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Register



Thanksgiving Number

NOVEMBER

1 9 2 0

Volume XXXV

Number Two



Literary

The Teacher's Circulating Library

I wander in the library. What to read?
 I look them over with dispassionate eye.
 Ah! Here is Homer, (groan) the very seed
 Of RIGHTEOUSNESS (with capitals) I sigh.
 Ah friends, I know thee well. The dog-eared page
 Has suffered under my inquiring thumb,
 And here it is, Hugo. He is old with age,
 (Not use) Thackeray-Bronte, Holmes; Ho-Hum.
 Paul and Virginia—Little Women too,
 Forgive me if I pass you quickly by,
 There's some thing new that shines on yonder shelf,
 What is the legend that bears on high?
 "The Teachers' Circulating Library" else
 I must need glasses. There before my gaze
 I see Utopian land of naughty novelettes,
 Sweet poetries—the play—I own a craze
 To peep therein. I grasp *She Pays Her Debt*;
 (In a red cover) O shades of Homer chaste:
 Your dog-eared page is none to this I vow.
 What's this? *How We Can All Avoid Much Waist*.
 O Hugo, Thackeray, O Holmes, O wow.
 What see I now? De Balzac with Moliere,
 With spicy titles intersperse the lot,
It Won Her, Never More, Saved by a Hair.
 I stand there open mouthed, upon the spot.
 I feel myself bashed in a genial glow,
 I have just found the key to Paradise.
 I tear a volume from its place. What tho'
 Some rude hand grasps my arm. I rest my eyes
 Upon the face of frowning Faculty.
 I muster up a sickly grin. "Hello"—
 The distant door becomes a lure to me,
 The pace at which I hasten is not slow,
 I feel like the poor villian in a play,
 Or soldier in a gory battle scene,
 The Faculty gives no time for delay,
 Outside the door I go. Farewell, poor dream.

THE INFERNO AS SEEN BY A BOLSHEVIST

In the highest council of the Bolshevists he was to tell his tale to the leaders of the society. He advanced, stepped upon the board platform, and started to speak.

"Comrades, I'm a Bolshevist first, last, and all the time. My name is 'Red' Quwiski. I want to tell you fellow Bolshevists what the after life is really like.

Last night I was sitting in my room when I heard tap-tap at the door. I called to the intruder "Come in." In walked a personality familiar to all of you and respected for his help to labor even though he was not of our belief; that of Abraham Lincoln. He told me he would lead me through Purgatory and Hell and to the gates of Heaven. I had been chosen from all the world for my faith in Bolshevism, to carry the true vision of after life to my fellow men. Lincoln said he could wander through Hell and Purgatory at will for he alone had not been consigned to some specific state of after death. He could enter Heaven, for Heaven is for Bolshevists alone.

"I followed him and came to the gates of Hell. You ask me how we got there. All I remember is that we entered an undertaker's and took the elevator going down. On the gates of Hell were inscribed these deadly sins, Wisdom, Work, War, and Wealth. In the realm of Pluto it was so dark that you could not see. But I huddled close to Lincoln as he knew the way. Finally we came to a large open space which held the three worst enemies of our cause, the three R's, Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic. They were being crushed under the weight of ignorance.

We went further down the dark passage and we came to the laborers who had refused to strike at our command. They were being made to walk in their bare feet on millions of tacks. They would take a step and then have to stop. This was repeated continuously.

Still farther down the passage, we heard some awful cries. We looked into a padded cell and saw the Kaiser and Napoleon continuously fighting. We wandered on down a passage which was so dark that if one stayed in it more than an hour it would turn him black.

All of a sudden we saw light, coming up from a pit, 'together with awful cries. We looked down the pit and saw capitalists down in an oil well with molten gold being poured on them for evermore.

Now my guide took me to Purgatory. Purgatory is a place where there is no joy nor sorrow; no work or leisure. Here one simply exists. In Purgatory are the consumers, the professional men and the laborers who will strike only when they are mistreated.

My guide could lead me no more but I needed no guide through Heaven for I am a Bolshevist and Heaven is my reward. Heaven is like a huge hotel in which the service gets better the higher up one goes. On the first floor are the street orators, on the second the bomb throwers, on the third floor the walking delegates and on the fourth floor are Trotsky and Lenine.

Trotsky and Lenine were glad to see me. They congratulated me on the honor of being allowed to see the after-life. Then Trotsky said, "To you for your merit we will give the honor of—"

"Get up you bums. Do you think you can sleep all day for a dime?" shouted the owner of the bum's hotel. And 'Red' Quwiski trailed out with the rest of his associates.

Ronald Gladstone.

TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS

On bended knee let other peoples come,
And reverence do to those who went before
Brave hearts and souls with endless wanderings wrung
Whose memories shall live forever more.

The years have passed, yea, centuries have fled,
Yet, in their honor, blocks of stone are raised,
In silent watch of these, our honored dead,
And, in all lands, extolled with glorious praise.

But we, who live, can see a kindred heart
Far, looking off to France across the sea,
We view the mounds of those who did their part,
In striving to gain pure democracy.

In rhyme, in verse, in pageant, and in song,
Down all the ages, gone and yet to be,
Shall stand aloft the work of these, now gone,
The Pilgrims and the Sons of Liberty.

Ruth Armstrong, '21.

THE DIARY OF A POWDER PUFF

I had just woke up, and peeped thru my wax-paper wrapping, as I lay in the show-case, in time to hear a sweet little voice exclaim, "Oh, wait just a minute, girls. I've simply got to have a powder puff for tonight." Next, I felt myself thrust into a purse, where I stayed until, a few minutes later, my wrapping was broken, and I came forth into the world. "Feel of it, Mabel. Did you ever feel anything so soft in your life? I just love it," said the sweet young thing who owned me.

I've been kinda dozing for an hour or so. It is dark in this purse. I don't feel quite comfortable, crowded in with these lunch checks, keys and car tickets.

She has just taken me out of my prison, and dipped me into a box of the sweetest-smelling pink powder—"Kiss Me" or "Lov' Me," or something like that; altho why such a pretty little person should need such coaxing powder, I don't know. Oh, now she is tucking me into a little rose-satin bag, that just fits me. I'm all dressed up for the party now. At last I am realizing my purpose in life.

I've been so busy. Between almost every dance she rushes into the dressing room, and out I come, and slide over the loveliest little satiny nose. Often another voice says, "Oh, Marge, let me have your powder puff for just a half-a-minute? I forgot mine, and I don't know what to do," I'm beginning to feel a little bit worn out.

Now I feel quite sick. While we were out on the porch, a big hand picked up my nest, and a deep voice said, "What's in here? Oh, I see." He opened my bag, and looked right at me. "Oh, say," he said, "Powder *my* nose, please I'm sure it needs it!" And she picked me up (thoughtless creature) and actually rubbed me over his old nose. It was all right as noses go, but he was damp, and well—you know—a damp powder puff feels something like a wet hen. I don't care much for that boy.

I've been caught in an awful jamb—just doubled up—I think he had something to do with it, because she cried "Oh, Jack!"

Oh Me! I guess I'm about dead now. I'm under a chair, in a corner of the dance floor. I feel terribly weak and bruised—so many big feet have trodden on me, and I'm all gray and grimy, quite unlike my pink and perfumed self of a few hours ago. She comes. I hope she finds me.

Well, she saw me, and at first she was going to leave me there. I'm sure I don't know why she saved me—my life is a wreck.

I am huddled in the pocket of her cape, tossed across the bed while she is moving about the room. Now she says "Why, where is all my money? Oh, I remember, I subscribed to the *Register* today, and that just about broke me up in business. Well, that means I can't afford another powder puff."

I am hanging by a string to the curtain-rod in the bathroom. I've had a wonderful bath—feel like a new man. I'm all ready to go to work again tomorrow, but I fear I'll never be quite the same as I was in my youth.

Helen Howes--'21.

November 11, 1918

A Soldier Speaks:

"Two minutes more to go!
God! but the time goes slow!
Two more minutes to kill,
Aye, and I've had my fill!
Shooting them down by the score,
Wallowing deep in their gore;
Giving them hard, cold steel,
Hearing their dying weal!
Lord! have we all gone mad?
The last I killed, just a lad:
A boy, with clear eyes of blue
A dreamer, untainted and true;
Oh, the reproach in his eyes,
Till he turned them, glazed, to the skies,
Trying to see his God
Through the piercing yells and the blood,
I wonder, could he then see,
Why, God in Heaven, this should be!
I killed him, ah, what could I do?
And now I am paying, too.
Now as I stand and think,
Here, on insanity's brink,
The News! 'Twas a bit too much,
The mind couldn't stand for such,
Having lived through this awful dream.
God! but I'm going; I could scream!"

Ten-fifty-nine! Nerves were tense
Over all hung an awful suspense;
The land was abnormally quiet,
No one stirred even a mite,
And then! All hell broke loose,
Like the giving way of a sluice
When the maddened waters roar;
Only worse, a thousand times more!
Thousands of cannon released
Their iron spume to the east:
The heart-rending shrieks of the foe
Were drowned in the next iron flow,
Their answer was pitiful low,
A few rifle shots their last blow.
Where now the boasts they made?
Where now the plans they had laid?
The spoilers of Belgium and France;
They had lost in this Great Game of Chance!
And now the soldiers of Right

Had shown them that Right was Might;
 Had been given the strength of the just
 To crush them into the dust;
 These men who a few years before,
 Men who so arrogantly swore
 That a world should lie at their feet!
 Victory would then be complete!
 Now they stood broken and cowed;
 Now, in their fear, cried aloud:
 "What is to be our fate?"
 "Death," answered Conscience, "and Hate,"
 But the soldiers of Christ replied,
 "Mercy and justice," they cried.

The guns are suddenly stilled,
 As if some mystic power had willed,
 The echoes are dying afar,
 And this is the end of War.

The man who was going mad?
 Oh, No! It wasn't that bad!
 Don't you see him lying there, dead?
 There's a bullet hole in his head.
 Foolhardiness, you say,
 Sticking his head up that way?
 I'm afraid that you don't understand;
 A revolver is clutched in his hand!
 Poor devil! His mind was strained so.
 God will forgive him, I know.

And this is the end of the fight,
 This is the triumph of Right.

November 11, 1920

How peaceful and lovely the day,
 With everyone happy and gay.
 Children are there, full of glee,
 And friends call to friends cheerily.
 Late Fall, and the trees are bare,
 There's a tingling nip in the air,
 But the sun sheds its kindly rays,
 Making brighter this day of days
 'Tis as if a great promise is given,
 A promise that comes stright from Heaven;
 A promise that Peace shall reign,
 That War shall n'er come again.

And I'm thinking now of *him*,
 And the look of his face, so grim;
 The revolver clutched in his hand.
 Does he see, from that other Land,
 I wonder, this happy race?
 Does a smile appear on his face?
 Does he think it was all worth while,
 To die, that the world might smile?
 To die, that wars surcease?
 Is his soul, I wonder, at peace?

J. M. Watt

EDITORIALS

Editor's Note: The clamor of Purple and White Week is gone; but the *Register* feels that the following editorial contains a lesson that may have been lost in the bustle and confusion, especially since the circular of November 1.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN STUDY AND YET FIND TIME FOR OUTSIDE ACTIVITIES

By Henry Lewis Smith

Peaceful seclusion and scholastic quiet are no longer characteristic of our institutions of learning. The American college and boarding school of today has become such a whirlwind center of "outside activities,"—social, athletic, musical, religious, journalistic, dramatic,—that the casual observer, looking on from the outside, cannot see "where the studying comes in," and many young men who left home to obtain a college education are led by campus pressure to substitute for it a varied assortment of courses in college life.

To serious-minded students beset by such conflicting claims and earnestly desiring to utilize for their all-round development both college life and college studies, the following suggestions are offered. They are born of long and sympathetic experience, and are presented with full confidence that in them will be found a solution of the problem, unless the requisite wisdom and will-power to follow them are lacking.

First. Systematize your daily Program of Work and Play.

Time is your most valuable possession. By utilizing for intensive study the odd half and quarter hours now wasted, you can probably save an hour each day for outside activities or recreation. Have a daily program and the backbone to stick to it. Never drift thru a day. Drive your ship of life under its own steam along a self-chosen course toward some definite goal regardless of wind or tide.

Cultivate promptness and quick decision even in the smallest matters. Despise dawdling over anything, and shun the habit of postponement as you would a loathsome disease. Take a savage pleasure in doing promptly the things you hate but know you ought to do.

In short, *organize, systematize, and speed up* your daily routine and you will double your legitimate leisure, without in the least diminishing your daily output of regular work.

Second. Limit your outside Activities, and be wise enough and strong enough to cut out purposeless loafing and useless recreations.

Such indoor sedentary recreations as chess, cards, pool, picture shows, drugstore and hotel loafing, novel reading and theater-going may be suitable for other people but for students in college or boarding school are a foolish waste of precious time. Invest most of your leisure time in manly, competitive, strenuous sports and games, preferably in the open air, and gain on the one investment a half-dozen dividends. Such recreations test the mind, invigorate the body, strengthen the will, quicken the judgment, make the bodily senses alert, and train the participant in habits of fairness, loyalty, and cooperation.

Do not make the common and harmful mistake of joining too many organizations. Investigate the merits of each. Some minister to childish vanity but are devoid of real campus value; some are merely time-wasters; some are positively harmful; while many are of great benefit if wisely utilized.

In general, choose both your recreations and organizations with reference to their real and permanent value in your own all-round development and future welfare, rather than their present pleasantness or temporary value.

Third. Learn to Study Always with White-hot Concentration.

This will not only rapidly develop mental power now undreamed of, but will enable you to do your work in half the time, thus solving the problem of securing success in study and ample time for outside activities.

Try these three suggestions:

A. *Make your surroundings favorable to intense undivided concentration during your chosen times for study.* If you cannot do this, have wisdom and backbone enough to seek a new and more favorable location.

B. **Invest and adopt Methods of Stimulating your Concentration.** Study your competition with others. With your watch open before you, study against time. In studying, read a paragraph with intense attention, then spend the same number of minutes, with your eyes shut, recalling every word of it. Try a mercilessly applied system of personal rewards and punishments, forcing yourself to *earn* such rewards as playtime, recreations, picture shows, trips, and social pleasures, and *penalizing* yourself for neglected duties, failures and wasted time.

C. And finally, *Learn to Concentrate your Attention on a Subject as a matter of Willpower*, regardless of its intrinsic interest or attractiveness. Until you can do this, you have still the untrained mind of a child whatever your age, appearance, or college degrees. This ability to control the attention is at once the chief end of all college training and its most accurate measure. It is the infallible sign of mental maturity, the steppingstone to intellectual power, the surest guarantee of future success. *To master a distasteful study by sheer power of will is the most valuable exercise in your whole college curriculum.*

OPPORTUNITIES

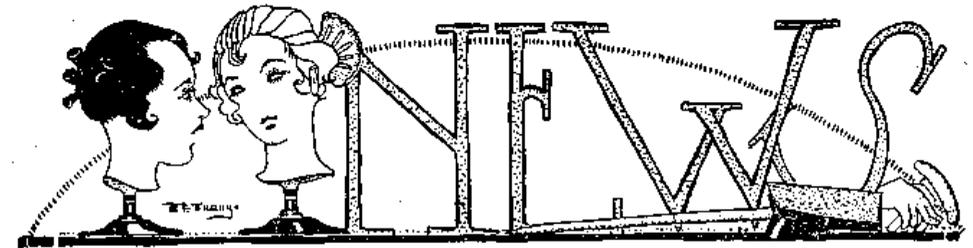
Many of the people we meet who are filling the unimportant positions in life seem to be at cuts with themselves, and with everyone and everything generally. We find they are the people who have wasted the opportunities of their school days. And they are the ones who grumble at those who by study, and by making the most of opportunities, have arisen to positions of importance. Statistics show that nine-tenths of the successful and nine-tenths of the paupers come from the same class.

The importance of a good education cannot be too strongly emphasized. We can get a good education right here under the banners of the Purple and the White. Central High ranks as one of the biggest and best in the grand old state of Nebraska. It would be well for every student to ask himself or herself the question, "Am I getting all that it is possible for me to get in Central High?" Am I getting all that the city is willing to give me by maintaining this magnificent school?" Am I giving the best in me to maintain the high ideals of the school whose colors are the Purple and the White?"

Good Sportmanship

Good sportmanship should be ranked high above victory. If we have played fair, rooted for the team at the right time, accepted all decisions of the referee, acted with courtesy and thoughtfulness, we have won a bigger victory than any score can indicate. If we are good sportsmen, we will not jeer when a team is penalized, but we will feel remorseful that such a thing should have happened; whether it is our team or that of our opponent. Any one can smile and clap for a winning team, but it is only the one who possess the facilities of true sportmanship that can smile and cheer a defeated team. Before we can have good, clean sportmanship, we must have the feeling of friendly competition within ourselves. Good sportmanship is making the best of conditions as you find them, no matter how, when, or where.

Eleanor Hamilton.



NOTICE

This is your paper and is supported by you. It isn't the paper of the Register staff. The staff represents you. If you have any suggestions, please don't be bashful, but come and tell us. Any member of the staff will be glad to get any ideas for his department. All you have to do is to come to the Register office, and say what you wish. Don't be afraid.

The News Staff.

Miss Paxon is again teaching after a long absence caused by illness.

Miss Noble is taking the two English I classes that Miss Williams has recently given up.

Miss Towne was elected president of the Club of the Deans of Women of Nebraska, organized at the University Club. The club will meet annually at the time of the N. S. T. A.

As a result of the sectional elections of the Nebraska State Teacher's Association, Miss Field has been elected president of the history section, and Dr. Senter, president of the physical science section. Mr. Masters is a nominee for treasurer of the association.

The Nebraska State Teachers' Association held its annual convention in Omaha, November 3, 4, and 5. A large number of the out of town teachers who took advantage of Purple and White Day for visiting Central High were very favorably impressed. During our two day vacation the faculty had the opportunity of hearing excellent speakers from all parts of the country as well as enjoying local talent. We feel certain that the benefit derived by the faculty from this convention will be of value to the pupils.

A CHANGE

Perhaps you have noticed that there is no longer a throng before the door of Room 119. If you'll look down the hall, you will see a large mob battling to get into Room 12 E. Don't you know why there are so many girls there? It's Miss Towne's new office. It is small, but it is large enough to hold an enormous desk, Miss Towne, and one or two who have come for advice. Hereafter, please take your troubles to Miss Towne now presiding in her office, 12 E.

BANKING

The banking system, which has been installed this fall, gives every student an opportunity to have a bank account. Tuesday is the day set aside to make one's deposit, no matter how small or how large the money goes on deposit, and one is then the proud possessor of a bank book. The Nebraska National is back of this idea and all the money is deposited there. An interest of three per cent is given. One is able to draw from this account just as though it were deposited in the bank at first. This plan should urge every one to save and be able to show on his bank-book the result of his effort.

RESULTS OF PURPLE AND WHITE

The results of the Purple & White Contests last week were as follows:

	Senior	Junior	Sophomore	Freshman
Dramatics.....	150	150	150	150
Debate.....	150	150	150	150
Chorus.....	150	150	150	150
Orchestra.....	150	150	150	150
Decorations.....	150	150	150	150
Girls' Basket Ball.....	150	150	150	150
Boys' Basket Ball.....	150	150	150	150
Girls' Volley Ball.....	150	150	150	150
Boys' Track.....	150	75	75	75
Drill.....	150	150	150	150
Art.....	150	150	150	150
History.....	200	200	200	200
French.....	150	150	150	150
Spanish.....	150	150	150	150
Latin.....	150	150	150	150
English Projects.....	150	150	150	150
Household Arts.....	150	150	150	150
Register.....	200	200	200	200
Yells.....	100	100	100	100
Ticket Selling.....	150	150	150	150
Pageant.....	150	150	150	150
Conduct.....	150	150	150	150
Natural Science.....	150	150	150	150
Total Points....	2550	900	1425	1625

MASS MEETINGS

The mass meeting of the was exceedingly enthusiastic. Chairman George Benolken produced a very novel idea which was a commendation and introduction of all of the football players. Each player following his introduction bashfully murmured to the audience. This murmur probably was a pronouncing of some magic spell of super-human fight and determination, or it might have been a spell of hypnotism cast on the school whereby it would be attracted by the team and compelled to follow it to the game.

Mr. Mickelwright from the "Y" did some effective talking. When he appeared on the stage, a whisper of "My, isn't he adorable" was heard throughout the auditorium, uttered by sweet feminine voices. "Yes, girls you're right." Benolken's introduction didn't flatter Mr. Mickelwright.

One of the best mass meetings of the year was held Friday morning, November 12. Mr. Campbell, a man liked by all the students, talked for a few minutes and then introduced a new idea of having the people in the balcony sing one song while those downstairs at the same time sang another. Mr. Masters then gave a short talk on what the "O" should mean to the students and how hard the men on the teams have to work before they win their letters. Coach Mulligan presented the letters to the men on the football team of last year, the basket ball, base-ball, and track. After the presentation of the "O's" Virginia Pearce made a special appeal to the girls to get out and back the team at every game. Everyone realized the honor that was being conferred on the "O" men, and felt that they deserved it most justly. K. A. S.

IN THE LIME LIGHT OF O. H. S.

(Being a column giving recognition to those who are doing or have done something which brings honor to themselves and to Central High.)

Stewart Edgerly—President of both the Hi-Y and the C. O. C.

Carl Dimond—Editor-in-chief of the Register.

George Benolken—President of the Student's Association.

Scoffield DeLong—President of the Senior class.

Bernice Kulakofsky—Assistant editor of the Register.

Elinor Hamilton—Vice-president of the Senior class.

And many others whose names will appear in the next issue.

Francis Sperry, '21.

J. M. Watt, the author of "Burke Foreshadows the League of Nations," which appeared in part in the *World-Herald* on Sunday, October 24, is to be congratulated on this work.

Although only a synopsis was published in the *World-Herald*, for lack of sufficient space at the time, the essay was highly commented upon by the *Herald* editors.

The essay was written about a year ago, in English VI, under Miss G. W. Clark; and the theme of the work is the application of lines from Burke's *Conciliation* to the League of Nations of today. A discussion of the more important questions pertaining to the League is given at length and a forceful and masterly refutation is made of anti-League arguments.

The fact that one of the biggest of Western newspapers commended the essay reflects honor not only on the author, but on Central High School as a whole.

SENIORS

Purple and White Week demonstrated to the whole school the clean spirit of the Senior class. That is the spirit we wish to faintain throughout the coming school year. Hard-won victories are worth more when gained over a live, red-blooded class like the Junior class. Keep it up seniors, we'll hold Central High on the map even if the city is trying to scrape it off. Yea, bo, '21.

JUNIORS

Surely we lost. It was our turn to lose because we won last year, but we're going to win next year. No, we won't make any excuses, but we hope some of the judgments were close. At any rate, the week as a whole was a big success, and that is the main thing. We wish to congratulate the Seniors on being a better organized and united class this time. However, watch us next year. This isn't a promise but it is a prophesy. P. H. L. '22

SOPHOMORES DEFEATED

Although the class of '23 suffered defeat at the hands of the Freshmen game and White Week, it put up a game fight. The spirit shown was wonderful and despite the many obstacles that confronted the committees, not once did they give up. When the result of the contest was announced, the judges had not decided on the yells. It was found later that the Sophomores won, cutting down the Freshmen lead to fifty points. The Freshmen have proved that they are worthy of being students of Central High School, and it is with admiration that the Sophomores look upon the class of '24. E. T. '23.

FRESHMAN

Purple and White Week was exceedingly interesting this year, especially to the Freshmen, as it was their first one. Monday, Freshman-Sophomore Day, commenced with dramatics by both classes, followed by a debate. The Freshman dramatics were very original. They portrayed Mother Goose Rhymes, revised so as to fit the pupils and various departments of Central High. The Sophomore dramatics were interesting, too. The subject for debate was, Resolved: That the grading of Dodge Street is beneficial to Central High School. Both sides put up strong arguments, and it is evident that some of our classmates will be the school's future orators.

During the first lunch period the Freshman and Sophomore choruses twittered and trilled to their heart's delight. Both choruses possessed fine leaders who helped a great deal in making their part of Purple and White Week a success. During the second lunch period the Freshman and Sophomore orchestras competed. Through the day interesting contests were held in Latin, history, and French classes. After school volley ball games and basketball games were played, in which both girls and boys showed great athletic ability.

ORGANIZATIONS

STUDENT CLUB

With the watchword enthusiasm, the Student Club started in with many plans and hopes. On registration day the girls helped the Freshmen make out their programs. During the first week they wore "Ask Me" arm bands and helped everyone out of his numerous troubles.

Then came the meetings. First, there was a business meeting for members only, then a big party to help the new girls in school get acquainted. The next meeting was a discussion meeting, at which Miss Belle Ryan gave the girls some fine ideas on how to be successful in high school life. The last meeting was a musical program, one of the main features of which was an illustrated talk by Miss Towne.

The next meeting is the regular Recognition Service, and at that time more than fifty new members will be taken into the club.

W. D. S.

The Webster Debating Society was slow in getting organized this year. Several very interesting programs, however, have already been presented. These bits of entertainment and logical instruction have met with the greatest approval from a great number of students. Central High is proud of its debating societies and wishes that more competition might be obtained along these lines.

G. C. F.

GYM CLUB

The Gym Club election of officers and initiation was held in October, and the following officers were elected:

President, Estelle Lapidus
Vice-president, Margaret Logan
Secretary, Grace Gallagher
Treasurer, Virginia Frantz
Alumni-Secretary, Eleanor Calvert

On Hallowe'en the girls had a successful party at the home of one of the members.

THE HI-Y CLUB

The Hi-Y Club held its first meeting October 22 with a talk by Mr. Dwight N. Lewis, State Railway Commissioner of Iowa. The attendance of two hundred boys shattered all previous records. An interesting Bible study course is being taken up, and both members and teachers are enthusiastic over its progress. The club's teachers this year are Mr. Masters, Mr. McMillan, Mr. Hill, Mr. Schmidt, Mr. Stephens, and Mr. Flower.

The next speaker will be Bishop Shayler, who will talk to the club on December 17, the last meeting before Christmas vacation. A number of good speakers are on the schedule this year, and several new features have been planned. The club looks forward to a lively and successful year.

STUDENT ASSOCIATION

The Student Association resumed its work in mass meetings Friday, November 12, after having allowed two weeks to slip by because of the numerous Purple and White Week events. The Association and the team are very well pleased by the wonderful backing shown by the turnout of more than two hundred O. H. S. students at Lincoln, for the Lincoln game.

The enthusiasm of the school is rewarded by the words of the coach at Lincoln, Friday, November 5, when he said, "Central High School never before gave the support to a football team that it is giving today. It is wonderful."

George Benolken.

MUSIC

GLEE CLUB

The program given by the two Glee Clubs for the State Teachers' Association, has brought forth much favorable comment on the nature of their work. The high standard of the program which was given reflects great honor upon the high school. The singing of *Erin*, an old Irish lament, was greatly applauded by all. The boys sang that great African love song, *My Lady Chloe*, and the girls closed the program with the *Goblin*.

The community is awaking to the fact that Central High School has two wide awake glee clubs. Both clubs have been asked to sing at the next municipal concert. We are highly honored to have received invitations to sing on a program which represents Omaha's best musical ability. We hope we will have the loyal and attentive support of the student body.

COMIC OPERA

The comic opera, *The Captain of Plymouth*, to be given by the glee clubs and the dramatic classes is well under way. This production will be given December 16 and 17. Clever costumes, artistic dances, complete stage settings, catchy music, laughable lines, and splendid climaxes, throughout the entire production combine to make a delightful entertainment. Keep one of these nights open for yourself and your friend. Seats will soon be on sale for thirty-five and fifty-cents.

The leading roles represent the best of the glee clubs and dramatic classes. They will be as follows:

Dorothy Steinbaugh	Priscilla	Lloyd Good	John Alden
Murrel Simpson	Miles Standish	Howard Woerner	Erasmus
	Kenneth Seeley		Brewster

The rest of the cast will be announced later. —Frances Wiles

GLEE CLUB

Two girls' quartets have been formed. The first includes

Myra Hinman, first soprano
Hazel Babcock, second soprano
Dorothy Gorden, first alto
Elizabeth Westerfield, second alto

The second quartette:

Mary Gorten, first soprano
Helen Lynch, second soprano
Frances Wiles, first alto
Lila Turner, second alto

DEBATE

I hope the student body of Central High appreciated the debates they heard during Purple and White Week. The Freshmen-Sophomore debate was excellent, but O, the Junior-Senior event. This was indeed a classic. Such oratory, such eloquence, such elocution, I am sure has never before resounded through our auditorium. After seeing this exhibition of rhetoric listening to this feast of reason the auditor would pronounce Demosthenes a mere dub and Webster a second-rater. Taking it all in all I feel free to predict a New Era has dawned in the debating world, and that from now on, scholars the world over will teach debating after the style so aptly illustrated on that memorable day.

Richard Elster.

D R A M A T I C S

"PAGEANT!"

Miss Lena May Williams contributed her first work to O. H. S. activities in the finished Purple and White Week pageant. The production consisted of a review of the school's history. It carried the present students of Central High back to the first graduating class of 1876; and to the publication of the first *Register*. It reminded one of Central High's records of clean sportsmanship.

The theme of the pageant was written by Ruth Godfrey; a speech, *The Spirit of Liberty*, by Elizabeth Patton; and the prologue, by Melvin Watt. The principal characters in the play were taken by Pauline Chaloupka, who presented the prologue; Renee Prawl, who gave the historical speech; Frank Freeman, assisted by the well-trained jester, Lowell Miller, represented King Register. Glenn Williams took the part of School Spirit and George Benolken portrayed Tradition.

ALUMNI

OMAHA GIRL HAS POEM ACCEPTED

Miss Anna Clyde Porter, daughter of Mrs. Ira W. Porter, has the honor of having a poem accepted by the literary magazine, *Stratler's College Anthology*, of Boston. Miss Porter attends the Randolph Macon Women's College, Lynchburg, Va., and her poem has been selected from many submitted by college students.

The O. H. S. alumni who came down for the Ames vs. Creighton game are Robert Ingwerson, Robert Wiley, Jay Burns, Randall Weeth, Gerald Kyle, Byron Wilcox, Leonard Bourke, Dick Reynolds, and Charles Rhodes.

Oliver Maxwell is sport writer and Emily Roos is on the staff of the *Rag*, a Nebraska Uni. daily.

Howard Turner is president of the Freshman honorary society called the Green Goblins. Other Omaha members are Charles Dundy, Elbert Evans, Kenneth Baker, Bartie Egan, Richard Gilter, and Steven King.

Virgil Northwall, '19, is on the advertising staff, and Willard Vienot and Howard Turner are on the art staff of the *Awgwan*.

Miss Geraldine Sailing, a 1915 graduate of Central High School, was married to Mr. D. Meyers, the mechanical-drawing teacher on October 21.

L'Maria Searle is attending Van Sant's and is working in the Omaha Life as a sideline.

Ned Wilmarth is playing left-half on the football team at St. Stephen's College in New York.

Fred Weller is working in Greely, Colorado.

Jack Bittenger is attending the Colorado School of Mines.

Edward Hall is attending Leland-Stanford in California.

Jeanette McCachern, '20, is attending Grinnell College.

Sol. Rosenblatt, '18, was elected captain of the Harvard Junior Debating Team.

NOTE TO MYSTERIOUS SUPPORTER OF O. H. S.

The Register appreciates your letter, concerning O. H. S. alumni at Nebraska University, and would be grateful for any other information from you.

The Register also would appreciate letters from other alumni.

C O N G R A T U L A T I O N S

**5 A's
Girls**
Cohn, Mildred
Ruhka, Elizabeth

Boys
Abrams, Milton
Horn, Harry
Ringwalt, Jack
Samuelson, Sam

4½ A's
Abbott, Claire
Baldwin, Jessie
Burke, Melba
Charmock, Gladys
Hesbacher, Dorothy
Horton, Jane
Murray, Rose
Nelson, Pauline
Wilinsky, Ruth

4 A's
Anderson, Thyra
Clarke, Leoline
Dox, Martha
Elliott, Edith
Gifford, Helena
Gladstone, Ethel
McInay, Florence
Moscrop, Barbara
Pancoast, Helen
Perley, Anne
Ralls, Devah
Root, Charlotte
Root, Florence
Searson, Helen
Sherman, Dorothy
Abbott, Kenneth
Adams, Elmo
Albach, Walter

Albert, Edward
Benbow, Spencer
Egbert, Dan
Gannett, Taylor
Hanicke, Aldrich
Holdrege, Charles
Linder, Elmore
Maroli, Dominick
Rice, Durant
Seifkin, Robert
Van Valin, Frederick
Waterman, John
Wood, Edmund
Faier, Samuel

**3½ A's
Girls**
Fetterman, Frances
Anderson, Corinne
Burke, Thelma
Clarke, Margaret
Erixon, Eva
Fowler, Neva
Gilbert, June
Hooper, Alice
Kingsley, Adalin
Minkin, Rose
Rosenblatt, Ann
Segal, Rebecca
Segal, Rose
Smith, Caroline
Smith, Joy
Brown, Dorothy

Boys
Feiler, William
Schheimer, Charles
3 A's
Bartos, Alice
Carden, Eulah
Connett, Alice
Crockett, Ruth
Cunningham, Janet

Ericson, Ellen
Flitton, Dorothy
Follmer, Marcia
Gannon, Rose C.
Hamilton, Adnee
Harnett, Pauline
Hefferman, Elizabeth
Kiewit, Roberta
Longman, Edna Mae
Miller, Florence
Pinkerton, Doris
Reiff, Doris
Rix, Margarett
Rose, Helen
Rossen, June
Sheffner, Irene
Shotwell, Margaret
Smith, Kathryn
Talmage, Doris
Thomas, Mozelle
Thomsen, Ferne
Weir, Edith
Westerfield, Elizabeth
Brinkworth, Leslie
Bruce, Philip
Elster, Richard
Gross, David
Hill, Renwick
Jamison, Byron
Krelle, William
Likert, George H.
Lloyd, Dale
Loft, Martin
Preisman, Roland
Reiff, Stanley
Rosenthal, Edward
Vette, Fred
Walker, Richard
Weiss, Israel
Weller, Robert A.
Likert, Rensis

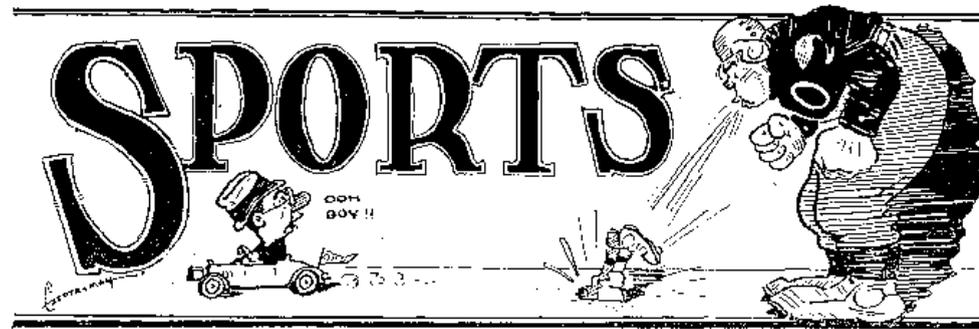
E X C H A N G E

The students of Central High School, Muskogee, Oklahoma evidently have considerable dramatic ability. The Juniors of this are presenting the play *Fanny and the Servant Problem* and the Forum Debating Society is presenting a minstrel show that they claim will do George Primrose himself, credit.

The Los Angeles High School, Los Angeles, California had provided the lockers of the school with name plates.

Sacramento High School has put a ban on penciled eyebrows and rouged complexions.

The *High Life* of Lone Beach, California, says that they might also adopt the same plan. The editor of *High Life*, in an editorial, claims that old Ed Vivadow and Brother Colgate have ruined more complexions than they ever saved and that the slogan, "*A Woman's Face is her Fortune*" is sadly in need of revising to "*A Woman's Fortune is on her Face.*"



MULLIGAN TO LEAVE

Dr. Harold R. Mulligan, better known as "Mully," is now spending his last year at Central High and is coaching his last football team for the Purple and White. When he leaves, the school will lose one of its greatest boosters and friends.

Mulligan came to Omaha High in 1915 and has made quite a reputation for himself in the teams he has produced. He was graduated from Beatrice High and the University of Nebraska, where he was a star performer in the moleskins. After leaving school Mulligan coached teams at Beatrice and Lincoln High Schools.

Some of the best football teams that ever represented Central High were coached by Mulligan. He produced Missouri Valley championship football teams in 1916 and 1917. The basketball teams of 1917 and 1918 also won great honors.

Mulligan has coached all athletics but baseball, and also helped the coaching of the Senior Class play until last year.

Mulligan has just finished his medical education and is dropping athletics to take up an active practice in Omaha. Mulligan's successor is not known, but it is certain that no one will ever stand in more favor with students and faculty members than has "Mully."

F. W. B. '21

GIRLS BASKET BALL

The Juniors and Seniors elected their respective basketball captains for the coming year, last week. Marjorie Anderson and Eleanor Hamilton are the captains elect, but as Marjorie has left school the Juniors will have to appoint a new leader. The girls play every Wednesday after school, and each practice produces an increase in enthusiasm. The Freshmen and Sophomores are practicing in volley ball.

Eleanor Hamilton.

BEATRICE 13, CENTRAL 0

The Central High warriors journeyed to Beatrice the last of October where a warm welcome was given them in the shape of the short end of a 31 to 0 score. Bloodgood was the shining light of the game. He started the game with lots of speed and did most of the scoring for the Orange and Black. Bloodgood started the scoring by registering a drop-kick from the 30-yard line. A few minutes later he skirted the end for forty-five yards and a touchdown. He also kicked goal. In the second quarter Bloodgood made an end run for twenty-five yards and another touchdown.

In the second half Omaha furnished a thrill by working the ball to the 2-foot line but was unable to put it across. Beatrice kicked, and then a pass from Campbell to Clement netted eighteen yards putting the ball on Beatrice's 3-yard line. There the Purple and White was held again. The Beatrice team put up a stone wall defense that could not be pierced. In the fourth quarter Purdy pushed the ball over for a touchdown, and a pass from Myers to Fisher for thirty-five yards netted the last score of the game.

DES MOINES 21, CENTRAL 7

The heavy North Des Moines football team took the Purple and White team to a drubbing on October 23 by the score of 21-7 at a meeting at the Hi-Y team to a drubbing on October 23 by the score of 21-7. At a meeting at the Hi-Y club the evening before, a great crowd was on hand to boost for the Central team.

Des Moines made its first score after four minutes of play when a forward pass from Watkins to Davis put the ball over the goal. It scored again the second quarter when a pass from Watkins to Davis for twenty-five yards was good for a touchdown.

In the second half Omaha came back strong, and after working the ball to Des Moines' 15-yard line, lost the ball by an intercepted pass. Fredericks caught the ball, and ran eighty-five yards for a touchdown. But even this did not discourage the Purple and White boys who came back stronger than ever. After working the ball near the goal, a pass from Campbell to Clements for twenty yards made a touchdown, and the only score for Omaha.

Frederick was the star for Des Moines. Clement, Meston, and Captain Campbell played good games for Central.

LINCOLN 19, CENTRAL 6

The Purple and White team, accompanied by the band and two hundred boosters traveled to Lincoln to meet their ancient rivals on the University field. The Omaha players gave a good account of themselves although they lost by a 19 to 6 score.

Although Central's team was outweighed and handicapped by a peculiar field, yet it made a fine showing. Omaha started the scoring when Captain "Pete" Campbell booted a perfect field goal from the 25-yard line. Lincoln soon made a touchdown and took the lead. The first half ended 6 to 3.

Lincoln made a touchdown in the third period when Hummell put the pigskin over the line. In the last quarter Campbell again made a perfect dropkick from the 30-yard line, making the score 13 to 6. Lincoln made another touchdown in the last minutes of play.

The Purple and White team played the best game of the season. The backfield, though light, got an even break with Lincoln on ground gained. The aerial route also worked better than it has any time this season. The left side of the line was hard to skirt, Benolken and Campbell being on the job all the time.

CENTRAL 48, NORFOLK 0

Coach Mulligan's Purple and White grid team got next to themselves on the 13th of November and walloped the Norfolk football team 48 to 0. The game was Central's from the beginning. The team started out with the fight that has always characterized the Purple and White teams, and scored almost at will after the first quarter.

In the second quarter, the Central backfield worked the ball down the field, and Captain Campbell carried the pigskin over the line. After the ball had been put in play again, Meston was called off tackle, and evading the Norfolk tacklers, ran fifty-five yards for a touchdown. Clement kicked goal. Luck favored the Centralites a few minutes later when they gained possession of the ball on Norfolk's 5-yard line through a fumble. Smith carried the ball over for a touchdown. Clement kicked goal. The first half ended 20 to 0 for Central.

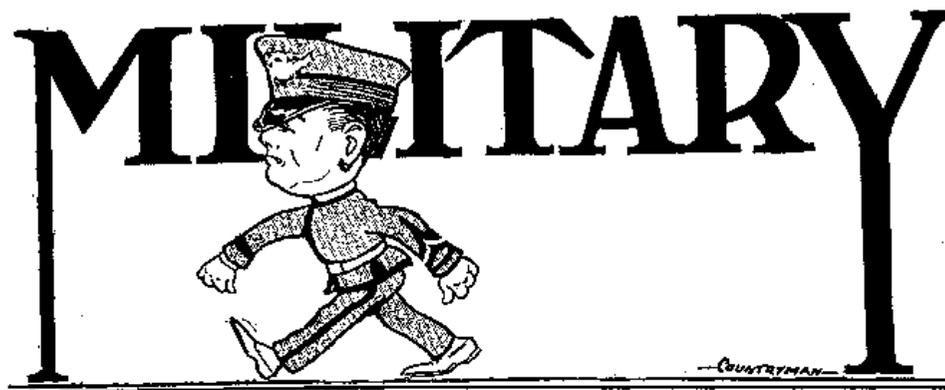
In the third quarter the Central steamroller got into action once more and piled up the score. On the first play, Hoerner broke through, and intercepting a forward pass from the Norfolk backs, raced forty-five yards for a touchdown.

It was a brilliant play. Clement kicked goal. A few minutes later, Meston intercepted another pass and scampered forty-five yards for touchdown. Clement kicked goal. Omaha got possession of the ball again, and a trick pass from Campbell to Clement was good for fifty-five yards and a touchdown. Clement again kicked goal. In the last quarter Clement came to the front and by some good playing made a touchdown against his former teammates and kicked goal. That ended the scoring.

The whole Central team played a good game. The backfield carried the back like veterans, with Clement and Meston showing up well. Morris played a hard defensive game. Craven starred for Norfolk, Following is the lineup:

CENTRAL	Pos.	NORFOLK
Clarke	r. e.	Shram
Stribling	r. t.	Evans
Good	r. g.	Higginbotham
Hoerner	c.	Phinney
Morris	l. g.	Smith
Berg	l. t.	McClow
Benolken	l. e.	Isaacson
Campbell (C)	q. b.	Craven (C)
Smith	r. h.	Landers
Clement	l. h.	Henning
Meston	f. b.	Allen

Touchdowns: Meston (2), Clement (2), Smith, Hoerner, Campbell.
Substitutes: Meyer, Green.



THE REGIMENT

Our Central High School Cadet Regiment has become so well established that speaking a word for it seems almost like endorsing the school itself. Of course it has its ups and downs as the years go by, but it always manages to hold its place the one really big school activity.

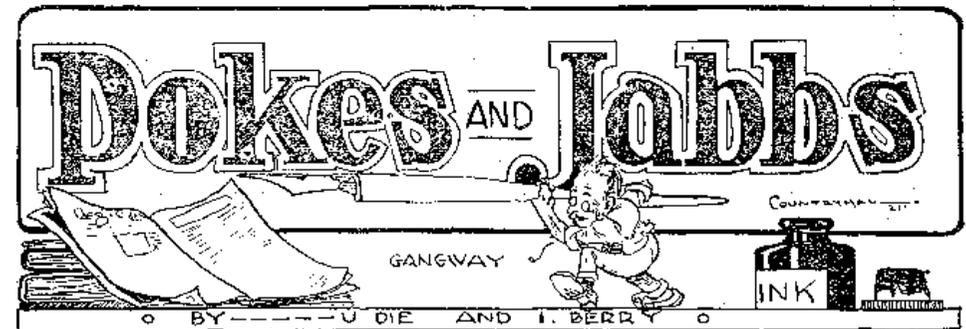
Why has drill been able to maintain this position for more than twenty-five years? Perhaps there are several answers to our question. First, it has a place for a greater number of boys than can be accommodated in any other line of activity. Then, probably it is the one best opportunity for a boy to put his character and personality in competition with others. He likes to see whether or not he can make good with his fellows. And surely a quarter of a century of success has given us traditions which are well nigh sacred.

THE BOY WHO DOES NOT DRILL MISSES SOMETHING WORTH WHILE.
Edward E. McMillan.

THE NON-COM SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION

After several years of absence, the non-com school of instruction has been revived in the high school regiment. Its purpose is to teach the non-coms the contents of the manual, *Infantry Drill Regulations*, and to prepare them for becoming officers. "The work is being done," Commandant Gulgard says, "rather for the betterment of the regiment in future years than particularly for this year by producing thoroughly efficient officers for it."

The classes are conducted by the officers of the regiment on Wednesday afternoons immediately after school, and are attended not only by non-coms but by privates who are desirous of becoming non-coms as well. If the plan is a success, as it is fully expected to be, the regiment should be far better in the future than it has ever been before.
P. H. L.



On the way to Lincoln to see the football game, the Omaha fans noticed that the train had stopped. It had been going about six miles an hour for some time and the passengers were "thoroughly warmed" over the situation.

"What's the matter?" yelled Wally Metcalfe from the train window.

"Cow on the track," came the reply.

After traveling for about an hour and a half more, the train stopped again.

"What's the trouble," again shouted the Omaha delegation.

"We've caught up with the cow," returned the conductor.

"You're about the slowest fellow we've had for some time. Aren't you quick at anything?"

"Yes sir, nobody can get tired as quickly as I can."

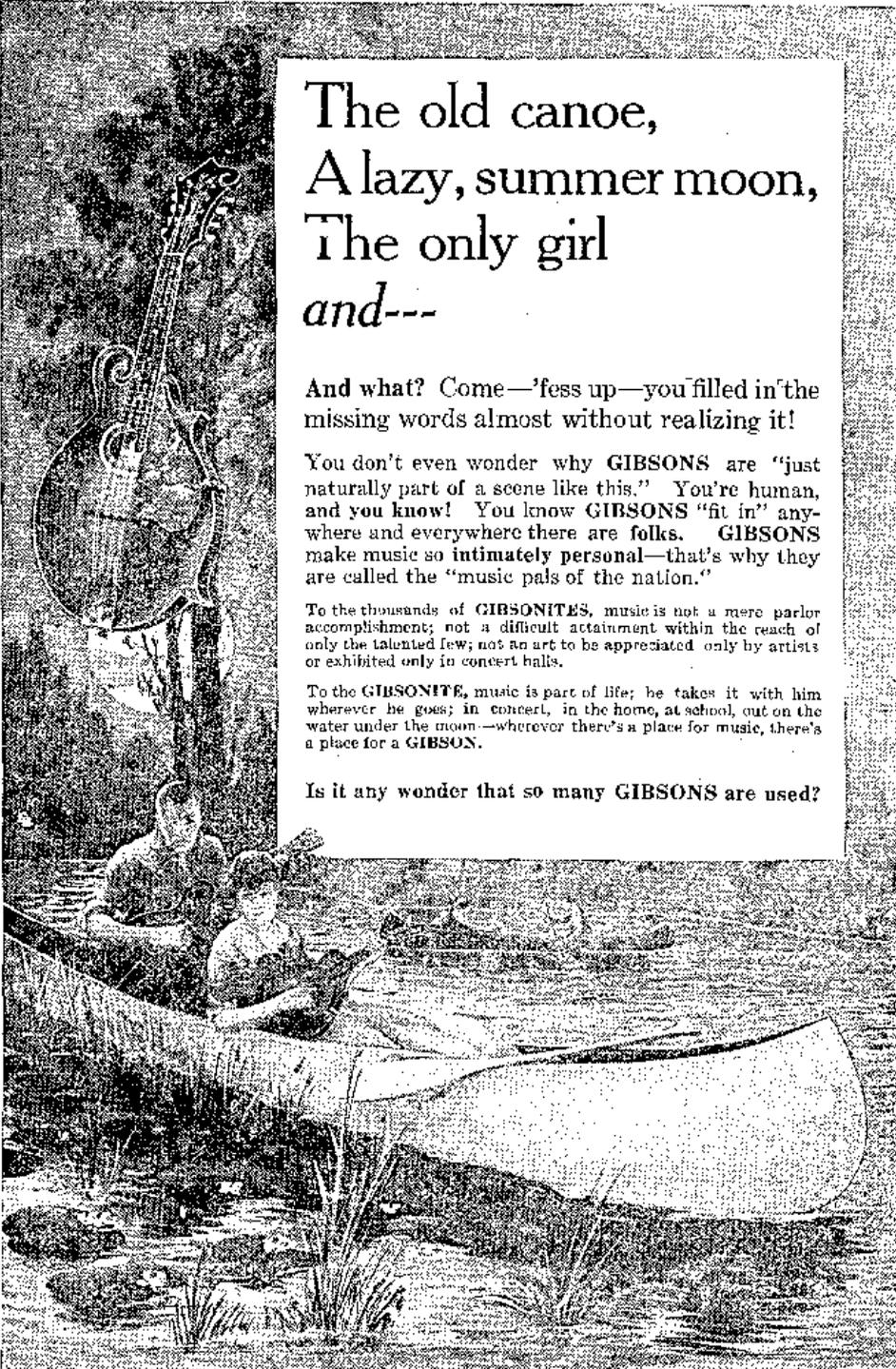
"Name five animals living in the Polar Regions."

"A walrus, a seal, and three polar bears."

A stitch in time sometimes saves a break.

"Pa what is diplomacy?"

"Diplomacy, my son, is the art of convincing a man that he is a liar without actually telling him so."



The old canoe,
A lazy, summer moon,
The only girl
and---

And what? Come—'fess up—you filled in the missing words almost without realizing it!

You don't even wonder why GIBSONS are "just naturally part of a scene like this." You're human, and you know! You know GIBSONS "fit in" anywhere and everywhere there are folks. GIBSONS make music so intimately personal—that's why they are called the "music pals of the nation."

To the thousands of GIBSONITES, music is not a mere parlor accomplishment; not a difficult attainment within the reach of only the talented few; not an art to be appreciated only by artists or exhibited only in concert halls.

To the GIBSONITE, music is part of life; he takes it with him wherever he goes; in concert, in the home, at school, out on the water under the moon—wherever there's a place for music, there's a place for a GIBSON.

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Sir Samuel saw Sarah's sweetness
Strolling slowly, Sarah sighed softly.
Sir Samuel seemed speechless.
"Say something, Sir Samuel," said
sweet Sarah Smith, smiling sheepishly.
"Say, Sam, Sarah," said Sir Samuel.
Sarah, smiling shyly, softly said,
"Samuel."

"Sarah—Salley," stammered Sir Samuel.

"Sweet Sarah—sweetheart."
Sarah solemnly surrendered.

If at first you don't succeed, crank
again.

After trying for three quarters of
an hour to line up his company
while they were at 'right dress';

Capt.—"That line is as crooked
as a corkscrew. Fall out, all of you
and take a look at it."

Have you the change for a dollar
bill?

Yep.
Fine' Would you mind letting
me have the loan of a quarter?

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"One sews seams good and the other seems so good."

Sam's Girl

Sam's girl is tall and slender,
My girl is short and low;
Sam's girl wears silks and satins,
My girl wears calico.
Sam's girl is rich and sporty,
My girl is poor, but good;
Do you think I'd trade my girl for Sam's girl?
Well, you're dog-goned right I would.

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As You Were

The boy danced 'round as though on air,
His head was in a whirl,
His eyes and mouth were full of hair,
His arms were full of girl.
He told the maiden of his love,
The color left her cheeks,
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed for several weeks.

—Rutger's Targam.

Chas. E. Lathrop

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An open fire,
A cozy nook,
Your heart's desire.

Purgatory

The self-same room
With lights just few
The same little nook
With Mother too.

Inferno—H—I

The room, the nook,
The shade, the fire,
The greatest chance
And enter sire.

The girls put so much more color
in the singing than the boys.

Well, may be, they're used to it.

He—What did you get that bronze
medal for?

She—Singing.

He—And what did you get the
gold one for?

She—Stopping.

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Sophomore—Grindstone
Junior—Diamond
Senior—Tombstone

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Mr. Lampman came into the class a little late the other day, and, finding
one young hopeful steadying a large book endways on his chin, inquired what
he was doing.

"Why, sir, I'm balancing the ledger," was the reply.

Teacher—"I shall be tempted to give you a stiff examination."
Boy—"Yield not unto temptation."

Tailor—"Do you want a cuff on the trousers?"
Johnnie D.—"Do you want a slap on the mouth?"

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"According to this magazine," said Mrs. Pincher, "sliced onions scattered about a room will absorb the odor of fresh paint."

"I suppose they will," rejoined Pincher. "Likewise a broken neck will relieve catarrh."

The mule couldn't help recognizing himself in this essay written on him: "The mowl is hardier than the guse or turkie. It has two legs to walk with, two more to kick with, and wears its wings on the side of its head."—*The International Searchlight.*

If at first you don't succeed, crank again.

When source is known, credit is given.

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N. E. Boddy Says:
 I wish the whole dern school could have been in our dramatic class the other day when Somebody "read" his poem entitled "Fido." With the force of his rich tenor voice, his blithe young body, and his beaming personality behind him, he recited the following in a manner that does homage to the future dramatic art of the school:
 "Now I had a dog and his name was Fido.
 He was only just a pup.
 But he could stand upon his hind legs,
 If you held his front legs up."

RIDDLE
 It's a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet bliss for two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it, the old man has to buy it. The Baby's right, the Lover's privilege, the Hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, Faith; to a married woman, Hope; to an old maid, Charity.
 The answer? No, you're all wrong. It's a car ride.

A Hot Shot
 A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it was better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott; which proves either that the shot that Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, so that Shott would be shot, and Nott would not be shot. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott but Nott—or that the shot was not shot.

"Will you lend me a dollar for a week, old man?"
 "Where's the weak old man?"

I'M Happy
 Gosh, I feel like a billion bucks. I don't give a whoop for all the trials, troubles, and tribulations this side of—of—er—Tenth Street. I'm not cuttin' my speed for all the worries and vexations in the world. I could lick ten tigers, a bushel of baboons, fifteen fairies, and a dozen dogs with my eyes shut and hands tied to a load of lead. The reason? Boys, I got an "A" and a half, two "B"s, two "C"s, and not a doggone dastardly "D" to my name. An' that ain't all. I've served all twelve eighth hours, and that famous fault-finding faculty hasn't got a bloomin' thing on me. I haven't been called to 112 for four days and don't expect to see the joint again for many million years. I've got fifteen chilly iron men in my pocket and a date that's got the whole world cheated. I'm tellin' the world it'll take twelve landslides from Mars to stop me. I'm happy.

HEALTH WARNINGS
 Never play on the drum of your ear
 For 'tis dangerous, Oh, Greg!
 Nor try to throw the ball of eye,
 Or ride the calf of the leg,
 Let alone the cap on your knee,
 Keep out of the arch of the foot.
 Don't wreck the tram of your thoughts
 By filling it up with soot,
 Never cut the palm of your hand
 Nor hammer the nail of your toe.
 Don't sharpen the blade of your shoulder,
 Or it will surely bring you woe.
 Don't tar the roof of the mouth,
 Keep out of the temple of the head
 Or you will be heading south
 Never oil the valves of the heart
 Nor ring the sole of the foot,
 Don't let a frog get into your throat
 Or you'll have a cough to boot,
 Don't fall into the pit of your stomach
 Keep your head off your chest.
 For believe me my children,
 These words are not spoken in jest.
 Pearl Winter, '24.

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Lost—A roll of bills with a heavy rubber band around it. E. Olsen—Electrical Engineer. Box 1.

Found—A heavy rubber band. A. Meston—O. H. S. 1st, 2nd, or 4rd. floors.

Lost—One gold-filled fountain pen. Probably on the girl's stairs. Finder please return to P. Findley, room 112.

Notice to All Students

Mrs. Pitts requests that a few trained voices report to her in room 145 at 7:15 tomorrow morning. A class is to be started at that hour and all Freshmen who are interested are requested to be present.

Small Boy (in school discussing zones): "There are two kinds of zones, masculine and feminine. The masculine is both temperate and intemperate, and the feminine is both horrid and frigid."



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Freshman—"Carpet Tacks."

Teacher—Where were you yesterday?

B.—At the dentists.

T.—Does your tooth still hurt?

B.—I don't know?

T.—You don't know?

B.—No, the dentist got it.

"English history puzzles me,
I never could see why
After so many many reigns
It still could be so dry."

Is It That Bad

"I want you to read some Latin aloud at home tonight. I think that your family can stand it."

"There is some one ill next door."

Some "Misconstruing!!

Pharaoh's daughter found a basket with baby in it made of reeds.

Senior—"Now that we're all seniors, I think that they ought to call us Mr. and Mrs."

What are you drawing?

Why, a dog!

But where's its tail?

Oh, that is still in the ink bottle!

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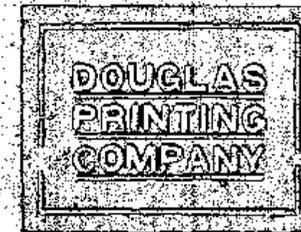
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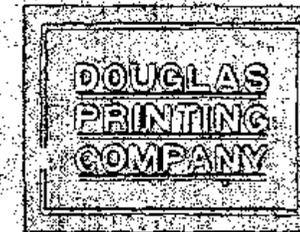
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