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VOLUME XII.

NUMBER 5.

JANUARY 1898.



In the Interest of . . .
The Omaha High School _____

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High School Register.

VOL. XII.

OMAHA, NEB., JANUARY, 1898.

No. 5.

THE REGISTER

Editorial.

THE REGISTER is a monthly journal published on the last Thursday of each month from September to June, in the interest of the Omaha High School.

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BLANCHE ROSEWATER }

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LAWRENCE UNDERWOOD, Business Manager

Entered as second class matter in the Omaha P. O.

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OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL.

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Number of Students.....1270

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THE GREAT successes in the world's history have been the triumphs of enthusiasm. To be anything in the world, one must be an enthusiast, so devoted to one's work that the entire being is wrapped up in its accomplishment.

This is the age of specialists—when to succeed, a man must understand how to do some one thing, and do it better than any one else. The successful bootblack looks at men's shoes; if they are shining he lets them pass by; if not he raises his eyes just long enough to say "Shine, sir!" A man cannot be an insurance agent without thinking of every respectable citizen he passes, whether or not he has all the insurance he can carry. Even so is it in our school life; whatever we undertake should be done with enthusiasm. We cannot become athletes by indifferent, careless training, nor students by nonchalant studying. It is only through enthusiasm that we can accomplish anything either in school or in the world.

AS THE weeks and months roll by, the great Trans-Mississippi Exposition becomes more and more a reality. Any one visiting the grounds today is impressed by the magnitude of the area and by the beauty and grandeur of the snowy buildings flanking the frozen lagoon. As youths and maidens of Omaha we should feel the deepest pride in this mammoth exposition, particularly

"Harwood, old man, you must do something for me—I'll do as much for you sometime. Manage it so that Nichols and I shall exchange partners on the way home." "I have a particular reason for wishing it."

"Impossible, my dear Blackwood; Nichols will never consent—the prettiest girl of the party, too."

"That's it—that it," returned the agonized lover—he will propose to her on the way home—and—she'll accept him, and—then I'm wretched for life—that's all.

"I see, I see," returned his friend smilingly. "Well, I will try what I can do for you."

How Harwood managed it does not appear, but his good offices were successful.

Mr. Nichols meekly took his place beside poor Miss Moody.

Blackwood, highly elated, handed Evelyn to his vehicle, and off they set at a furious rate.

Little would it become me as a delicate and high-minded historian to pry into and report the secrets of a tete-a-tete sleigh ride. I shall only state what all the world knows—that notwithstanding the speed with which their sleigh started, it was the last one to reach home; and the next day it was no secret in B—that Evelyn Collins was engaged to young Mr. Blackwood.

In conclusion, I would merely add for the consolation of those innocent and inexperienced young lady readers, who may be displeased with the end of my story, and inclined to pity my poor heroine, condemned to such a morose, tyrannical Blue-Beard of a husband; that I will leave it to them to conjecture, whether it is probable that the girl who had learned how to manage her lover, was likely to forget the art when he became her husband.

A NEW YEARS GREETING.

J. S. SWENSON, '98.

A glad New Year we wish to all today—
Glad, not because in empty pleasure spent
Glad, not because no slightest shadow may
Flit 'cross the azure heaven, if God grant;
But glad because each in himself hath found
The source of truest pleasure; found—that joy
Will shed itself in purest rays around
Who others joy impart, or grief destroy.

We know not what the New Year's bosom
bears.

We cannot lift the veil before its face.
What part of happiness, what sorrows, cares
The year may bring, is hid from human gaze.
Oft do we strain our weary eyes to see
What futures far off, misty shore may hold;
Oft paint expectant pictures to agree
With anxious fear, or hope's desire bold.

But why thus borrow trouble 'fore its day?
Sufficient for each day the cares thereof,
We'll fortune ne'er compel or evil stay
By our impatience. Wise, divine, the love
That measures both. Should grievous evil
come,

Why should we haste to meet it in advance?
Should smiling fortune lie in wait for some,
The unexpected will the joy enhance.

No slightest moment do the flying worlds
Pause in their orbits at a milestone reached
To meditate past, future on each whirl.
Nor slightest reprieve will grant *you* though
beseeched.

No lingering here for aught by you delayed.
Move on, move on; the ceaseless cry is, on!
No pause to shed a tear at faults displayed.
Live well each day; your time will soon be
gone.

MY TRIP WITH THE POSTAL CONGRESS.

BLANCHE ROSEWATER.

As the "City of Providence" went skimming over the Father of Waters just out of sight of St. Louis I found myself on the shady side of that large pleasure craft looking about for a place to sit down. I spied a place next to Chin Ye, Korean Minister to the United States, where I thought room could be made for another chair. But when I tried to place my chair there, our Korean

friend was determined that I should exchange with him and sit between him and his wife. There I was and in a most peculiar position. Neither of them could speak English. They, however, made use of the sign language and we carried on a very nice little conversation. She asked me if that was my mother with me and he, taking the umbrella which I carried admired it as much as he could and handed it back.

Of all the members of the Postal Congress I think Chin Ye and his wife Pak Ye were the most interesting. They were the only foreigners who wore their entire national custom all the time and it, of course, attracted much attention. He was attired in a flowing robe of black silk, his hair done up on his head under a peculiar little scull cap and on top of that he wore a hat with a celluloid brim and silk crown. His wife was a dainty little creature dressed in a different gown of bright colored silk each day and wearing a cap which reminded one of a flower pot. It had no top and if the day happened to be a rainy one, was no protection to her head.

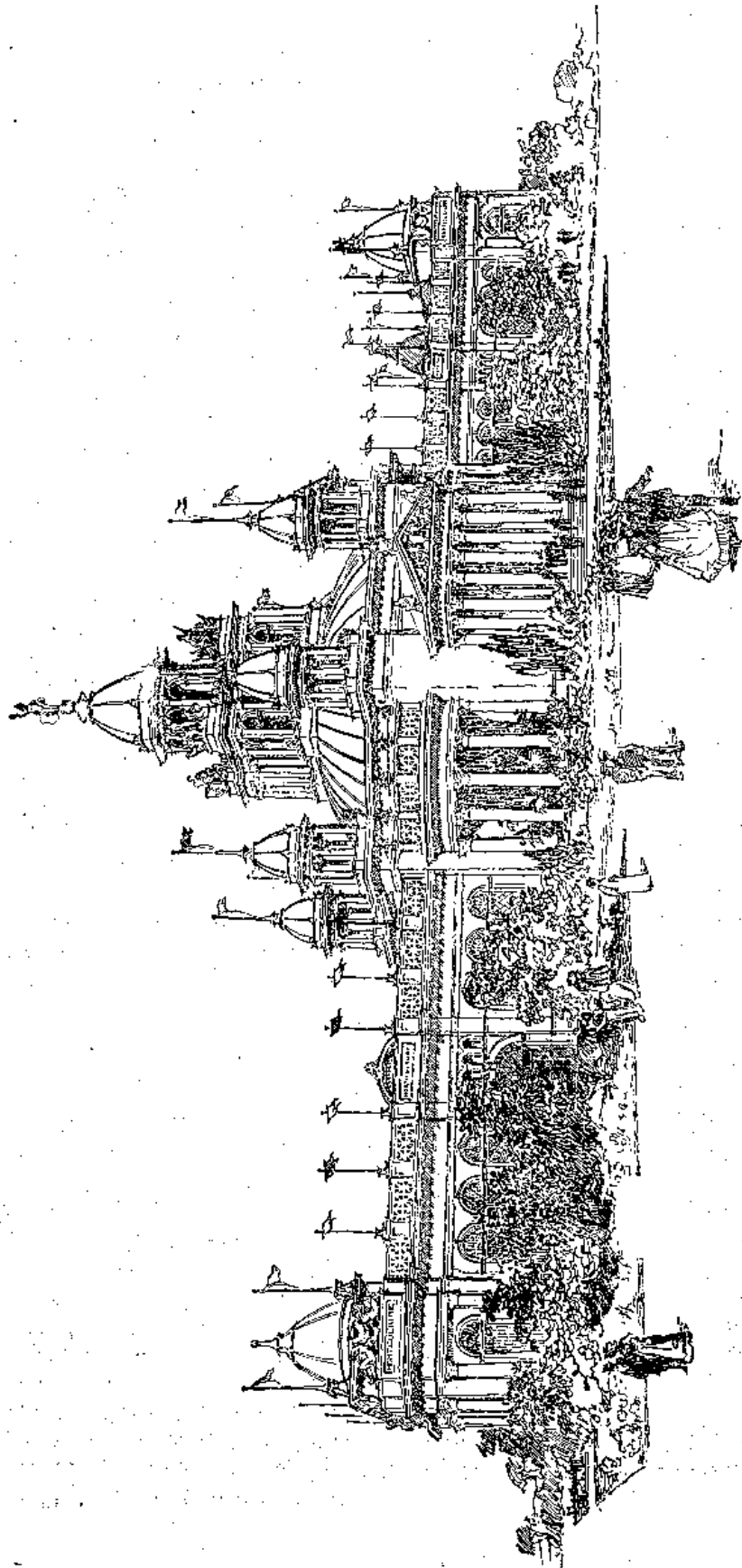
And now a word about the Congress itself. The Universal Postal Congress convened in Washington, D. C., May 5th, 1897, its object being to improve and extend the postal facilities of the world. It was the most cosmopolitan body ever brought together in this country, being made up of representatives of all nations having postal services including representatives from such far off countries as China, Transvaal, Australia and Bolivia. Among the members were seventeen postmaster-generals, eight ministers plenipotentiary of foreign nations to the United States and more than fifty officers of high rank in the postal administrations of their countries.

The work of the Congress being completed after a month's continuous ses-

sion, the members were tendered by the United States government a tour extending from the Atlantic Ocean to to the Mississippi river. The excursion party consisted of nearly one hundred and forty people, about forty of that number being ladies. The trip was made in a special train of nine cars, the finest ever used, four sleepers, two dining cars, compartment, baggage, and observation car.

Altogether there was a very jolly crowd on the train. The language of the Congress was French and most of the members could speak that, some being able to speak as many as five and six languages. At times one could hear four or five languages at once. There were several Americans in the car we occupied, but besides them were representatives from Turkey, Bolivia, Venezuela, Siam, Italy and Australia. I think every one in that car could speak English but, nevertheless, I was constantly being asked: "Parlez vous Français?"

When we had nothing else to do we could easily amuse ourselves by looking about at our fellow passengers gathered from the four corners of the earth. Chin Pom Ye and his little wife, toddling along on their queer shoes were always worth looking at. Then there was Count Roudonowski from Russia who wore kid gloves even while eating or writing in an autograph album. From far off Persia there were three delegates, the senior of whom was always called "His Excellency," and another the "Major," wearing his one eye glass, who loved to "jolly" the pretty American girls; and we must not forget the little man with the big name, Mirza Mohammed Ali Shan with his hair clipped close to his round head. Then there was a true born Yankee who once bore the name Cora Slocomb, but now bears the title of Countess di Brazza-Savor-



Horticultural Building—Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition, Omaha, 1898.

nam. The jolliest member of the party was the genial, big hearted General Batcher, the President of the Congress, always ready with a kind word and a funny story.

The foreigners were shown the hospitable spirit of the American people, our most important cities, some of our country, beautiful scenery and the workings of our greatest industries. They admired the "sky scrapers" of Chicago, the Boulevards of Buffalo and the new library at Boston. Our friend the Postmaster General of Egypt, Saba Pasha, was particularly anxious to see that wonderful Chicago machine, of which he had heard so much, the "sky scraper;" and when another foreigner was told that Rochester was a nursery town he wishes to know why it was so good to raise children.

Our national guests saw Independence Hall where our liberty was proclaimed, and saw the arsenal at Albany where our immense cannon are made to protect it. They were taken for an excursion on our largest river, the Mississippi; and on the grandest, the lordly Hudson, and enjoyed a trolley ride along the verge of the wonderful Niagara. Everywhere, they were received by the public officials and noted men and entertained at leading hotels and clubs.

When the end of that gala week came around and the train rolled into the station at Washington, all were sorry to leave it and wished that it could have gone right on past Washington and on and on for another round of such delightful pleasure. The following week when the Postal Congress held its final session, a farewell lunch was given at the Congress building. After the lunch, the closing speeches were made and we bid adieu to our foreign friends, all of them giving us an assurance of a hearty welcome should we chance to visit their countries and all hoping to meet again at the next session to be held in Rome, in 1904.



THE QUARTER BACK.

He was quite a famous player
On the High School Foot Ball team,
And he was the highest kicker
And the loudest was his scream.

To the game he'd go in triumph,
Homeward he would feebly crawl,
For the boys would kick young Harry
When they failed to kick the ball;

Even when his teeth were knocked out
Right arm broken, left foot lame,
These mishaps could not convince him
That he should avoid the game

And I fear now if I'm questioned
By kind friends who just lack tact
"Does your brother still play foot ball
Is he still a quarter back?"

That I'll be compelled to answer
"No alas he don't play there
Nor is he back half or quarter
Because we only found his hair."

A. B. C.

At the last meeting of the Athletic Association the election of officers for the ensuing year took place. After a spirited contest Mr. Knight was again elected to the position of Athletic Manager, which place he has occupied so well during the last year.

Mr. Dickinson was also re-elected to the treasurership of the Association.

Considerable enthusiasm was shown during the voting for football captain, but at last our plucky half-back Tracy captured that coveted place.

Mr. Knight was also elected Base Ball Captain and has already commenced to get ready for the spring base ball season. He expects to make the team this year eclipse any of our former teams, and for this purpose will give his men indoor practice in batting and pitching immediately.

Next year it looks as if our much de-

sired inter-scholastic league would be formed, between Iowa and Nebraska High Schools and Academies. This league would be at first limited to football but could easily be extended to cover track games and baseball.

It would be a good idea for our athletes to consider the advantage of an early start in training for field-day events. It is none too soon for those who expect to enter any of the races to commence light but systematic training for them now.



FRENCH PLAY.

December 22, the pupils of the French classes rendered two plays to a large interested audience. To those who could understand them, they must have been very entertaining, and even those who respond with a blank stare to "Parlez vous Francais" must have been interested as the attendance was large and the "Standing-room only" sign was displayed soon after the door opened. The first play was "Margot" in 2 acts, written by the talented authoress Miss Josephine Biart. The play excited intense enthusiasm, particularly the finished acting of that scholarly gentleman Mr. Max Koetter. At the end there was the wildest of applause and shouts of "Author!" "Author!" which would not be quelled until she appeared.

The cast was:

Margot.....	Laura Hunter
Helene.....	Carrie Mercer
Mme. Duval.....	Nancy Dorsey
Mlle. DeFer.....	Marion Reed
Collette.....	Ethel Morrison
Pierre.....	Max Koetter

During the interval between "Margot" and the next play "Le Reve," Messrs.

Fred and Robert Cuscaden delighted the audience with a musical number. The applause created by this music almost equalled that made by "Margot" and was only hushed by the raising of the curtain for "Le Reve." This play consisted of tableaux of fairies of various description. The costumes were beautiful, even elegant. The play was from the able pen of Miss Will. The calcium light effects by Mr. McClintock were very novel.

Following this was a dialogue between Miss Biart and Miss Will. It contained small amount of plot but was very witty. The make-up of Miss Will was very true to life and that of Miss Biart was stunning.

Friday, January 14, a very enjoyable class-meeting was held by the Sophomore class. The features of the program were a Klondyke debate, won by Mr. Pierce and a march, dedicated to the class of 1900, that had been composed and was played by Mr. Kopald. Two humorous recitations, a violin solo and a mandolin and banjo duet completed the program.

A very large audience was present and great enthusiasm was shown by all.

We think that the Sophomore class should be congratulated on the character of its class-meeting as they are in every respect well conducted and interesting.

A very enjoyable New Year's eve party was given by Miss Laura Hunter at her residence, 2520 Caldwell street. During the evening several amateur theatricals were rendered by various persons. Very excellent reproductions of Hamlet were given by Will Godso '96 and Rex Morehouse (?).

Mr. Bidwell presided over the chafing dish and scored another credit mark.

DEVIIOUS DEFINITIONS.

By MAGNUS PHOLUS.

Nobody—A prominent woman's husband.

Statistician—A man who can prove that figures always lie.

Thunder—The only reliable weather report yet discovered.

Gossip—A deadly gas that often kills friendship.

Parambulator—A good thing that but few men care to push along.

Pedestrian—A person who is always getting in the way of a bicycle.

Matrimony—A sort of trust for the protection of infant industries.

Because—Eve's legacy to her children as an excuse for the inexcusable.

Integrity—(obsolete).

Friend—The man who borrows your money and forgets to return it.

Fool—Always the other fellow.

Art—A plagiarism on nature.

Mary had a little lamb,
With fleece as black as soot
And into Mary's cup of milk
He put his dirty foot.
Now Mary, a straight forward girl
Who hated any sham
Ripped out a naughty little word
That rhymed with Mary's lamb.

HIGH SCHOOL LATIN.

Is, qui non cognoverit, et non cognoverit se non cognovisse, est recens-homo. Eum vita.

Is, qui non cognoverit, et cognoverit se non cognovisse, est sapiens-stultus. Ei adiuva.

Is, qui, cognoverit, et non cognoverit se cognovisse, est iunior. Eum miserere.

Is, qui cognoverit, et cognoverit se cognovisse, est senior. Eum verere.

Mr. Morehouse favored the assembly with "Annie Rooney" and "After the Ball" and other new and classic selections.

After the New Year had been given a royal welcome, the party dispersed under the protection of a horse pistol in the hands of Willard Barrows.

Among the numerous New Year's receptions given by High School students, that given by seven West Omaha girls was very unique.

Among other novel features was the presentation of a bow of ribbon to every gentleman who did not talk about the weather. The reception was held at the home of Miss Faith Potter. The following young ladies composed the seven who entertained: Misses Faith Potter, Lila Towar, Dorothy Young, Nancy Dorsey, Stella Bedford, Eleanor Towar, Phoebe Smith.

The most enjoyable society event during the holidays was an entertainment given by the All Saints Church at Metropolitan Hall. The Senior Play, "A Chafing Dish Party" was reproduced before a large appreciative audience, which was followed by dancing. A large number of High School students were present.

PHYLLIS.

When Phyllis smiles
This earth so dark and sad,
Grows bright to me and glad,
And warm the sun shines forth again.

When Phyllis smiles.

When Phyllis smiles
My heart near bursts with joy;
I count myself most lucky boy.
For her I'd live or die you see

When dearest Phyllis smiles (at me)

When Phyllis smiles
My soul with wrath possessed,
My anger knows no moment's rest.
A change of feeling? yes, 'tis true,
But that's when Phyllis smiles at you.

M.



Guard mounting!!
Senior Capt. Clarke!
What was in that box?
Welcome! Lieutenant Campbell.

Wait till you see the new gun-racks?
Isn't the new lieutenant a Samson,
though?

Forty more rifles from the State.
Hurrah!

Goodbye, Lieut. Ord, we are all sorry
to lose you.

Co. B men do not speak to other mem-
bers of the Battalion any more.

The drum corps had better be careful
or more strict treatment will be given
them.

Every cadet bring a young lady to
the Officers' Musicale. It is the correct
thing.

It is very refreshing to be able to
have out-door drill once in a while in
the winter.

Thus far the Battalion has not had
its regular course of winter lectures.
Perhaps the boys think it is just as well.

The resignation of Capt. Coburn has
been accepted and Capt. Clarke has
been promoted to Senior Capt., com-
manding Co. A.

Capt. Johnston—"Those guns are for
my company."

Capt. Robison—"Ten minutes later).
"You can have them."

The Cadet Officers' club have been
considering the presentation of some to-
ken of regard and esteem to our recent
commandant, Lieut. Ord. Nothing
could be more fitting than such a gift.

Not only the Cadet Officers' club but
the whole Battalion is more deeply in-
debted to Lieut. Ord than they can ever
pay by any present however valuable,
but it is eminently proper that we give
expression to our appreciation of his
services by some remembrance.

This month has been an eventful one
for the Battalion.

We have received a new set of Spring-
field rifles and one set of equip-
ments for Company B. It improves
the looks of the company very much.

We learn with much regret, of the
resignation of Lieut. Ord, our command-
ant. He has worked hard for the wel-
fare of the Battalion and has been very
successful in his untiring efforts to bring
about the complete equipment of the
cadets. He has solicited large subscrip-
tions from several firms of the city,
and has put the money received to the
best possible advantage. To him we

SQUIBS.

owe our most hearty thanks for the way
in which the Battalion has prospered
under his supervision.

Lieut. Campbell is an officer well
qualified for the position, as he has had
charge of bodies of cadets before. The
crack company will soon be organized
from the best drilled men in the Battal-
ion. They will be equipped with white
belts and leggings and white cartridge
boxes and bayonet scabbards; Captain
Clarke will command the company and the
lieutenants will be chosen later. It will
be a good thing for the Battalion to
have an organization of this kind, for
during the Exposition we may be called
upon for exhibition drills, and this com-
pany will be as well drilled as any that
will be present; and certainly will pre-
sent a fine appearance in white accou-
trements. Let everyone work for its
welfare and make it a big success.

The following is the program of the
Cadet Officers' Musicale.

PART I

1. Two Step—The Scorchers *Rosey*
O. H. S. Mandolin Club.
2. Vocal Solo—Only Tonight *Molley*
Miss Harriett E. Murdoch.
3. Mandolin Solo—Waltz *Aug. Durand*
(Op. 83)
Mr. Frank Potter.
Guitar accompaniment by A. S. Hindman.
4. Song *P. T. A. Quartette*
Mr. Shears, Mr. Morrison,
Mr. Muentefering, Mr. Clarkson.
5. Violin Solo—Scherzo Fantastic *Bazzini*
Mr. Robert Cuscaden.
6. Vocal Solo—Happy Birds *Holst*
Miss Jessie Dickinson.

PART II

1. Piano Solo—Overture to Poet and Peasant
..... *Suppe*
Miss Susie Brady.
2. Waltz—On the Seashore *Waldtenfel*
String Quintette.
3. Vocal Solo—The Creole Lover's Song
..... *Dudley Buck*
Mr. Will McCune.
4. Banjo Solo
 a. Overture—Cupid's Realm, *Armstrong*
 b. Darkies' Cake Walk *Robinson*
Mr. Guy Gellenbeck.
5. Vocal Duet—Repeat Again *Badia*
Miss Burnham, Mr. McCune.
6. Waltz—La Carmela *Frank M. Witmark*
O. H. S. Mandolin Club.

Examinations!!

Commencement essays.

Wanted—Subjects for essays. Seniors.
REGISTER for the rest of the year 30
cents.

There's usually a cold snap, when an
icycle breaks.

The dentist is a much sought man, he
fills an aching void.

Bull Dog for sale; will eat everything;
very fond of children.

It's an ill wind that blows out of a
puncture in your tire.

It's a poor cyclometer that won't
register double up hill.

"My profession," said the Christian
Endeavor delegate, "is a Cheer-up-odist."

Have you seen the account of the
Register Annual in the last Excelsior?

When a ship goes down, it is pre-
sumed that it didn't have a good hold.

When a boy starts early for the pan-
try, it's no sign he's going to avoid the
jam.

Why is it that they used to think so
much of electricity and now make light
of it.

Everybody boom the Oratorical Con-
test. We must have one this year sure
thing.

We have had no regular Rhetoricals
this year, but they keep us busy just
the same.

Samson was the first advertiser. He
took two columns; about four thousand
people tumbled to his scheme; and he
brought down the house.

February fourth is the date for the Grand Cadet Officers' Club Musicale. Don't forget.

A vigilance committee, a rope and a tree will make every desperado rise to a point of order.

The thermometer is one of those things that can keep taking a drop without getting drunk.

"Is this old latch-key a relic of your grandfather's days?"

"No; of his nights."

What musical rhapsodies, what rarest of symphonies are those noon-hour concerts given by the Senior boys.

The great musical event of the year, the Officers' Musicale, February 4. Fifteen cents procures you a ticket.

"And he gave me the cold shoulder," remarked Spotts, as the butcher came out of the refrigerator with a shoulder of beef.

1st Freshman—"Why are those Seniors like parrots?"

2nd Freshman—"Because they talk in polly-syllables."

Several enthusiastic cadets were sadly disappointed on taking a box marked "Guns" into the "war department" and finding it filled with old books.

The Senior class has been entertained recently by two lectures on the "Passion Play" from Miss McHugh assisted by Mr. McClintock with a stereopticon.

Here is the difference between a well dressed chicken and a well dressed woman. The latter is arrayed in all her feathers while the former has his removed.

"These gentlemen," quoth the Irish orator, "are so ungenerous, that if they were to be cast on an uninhabited island, they would in less than tin minutes have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages."

"You have your choice, sire," observed the Spanish Inquisitor, "your head can be chopped off, or you can be burned at the stake. Which will it be, sire, a "chop" or a "steak?"

We hear dreadful reports of cruelty connected with the ladies of the lunch counter. One had beaten an egg, another had whipped cream while one had gone so far as to lick a postage stamp.

Guy Thomas, '00, won the mile skating race for the championship of Nebraska at the lagoon recently. This is a novel honor to be held by a high school student, but none the less, one to be proud of.

Teacher—"Johnny, repeat this after me, 'Moses was an austere man and made atonement for the sins of the people.'"

Johnny—"Moses was an oyster man and made ointment for the shins of the people."

"Will yez give me one av thim informers," said an Irish gentleman, pointing to a lobster in a London restaurant.

"Certainly, sir; but why do you call them informers?"

"Faith, an' at first they wear the green, but they put on the red coat as soon as they get into hot water."

Some of the recent notices on the black boards have been very facetious.

We name a few of them:

Lost—A civil government. Return to Wm. A. McKinley.

Lost—A natural history. If found, give to Freshmen.

Lost—Virgil, number 2. Swenson.

Lost—Rhetoric. Return to English essays.

For the benefit of the incoming Freshmen, and any others, we wish to announce that the REGISTER will be given for the rest of the year for 30 cents. Pay your subscriptions to the 1901 class

editors, Mr. Allan Hamilton or Miss Hope Hanchett. (Any policeman will tell you where to find them.)

SIDE TALKS WITH BOYS.

RUTH TRASHMORE.

Manchester—It is not considered good taste to have your picture taken too often.

Heinrich—Your hair would look well either in braids or tied up behind.

Brinker—If you see indications of hair on your upper lip, you had better see a physician immediately.

Barrows—It is not exactly proper to practice your pugilistic tendencies to the extent of making knock-out blows through the school windows.

Knight—No, I would not advise you to bleach your hair, it is a foolish habit and injures the hair.

Robison—My advice would be to let some one else open that box.

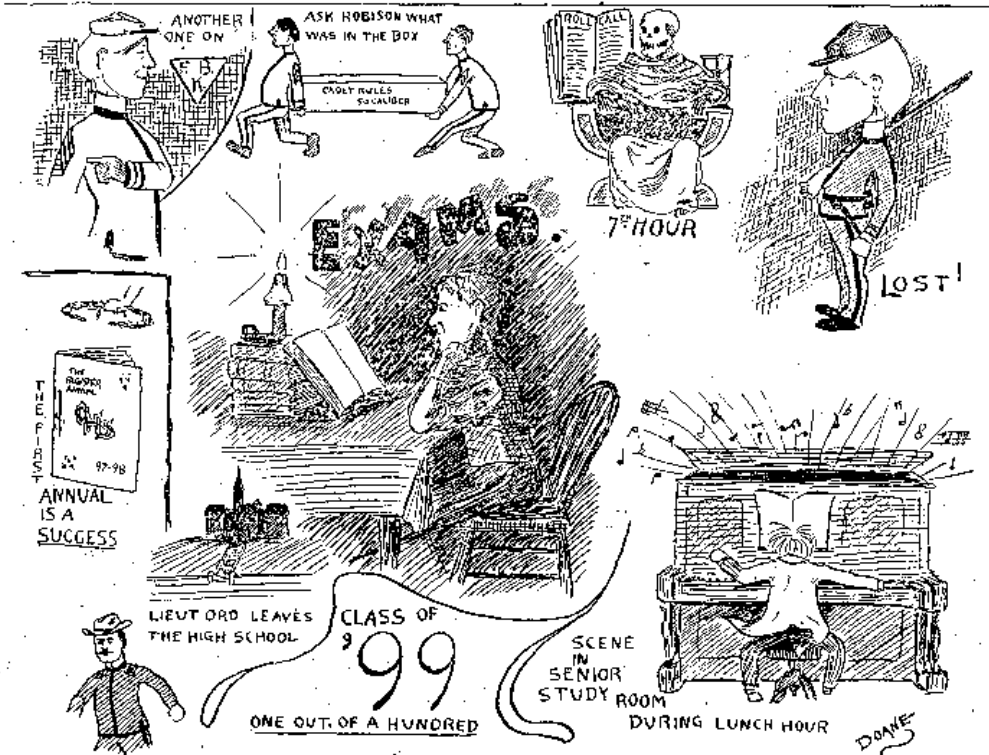
THE MODERN YOUTH IN WONDERLAND.

Alice was in the garden, waiting for the Duchess, when she saw a young man slowly approaching. He was smoking a cigarette, and blowing the rings deftly behind him. Alice thought him very impolite, but couldn't help admiring his hair, which was parted in the middle and plastered down very smoothly on each side. "I wonder how long it takes him to do it," Alice was meditating to herself, when she saw the Duchess coming up with an awful frown on her face.

"Who are you, anyway?" asked Alice severely, turning to the youth. "Don't you know it is very bad form to smoke in the presence of ladies?"

"Yes, indeed!" said the Duchess, as she squeezed up to Alice and began to sing in a very harsh voice:

"I speak severely to my boys
And beat them when they smoke,
For when their grown to be old men
They'll think it is no joke."



"Joke?" said the young man, who had not spoken before.

The Duchess rapped him on the head and continued:

"So speak severely to your boys,
Lest when they're old and gray
A box of cheap cigars they'll get
From their wives on Christmas day."

The young man laughed and Alice asked him a second time, "Who are you, please?"

"Curiouser and curiouser," she added, as he lifted one foot from the ground, and putting his hand over his heart, said with a sidewise tilt to his head, "Outh I am a geeth, two thou-thanth yearth ago."

"No such thing," said the Queen, who had just come up. "Off with his head!"

"Oh! get the axe," growled the young man. The Queen was too much surprised to answer. She thought he meant to agree with her, you see, but she didn't know.

"And the blow almost killed father," he continued.

"What, the axe?" asked Alice. "I don't see what you're talking about."

"Of course you don't," replied the Duchess, "and the moral of that is—"

"The ice man are at the back door, we don't want any apples today," finished the young man, determined to keep up his end of the conversation.

Alice couldn't imagine what to make of him and was very much relieved when the cheshire cat began to make its appearance in the air.

"What it is!" shrieked the young man, striking a tragic attitude and putting his hand on his heart again (nearer his stomach, Alice thought; but then it doesn't matter which, it's all the same in a young man, you know).

"I know perfectly well what it is," drawled the Dormouse, who had just woke up "—its—"

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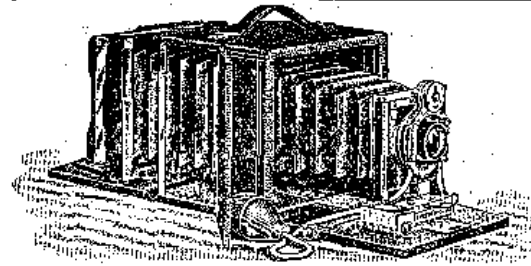
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A jolly young chemistry tough
While mixing a compound of stuff,
Dropped a match in the phial;
And in a brief while
They found his front teeth and one cough.
—Ex.

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be a good time to have your watch put
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"Punk?" suggested the youth.

"I dare say you're thinking of fire crackers," corrected Alice, "I think you have a very forgetful memory."

"And the moral of—" began the Duchess, but the young man had disappeared. BESS.

NINETEEN-ONE.

"Nineteen-one!" Nineteen-one!"
The brightest class under the sun,
Of all the classes in this old school
Of all the classes as a rule
Nineteen-one can beat them all
Although they have no "Freshman Ball."

Although the weeks and months are fleeting
And we've not had our first class-meeting
It's because we all are studying hard
To get a good mark on our card.
And we have no time for meetings yet
But we'll have one some time, don't you fret.

You call us green, but that's no shame
For that's our study room teacher's name,
But after a while you all will say
Nineteen-one is all O. K.

J. B. 1901.

EXAMINATIONS.

Examinations! Oh! that dreaded word!
Upon our ears the fearful knell doth fall.
"Out with your books and cram!" The cry
is heard,
And all with one accord obey the call.

They come with trembling hand and nerve
unstrung
Their eyes are wild, their faces flushed and
hot.
They feel as though they'd just as soon be
hung.
And end their wretched lives upon the spot.

One fellow (an exception to the rule)
Said, scoffing at his schoolmate's frightened
looks,
He'd trust to luck, and so he came to school
Without so much as opening his books.

He's glad it's over now, it was so hard;
A miracle it is, that he's alive;
But still his face with anxious look is marred,
He's not so sure of getting ninety-five.

Examinations now are past and gone.
The marks (I blush to say) were *rather low*
And he who got the highest was the one
Who trusted luck his wisdom to bestow.

Now schoolmates, hear the moral to my tale:
"Don't cram before exam," it does not pay;
But learn your lessons daily, lest you fail
To score on next examination day.

L. Y.



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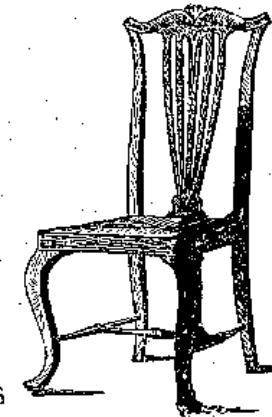
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EXCHANGES

Owing to the limited number of Register Annuals that were published, we were unable to send copies to our exchanges last month. We are very sorry because of our failure to hold up our end, and we assure our many exchanges that it will not happen again.

Thus far the Register has not entered the "cut and dried" dispute as to the proper character of an exchange column. If it possible, we desire to be neutral on that all important question that absorbs so much of the time and space of our brother editors.

We disagree with the paper that fills the Exchange column with jokes and poems followed by a tiny "ex." as our natural presumption is that the only way it can obtain its wit is by borrowing it,

from other papers. We also beg to differ with the editor who writes a nice little compliment to another paper with the too evident desire to procure another compliment in return.

We are not in favor with discarding the exchange column altogether, as it serves, if conducted properly, as a medium through which the schools of our country from Atlantic to Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, may be united in the common bond of high school fellowship. We consider that only a few of the best jokes or verses found in other papers should be used and then, (and here we acknowledge our own mistake) the name of the paper taken from, should be written.

The remainder of the column, we believe should be used as a place for sincere criticisms, favorable or otherwise, so that the benefit of an unbiased, specific opinion may be given to the editor, by which he may more easily see his mistakes and improve his paper.

JNO. HALPINE, JR.

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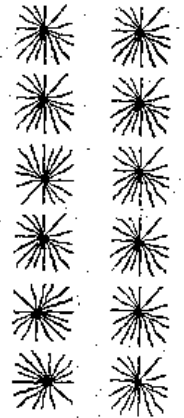
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as the most admired and best loved of our High School teachers holds such a high position among its managers. We feel that it is the highest duty of our high school students to aim to improve the high school in every way, so that it may be worthy of Omaha, and so that the thousands of visitors this summer will always hold a high opinion of our school and its students.

This is a very practical matter and can be carried out only by individual work. Let every cadet devote himself to hard earnest drilling, every student to careful, thoughtful studying, that by the improvement of each one, the standard of the whole school may be raised.

WE DEEPLY regret that we must bid farewell to Lieut. Ord. No one has ever been such a help to the Battalion, no one has ever accomplished so much for its welfare as he who has just retired from the office of its commandant.

His assistance in obtaining guns was not the least of his benefits to the Battalion, but nevertheless we feel that greater than this was his personal influence; every cadet was affected by the truly soldierlike character of Lieut. Ord.

We are glad to welcome Lieut. Campbell as his successor and hope that he and the Battalion will understand and appreciate each other.

IN OUR October number we expressed a desire that the Oratorical Contests be renewed this year. Thus far nothing has been done toward preparing this entertainment, although it is getting rather late in the year. We feel that the majority of students are highly in favor with these contests, and will give their heartiest support toward making the one taking place this year, a success. We sincerely hope that some action will be taken in regard to this contest so

that the year may not pass without a chance given to our orators to speak, and to the high school to appreciate its own talent.

IT IS with great pleasure that we observe the decided improvement in the drilling of the Battalion. It is a noticeable fact, that with the equipments, a redoubled interest has come to each company. Not only in drilling, but also in discipline do we notice this improvement. With few exceptions the cadets have been orderly and well controlled, and the "extra drill" list has been materially decreased during the last month.

Everyone, except possibly the cadets themselves, has noticed the change in the appearance of the companies. Indeed it is an inspiring sight to the older high school students, who have seen the cadets drill unarmed for so many years; to see the companies, bristling with bayonets, wheel into line on the parade grounds, commanded by officers in glittering swords.

COME, ORPHEUS, defend thyself against the musicians of the O. H. S., or thou wilt soon be hurled from thy throne of melody to be superseded by a piano, banjo, mandolin or guitar player of the Omaha High School. This is the decision that would be reached by any stranger visiting our classic halls at about twelve o'clock. Music, music everywhere; free concerts; composing of Sousaian marches while you wait; the grim walls of the high school resound with harmony and the dignified statues of Webster and Lincoln have oft been seen attempting to dance on their pedestals in time to the strong strains of stretched strings.

Seriously however we think that no better manner of spending our moments of leisure can be had, than by listening

to the discoursing of good music, and that time thus spent is more profitable than that spent in the "rough houses" of last year.

In this connection we wish to announce the Officers' Musicales. The event has become so well known to high school people that an account of this symphony would be out of place in the columns of the school paper. As we have reliable proof however that the music this year will surpass anything ever attempted in the O. H. S. before, we advise everyone to be present at this the greatest musical event of the season.



THE CHRISTMAS SLEIGH RIDE.

By G. F. HOWELL.

[Continued from last issue.]

On repairing to the dancing room where most of the company were assembled, Robert's eye glanced in search of Evelyn; she had not yet come down stairs; so he sauntered up and down the hall nervously waiting for her.

He had determined to make his peace with her by the presentation of a propitiatory bouquet which he had procured in the city, and had by taking infinite pains to protect it from the frost, succeeded in bringing it hither unharmed.

Evelyn soon came tripping gaily down the stairs. With a timidity quite new to him, he presented his flowers, and begged the honor of her hand at the first dance.

Evelyn carelessly thanked him—"she was engaged to Mr. Nichols."

"Might he hope for the next one then?"

"No, she was engaged to Mr. Somers."

"Or the next?"

"She promised Mr. Howell."

Young Blackwood bit his lip, and the ill-humor returned, he went into the dancing room, and sat sullenly in a corner, chewing the cud of his bitter fancy, and mediating on what he thought his flagrant wrongs.

He watched Evelyn gay and brilliant, dancing with first one gentleman, and then another—laughing and chattering merrily all the time. In truth, the gentlemen, pleased to see her once more released from her thralldom, crowded around her, and paid her so much attention that she was really the belle of the evening.

Blackwood's jealous eyes saw everything—he saw his own bouquet thrown carelessly aside, while another, presented by he knew not whom—Mr. Nichols perhaps—was carried constantly in her hand, and carefully cherished; he noted every glance of admiration directed to her—he observed every smile she bestowed.

"By George" he muttered at last between his teeth—"there's not a man in the room who is not in love with her!—and she—the coquette—the flirt—the—the little jilt—I do believe she returns *their* affection."

This is the absurd conclusion that he reached as he sat glowering silently in the darkest corner of the room.

But at last his more sensible nature returned and he realized that something must be done to win back her old affections. "If I could but arrange to go home in the same sleigh with her," he thought, half aloud, "then"—he stopped—he had an idea by which he could accomplish his end. An intimate friend of his, Mr. Harwood, had been chosen the manager of the entire party, and he had charge of the conducting of the entertainment. Mr. Blackwood's mind being made up, he drew Mr. Harwood aside and sought through him to obtain his purpose.