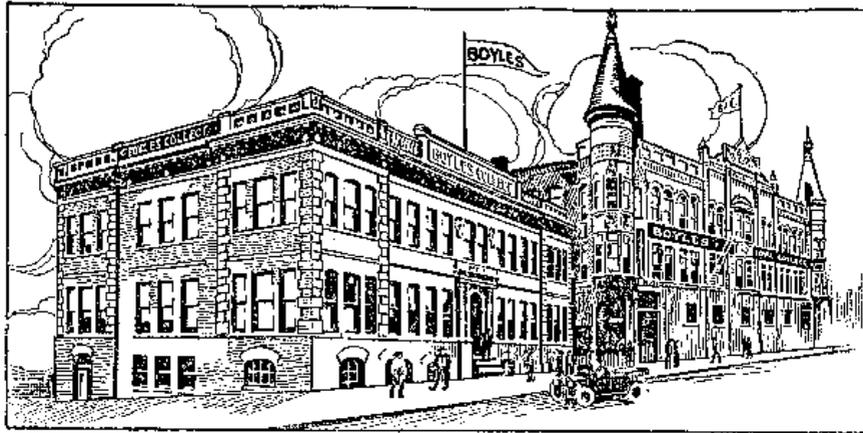


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The Register

MID-TERM
NUMBER

Feb. 1913 Vol. XXVII No. 6

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3. There will be four cash prizes: First prize \$50.00; Second prize \$25.00; Third prize \$15.00; Fourth prize \$10.00. Announcement of the winners will be made in the Sunday papers, March 9th, 1913.
4. The contest is open to everyone.
5. No manuscript will be returned.
6. Samuel Burns, Jr., Lawrence Brinker and A. Cuthbert Potter will be the judges, and will make awards of prizes to the contestants whose answers in their judgment are the most deserving.
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OMAHA

HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

1

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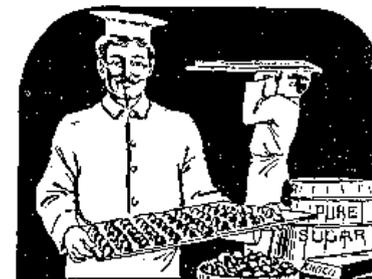
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HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER

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CARLISLE ALLAN
Editor

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HAROLD TORELL
Business Manager

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OMAHA, FEBRUARY, 1913

[NUMBER 6

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CONTENTS

To the Class of '12-'13	Page 13
The Dog of Santa Rosa	" 14
The Gardener of Thias	" 16
Under a Heart	" 18
Athletics	" 23
Social	" 25
Locals	" 26
Manual Training	" 27
Military	" 28
Organizations	" 29
The Shade of Cicero	" 32
Squibs	" 33

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(Photo by Hestn)

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Secretary



BYRDIE TREBILCOCK
Sergeant-at-Arms



BOCK, FRED A., "Germany."
Bugle Corps (1-2-3-4).

*We wonder what camp will be without
"Germany" to help liven things up.*

BUSCH, Edwin J., "Ed."
D. D. S. (1), German Society (1).

*"You look wise—pray correct that er-
ror." Lamb.*

*Has never done anything naughty. A
hater of womankind with numerous
exceptions. Has a charming blush and
insinuating manner which sometimes
bluffs the teachers.*



CARLSON, C. ROBERT, "Ole"
Football (2-3-4), Class Track (1-2),
Class Basketball (1), Baseball (1).

*It took Ole four and a half years to get
thru school but no stop watch could
time him going thru the Beatrice line.*

CARPENTER, MARGHERITA; "Rita"
L. T. C. (1-2-3), Secretary (3).

*"Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice, your heart be-
guiles."*



HADRA, MARTHA LOUISE
Browning (1-2-3-4), Art (1-2-3), Ser-
geant-at-Arms (2), Basketball (1-2-3-4).

*Martha is an athletic girl,—exceedingly
fond of gym, baseball, basketball, foot-
ball, and all out door sports.*



JOHNSON, ALFRED F.
Sergeant Co. F (4).

*Alfred just fell short of being a tall
man.*



KILLIAN, CHAS. J.; "Chuck"
1st Lieutenant and Adj. 2nd Batt., Or-
chestra (2-3), Director (2), Mandolin
Club (2), Baseball Manager (4).

*"Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view."*



GOULD, ROY H.; "Bud"
Football (3-4), Class Treasurer (4).

*"In my opinion there's nothing 'e don't
know.*

*"All the wickedness in the world is
print to him."—Dickens.*





LANDGREN, ALBERT V.; "Al"

To relax his brain Al spells off triq by the cubic yard.

LINDBERG, FRANCIS EARL
Class Track (1-2), German Soc. (1-2),
Webster (1), Reg. Sgt. Major.

*"Let the world slide, let the world go
"A fig for cure and a fig for woe."*



LINDELL, WALTER C.

Lindell has a good standing (about 6 feet four.)

MAJIN, HARRISON

Harrison has been so quiet around school for the last four years that most of us didn't even know he was here.



METZ, MADALINE; "Pud"
German Society (1-2-3-4), Secretary
(4), Browning (4).

"Pud" could make the very stones sit up and take notice when she plays,—her fingers fairly skim over the piano keys.

NORTHRUP, GRACE G.; "Norty"
P. A. S. (1-2-3-4), Treasurer (3), So-
prano Soloist Music Classes.

*"There was a young lady, Miss Grace,
Who possessed quite a charming face.
She passed you by with a nod and a smile,
And life seemed brighter the while."*



PARSONS, MARION WILHELMINA
Browning (1-2-3-4), Secretary (4), Class
Vice President (4).

*"She is a maiden tall and fair,
With beautiful tresses of golden hair."
A very Dexter(ous) girl.*

PRINTZ, HENRIETTA AXILENA
Class Secretary (4), German Society
(1-2-3-4).

A regular Printz(ess)—a quiet girl who makes many friends by her pleasing personality.





ROBEL, CHARLES R.; "Carus."

Principal Musician Band, Cross Country (2-3-4), Class Track (2-3-4), Webster (1-2-3), Treasurer Athenian (4), Tenor Soloist Music Classes, Glee Club (3).

His bark is worse than his bite. Plays in the band and of course knows how to toot his own horn.

SHILLINGTON, WALDO E.

First Licut. Band, Class President (4), Webster (1-2-3-4), President (4), Debating Squad (2-3-4), Latin Society (2), Class Track (4), Booster's Club (4), Glee Club (3-4), Latin Dramatics.

Waldo is an enthusiastic naturalist particularly interested in Byrds. The rest of the class didn't want any honors because they knew he was the best fitted for the offices.



STORZ, CARL F.; "Dutch"

1st Serg. Co. G, Class Basketball (3-4), Class Track (2-3).

Carl is quite a believer in Pauline principles. Is a fine student frequently getting above 70 per cent. Chief aim in life is to give a successful hop.



TREBILCOCK, BYRDIE E.

P. A. S. (2), Browning (4), German Society (4), Class Sergeant-at-Arms (4).

Little, but oh! may! Managed to obtain A's from her teachers so easily, one would believe she was Minerva's favorite.



Toast to Class of 1912-13

A group of classmates we would toast to here,
A group of students, of whom all should hear;
For they have a hard task performed.
So here's to those whose graduation's near.

Four long years have they steadily climbed
Upward, their path to that higher clime;
Towards which all students of fame would seek.
So here's to the graduates at this time.

They have ploughed the furrows, day by day,
Scattered seeds of knowledge by their way,
Which will thrive and in the future bear fruit.
So here's to the graduates at this time.

These have followed that bright and glowing star,
Education, which beams from afar,
Which shines still plainer, as the days go by.
So here's to the class whose graduation's not far.

Four years of study, not for play;
Four years of toiling, day by day,
Have been the choice of this noble group.
So here's to the students who graduate today.

Not one in this memorable group will fear,
The paths of the world, however drear;
For each is protected by armour strong.
So here's to those whose graduation's near.

To students and teachers who stand today,
Doing these homage as they go their way;
All these now leaving, would say farewell.
So here's to those who graduate today.

Now these have crossed the bay serene,
And enter into the ocean's stream,
To sail forever with ship proud and strong.
So here's to the class of "Twelve-Thirteen."

—C. R. R., 12-13.

The Register

Vol. XXVII

Omaha, February, 1913

No. 6

The Dog of Santa Rosa

One of the best of the numerous tales that Carrigan told at the shack that winter, after Schwab had dutifully gone over the old Victor's repertoire, and Schmidt had busted Johnson or vice versa, at "penny ante," was a thrilling story of Old Mexico, which I will chronicle under the title of "The Dog of Santa Rosa."

On this particular evening Carrigan had been very quiet and had spent most of the time gloomily smoking his "hod" in the corner, but when Schmidty arose and, throwing down a losing hand, searched his pockets nervously for a match, and Schwab choked the talking machine in disgust, Carrigan's eyes brightened and, moving nearer the fire, he tilted his chair at a precarious angle and, clasping his hands behind his head, began:

"About four years ago, I think it was, I ran onto one of the strangest incidents I believe I ever heard of. My chum, Bob Taylor, and I had just finished a mining engineering course at school and during the following summer were prospecting in the wilds of Old Mexico. We stopped one night at a small town called Santa Rosa and as we waited in the common parlor, for bed time, a small group of villagers, together with the proprietor, proceeded to tell us, either for our information or amusement, what they evidently considered was the "skeleton" of the town. It seemed that in an early day, when the Indians were still plentiful on the plains, that a certain Monk, Father Sebastian, while working among them, became aware that the chief of the tribe, Whitehawk, had a treasure of precious stones, the value of which was beyond computation. At about the same time Father Sebastian also discovered that the Chief's daughter was a very beautiful and attractive young woman, and he was at once sorely smitten with greed for one and love for the other.

"At last, however, the Monk succeeded in convincing the old Chief that, if matters continued unchanged, his daughter, who was the apple of his eye, was doomed to eternal punishment, whereas, the Monk, if allowed to marry the girl and sufficiently remunerated from the old Chief's treasure chest, could secure for her not only a resting place in heaven, but a harp and crown thrown in.

"They were married in the spring and all went well until the Indians held their annual Harvest Corn Dance in the fall. The calling of the blood was too much for the girl, and that night she ran away—back to her people.

"After dancing all night, she returned to the church where she and the Monk had lived, just as the first rays of the morning were awakening the world. The Monk was up to meet her. With a long black

snake whip he proceeded to teach the girl the error of her way and she, flushed with the excitement of the dance, and terror stricken with the punishment she expected to receive, drew a small ornamental dagger from her belt and stabbed him to death. Now the Monk kept a great mastiff, which he had owned in Spain, and the dog, seeing his master dead at the feet of the wild eyed girl, sprang upon her and, dragging her into the crypt of the church, so mangled her throat and face that the Indians, coming next day, were not sure whether or not this was really their Princess.

"The citizens of Santa Rosa buried the Monk and the Chief took back the body of his daughter, the dog was shot some time later by a hunting party and left to rot in the woods, but no person, red or white, had ever seen or heard of the treasure.

"A number of adventurous young men had attempted a search of the old church's crypt, but upon entering the dimly lighted corridor, were met with such terrifying and ghost like cries, that they dared not enter farther.

"The spirit of the girl seems to haunt the place and, having lost the Monk's influence in Heaven, undoubtedly still suffered the agony of the dog's cruel jaws upon her throat."

Carrigan paused and relit his pipe. "That was the story as we learned it," he continued, "and the natural desire for treasures, coupled with an adventurous spirit, led us to attempt an expedition which, had we known the true circumstances, we would never have done.

"We started about 10 o'clock the following morning, and as the church was six or eight miles from town, over roads impassable by a wagon or vehicle of any kind, we walked.

"It was hot and sultry when we left, and by noon the sky had become heavily overcast. As the great stone cross on the church rose to us against the burnished horizon, a great bolt of lightning flashed across the sky and a few great drops of rain warned us of the tropical storm which was upon us.

"We ducked and ran, preferring the uncertain danger of the haunted church to that of the raging elements without. We gained the dimly lighted corridor just as the storm burst, and paused for a breathing spell. As our eyes became accustomed to the poor light, we could see at the farther end of the hallway, a partially closed door, held open by an accumulation of leaves and dust. We pushed open this door and left it ajar, in case we needed a hasty exit. I stepped inside and struck a match on the whitewashed wall and followed it along to a sharp bend where a sudden gust of wind extinguished my light and left me fumbling awkwardly in the dark. A peculiar rustling sound became audible and I clutched behind me for a reassuring touch of my friend. He was not there! I was alone in the heart of a bewitched dungeon and the sounds were growing louder! I could distinguish stealthy foot falls accompanied by long gasps and unearthly sighs.

"For the first time in my life I suffered the agony of complete terror. I imagined the beautiful Indian girl lying helpless, while the

giant mastiff worried at her throat and growled at his human plaything. I imagined her feeble attempts to use the weapon that had prove so fatal to the Monk, on the great beast, and her fainter growing death gasps, as her life was slowly choked out.

"The cry suddenly grew louder. There was a swift rush of feet, a long gurgling, wheezing sound, something struck me full on the chest and I went down like a tenpin, striking my head on the wall as I fell. As I sank deeper and deeper into oblivion I seemed to experience again the girl's painful death; something was worrying at my throat; I felt its hot breath on my face and fierce tugs at my collar. I remember feintly of having my hand savagely bitten, as I tried vainly to protect myself. I wondered vaguely why Bob did not come and drive the thing away, but gave it up and dropped into a deep, tired sleep."

Carrigan paused and smiled around the company. "Any suggestion?" he asked proudly as he noticed the look of bewilderment on each face. "What do you say, Schwab, you generally have an answer." "You've got me this time all right," Schwab returned sheepishly. "That's sure a good one." Carrigan carefully refilled his pipe and continued: "Well, you see when I came 'to,' Taylor had shot the dog and dragged us both outside. It was the Monk's mastiff that was supposed to be dead. He was shot by that hunting party, but in a very peculiar way. The bullet passed through his throat in such a manner as to prevent him making a louder noise than the mysterious cries to which I have eluded. The injury healed itself and he still lived in the home of his old master. Of course," he added, with an ironical chuckle, "we got the treasure. That is why I am still working on the railroad for \$10 per."

Schwab grunted, "Now, I thought it was going to end something like that," he whined, "I was just going to say that is how it would end."

Carrigan smiled, but said nothing. That was only Schwab's way.

C. H. C.

The Gardener of Thias

In the days when there were many monarchs and great powers in the countries of the eastern Mediterranean and India there lived a great and mighty king with his only son Azra.

Born of the highest of nobility, Azra was treated accordingly, but it was not the temperament of the lad to enjoy all the wealth and luxury which was bestowed upon him during his childhood. Instead he was turned against it.

Sometimes he would steal away, and go down by the sea, where he would watch the vessels far out on the mighty waters, or lie for hours on the shimmering sands and dream of that country which lay beyond the vast expanse of snow capped blue.

He longed to see for himself the world outside, and so, with the golden seal of his birth right clasped securely about his throat, he

fled far away. Away from his father, away from the kingdom of Plihus, away to that unknown land.

* * * * *

The city of Allahabad seemed flooded with liquid sunshine on a certain morning in early spring, and the dew on the roses in the king's garden still clung to the silky soft petals. A woman tall and stately with an air of quiet dignity was walking slowly down the path which led to the rose arbor. Her fine white hands were clasped in front of her, while her head was bent as if in silent prayer.

The gardener had seen her coming and was busy gathering the roses which he knew she loved. "They are as fresh as the morning itself," said the gardener. "Would the Princess like some of the white ones, too?" He tried to speak naturally, but in spite of himself it sounded slightly harsh and forced. He knew that it was the last time he should offer her roses, lilies, nay, any flower which grew within the walls of the garden of King Thias, and when,—when of all the mornings that he had worked and waited for her did she look as beautiful as she did now.

"I can not stay, Azra," replied the Princess, "but see, I have brought you this," and she gave him a very small box, saying as she did so, "Open it in your hour of trial." Azra took the box wonderingly, and the Princess held out her hand. Scarcely believing his own senses, he slowly raised it to his lips.

* * * * *

The room in which the trial was to take place was long and narrow and heavily decorated with brocaded tapestry and fine Persian rugs. The throne was directly in the middle of one end of the room, and from the steps to the center of the hall, where there stood a richly carved table, was a number of long narrow rugs, laid out for the king to walk on.

Azra was brought in by two men servants who led him to the table, and then quickly returned to their places at the side of the king's throne.

The men assembled stood quietly on each side of the room waiting for the king to speak.

At last he spoke, addressing Azra, "The two crystal goblets on the table in front of you contain wine. One is clear, pure wine. This other is full of poison. If you drink the clear wine you will be pardoned. If you drink the other you die. Choose."

All eyes were turned upon Azra as he bent his head over the sparkling goblets full of liquid, the silence became intense and the king leaned forward in his chair to await the final test.

Azra's hour of trial had come and he remembered the Princess' words. Quickly and quietly he opened the tiny box with one hand and reached forward as if to choose with the other.

For one short second a bee hovered over one of the goblets in front of him and quickly disappeared. Azra raised the other to his lips and drank of the clear pure wine. Before the bewildered court could speak Azra advanced quickly down the room towards the throne,

where he unclasped the golden chain from his neck and gave his seal silently to the king.

And Azra and the Princess went back together, back to the father of Azra, back to the kingdom of Plibus, back from the unknown land.

ALICE VIOLA PORTERFIELD, '15.

Under a Heart

"Well! Just three valentines left, and the day 'most gone. Hope they'll sell 'fore night," and Joshua Grey gazed thoughtfully at the three remaining valentines elaborately decorated with Cupids and hearts on backgrounds of paper lace. He could well remember when he would gladly have shoveled snow until his hands and feet were almost frozen to get enough money to buy a valentine for his best girl.

"They're so cheap nowadays, kids don't 'preciate 'em like we used to," he remarked as he rearranged them in the glass case.

Joshua kept a little store just off from Main street, where he sold a little of everything. The front room was lined with shelves containing canned goods and breakfast foods on one side and dry goods and notions on the other. A cash register and a pair of scales stood sentinel on the grocery counter, in front of which were barrels and boxes in perfect order. The glass show case which contained the three valentines stood opposite the door, completing the semi-circle. The back room served as kitchen, dining room, bedroom and parlor.

Joshua was standing with his hands behind him and his back to the small stove in the center of the room still contemplating the valentines, when a rosy-cheeked child opened the door.

"Hello, what'll you have, Miss?" he inquired as the little girl came bashfully toward him.

"Please, sir, I'd like to buy some valentines," she said as she cautiously laid a dime on the counter.

"How many, Miss?" he inquired as he spread the remaining three before her. "Here's three beauties you can have for fifteen cents."

"I'll take these two, please," she answered, and none of Joshua's pleadings would get her to take the third one.

"One for your beau and one for your teacher?" he asked as he wrapped them up. But she was not inclined to reply and hurried away, slamming the door, in her embarrassment, so hard that the little bell above it rang for several seconds afterward.

"Well, I guess I'll put this one in the window," he said as he made room for it between a box of paints and a sunbonnet, "and maybe some one will be tempted by its beauty."

But all day he waited in vain, and when the fast-falling snow began to drive the people from the streets he gave up in despair. The streets of York were never very crowded, so when the weather was stormy one might as well go to sleep, so few were the customers.

"I guess I might as well dispose of this somewhere," he lamented. "I can't keep it over another year, but really I can't afford to lose it either," he said as he scratched his bearded chin. "By gum! If it ain't

the same one I sent Manda that last day six years ago. 'Tain't the same one, but its a twin to it. There's that same little heart as lifts up to write a message underneath. Now why not send this one to her, too, without any name? 'Tain't so very expensive," he considered, "and pra'ps the mic 'ud spoil it 'fore another year anyhow."

Joshua argued with himself a little while and finally decided to send it.

"I'll just print 'From a friend' on here," he mused, "and fold back that heart so as she'll see it. By heck! Maybe she never discovered that other message. Well, I'll make this one mighty plain and if she didn't find that other one, maybe she'll go right straight and look for it. Though I spose she's destroyed that one long ago."

With trembling hand Joshua wrote the address and sealed and stamped the envelope. He waited until dark to post it because he did not care to be seen with such a thing in his possession, and it was with a doubtful heart that he returned to the store, fearing that she might take it as an insult if she found out who sent it.

CHAPTER II.

The day after Valentine's day Amanda Williams received her mail rather reluctantly. She was tall and wiry, with very little hair and a prominent nose, and was the victim of many comic valentines. The day before she had only received two, and she was beginning to think that her enemies were diminishing surprisingly, but as she looked at her lap she changed her mind. There were six comic ones which she thought were uglier than any she had ever seen before.

"Well! I don't see how any one could ever draw such hideous thing; and to think they're drawn by full-grown men. Here's another, though I declare it don't look like a comic one, at least the envelope don't. Good gracious! That's the first pretty one I've received for six years. I wonder if this one is prettier than that last one Joshua sent me so long ago," she exclaimed as she threw the others into the fire.

"Well, look at her, would you? A little note concealed under this heart. I kind of recognize that writing," she thought, changing color, "but no, how foolish. He's forgotten I'm alive by this time. It's almost supper time and I promised to take Ellen to prayer meeting tonight, so I musn't be late. I'll just take this valentine upstairs with me and put it with the other," she said as she climbed the wide stairs with a throbbing heart in her breast.

"It isn't the same. It coukdn't be," she kept saying to herself in answer to a little voice within her that kept saying:

"What if it is the same writing? What if Joshua sent it?"

Out of a lavender-scented bottom drawer she took a box, carefully tied with ribbon and filled with little remembrances. The last one she took out was evidently the most important, for it was wrapped in a separate piece of tissue paper and tied with a white ribbon. It proved to be a valentine just like the one she held in her hand.

"Well! Who'd 'a thought it? That writing is the same as this,

[Continued on Page 22]

You Must Make Good or Step Down and Out

The managers of the great business firms are not looking for young men and young women who are skilled in explaining why they failed to make good.

These managers don't want explanations nor excuses—THEY WANT RESULTS. They are looking for young people who can GET RESULTS. They like to secure

MOSHER-LAMPMAN GRADUATES

as these managers know MOSHER-LAMPMAN GRADUATES are trained along lines which qualify them to "deliver the goods."

If you are ambitious, and desire to make good when you start in the business world, and to rise to positions of trust and responsibility, then you should take that broad business training which can be secured at the MOSHER-LAMPMAN COLLEGE.

This course will place you far above the average business college graduate. In short, it will enable you to a business success.

ADDRESS: MOSHER & LAMPMAN, 1815 FARNAM STREET

and if those valentines aren't just alike—except this heart lifts up and that one don't. Yes it does, too!" she exclaimed, growing white and dropping both valentines in her excitement, only to pick them up again to scan the faded yellow writing which laid hidden under the heart for six years. At first she could hardly distinguish anything, but at last she made out the words, "If your answer is 'yes,' wear a red rose to prayer meeting."

"And to think I never saw that before! I never thought to lift up the heart. No wonder he was so cool to me that evening, and I thought it was all his fault. Well, I'll wear a red rose tonight, and if he sent that last valentine maybe he'll see it."

And sure enough that night going home from prayer meeting, instead of Ellen as a companion, Amanda had a short fat man who kept a store off Main street and who very proudly conducted her home by a much farther route than was usually used. LOIS HOEL, '15.

SPENSERIAN BURLESQUE.

Foreword.

"If I could talk to Spencer in his grave,
I'd ask him why, when he was yet alive,
He wrote such poems which only trouble gave
To us who now this stanza must contrive,
Eight lines of which must have but accents five,
The ninth to have but six, and rhyme like those
That even now today do yet survive
In works of his that do this style disclose,
Through which to fame and glory in literature he rose."

MARION PARSONS.

"O DAY SO BRIGHT."

Where is that day we used to have last year,
When once a week we ceased from all our toil,
And took we home no books, nor did we fear
To get a D next day in class. No oil
We burned at midnight, nor e'er did spoil
Our eyesight on our books. Alas, how time
Has changed! The rule was very hard to foil.
We study hard all through the week. What a crime
To stop and think of rest-day in its prime!

E. KENDALL HAMMOND.

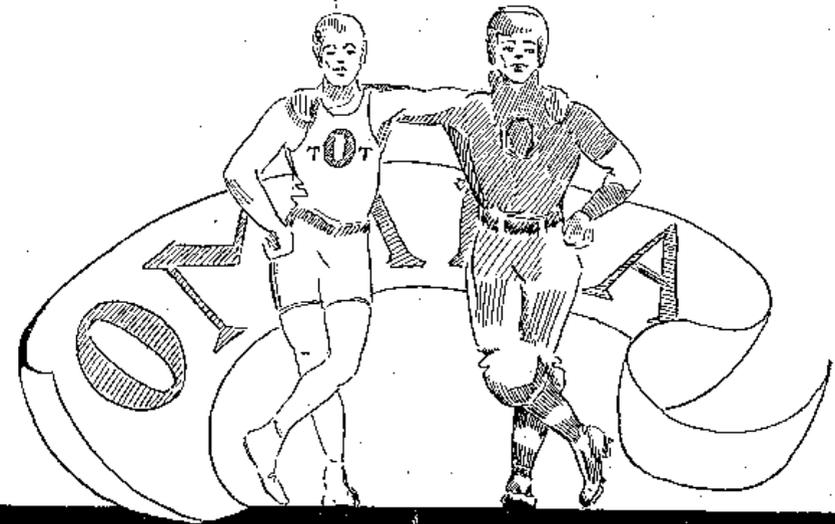
Miss Von M. (after assigning subjects for disease study): "Now those people who have diseases will please report."

First Fresh.: "I have tuberculosis."

Second Fresh.: "Yes'm, I've got the measles, it took me three hours to get it."

Third Fresh.: "You gave me the mumps."

Flunking Soph.: "Yes, and he's all swelled up about it."



ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL.

The basketball team has been most successful so far this year, having won all the games played. The boys have practiced regularly and their work in the games stands as a proof of this fact. The services of Berry have been lost on account of the condition of his studies, but his place has been ably filled by Ed. Baumann.

The five regulars are Burkenroad, Hughes, Gardiner, Platz and Baumann. The substitutes to be most relied on are Larmon, Nelson and Flothow.

The two teams between which the the class championship will probably lie are the Seniors and the Sophomores, the Seniors having defeated the Juniors and the Sophomores having beaten the Freshmen.

The team won the Tri-City championship and completed their schedule without losing a game. During their schedule in this league the team met two college teams and defeated both of them. The results have been as follows:

Omaha28	Omaha University27
Omaha33	Creighton29
Omaha28	Council Bluffs21
Omaha31	Council Bluffs High School23
Omaha32	Nebraska21
Omaha29	Bellevue22

OMAHA, 20; LINCOLN, 12.

Omaha administered the third successive defeat, at basketball, in three years, to the Lincoln team. The game was fast and the guarding was so close that the first half closed 5 to 3 in favor of Omaha. Captain Burkenroad played a brilliant game.

OMAHA, 40; YORK, 15.

In a game featured by remarkable basket shooting and accurate passing, the Omaha team won handily over the York team by the score of 40 to 15. Burkenroad seemed to be able to throw baskets from any place on the floor and put up one of the best games ever witnessed in Omaha. The guarding of Gardiner was largely the cause of the small score made by York.

OMAHA, 24; SIOUX CITY, 18.

In one of the fastest games ever witnessed on a local floor Omaha won over Sioux City by the score of 24 to 18. This is the first time in seven years that Omaha has defeated Sioux City. Sioux City had a team of remarkable goal throwers, but on account of the wonderful work of Platz and Gardiner they did not get many chances. Burkenroad was guarded closely, but Hughes came to the front and played a spectacular game.

OMAHA, 18; SOUTH OMAHA, 15.

Omaha won a hard fought game from South Omaha by the score of 18 to 15. South Omaha had a great advantage in that the game was played on South Omaha's floor, which is smaller than the regulation floor. Burkenroad played the star game for Omaha. Menefee made most of South Omaha's points.

OMAHA, 40; LINCOLN, 16.

On February fifteen Omaha easily defeated Lincoln for the second time this year, by the score of 40 to 16. Omaha out played her opponents in every way. Burkenroad starred for Omaha, while Allen played best for Lincoln.

CALL FOR TRACK MEN.

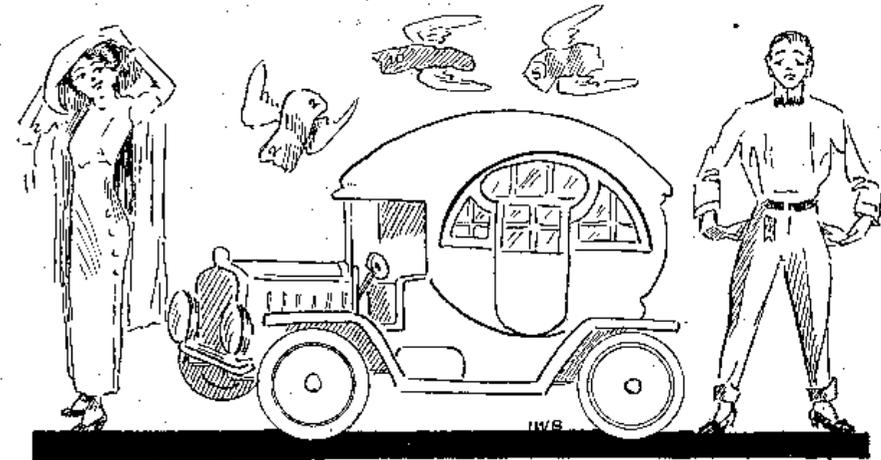
In a short time Coach Mills will issue his call for track men in order to get as much training as possible for the track. It is not only natural ability that is needed, but it is also good conscientious training.

THE ELATION OF A STUDENT-POET.

O come, thou muse of wondrous poetry,
And tell me what Miss Taylor now doth want.
If I were getting for this some good fee
I'm sure thouds't come at once from out thy haunt.
But as it is, each subject me doth daunt.
"Take courage, for but three more lines and then
A Spenserian stanza thou mays't vaunt."
Hooray! Hooray! I have no need to pine,
For here at last elate my name as poet I sign.

BYRDIE TREWILCOCK.

"Time flies; perhaps I've made my call too long," said he.
Said she: "Oh, no, it wasn't long at all. It only seemed to be."
Johnston's Milwaukee candies.—Haines.



SOCIAL

During the examination period every one in the high school has been thinking of lessons, to the exclusion of everything else. This is also the time just between the winter and spring festivities, so that very little entertaining has gone on.

On the evening of January eighteenth, Gladys Goodman entertained about twenty-five couples at a dance at Dundee Hall.

January twenty-fourth the so-called Junior prom was given at Chambers' by Kenneth Norton and Herman Harte. The hall was decorated in the class colors, cerise and white, while the programs carried out the color scheme.

The La Supree girls were entertained by Luella Peterson at a luncheon and then a matinee party afterwards, on Saturday, January twenty-fifth.

Wallace Shepard entertained the Treis Kaideka Club and the Les Hiboux Club at a party at his home the evening of January twenty-fifth. The boys went to his home after the basketball game and certainly had a good time.

An informal dance was given at Dundee Hall on February first.

The afternoon of February third the Ne Notriz club had an Orpheum party, followed by a luncheon at the "Imperial."

The next large dance of the year will be the C. O. C. at Chambers' on April eleventh. Foy Porter and Ralph Campbell have charge of the dance.

On behalf of the entire student body we desire to express our thanks over the fact that Hixenbaugh won his bet on the mustache proposition—and got a shave.

LOCALS

The question now naturally arises, "Who was the girl in green?"

Sands Woodbridge was chosen to represent the High School at the Father and Son banquet of the Commercial club on January 31. Miss McHugh chose Woodbridge on the basis of scholarship, Sands ranking first among the members of the Senior class.

Horrors! Have you seen Jud's new hat?

Miss Fay Townes has obtained leave of absence, to take post-graduate work in English.

Miss Penelope Smith was forced to be absent from her classes for several days last week.

We see in the papers that Mr. Reed is the father of a new industry in Omaha, the manufacture of phonograph needles from thorns.

Much to the disgust of the waiting list, few commissioned officers were found to be deficient after the final struggle last month.

According to the reports, Commercial High received one hundred ninety-eight of the February Freshmen to our one hundred forty-eight.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the bond contest of Burns, Brinker & Co., on the front cover of this issue. The prizes are all worth trying for. Send in your answers right away.

There is a rumor current that a rifle range will be set up in the basement of the new building. Dame Rumor also has it that swimming will be adopted as a high school sport. But—oh, well, the same lady said Hammond had eloped, and rest days were coming back.

The special chemistry laboratory has been started again with the new semester.

Mr. C. A. Burkhardt is the newest addition to the faculty, taking Miss Towne's place. He will be connected with the department of science, teaching botany, geology and astronomy. From reports Mr. Burkhardt bids fair to become a favorite with both teachers and pupils.

'Tis passing strange that the name of no boy appeared on the list of those fortunates receiving four and one-half or five A's. Why is this?

Both Miss McHugh and Mr. Graff were away from their offices for several days last week on account of illness.

Why is Harold Langdon always trying to tell Claire Moore of what he should do?

Manual Training

The manual training department is on its most successful year thus far. The outlook seems brighter than ever. There will be a display this year which will make the furniture dealers jealous. There have been many different kinds of furniture in these displays in previous years, but Mr. Wigman wants still better and more of a variety of furniture displayed this year. There is a chance for every boy to make some nice piece of work before leaving the department and much better chances than ever before. Everything is in the best of order and with the two large rooms which are now occupied by this department there is plenty of room for all to work overtime after school, if they wish. That is, those who really want to work. Mr. Wigman and Mr. Kerrigan say that they don't want anyone down there who don't want to work, but they are willing to help any one after school on his piece, whatever it may be.

There is all kinds of nice furniture to be made. There are some to which there is a good deal of work, but which pay when they are done. There are inlaid card tables, star tables, inlaid card receivers, piano benches, tables, stands, umbrella stands, in fact everything necessary and useful.

Last year there were several morris chairs made. These make a very nice present for the boy's father. Those boys in the first year need not be left out, either. They can make a smoking set for dad.

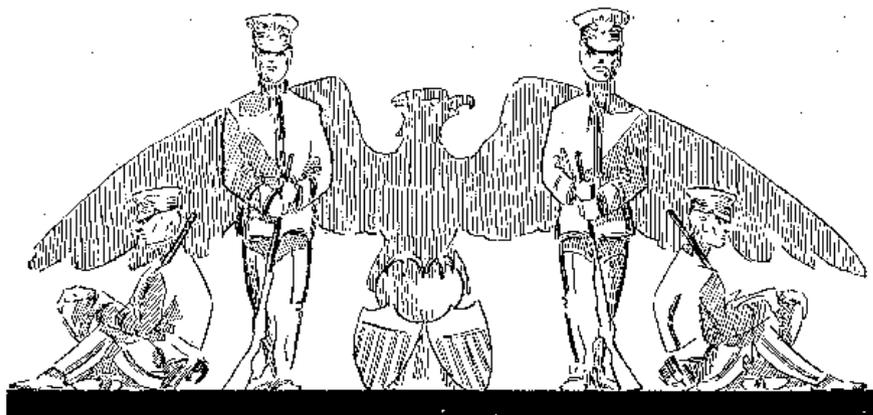
For a boy who is very handy with the tools there is nothing quite so nice as a bedroom set. One was made last year and it was the talk of the display.

Just one last word to those who are taking manual training, if you want to be loyal to your school, when you make your furniture, make something which will be a credit to the school as well as to yourself.

THE TALE OF THE ENGLISH COURSE.

The Senior, head of many minions,
 The Junior sage, who bides his own sweet will,
 The "Soph," devoid of fixed opinions,
 The Freshman, calm, serene through good and ill;
 Through Burke our first his duty did fulfill,
 And Milton to our second's lot did fall,
 While Scott's wild tales the "Soph's" poor heart did thrill,
 And Gilpin's ride the calm Freshman appal.
 Thus see we here assembled their varied fortunes all.

MARY BROWNE.



MILITARY

With the graduation of the mid-term class, this January, and the failure in studies, of some of the cadet officers, there comes the question of promotions.

This semester, Commandant Smith, states that promotions will be made within a few weeks, thus doing away with the long delays, so common in the last few years.

The new officers will increase the efficiency of the Regiment, since they will keep the same positions until June, will be trained in their especial duties and so necessitate no changes until June. The assurance that the companies are now complete, in relation to officers will be a great aid to each company captain, and from now on he will know just whom to depend upon as officers.

And then though comes the question of a longer camp, a camp of at least ten days. This is a topic often discussed in previous years, but never having a result of more than the usual week.

The only objections, that of remaining away over Sunday and the additional expense are completely obliterated by the advantages gained. One week is not enough to drill the men in formations, which require a large field. Such a field cannot be obtained in Omaha, consequently large manuevers are seldom tried until camp. The longer camp would train the men in open formations and give them more than just the rudiments of drill.

The physical strain would be obviously decreased and the only additional expense would be in the commissariat.

Let every man boost for the ten days' camp.

The Rev. Mr. Rouse addressed the pupils in the auditorium, sixth hour, on Lincoln's birthday.

Dean Butler of Chicago, spoke to the teachers on Wednesday and to the pupils on Thursday of last week. Mr. Butler was much impressed by the school and says it is in his opinion one of the best in the United States.



ORGANIZATIONS

D. D. S.

The D. D. S. have elected as officers the following:

- President—Frank Hixenbaugh.
- Vice President—Barney Kulakofsky.
- Secretary—Kenneth Craig.
- Treasurer—Harold Torell.
- Sergeant-at-Arms—Harry Mooney.
- Librarian—Sands Woodbridge.

Richard Barnes, president of the society in 1910, was present and gave an interesting talk.

LOWELL.

At a meeting of the Lowell Literary Society, January 24, 1913, an enjoyable musical program was given under the supervision of Frances Johnson.

Piano solo, Hattie Predmetsky; Essay, Ila Meskimen; Violin Solo, Blanche Mainheit; Vocal Duet, Irene Smith, Alberta McCrone, Edward McDowell, Lois Hoel; Piano Solo, Frances Johnson.

LATIN SOCIETY.

The Latin Society, which was forced to disband last year, has been reorganized with the following officers:

- President—Barney Kulakofsky.
- Vice President—Ruth Mills.
- Secretar—Della Rich.
- Treasurer—Harold Torell.
- Sergeant-at-Arms—Rachael Metcalfe.
- Reporter—Margaret McCoy.

Any person taking 9B Latin or above is eligible to join the society. Meetings will be held every alternate Wednesday.

WEBSTER.

At their semi-annual election the Webster elected the following officers:

President—Harold Langdon.
Vice President—John Robel.
Secretary-Treasurer—Porter Allan.
Sergeants-at-Arms—Victor Graham, Edwin Gould.

P. A. S.

The Priscilla Alden Society held a meeting Friday, February the seventh. The program was furnished by Dorothy McAllister's division. Dutch Schools, Jean Landale; Recitation, Mary Cleland; Reading, Dorothy McAllister; Dutch Dance, Silvia Hoover.

PLEIADES.

The Pleiades Society met in room 325 Friday, February 7, 1913. As there was a great deal of business to attend to the program was short. Recitation, Dorothy Thorne; Piano Solo, Grace Dudley; Reading, Margaret Hunt.

GYM CLUB.

The O. H. S. Gymn Club held their third social meeting on Friday afternoon, January 31, at the home of Miss Erdice Baumgardner, where the girls and the instructors, Miss B. I. Dumont, assisted by Miss Herbut, enjoyed a pleasant afternoon with music and games as well as business and a dainty luncheon. Last month the club was entertained by Miss Lorine Davis, when the following officers were elected: Erdice Baumgardner, President; Katheryn Culver, Vice President; Mildred Barber, Secretary-Treasurer; Myrtle Hayden, Club Reporter. The colors were chosen—dark blue and gold—and the club motto is, "Quality, Not Quantity." The object is to strive for perfection in all things, physical, mental and moral.

M. F. S.

The meeting of the Margaret Fuller Society was held Friday, February 7, in room 229. A short business meeting was held, after which a delightful program was given. Customs of St. Valentine's Day, Katharine Robinson; A Ryme to Saint Valentine's Day, Virginia Weller; The Story of Brunhilda, Esther Knapp.

ELAINE SOCIETY.

On February 7 a meeting of the Elaine was held. After a short business meeting a very delightful program was given. Lecture, Miss Sullivan; Solo, Gertrude Aikin; Scene from As You Like It, Harriet Sherman, Elamore McGilton, Lois Robbins.

HAWTHORNE.

At the meeting of February 7 the following program was given: Reading, "Phebe and Ernest," Della Rich; "The Anarchist," Ruth Sundland; "Roses by Candlelight," Edna Gibbs.

The program was followed by election of officers. Those elected were:

President—Della Rich.
Vice President—Ruth Mills.
Secretary—Elizabeth Finley.
Reporter—Edna Gibbs.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Ruth Sundland.

THE MANDOLIN CLUB.

The Mandolin Club was organized in the first part of November, and since then has been holding rehearsals every week at Mr. Potter's studio. The club is under the direction of Mr. Potter. He had charge of the club in 1910, which was a great success, and says that the club this year will be just as good.

At present there are about fifteen members in the club. The officers are: Wayne Selby, president; Harry Claiborne, vice president, and Clarence Peters, secretary-treasurer. Any one who plays a stringed instrument may join. Speak to any of the officers, or Mr. Potter, for information.

It is hoped that the Mandolin and Glee Clubs can give joint concerts during the year, beside being used for numbers on various entertainment programs here at school.

ATHENIAN.

The programs given at the last two meetings of the society were as follows:

Debate, "Resolved, That the municipalities of the United States should own and operate all plants of electric light, water and transportation." Negative, Warren Johnson and Walfred Jacobson; affirmative, Glen Musgrave and Glen Mins. Judges decided in favor of negative.

Reading, "The Tar Baby Story"—Edmund Booth.

Current Events—Arthur Smith.

November 6—Debate, "Resolved, That failure in studies shall exempt pupil from participating in athletics." Negative, Morris Jacobs and Morris Warshasky; affirmative, Ralph Douglas and Dean Mallory.

Reading, "The Balkan Situation"—John Taliaferro.

Jokes—Wilfred Muir.

Debate was won by the affirmative.

LININGER.

January 17 the L. T. C. met in room 325, where a very interesting program was given. The program was as follows: Reading, Mr. Mills; Recitation, Olga Anderson; Piano Solo, Rena Walker; Vocal Solo, Mildred McAuley; Vocal Solo, Mildred Tracy.

The Senior program was given February 9 in room 225. The numbers were: Piano Solo, Rena Walker; Vocal Solo, Mildred Tracy; Vocal Solo, Mildred McAuley; Recitation, Bertha Girton; Class Prophecy, Gladys Line; Piano, Florence Andrus; Violin Duet, Mary Day, Esther Belmont.

The Shade of Cicero

(With apologies to Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner.")

It is the shade of Cicero,
And he stopp'eth one of three;
"By thy skinny hand and flowing robe
Now wherefor stopp'st thou me?"

"The class-room door is open wide,
May'st I not enter in?
The time is set the class is met,
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a man," quoth he.
"Hold off! Unhand me! Ghost of Man."
Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

He holds him with his vacant stare,
The Latin shark stood still:
And listened like a three years child,
The Roman had his will.

"The plot was made, the plans were laid,
By the mind of Cataline.
But the plan fell thru ('twixen me and you),
Thru that marvelous work of mine."

"Now tell me Latin student, when
Was this conspiracy made?
Now tell me who assembled
The night the plans were laid?"

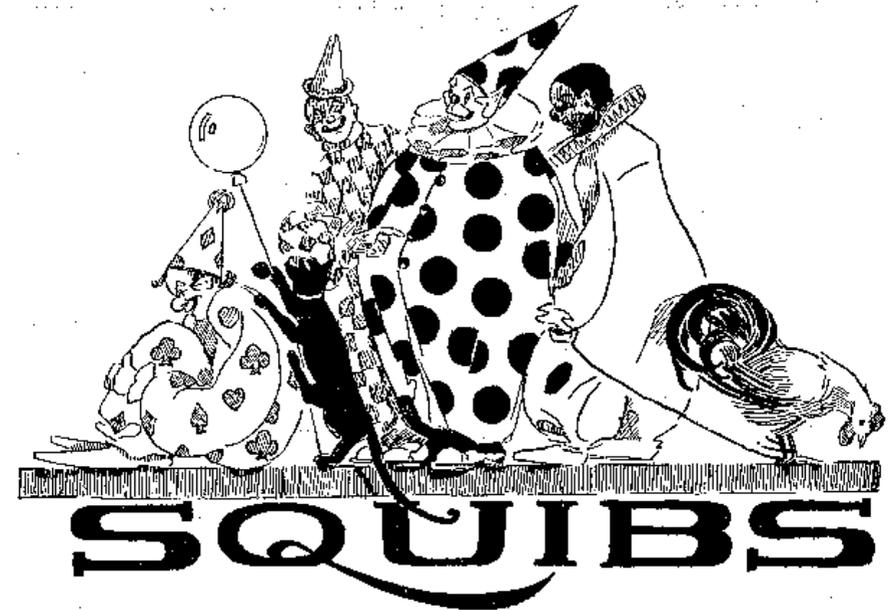
"When did I first expose it?
Whom did I see there?
When did I next relate it?
And also tell me where?"

"Alas, alas!" the shade then said,
"I see that I must go,
For I've found out, beyond a doubt,
How little Latin you know."

The Latin shark sat on a chair;
He stayed there all the day;
But no more came the Shade of Man,
For he had floated away.

God save thee Latin student,
From the Shade of Cicero,
For he'll find out, beyond a doubt,
How little of Latin you know.

—E. C., '13.



Mr. Orchard: "Have you any thumb tacks?"

Craig: "No, but will finger nails do?"

Music Teacher: "Why don't you pause there? Don't you see that it's marked 'rest'?"

Pupil: "Yes, teacher, but I'm not tired."

All the best perfumes and toilet waters.—Haines.

Editor: I see you are smiling at our jokes.

He: Yes, I always smile when I meet my old friends.—Ex.

Booth—"Will you pin this rose on me when I go?"

E. C.: "Oh, yes, let me pin it on now."

Our specialty always is "Prescriptions."—Haines.

He: "You are the goal of my affections."

She (removing his arm): "Five yards for holding."

"Well, Hixenbaugh, what are you staring at? Do I remind you of some one you've seen before?"

"Yep," Little Boy. "Yuh look like an aunt of mine, only she's got a little more fuzz on her upper lip."

Clothes for society functions and every day too—the kind young men like—now selling for 1-3 off, at Magee & Deemer's.

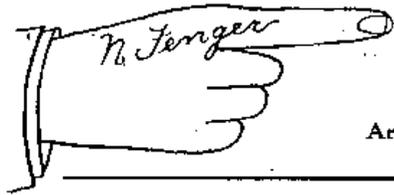
She (1 a. m.): "And would you really put yourself out for my sake?"

He: "Indeed I would."

She: "Then do it, please; 'I'm awfully sleepy."

Ex after any joke means that it is an ex-joke.

We are still making those good sundaes.—Haines.



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 Phone Douglas 2762

OUR WANT ADS.

Wanted—Some new cold cream, exercise or other means of restoring to use my long lost smile. Sands Woodbridge.

Wanted—A skilled attendant to take care of my new derby. Ralph Benedict.

Wanted—Some brains. Frank Sanders.

Wanted—To know why Katherine mistook Harry for a post at the Junior.

You can't drill outdoors, but you can wear overcoats. We have the kind you'll like—L Systems, at 1-3 off.—Magee & Deemer.

Miss Turner: "What difference in the taste of tea made from the large leaves and that made from the small ones?"

G. R.: "It is tougher."

A CHEM. STUDE'S TEST FOR A GIRL'S AFFECTION.

First you collect and concentrate her attention and add a few drops of interest by relating some pathetic event. If she bursts into tears, you know that she is not of an acid character and her specific gravity is great. Now boldly drop your arm around her waist. If she flames up and burns with indignation it is at once seen that she is too much oxidized. But if there is a precipitation around your neck you know that she is a combinable element. Carefully collect the precipitate and preserve for further use.—Ex.

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1879

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THEN HE CAUGHT IT.

She (to partner claiming first dance): "You are an early bird, Mr. Glossinest."

He (gallantly): "Yes, and by Jove! I've caught the worm. What!"

Jack: "What is the most nervous thing in the world, next to a girl?"

Jim: "Me, next to a girl."

Basketball for mid-winter sport—Magee & Deemer's for mid-winter suits and overcoats, now at decided savings.



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10 Chairs—Prompt Service

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Mid-Term Graduates*

*For their extremely
liberal patronage
this year.*

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16th & Howard

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CALIFORNIA FRUITS

Phone Douglas 7683

"Mamma," asked the little girl, playing on the floor with her Noah's ark, "did the animals all go into the ark two by two?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, mama"—after a long pause—"who went in with aunty?"

Miss Copeland (to pupil reciting who had not yet reached the verb): "You haven't any sense now, but keep on, maybe you will have."

Alumni and undergraduates too, will like I. System clothes, at Marge & Decmer's—Now at big discounts.

People may think this about the Squibs Editor, but we trust they will not say it:

Who did their best to make us laugh,
They died a poet's death, you know.
Praise Him from whom all blessings flow.

Old German: "You misunderstand me. In Germany they drink beer differently than they do here."

Rounder: "Yes, they use a funnel."

The Ko Kunthian seem to have a great love for members of other clubs, especially the O-dix and Ne Notriz.

Get Under a LEON **\$2 HAT**

It Means a Dollar
In Your Pocket

A Classy Line of English
Golf Caps at 50c and \$1

LEON'S **\$2 HATS**

318 South Fifteenth St. Omaha, Neb.



Young Men's
Shoes...

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The Right
Styles
at Right
Prices

STRYKER SHOE CO., 312 So. 16th St.

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We carry a Full Line of
GLASS PINS O. H. S. RINGS
ALL KINDS OF JEWELRY

LINDSAY, THE JEWELER

221½ South 16th St., Paxton Block

OMAHA, NEB.



Miss Brandeis: "John, explain the problem."
John C.: "I know how to work it, but I don't believe I can explain it."

Miss B.: "Well, if you can't express it, send it by the parcels post."

Special Sale—during this issue—on all kinds of stationery.—Haines.

"What's the difference between a sewing machine and a kiss?"

"Well?"

"One sews seems nice, and the other seems so nice."

It was at the breakfast table, and the young hopeful had been out rather late the night before. It was the custom in the family to take turns saying the blessing and, as it was his turn, his father said:

"Well, Jim?"

"I pass," was the sleepy reply.

SPRING GOODS

in every section of the
store are arriving daily

THE CORRECT STYLES

Those Most Favored by Fashion

Are Here For Your Inspection

Thompson Belden & Co.
16th AND HOWARD STS.

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Special Rates to All Students

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Cleverest Clothes Cleansing

Phone Tyler 345; make a test
out; then make your own mental
decision as to who does the
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DRESHER BROS.
2211-2213 FARNAM STREET

BLACK

THE

\$2.50 HATTER

HATS — FURNISHINGS

109 South Sixteenth St.

SENIOR COUNCIL NAMED.

James Durkee, president of the Senior class, has appointed the following to constitute the Senior council for 1913: Frank Fixenbaugh, Foy Porter, Kendall Hammond, Edward Cockrell, Carlisle Alan, Leo McShane, Rawson White, James Durkee, Kenneth Craig, Dwight Evans, Barney Kulakofsky, Elizabeth Finley, Dorothea Shriver, Gertrude Aikin, Lucile Dennis, Kathryn Crocker, Agnes Seay, Ruth Mills, Doris Duncan, Gertrude Dickinson.

Everything at cut prices.—Haines.

Look what's coming next month! The girls are going to show us the real way to get out a paper. Dorothea Skriver will be the editor, and Louise Hupp the B. M. The paper will be a novelty, whether good or bad we are unable to predict, so you'll want several copies. Order them from Louise at ten cents the copy.

June graduates sit now for your Register Annual photographs. Special prices are now in force. The Heyn Studio, 16th and Howard.

THE GIRL WHO GRADUATES

From the High School, who hesitates to bridge four years to a College Course; who nevertheless, desires to study, to enjoy college advantages, to cultivate special talent, to enrich her life and her friendships—should know of

NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY. A JUNIOR COLLEGE

for young women planned especially to meet the needs of High School graduates. Collegiate and Vocational Courses. Music, Art, Domestic Science, Business Law, Travel. Outdoor life a feature. Study of the National Capital. Illustrated book of 128 pages free on request. Address

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Forest Glen, Maryland

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C. B. Brown & Co. JEWELERS and SILVERSMITHS

RELIABLE GOODS AT REASONABLE PRICES 222 S. 16th St.

The Maltese Club gave a banquet for their members at the Rathskeller of the Henshaw, on February twelfth. All present had a very enjoyable time.

First Pupil—"Aw, shut up."

Second Pupil—"You are the biggest fool around here."

Teacher (excitedly)—"You forget, boys, that I am here."—Ex.

"When she wasn't looking I kissed her."

"What did she do?"

"Refused to look at me the rest of the evening."

Lost—In the large building on the High School grounds at Twentieth and Capitol avenue, a perfectly good rest day. Of no value to any but the owners, but dear because of association. It has the earmarks of good breeding, a sweet temper, and is trained to eat out of any teacher's hand. The collar has the letters J. O. Y. on it. Its return to Miss McHugh's office will be greatly appreciated by the owners. The reward will be 100 marks.

A good tooth brush free with each 25c tube Perlo Dento Tooth Paste.—Haines.

Heard in Geom.: "The square of the hypothesis—"

An Algebra Equation: "Five dollars plus three marbles equals six chickens."

F. A. RINEHART

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Eighteenth and Farnam Streets

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From Our Own Greenhouses

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LESCHETIZKY METHOD—Pupil of Wagner Swayne, Paris.

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Pianist and
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Students Prepared for Public Appearance

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Get Wise Kid!

Even if you did flunk, cheer up. You'll live just as long. Let's go down to the Owl. It's on me. Are you on?

SHERMAN & McCONNELL DRUG CO.

Sixteenth and Dodge

OWL DRUG CO., 16th and Harney LOYAL PHARMACY, 207-9 North 16th
HARVARD PHARMACY, 24th and Farnam

WHAT THEY WERE THERE FOR.

All the long evening through that couple sat holding hands, holding hands.

Silly?

One might think so, from the mere hearing about it.

But they had to do it.

They were playing whist.

L is for Landeryou,
A long time a Junior.
We most earnestly hope
He'll next year be a Senior.

Haines-Schaefer Cut Price Drug Store, 15th and Douglas, Turner
Haines Bros.

SOME WONDERS.

Jim's books.
Nettie's hair ribbons.
Senior class spirit.
Luella's walk.
Hammond's gum.
The February Freshmen.
Marie Rowley's smile.
Elizabeth's complexion.
Margaret Getten's cards.
Fritz Bucholz in a cap and gown.
Barney's talk.

1913 — CLASS EMBLEMS — 1914
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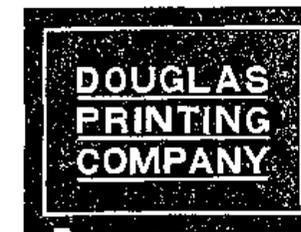
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