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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Mid-Year Number January, 1919

The Register

Volume Thirty-three Number Nive

The Skoglund Studio

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DO WE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS) I'LL SAY WE DO!



Miss Mary Alice Landis.

IN MEMORIAM

She spun the Golden Thread of Life, Beautiful and true.

The cloth was perfect in the weave; One golden hue.
Like rays of sunshine, she scattered "round For everyone to share,
Sparkles of wit and humor; Jewels rare.

We miss her, yet a sweeter thought Proclaims the end; We are twice blest, because she lived,— And was our friend.

Class Officers



This Number is Pedicated to the Mid-Year Graduates

January, 1919





AT KI NSON, MARIE "Peggy"

Racquet Club (2-3), Browning (2), Hiking Club (1), Baseball (1).

A demure lass in A-1 class.

ATKINSON PATTI "Pats"

Hawthorne (2-3-4), Secretary (3). President (4), Racquet Club (1-2), Orchestra (2-3-4), Gym Club (3-4). Senior Class Sergeant-at-arms.

Roses and smiles.

BERGERS, GENEVIEVE "Jane"

Lininger Travel Club (1-2), Knitting Regiment (4), Student Club (3-4).

We all wonder what Jane will do with her postage stamp money when they all get back.

CROWELL, CHRIS

Football (3-4).

He charges for a ride in his car. Candy preferred.

DOWLING, MARION

Lam Ron (3), Surgical Dressings (4).

Hobby,—giggling.

D U RAE, BERENICE

Gym Club (3-4), Basketball (2-3-4). Class Reporter (4).

A sweet girl with a ready smile.

EDWARDS, ALBERT

Senior Class President

Of the students, by the students, and for the students. Some presi denti

server and the second and the second second

FOX, CECELIA "Cec"

Pleiades Society (1-2), German Club (2), Knitting Regiment (3).

Oh how those wicked eyes wander! Cec, this must cease.

HOLM, EIVOR E.

Lam Ron (3-4), Browning.

Sweetness will prevail in her schoolroom.

HOOD, FLORENCE "Pat"

Student Club (2), Lowell (1), Browning (1), Shakespearian Dramatics.

What a joy in quietness clad!

JANICEK, JOSEP H

Acting treasurer Senior Class.

The better you know him, the better you like him.

JONES, FLORA

Girls' Glee Club (3-4), Student Club (3-4), Lininger Trav.l Club (3), Racguet Club (4).

> A reserved lass—there are but few Who know the treasures hid in you.





LEACH, HELEN

...

P. A. S. (1-2), Racquet Club (2-3), Secretary-Treasurer (2). Student Club (4), Basket Ball (3-4).

"Behold the child, by nature's law pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

LIPP, EVA

We'll admit she's tiny—but good things come in small packages.

MAT HEWS, TOM

Debate (3). Webster Debating Society (1-2-3), Senior Class Sergeant-atarms.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew That one small head could carry all he knew."

McCOY, GWENDOLYN

Gwen can digest anything but history.

METZ, LOUIS

First Lieutenant Co. C. Register Staff (3). Road Show (2-3), Chairman Student Association Ticket Committee (4), Road Show Ticket Committee (3)

Louis made it in three and a half years. Who'd a thunk it?

OKUN, SAMUEL

Art Club (2), Glee Club (4).

Height, six feet two-Caliber, .22.

OSWALD, GWENDOLYN

Student Club, Browning (3).

She is wild for roses and candy.

PARKER, CHASE

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ц,

He looks timid, but get him started once!

PIXLEY, ELIZABET H "Betty"

German Club (2), Gym Club (2-3-4). President (3), First Lieutenant Knitting Regiment (3), Hawthorne (4).

Enterprising and cheery, a dearic. N'est cc pas.

ROC KWELL, MILDRED

Browning (1), Margeret Fuller (2-3-4) Captain Knitting Regiment.

When she's good, she's awful good, and when she's bad she's horrid.

SCHAFER, EARL "Tank"

Football (3-4).

A round about man.

STOLTENBURG, HARRY He's a jolly good fellow.



BDA



STEI N, LOTTIE "Lot"

Pleiades (1), Reporter (2), Sorgeantat-arms (3), Knitting Regiment (3), German Club (2).

and the second second

Too bad dancing isn't given in our course. We know of one "A" "Lot" would get.

ST ULI K, ADOLP H

W. D. S. (1), High School Club (4.)

A king's ransom for those dimples.

TENNANT, KATHERINE Browning (1-2), Gym Club (3), Basketball (2-3-4), Captain (4), Lowell (3-4), Racquet Club (3-4), Student Club (4).

A shark at basketball and a mighty good friend to those who know her.

TIMBERLAKE, BLANCHE

Lininger Travel Club (2), Basketball (2-3), Student Club (3-4), Student Club dramatics (3), Racquet Club (4), Reporter (4), Senior Class Vicepresident.

> "Presence of mind ,and courage in distress Are more than armies to procure

success."

TURNQUIST, RUTH

German Club (2), Hawthorne (3-4), Secretary (4), Knitting Regiment (3).

Goodness is better than fame or fortune. Ruth is rich.

WEBER, MURIEL E. "Topsy"

Secretary Senior Class (4), Racquet Club (1-2), Choral Union (2), Shakespeare Club (2), Shakespeare Dramatics (2), Student Club (3-4), Student Club Dramatics (4), Knitting Regiment (4) Girls' Garden Work Group Leader (4).

Ask "Topsy's" friends what three flashes of light mean.

WINTROUB, MIRIAM

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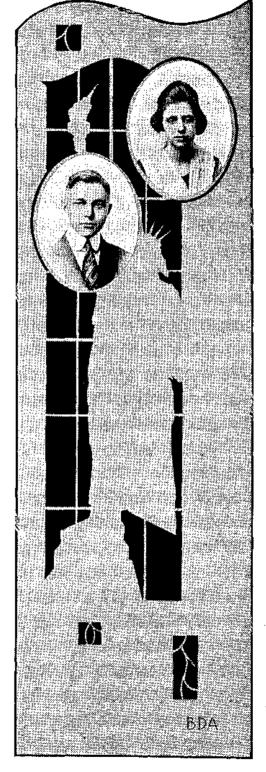
A heart of gold so friends have told.

ZSCHAU, ERNEST

High School Club (3-4).

That funny smile, those twinkling eyes.

1.2



10



Class Prophesy '19

UR sun is setting low in this good old school. But the night is brief, and the new day will be bright. Then we shall harry forth into the world's highways and byways to know new friends and learn new lessons.

Can we turn over a few pages of this queer old book of Life and answer the great question just now in our minds? Where and what shall we be, after a few years are gone? Turn the leaves slowly, slowly, lest we miss even one.

Ah, there is a familiar name, Joseph Janicek, in the headlines of **The News**. He has just discovered gold on his western ranch and he says he bets he'll get to Ames vet.

Helen Leach has moved to another state, where there is woman suffrage, and is working hard for the betterment of political conditions.

Florence Hood married an influential, eastern man, and together they are working out wonderful ideas in social settlement.

In a bungalow in Lincoln there are two sisters "batching." One is Patty Atkisson, who is teaching at the state farm; the other is Mavic, who has also gone in for practical domestic science.

An article in **The News** states that Genevieve Bergers has just brought suit against Chase Parker, detective, for damage done to her typewriter while he was searching for thumb-print clues.

By the way, the periodical, The News, is edited by Adolph Stulik, who is especially desirous of items concerning his old classmates.

The Social Bug is another interesting and very modern paper, full of philosophy and its practice, that is put out by Tom Mathews. Blanch Timberlake, assistant, is still with Omaha High. She is relieving Miss Towne of a load of care of the girls.

An excellent school for Jewish girls has just been opened near Deuver by Miriam Wintroub, who was always deeply interested in the project.

Cecelia Fox in the movies has become universally known as a second Theda Bara. She is always accompanied by Lottie Stein in the position of chaperone and adviser.

Eivor Holm, Eva Lipp, Marion Dowling and Flora Jones have joined that army of helpers, the teachers.

Katherine Tennant is doing reconstruction work in Germany.

In the mountains of Switzerland Elizabeth Pixley is engaged in writing another book. Her old friend, Ruth Turnquist, who married one of the heroes of the Great War, is visiting her.

Albert Edwards, chemist, serves his government in laboratories at Washington, D. C., endeavoring to gain a clear understanding of the composition of Red Tape.

Chris Crowell is holding down a chair in the private office of the World Grain and Lumber Company of our fair city. He has just purchased full interest in the machinery of a new saw-mill invented by Ernest Zschau.

You know that new wonder-drama that took the literary world by storm. It is now being produced at the Brandeis under management of Harry Stoltenburg.

Gwen McCoy has developed into an enterprising society matron, competing with Mildred Rockwell.

THE REGISTER

A master in the world of commercial art was Samuel Okun, but he has lately given up that for passionate painting.

Earl Schafer has carried his football tactics into the grain business. He tackled low, kept his head, and made good.

Louis Metz with his financial instincts has become king of Wall street. Muriel Weber has taken over the auto business of her father.

Gwendolyn Oswald is likewise helping her dad. She has become indispensible as a useful ornament in his office.

"When time who steals our years away

Shall steal our pleasures, too,

The memory of the past will stay; And half our joys renew.

Then talk no more of future gloom :

Our Joys shall always last;

For Hope shall brighten days to come,

And Memory gild the past."

BERENICE DU RAE, '19,

11

(The following sketch, descriptive of the navy life, was written by a boy who has just re-entered our high school after having been in the navy for two years.

THE GOOD OLD LIFE

Enlist in the army! Join the navy! Aw tell it to the Marines! Well, there is a wide choice certainly. "Join the navy and see the world-through an iron fence." (The last phrase is a training station axiom.)

Maybe you mention your thoughts to the rest of the family. And finally you decide and then pass the physical examination. Oh, boy! You are anxious to go. In a second heaven (alias the depot) you say a last goodby to mother, father and friends.

Usually there is a group leaving and the recruits have their fun. There is a spirit you seem to acquire from somewhere. Everybody is happy, all talk at once, all pile out at the stops and cheer. Certainly you have already acquired something useful. Slackers may more, the Kaiser may weep, but your joy goes on forever:

When you arrive at the training station and try on your uniform (did you) ever see a rooster just after it had learned to crow?) someone will say "Open the port-holes-he's going to throw out his chest." Take a slacker to the best fashion store and fit him out with the most costly clothes and stand him alongside a sailor (a recruit or an old salt) - and the pretty young thing will-sure she will, and it won't take her more than two seconds, either. (That's why a sailor has a girl in every port—and the girl knows a sailor on every ship.) Every pretty young thing wants a jumper and a neckerchief. "Oh, J just think they are swell!" is her opinion of the uniform.

There are practical advantages to the uniform. You can roll the bell bottoms up; the jumper and trousers you can slip off in two shakes if you fall overboard: another thing—you don't have to send your clothes to the laundry or pressers. Just soak your clothes in a pail of water, use the kivi (scrubbrush) where needed, turn the clothes wrong side out, hang them up, and when they are dry -say, old-timer, you can sure dollup! (P. S.-Don't forget to use soap and elbow grease.) When you are "sca-goin'," you can roll your clothes up and stow them away; and when you hear liberty call, you can pull out your liberty blues without an objectional crease in them.

Oh yes, the chow! You seem to develop an enormous appetite; and when you hear chow-call-well, you discover that you are not the only one that is "Johnny-on-the-spot." Different ships have different menus, but you discover

that all the cooks are "right there with the goods." You eat your "three squares" a day (and then some.) If the recruit lacks weight, he soon puts some on. I'll say so.

When you have served your time in the training station and tell the other boys that you will leave soon—don't you feel "sea goin'?" (As you pass detention camp, you condescend to wave at the recruits that just came in. They say to themselves that you are lucky.)

When you reach the port you report to the "receiving ship." You may spend one anxious hour or one hopeful month before you are detailed to a ship as part of her crew. Then life begins. Maybe your ship is destined for "over there." You sure feel happy when your ship finally shoves off.

If you are not in a convoy, the ship seems to be very much alone. If you don't feed the fishes, you enjoy the wide, wide sea. On some days the sea is calm and the ship sails along smoothly. You can stand on deck and watch the sea for hours on end (if some officer doesn't come along and give you a detail). The world seems at peace, and you seem to be in Utopia. Some days the sea is choppy and grey; some days it is crowned with many white caps. One minute the sea seems about to wash over, the next it is many feet below; one minute you sink in a trough of the sea, the next you are going skyward toward white cap peaks. You finally decide that the ocean is very hard to describe and that you'll never forget it. You go below and turn in to the lullaby of the rolling ocean and the sleepy call of taps.

You "don't know where you're going, but you're on your way." A ship usually sails under sealed orders, but rumors are always afloat as to the destination. Some give ladies the credit for inventing gossip. Far be it from modest sailors to call attention to the fact that Dame Rumor and Gossip were born on board a ship. Therefore when you hear "land ho" there is always an "I told you so." One old salt says "Ireland."

"How do you know?" questions one not quite so salty.

"See how green the water is?" questions the old salt.

Your ship anchors in the bay, and later she draws up alongside a dock. There are quite a few of Uncle Sam's sailors there on liberty and all the natives. You eye the natives and joke and speculate about them.

As soon as the ship is unloaded, you are apt to be "shanghied" or put on a ship that is based in this foreign port. If that is so, you lash up your bag and hammock and wonder expectantly about your new ship and new friends and new scenes. Then you say to yourself, "It's a great life," and then conclude, "if you don't weaken." ——Clyde Case.

NEW YEAR'S DAY NINETEEN-NINETEEN Oh, our hearts are full of gladness. For the world's at peace today. And the four long years of madness, Like a dream have passed away. Oh, our hearts are full of sadness, Though the world's at peace: For the lives those years today of madness Cost us under bitter war's rude sway. Oh, our hearts are very tender For the absent ones today; And the love our lips would render Makes the world worthwhile today. So our hearts with joy are swelling, Since the world's at peace today; But our eyes with tears are welling. For our dead this New Year's Day.

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"IL PENSEROSO"

"Milton, yep, that's what I named it," drawled Silas Greenleaf, as he gravely tilted his chair to its usual angle and expectorated into the sawdust box by the glowing stove in the crossroads store. A smile pervaded his countenance, as with an air of self-satisfaction he viewed the astonished group which had collected to discuss in detail the greatest single piece of local news since the declaration of the war.

Now Silas was no ordinary rural sage, but was the peer of all men in his county. Not only was Silas a recognized and regular contributor to the county's sole journalistic enterprise, but he was also the recognized authority on all questions arising from the discussions of the war news. To be sure, was it not Silas who aroused his customers from their literary lethargy by ordering a set of Milton's poems from a Chicago mail order house which, in a wellillustrated catalogue, offered the complete works of the blind poet at astonishingly easy terms? This final act had constituted him the sole authority on all literary topics, and had won for him re-election on the school board.

All went smoothly for some time. Mrs. Greenleaf's conversation at the weekly meetings of the knitters for the Red Cross lent a decidedly literary touch to the gathering. At length, however, jealousy was bred in the heart of woman, and the genius of the sightless poet was eclipsed.

One autumn day a second wooden crate of books arrived. The express slip designated Mr. George Weeks as the consignce. Bloomfield county eitizens at their evening meal spoke chiefly of the only set of Shakesperian plays owned in that part of the state, of which the George Weekses were the owners. Mrs. Greenleaf was absent from the next Red Cross meeting.

For many weeks the immortal bard with the aid of the Weekses and a new standard dictionary reigned supreme at all assemblies of Bloomfield citizens. In vain did Silas and his loyal wife strive to recite Milton's pastoral descriptions from "L'Allegro," when with friends they passed a verdant pasture or commented on a rising or setting sun. High sounding discussions on literature and comparisons on Shakespeare and Milton, in which the latter's superiority was shown, appeared in the **Bloomfield Gazette** over the nom de plume, "Il Penseroso,"

About Christmas time Silas received from a mysterious source a heavy object in a wooden box. With a solemn face and never a word of explanation Silas set the box in the back room of the store, and for the first time in old Hiram Jackson's memory deliberately bolted the door.

Bloomfield County sensed a mystery and plied the taciturn Silas with questions. The attention of the Greenleafs seemed to have turned from Milton to the new acquisition; for, when Mrs. Weeks, at a church social, called attention to the new moon with "How sweetly sleeps the moon upon this bank." Mrs. Greenleaf merely smiled and refrained from quoting "the wandering moon, riding near its highest noon." A crisis was clearly at hand.

The long expected sensation occurred on the first of January when each customer of the rural emporium found in his mail box a statement of balance due. The idea of Silas sending a bill! For the past twenty years haven't we always paid Silas after the first potatoes were sold? Why, the bill was only for two knitting needles and a plug of tobacco that we got on the way home the other day. Yet every recipient of the somewhat poorly typewritten slip realized that Silas had redeemed himself in the eyes of the community, for he was the only possessor of a typewriter for miles around. Silas had many visitors that New Year's day.

The next issue of the Gazette contained a dissertation by "Il Penseroso"

(Continued on Page 21)

12

 $\mathbf{13}$

OPEN HALLS

The Student Council has been able, by promising to do everything in its power to maintain order in the halls, to gain open halls. Closed halls are a nuisance, both to pupils and faculty, and are totally unnecessary if each student will only remember that the convenience of all the students depends upon their conduct in the halls. Open halls will continue only so long as order prevails. If everyone will do his share, further trouble will be avoided.

THE MID-DAY RUSH

Why is it that the attention of the administration is continually being called to the crowding and pushing in and around the lunch room? It is true that we are given but a short time in which to eat lunch, but this is no reason for the boistcrous and ungentlemanly conduct which prevails at the cafeteria. It is certainly an evidence of very poor breeding to rush with such unseemly haste to our meals. If everyone would walk, the same relative positions would be kept by all and the crowded conditions would be eliminated. So let's make up our minds to be ladies and gentlemen at meal-time at least.

COURSE IN THE GREAT WAR

Can you tell just what is meant by "a world state," or by "freedom of the scas?" Do you think that Germany should be admitted to the League of Nations? Do you believe that equal representation of the smaller nations in such a league is practicable? Does our entrance into such a league mean the complete abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine? All these are questions which grow out of the Great War; all are questions which we should be able to discuss. To do this we should have a thorough understanding of the historical background of the war, and clear ideas of its progress and its results.

All this information is to be included in the War Course to be given next semester. It is open to juniors and seniors, and will be taught by Mrs. Atkinson. It will be a course of unusual interest, and for this reason many are expected to take advantage of this opportunity.

Dr. Guernsey Jones, head of the Department of English History at the University of Nebraska, has consented to give a series of lectures in connection with this course.

THE MODERN PROBLEMS COURSE

The new Modern Problems course, which is being offered to seniors next term, is one in which every future citizen should find great pleasure as well as frofit. The fact that Mr. Masters and Mr. Woolery are to be the instructors will surely add to your interest. The course will deal with such questions as emigration, race problems, the problems of a city--as poverty, charity, crime; the labor problem, dependents, the using of national resources and business problems. The text to be used is a recent book, "The Real Business of Living," written by James H. Tufts, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Chicago. Every senior who can arrange to take this course should do so, particularly those who do not intend to go to college, because this is a course usually not offered before college. Mr. Masters expects a large enrollment in this new and interesting study.

The **Register** wishes to thank the following persons for their exceptionally good work in soliciting ads for the previous issues: Verne Vance, Ruth Miller, Crawford Follmer, Gladys Mickel, Donald Pillsbury and Flora Schukert.

Help to make America truly safe for democracy by first making it healthy.

14 THE REGISTER G 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 Single Copy, Fifteen Cents Advertising Rates on Application to Business Manage Address All Communications and Make All Cherks Payable to High School Register, Omaha, Nebraska EDITORIAL STAFF RALPH KHARAS, Editor Associate Editors: Donald Pillebury, Gladys Mickel JEAN KENNEDY, Assistant Editor NEWS: ORGANIZATIONS SHELL SHOCKS Betty Kennedy Hayward Leavitt Camilla Edholm Havold DeLano Mary Loomis Louis Freiberg Russel Funkhouser Josephine Marple Alex McKie ATHLETICS EXCHANGE Walter White Margaret Parish Harold Boggs WAR WORK Herberta Barker Zoe Schalek William Hamilton ART Burke Adams Phyllis Waterman PROOF READERS PHOTOGRAPHY Florice Shaw Thelma Black Helen Winkelman BUSINESS STAFF RAY F. STRYKER, Business Manager ROBERT JENKINS, Assistant Business Manager Myton H. Price, Circulation Manager Ralph Swanson, Assistant Circulation Manager AD SOLICITORS Ruth Miller Verne Va CIRCULATION AIDES Schukert France Ralph Campbel Verne Vance Frances Patton Mary Findley Crawford Foilmer Vol. XXXIII OMAHA, NEBR., JANUARY, 1919 Number 5



171

OUR SCHOOL SPIRIT

For almost fifty years there has been an Omaha High School, our High School; and for almost fifty years loyalty and clean sportsmanship have been the standards of our school. Without this spirit, in every every-day activity as well as in our sports, Central High would be only a building in which we gain an education—nothing more. It is the spirit and traditions of this school which makes it what it is. And now, by a few, who have somehow failed to feel our standard of fair play, this spirit is being violated.

This is not a pleasant thing to say; but, neverthcless, it cannot be denied. Several valuable books have been taken from the library; whether through mere carelessness, indifference, or actual dishonesty, it is not known. Whatever be the motive, the act is primarily un-American; for in a country of unlimited freedom, there must be respect for the rights of all individuals; and when a person takes a book upon which several persons are depending for their lessons, he is not respecting their rights.

And so, because you are back of the fine old traditions of your country and your school, play fair in the library as well as in the gym!

Not only do some of the teachers selfishly use the home period for recitation and for giving assignments, but several are even failing to read the circulars carefully and regularly.

15

Why Don't You Get Into Business?

To many men the immediate future spells business opportunity, liberation from restriction, restored markets—all that goes with a freer and fuller industrial progress.

Now that the war is won, restrictions on business are being rapidly removed and there is every indication that America will lead the world, with renewed activity from one end of the country to the other.

H. B. BOYLES

Right now there is an uplift movement and peace-time activity has begun. Business men

arc calling for a larger army of workers to carry on their campaigns. There is now an unprecedented demand for trained workers. Salaries were never so high as now and the young man and young woman with a thorough business education is assured of a good position at a satisfactory salary, even from the very first.

But the world is moving along swiftly and unless you "step lively" you may be left behind. This time next year you will be about where you are now unless you do something to keep abreast of the times. If you decide to fit yourself for a good business position, you can advance with the march of events that has already begun to follow the war. It will require a little time, but the advantages your business education will bring will be far above your estimate.

Then, advancement rests largely with yourself. Business men are always looking for superior ability in their employes, and training, initiative, good judgment and honest service are the requirements for the places higher up.

My advice, based on years of experience, is to choose the commercial field, nothing can give you greater advantages than a thorough business training in an institution that is preferred both among students and graduates and that is acknowledged by the business man in search of super-trained assistants to aid him in increasing his profits and his prestige

You have the foundation work of a successful business person, but to that must be added the training that will qualify you to demand the larger salaries and the promotions you rightfully expect. I invite you to investigate our institution and to satisfy yourself as to its ability to prepare you for active service in the world of business.

For your choice, there are courses in accountancy, machine bookkeeping, comptometry, shorthand and typewriting, private secretarial work, stenotypy, railroad and wireless telegraphy, civil service and all English and commercial branches. There are day and evening sessions in both the Omaha and the Council Bluffs schools.

Would you be interested in receiving our Year Book which contains complete information concerning the various courses, rates of tuition and words of appreciation from former graduates. A copy will be mailed to you promptly upon receipt of your request.

Yours for commercial success,

TheEmblem Ticiercy

Boyles College_Omaha_Council Bluffs

PRESIDENT

SAY YOU READ THEIR AD IN THE REGISTER



GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

The long delayed concert of the two glee clubs was presented to an appreciative audience in our auditorium Friday evening, January 3. The Girls' Glee Club rendered several numbers in a very creditable fashion and the boys presented a musical sketch, "Uncle Sam's Boys in Camp."

Especially enjoyable were the vocal solos of Miss Kathleen German, Miss Ophelia Adair, Miss Ethel Oreutt, Edward Hall and Gerald Kelly. Charles Davis sang a song which he himself had composed. Features of the evening were William Sype and Mortimer Watson as clog dancers, and Otto Nelson in an impersonation, "Lady Gazelle."

The program showed the result of careful preparation and excellent directing. It had been previously given for the entertainment of the soldiers at Fort Omaha.

GYM CLUB DRIVE

With the co-operation of the Cadet Officers' Club, the Gym Club staged a very successful drive for perfect posture. Short talks were made in every room by members of the two organizations, urging students to raise the standard of the school through correct posture, which means better health, character and grades. The Gym Club feels that resulting improvements are repaying its efforts.

HIGH SCHOOL BOY RETURNS FROM THE SERVICE

Robert Kutak, who has been seven months in the hospital recovering from wounds received in action, has returned from France and will enter school here next semester. He was one of the very first to go across with the regular army unit, and, in addition, he served on the Mexican border. In the battle of Cantigny he was struck by a high explosive and wounded severely in the hip, leg. stomach, shoulder and arm, besides losing a finger. He has the distinction of having been in attendance at the burial of the first three American soldiers killed in France.

Central High School sincerely regrets the death of two students during the past month. Holovitchiner Smith, a sophomore, and Harvey Isham, a junior who entered our school from Bennington last September, succumbed to influenza.

DEBATE

The debating prospects for next semester have assumed a brighter look. Central High has been fortunate in securing Lieutenant Himstead for a debating coach. Lieutenant Himstead is a graduate of the University of Illinois, and taught debating at Urvannah High School, Illinois, for three years.

Lieutenant Himstead hopes to have the tryouts for the debating squad the first or second week in the new semester. Lieutenant Himstead has worked out a new method of tryouts which he intends to use in choosing his team.

There will probably be a debate with Council Bluffs and a debate for the Amherst Cup with Lincoln. Lieutenant Hemstead is working for a triangular league between Omaha, Lincoln and Sioux City. The question for the tryouts and the date of the tryouts will be announced soon.

FACULTY

Omaha High School will regret to hear that two of our best known teachers have resigned to take up positions elsewhere. Mr. A. J. Wedeking has accepted the cashiership in a bank in his home town of Dale. Ind.

Mr. L. N. Bexten has accepted the position of assistant scout executive and will have charge of the new scout farm, which is to be build on Child's Point.

Miss Duras, who has been ill, will return to South High next semester.

Mrs. Stephen Davies, of South High School, will take Miss Duras' place here.

Mr. Andrew Nelson, teacher of mathematics last year, who got his commission in the artillery, will return next semester to take his classes again.

Miss Marie Cooms, who has been teaching sewing in the High School, has been sick and will not be able to return.

Miss Elizabeth Kiewitt has also been sick and, at present, will not be able to return.

Miss E. V. Jenkins, who was reported to have been stopped at New York because no more canteen workers were needed, has secured a position in Y. M. C. A. work and has landed "somewhere in France."

Lieutenant Ralph E. Himstead has been secured to take Miss Jenkin's place. Lieutenant Himstead is debating coach, and also commandant of the regiment. Lieutenant Himstead was commissioned at Camp Dodge and for seven months was instructor at Camp Pike. He is an expert debater and public speaker and a capable teacher.

ALUMNI NOTES.

19

Miss Gertrude Peyche and her sister, Helen, were in a serious accident out in Seattle. Both were pretty well banged up, but are now doing well.

Maidie Koenig, at Vassar, has been winning a dandy reputation for herself. She was recently elected chairman of a big Freshman conference.

We understand that our former lieutenant-colonel, Dan Longwell, has been showing some of the lieutenants at Columbia a few things about drill. We always knew Dan would distinguish himself some day.

Several boys who were enrolled in the S. A. T. C. of our universities and colleges have decided to stay out of school until next September, in order to start in when things are more nearly normal. Among these are Jasper Uall, Fred Weller, Lee Huff, Dick Smith, Milton Rogers, Munson Dale, Lawrence Ortman, and Warren Best.

At Christmas things seemed like old times again, with Will Nicholson, Leonard McCoun, Peter Kiewit, Herluf Olson and Lansing Brisbane home from Dartmouth; Russell Peters, Frank Campbell and Bernie Holmquist were home from Cornell; and Millard Rogers and Tom Findley escaped Princeton Prep long enough to wish us a merry Christmas.

Warren Ege has completed, his course in a training camp, and has returned to Dartmouth,

Harold Steere and Lieutenant Howard Payne have received their discharges and are home again.

Eleanor Potter, one of our most popular sophomores, has gone to live in Buffalo until the return of her father, who is serving in France. We hope she'll soon be back with us.

Mercedes Jensen has left Omaha High to attend a Southern school.

Charles Moriarty, our former football star, is back in Omaha.

Louis Bailey, who graduated in 1915 is a dictician at Base Hospital No. 1, Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Tex.

ØRGANIZATIØNS

The Lininger Travel Club has ja charity record to be proud of. At Thanksgiving four baskets for the poor were filled and delivered, and at Christmas a beautiful tree was trimmed for the Child Saving Institute. In the course of their work, the girls discovered an unusually interesting ease-that of an old woman, now paralyzed, who remembers incidents of Civil War times, and who begged that a geography be brought to her in order that she might better understand the news of the day. The girls are now visiting and taking care of her.

Margaret Fuller Society met Friday, January 17, to make plans for the rest of the year. Refreshments were served, and the girls enjoyed a pleasant social time.

The W. D. S. met Friday, January 10. An excellent program was offered including a monologue by Harley Anderson, which, it is needless to say, was the feature of the afternoon. There were thirty-five present.

The Art Society held its meeting Friday, January 17, at the Fine Arts exhibit at the Fontenelle. Plans are being made for a Valentine party next month.

At the Student Club Thursday, January 16, eighty-five girls were recognized, sixty girls of the Student Club and twenty-five of the Freshman Club. The ceremonial address was given by Dorothy Grey. After the Candle Service a few short plays were given by the membership committee.



Lieutenant Himstead, formerly a cadet officer at the University of Illinois, and for seven months instructor in infantry drill at Camp Pike, has accepted the position of Commandant of the High School Regiment.

WHO'S WHO AND WHY IN THE CADET REGIMENT

Captain Burke Adams.

The regiment freely and graciously acknowledges the outstanding ability of certain of its personnel. We find 'mongst our numbers nearly every kind of genius known to the world.

For many years Cadet Captain Burke Adams has studied deeply into the theory of thought and the development of ideas, and today the regiment reaps the benefit of his diligent and patient study. Ideas, it seems, flock to his head like moths to a candle flame. He can't help himself; for, no matter how much will power he exerts, he cannot keep these ideas out of his head.

But, fortunately, coupled with this strange idea-habit, he possesses a remarkable line of powers which enable him to experiment and to ascertain whether or no his ideas carry weight. For instance: mechanical power. A complete wooden model of a machine gun, exhibited at Headquarters, was indeed a trivial matter for this "youthful Edison," a mere beginning in the science of idea development, you might say.

Captain Adams' brilliant record as a eadet is due, in many ways, to the peculiar faculty which enables him to think of some fifty ideas a day. His ideas on orderly ceremony and on visitors' day are points worthy of military text book authors, such as Moss or I. D. R. (We can't find this fellow's name, but we've often seen his initials on his manual.) While in F Company last year, Adams was considered one of the best right guides in the regiment. It was amazing how perfectly he could proceed down the street in a straight line. Far be it from us to let out any secrets, but we feel as if we must explain. It's rumored that he mounted a compass on his gun stock and used to lay a course down the street in much the same manner as a ship is directed. Brains?

But the best idea he ever got, to our mind, was when he was a buck private in D Company back in '15. He put a third upright pole in the middle of his tent, at eamp, to prevent the jovial youths from breaking the ridge pole when they playfully jumped on the roof.

Just now, Mr. Adams feels it his sanctimonious duty to revolutionize the standard cadet uniform. His most recent adaptation has caused us to refuse to walk down the street with him.—Chin strap. Nuf sed.

CADETS HEAR ROBERT KUTAK

Robert Kutak, one of Central High's first students to answer the call at the outbreak of the war, addressed the Cadet regiment Thursday, January 16.

Kutak was in D Company when war was declared, and at that time joined the regular army, and was in France within six weeks. He was in the First Division, the American force that first reached France and first occupied German soil.

He told the cadets of the war history of the First Division. In Paris he took part in the first parade of American soldiers which ever occurred in France visited the tombs of Napoleon and Lafayette, and was reveiwed by President Poincaire and Generals Foch and Pershing. After holding a quiet sector of the front for some time, his division was chosen by General Foch to help stem the German drive. It was here, while holding trenches on the Picardy front, that Kutak received wounds in almost every part of his body from a shell explosion. Kutak was very reticient as to his own experiences and would say but little as to his own wounds.

He was introduced by Mr. Masters, and received an enthusiastic welcome from the cadets.

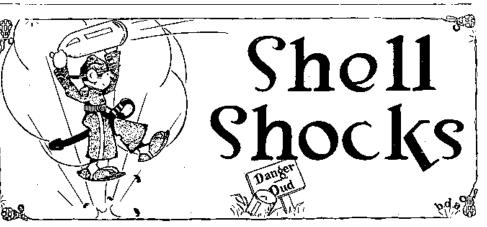
(Continued from Page 13)

on the relationship of typewriters to modern business. It would be telling though to disclose the number of hours spent by the author in typing his contribution.

Meanwhile, "that new writin' machine of Silas' " drew curious eyes and inquiring tongues to the crossroads. It was a somewhat ancient model of the kind referred to as a "blind writer," because the writer was unable to see the results of his efforts without shifting the paper up a notch. A few new, bright, nickle-plated parts gave it a newish look. It was the joy of Silas' life to gloat over it, but the Weekses—oh, well. At present, the circle about the stove was discussing it.

"Yep, Milton's what I named it, because it's a 'blind writer,' " repeated Silas to the group about the stove, giving a chuckle at his witticism—which brings us to the beginning of this tale, and also to its end. R. F. C., '19.

20



Freshman (to another little Freshie watching Frances doing the Tickle Toe): Gee, she must be having fits!

Bobby S, to Howard H.: I think I like you better than any of the fellows that come to see sister.

Howard (beaming proudly): I'm pleased to hear it, Bobby. Why do you like me the best?

Bobby: Because sis always lets me stay around and hear what you say.

Moore: Waiter, there's sand on this bread.

Waiter: That's to keep the butter from slipping off, sir.

Miss Field: Do you think this class is a joke, young man? James P.: No 'm; I'm not laughing

at the class.

Jordan P.: It's costing me a hundred a month to live. She: I wouldn't pay it. It isn't worth

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it.
Vin. Lake: Doctor, please give me
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something for my head. M. D.: Why, my dear boy, I wouldn't take it for a gift.

Miss Brown: What relation are these parallel lines to each other? Charlotte D.: Twins.

Polly R.: Just think! He put his arm around me three times last night. Dorothy N.: Mercy! Some arm.

Freshie: What do the cannibal headhunters do with the heads after they get them?

Second Ditto: Make noodle soup, of course.

Nancy: They say that a woman's waist is the exact length of a man's arm. Dick: Oh, let's get a string and see.

23

Everybody will be at the "Junior."---Adv.

Vance: Something seems to be going round in my bead,

Price: Don't worry. It won't stumble over anything.

Burke: You know, my father told me when I was a boy if I didn't study I'd be an ignoramus.

Heintz: Well, why didn't you study?

Two freshmen were fighting on the "campus." Miss Bonnell happened along, and failing in her efforts, appealed to our noble councellor, Oliver Maxwell.

"Can't you do something to stop them?" "Stop 'em! It took me ten minutes to get them started."

Friday, January 31st.—Adv.

Romember Friday night, the 31st of January.—Adv.

Doctor Senter (Chem. Lab.): Did you filter this?

Joe Marple: No. I didn't think it could stand the strain.

While Rowena Pixley was recovering from the effects of a very heart-rending recitation in Latin, the other day, she was heard to mutter audibly: "Gee, I sprained my brains, that time."

Perhaps these jokes are old, And should be put on the shelf; If you can do it better, Hand in a few yourself.

Be among 'em at the "Junior."-Adv,

BLUFFS GAME.

THE REGISTER

22

The fast Council Bluffs five had to fight every minute of play to win from the Omaha boys by a close score of 16 to 10, last Friday night in Council Bluffs. Three of Omaha's first team men were ineligible for the game, and our team was also handicapped by the two-by-four Bluffs gym, which hindered team work.

Logan, Burnham and Konecky did their level best to stave off defeat, playing a hard, fast game. Mangold at forward, and Swoboda at guard, played a good, consistent game. Pete Campbell, who went in for Mangold in the last part of the second half, showed the old fight that characterized his play as quarter on the gridiron.

Council Bluffs took the lead early in the game and kept it by a narrow margin during the first half, having the long end of a 9 to 7 score at the end of the period. Burnham and Logan started a rally in the second half, and tied up the score, but were unable to keep the pace. Omaha outplayed the Bluffs most of the second half, but the Bluffs five came back in the last few minutes of play and caged three baskets, winning, 16 to 10.

The O. H. S. five deserves credit for a hard-fought game, and will, we hope, rim the Bluff's crew by a good margin when we meet their team later in the season on our own floor.

The Nebraska Uni. Fresh five, including Paynter, Smith and Russel of our last year's lineup, trimmed the Nebraska Wesleyan seconds 39 to 10, last Saturday.

SIOUX CITY PROSPECTS.

The prospects for taking Sioux City to a triuming are pretty good if our fellows burn enough of the midnight oil to get in the lineup. Practice this week is expected to improve teamwork and accuracy at baskets.

Sioux City has a good team, and we can see what their real caliber is by the results of their game with Council Bluffs tonight. Only two veterans remain on their team. Foster at guard. and Whitmer playing forward. The other forward position will probably played by Macfarlane, who is a fast man and a demon at long baskets; or by Younger, who is a husky fellow and a crack at shoving the ball in from close range. Peskin at center is fair at the tip-off and good at dribbling the ball down the floor. Rogers and Eoster at guard are expected to keep a pretty close watch on our forwards.

The game is certain to be close enough to be interesting.

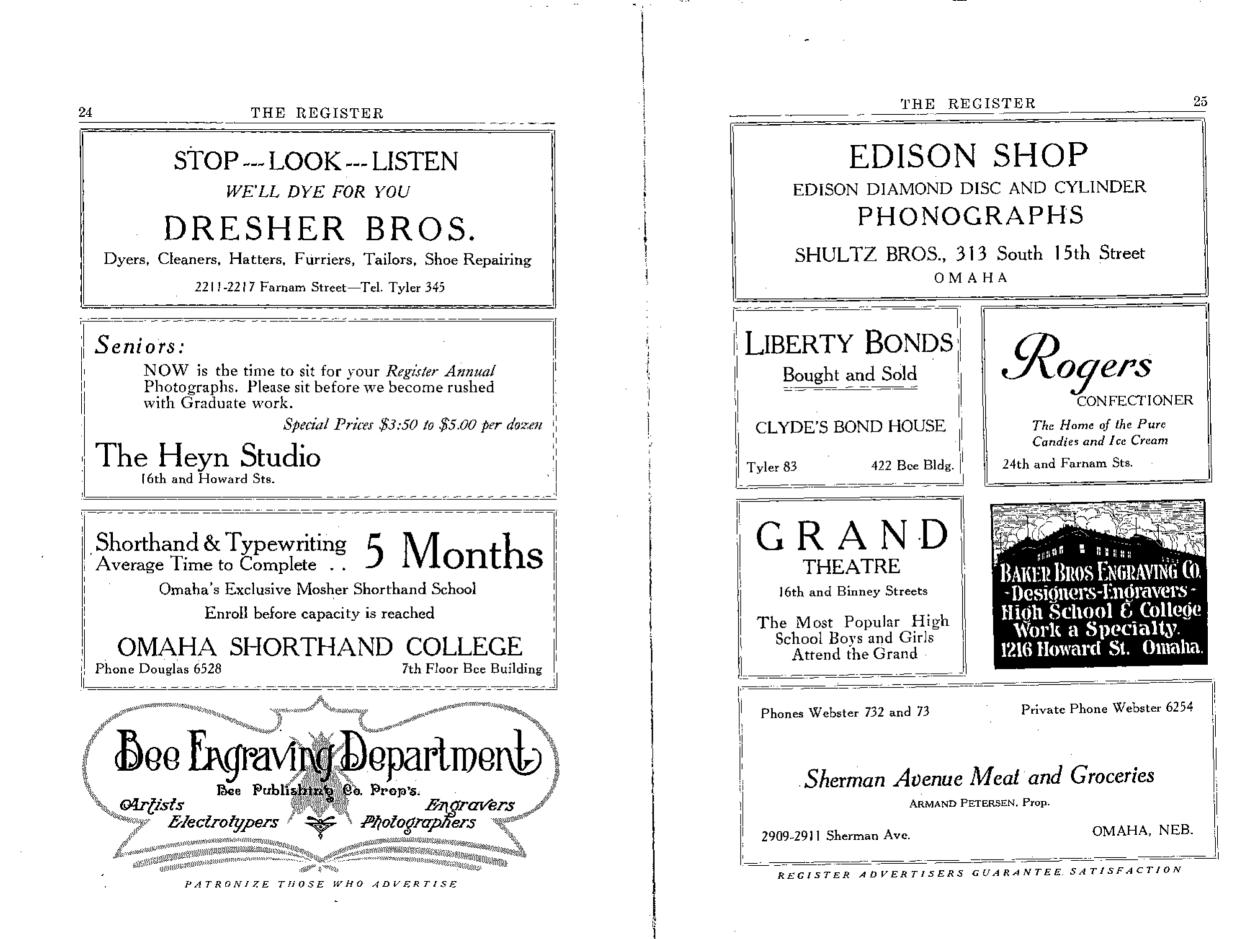
EXTRA! EXTRA!

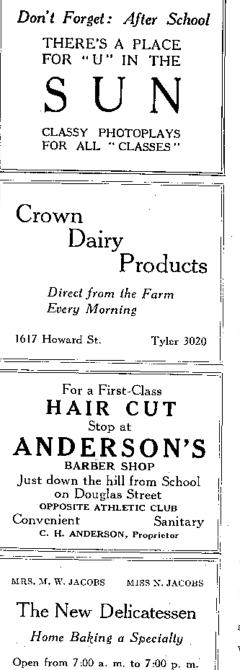
Our star reporter, who is a demon for getting copy in before the Register goes to press, reports that the South Hi game scheduled to be played on Thursday night, has either been won, lost, or postponed.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls' basket ball teams have organized and are getting ready for the coming tournament. More senior girls are urged to come out for 'practice.

Captains of volley ball feams have not been selected.





26

1806 Farnam Street Phone Douglas 5772

Closed Sundays

Your Doubts Diminished By Mary Jane

Dear Mary Jane: I have long been troubled by a hopeless desire to be the proud possessor of a curly wig, such as Verne Vance's. Could you give me any hints as to how I may attain ringlets similar to his? A TROUBLED LASS.

Troubled: Upon consultation with the young man whose ringlets are in question, we learn that he highly recommends the use of kid curlers and chewing gum. After sprcad-ing the latter on generously, apply the curlers. The result will be highly satisfactory.

Dear Mary Jane:

Can you tell me how to grow a big dimple in my_cheek? PUZZLED. Puzzled: The best way to grow a dimple is a little painful, but quite satisfactory on the whole (not a pun). Before retiring every night fasten your left cheek to your jaw with a thumb tack. After about a week of this treatment, a very effective and permanent embellishment will be obtained.

Dear Mary Jane:

Is Miss Stegner really as stern as she some--NERVOUS. times looks? Dear Nervy:-You see the lady in question censors this, so I'd really hate to say. But if you will drop into the Reg. office just after she's told me what she thinks of this stuff, I'll be glad to give you my private opinions.

Get your date today; do not delay .----Adv.

Little bits of study, Awful lot of cram; Make the dullest scholar. Pass a stiff exam. (We have our doubts.)

WHEN A FELLOW NEEDS A FRIEND When the study-hall bell rings just before you get to your seat. When Doctor Senter catches you bluff-

ing. When you're the last one in line at

When they find out that you write

stuff like this.

See your friends at the "Junior"-Kelpine's.—Adv.

Caller: Well, is Russell learning any Latin at high school? Mrs. Funkhouser: Not enough to interfere

with his slang.

Miss Paxson: And why did Aeneas want to take his father up into the mountains? Pilly: Consumption!

Attend the only school dance this year. -Adv.

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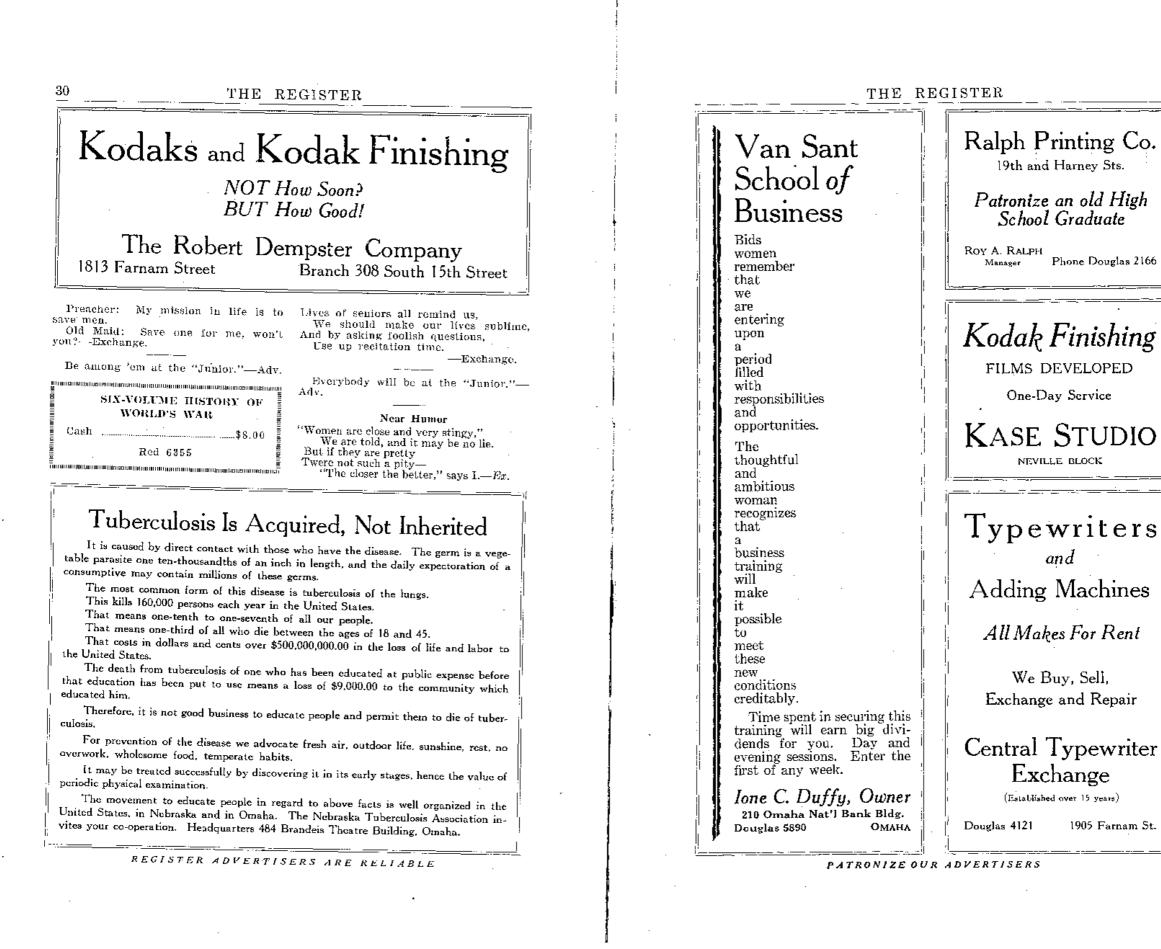
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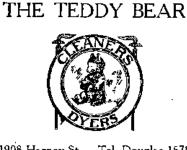




31

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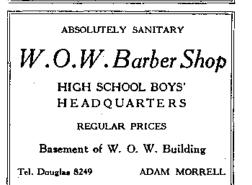


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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



Well, folks, aigen yo may see mah smilin' pussonality among yo midst. Senco last I sawn yo radiatin countenances ah has made two editions to mah staff. Dey is uh noo typewritah an a pahtnah. No, gurls, weep not; it am a man (de pahtnah, ah mean). Yo remembah dat cop dat wur so powahful fond ob dat hahd cidah? Well, we des decided dat deah wahnt no use takin' sech resks fo sech a insectimenious thing as a drink, so we des went into pahtnahship. Ah fuhnish de cidah an he de puttection ob de law. Yathum, dat am a berry magnolius systum.

In de hospittul. Doctah: Hab yo ate anythin sence ah sawn yo las? Pillsbury: Yathuh, ah wur so hongry at happast seben dat ah eight o'clock.

Quick, Watson, de needle.

(On a street cah.) Motahman (to man smoking on cah): You'll hab to smoke on de oddeh end, sah. Man: Ah cain't; it's lit.

Say, folks, ah wants to tell yo ob a sad accident what ah sawn de oddah day. A ole cow wuz pesticatin' roun' in some ole no count trash whut de fahmah done left in de bahn, an' she done swalluhed a umbrella an' a cake ob yeast. Den de yeast stahted fuhmentin in huh stummick an' raised de umbrella an she died in de mos' powahful agony.

No, Homer, dey ain't a chanst.

Craig: Why does dey call dem de "Royal" Engineers? Burke A.: Coz dey weah crowns in

deah hats.

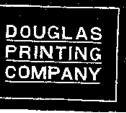
Strykah: Does yo know dat ah wuzzent able to play billiahds all wintah? Leavitt: No. Why? Strykah: Well, evey time ah sawn de three balls on de table ah thot ob mah obahcoat.

Yo face am yo fohtune. Git some pictahs tooken an sell dem fo puzzles.



"Junior Prom" January 31st.--Ađv:

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