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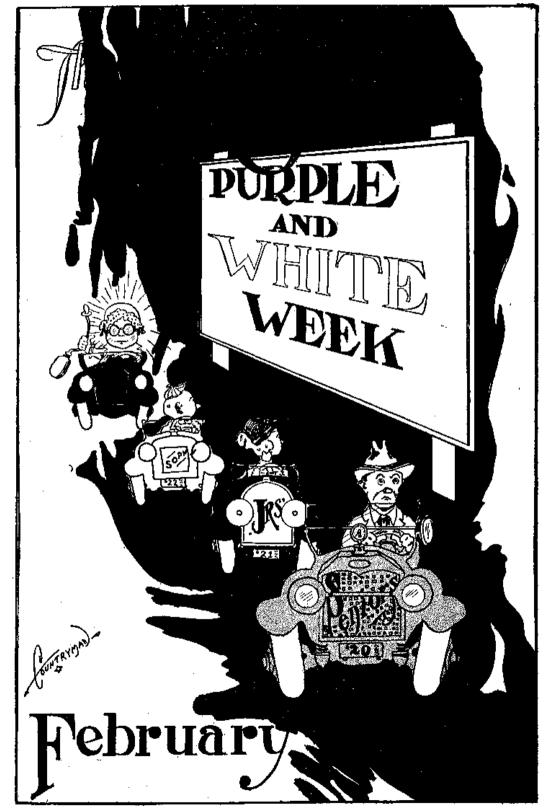
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VOLUME XXXIV

NUMBER FOUR

The Hynes Elevator Company

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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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Announcing

 $Omaha\ High\ School's$ First Annual

Purple and White Week

Given Under the Auspices of Boys' Hi-Y Club and the Girls' Student Club

Freshman-Sophomore Contest Day March 10 Junior-Senior Contest Day . . March 11 Purple and White Day . . . March 12

COMMITTEE SYSTEM FOR PURPLE AND WHITE WEEK

THE REGISTER

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Ralph Campbell, Chairman Robert Jenkins James Holmquist

Linae Andersor Miss Parker

Eleanor Hamilton Mr. Masters

General Management Robert Jenkins

Helen Winkleman

Junior-Senior Day

Execuive Heads—Ralph Campbell, Eleanor Hamilton Junior Class—Arthur Bramman, President Senior Cla Senior Class-Ralph Campbell, President

Freshman-Sopolmore Day

Executive Heads—James Holmquist, Marjorie Wyman Sophomore Class—Ben Ravitz, Chairman Freshman Class—Roy Baer, Chairman

CONTEST CHAIRMEN

	Freshmen	Sophomores	dunions	Seniors
Dramatics-	Dorothy Sherman	Polly Robbins	Dana Thompson	Delmar Eldredge Virginia Leussler
Debate—	Roy Baer	Herbert Woodland	Dick Elster	Charles Grimes
Art—	Jean Hall	Edith Weir	Russell Countryman	Willard Vienot
Vocal Chorus	Frances Dohrse	Edwin Hogle	Florence Larson	Fern Goodwin
Jazz Orchestra—	Meyer Shapiro	Margaret Logan	Stuart Edgerly	Merrill Russell Adrian Westberg
Boy's Basket Ball—	George McBride	Harold Stribling	Ray Clements	Louis Rockwell
Girl's Basket Ball—	Josephine Drapier	Virginia Frantz	Eleanor Hamilton	Marguerite Walmer
Register Work—	Elizabeth Robinson	Doria Talmage	Walter Mercalie	Oliver Maxwell
School Songs and Yells-	Geneive Noble	Meriam Wiley	Mildred Shields	Marian Fisher
Class Songs and Yells-	-Delmore Hill	Carmen Longman	Carlton Evans	Mary Ure
Drill—	Harry Leavitt	Paul Leussler		•
Foreign Languages —			Charlotte Denny	Irene Simpson
Decoration—	Doris Pinkerton	Francis Yeager	Marian Alleman	Howard Turner
Conduct—		The Whole Class		
Baseball—	Arthur Hatteroth	D. L. Dimond	Lea Koneky	Leonard Mangold

Every person in each class will be placed in some form of activity under these chairmen. Students will be classified adcording to the activities which they checked on the student activity slips which were filled out several weeks

SCORING SYSTEM

Dramatics—150 points
Art—150 points
Posters—100 points
Vocal Chorus—150 points
Basket Ball—Girk, 150. Boys, 150
School Songs—100 points
Fore gn Languages—150 points
Fore gn Languages—150 points
Total for cach day—2500 points.

Debate—150 points
points
Cover—50 points
Jazz Orchestra—150
Register Work, 150
Class Songs—100 points
Basehali—150 points
Conduct—300 points
Conduct—300 points Debate—150 points
Cover—50 points
Jazz Orchestra—150 points
Register Work, 150
Class Songs—100 points
Baseball—150 points

DAILY PROGRAMS

Junior-Senior Day and Freshman-Sophomore Day

8:15—Dramnties: Auditorium, 10 minutes for each class. 8:50—Classes 1st Lunch Period: Instrumental music, 2 numbers each 2:45—Baseball: Athletic Field. Drill—South Hall

8:35—Debate: Auditorium, 2 minutes constructive 1 minuto rebutle 2nd Lunch Period—Vocal Chorus, 2 numbers each. Basket Ball—Girls, South Gym.; Boys, North Gym.

ALL DAY:
Art Work—249, Miss Tempest
Register Work—Register Office
Class Songs and Yells—Register Office
School Songs and Yells—Register Office

Decoration Conduct Foreign Languages— Latin, 111; French, 132; Spanish, 138.

PURPLE AND WHITE DAY

Executive Heads—Linae Anderson, Helen Bolshaw. 8:15—Auditorium: Mystery Stunt (?) (?) (?) Lunch Periods—Jazz Music After School—Finals

8:40—Home Room: "Know Your Neighbor" Seventh Period—Grand Purple and White Pageant Baseball Basket Ball—Same Locations,

ST. JOSEPH GAME

Banners will be awarded winners between halves at this game. Be sure and come so that you may hear the results

EDITORIALS

PURPLE AND WHITE WEEK

The subject of Purple and White Week is on the minds of nearly the entire student body these days. Each person is thinking of his or her part in this tremendous undertaking that will include in its wide scope of activity almost every student in the school. We are working to put our class across and to make our particular day a success. But, have we stopped to think why all this work is going on, what the ultimate goal in the minds of the students who started it was? If you haven't stopped to think, stop right now and listen to a few pointers.

Dissatisfaction has been the key-note of student and faculty attitude toward our school life during the past few months. The faculty do not believe the students are fair when they permit such an outrage as was committed recently in the auditorium. They justly complain about conduct in the halls when we whistle or run. On the other hand the students are dissatisfied because we have no student government. They feel that there should be some other way of remedying the ills in the auditorium than completely shutting down on the mass meetings. They wonder why the conduct of a few should be paid for by the whole student body.

The key-note of Purple and White Week is a more wholesome feeling of pride in our school and an increased interest in our activities and our work. Students are behind the plan and they are running it. The faculty will be represented and are going to cooperate to the best of their ability but the idea originated with the students and will be carried out by them. Student activity, student interest, and a general good will among faculty and students is the ultimate goal sought by the promoters. We must forever put up with the feeling of dissatisfaction that is our present key-note or else quickly take steps in an effort to make the other extreme our paramount thought and the key-note of our school life.

NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT. PUT YOURSELF WHOLE HEARTEDLY BEHIND THIS PURPLE AND WHITE PROJECT AND SEE THAT YOUR PARTICULAR PART IS PLAYED TO THE BEST YOUR ABILITY.

CHAIRMAN PROMOTION COMMITTEE.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

One of the most difficult problems in a school so large as Central High is the development and maintenance of a proper school spirit. The groups are always so large that every enterprise must be hedged about by regulations which prevent license or imprudent action. This necessary legislation sometimes tends to put a damper on spontancity. We all know that a spirit of loyalty to our school and its activities is most desirable. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead, etc.," applies to schools as well as to nations. It is worth a great deal to be able to swell with pride when "our school" is mentioned or to feel decidedly on edge until the last basket is made in a game with an opposing team. Just as the manager of a large factory or business has to plan very carefully to get an efficiency which will make a successful enterprise, we must plan our assemblies and mass meetings. In the small school where all are acquainted, an impromtu gathering may accomplish its purpose in

arousing spirit or enthusiasm of the proper sort. In the very large school such a gathering unless very ably conducted from the platform is apt to degenerate into an assembly as noisy and as purposeless as a group of magpies.

Many of us of the faculty know from experience that no other time and energy expended in connection with our work pays such large and pleasing dividends as that given to school activities. Still, like all city dwellers we citizens of this school city are so beset by the many demands upon us that we find our free time and energy painfully limited. Of course the explanation is that the school is getting too large. An explanation or a diagnosis is not a remedy however. Who will offer one?

Isn't there some way to get John Jones to take an interest in Latin, which Miss X considers all important and isn't there some way to get Miss X to take in interest in the basket ball, which John considers all important? Miss X knows that the study of Latin is going to help John in after life and John knows that a real interest in the basket ball game is going to help Miss X in her work in school right now. A little reciprocity, please. Perhaps our Purple and White Week will help some of us to understand each other better.

E. E. McMILLAN.

Let's have more kicks.

FRESHMAN-SOPHMORE DAY

We beat! Yes, but who are we? We are the Freshman—or are we the Sophmores? Which class is the biggest, best, and busiest? It's an open question—but it won't be either open or a question after March 10th. It will be a certainty!

Because on that day there are going to be contests to decide. Is your class going to win—or will your old rivals triumph again? Come on, Freshmen, it's your first chance in Central to show the stuff you're made of. Freshmen aren't always grass-like, either in color or in size. Mental capabilities are not necessarily dependent on size, and contests are dependent neither on brain nor on brawn. Let's show 'em, and then let's "keep up the good work."

But, Sophmores, are you going to stand tamely by, and let them run off with the honors? Are you going to let them do all the showing off, or are you going to do your share too? All right then—"Come on, Let's go!"

MARJORIE WYMAN.

WHAT CAN I DO TO SHOW SCHOOL SPIRIT?

The question of school spirit is a vital one to all of us. We need not be endowed with the talents of the orator, musician, poet, or artist; but we must have that vital combination which makes up a school and which is called school spirit. We must have a willingness and an eagerness to use those powers that we have, whether small or large, to help our school to the best advantage.

How can we show school spirit? Fellow students, you, better than anyone else, know what you can do. When the school is in need; don't hang back. Step forward, take your place, and boost your school with all the strength of which you are capable. If Central High is being raked over the coals by an outsider, don't stand by and listen! Speak up and win the day for the Purple and White! If you have musical ability, join the band or the orchestra. If you have an idea, or a criticism, send it to the Register office. And, if you can't do anything else, give the school a good name through your personal actions and appearance. Let's pull together! Let's make this school of which we are so proud the finest, the best in the country. Let's go!

PURPLE AND WHITE DAY

Everyone realizes that something is fundamentally wrong with our student spirit. Kicks and complaints are showered from all sides upon the few of the school who have spirit and conscience enough to direct their efforts toward making the institution a live wire. In all ages the knockers have done nothing but destroy the efforts made by the few who have had visions of loftier principles In order to do away with the common "knocker" and make him a participator, the Student Club and Hi-Y Club, assisted by Miss Parker and Miss Gross have started a movement called the *Purple and White Week*.

The first day of this week will consist of a Freshman-Sophmore Day in which the two classes can compare their ability. The second day will be a Junior-Senior Day, similar in construction to the former. In each, all classmen are not required but will conscientiously be present. The final and the big event, to which all others are merely steps, is the Purple and White Day The big purpose of this day is to convert the student body from the state of observer to that of actor. Everyone takes part in the fun and the responsibility. If the Day fails, the students are to blame. If success is witnessed, the school has accomplished an end to which our imagination has often wafted us. It is easily evident that school spirit will rise, providing every pupil in O. H. S. participates, to such an extent as to be superfluous. What more can we wish for? Let's go—dig in and use our intellect and physical powers for good old O. H. S.

GIRLS! GIRLS!!! GIRLS!!!

The next number is yours! The Register asks the cooperation of every single girl in school. Hand in an ad, bring in a joke, write a story. Help make it the best girl's number that O. H. S. has ever published!



SELF WILL—THE SEA

Alone upon the beach of this dark sea.

'How luring is thy great moon-lit expanse,
Dim, while thy very dimness doth enhance
Thy lustral beauty! Can these waters be
Treacherous, seeking to sink and gain their fee;
Harmful, drawing to death all those who glance
At bellowing waves which seem to dash and dance
Sans evil, but with blessing-melody?

Behind—the world. Its work, struggle, and care.
Weigh down the soul, a burden with no rest.
Why heed the cry that this vast sea's a snare?
All land in sordidness of toil seems dressed.
Is it the better part world's tasks to dare,
Or will the wonder of the sea prove best?

BEATRICE COSMEY.

THE ETERNAL BOY

The young hopeful of our family had attached to his body, and surname the simple word of six letters, Robert. All Roberts, that I have known, seem bent on adventure and teasing their elders (especially sisters). I am not stat ng in my story whether he had any sisters to torment, but for adventure—well, you shall read!

This adventurous young lad lived in a small town where ambitions are few and far between, but he would have been the same regardless of his surroundings.

To begin with, Bobbie accidentally dropped in at a slaughter house one lonely spring day while his noble guardians thought their chee-ild a l'ecole. Great inspirations filled his small soul. He saw himself in later years a big heavy set man, round faced and red cheeked, with a murderous looking knife hacking at the remains of some dead cow or pig. When he arrived at his domicile, he procured the only sharp knife in the house, and with the aid of the neighbor's cat, he performed his first and last deed in butchery. The doctor said that some of Robert's wounds would probably not leave scars. However, this ambition disappeared.

Resolved, Never to be a butcher.

The next woeful act of Robert's was shoeing a neighbor's calf. He fastened Bossie, Jr. to a fence in the remotest part of the backyard. He sought to get the calf's hind foot in the position in which he had seen the worthy blacksmith hold the horse's hoof. It has been the custom of calves since they were first invented, not to converse with humans. Mother, father, and the hired man saved Robert from a watery grave by fishing him out of the well. About midnight, by the light of lanterns, they found the calf three miles away in the woods.

Resolved, Never to be a blacksmith.

Along came spring with the circus, n' everything. Robert, like other boys—please take note that I do not designate the age—just had to see the circus. His boyish soul was filled with great hopes. He was going to be a bareback rider, tight-rope walker, and acrobat all at once; so he thought he'd better start early and avoid the rush. He erceted a device on which he practiced tight-rope walking. From morning till night he performed stunts of turning somer-saults and handsprings, and trying in vain to walk on the clouds. As for walking on the rope, he very seldom came in contact with it. He used the terra firma as a soft and feathery landing field. Any way when the bill from the doctor, who always furnished his own splints, liniments, and other professional paraphernalia, came in, it rendered poor father senseless and was the cause of three sleepless nights.

Resolved, Never to join a circus.

Like the twelfth battle of Hercules, this is the fourth and last of Robert's. His pa bought a new pipe and put the old one away to season. It must be that the old pipes will be better qualified if given a rest. The old pipe, in its peaceful resting place, had a great fascination for the little lad, and as it took very little coaxing to make Mr. Conscience believe it right to smoke, Robert and his dog, Sport, went out behind the barn with this fine old pipe of pa's, a box of matches and some tobacco from the paternal archives. There he enjoyed himself as if in some luxurious smoker. Sport was always accustomed to participate in all of Bobbie's wild escapades, but to his disappointment he was denied the pleasure of smoking this fine, old pipe. Yet, his canine instinct to d him that something serious ailed his pal, and he whined and barked in pure sympathy. Robert could see visions of his scandalous life, all his atrocious mischief and wild pranks. They lurked and lured about him so affectionately, in the giddiest and most horrible color combinations. He had a curious sensation in the region of his belt line. It simply wouldn't stay quiet (his stomach, I mean).

THE REGISTER

His head ached, and his insides heaved like the sea in a storm. The next day Bobbie made a new resolution, but with a more determined oath.

Resolved, NEVER AGAIN!!

Funny, isn't it folks, that the resolutions which we are most determined to keep are almost always the first we break?

A few years later we find Robert tackling cigarettes, with sad results, but that, as Kipling says, is another story.

Irene R. Powell, '21

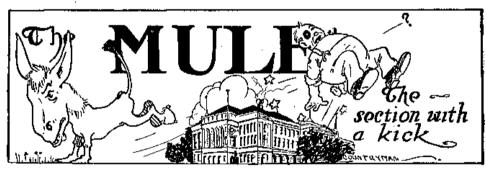
I'm scared stiff that I will flunk, For I cannot learn this old "Bug" junk. I've studied so hard all I see are bugs, They are crawling around me on the rugs.

A centipede is perched on my bed, A toad is sitting above my head, A cockroach just ran under the door, A mouse struts by with her children four.

A craw-dad gazes at me in awe, The bird on the radiator begins to caw; A horse in the closet stationed with a cow, Seems to be making a terrible row.

Earthworms are crawling from the dresser drawer. A "Table of Comparison" lies on the floor, While I say to myself again and again...
The train leaves for Lincoln at half-past ten.

C. M. L. '22



LIBRARY

We all admit and appreciate the great good that the school library is doing, and we wish to cooperate with it in every way. We do not use the south hali nor the south stairs, and we patiently walk the full length of the building when a few short steps in the opposite direction would bring us to our destination. But, does it seem fair that in order to register we must stand in a slow moving line after walking the full length of the building, only to find the registration for your particular hour closed? Isn't there some way whereby the boy who gives out the slips could be notified as soon as each hour is closed and thus save much unnecessary waste of time and confusion?

MARY FINDLEY.

A KICK

The Student Association was formed for a distinct purpose, namely: to promote school spirit and to arouse interest in our athletic activities. It has

failed woefully. And who is to blame? Perhaps some of the blame should go to the Student Association officers for arranging programs which so appealed to the infantile elements of the student body that they could not control their childish emotions. But to the student body the blame largely belongs. Their attitude has evidenced little interest in our school activities but rather a desire to stall for time and to create disorder. Chaos at other meetings in the auditorium is the fault of the Student Association because it is at the mass meetings where the spirit of disorder has started. Our student body, consisting of individuals who come from the best elements of our city, appear collectively as a disgraceful rabble. As a group we show no indications of brains or discretion. In the past the only method that has approached success in maintaining order was to make the auditorium a penitentiary; have the faculty herd the students in and then eagle-eyed, watch the students, throwing out everyone who talked and giving eighth hours to all who took their eyes from the stage. Is this the way we desire the future to be? At the present time, as a student body we have not even a rudimentary knowledge of etiquette nor do we display any signs of school pride and self control. Any one viewing from the stage the mob that now gathers in our auditorium can't help reflecting that, if Mayor Smith had ever addressed our student body, he certainly would never have attempted to speak to the courthouse mob. Our high school is gaining a reputation that must be changed. But that reputation is not being made by the majority. It is a very small minority whose conduct is disgracing this school. This school ought to be too big an institution to allow a few students to dishonor our name. Let's show our bigness by changing or removing these few students, by maintaining an unquestionable attitude at all high school meetings and by boosting our school, its activities and its prestige. We can do it. We must OTTO NELSON.



BOYS' TENNIS TOURNAMENT

It has been many years since a successful boys' tennis tournament has been held at Central High. Every year the girls of this school get together and play the annual tennis tourney. Where are the boys in this good game of sport?

Why can't the boys start the ball rolling again this spring, and start a tennis tournament which will surpass any previous tournament? This has been suggested by many real students of the school who desire to revive the old spirit and interest in this great game.

There are many good tennis players in the school, and of course there are some not so good. This is the reason that we should get this game started again. If this is done, the boys of the school can stage a tournament which will prove a great success. The champion of the boys could p ay the winner of the girls for the school title.

Now's the time to start something to revive the dying spirit of our beloved school. If you're in favor of this movement, get on the band wagon and get started. Put your shoulder to the wheel and push. Let's go.

DAVID ROBEL.

CENTRAL VS. SOUTH OMAHA

Our second game with South Side proved more satisfactory by far than the first, as Central gained the long end of a 33 to 13 score.

The game proved to be a sweet revenge against the defeat staged in the South Side Gym., both for the team and the basket ball fans. Burnham and Logan deserve credit, with Ackerman and Clements as close seconds.

OMAHA VS. SIOUX CITY

Our basket ball team crossed the river and defeated Sioux City, Iowa, in a fast game of real basket ball. The game on our part showed a good display of accuracy, teamwork, and speed and we proved to be superior to the Sioux five. Though the odds were against the Purple and White invaders, they managed to pull through the conflict with a score 35 to 17, taking the long end.

OMAHA VS. FT. DODGE

On the day following, our team. with a victory in their pockets. journeyed to Ft. Dodge, where they met the fastest Iowa high school five. Somehow or other our boys had a little bad luck that night and weren't able to locate the basket to the best of advantage. Ft. Dodge took many chances during the game and managed to locate the basket, the odds being against the Purple and White quintet. The final score was 33 to 13, O. H. S. taking the small piece. This trip showed up good work of our players: Clements, Burnham and Robertson being always ready to make a sensational play or shoot a difficult basket.

OMAHA VS. LINCOLN

Our next game was played at the Creighton gym with our ancient rivals from the Capitol. Coming here with the hopes of licking Central and taking home the pieces, the Red and Black five received the greatest surprise of their life, and were compelled to play a defensive game through out the entire conflict. The first half ended with Central on the long end of a 14 to 10 score. Clements and Robertson played the greatest ball of their lives, being in almost every play and fighting for the ball every minute. By several free tosses, Clements saved

his team, but failed to give Central the lead in the last minute of the second half. The score was 17 to 17. Three extra five-minute periods were necessary to decide the winner, but Lincoln emerged the victor by a scant margin of 3 points. Players on both teams nearly dropped from exhaustion during the final periods. Score: 22 to 19

OMAHA VS. COUNCIL BLUFFS

With our team in the best of condition and in fine fighting spirits, the team from Council Bluffs was defeated at the Y Gym on the following night by a score of 28 to 25 in a fast and exciting contest, the Purple and White five showing real basket ball and finding the basket with ease. The outstanding figures of the game were Burnham, Clements, Swoboda, and Robertson. The team showed real stuff and displayed real champion-ship material. We can send a team to the state tournament that will bring home all the honors if it is assured of the united support of the entire school body. Lets show some pep and get behind our team with a spirit that will assure them of victory. DAVID ROBEL.

NOTICE:—Mike Huller finished school in four and one-half years, instead of six years, as was previously stated. We apologize to Mike for the mistake and congratulate him on his speed.

Grace B.: "Do you know, he was carrying my picture over his heart in France, and it stopped a bullet."
Mildred R.: "Yes, I'm not at all surprised."

L. T. C.

Twenty-five new members of the L. T. C. were initiated November 15. The initiation was held in 425.



DEBATE TRYOUTS

The tryouts for the debating team were held immediately after the lecture by Mr. Watson, Tuesday afternoon, February 17. Only ten men responded to the call for school orators. The coach, Miss Hanson, Mr. Hill, and Mr. McMillan, acted in the capacity of judges. The following men were decided on for the first five men on the squad: Alexander McKie, Otto Nelson, Charles Grimes, Cecil Simmons, and Roy Smith. The other regular and the pair of alternates will be chosen after another tryout, to be held in the near future.

Three of the men had places on the teams last year. With the aid of these men who were brought up in the Himstead style, this school ought to have a live and successful squad of orators.

The subject for debate this year is: "Resolved that Congress should pass a law, declaring illegal all strikes and lockouts on railroads doing interstate business."

Miss Jenkins took charge of the Chemistry classes while Doctor Senter was recovering from a spell of sickness. During the period she told of her experiences in France while doing work in the Canteen. Her talk was illustrated by a few relics which she had picked up from the battle fields. Her talk was very interesting and was enjoyed by all the classes who had the opportunity of hearing her.

BEES

Leonard Mangold was awarded first prize, a trip to Lincoln, in the Douglas County Bee contest last year. He received a grade of 98% on his bees.

IN MEMORIUM

Mrs. Joseph Seacrest '15. Miss Beulah Bird '11

ALUMNI

The McAdams sisters, Mary and Clara, have been making their home in Chicago since leaving Omaha. Mary is teaching school, but she expects to resume her studies next year. Clara attended the University of Chicago until recently, when she was obliged to give up her studies because of ill health.

Robert Ingwersen and Charles Allison are spending this year at Ames College. Charles Allison has been in Omaha recently because of illness.

Betty Kennedy is making a name for herself at the University of Nebraska, where she is attending school this year. She was the only freshman girl to be elected to the Mystic Fish society, an honor conferred upon only one Freshman each year.

Margaret McLaughlin is in her sophomore year at Wellesley College. This school has been in quarantine for some time; so the students there have missed out on many activities. "Mickey" expects to spend her spring vacation in the Bermuda Islands.

Frances Cleland is at Oberlin College this year.

De Weenta Conrad and Rowena Pixley are attending Dana Hall at Wellesley, Massachusetts.

Jean Burns is at Brennau school, Gainesville, Georgia.

Memoe: "I hear you keep a list of all the banks in the country."

Holmes: "Yes, I like to be able to say that I keep a bank account."

ART INSTRUCTOR SPEAKS

Mr. Dudley Crafts Watson. Director of the Art Institution of Milwaukee, lectured the art students and others who were interested. February 17th. Mr. Watson's lecture was interesting and instructive in the highest degree and those who went with the purpose of absorbing some of the good points of his lecture surely gained because of his visit.

WESLEYAN PRESIDENT SPEAKS

Dr. Hoffman, president of the Wesleyan University of Delaware, Ohio. delivered an address to the student body February 16th, on "Mastering Your Own Problems." His view of self-mastery and of the way a trueblooded American should face his problems was excellent and was especially of value to the High School student.

MISS LAURA BRIDGE LEAVES

Miss Bridge will teach in the Lincoln High School of Los Angeles. California. We feel that the loss of Miss Bridge is one of the greatest losses that our school could suffer. She was one of the closest friends of the students and her position gave her the opportunity of meeting them and knowing them better than most of the teachers. Mr.. McMillan will take her place in caring for the excuses.

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Mr. Masters is the chairman of the committee of the National Principals' Association, which was appointed to formulate a national honor society for high schools. This society seems to be gaining favor with high school educators all over the country and will probably be organized on a sound basis before the year is over. Membership will probably be based on character, scholarship, effective leadership in school activities, and conspicious service to the school. We wish Mr. Masters all success in his plans because we believe such a society would be of great benefit to the school.

Cast

Col. Smith Edwin Willmarth Mrs. Chisholm Faraday Clara Barentsen
Mrs. Chisholm Faraday
Clara Rarentsen
,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,
Phyllis FaradayCelia Ross
${ m Lady\ Trenchard}({ m Evelyn}). { m Rose\ Smead}$
Mrs. Rockingham (Madge)
Mr. RaleighFrank Drdlik
Mr. FaradayDave Slobodisky
Admiral Grice Richard Krage
Mr. Steele.:Isidore Overmar
Mr. TarverFred White
MartinCecil Evinger
A-11

"GREEN STOCKINGS"

The name of the play comes from the old English custom that, if a younger sister marries before the eldest sister of the family is married, the latter must wear green stockings at the wedding. The eldest sister had worn them twice and then comes the announcement of the engagement of Phyllis, the youngest sister. This is too much for Celia, who decides to make up an engagement between herself and an unknown Col. Smith. It later turns out that a letter she writes and thinks she has burned, reaches a real Col. Smith and after the war he calls upon her. Complications arising were ludicrous in the extreme. The part of Aunt Ida as portrayed by Clara Barentsen was decidedly well played, especially during the third act, after she had had a little too much "brandy" to help keep her awake. The minor roles were successfully acted by Celia Ross as Phyllis Faraday, who becomes engaged to Mr. Robert Tarver, an empty-headed young swell, the part of which was so cleverly acted by Fred White.

The parts of Madge and Evelyn were very successfully portrayed by Rose and Ruth Smead.

Mr. Steele, the part carried by Isidore Oberman, and Mr. Raleigh by Frank Drdlik, made the comedy more entertaining by the English accent and manners. "Father" Faraday scored a hit every time he roared out, "God bless my soul." This role

was taken very successfully by Dave Slobodisky. Last but not least. comes the butler, Martin, (Cecil Evinger) and what is an English play without its English butler?

Through the good will of Miss Lane and Miss Bridenbaugh, as coaches, the graduates of February, 1920, were able to give the first mid-year senior play in the history of the school.

The class cleared over a hundred

scholarship fund. Two beautiful pictures in color of the exterior and interior of Rheims Cathedral, have been purchased for the art room and a wonderful photograph, the latest taken of Theodore Roosevelt, and two books of his life, have been presented to the library. Miss Lane and Miss Bridenbaugh were presented with beautiful silver vanity cases in appreciation of their untiring efforts in helping to dollars, part of which is to go to the make the class activities a success.



Regina WERMANY

LININGER TRAVEL CLUB

Virginia Davis, president; Esther Oney, vice-president: Willisine Carr, secretary: Gertrude Berndes, treasurer Hazel Giles and Hannah Somers, Sergeants-at-arms, and Lydia Flesher, reporter, are the officers who were elected at the meeting of the Lininger Travel Club, February 13. These officers have taken charge of the club's activities remarkably well. The girls gave a party in the gym. February 20, and are working on a program to be given at the Old Peoples Home on March 9.

FRENCH CLUB

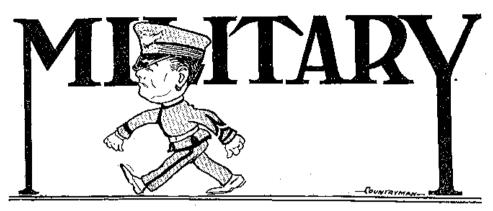
The meeting of the French Club, scheduled for December 16, was postnoned because of the enforced vacation. On February 17, the meeting was held in 229. The members were taught French games, and played them during the meeting.

STUDENT CLUB

The Student Club is certainly doing its bit for our school. They gave a play "A Russian Romance," in the auditor'um, February 7. One half of the proceeds, one hundred and thirty dollars, was given over to the school scholarship fund, while the other half was put into the Student Club Conference fund.

The girls wore purple and white ribbons on the day that the Freshmen registered. They helped the bewildered "Freshies" get their programs into shape. During the Home Room Period every morning of the first week of the new term, the girls went into the rooms, where the Freshmen were, to answer any of their questions about their courses, etc.

If you want a thing well done don't do it yourself unless you know how.



HOOS HOO IN THE REGIMENT

Did it ever appeal to you that once you failed, you should try again? To the majority of high school pupils this would seem folly. There is a member of the Regiment that has an overflowing quantity of *sticktuitiveness*. At times it produces laughter, but every one finally admits that he is an expert in *trying* to do a thing. He is one of the best examples of a conscientious worker of which the school can boast. Keep it up "Jimmy" and Morton Hardware is sure to succeed.

Speaking of intellect, common sense, and brilliancy, our thoughts always turn to certain members of the *War Office*. Captain Simmons is truly a shark in all his subjects and in drill—Oh, my! We also have a man who created a new office merely through his wonderful mental work and strict attention to drill. He was promoted from Supply Sergeant, Company C to Second Lieutenant and Personnel Adjutant. He is now probably one of the busiest men in the Regiment, and you wouldn't know it to look at him. "Louie" Thoelecke is one of the best military men that Omaha High School has produced.

C. O. C. DEBATES

What need we for a debating department when such a thing as the C. O. C. exists in the school? If the Military Department offered nothing else it would accomplish this one object; namely, making an officer stand up for his convictions among officers of the same rank as he. In fact we hope to hear in a few years that a large percentage of the officers of the year 1919 and 1920, have become Congressmen and prominent business leaders, merely from t eir superior quality of public speaking and debate. This condition is a good sign of the intense interest being taken in the work of the Regiment this year.

Editor's Note:—'The article entitled "The Benefits of Military Drill," which appeared under the military section last month was written by Otto Nelson instead of Linae Anderson. We are sorry that the mistake in credit was made, but wish to assure both parties that it was purely a mistake and was not done intentionally.

SPRING
I sing of spring,
Of spring I sing
For a dollar bill
I'd spring anything.

"So your brother has got a job as an artist on a newspaper."

"Yes. He draws the crosses on the pictures to show where the crime was committed."



SPOILED NEWS FOR OUR BUSY READERS

Since our roll has been increased by the 250 incoming freshmen, the cafeteria has had to order 249 extra bottles of milk every day this week.

In a recent campaign there were 165 tickets to the elevator sold. This speaks well for Central.

Corporal Jas. Morton has recently announced his intentions of resigning from his military position in order that he may devote more time to training for the scholastic track meets this spring. The *Register* expresses the sentiment of the School in wishing him a great athletic success.

It has been announced that Mr.

Woolery is at the head of a movement for a faculty orchestra. The members already listed are:

Leader and Picolio Mr. Woolery
Piano Mr. Schmidt
Drums Miss Towne
Saxophone Mr. Nelson
Flute Mr. Masters
Cornet Miss G. Clark
Bass Miss A. Fry
Violin Mr. Gulgard
Trombone Miss B. Von Mansfield
They will play for our next mass

It was reported by high officials that the board of education intends to build a stable for the use of those wishing to bring ponies to school

JIGGS.

THREE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-ONE

meeting.

On April 26, 3671, the Planet Mars declared war against the other seven planets of the Solar System; namely, Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune.

Things had been going from bad to worse. The Allied Planets had lost

five thousand seven hundred seventy-two space planes.

The spaceplane was a cigar-shaped apparatus which was capable of traveling through inturtaller space. Each was equipped with eight to ten thousand horse-power radium motors, and was capable of running ten thousand miles a minute.

Mr. Jefferson was an old inventor. He made a bracelet which had on it bells which could be heard but not seen. The principle involved was that light was reflected around the bells by a special system of prisms which are very nearly perfect reflectors. He had given this bracelet to his beautiful daughter, Dorothy Jefferson.

Dorothy Jefferson was a girl with bright blue eyes and beautiful golden hair. She was rather tall and somewhat plump. She was, in all, a loveable

character.

Miss Jefferson and her lover, John Brady, had just left on the twelve o'clock spaceplane for Venus, to visit some friends when a terrible explosion occurred. London, the city in which Mr. Jefferson and his daughter lived, was blown up by some unknown means.

Mr. Hayward, the commanding general of the Allied Planets, tele-

phoned Mr. Brown, the secretary of war, who was at this time on Jupiter to come to the earth at once.

THE REGISTER

Mr. Hayward was a tall, dark-haired man who knew his business well. In three hours Mr. Brown, a short, fat, light haired fellow, entered Mr. Hayward's office and said:

"What has happened, Mr. Hayward? Tell me quickly."
"At five minutes after twelve, the city of London was blown up by the Martians. I do not know how they did it. It is a mystery to me.

"Didn't the heliostats or the neatroscopes give any indication of the approach of a Martian spaceplane?"

"No, they did not."

"You said that London was completely destroyed, did you not"?

"Well, I implied it."

"Then, Mr. Jefferson was probably killed. He told me a few days ago that he had invented a device with which we would be able to conquer Mars. He said also that he would give me the plans of the device in a couple of weeks, as he didn't have them ready at that time."

"Isn't there any record of the device in his books?" "Yes, but they were destroyed in the explosion, in all probability."

"I am going to call Mr. Brady. He left for Venus at twelve."
"All right. Did Dorothy Jefferson go with him?"

"Yes, she did."

"I am glad of it. The news of the explosion won't go so hard with him." In a short time Mr. Brady walked into Mr. Hayward's office. He was a tall, fat, good-natured man of about twenty-five.

"Have you heard about the explosion, Mr. Brady?" said Mr. Brown. "Yes, I've heard all about it," replied Mr. Brady.
"Do you understand how it happened?" asked Mr. Hayward. "Our heliostats and matroscopes gave no indication of the approach of a Martian spaceplane."
"There is only one explanation I can think of," said Mr. Brady.

Just then the three men heard something hitting the roof of the building.

"What on earth is that?" cried Mr. Hayward in surprise. "Let's go out and see," suggested Mr. Brown.

On the ground, there were a number of little brass discs bearing the following message: "At seven o'clock tonight New York City will be in the same condition as London is now."

"I don't understand this at all," Mr. Brown was heard to say.

"I think," said Mr. Brady, "that I can explain matters, and prevent the destruction of New York."

"What shall we do?" asked Mr. Brown quickly.

"Send immediately to Venus for Dorothy Jefferson. Do as I say and

I'll explain later."
"All right. Let's go to my office and listen to what Mr. Brady has to say," Mr. Hayward suggested.

In a moment they were all seated at a table in Mr. Hayward's office. "Dorothy Jefferson," said Mr. Brady, "has a bracelet which has some bells on it that can be heard but not seen. This is accomplished by a system of prisms; I believe that the Martians are using a similar system to make their spaceplanes invisible.'

"That may be," quoth Mr. Brown.
Just then Dorothy Jefferson opened the door.
"What do you want, Mr. Brady"? she asked.

"I think that the Martians are using the same method to make their spaceplanes invisible as your father did to make the bells on your bracelet invisible, don't you?" said Mr. Brady excitedly.

"Yes, I do," said Dorothy Jefferson, "I was going to suggest that."

"Even if that is how they make their spaceplanes invisible, what are

we going to do about it?" reasoned Mr. Hayward.
"I have," said Dorothy Jefferson, "a videoscope with which I can see the bells. Why couldn't we have a large one like it made and when the Martians approach to blow up New York, we can see them and destroy

them."

"That is a very good idea," Mr. Brady said enthusiastically.

He ordered a videoscope immediately, sending Miss Jefferson's as a model.

At six-thirty, the videscope arrived. At seven o'clock a Martian space-

plane was seen through the videscope.

The spaceplanes of the Allied Planets destroyed the Martian machine. The Allied Planets then surrounded Mars with an army of spaceplanes which were equipped with videscopes.

Mars, realizing that she was whipped, signed the Armistice proposed

by the Allied Planets.

On August 22, 3672, the Martians signed a peace treaty which embodied a League of Planets and which proved to be a wonderful success.

Miss Stringer: "What is it we find in a glacier bed"?

Chesno: "Ice sheets, I suppose."

Mrs. Atkinson: "Use indigo in a sentence."

Ayers: "The baby is in de gocart"

"You had company while I was away last night, didn't you, Mar-

"Only Aunt Mary, Mother," "Well, call her up and tell her that she left her tobacco pouch on the piano."

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WILLIAM JERREMS' SONS.



EVENTUALLY WHY NOT NOVY? Well known sayings illustrated.

NO WONDER MEAT PRICES SOAR

Dear Heart I'm in an awful stew
How to re-veal my love to you
I never sausage eyes as thine
If you would butcher hand in mine
And liver ound me all the day
We'd seek some ham let far away
We'd stake our chance for all the rest
And live and love the watercrest.

E. J. R. '23.

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Al Perfect \$3.70. No. 1 Perfect \$3.10. No. 2 Defects \$2.00

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IT ALL DEPENDS

A young man in the store alone Is sometimes very funny The way he "coughs up" with a groan And rubs his bit of money.

But when he brings a lady friend—Some rich man's pretty daughter—It's strange to see the way he'll spend His money, just like water.

You'd think he was a millionaire With gold mines of his own—When he is with his lady fair But not when he's alone.

Bernice M.—"Herman is simply wonderful; I never dreamed any one could drive a car the way he can."

Frances L.—"What has happened?"

Bernice M.—"We took a ride yesterday and went along beautifully in spite of the fact he had forgotten some of the machinery."

Frances L.—"Running without machinery?"

Bernice M.—"Yes. He had gone at least eleven miles before Herman discovered that his engine was missing."



THE REGISTER

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PALS

Two little fleas together sat, And one to the other said. I have no place to hang my hat, Since my old dog is dead.

I've traveled this world from place to place

And further will I roam. But the first darned dog that shows`

his face Will be my home sweet home.

"HOBB."

ALSO

A horse, a flea and two little mice Were sitting on the curb-stone shaking dice

The horse dropped dead and fell on the flea

The little flea said "that's a horse on me."

If you see an editor who pleases everybody, there will be a glass plate over his face and he will not be standing up.

Thomas Kilpatrick

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"I haven't paid a cent on repairs For many months I have tried to on my machine since I've had it." choose

"So the man who repaired it told me."

Morse T.—"What is heredity?" Mr. Troxell—"Something a father believes in until his son starts to act like a fool."

"Is your watch all right now?" "No. but it is gaining."

'Twixt Jack and Tim and Bill; But they were all such dears that I Was baffled quite until-

The new 'phone rates came into force At five a throw—and now— Well, Bill still seems to think I'm worth

A nickel, any how.

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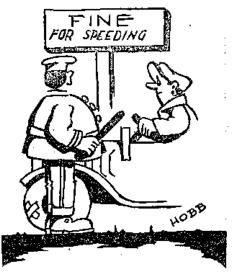
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Sixteenth and Howard Streets



Cop: "Are you drunk or crazy? Can't you see that sign? You were going at least fifty miles an hour."
Mose: "Sure, it says 'Fine for Speeding."



Pete and Lynt eat Sunday dinner in 1940.

Mrs Troxell—"I wish you would speak to Morse. It's time he thought of choosing a career."

Mr. Troxel!—"Judging by the hours he keeps, I thought he was studying to be a night watchman."

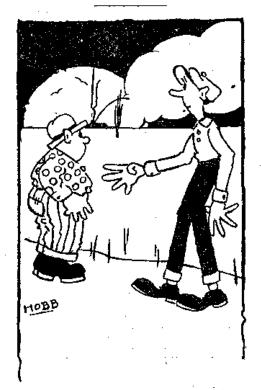
Johnston—"An oculist ought to be a very happy man."

Russell—"Why so?"

Johnston---"All his days are eyedeal ones."

Del E.—"What is psychology?"

Miss Towne—"Psychology is a word of four syllables that you put in to distract attention when exp'a ning gets difficult."



Artist — "Been doing anything lately?"

Second Artist—"Oh, knocked off a couple of girl's heads last week and finished off the Mayor of Mudmouth."

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Perkins—"My sister is a very fortunate girl."

Watt-"Yes? Why?"

Perkins—"Dunno. But she went to a party last night, and played blind man's buff all evening. The gentlemen hunt around and find a girl and then they must either kiss her or give her a quarter."

Watt-"Yes."

Perkins—"My sister came home with eight dollars and a war bond."

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and

Atwood Grapefruit

They will please you

Trimble Bros. Co. Distributors

Alice T.—"I've got a beastly cold in my head."

Mary D. — "Never mind, Alice. Even if it is only a cold, it's something."

Marian A.—"Have you any relatives living in the country?"

Mary F.—"No. When we take a vacation we have to pay our own board."

Phone Douglas 132 1523 Douglas St. After 6 p. m., Webster 1031

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Scientific Parent—"You see out there in the street, my son, a simple illustration of a principle in mechanics. The man with that cart pushes it in front of him. Can you imagine the reason why? Probably not. I will ask him. Note his answer, my son. (To the coster): My good man, why do you push that cart instead of pulling it?"

Coster—"'Cause I ain't a horse, you old thickhead."

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Barber-"Poor Jim has been sent to a lunatic asylum."

Ken B.—"Who's Jim?"
Barber—"Jim is my twin brother. Jim kept brooding over hard times, and I suppose he finally got crazy."
Ken B.—"Is that so?"

Barber-"Yes, he and me worked side by side for years and years. We are so alike that we couldn't tell each other apart. We both brooded a great deal, too. No money in this sir?" business now."

Ken B.—"What's the reason?"
Barber—"Prices too low. Unless a customer takes a shampoo it doesn't pay to shave or haircut. Poor Jim. I caught him trying to cut a customer's throat because he refused a shampoo, so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me sad. sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash all he wanted to. It night have saved his reason. Shampoo.

Ken B.—"Yes."

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"You know I've been taking dancing lessons since I last saw you."

"Oh! That's wonderful. Show me some of the new steps."

"Well, I haven't learned any of the steps yet but I'm practising on the

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Don't forget after school there's a place for "U" in the

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You have a dollar. I have a dollar. We swap. Now you have a dollar, And I have a dollar, We are no better off.

You have an idea. I have an idea. We swap. Now you have two ideas, And I have two ideas.

Effie Steen Kittelson



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GYM CLUB

The Gym Club has started the new term with a firm determination to put everything through that it attempts. The girls are working hard on exhibition material and soon will get to work on Road Show material.

The girls have planned a party for Saturday, February 28.
The Club is working hard on their plans for the spring camp, which is to be held at Camp Brewster.

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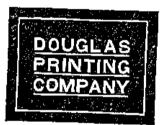
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