-fourth day of December, they met me on the bridge over the Gallinas River, a frozen Gallinas. They were excited, and each tried to tell me that she knew the better. Well, I believed them both until they quieted down and told me a story to this effect

I had been asked by them to find a family worthy of their charities. I had consented to do so and had found a family—the Gallegos family—and reported to them. They had secured a very nice dinner and sent it to the deserving ones. They had even got the husband work. Today they had received a note. They were highly offended and so they showed the note to me:

"dere laidees

"you geeve me and pedro an the ninitos a good meel for the thanksgiving we like him much. But pedro i make heem to queet hees work so we get hungary some more. tomorro he is chreesmas and we are hungary pleese good laidees we would like for you to geeve some more meel to us and oranges

"senora Guyaigus"

—Robert Reynolds, '20.

PEACE

Christmas bells, ring merrily to bring the New Year in!
Christmas bells, tone deeply in mem'ry of our sin!
And chime and swing thru every town
To spread the tidings 'round.

"Peace on earth, good will to men!"
Sound, ye bells, the news again!
Thru the world to every one
Tell once more that peace has come;

Good will, good will, good will to men,
Peace on earth for all. Amen.

—Berenice Du Ray, '18

THE IMPARTIAL SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Did you ever walk thru the lower East Side of New York City on Christmas Eve? If you want to feel the pulse of humanity, to get a glimpse of the real life of the struggling, picturesque masses, stroll leisurely down thru that tangled, teeming section on the night of the twenty-fourth of December. For the Christmas spirit is joyously impartial; it flutters its shining wings as gaily over the Bowery as over Broadway and Fifth Avenue. The toys are cheaper, but they are just as brightly painted; the wreaths do not wear shimmering rosettes of real satin, but they flaunt enormous bows of scarlet tissue-paper; the tinsel ornaments sell at ten for a cent rather than ten dollars a dozen, but the children of the tenements gaze at them with a round-eyed wonder and delight that sur-

pass any emotions felt by the little aristocrats farther up town, who have pleasure every day in the year.

And in the East Side, one may study contrasts to his heart's content—or perhaps, to his heart's *discontent*, if he happens to possess strong sympathies. For, tho the spirit of trouble is also an impartial one, his ravages are decorously hidden on Fifth Avenue. The rich may conceal their woes and worries, or their happiness and festivities, with drawn shutters and closed carriages, but the sorrows and anxieties of the poor flaunt themselves in the face of every passer-by and the scenes of their small triumphs and rejoicings usually stand open to the observation of the curious. Here the thrifty head of a family, rejoicing in a "steady job," is buying toys and confectionery galore for the morrow's festivities; there, a white-faced woman, with a shawl over her head, buys a solitary stick of brightly striped candy; further along, a group of black-haired, bare-headed girls select, with much giggling comment, the flaring neckties that their sweethearts will proudly wear to the Christmas dance; while, at a wagon on the corner below, a proud youth is exchanging three dollars for an enormous brown muff that will shelter someone's hands as effectually as if it were made of real fox. And everywhere there are children, staring into the shop windows, running in and out among the crowds, darting back and forth across the streets, apparently escaping death only by momentary miracles.

Thus is this inborn spirit of Christmas a most impartial one, spreading its wings of joy over mortals in every phase of life, regardless of circumstances and environment.

—Stanley Weiser, '19.

SERVICE COLUMN

CAMP SCOTT EXPERIENCES

We arrived at Englewood, Illinois, at 8:30 A. M., 108 men strong. It was some bunch. The night had passed very quickly—featured by a hand-out at Des Moines and a match: The Sandman vs. our two Dons, Mahaffy and Wood. It seemed that Camp Scott was only a couple of miles away; so of course, we would walk it—a sort of "ante-dejeuner" affair. At any rate we got there pretty quickly, and were taken to our initial mess at Camp Scott. I guess they had something special in our honor, for we didn't have as good a meal until some time after. After mess we were marched into the drill hall. What the purpose of it was we at last found out after three hours on our feet; we were to undergo another physical exam.

If that head physican (we called him horse doctor) had been given his way we would all have been packed back to Omaha. It seems that every one had a fast heart. Really, our hearts might have been expected to beat rather fast after that leave-taking at Omaha. Holmquist had a leaky heart but he went thru more than most of us at the station. At ten o'clock that night, we got our outfits—blankets, pillows, cots and clothes. We were assigned to quarters. We slept in tents for the first two days. Chicago is no place in which to be when one has to sleep in a tent.

Our first week was taken up with routine drill; one continuous march from 5:45 A. M. to 9:45 P. M. Hikes were common, usually coming after supper. These jaunts usually took us out of our way about ten miles.

But preliminary work all passed quickly and soon the Omaha bunch was doing garage duty. All men taking garage duty were automatically changed from Detachment 3 to Detachment 2. Thus our first step toward the goal was made. This garage duty lasted for most of us about fourteen days. During

this period we really did very little work, as our shop foremen were a good deal easier on us than our lieutenants. We left the barracks at seven P. M. and returned at five P. M. We ate our dinners down town and in this way were enabled to see a little of the great city.

But the pleasant days were soon over; and as our transfer came to Detachment 1, our hearts sank, for in this detachment, since it is only waiting to be shipped, the men are put on K. P. and on guard duty, both equally distasteful. I served 144 hours of guard duty and 48 hours of K. P.; more work than I have ever done before in my life. Other fellows were given somewhere near the same length of time.

The only joy one had in Detachment 1 was getting out on passes, before this privilege was held back. However, even then, we were able to get out once in a while. It was surely great. A soldier never has to take a street car in Chicago. Our evenings at the barracks were spent very pleasantly. Every sort of wholesome entertainment was put on by the Red Cross—such as dances, movies and concerts.

During the following week all the Omaha boys, as you know, received home furloughs prior to leaving for Camp King, the point of embarkation at Greenwich, Connecticut. As you also know the chance to go was taken away from us and the order for demobilization given on the eve of our departure. It was a great blow at the time, but—such is life! *N'est ce pas?* R. J., '19.

November 13, 1918.

Dear Miss Bridge:

Received your newsy letter of September 26th while we were waiting in reserve for this last big push. Now that the drive is over and the shells and machine gun bullets have ceased whizzing, I have a little opportunity to write.

We got the welcome news, and pulled out of the line day before yesterday. Today I saw the armistice terms, and I see that we surely have the Hun sewed up in a bow-knot so that he can't pull anything any more. I must confess in his dying spasms he had some pretty good kicks. I saw more war in this last drive than in St. Mihiel and Champagne put together; and the big shells were mighty thick at Champagne, too. The credit for all this good work on the Americans' part should go all to the plain American doughboy. The way the boys take the fighting, the forced marches, the exposure to chilly wet autumn weather, and everything that makes war hell is almost beyond belief. I wouldn't dare say that I would stick for what my own men have—dragging the old one-pounder guns through the mud. The boys are worthy of every bit of flattering praise that can be given.

It's all over now but the shouting. Practical evidences are the facts that the boys have roofs overhead, can smoke at night without fear of the glow betraying them to the Boche; and they can sleep without worrying about shells or pulling out in the darkness for another hike. Coming out of the line we got a generous issue of cigarettes and chocolate which helped out a lot. I am feeling fine now to have a bed to sleep on. My bedding roll came up today and I got my first bath and change of clothing in over three weeks. It was very necessary, for I had become a regular cootie tenement.

We are quite interested now in how soon we will be sent home. The old Second Division has been in more fighting than any other and ought to have some favors in the way of returning home soon. Hope it doesn't take too long to straighten out things finally. If they get me home and in citizen's clothes by spring I will be well satisfied.

I'll save some of my tales for that time, so for now, au revoir.

Yours,

ALFRED L. ADAMS,
2nd Lieut. 9th Infantry.

SCHOOL NOTES

MID-YEAR SENIORS MEET

The February seniors held their first meeting November 26th, and elected the following officers: Albert Edwards, president; Blanche Timberlake, vice-president; Muriel Weber, secretary; Patti Atkinson and Tom Matthews, sergeants - at - arms. Class teachers chosen were Miss Stegner and Miss Towne.

FLU GETS FACULTY

There have been several absences among the faculty lately, due to the flu. Miss Landis, Mrs. Atkinson, Miss Gross, Miss Eads, Miss Coons, Miss Anheuser, Miss Stebbins and Miss Stringer have all suffered from it. Miss Elizabeth Kiewit has been ill for some time due to complications arising from a case of influenza. Mr. Bexton, Mr. McMillan and Mr. Masters have all had sickness in the family and have been forced to stay at home for a few days in consequence.

Miss Rooney recently suffered several cuts and bruises as the result of a fall on the south steps.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council bids fair to become a really influential organization this year. Already there have been several meetings, at which some very good plans have been launched; especially concerning the library, which, even tho a recurring subject for discussion, is nevertheless a very vital one.

A box has been placed in the library to receive suggestions and complaints from students on any school matter. This ought to prove a very valuable factor in bringing about close co-operation between the students and their Council.

At the last meeting, officers were elected as follows: President, Stuart Powers; vice-president, Oliver Maxwell; secretary, Jean Kennedy.

BOYS' WORKING RESERVE

425 Central High boys registered for agricultural or industrial work next summer. Plans for this work are still rather indefinite, but as the need of farm labor will still be urgent this summer, it is probable that some arrangement will be made to prepare the boys for this work.

Statistics gained from the registration cards show that about 40% of our boys are engaged in some gainful occupation outside of school hours.

ORGANIZATIONS

Browning Society started Friday, December 13, upon its study of allied countries with a program on the part which the women of France have played in the war.

The Margaret Fuller girls decided to postpone their party indefinitely because of the flu. They had intended to have a good time up in the gym.

The Engineers at their last meeting, Friday December 13, admitted to their organization the following members: James Proebstring, Jack Bittinger, Delmar Eldridge, Oliver Maxwell, Linnae Anderson, Ralph Campbell, Robert Jenkins, and Floyd Brown.

The Pleiades Society is planning many interesting events for the coming weeks. At present the girls of this society are dressing dolls which are to be given to poor children of the city.

The Boys' Glee Club, in order to obtain officers to carry on the business part of the comedy to be given by the two Glee Clubs, held an election last Monday and the following officers were elected: Ralph Swanson, president; Gerald Kelly, vice-president; Otto Nelson, secretary; and Mortimer Watson, treasurer.

The W. D. S. held a short business meeting on Friday, November 29th.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

The drive for the Junior Red Cross membership took place on December 13. The same organization of girls which took charge of the United War Work campaign helped with this. Each floor had its major, with her captains and lieutenants. In this manner the collection was taken up with great efficiency. Omaha High went over the top with a 100% subscription.

OUR DELAYED MUSICAL COMEDY

The Glee Clubs, together with all other school organizations, are on the defensive against the Influenza again. Because of the street car strike the musical comedy scheduled to be given by both Glee Clubs last Friday night, had to be postponed until the 18th, but now there is some doubt as to whether it can be given on this date because of the flu. If Dr. Manning should so desire, it will be necessary to again postpone the play until January 3.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Senior and Junior basketball teams play on Tuesdays. The Senior team, which was the champion in its junior year is exceptionally strong. The sophomores have formed two teams among themselves and play every Wednesday. Captains have not yet been selected for any of the teams.

Classes in tennis will continue until after Christmas, when volleyball teams will be formed.

ALUMNI

Now that Christmas vacation is drawing so near, we would like to know which of our alumni will be with us during the season. Mary Thomas, Josselyn Stone, Dorothy Hipple, Almarine Campbell, and Peggy Matthews are among those who will come from the Nebraska University to spend the holiday season here. Dorothy Balbach and Lucile Rector return home from Principia in St. Louis, Missouri. Catherine Goss will leave Wellesley to be with us for Christmas.

Helen Parish will also spend the holiday season at home. She attends Monticello Seminary at Godfrey, Illinois.

Our former Lieutenant Colonel, Dan Longwell, has received a Serjeancy in the S. A. T. C. at Columbia University, New York.

Word has been received from Clyde Smith that he is recovering in an English hospital from wounds received in action. "Smitty" enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps last summer.

Lee Huff has received his discharge from the R. O. T. C. at Camp Grant, Illinois. He has returned to Nebraska University, where he got his start in the S. A. T. C.

Stella Robinson is at Washington, D. C., in the employment of the government. She is in the Aeronautic Division. Stella has been very low with pneumonia, but is now able to resume her work.

Sidney Cullingham is now at a flying school at Chateauroux, which is twenty-two miles from Paris. He is a Sergeant-Major and is now working for a commission.

Two of our alumni, Warren Ege and James Reynolds, are working for commissions at Fort Monroe, Point Comfort, Virginia. They expect their commissions in the coast artillery by January second.

Kenneth Norton is now at Wilbur Right Field Dayton, Ohio. He returned to America the early part of August after a year's service in France. He has been promoted lately to the rank of captain.

Mount Burns is a first lieutenant in the infantry. He is stationed at Camp Dodge. His brother, Jay, is a sophomore at Ames College, taking Animal Husbandry.

The Los Angeles Times for December 6th publishes a picture of Lieutenant Charles Morearty, who graduated from Central High in 1917. "Chuck" is a star half-back, captain and coach of the crack Arcadia Balloon School eleven.

BETWIXT HALVES

C. O. C. Presents

"THE CRAFTY BOOTLEGGER"

featuring

Wallace D. Craig
as "St. Joseph"

Ablly assisted by William Hamilton as "Hammibal"

And an all-star cast

including

The Famous "KEYSTONE POLICE"

So might the poster have read for the thrilling, sensational one-act farce given by the Cadet Officer's Club, during the period between halves, at the Thanksgiving game. It was indeed a comedy, crammed full of dramatic ability and holiday jollity.

Wallace Craig seemed to have found something to his liking (?) in the character of St. Joseph, for his extraordinary presentation showed just how much of the real spirits of old St. Joe he has been able to put into himself and his acting.

This worthy gentleman and his tried and trusty servant (Hammy) proceeded to establish themselves on the field. To the unsuspecting spectator, this little meeting took the aspect of an evangelistic one; but alas! 'twas proved to be rank corruption.

(Of course, not because Funkhouser came out and bought something; but taking it all together, it was terrible.)

To let such a thing continue would have been a black mark against the efficient police force; so that esteemed organization "The Keystone Comedy Kop Korps" (composed of Beindorff and Leavitt) led by their redoubtable leader "Mithter" Moredick arrived upon the scene unseen.

These three beerless apprehenders of crime, upon searching the suspected arose considerably in spirits. In fact, here is proof of how completely Craig has surrounded himself with the spirit of St. Joe.

Thasafact, he had about a dozen bottles full hung all around him.

After the grand search came the big pursuit, St. Joe and Hammibal leading, with the "ossifers" bringing up the rear. Honest, folks, we leave it to you—didn't Wally look the devil running around out there on the field?

One thing you must never forget is the time you saw "Satan" being chased by cops through fifteen inches of snow.

SOME GOOD THINGS FROM THE PAPERS ON "DEMOCRACY"

Democracy means that the weak are protected, and that the strong must obey.

Democracy is the spirit that makes all men brothers.

A democracy is a representative government where there is equality of rights without hereditary differences in rank or privilege.

In a democratic government comes the greatest opportunity to work out individual prosperity and individual happiness.

Democracy presupposes the united effort of all for each.

Democracy consists of the interpretation of the rights of men into definite action. It means peace for the whole world, and freedom for its peoples.

I think of democracy as a spirit in the hearts of people which leads them to respect the rights of others.

Democracy involves loyalty, unselfishness and responsibility; for if our liberty is to continue, we must know how to use it wisely and well.

Democracy stands for liberty, justice, righteousness, and peace.



CENTRAL STAGES A COMEBACK!!

The weather was fit for anything but football on "Turkey Day." The snow was from three to six inches deep on the field and a cold wind blew from the north. However, a large peppy crowd filled up the stands and put fight into our boys as they spread out to receive the kick-off. Harper made a fine run on the first play, and Omaha was started. Never once did she stop. Again and again Shanahan, Harper and Campbell broke through the St. Joe defense for large gains. Much credit is also due the men on the line. Captain Logan, Anderson, Turner, and Swoboda all played exceptionally well. In the second quarter Shanahan evaded the whole visiting team and carried the ball over for a touchdown, the only one of the year. The goal was not kicked. In the third, St. Joe threatened to score but iron man resistance held them on our one-yard line. The last points of the game were scored when Omaha made a touchback in the fourth quarter. For St. Joe, Graner played a wonderful game, and was their whole show. The entire game was marred by fumbles due to the cold, and by slips because of the snow. Score 8-0.

Although we have not had a championship team this year, we have had one of which we all should feel proud.

In Captain Logan we could not desire a better man to pilot the team. As far as being a center goes, he is there and over.

To Shanahan goes the glory of the St. Joe affair. We can say with safety that when Shanahan left Commerce, Commerce ceased to have a football team.

"Semper laboro" is Harper's motto and he sure does.

Wilmarth came from "Chi." Nevertheless he can play football.

Campbell has a head and he uses it in more ways than one. Stick to it, Pete; we're strong for you.

One of our most determined, hard-working fellows is Joe Pollard. He's some guard.

Swoboda deserves much credit for his work this year. "Swob" is one of those fellows who makes good any place you put him.

Peters has been one of the most faithful and consistent players of the team. War, influenza and St. Joe were laughed at by Jordan.

Schacfer still retains the title of "Tank." Although Earl was not able to help lick St. Joe, he did his part well in all other games.

Ayres filled up the "Tank's" place in an excellent manner.

Konecky is more of that "semper laboro" caliber.

The war robbed us of several men who were known far and near to be stars. The boys that left us to join some branch of the service were Noble, Eaton, Crowell and Moser.

It is still too early to prophesy much as to the basketball season. However, many men have declared their intention of turning out to the coach's first call. Among them are Logan, Ayres, Konecky, Turner, Paynter, Baker and Noble. An attempt is going to be made to induce Craig to try for the cage crew, for "Wallie" used to be some marvel with a basketball. At any rate here's hoping for a championship basketball team.

WEATHER
WEATHER
WEATHER

No. 17—SHOES

The Radiator

SUCCESSOR TO "FRAGMENTS" AND CONTEMPORARY OF "THE REGISTER"

B U D A

DO YOUR XMAS
XCHANGING
E A R L Y !

FIRST MISTAKE

IDIOTORIAL

On behalf of our patriotic readers we would like to enter protest against the blank verse that is so popular just now. The writers of "vers libre" seem to have no idea as to conservation. They are particularly prodigal in the use of the space at the end of the lines. The first line may go completely across the column, while the next line will use up only half the space. Our point is well illustrated in the daily parchments where the Nut-in-Chiefs publish their without comment in the Thot Waves Department.

Such scripts illustrate sadly the waste of vacuum. In fact, such an extravagant use of vacuum is unforgivable at a time when the vacuum mines are running much below their ordinary standards of production. It is well known already that there will not be enough hard or chestnut vacuum for the people who use carpet sweepers. Soft vacuum will have to be used, out of necessity, and even the soft vacuum can be obtained only by applying to one's dealer weeks ahead of expected delivery.

If we must have "vers libre" we must see to it that the vacuum is scrupulously conserved. Some of the leading poets of the free school are applying the vacuum to the underlying thot of the poem instead of wasting it on short lines; and while

this helps, it does not completely solve the problem.

For those needing free verse, a far better plan is to take a column from a railroad timetable and cut it in half. In this way, two splendidly complete columns of "vers libre" may be immediately prepared.

WORDS WILL WIN THE WAR. 'won,' I mean. Conservation; that's us inside and out. Saved one letter by calling this the "Radiator" instead of "Fragments."

STARTLING MYSTERY PERVADES CENTRAL HIGH

Central High School is stirred by the greatest mystery ever remaining so long unsolved. The question in mind is the identity of Bussy Buck, whose article caused such a stir in literary circles when it appeared in the last issue of the *Register*. The greatest detective agency, Cohn and Doyle, is as yet unable to fathom the bottomless depths of the case.

The last spasm was critical; but the crisis of the matter is reached in his, Bussy Buck's threat to renew his depredations in this issue. It is like the case where the operation is successful, but the patient dies.

Who is he? Who knows? He will simply have to go by the cognomen of *Himself*, and that must contentify you. So, ungentle reader, unreasonable critic, take *Himself* for what he means and not what he says.

STRIKE 1

Aching feet!
Blistered soles—
From our daily
Morning strolls.
Street car strike
No ford, no bike—
O, endless hike!

GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Mother: Earing stachels.
Father: Cigar extinguisher.
'Hon': Fingernail blankets.
'Dearie': Wicker ring.
Sis: Sealskin tiara cover.
Brother: Oilcan, for his tortoise shell rimmed glasses' hinges.

LA NOURRITURE De L'ECU-REUIL

Compiled by I parly Phralmsay
Have you heard of the pet that the Royal Engineering Corps are going to adopt? No? Three guesses. It's a crane. Honest!

Gunner's Mate: I think that last shot destroyed the enemy's magazine.

Gunner McGlue: If it isn't destroyed, it has at least suspended publication.

IT WOULD SEEM SO

Trooper (in Arabia): This is Nomads' land.

Second Trooper: Got a cold again, haven't you?

No news is good news—but Ralph says no news is good for nothing.

FASHION NOTES

Last year's overcoats are very much worn.

HDQTS. ROOMERS (Cont.)

After a lecture on military courtesy:

Eldrege: McKie, did you write down that list of names?

Alec: No.

Del: No, what?

Alec: No pencil.

WITH THE CLASS OF 1923

Found in a theme: Our hero jumped on his steed and sat down.

Algebra class: Willie, you would do better in solid geometry.

Absent minded teacher in street car (two-bitney, we had better say): Little boy, take that gum out of your mouth.

OH!

Excited Listener: And so you came down out of control?
Flyer: No, out of petrol.

Keep on working for the country

Buying War Stamps still,

Kaiser Bill has got to knuckle

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THE REGISTER



DREAMS IN SEVENTH HOUR STUDY

By Russ

Did it ever occur to you how romantic, how inspiring, in plain fact how "swell" it would have been if you could have lived in some historic time. Yes—really now—come to think of it, it really would. *Honest it would.* (Thanks, doctor.)

Now, for instance, just imagine "Nails" Powers as Napoleon, viewing the famous battle of Leipsic. Can't you visualize him standing there, his hat pulled down close upon his head, one arm crossed over his breast, and the other nervously resting on his broad back? On all sides are aides ready to spring to his assistance at a moment's notice. Isn't it all plain now—our stately Captain and Ordinance in the shoes of Napoleon? It isn't half impossible, is it; although a wonderful take-off on Mutt and Jeff. (Especially Mutt.)

Then, too, it is quite a calamity that Wiley did not have the honor of discussing the plans of the Roman empire with Caesar or Cicero. Robert could have easily traversed the Appian Way and still left his hat at home without causing comment. And also imagine Miss Paxson in the flowing gowns of a Roman "puella"! Isn't it wonderful?

Remember Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots? What an age to live in!! But coming down to brass tacks, can't you see how much better it would have been if Elizabeth Elliott could only have worn the crown of Elizabeth Tudor. As our Elizabeth is the present Queen of China, and is said to be "leading on" the Prince of Weak Hearts and the King of Ireland at the same time, from a little induction and deduction, it remains that with the exception of the old Elizabeth's inclination to fib and to remain single after numerous opportunities for matrimony, the modern 'Lizabeth has many of the peculiar characteristics of the ancient.

Just picture for a moment Dr. Senter and Mr. Woollery dressed as ancient Greeks, studying out the most puzzling problems of science and mathematics.

Look back and see Ralph Cohn in Patrick Henry's place speaking for the rights of America; Moser speeding down the streets of Troy—no, not in the Cole 8—but in Achilles' chariot. See the fair blonde at his side. No, that's not "Torpedo" Pearsall; that's Helen of Troy.

There's one girl of whom I have often dreamed. I don't know which hour but I suppose all seven. She has found her place as I pictured her. Joan of Arc. Details are changed to suit Pauline's (oh, yes! her name's Richey) taste but that matters little. See her! She is not in armor; no, in a red riding-suit; she rides not a gallant steed, but a stubborn mule. She carries not a cross but a scoop shovel.

(Continued on Page 16)

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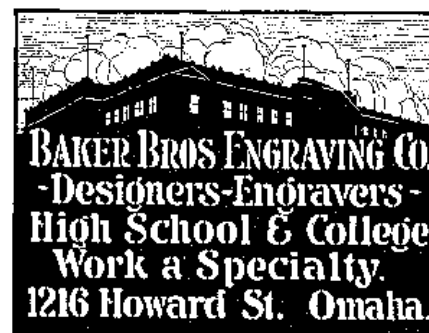
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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

(Continued from Page 14)

See there's Columbus curled up on a grassy knoll, figuring out whether the earth is round. Why no, that's Mr. McMillan. Oh, yes! it's quite plain now, and strikingly natural, too. See, he is so absorbed in thought that he has thrust his "Camel"—I mean his lead-pencil—into his mouth.

Isn't it a wonderful and philanthropical feeling, Verne, to let your thoughts go back to the lady, the knight, and the giant? See yourself sitting there on your sawbuck—pardon, I mean—your stately "equus," your long curly locks flowing in magnificent braids down your back of bones—no, no, no—Oh, yes! I have it now—down your back of muscle. But—who is the fair lady? I know her not. She evidently comes from strange lands. Benson? C. B.? or perhaps Brownell Hall? And the giant? Not to spread scandal in the least, but from what I can gather, it appears that he is Captain of Company F. (He's fond of boxes! Yes, that's me all over, he says). Isn't it beyond doubt one of life's most pleasant thrills to think what might have been?

DIRECT HITS BY OUR CRACK SHOT

Lieutenant Anderson is studying to be a lawyer. He intends to defend the Cadet Regiment in court, should it be necessary. He is progressing rapidly, having got so far as to design a legal seal for himself. The model for this seal was lent thru courtesy of Ringling Brothers' Circus and was well trained. However, Lieutenant Anderson refuses to defend the case of the Quartermaster's Department, as to profiteering, or the Bugle Corps, as to discipline. We can't blame you, Harley.

From all appearances, Captain Price has not lost a single one of his wards yet.

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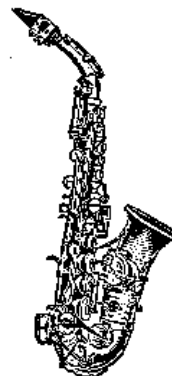
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"The professor regarded with an eye of suspicion the small yellow cube the waiter had brought him. "I take thee," he murmured." "For butter—or worse."—Ex.

Salesman: Cash or charge?
Doc Senter (absentmindedly): Check!

Miss Paxson would like to know what she can do to calm Russell Funkhouser's exuberant spirits. Leave all suggestions in Room 111. (She might bring it before the Student Council.)

Oh, We Don't Know!

Miss Dudley says fairies don't live in Nebraska because they can't subsist in electric light but must have "moonshine."

Miss Towne: Won't it be grand when we women get to vote?

Miss Stegner: Yes, but when would I find time to go to the polls if the election happened to be on the day when I write out my week's assignments?

"Well, well," mused Mr. Woolery as he plodded around the revolving doorway. It's an extended corridor that has no ultimate destination."

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NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

Miss Paxson: I resolve to break myself of my troublesome habit of forgetting to give assignments.

Miss Fullaway: For the rest of the year, I resolve not to serve hash on Monday. (Deep stuff.)

Milt Johnson: I will stay under the speed limit.

Verne Vance: Seeing as how my fellow students are outshined, I promise to have a little consideration and be unprepared once in a while.

Mary L.: I will not fix my hair so as to make the other girls jealous.

Ye Ed.: I resolve never to let stuff like this get in again.

\$10 and Costs

Judge: Have you ever been up before me?

Milt Johnson: I dunno. How early do you get up?

Sound of terrific struggle—somnolent silence (you know the kind) broken only by the sound of gasped out pants.

Price: Well, I guess you won't pull anything like that again.

Editor 'n Chief: What did I do? I just ran that item about your election as assistant chief of the Royal Engineers.

Price: Yes, but you put in under jokes.

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HELLO, CENTRAL!

We would like to submit our second article in the series of geographical treatises on Omaha and its surroundings. Watch for the next one in the following issue.

COUNCIL BLUFFS

Council Bluffs is a city. It is situated on the Iowa side of the Missouri river. It was founded in 1487 by Chief Pott, head of the Wammie. It was a flourishing village for 300 years—then it became a city.

They have a car line in Council Bluffs, but it starts in Omaha. Council Bluffs has wonderful connections. A bridge connects it with our own fair burg. "Council Bluffs" is a comparatively new name. When the whites bought the city for 1,000,000 wampum (about \$3.98) they promised to pay the price at sight. But one sight was enough; so the Council bluffed its way out of the bargain. Then the Indians, in memory of Minnehaha, called the site Council Bluffs.

Its chief claim for fame is its irrigation system. They maintain that Burbank received his irrigation idea in their fair city. All they do there is to plant their gardens. Then they pray for rain. Then rain comes. Then their gardens grow. Some gardens planted in their back yards are washed into the front parlor. Then they go rowboating and mud-fishing.

The children in Council Bluffs are young and lively. They have a high school, too. On account of the war people go to Council Bluffs for mud baths.

Democrats throw mud at republicans; republicans throw mud at democrats, but Council Bluffs throws so much mud that it makes the Missouri river muddy.

*P. S.—We forgot to tell you that Council Bluffs has a population of about forty years, but don't try to look for him. He is probably in Omaha doing his Christmas shopping.

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ADAM MORRELL



Gleetinkth an' Thalutationth!

Yo' all moth likely remembah me ath the thmokt 8-ball what come up from Thaint Jothef latht Turkey Day with Mistah Craig. De ol' deacon thure look lak de debil dat day, yathe indeedy. I lak thith here town tho muchly dat ah 'th gwine ter thitay. Theemth lak der am more on dat bahd thidah up heah. From dith day henthfo-ward an' fo'ebahmoah, yo' all will fin' mah bright an' thmilin' cognuithanth in de latht colums of dis heah pamphlet. Hab courage; dere am only five mo' numbahs. Fo' why de Edito' done demote me ter dith heah, ah don' know, but he that to write thome hot thtuff, tho here her am. (Thomebody thtote the lettah eth from offen mah typewritah.)

Heerd at de encampment latht yeah:
Thentry: Althwogo dere?

Upee: Who de (censored) wanth ter know, huh?

Thentry again: Path on, oh exthmauled membah ob de Royal Engineer Corpth.

An' de polithmanth theth: "Othifer, call de copth!"

Hienth, de 57th Bean: Ah dope heah dat dey fin' Thakethpearth boneth.

Funk: Lawd! Ah nevah know he wath a gamblin' man.

Man de pumpth, Frederick!

Follmer: Janet, tol' me dat thecret what ah tol' you not to tell her.

Loith: It am thimply awful ob her to hab tol' yo' dat! Why I tol' her not to.

Crawf: Well, ah tol' her ah wouldn't tell yo' dat thee tol' me. Tho don' yo' tell her dat ah did.

Uthe a papah wate to keep yo' billth down, an' thithorth to cut 'em in half.

Flunky (from nextth door): Mithtah Adamth thendth hith complimenth an' would yo' pleathe thoot yo' dog, ath it keepth him awake?

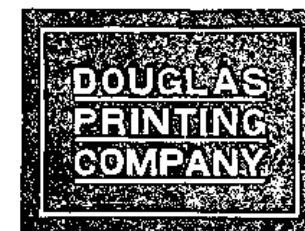
Mithtah Petahth: Give mah rethpecth to Mistah Adamth an' tell him dat ah thall be greatly hith debtah ef he will poithon hith thon, an' burn hith thacthophone.

Him who thmilth latht geth the broadetht grin.

Ham an'

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